



## Blessings in the New Year

AS a New Year approaches, in addition to silent resolutions one makes for personal improvement during the coming year, it is also a time for an expression of thankfulness and gratitude to the Lord for the innumer-

able blessings of the past year.

At the October General Relief Society Conference, the Brethren who spoke were united in extolling the worth of Relief Society and the need for all Latter-day Saint women to become members. To those who are giving devoted service, there comes a realization that with the service the greatest good comes to the sister for her personal advantage and edification. Her faithful attendance at Relief Society meetings, week after week, increases her understanding of gospel principles which she is taught to apply in her own life and in the lives of her children. She receives counsel which guides her in deciding where her duty lies in a given situation.

The rearing of one's family assumes first importance to a Relief Society mother, yet her endowments seem to expand so that she may also give service to Relief Society. Her tender ministrations to the sick and homebound enlarge her soul and bring feelings of personal satisfaction, setting an invaluable example in loving, unselfish service to her children. By fulfilling requests made of Relief Society by the Priesthood, she trains herself in the rendering of obedience. In helping to raise funds to maintain Relief Society as a self-sustaining unit, she is encouraged to be industrious and thrifty. A member, through her training and association in Relief Society, grows in her ability to be a better woman, wife, and mother.

As the days, weeks, and months of the New Year roll on, let thanksgiving continually well up in the heart of every Relief Society member, thanking the Lord for the glorious privilege of belonging to and serving

in the divinely inspired Relief Society.

The General Board extends love, respect, and gratitude, at the beginning of 1961, to every Relief Society member in every country of the world where they are found. The same spirit attends them in their meetings, in their devotions, and in their labors. The same blessings are visited upon the sisters of every land, as they minister according to the grand key words of the Society, "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do.'" May every Relief Society member follow this admonition and find increasing joy in the New Year.

Affectionately,

Buli Sepaffard Marianne & Tharp Louis H. Marcan

## From Near and Far

I have the privilege of working as stake theology leader in Minidoka Stake. Each year, in place of Christmas cards, I send to family and friends a mimeographed sheet containing some choice bits of literature. This year, one of the best things I have read is the very timely article in the September issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, "Sleep When the Wind Blows," by Mildred B. Eyring. Thanks so much for the inspiration we have received from that article.

—Bertha Mae Hansen Rupert, Idaho

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy The Relief Society Magazine kindly gifted me from my cousin Mrs. Mary Easton Cutler, Glendale, California. I have enjoyed all the writing in the Magazines and the community of spirit expressed, and of course, I was particularly pleased with the cover of the September issue — Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, Scotland.

—Jean Watson Falkirk, Scotland

I live several miles from the branch where I have membership and seldom get to Relief Society, but I keep up with the lessons and enjoy them very much. I have received inspiration and strength from articles in the Magazine and I read each issue many times. I especially enjoy the beautiful covers, giving us scenes from so many interesting places.

—Mrs. Irene Welch Rockville, Missouri

I have enjoyed The Relief Society Magazine so much. Many times I have used the thoughts for Primary prayer meeting. It is only through the Church that I could find so much happiness with my husband and six boys.

—Mrs. LaRae Robinson Kearns, Utah We have so much enjoyed the copies of The Relief Society Magazine given us by the missionaries, and now my thirteen-year-old daughter has finally persuaded us that we need our own subscription. Our whole family were baptized this month, and we need all the inspiration and encouragement that come from reading Church publications, all of which are wonderful. We will be looking forward to receiving our own copy of The Relief Society Magazine.

-Mrs. Douglas Schlueter Le Sueur, Minnesota

We love to use the recipes published in the Magazine. My Magazine is a great comfort to me, especially to read in the evening. I thank you for all the wonderful stories and poems.

—L. Goddard
Roseville, California

The sisters receiving the gift subscriptions of The Relief Society Magazine here in the Norwegian Mission are overjoyed at the kindness of our sisters in the States. I have been a member of Relief Society since I was fifteen years old, and through the years have learned how wonderful the work really is. I have enjoyed and received much help from the Magazine throughout the years.

-Zina R. Engebretsen President Norwegian Mission Relief Society Oslo, Norway

Our Relief Society Magazine is the best and most educational one published anywhere. Thanks for its help in trying to live up to a better life. Your regular reader and longtime subscriber,

> —Mrs. Albert A. Bahr Payette, Idaho

I am impressed with your selection of photographs for The Relief Society Magazine — they are excellent.

Robert W. Mix
Salt Lake City, Utah

## THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

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#### ontents SPECIAL FEATURES

Blessings in the New Year Feminine Spirituality in the Home	Mark F. Petersen	1 4
Award Winners — Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest		9
Song of Three Marys — First Prize Poem	Sylvia Probst Young	10
Joseph the Prophet — Second Prize Poem	Genevieve St. Cyr Groen	12
Pilgrimage to Christmas — Third Prize Poem	Dorothy J. Roberts	14
Award Winners — Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest	**************************************	16
Grafted — First Prize Story		17
Temple Square in Salt Lake City — Part III Prevent Crippling Diseases	Preston Nibley	23
Prevent Crippling Diseases	Basil O'Connor	40
Love Is Enough — Chapter 1	marginal of the second of	
Love Is Enough — Chapter 1	Mabel Harmer	29
GENERAL FEATURES		
From Near and Far	***************************************	2
Sixty Years Ago		34
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	35
Editorial: And Tell of Time	Vesta P. Crawford	36
Singing Mothers to Present Music at Dedication of Hyde	Park Chapel in London	37
Notes to the Field: Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fa	st Sunday in March	38
Award Subscriptions Presented in April	***************************************	38
Bound Volumes of 1960 Magazines	***************************************	39
Hymn of the Month — Annual List  Notes From the Field: Belief Society Adjusting	Unida Dankan	11
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Birthday Congratulations	Itulda Falkei	72
Afterglow Nancy M. Armstrong 15 Julia Anderson Kirby Specializes in Hardanger Work 41 Fun to Make and Wear Shirley Thulin 42		
Afterdow FEATURES FOR THE HOME	Names M. Assessmen	15
Julia Anderson Kirby Specializes in Hardanger Work	Nancy M. Armstrong	15 41
Fun to Make and Wear	Shirley Thulin	42
Stretching	Colia Largon Lugo	55
LESSONS FOR APRIL	Oend Laisen Luce	00
LESSONS FOR APRIL	wherety perlyr, avoid t	
Theology — The Second Coming of Christ	Roy W. Doxey	48
Wishing Teacher Message — Thou Shalt Not Speak Evil"	Christine H. Robinson	54
Work Meeting — Feeding the Patient — Oral Medications — Local Medications — Emorgan the Sackson of the Medications — Local	al Application	
Literature — Emerson the Spokesman for U. A.	Maria Johnson	56
Literature — Emerson, the Spokesman for His Age Social Science — Growing Religious Values in the Home	Briant S. Jacobs	60
diswing itengious values in the nome	blaine M. Porter	66
The Cup Once Filled POETRY	or manipularly of the or	n ch
Thanks for Five Songer	Leslie Savage Clark	8
Thanks for Five Senses	Iris W. Schow	22
Hidden Harmonies Acts	Maude O. Cook	40
Have Courage	Cathorina P. B.	43
Wedk Lendes	Diama Dibb	47 72
A Child Says Grace	Fthel Jackson	72
	Linel Jacobson	14

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# Feminine Spirituality in the Home

Elder Mark E. Petersen Of the Council of the Twelve

(Address Delivered at the Officers Meeting, Relief Society General Conference, October 5, 1960).

I am surely grateful, my sisters, for the opportunity of being with you. I am very glad to welcome this chorus from Big Horn. I was glad to see the wife of our stake president from there present with them, encouraging them with their singing.

I was very thrilled with the report given by Sister Spafford. I would like you to know that we feel these sisters who make up your General Presidency and General Board are very remarkable women, and we are so grateful for their outstanding

leadership.

I would like to express my deep appreciation for the very splendid message of our wonderful President of the Council of the Twelve. I would like to talk along a similar line to some extent and also give support to Sister Spafford's great

message.

Those who study trends America are alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the traditional family life that once was so much a part of the American scene. Home is fast losing its power. Once it was the foundation stone of civilization, the cradle of liberty, a source of true faith in God. Once it produced greatness of character in individuals, which in turn made nations great. While there are still strong homes like this, guided by men and women who regard their parental duties as God-given opportunities, they are becoming rare indeed.

For many, home is now a mere base of operations from which they direct their outside activities. retains little of the permanency that once it had. Outside interests are making it impossible to do a "heap o'livin'" in our modern homes, where formerly most of our living centered in home and family. Now, for so many people, nearly all activities are away from home and family. Inevitably this brings about separations, and with them comes a loss of home interests, the forming of new and competitive attachments, and a weakening of the influence which made a house a home.

Our many outside interests often drive a wedge between children and parents. Youngsters have a new feeling of independence from their parents, involving an earlier cutting of the apron strings, and with it they sense less their obligation to father and mother. This, in turn, results in less obedience to parents, less regard and respect for them, and, when parents are old, very little, if any, responsibility for their care.

Many mothers now go out to work. This, again, leads to the formation of new and separate ties apart from home and family. It forms new companionships also which sometimes lead to illicit romance and a breaking up of marriage.

The collapse of the home, as you know, brings divorce, juvenile prob-

lems, an increase in the general crime rate, and a widespread loss of faith in God. It brings less and less Church attendance, less and less family worship, fewer and fewer prayers, and an ever-shrinking dependence upon the Lord. Nationally, this has resulted in a near spiritual bankruptcy for millions of people. How long can any nation withstand such a trend?

The report of the 1960 White House Conference for Children and Youth casts a glaring spotlight on these shortcomings. It points out that among the principal contributing causes of crime and delinquency in youth are faulty family relationships and unwholesome home environments. The bad example of adults is one of the worst contributing causes of drinking and dishonesty among youngsters. One state survey, for instance, showed that most of the high school students who use alcoholic beverages had their first drink in their own homes or in the homes of relatives.

A NOTHER study in a midwestern state, made among high school students, revealed that, although every child listed a church preference on his personnel card, many of them had never attended any kind of church service, except weddings and funerals, and knew nothing whatever about Christian belief.

The parents of these pupils showed a similar history. It is from this group that most of the children with problems arise. They constitute the delinquents of the community and the disciplinary problems of the school.

A national survey was made

among young delinquents themselves — boys and girls who had been arrested for one crime or another. This survey revealed that eighty per cent of these problem children said their parents were too busy with outside interests to give them any guidance or counsel; eighty per cent said that there was no teamwork in the home and no planned family activity of any kind; seventy-five per cent said their parents did not care whom they chose for friends; eighty per cent reported no religious training in the home.

The records in one sheriff's office in a large western county indicated that over a period of six months, among Latter-day Saint juveniles arrested, not one of them was active in the Church. All had slipped away. Lack of parental care at home was the chief cause.

A survey taken among a crosssection of the Latter-day Saint boys who are not active in the Church, indicated that in nearly every case the parents were not active either. A similar study showed that eighty per cent of the girls in a given area who were not active in the Church had parents who were not active in the Church. On the contrary, it is shown that nearly all of the children in our Church who are active in their wards have parents who are active.

Where there is a religious home, the children learn to love religion. Where there is an irreligious home, the children tend to become irreligious like their parents. From religious homes few delinquents come. From irreligious homes most delinquents come. In religious homes, the principles of honesty, virtue, good citizenship, and good character are taught. In irreligious

homes these teachings receive little,

if any, emphasis.

Then, what do we need? We need to restore religion to the home. The gospel is the foundation stone of good character and good citizenship. It is the basis of a good home. It is what gives parenthood its true meaning. It is what makes father and mother more than mere progenitors. It is what makes them partners with God, in rearing his own children and theirs, to become like him. Our great need is for the restoration of a true home with all it stands for in good family living.

Who in the home can best achieve this objective? Manifestly, it must come from the joint efforts of father and mother, with the full co-operation of the children. Through a united effort from all concerned, ideal conditions may obtain.

But, even in that situation, there stands out above all else the steadying hand of one great individual who nurtures every member of the family, who comforts them in their distress, who has them kneel at her side as she teaches them to pray, who teaches them faith in God from the cradle onward, and who helps to provide discipline when discipline is needed.

With all that father does, the very nature of his employment as the breadwinner, takes him away from the home to a point where most of the child's care is left to the mother, and in every good home mother accepts the task. Even where fathers do not live up to their responsibility, mothers still carry on if they catch the true vision of their destiny. At times we have seen children of the very best type come

from a home where the father has been an alcoholic, but they had a wonderful mother who had the strength to show them what was right, to teach them how to live, and to help them on their way.

MOTHER is the center of the Generally speaking, home. where she wants the family to serve the Lord, the family, as a rule, serves the Lord. Generally speaking, where the mother wants family prayer in the home, family prayer is held. Generally speaking, where mother wants the scriptures read in the home, the scriptures are read. Generally speaking, where she wants observance of the Word of Wisdom, the Word of Wisdom is kept, because she has taught it to the little ones from infancy.

But mothers need help. They need the strength of other good women. They need to have their sights raised from time to time. They need a constant source of new ideas, new hopes, new stimulation. To inspire others to greater heights, even mothers need inspiration. To strengthen others against the evils of the day, even mothers need more strength. Where can they obtain

such help?

Mothers need the reassurance which comes from the Priesthood in the home, that is true, but there are many homes in which the Priesthood has been allowed to languish in disuse. Mothers must come to sacrament meetings with their families, partake of the Lord's sacred emblems, and rededicate themselves to his service. They need to go to the temples to participate in the sublime and sacred proceedings of those sanctuaries.

But they need something else — something strictly feminine — something especially for women, for good women, for right thinking women, something, if I may use this expression and not have you misunderstand me, something which is

femininely spiritual.

Having known my lovely convert mother, having known my wife's wonderful mother — also a convert of remarkable strength - having known my deeply spiritual wife, having known my faithful sisters, I have learned that there is a feminine side to spirituality which we men seldom, if ever, truly appreciate. That feminine type of spirituality is truly divine. It is what makes good mothers great. It is what makes them partners with God in a very real and literal sense. It is what makes them the queens of their homes, the spiritual centers of their families.

To nurture this feminine factor in spirituality, a woman needs a woman's spiritual contact just as a man for his masculine type of faith, needs the power of the Priesthood quorum. Women need to unite with other women in the development of their own spiritual natures. They need to unite with other women of like faith and spirituality to obtain the added strength to take their place as the center of faith and devotion among their children. Knowing this, the Lord provided a special women's organization for his faithful daughters. It was established by the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is the Relief Society organization of the Church.

As a man needs his Priesthood quorums, so a woman needs her Relief Society. As every home needs spirituality, so every home needs the help it can obtain from both the Priesthood and the Relief Society. There is a remarkable harmony and co-operation between the Priesthood and the Relief Society. This co-operation pertains not only to care of the needy and the distressed — great as that co-operation is — it also pertains to the development of good homes, high spirituality, and stable children devoted to the Lord.

THE threat to good homes arising out of the many outside interests which beckon all family members is so great and is taking such a toll that we of today must arise to meet it and defeat it. We must protect our homes. We must protect and preserve good family life.

That means, among other things, that every mother must have all the help possible to strengthen her for the work at hand. She needs the help of her sisters in the Church. The need is universal. Every home requires it. Every mother should band together with every other Latter-day Saint mother to build the needed spirituality to preserve the home.

Relief Society is a home builder, a faith builder, a stabilizer in the community, and since every wife and mother needs the strength which Relief Society can give, every wife and mother should belong to Relief Society.

But they don't. And why not? Have we failed to tell them what Relief Society can do for them? Have we neglected an opportunity to tell our neighbors about this wonderful organization? Do our neighbors misunderstand the purpose of

Relief Society? Do they suppose that it is strictly a relief organization? Have they not learned of its cultural and spiritual values, its power to build better homes, greater faith, more solidarity in the family?

How effective have we been in our persuasion? Have we ever gone into a home and sat down objectively with the mother there and given her an actual demonstration of what Relief Society can do for her? Have we taken our class leaders, for instance, into a given home, there to demonstrate what each class has to offer, and thus convert our sisters to joining the Relief Society? Or have we been content with a mere invitation to come out?

Invitations alone are not enough. We must almost be like salesmen in portraying the values and benefits of our work. We must be missionaries seeking to convert these women to the Relief Society way of life.

Since every woman needs what we have, and since so many, as yet, have not joined, are you willing to be missionaries to bring them into our Relief Society fold? Would you be as willing to present Relief Society work to nonmembers of the society

as missionaries are willing to carry the gospel to nonmembers of the Church? Would you be as willing to prepare for this effort as the missionaries are to prepare for theirs? Are you as willing to study your lesson courses, the aims and objectives of Relief Society, as the missionaries are willing to learn their lessons in order to present them effectively?

We appeal to every active Relief Society woman to be a Relief Society advocate, to teach her neighbor the values of the society, and convert her to joining it. They need what we have to offer. Their homes need it. With a united effort on our part to bring all Latterday Saint women into Relief Society as active participants, we can make a significant contribution to the solidarity of family life in the Church. We can help build more faith in God and more understanding among family members, with love and peace in the home. Will you help?

I hope and pray that it will not be long until every wife and mother in the Church is enrolled and active in this great organization so that the strength of the Church may become even more effective in building strong homes. For this I pray, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

## The Cup Once Filled

Leslie Savage Clark

She whose cup once brimmed with love, Although she now may dwell. In arid lands of drought and thirst, Can brave their lonely spell.

While the flagon of memory still is hers, And the heart's deep well.

## Award Winners Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three winners in the 1960 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the May 1960 issue of The Relief Society Magazine, and closed August 15, 1960.

The first prize of forty dollars is awarded to Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, for her poem "Song of Three Marys." The second prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Genevieve St. Cyr Groen, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Joseph the Prophet." The third prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Dorothy J. Roberts, Salt Lake City, for her poem "Pilgrimage to Christmas."

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 Latterday 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 General Board of Relief Society, 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.

Mrs. Young appears for the fourth time as an award winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest; Mrs. Groen is a first-time winner; and 1960 marks the fifth time that Mrs. Roberts has placed in the contest.

There were 181 poems submitted in the 1960 contest. Entries were received from twenty-two States of the United States, and from Washington, D. C., with the largest number coming, in order, from Utah, California, Idaho, Arizona, New York, Washington, Texas, Nevada, Wyoming, and Massachusetts. Entries were received also from Canada, Hawaii, Samoa, Australia, England, and New Zealand.

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 brief highlights on the prize-winning contestants, are herewith published in this issue of the Magazine.

# Prize-Winning Poems Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest



SYLVIA PROBST YOUNG

First Prize Poem

Song of Three Marys

(A Sonnet Sequence)

Sylvia Probst Young

Mary, The Mother

And while a wonder star shone from above,
You watched beside the little manger bed;
Your eyes aglow with tender mother love,
You marked the petal cheek — the wee, fair head....
You were the first to guide his eager feet —
With quiet pride you watched as he would share
With any child that played along the street.
When day was done you knelt with him in prayer;

You knew his world — each singing brook and flower; His sudden laughter, and his quick embrace; In work or play, you shared a golden hour When boyhood's light was glowing in his face

Oh, tender Mary, never was another. So heaven-blessed as you whom he called Mother.

#### Mary of Bethany

Within your gracious home the Lord found rest,
And quiet peace, away from pressing care —
With you he was an ever welcome guest,
And always you would bid him linger there.
While Martha, in her quick solicitude,
Looked to his comfort, but you wanted first
To hear his word, for you it was the food,
The drink, for which your hungering soul had thirst.
He was your teacher and your friend; you knew
His calm simplicity, his gentle ways;
How precious was the time he spent with you —
A crowning joy to brighten all your days.

You saw him raise young Lazarus from the dead — Your gift was spikenard — his, living bread.

#### Mary Magdalene

When morning light was breaking through the gloom, When spring's new green had touched each bush and tree, You came with those who loved him to the tomb, With those who followed him to Calvary. You who had known the dear Lord's healing hand, The many, kindly ways his love was shown; Bowed in your grief, how could you understand The angel's word? — You tarried there alone, Thinking the gardener talked to you, but when Your name was softly spoken, your heart cried With gladness, for you knew the Savior, then, The resurrected Lord — the Sanctified.

Oh, Magdalene, the wonder of that dawn Would light your life when earthly joys were gone.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

Three Marys, highly favored of the Lord — Who walked with him and gloried in his word.



GENEVIEVE ST. CYR GROEN

Second Prize Poem

## Joseph the Prophet

Genevieve St. Cyr Groen

We set a fence of lilies where he stood
Dreaming the birds a song for April skies,
Though henna leaves were red as martyrs' blood.

Pleasant children play in a circled good. Repeating the white dove, his gentle sighs, We set a fence of lilies where he stood.

Young, we were fabled in that sheltered mood Of music and the day that never dies, Though henna leaves were red as martyrs' blood. His words lovely as manna for our food, We heard no hunger in the wild hawks' cries. We set a fence of lilies where he stood.

They came, the birds of prey, their shadowed hood Hiding the hot intent deep in their eyes, Though henna leaves were red as martyrs' blood.

Bird, song, and air broke in a fiery flood,
And turning to banish our grief's surprise,
We set a fence of lilies where he stood,
Though henna leaves were red as martyrs' blood.

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, is well known to readers of The Relief Society Magazine. Her stories and poems, several of them prize-winners, have appeared frequently in the Magazine since 1947. She summarizes for us, her happy, busy life: "Everyone needs some kind of creativity, whether it is painting a picture, baking a pie, or writing a poem. I enjoy the latter, but because I am a busy housewife and schoolteacher, too, I find time for writing in summer only, or unless I burn the midnight oil.

"Eliza R. Snow's life and writings are such a great inspiration to me that I consider being a winner in this contest my greatest literary achievement. My thanks to

The Relief Society Magazine for its encouragement of writers.

"Elder Reid W. Young, Bishop of the Midvale Fourth Ward, is my husband, and we have four wonderful boys. They are very active in the Priesthood and other Church activities. I consider them our greatest blessing."

Genevieve St. Cyr Groen appears for the first time as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, although readers of the Magazine are already acquainted with her poems which have been published at intervals since 1953. Mrs. Groen summarizes for us her family background and her literary work: "My childhood home was Minneapolis, Minnesota. My college work was done in Wisconsin, Illinois, and New York City. Although reared a devout Catholic, I married a member of the Latter-day Saints Church, Henry J. Groen, Salt Lake City artist, and when our first son Jay was two years old, in 1946, I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. A year later, when our second child Jo-Rene was an infant, we were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. We now have three more sons, Martin, David, and Meru. I have been active in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, including theology class leader, Singing Mothers chorus, and as a visiting teacher in Relief Society. At present I am working on the genealogy of my family name, and this year learned that I am a direct descendant of the persons known as Evangeline and Gabriel, portrayed by Longfellow in his poem on the Acadian exiles. I am a member of the Utah Poetry Society, the League of Utah Writers, and an annual member of the Writer's Conference, University of Utah.



DOROTHY J. ROBERTS

Third Prize Poem

## Pilgrimage to Christmas

Dorothy J. Roberts

Peace is warmth and sound of pigeons, pining, And silhouette of camels weaving by. . . . I have fanned old ashes into ember And overhead a star grows in the sky.

By rose or thorn the pilgrim paths return And I will take the first, as once before, Content to walk the dimly cloistered land And lay no sole to sink beyond the shore.

For once, while he walked calmly, sea's horizon, As Peter, sinking, I implored his name, Reaching for help of parable and promise; I could not walk the water till he came.

Upon that path I paced meridian. The bitter thorn was doubt, a weapon then, Yet as the nailed act of destruction, doubt But crucified *him* into life again. Now I have welded weapon into plowshare, That, grain he savored on a Sabbath meal, Nourish the flesh of speech; I have known famine More vast than earthly appetite can feel.

Treading the rose's path of faith and wonder, I find his healing hand held out to save, His robe trailing the crested mount forever, His sandaled signature upon the wave.

Dorothy J. Roberts' poems, many of them prize winners and frontispiece features, have appeared frequently in the Magazine since 1941. In the following sketch, Mrs. Roberts summarizes a number of experiences which have enriched her life: "One of my most rewarding roles through the years has been that of neighborhood bard, composing verses for family and social occasions. Often, it is a surprise and a joy to find that words one has written open avenues of rewarding exchange with the lives and hearts of others. In this way I have received wisdom, beauty, and compassion from both writers and nonwriters.

"I feel honored to receive an award in this year's Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest — a loved and looked-forward-to tradition and a highlight of the months. This summer I received third place in the poetry division of the Utah State Fine Arts Contest, and a sixth grandchild. These also brought proud and happy moments to my beloved husband L. Paul Roberts and myself."

## Afterglow

#### Nancy M. Armstrong

THE colorful pink afterglow sparkled like frosted jewels on the snowy east mountains, left there by the last rays of the setting sun.

Many experiences in life leave just such a rich, warm afterglow: the happiness of friendship, the bliss of achievement long worked for, a favorite book many times reread, the memory of one much loved, though long departed, days amid the awesome beauty of God's creations, moments of real understanding shared with one's husband.

The deep, enduring values of life — love of home — love of family — love of friends — love of God — cast a roseate afterglow that permeates the whole of living.

## 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 May 1960 issue of the Magazine, and which closed August 15, 1960.

The first prize of seventy-five dollars is awarded to Hope M. Williams, Richfield, Utah, for her story "Grafted." The second prize of sixty dollars is awarded to Hazel K. Todd, Brigham City, Utah, for her story "The Happety Road." The third prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Kit J. Poole, Long Beach, California, for her story "Stranger at the Gate."

Mrs. Williams is a first-time winner in this contest; Mrs. Todd is a winner for the second time; and Mrs. Poole is a first-time winner.

The Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest was first conducted by the Relief Society General Board in 1942, as a feature of the Relief Society Centennial observance, and was made an annual contest in 1943. The contest is open only to Latterday Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication in 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 1961. Fiftyeight stories were entered in the contest for 1960.

The contest was initiated to en-

courage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of The General Board feels fiction. 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. Women who are interested in entering the short story contest are reminded that for several years past, and continuing until May 1958, a helpful article on short story writing was published in the May or June issue of the Magazine.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board also reserves the right to publish any of the other stories 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 for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The General Board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to 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.

# First Prize-Winning Story Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

## Grafted

Hope M. Williams



HOPE M. WILLIAMS

UT 'er here! It's gonna' be a homer! Home it!" These cries reached Janet's ears as she sat at her desk near the window. She lifted her head from her books to see her young nine-yearold son, Ronnie, slide free into home plate. A smile lingered on her face as she watched the tickled way he picked himself up, brushed off his pants, and received the well-earned pats on the back from the boys on his team. His face was damp and dusty, and one whole side of his levis was solid dirt despite the dusting routine, but the grin on his face showed pure joy.

I'm glad I didn't have that lot plowed for a garden, Janet thought, although it would have helped with the groceries. And Ronnie is so happy to have the boys come here to play. Besides, she confessed to herself, a garden is just too hard for me to take care of alone. She dismissed these thoughts from her mind and went back to the clippings and pictures before her.

Janet had been trying to get courage enough to work on her "Book of Remembrance" for some time, but could never quite get beyond the starting process. Just seeing some familiar thing of her husband's — a letter or a picture — brought back that painful tightness in her chest, so the boxes of clippings would be put away to await a braver day. This seemed to be that day, for she had finished several pages in the Ancestry section, copying their family group sheet again in black ink, remembering to write the word, adopted, after Ronnie's name, and to follow carefully the line across to record the date of his sealing. She had even been able to fill in the marriage and endowment dates opposite her husband's name, and, with a steady hand, the date in the deceased column, 25 Nov. 1954.

How close David seems to me today, Janet mused; almost as though he were actually with us again. And that's the way it should be, she concluded calmly, as she pasted in a picture of herself and David beside Ronnie's picture, marked, Age — three years.

It had been nearly six years since the terrible accident that had taken David's life, and from which she and Ronnie, both badly bruised and broken, had miraculously survived. They had had only eight years of married life, and Ronnie had been with them just four short years when the tragedy occurred.

What a long time ago it seems, she thought, when the Child Welfare Department of the Relief Society called to tell us about our baby. In her memory Janet was back again with her husband on that never-tobe-forgotten day when they had brought Ronnie home. How sweet he was and how precious! How his little hands would fold about her outstretched finger! Could any parents have been more proud? Could any parents have prayed more fervently for their child than we did, I wonder? Hm-m — here's a picture of Ronnie when he sang, "Doggie in the Window," at that family reunion. Was he really just two years old? I'd better write that down that's quite unbelievable! She picked up a picture showing Ronnie standing with an arm around each of them. That's just the way he stood in the car after he'd been sealed to us, and that's when he said, "Now I am Daddy's and Mommy's boy forever and ever!"

As she leafed through more pictures and papers thinking of that happy time, she noticed a poem that she had clipped from a magazine at a time when they had still been waiting for their adopted child. The

poem was entitled, "To a Foster Child." She read it through, thinking as she did so how accurately the author had portrayed the emotion she had so often felt but had been unable to express. She read the last lines aloud, enjoying the rhythm and the poetry of the words:

Toward your voice somewhere crying. . . . The barren stalk seeks out its blossom, Choice between wholeness and dying. Let bone of bone, let flesh of flesh be part, For stock, like seed, may fruit. Love flowers fiercely in the heart Grafted to heart by need.

(—Grace Maddock Miller, McCall's, April 1941. Reprinted by permission from McCall's.)

"Grafted by need," she replied. "That's a beautiful comparison!"

BANG! The whole house shook as Ronnie burst into the room, and Janet's reverie was abruptly interrupted.

"I'll never play with those kids again! I hate 'em all!" The words exploded from Ronnie as he bolted through the sunny kitchen and through the hall to his own bedroom where he again slammed the door. Silence followed; then Janet could hear sounds of muffled sobbing.

Oh, dear, she thought, feeling that familiar pain, and they were playing so nicely together, too. I wonder what went wrong. Silently she prayed, "Don't let him be hurt too much — not again; I can't bear it!"

"Ronnie?" Janet called softly.

No answer.

"Ronnie — what's the matter, honey?"

"Nuthin'," came the angry voice.

"Just go away and let me alone!"

Janet winced at the rebuff but

decided that it would be best to do as he said, so she picked up the things from the table, the mood for reminiscing and working on books having vanished when the storm cloud in the form of a small boy burst in.

Half an hour had gone by when Janet heard Ronnie's door open, and the tear-stained face of her boy ap-

peared.

"Those kids gone yet?" he mumbled as he started outside. "'Cause I sure don't want 'em around playing cars with me!" And without waiting for an answer, he went out to the familiar dirt pile where he had spent so many hours alone building roads and dugways and playing with his beloved friends — the cars and trucks.

Janet let him play while she prepared supper, purposefully keeping busy so that she could remain calm, and when it began to grow dark she was able to affect an almost cheerful quality in her tone as she called, "Hey, Chum, your supper is ready now, okay?"

"Okay," he answered simply and began picking up his playthings.

During the meal Janet tried to make conversation, talking cheerfully about small things and acting unconcerned, but Ronnie remained silent. The dark anger was gone from his brown eyes now, and only the hurt and sadness remained. Finally, Ronnie brought his eyes up from the untouched food on his plate and began hesitantly, "Mom, do you know why I said for you to go away? To leave me alone?"

"Oh," Janet smiled at him, "I just thought it was because boys want to be alone sometimes. Hmm?"

"No-not 'specially. It was -

well, you know what we both said — that it was 'gainst the rule to cry about Daddy!"

"Oh? Were you crying about

Daddy?"

"Well, sort of. You see, we got to talking about going on the Fathers' and Sons' Outing. And then — the kids said that I couldn't go 'cause I didn't have a father. And I told 'em I did, too, have a father but he was up in heaven! And then Tommy said — that — how could my father take me camping if he was up in heaven? And then, I said, that maybe Mr. Owens would take me like he did last year. And then Larry — you know Larry, Mama — he said that my daddy up in heaven wasn't my real daddy anyway 'cause I was adopted. And so and then — I just told those kids to go home 'cause I was afraid I was about to cry!" And Ronnie's eyes filled again at the remembered injustice.

HOW cruel children are, Janet thought, as she sought for the

right words to comfort him.

"But, sweetheart, you already knew you were adopted. I've told you about that — how your real daddy and mother couldn't take care of you, and how Daddy and I went to get you because we wanted you and needed you so very much."

"Uh-huh, I know. But I didn't stop to think about how I might have a real daddy somewhere. . . ." Ronnie was silent, wondering.

"I don't think the boys meant to be unkind, dear," said Janet, in the silence. "You see, sometimes it makes people feel important to be able to brag about having something others don't have. Each of those boys has always had his daddy," Janet was dangerously close to tears herself, "and none of them can know how much we miss ours every single day — and most of all for special things like hunting, or on Christmas, or for Fathers' and Sons' Outing . . ." her voice broke and she couldn't go on.

"Don't cry, Mommy. Remember, crying about Daddy is against the rule!"

"Yes, I know," Janet wiped her eyes and smiled at her son, "but I sort of break the rule sometimes, don't you?"

"I sure do!" he replied. Then, thoughtfully, he added, "But I'm still not gonna' like those kids — 'specially Larry!" And with this parting remark he went to prepare for his bath and bed.

Janet's eyes were wet as she picked up the dishes. It isn't fair to have him hurt like that! I can stand it for myself but not for him. Her thoughts went back to the events of the afternoon — how happy she had felt about everything. And to have it end like this! Suddenly the words, "grafted by need" came so clearly to her mind that it was almost as though someone had spoken them. Peace filled her heart, and she smiled.

"Mom! Throw my jammies to me! Please?" Ronnie called from the bathroom. "I forgot again!"

"All right, Pal, but how about remembering them yourself one of these days, huh?"

"Okay," came the familiar prom-

Janet turned down the covers on his bed; then she brought in a glass of milk, knowing that he would be hungry for that, anyway. Always she found herself doing small things for his comfort, trying in some way to make up to him for the hurt he had received.

As Ronnie climbed into bed and received his usual goodnight kiss, he opened the subject again, unexpectedly.

"But, Mom, how come? If I have a real daddy somewhere, why couldn't he be here with us?"

JANET settled herself on the foot of his bed, smiled, and because the answer had been given to her, said calmly, "Honey, you've been taught in Primary and Sunday School about our first parents, and so you know that all living things have parents, don't you?"

"I know. But does everything, Mommy? Even the trees and flowers?"

"Yes, dear, every living thing has parents, but only two. And that's what I want to talk to you about. Do you remember that apple tree in Grandpa's orchard — the one that always has two different kinds of apples on it?"

"You mean that pretty one? And one of its branches has pinker blossoms than the others?"

"That's the one."

"I always liked that tree. And the apples are real good, too." His brown eyes brightened thoughtfully, and he went on to add, "But I always liked to climb that little short apple tree in the corner, 'cause its branches grow kinda' close to the ground and you can climb it real easy clear up past the place where it was cut off and Grandpa painted it, and then sit in the shady place where all the branches grow out together all thick."

Janet's face showed her pleasure that Ronnie had mentioned the other tree as she hastened to explain, "I'm glad you like that tree, honey, because it's part of the story, too.

"These two trees — the pretty one with different blossoms, and the little short one with thick branches — are very special trees in Grandpa's orchard. Once, both of these trees were having a very hard time to grow. When the short tree was young, a branch grew out from its trunk too soon, and as the little branch grew, it bent the trunk of the tree so much that Grandpa was sure the tree couldn't grow straight if he let it keep growing that way; it would be bent over because its trunk wasn't strong enough yet to bear a branch.

"Now, the tree with the different kinds of blossoms on it, didn't always have branches like it does now, either. The branches it did have were all growing on one side of the tree, making it unbalanced, and Grandpa knew that this tree needed another strong branch so that it would grow straight.

"Now, Grandpa is a good gardener. He knew what to do for both of those trees to make them grow straight and strong, and blossom, and bear fruit. So, he cut the one sturdy branch from the little young tree and grafted it into the empty space on the other tree, making sure that he sealed the bark around the graft so that the sturdy little branch would become as much a part of that tree as if it had always grown there. Then, when the little branch was cut from the young tree, the trunk of that tree straightened and grew and developed so that when

new little branches started to grow, it was strong enough to bear them; and when the sturdy branch was grafted on to the other tree, that tree soon became even all around and it straightened and developed and bloomed like it does today."

"Gee, Mom, I think that's real neat!" Ronnie was pleased at the happy ending. "Grandpa was such a good gardener that he saved both of the trees and the little branch,

too, huh?"

"Yes." Janet's voice reflected her gratitude that her son had understood the real meaning of her story, and she added very tenderly, "Our Heavenly Father is the very best Gardener of all, and he grafted you from the tree of the parents who started your growth, right into the empty place on our family tree just like Grandpa did with that little branch; and when we went to the temple and had you sealed to us, that's how our Heavenly Father sealed the graft and made you our very own little boy, and made us your real parents."

THE ball games went on as usual as the days passed, and the boys seemed to be the best of friends. As Janet trimmed the edges of the lawn, she could hear them talking, and out of the corner of her eye she saw Ronnie toss the ball nonchalantly into the air, catch it with one hand, straighten his cap, and say, "You know what? Mr. Owens asked me to go on the outing again. You know, I call him 'Daddy Ken' all the time — 'cause he doesn't have a boy — and my Dad isn't here either. so we just pretend. It's lots of fun. When it's time to go to bed, 'Daddy Ken' always says, 'Well, son, let's

hit the sack!' And I say, 'Okay.' Just like that. It's real neat, I think!"

"But, Gee Whiz, Ronnie!" countered Larry, "that's just pretending! We're all going with our own dads. Don't you wish you wuz like us?"

Janet's throat tightened in apprehension as she listened for Ronnie's answer.

"Not any more, I don't!" Ronnie bragged. "You see, it's like this. I was grafted from a apple tree, and now my Daddy in heaven is my real Daddy — and my Mom is my real Mother — 'cause their tree needed a branch more than the little tree in the corner. It grew lots of branches after I was cut off, so it doesn't need me anymore, but my Mom's tree sure does!"

Janet smiled as she saw the boys' mystified looks, and as she picked

up her trimmers she heard Tommy say, "Yeah, I guess your Mom does need you now, Ronnie! 'Specially since your Daddy isn't here. But, c'mon, you guys, let's play ball!" And as Janet opened the door to go inside, she heard Larry's muttered exclamation, "A apple tree! Good grief!"

After Ronnie was asleep, Janet lay thinking of all that had happened, and she couldn't help but smile as she remembered Ronnie's mixed-up, but wise explanation. Much later, still unable to sleep, she got up and looked out of the window at the peaceful, starlit sky.

"It's all right, David," she whispered. "Our boy is growing strong to our family tree. Now he understands, also, darling, that 'love flowers fiercely in the heart, grafted to heart by need."

Hope Manwaring Williams was born in Vernal, Utah, to Leona Goodrich and D. Elmer Manwaring. Her parents now live in Salt Lake City and she has four sisters and one brother. "My husband Grant G. Williams is Assistant Supervisor of the Fish Lake National Forest at Richfield, Utah, and we are blessed with one son Nelson, a student at Brigham Young University. I am a graduate of Alterra High School, Roosevelt, Utah, and attended Utah State University at Logan. My early literary knowledge was gained from the wonderful stories from scriptures, good books, and Church magazines that were either read, told, or made available for my own reading by parents whose appreciation for the finer things always inspired me. My teaching experience in Church auxiliaries has been good training, and my years as theology and literature class leader in Relief Society have been especially helpful. I am now serving as a counselor in the Second Ward Relief Society, Sevier Stake. The story 'Grafted' was inspired by true circumstances. This story and one published last year in the Deseret News ("The Christmas I Remember Best') are my only submitted manuscripts."

#### Thanks for Five Senses

Iris W. Schow

I offer thanks for these today: The fragrance of the pine and rose; For the delight it brings to hear The cadences of song and prose;

For taste of cranberry and grape; The feel of children's curly hair; And for the sight of chapel spires Reaching heavenward to guide us there.

# Temple Square in Salt Lake City

BRIEF HISTORY OF ITS GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT

PART III

Preston Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

A S related in a previous article, the cornerstones of the Salt Lake Temple were laid on April 6, 1853. Work on the foundation of the great building began almost immediately thereafter, and continued until the summer of 1857 when, on account of the approach of Johnston's Army, all public work of the Church in Salt Lake Valley was temporarily discontinued, as President Young did not know what action the army might take against the people of Utah. For-

tunately, no harmful action was taken, and with the approach of the Civil War, in the spring of 1861, the soldiers peacefully departed for the East and South, and the citizens of Salt Lake City and Utah resumed their customary activities.

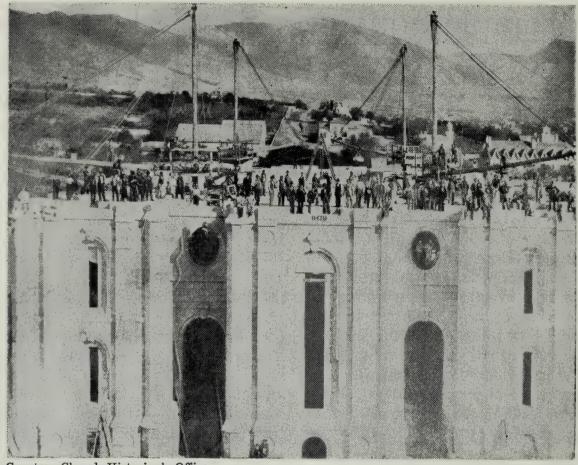
Meantime, in order to protect the Temple foundation, President Young had had the excavation filled with earth, and leveled to look like an ordinary field. When the soldiers departed, work on the foundation began again, and by this time



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

#### CRANITE FOUNDATION FOR THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE

Photograph, taken about 1868, shows the granite blocks which were substituted for the original foundation which was made of red sandstone. Old Tabernacle in background at left, and the new Tabernacle in the background at the right.



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

#### THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE IN 1879

Photograph taken two years after the death of President Brigham Young, and during the presidency of John Taylor, shows workmen, visitors, and hoisting machinery used to lift the granite blocks.

the President had decided to build the Temple with granite rock from Little Cottonwood Canyon. He therefore had all the old foundation removed, and the work started anew.

It took ten years to put in the great foundation of the Temple. When it reached the level of the ground, in 1871, it was sixteen feet wide at the base and nine feet wide at the top. Up to this time, all the rock had been hauled from the canyon in wagons, but, in 1873, a narrow gauge railroad was constructed to the quarry, and from that time on the rock was shipped to the Temple by rail.

As the years passed and as his age

advanced, President Young became more and more anxious to have the Temple completed. At the October Conference in 1876, he said to the saints:

To the people of Weber County, Davis County, Morgan and Summit Counties, Salt Lake County, Tooele and Utah Counties, with the people east and west, I will say, Go to work and finish the Temple in this city forthwith. Can you accomplish the work, you Latter-day Saints of these several counties? Yes! That is a question I can answer readily. You are perfectly able to do it. The question is, have you the necessary faith? Have you sufficient of the Spirit of God in your hearts to say, yes, by the help of God our father, we will erect this building to his name. . . . Go to now with your might

and your means, and finish this Temple (Contributor 14:267).

Unfortunately, the great pioneer President, Brigham Young, died on August 31, 1877, less than a year after the above words were spoken. The walls of the Temple were then about twenty feet above the ground. Personally, I have always regretted that he did not live to see the beautiful building completed, which he had fostered from the beginning.

President John Taylor succeeded Brigham Young as President of the Church, and he pushed the building of the Temple forward with all the vigor and determination of his predecessor. By 1879 it had reached the height shown on the previous page. Four years later, in 1883, the walls were up to the square, and, in 1887, the work on the towers was well advanced.

Unfortunately again, it was during this year that President John Taylor died. Another notable person who passed away, in 1887, was Truman O. Angell, the Temple architect, who had supervised the work from the beginning.

It is also interesting to note at this time that the superintendent of construction was James Moyle, grandfather of President Henry D. Moyle. He had worked on the Temple Block as an expert stone mason for many years.

II

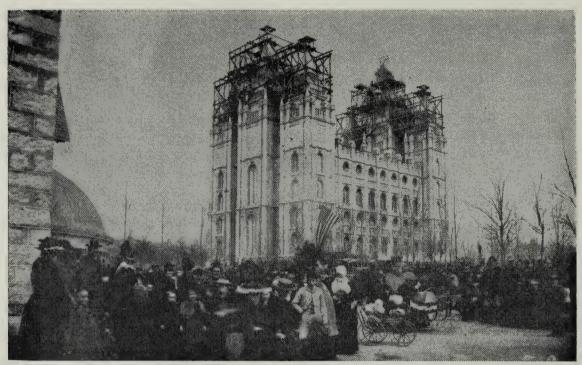
THE Salt Lake Temple was completed, the capstone was laid, and the dedicatory services were held during the administration of President Wilford Woodruff, who had succeeded John Taylor as President of the Church, in 1887. For

an eye-witness account of these events I shall quote from an article written by James H. Anderson and published in the Contributor in April 1893.

"The Temple was hastened towards completion as fast as circumstances would allow, and so close was this task to accomplishment, that April 6, 1892, was fixed as the date for laying the capstone. . . . As the sixth of April drew near, the wave of joy which swept over the hearts of the Saints was visible in all their associations. It was to them a day of triumph, for which they had patiently toiled, many of them the greater part of a lifetime. . . .

"The conference began on Sunday, April 3, 1892. The theme in which a large share of interest was taken at the meetings, was that of temples, their object and uses. In this connection, the fourth and closing day April 6th, presented a deeply impressive scene. At the morning meeting in the Tabernacle, the spacious building was closely packed with people. . . . Lorenzo Snow, President of the Twelve Apostles, instructed the people in the 'hosanna shout,' the words being those introduced by the Prophet Joseph Smith at the Kirtland Temple. It was a sacred shout, used only on extraordinary occas-President Woodruff then ions. briefly addressed the congregation:

"'If there is any scene on the face of the earth,' he said, 'that will attract the attention of the God of Heaven and the heavenly host, it is the one before us today — the assembling of this people, the shout of Hosanna, the laying of the top-



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

## THE TEMPLE IN 1892 AT THE TIME OF THE PLACING OF THE CAPSTONE

This was a sacred and memorable occasion which took place during the April Annual General Conference of 1892, conducted by President Wilford Woodruff. Thousands of saints assembled to view the magnificent granite edifice and to take part in the "Hosanna Shout," the words of which were first used by the Prophet Joseph Smith at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple.

stone of this Temple in honor to our God.

"'My brethren and sisters, we want to finish this Temple; we want to dedicate it to God, as soon as we can, so that the vast host who dwell in this region of country, may go into it and attend to the ordinances for their living and their dead. . . . The work before us is now a most important event — the most important that we have upon our hands'" (Contributor 14:271).

The meeting was dismissed and the multitude of saints gathered around the Temple as shown in the picture at the top of this page. "Just as the hour of noon was reached, President Wilford Woodruff stepped to the front of the platform in full view of the assembled multitude. . . . A thrill went through the hearts of the people as he engles:

ple as he spoke:

"'Attention, all ye house of Israel, and all ye nations of the earth! We will now lay the topstone of the Temple of our God, the foundation of which was laid and dedicated, by the Prophet, Seer and Revelator, Brigham Young."

President Woodruff then pressed an electric button, and the Temple

capstone moved into place.

"The scene that followed," relates James H. Anderson, "was beyond the power of language to describe. The venerable president of the Twelve Apostles, Lorenzo Snow, came forward and led forty thousand Saints in shouting in concert:

"'Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! to God and the Lamb. Amen, Amen, Amen!"

"This shout was given three times, and was accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs. The eves of thousands were moistened in tears in the fulness of their joy. . . . The ground seemed to tremble with the volume of sound which sent forth its echoes to the surrounding hills. A grander or more imposing spectacle than this ceremony of laying the Temple capstone is not recorded in history. The hosannas had scarcely ceased when the vast congregation burst forth in the glorious inspirational hymn beginning: 'The Spirit of God like a fire is burning!"

#### Ш

SHORTLY after the laying of the capstone of the Salt Lake Temple, the First Presidency of the Church, Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith, issued a letter to the members of the Church, of which the following is a paragraph:

This Temple at Salt Lake City has long been in process of erection. By the 6th of April next, (1893) forty years will have elapsed since the laying of the foundation stones. It seems proper then, that the expiration of that period should witness its dedication. We trust that no exertions will be spared to accomplish this end (Contributor 14:281).

Accordingly, the brethren entrusted with the task of finishing the Temple, went to work with a new will and determination, and at the expiration of the allotted time, they were proud to announce that the great building was ready for dedication.

On April 6, 1893, twenty-five hundred people were admitted to the Temple auditorium, and President Wilford Woodruff, eighty-six years of age, read the dedicatory prayer. I shall quote a few paragraphs from this beautiful prayer:

"We thank thee, our God, that thou didst enable thy servant Joseph Smith, to build two temples, in which ordinances were administered for the living and the dead; that he also lived to send the Gospel to the nations of the earth, and to the islands of the sea, and labored exceedingly until he was martyred for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ.

"We also thank thee, our Father in Heaven, that thou didst raise up thy servant Brigham Young, who held the keys of thy priesthood on the earth for many years, and who lead thy people to these valleys of the mountains, and laid the corner stone of this great Temple and dedicated it unto thee, and who did direct the building of three other Temples in these Rocky Mountains. which have been dedicated unto thy holy name in which Temples many thousands of the living have been blessed and the dead deemed. . . .

"O Lord, we regard with intense and indescribable feelings the completion of this sacred house. Deign to accept this fourth Temple, which thy covenant children have been assisted by thee in erecting in these mountains.

"In past ages thou didst inspire with thy Holy Spirit, the Prophets,



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

#### TEMPLE SQUARE ABOUT 1895

This photograph, showing the Assembly Hall (left), the Tabernacle (center), and the Temple (right), was taken about 1895, some two years after the dedication of the Temple (in 1893), and before the Brigham Young Monument (in the circle) was moved to Main Street in 1897.

to speak of a time in the latter days when the mountain of the Lord's House should be established in the top of the mountains and should be exalted above the hills. We thank thee that we have had the glorious opportunity of contributing to the fulfillment of these visions of thine ancient seers and that thou hast condescended to permit us to take part in the great work. . . .

"We come before thee with joy and thanksgiving, with spirits jubilant and hearts filled with praise, that thou hast permitted us to see this day for which, during these forty years, we have hoped, toiled and prayed, when we can dedicate unto thee this house, which we have built to thy most glorious name. . . . Today we dedicate the whole unto thee, with all that pertains to it, that it may be holy in thy sight; that it may be a home of prayer, a house of praise and worship; that thy glory may rest upon it; and that thy holy presence may be continually in it; that it may be the abode of thy well-beloved Son, our Savior (Contributor 14:294).

Thus was the Salt Lake Temple dedicated, on April 6, 1893.

(To be continued)

## Love Is Enough

CHAPTER 1

Mabel Harmer

THE bus swung around -a corner and jerked to a sudden stop. Geniel, looking idly out of the windows, smiled at the sight of a teen-age boy trying to balance a stick on his chin. She was waiting to see how long he could balance it, when the driver called, "Blayney! This is your stop, Lady."

She stood up and reached for her hatbox on the shelf. As she made her way to the door several of the passengers, in the friendly comraderie of bus travel, called, "Goodbye. Hope you enjoy your winter."

"Goodbye. Thank you," she called back and was assisted down from the high steps by the driver. He brought out her bags and was on his way again in a couple of minutes. She was the only passenger for Blayney, Idaho, population 2300.

She lugged her heavy bags over to the store, which served as ticket and loading office. The freckled-faced boy watched her unconcernedly.

Geniel walked into the store and waited until the owner had finished with his single customer. "Could you tell me how to find Mrs. Willett's boarding house?" she asked.

"It's just two blocks north. A big two-story green house. You can't miss it."

"But I have some bags. I can't carry them."

"Bring them in here. I'll drop them off on my way home from work tonight." "Thank you very much," said Geniel hesitantly. It didn't seem to be the best idea in the world, but she had no choice. She brought in the larger of the bags, intending to carry the smaller one herself. Then she had a better idea. "Could I hire you to carry this bag down to Mrs. Willett's house?" she asked of the boy who was standing on the sidewalk. "What is your name?"

"Yeah, I guess," he replied, taken unawares. "My name is Fred."

He picked up the bag and started down the street.

"I am Miss Whitworth," said Geniel pleasantly. "I'm going to teach school here this year."

"You won't like it," her companion promised with finality.

"Indeed! And why not?"

"Oh, I dunno. You just won't."

There seemed to be no point in arguing the matter, so Geniel turned her attention to the town. They had passed the business district, consisting of three stores, the post office, and the ward chapel. On the next corner was a huge red brick house, the type that had been built in the 90's and was usually referred to as a mansion.

"My, but that's a big house!" she exclaimed. "Does a family live there?"

"No family. Just the Duchess."

"The Duchess?" asked Geniel in mixed surprise and amusement.

"Her real name is Miss Blayney," Freckles explained. "But everyone calls her the Duchess. Not to her face, of course. Her grandpa built this town. He owned about all the She runs the town. land. won't like her."

The long speech seemed to have exhausted Fred, and he stopped to shift the bag to the other hand.

"I won't like the town and I won't like the Duchess," smiled Ge-"Tell me, is there anything I will like?"

"Oh, sure. There's good fishing over there on Silver Creek. And I guess there're some pretty good dances. Anyway, you're sort of pretty."

"Thank you very much," replied Geniel gravely. She supposed there was some connection between her being sort of pretty and having a good time at the dances.

"This is it," was the boy's next remark, turning in at a large twostory, green frame house. He deposited the bag on the steps and turned to leave.

"Here, wait!" called Geniel, open-

ing her handbag.

'Aw, that's all right." He waved her off airily and sauntered back to the walk.

"Well, thank you very much, Fred," she called. "I enjoyed meeting you."

GENIEL walked up the steps and rang the doorbell. It was answered in a minute by a very plump, very pleasant looking woman in her fifties. "Oh, Miss Whitworth," she called heartily, "do come in. I've been expecting you."

"Thank you," Geniel smiled. She reflected that Fred evidently hadn't known Mrs. Willett. He couldn't possibly have said, "You won't like her."

"Your room is in the northwest corner upstairs," said Mrs. Willett. "You may go right up, if you like, and lay off your things. I'm busy getting dinner, but come down and sit in the kitchen now — or any time. Is that all you brought?"

"The man at the store is bringing my large bag this evening. carried this one over for me."

She climbed the stairs and entered the room. It was large and cheerful looking, with fluffy white curtains at the windows. Number two on the credit side, Fred, she said to herself. I'm going to like this room.

She set her bag on a chair and walked over to the west window. A few houses lined the street on the opposite side and beyond were fields, brown now, after relinquishing their harvest, and rimmed in the distance by the purple mountains.

She turned, removed her hat and light coat, and began to unpack her bag. The toilet articles she placed on the dresser along with two photographs, one of her family, the other of a young man. You'd be on Fred's side, she remarked mentally to the man in the photo. You wouldn't care much for this town. doesn't seem to be enough enterprise. But it's very pretty, and I'm going to like it — I think.

There was nothing more she could do in her room, and it was slightly chilly so she decided to go downstairs. On one side of the long hallway she had glimpsed a living room and she decided to go there instead of accepting Mrs. Willett's invitation to the kitchen. She was pleased to find another of the boarders already there — a tall, rather slender woman, probably in her

early forties. She was saved from being rather plain by a pair of deep blue, sparkling eyes and a quick,

pleasant smile.

"Hello," she said, rising and holding out her hand. "I'm Christine Lacy. We are fellow teachers, as well as boarders, so we'll be seeing a lot of each other."

"How nice," said Geniel, returning the smile and the warm hand-

clasp.

They both sat down in front of the large fireplace where a single burning log gave more of an illusion of warmth than anything very real.

"I do hope you're going to like it

here," said Christine earnestly.

"Oh, I'm sure that I shall," replied Geniel, "although I was warned very definitely that I wouldn't by a freckled-faced boy, Fred, who carried my bag here."

"That would be Freddy Mitchell, and there's only one like him, thank goodness. I've been here for fourteen years and like it well enough to stay on — or else I'm in a dreadful rut. Is this your first year of teaching?"

"No. I taught in the Denver

schools for two years."

"That's interesting. I mean, it's rather unusual for anyone to leave a large city to come out to a small town like this. Evidently you like

a change."

"Yes," Geniel agreed simply. There were much stronger reasons for the move than merely liking a change, but she wasn't going to explain them. Not at the moment, anyway. "How many boarders are there?" she asked.

"Just three, including yourself. The other one is Marva Eberhart, another teacher. She's still in California on her vacation, but she should be back tomorrow. You'll like her."

THE call to dinner stopped any further discussion. The food was already on the table, and Mrs. Willett sat down comfortably with them. "It sure is nice to have one more in the family," she commented. "It's been pretty lonesome this summer with just the two of us here."

"I can soon take care of that," said a voice in the doorway, and Geniel turned to see a tall, bronzed young man in plaid shirt and levis.

"Oh, come on in, Jeff," said Mrs. Willett. "I'll get you a plate. I

suppose you're hungry."

"You suppose correctly, Madam," he replied, giving her cheek a kiss in passing. "And my timing is perfect, as usual."

He had put a chair up to the table and sat down before Christine had a chance to say, "This hungry young man is Jeffry Burrows, Mrs. Willett's nephew. Miss Whitworth, Jeff."

"Hi," responded Jeff, briefly but warmly. "Are you a schoolteacher,

too?"

"Yes, you can always tell, can't

you?" smiled Geniel.

"No, not at all. Now, Miss Lacy here, upon a casual meeting I would take her to be a lion tamer in a circus. And Aunt Allie here, I would most certainly spot as being a lady cop. Actually, I was hoping that you were a veterinarian. Our only one has left for greener fields, and I've been praying that one would come and settle down in our midst."

"Jeff is a rancher," explained his

aunt. "Only all of his cattle and horses are fancy breeds with fancy names."

"And fancy sicknesses," added Jeff. "Right now half of my summer's profits are tied up in a heifer that I would swear is a hypochondriac. I can't find a blamed thing the matter with her, but, if I didn't humor her every day, she'd lie down and die."

"And the more temperamental they act, the better you like it," said Mrs. Willett. "It makes you all the more sure that they aren't like ordinary animals."

"It's what they cost that makes me sure of that," he said. "But why worry about that when I have all this elegant beef stroganoff, topped by gooseberry pie — I hope?"

"Apple, tonight," Mrs. Willett corrected him.

Shortly after he had eaten and left, a voice from the porch called,

"Hey, tell that teacher I brought

her baggage!"

Geniel jumped up from the table and hurried to the door. "Thank you so much," she said. "If you'll wait just a minute I'll run upstairs and get my purse."

"Oh, that's okay." The storekeeper waved aside her offer. "Don't bother. I just dropped it off on my

way home from work."

He walked off almost before she could thank him, and Geniel lugged the heavy bag inside. She was wondering how she could manage to get it up the stairs when Christine came out. "Let me help you," she offered. "I believe that between the two of us we can get it up."

They each took hold and struggled up the rather narrow stairway and down to the room. "Sit down and rest while I unpack," Geniel suggested. "That is, unless you have something else you'd rather do."

"No, there's nothing," answered Christine, and Geniel could tell that she was pleased at the invitation.

"That's a nice looking young man on the dresser," she said, indicating

the photo. "Is he yours?"

"Well, yes and no," answered Geniel with a smile. "I've been going with him for a long time vears in fact, and there has been sort of an understanding between us, if you know what I mean. But there isn't a definite engagement. Actually, that's the real reason I came out here. I'm not at all sure that I love him enough for marriage — even if he sets a date — or asks me at all, although I'm rather sure that he will in time. The trouble with him is that he wants to get what he calls a start in life. He is part owner now of a shoe store and is doing well, but it isn't enough to suit him. I thought it might help both of us to make up our minds if I left for a year — so you see. . . . "

CHRISTINE looked thoughtful for a moment. "Yes, I suppose I do," she answered. "But believe me, love isn't everything."

"No, I suppose not," agreed Geniel. "But it is awfully important."

"Yes, it is important, but I think that sometimes a young girl can attach too much importance to romance. I did. And that's why I'm out here in the sticks teaching school instead of rearing a family. It was a terrible mistake."

Geniel stopped to shake the wrinkles out of a printed silk dress before putting it on a hanger.

"Would you care to tell me?" she asked. "I honestly have been doing a lot of thinking and praying about it. I don't want to make any mistake. It means too much."

"It means everything," agreed Christine. "And I will tell you my story, although I never have before." She looked out at the growing darkness, fingering a silver link bracelet.

"I was going with a young man back home — I grew up in a town in Southern Utah — and he wanted to marry me. But I didn't think I loved him enough. He had every quality, almost, that any girl would want in a husband. That is, he was active in Church work, had no bad habits, and had a pretty good job. But I never could get excited about him. I didn't care whether he called me up or not. If we went out with another couple I didn't have much fun. I decided it just wasn't enough."

"And rightly, I would say," Ge-

niel broke in emphatically.

"That's what I thought at the time, so I turned him down. He married another girl, and they had five children — rather close together. A lot of people were sorry for her, but I wasn't one of them. I would have given my life any time to have been able to claim them for mine. I had to get away. I couldn't bear to see them grow up and realize what I had missed."

"And that's why you came up here?" Geniel asked sympathetically.

"Yes, but I haven't been able to get away, eally. I've kept track of all of them. Two of the boys have been on missions and have achieved outstanding success. The girls are lovely. I could have gloried in all

of their successes. Instead, I gave it up because some of the thrills of romance were missing. If you have a chance to marry a good man I hope you'll take it."

GENIEL sat down on the bed. "You may be right," she said thoughtfully, "to some extent, I'm sure you are. But I can't help thinking how wonderful it would be to feel so much love for a man that you figured you couldn't live without him. I remember my sister Marcie on her wedding day. She was simply radiant with joy. I want that, too."

"Of course you do. It's what every girl wants, just as every girl would like to be pretty and popular. But some are very plain. Life is like that. It's up to us to make the best

of it."

"I know," Geniel agreed, "and that's what I hope to do. Thanks so much for telling me your story." She went over to the dresser and picked up the picture. "You know Ernest Wood is really very earnest. And the entire decision isn't on my side. Maybe he needs to make up his mind about me, too. Anyway, I think being apart this year will help a lot. We might have gone drifting on for the next ten, otherwise. I honestly do want to get married — and I want to marry a good man."

"I'm sure you do. Every normal, sensible girl does. Well, I'll leave you alone now. I'm sure you must want some rest after that long bus

ride."

"Oh, but I'm really not tired at all!" Geniel protested.

"Then I'm sure that you must be (Continued on page 71)

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, January 1, and January 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE GREAT AND GOOD QUEEN VICTORIA: The death of Queen Victoria has caused not only sincere sorrow and deep and heartfelt mourning in Great Britain, but there is a universal feeling in all the civilized world that the greatest sovereign of her time has departed. In fact she is spoken of as the greatest without making comparisons . . . . Her life reads like a fable almost, so grand have been her virtues and so numerous the honors that have come to her unsought by herself. . . .

—Editorial

#### THE NEW CENTURY

When in the dim, gray East shall rise,

The morning of thy birth —

When thy first dawn steps from the skies

Upon the hills of earth —

Shall waiting nations breathless stand

Oppressed with haunting fears,

Of what thou holdest in thy hand,

Thou coming Hundred Years?

—Jennie Betts Hartswick

AN ALLEGORY: I stand on the narrow strip of land called The Present, between the great Ocean of the Past and the mighty Sea of the Future. Behind me the circling waves stretch backward into the fading distance of the unknown. Before me the ripples break at my feet, casting here and there a pebble or a sparkling shell from the Eternal Shores. There are great ships on the ocean behind me, all sailing into my port of The Present; some bear the name of Science, some of Learning and some of Art; in most there is the sound of pleasure and the incense of selfish thought. How few there be that fly the pennon of peace, and fewer still that carry at their mast-head the Figure on the Cross. . . .

—Susa Young Gates

RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING IN OAKLEY, CASSIA COUNTY, IDAHO: The meeting was held in the new society hall, the principal object being the dedication of the building to the purpose for which it was erected, President Isabel Martindale presiding. . . . President Martindale felt pleased that the hall had been so far completed that we could have it dedicated, and knew that the Lord had blessed the society in the endeavor to build a comfortable place to meet in. . . . Stake President Louisa Haight was glad in meeting with the sisters, and that they had been blessed so much that they had been able to build so beautiful a hall, and that it was so nearly out of debt. . . .

—J. N. Price, Sec. pro tem.

HONORS FOR AN AUTHOR: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was an honored guest at the banquet of the Daughters of Vermont on the last night of the old year, and was introduced by the president of the club, Mrs. Sallie Joy White, as one of Massachusetts', America's and the world's loved daughters.

-News Note



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. GOLDA MEIR, the Israeli Foreign Minister, and delegate to the United Nations, is a respected leader in her own country, and is achieving much appreciation among world leaders for her efforts in behalf of peace. She has advised the heads of state of the newly independent African nations to forget the bitter experiences of the past and to build anew without the illusion that political independence will provide an "automatic solution to all problems."

MRS. HELEN POMEROY, a Latter-day Saint wife and mother, of Superior, Arizona, has been re-elected by the Superior Business and Professional Women, as Woman of the Year. For many years an officer in the organization, Mrs. Pomeroy has been active in many community and Church organizations, and works as secretary in her husband's law, real estate, and insurance office.

ZARA NELSOVA, one of the world's greatest cellists, made her debut at the age of eleven, with the London Symphony Orchestra. One of her most acclaimed selections is Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo." The composer recently requested Nelsova to play this composition at a London festival in his honor.

TAY THOMAS, wife of Lowell Thomas, Jr., explorer and commentator, has written an interesting account of the adventures of the Thomas family, Lowell, Sr., Lowell, Jr., herself, and two-year-old daughter, Anne, while exploring America's last frontier and forty-ninth State, Alaska. Her book Follow the North Star is published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York.

THE Society of Women Engineers reports that 1,035 women are now enrolled in undergraduate engineering in accredited universities in the United States. Deans of several schools of engineering have expressed a belief that there are many engineering opportunities within the capabilities of women.

DR. RUTH UNDERHILL, regarded as an authority in the field of American anthropology and Indian studies, has been giving a most interesting series of programs on American Indians on National Educational Television. She demonstrated the customs, costumes, and living conditions of Indians in various parts of America. Dr. Ruth Prins is another anthropologist devoted to studying Indians. She tells stories for children and young people about Indians all over the world.



# EDITORIAL



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NO. 1

# And Jell of Jime

To every thing there is a season, and to every purpose under the heaven . . . a time to keep silence, and a time to speak (Eccles. 3:1, 7).

THE scriptures tell us that every season and every year have specific purposes, and to their intervals are assigned such activities as the planting and the harvesting. Into the span of our lives come sorrow and rejoicing, birth and growth and death. If there is an acceptance of time in its eternal continuity, and of the gifts it provides for our development and ultimate perfection, then we can rejoice in the full seasons, in the festive holidays, in the winter months, and in the year's turning.

That which is beautiful, which is beneficial and uplifting, comes to us as blessings on our heads, life dividends, for which gratitude should be daily expressed in prayers and thankfulness. Always we should think of time as a supreme gift. Each interval of time which has particularly rewarding radiant is a legacy of lasting worth, a time to be cherished over again, "like the golden haze of remembered days over a woman's eyes" never to be lost.

But what shall we say of those days and years, perhaps, when an interval of time may be clouded for us, when disappointment, discouragement, sorrow may have become a part of our allotted time? The earth itself, and the people of earth help us to find surcease of sorrow. In those times when one must wait for healing, and the interval of time seems long, there are many paths that will take us at least into partial sunlight, and into a place where the lattice work of shadows may turn

again to full sunlight.

Usually, it is activity that brings us to a rewarding use of our time which, at best, will be brief upon the earth. Many women find delight in their gardens, in the rose and in the lily, in the velvety faces of pansies and the cupped petals of columbine. Even the feel of the soil is good, and the turning of the loam and the tending of plants provide immeasurable delight. Some women, when troubled, can erase more than dust upon the windows by giving the glass a polish, and at the same time polishing away some of the temporary concerns of a passing day. There is quiet comfort in watching a winter sparrow or a springtime lark in melody of movement on a tracery of boughs. Always available to us are the scriptures, with their ancient and eternal wisdom, their shining words of faith and courage.

We can gain strength by bending down and lifting the burdens of others—enter any door in any neighborhood and find a need. Even a small offering taken to a home where there is illness or loss, may illuminate a segment of time for

EDITORIAL 37

someone else. A small potted plant, a single blossom, a lunch for the homebound at noon, these may brighten time and companion it with shared blessings. One woman, whenever she heard of the illness of a neighbor, would quickly stitch up a gay-colored apron, and would take it to the homebound woman, saying, "Hurry up and get well. This apron needs some wear." And there

is much a new apron can do by way of encouragement in a gray interval of time.

We are of those spirits who once accepted with rejoicing the gift of time, the opportunity of life upon the earth. We are among those spirits who have been given direction by precept and by command to use well the gift of time, which is life, here and hereafter. —V. P. C.

# Singing Mothers to Present Music at Dedication of Hyde Park Chapel in London

AT the invitation of the First Presidency, two hundred and fifty Relief Society Singing Mothers, under the direction of Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen, will present music for the dedication of the Hyde Park Chapel in London in February 1960. Two hundred of these Singing Mothers will represent the British Mission, the North British Mission, and the Man-The remaining fifty Singing Mothers will come from chester Stake. America to join their British sisters at the dedication. Dr. Frank W. Asper will accompany the Singing Mothers on the new 2,535 pipe organ, one of the finest and most flexible organs in London. President Belle S. Spafford will officially represent Relief Society. Following the dedication of the chapel, the Singing Mothers, accompanied by Dr. Asper, will appear in concert at the Royal Albert Hall in London, the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, and will present concerts in Scotland and Wales. Among the featured soloists will be Annette Richardson Dinwoodey, formerly of Salt Lake City, now living in London, and Jean Taverner, a noted English lyric soprano.

The chapel, located in the cultural center of London, will be eighty-seven feet tall, surmounted by a gold spire reaching another thirty-six feet. In the center of the tower will be a lovely stained glass window forty feet high. An invitation to the thousands of passersby to hear the gospel message is provided near the entrance to the chapel where a button can be pressed which releases a loud speaker that presents in brief and beautiful words the history of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

It will indeed be joyful tidings to Relief Society women throughout the world to know that their voices and their ideals will be represented by their sisters on the occasion of the dedication of the lovely chapel in the heart of this world-famous city. It will be a time of rejoicing for the world-wide sisterhood.



# **Notes**TO THE FIELD

# Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 5, 1961, has again been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society. A suggestive program for this meeting has been sent to the stakes in pamphlet form. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting. It is suggested that the ward Relief Society chorister and organist confer with the ward president and carefully select from the ward music library the songs for this occasion which seem to be the most appropriate and the most inspirational.

# Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to Magazine representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the Magazine in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake Magazine representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1960 will be mailed to ward and stake Magazine representatives about April 1, 1961.

# Bound Volume of 1960 Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1960 issues of The Relief Society Magazine bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement in this issue of the Magazine.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is \$2.75, leather \$4.20, including the index. A limited number of the 1959 Magazines are available at the offices of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah, for \$2 for twelve issues. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1960 Magazines bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

# Hymn of the Month - Annual List

# January to December 1961

THE Church-wide congregational hymn singing project, inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming year, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake Relief Society choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at leadership meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

January	Come, Let Us Anew CHARLES WESLEY - JAMES LUCAS	No. 17
February	Choose the Right JAMES L. TOWNSEND - HENRY A. TUCKETT	No. 110
March	Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee Bernard of Clairvaux - John B. Dykes	No. 148 (Easter)
April	We Are Sowing H. A. TUCKETT	No. 192
May	There Is Beauty All Around (Love at Home)	No. 169
June	O God, The Eternal Father WILLIAM W. PHELPS - FELIX MENDELSSOHN	No. 125
July	Sweet Is the Work, My God, My King JAMES CRYSTAL - FRANK W. ASPER	No. 168
August	Let Us Oft Speak Kind Words JOSEPH L. TOWNSEND - EBENEZER BEESLEY	No. 94
September	Nearer, Dear Savior, to Thee JOSEPH L. TOWNSEND - WILLIAM CLAYSON	No. 117
October	Lead Kindly Light JOHN HENRY NEWMAN JOHN B. DYKES	No. 112
November	Have I Done Any Good? WILL L. THOMPSON - WILL L. THOMPSON	No. 58
December	More Holiness Give Me PHILIP PAUL BLISS - PHILIP PAUL BLISS	No. 114

# Prevent Crippling Diseases

## Basil O'Connor President, The National Foundation

THE National Foundation, parent organization of the New March of Dimes, has not only kept pace with the great strides made in medical research towards the solution of health problems, but, in many areas, has also assumed a leadership role in the effort to improve health standards in the Nation.

"Prevent Crippling Diseases" is the theme of the 1961 New March of Dimes. This is the purpose for the dimes and dollars which will come from every corner of the Nation . . . to protect human life through scientific research . . . to help educate young health workers so desperately needed by the entire Nation . . . to give dignity to lives shattered by paralytic polio, by certain birth defects, by rheumatoid arthritis.

The New March of Dimes is on its way . . . on its way to solving two other great medical problems with the same skills that were brought to bear against polio and produced the Salk vaccine . . . on its way to do

the job that needs doing against birth defects and arthritis.

Over the years, National Foundation research has been unique in the voluntary health field because it has not been oriented to a single disease. Instead, it has concentrated on the whole field of virus research and thus the findings have had a bearing on the whole field of disease and disability.

Today, viruses are valuable tools for National Foundation-supported scientists engaged in basic research on human cells. This work promises to have an important bearing both on genetics and cancer research. Some March-of-Dimes-supported scientists are particularly concerned with the

possible relationship between viruses and birth defects.

Prevent crippling diseases. Please say YES to the NEW MARCH OF DIMES.

# Hidden Harmonies

Maude O. Cook

Have you ever heard the day break,
Or the shades of evening fall?
Have you listened to the music of the spheres?
Have you caught the silken rustle
of the seasons as they pass?
Have you hearkened to the tramp of marching years?
Are there whispers in the twilight
Speaking solace to the heart,
Bringing peace and comfort to dispel the fears?
Is the air about us vibrant —
Filled with hidden harmonies —
Tones too subtle to be heard by mortal ears?



# Julia Anderson Kirby Specializes in Hardanger Work

JULIA Anderson Kirby, Logan, Utah, is a specialist in the exacting art of Hardanger, a type of handwork which is very beautiful and decorative, though practically unknown in many areas today. Hardanger handwork, named from a district in Norway, consists of intricate and various designs of drawnwork in squares and diamonds and other patterns. Recently Mrs. Kirby presented a lovely Hardanger cloth to the Logan Temple.

An enthusiastic artist at other types of handwork, Mrs. Kirby crochets, knits, embroiders, makes many useful articles with applique designs, and is an expert at ceramics. Her children, grandchildren, and friends have been given many exquisite

articles of her handwork.

Widowed in young womanhood, with three children to rear, she learned industry and responsibility. She was converted to the Church in 1923, and later married John J. Kirby. She has served faithfully in the women's auxiliaries of the Church and has been a visiting teacher and a member of the work meeting committee in Relief Society. Her family now includes twelve grandchildren and eighteen greatgrandchildren.

# $\mathcal{A}_{cts}$

Padda M. Speller Rayleigh, Essex, England

To say "I love thee" costs me naught, Mere words and nothing more, But the obedience I have wrought Proclaims "Thee I adore."

# Fun to Make and Wear

# Shirley Thulin

MAKE these two attractive outfits for schooldays. They are easy to make and a joy to wear.

Reminiscent of Grandma's patchwork quilt, is this patchwork skirt. The teenager in your home will love wearing it to classes. She may even want to make it herself. It is simple to make and is a good way to use leftover cotton prints from former sewing projects.

The "Jiffy Jumper" also, is simple to make and fun to wear, and it is practical.

## Patchwork Skirt

For the patchwork skirt you will need: 18 yards of rickrack, a 7-inch zipper, and five different colored cotton prints, 3/4 of a yard of each. These directions are for a 27 to 28 inch long skirt. You can lengthen or shorten it, as needed, by cutting the squares a little smaller or larger.

#### To cut fabric:

- 1. Cut from each separate print, 4 rectangles 10 inches wide and 11 inches long.
- 2. Cut only one waistband from one print to your waist measure, plus two inches.

### To make patchwork:

- 1. First tier—seam together patches on the 10-inch sides, using one of each print. Then repeat in the same order, having 10 patches in one tier. Press all the seams open flat.
- 2. Second tier—repeat the entire first tier, starting with second print. Be sure to press all the seams.
- 3. Third tier—seam together patches on 11-inch side as above, starting with the third print.
- 4. Join the tiers together horizontally, Page 42

being sure that no two identical patches are next to each other. Press seams open.

5. Stitch rickrack over the vertical seams, then over the horizontal seams.

### To complete the skirt:

- 1. Seam the ends together, making the seam be the back of the skirt. Leave opening for the zipper. Stitch rickrack over this seam and the front edge of the opening. Insert the zipper.
- 2. Fold the waistband in half and seam the ends with the right sides together. Turn.
- 3. Gather the upper edge of the skirt to fit the waistband, leaving 1 inch free for the overlap.



FLARED PATCHWORK SKIRT Trimmed With Rickrack

- 4. Attach the waistband, first stitching the inner side of the band to the wrong side of the skirt, then folding to the right side of the skirt and top stitching over the seam.
- 5. Stitch rickrack over the waistband stitching.
- 6. Hem the lower edge with ½ inch first fold and 2½ inch depth.

Jiffy Jumper

Now for the "Jiffy Jumper." This jumper answers the everyday problem of how to keep the little girl attractively groomed and yet free for good hard play. It is a jumper that snaps up the sides and at the shoulders, allowing endless changes simply by sewing and by stitching a variety of fronts in different prints, stripes, and polka dots.

The jumper is perfect for playtime — Indian head washability sees to that, and with the right blouse, it becomes a crisp, colorful

school dress.

The back of the jumper is made in basic color. Different fronts can be made, utilizing Indian head



SEPARATE FRONT FOR JUMPER Showing fasteners on both sides



JUMPER WITH BELT AND POCKET

prints; snaps on both sides permit quick changes. All you need do is remove the solid front, throw it in the washer, and snap on the alternate change.

This makes for easy ironing, too. The simplicity of the styling makes the jiffy jumper practical and pretty for mother, too. With the jumper silhouette an accepted fashion, you can make your own style to your own pattern in very little time.

Just follow your favorite jumper pattern, placing snaps along the side seams instead of stitching them together. For a second jiffy jumper, you might try using large colorful buttons in place of the snaps.

Still another variation to this idea, which permits dozens of mixmatch combinations, would be to make the back of the jumper from corduroy or gabardine, and make the fronts from colorful matching and contrasting cottons.



## General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Mildred Himes

EAST CACHE STAKE (UTAH), LOGAN TWENTIETH WARD SINGING MOTHERS PARTICIPATE IN A CONCERT HONORING FLORENCE J. MADSEN, May 19, 1960

Front row, left to right: Anna Jean Skidmore, director, Logan Twentieth Ward Singing Mothers; Florence J. Madsen, member, General Board of Relief Society; Carol Peterson; Shirley Hanson; Gloria Anderson; Lulla Ve Davis; June Merrell; Annabel Spencer; Joyce Child; Maxine Cameron (seated), accompanist.

Second row, left to right: Ruth Payne, President, Logan Twentieth Ward Relief Society; Amy Gasser; Joan Meldrum; Chloe Bundy; Margaret Richards; Lorraine Jacob-

sen; Marjorie Johnson; Jeanine Larsen; Jo Ann Horlacher; Nellie Horlacher.
Third row, left to right: Bonnie Parson; Carma Karren; Nereece Herd; Jackee

Haslam; Vonda Whitlock; Marjorie Bowen; Ruth Stayner; Winifred Hailes.

Mildred Himes, President, East Cache Stake Relief Society, reports: "Florence J. Madsen, member, General Board of Relief Society, and well-known musician, was honored at a concert and reception in the Logan Twentieth Ward, May 19, 1960. The concert was presented by the ward's Singing Mothers. The program included two compositions by Sister Madsen, and she was guest conductor during the second composition, "Come, Ye Blessed of My Father." "Two honorary doctorates for outstanding contributions to music have been conferred upon Sister Madsen. She studied in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and has been recognized as one of the West's outstanding contraltos. For thirty-seven years she was a member of the Brigham Young University faculty, where her students included Anna Jean Skidmore and her mother. Since Sister Madsen became a member of the General Board of Relief Society in 1941, she has been in charge of the music for the organization, including the Singing Mothers. She reported that more than 45,000 women participate in Singing Mothers groups throughout the world. 'Harmony, rhythm, and melody make up music, and make up the human being,' Sister Madsen said in her brief remarks during the concert. She added that singing is part of religion, and that there are 1,325 references to music in the Bible.

"Other guests at the concert and reception included the East Cache Stake Relief Society officers, Singing Mothers groups, and presidencies from other wards in the

stake."



Photograph submitted by Paula G. Wilson

TAYLORSVILLE STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY WINS FIRST PLACE FOR THEIR FLOAT IN ANNUAL STAKE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

Paula G. Wilson, President, Taylorsville Stake Relief Society, reports: "In the parade which marked the beginning of the annual Taylorsville Stake Fourth of July celebration, this float, entered by the stake Relief Society, was awarded first place. It was designed by Counselors Martha Oakeson and Verna Burke. All board members assisted with the work. Each ward Relief Society was represented by the chorister and a few Singing Mothers, who sang during the parade under the direction of chorister Nellie Bennion (back to the camera), assisted by Carol Rowberry with accordion. The entire float was white satin with gold edging. All letters were gold edged with blue. The theme 'Song of the Heart' was on a large heart at the rear, and 'Singing Mothers' was on each side of the float."



Photograph submitted by Anna O. Smith

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH) HONORS WARD OFFICERS AND CLASS LEADERS AT STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL, June 30, 1960

Standing at the back of the room, left to right, stake officers: Cleta Hanson, social science class leader; Chloe Stewart, theology class leader; Lila Jones, organist; Ona Barlow, visiting teacher message leader; Ella O. Davis, Secretary-Treasurer; Ella H. Rindercknecht, First Counselor; Emily Larson, Second Counselor; Anna O. Smith, President.

Seated at the table at the right, on the right side, in the rear: members of the stake presidency, Asa L. Beecher and Preston Alder; High Councilman Eyre Turner, advisor to Relief Society. William Jones, stake clerk, is seated at the left rear, of the table on the right.

Sister Smith reports: "Since the organization of Mount Logan Stake, we have held an annual Strawberry Festival, honoring all ward officers and class leaders in our stake, with the stake presidency, high council, and adviser to Relief Society, and their wives as special guests. Our board members enjoy the event, and our ward people look forward to this annual affair."



Photograph submitted by Marian Bennett

LONG BEACH STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR THREE STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCES AND FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, May 17, 1960

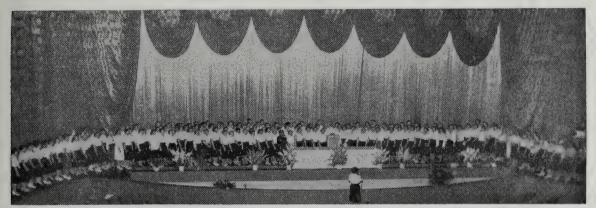
Front row, standing (in dark dresses), left to right: Helen Johns, former organist; Marian Bennett, President, Long Beach Stake Relief Society; Luella Barnes, chorister; Theodora Johnson, organist.

Second row, twelfth from the left: Mildred Moon, Secretary. Back row, twelfth from the left: Erma Halls, Second Counselor.

Absent when the picture was taken were Maude Rowan, First Counselor, and

about twenty other members of the chorus.

Sister Bennett reports: "This outstanding chorus has provided music for three stake quarterly conferences, as well as for many special occasions, including Relief Society Convention, May 17, 1960."



Photograph submitted by Frances J. Monson

# CANADIAN MISSION SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT THE ORGANIZATION OF TORONTO STAKE, August 14, 1960

Frances J. Monson, President, Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports: "The photograph pictures the Singing Mothers chorus at the formation of the Toronto Stake. During the conference sessions at the stake organization, there assembled at the Odeon-Carlton Theater in Toronto, the largest gathering of Latter-day Saints ever to convene

in the province of Ontario.

"Under the direction of Irene Palmer, the Singing Mothers of the Kitchener, Hamilton, and Toronto Districts of the Canadian Mission, which, incidentally, became the area comprising the Toronto Stake, presented the beautiful selections "There Is Beauty All Around," and 'Let Us Oft Speak Kind Words.' In addition to the Singing Mothers from the area mentioned above, a number of Singing Mothers from the branches in other parts of the mission also participated in the event.

"The date of the Toronto Stake organization, Sunday, August 14, 1960, will be long remembered as a day of inspiration as the 300th stake in the Church came into being. Elder Mark E. Petersen and Elder Alma Sonne were the General Authorities under

whose direction the organization took place.

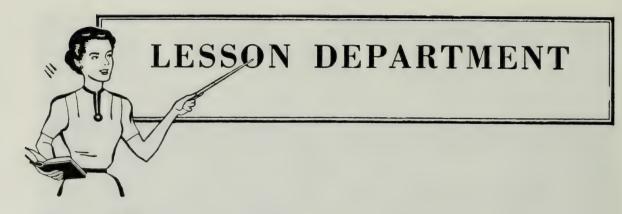
"The saints of the mission continue to comment relative to the benefits of subscribing to The Relief Society Magazine. The colored covers are delightful, and the information attractively presented in every issue."

# Have Courage

Catherine B. Bowles

When the heart is weary, Dark storm clouds dim the sky, Lift your eyes to heaven, Just know that God is nigh.

He lightens every burden; He knows the cross you bear. Look up to the heavens, God will be watching there.



# Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 31-The Second Coming of Christ

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 43:8-35; 45:43-75)

For Tuesday, April 4, 1961

Objective: To learn of events associated with the second coming of Christ.

Preliminary Events

OUR attention is directed in this lesson to the need of becoming more fully acquainted with what the revelations of the Lord say regarding the times in which we live; and also of events which are prophesied to occur near the time of the Savior's return to the earth and of his appearance.

Section 43

Last year, Lesson 18 (The Relief Society Magazine, August 1959) included as a text, the first seven verses of Section 43 of The Doctrine and Covenants in setting forth the important principle that there is only one man on the earth at a time who has the right by ordination and calling to receive revelation for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In exercising this right, the President of the Church not only directs his message to the saints but to the world, if necessary. Joseph Smith was the mouthpiece of the

Lord in the opening of this dispensation of the gospel. (See D & C 21:4-6.) The Lord introduced his volume of scripture, The Doctrine and Covenants, by stating that his message was to go to all the world as "the voice of warning" unto all people. His servants were to proclaim this message and, in time, all would hear that message. (See D & C 1:1-7.) In preparation for preaching the gospel, the Lord gave pertinent advice to elders or to the members of the Church. They were instructed:

shall instruct and edify each other, that ye may know how to act and direct my church, how to act upon the points of my law and commandments, which I have given (D & C 43:8).

By giving words of edification arising out of their understanding of the gospel, the elders were to become "... sanctified by that which ye have received, and ye shall bind yourselves to act in all holiness be-

fore me" (D & C 43:9). As the result of being so instructed in meetings, and making of the commandments a part of daily living ". . . glory shall be added to the kingdom [Church] which ye have received . . ." but negligence in these matters would result in a loss of the blessings which it was the right of the faithful to obtain.

(Read the word of the Lord in verses 11-12.)

Joseph Smith Prophesies

The saints have always been admonished to uphold the prophet of the Lord for therein lies safety. How closely do we follow the revelations which have come through the Prophet Joseph Smith? For example, do we, as Latter-day Saints, uphold him in what he has given us? Here are some of his prophecies:

I will prophesy that the signs of the coming of the Son of Man are already commenced. One pestilence will desolate after another. We shall soon have war and bloodshed. The moon will be turned into blood. I testify of these things, and that the coming of the Son of Man is nigh, even at your doors. If our souls and our bodies are not looking forth for the coming of the Son of Man; and after we are dead, if we are not looking forth, we shall be among those who are calling for the rocks to fall upon them (D. H. C. III:390).

The coming of the Son of Man never will be — never can be till the judgments spoken of for this hour are poured out: which judgments are commenced (D. H. C. V:336).

The hour spoken of in the last prophecy was predicted by John the Revelator as "... the hour of his [God's] judgment ..." (Revelation 14:7).

"Give As I Have Spoken"
As the Lord continued to instruct

the elders who would study and take the message of the dispensation to the world in preparation for the Lord's coming, he charged them that they were sent forth to teach the children of men and not to be taught. He had given them information of things to come — of "judgments which are on the land" (D & C 88:79)—and by the power of his Spirit they were to teach. Since their instructions came from the Giver of truth, who knows all things, they were to sanctify themselves and "... ye shall be endowed with power, that ye may give even as I have spoken." (See D & C 43:15-16.)

But what has the Lord spoken? What has he given which is to be carried by the elders? (Read verses 17-18.)

In continuing his message, the Lord emphasized the need for missionary work to be done among the nations that all who would respond to his call might repent. The missionaries were to accept the call to service lest they be found among those who were negligent in their responsibilities. (See D & C 43: 19-20.) In fact, this dispensation is the last time when the Lord's servants are to call upon the inhabitants of the earth. (See D & C 43:28.) As one reads this revelation, he discovers that the people of the Lord are to make preparations for the great day of the Lord (D & C 43:20-22).

The Great Day of the Lord Is Nigh In the first paragraph of the informative explanation of verse 17 from the Doctrine and Covenants Commentary (see page 246), the great day of the Lord is indicated as the day when the Lord comes to reign upon the earth. Joseph Smith was informed in many revelations that this was the message of the

Lord for this dispensation.

When the inhabitants of the earth do not accept the call of the missionaries to repent, the Lord will, as this revelation points out, answer his own question — "What will ye say when the day cometh when the thunders shall utter their voices from the ends of the earth?"

The Lord's Message Literal or Figurative?

The Lord's message is to be taken literally:

It is predicted that calamity and destruction await the inhabitants of the earth if they continue to reject the Gospel and fill the cup of their iniquity. This punishment will come when "the wrath of God shall be poured out upon the wicked without measure." (D & C 1:9.) It will come after the elders of Israel have declared their message to all the world. Then will come the testimony of wrath and indignation; the testimony of earthquakes, the voice of thunders and lightnings and tempests and the waves heaving them-(D & C selves beyond their bounds. 88:88-91.) (Doctrine and Covenants Commentary, page 246.)

The Lord Shall Utter His Voice

When the judgments of the Lord come as warnings, how will he speak?

If we understand this prophecy [Section 43:23], correctly, it means that after the warning voices of the thunders and lightnings and world wars, God will again speak to the children of men. In other words, the gospel sound will be heard. The Lord will explain to men, through His servants, why the calamities have come, viz., to cause men to repent and be saved (v. 24-27) (Doctrine and Covenants Commentary, page 247).

Section 45 — Review and Prelude

The purpose of last month's lesson was to give us an insight into some of the signs of the times as those events were foreseen by the Master and told to his disciples in the meridian of times, and then to relate the events of our own dispensation. (See D & C 45:1-42.) From Section 45, beginning with verses 15 through 24, Jesus told his disciples of events to be expected during their own dispensation or generation. From verses 25 through 38 the Lord gave his disciples some signs by which they might know that in the final dispensation of the gospel the "times of the Gentiles" were about to be finished.

Should Latter-day Saints look forward to these signs of the times? Hear the word of the Lord:

And it shall come to pass that he that feareth me shall be looking forth for the great day of the Lord to come, even for the signs of the coming of the Son of Man (D & C 45:39).

This prophecy would suggest that as the Lord's coming nears, there will be some devout souls who will be impressed with the doctrine of the second coming and the millennium, but, in general, the people of the world will not give heed to these Biblical teachings. These devout people:

. . . shall see signs and wonders, for they shall be shown forth in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath.

And they shall behold blood, and fire, and vapors of smoke (D & C 45:40-41).

Sign of the Son of Man

Among these signs to precede the Lord's coming, is one event which was mentioned by Jesus to his dis-

ciples in the meridian of time (Mt. 24:30; Luke 21:25-27), and spoken of again in this dispensation as "a great sign in heaven, and all people shall see it together" (D&C 88:93). What is this sign? Because all people shall see it, does it follow that it will be recognized by the world as a sign indicating that the Lord's coming is near, or will it be explained as another natural phenomenon? Inasmuch as wickedness and unbelief will, in general, reign on the earth near the Lord's coming, the world will not accept this great sign for what it is. Among faithful Latter-day Saints, however, who are looking forward to these signs and to the leadership of the Church for guidance in such matters, they shall know what the sign is and of its meaning.

Judah must return, Jerusalem must be rebuilt, and the temple, and water come out from under the temple, and the waters of the Dead Sea be healed. It will take some time to rebuild the walls of the city and the temple, &c.; and all this must be done before the Son of Man will make His appearance. There will be wars and rumors of wars, signs in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, the sun turned into darkness and the moon to blood, earthquakes in divers places, the seas heaving beyond their bounds; then will appear one grand sign of the Son of Man in heaven. But what will the world do? They will say it is a planet, a comet, &c. But the Son of Man will come as the sign of the coming of the Son of Man, which will be as the light of the morning cometh out of the east (D. H. C. V:337).

A Bow in the Heavens? (Not One But Many Signs)

It is well to keep in mind that there is no one sign or event which signalizes the nearness of the Lord's second coming. Included among these signs are those which are referred to about the sun, moon, and the stars. (See D & C 45:42.) But there is one sign referred to by the Prophet Joseph Smith, which, by the absence of a natural phenomenon, has considerable importance. Here are the words of the Prophet:

I have asked of the Lord concerning His coming; and while asking the Lord, He gave a sign and said, "In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen the Lord would not come; but there should be seed time and harvest during that year: but whenever you see the bow withdrawn, it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence, and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant (D. H. C. VI: 254).

First Appearance—to the Saints

The Lord's first appearance as part of the second coming will be to his saints. Of such an appearance the Old Testament prophet spoke when he referred to the Lord's suddenly coming to his temple in the day when it could be appropriately asked: "But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap" (Malachi 3:2). Moroni quoted part of this chapter to Joseph Smith when he visited him in 1823. (See Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 2:36.)

It may be concluded that this appearance to the saints may not be generally known, except as the world is informed of it by the saints. As partial fulfillment of this prophecy was the appearance of the Savior in the Kirtland Temple in 1836. (See D & C 110:1-4.) That the complete fulfillment has reference to the temple in the New Jerusalem,

yet to be erected in Jackson County, Missouri, is indicated by reason of the offering to be made by the sons of Levi. (See Malachi 3:3; D & C 84:21-34; Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, pp. 171-173.) President Brigham Young said that:

When Jesus makes his next appearance upon the earth, but few of this Church and kingdom will be prepared to receive him and see him face to face and converse with him; but he will come to his temple (Journal of Discourses 7:142).

In the General Conference of April 1898, President Wilford Woodruff told of his first meeting the Prophet Joseph Smith and of the Priesthood assemblage of 1833 when the Prophet prophesied that the saints would be settled in the Rocky Mountains.

... When they [the brethren present] got through the Prophet said, "Brethren I have been very much edified and instructed in your testimonies here tonight, but I want to say to you before the Lord, that you know no more concerning the destinies of this Church and kingdom than a babe upon its mother's lap. You don't comprehend it." I was rather surprised. He said "It is only a little handful [sic] of Priesthood you see here tonight, but this Church will fill North and South America — it will fill the world." Among other things he said, "it will fill the Rocky Mountains. There will be tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who will be gathered in the Rocky Mountains, and there they will open the door for the establishing of the Gospel among the Lamanites, who will receive the Gospel and their endowments and the blessings of God. This people will go into the Rocky Mountains; they will there build temples to the Most High. They will raise up a posterity there, and the Latterday Saints who dwell in these mountains will stand in the flesh until the coming of the Son of Man. The Son of Man will come to them while in the Rocky Mountains."

I name these things because I want to bear testimony before God, angels and men that mine eyes behold the day, and have beheld for the last fifty years of my life, the fulfillment of that prophecy . . . (Conference Report, Sixty-eighth Annual Conference, April 1898, page 57).

Some of the saints by appointment will attend the great council at Adam-ondi-Ahman spoken of by the Prophet Joseph Smith. At that time Adam will deliver up his stewardship to Christ preparatory to the "coming of the Son of Man" in glory. (See Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, page 157.)

Another Appearance—to the Jews

Another great appearance of the Master will be at a time when the Iews are gathered to the Holy Land. When this happens the nations will be at war with the Jews, who since 1948 have had their own government in Israel (Palestine), to which the Jews are now gathering. The Prophet declares that when sorely besieged and part of Jerusalem is taken (Zechariah 14:1-2), two prophets or witnesses "raised up to the Jewish nation in the last days" will be killed and their dead bodies shall lie in the streets three days and a half. Life will re-enter their bodies, which will ascend into heaven. A great earthquake will cause the Mount of Olives to divide and the earth will tremble. (See Revelation 11:1-13; D & C 77:15.) The Lord will then fight their battle. (See Zechariah 14:3-9.) As the text of our lesson states:

And then shall the Jews look upon me and say: What are these wounds in thine hands and in thy feet?

Then shall they know that I am the Lord; for I will say unto them: These

wounds are the wounds with which I was wounded in the house of my friends. I am he who was lifted up. I am Jesus that was crucified. I am the Son of God.

And then shall they weep because of their iniquities; then shall they lament because they persecuted their king (D & C 45:51-53). (See also, Zechariah 13:6; 12:8-14; 13:1.)

And thus Judah shall be redeemed by acceptance of their Savior Jesus Christ. In order for salvation to be received by any people it will be through baptism by immersion for the remission of sins and the bestowal of the Holy Ghost.

Third Appearance in Power to the World

There follows the great and glorious coming of Jesus Christ, who subdues all enemies under his feet, "and the Lord shall be king over all the earth." This is the coming for which the righteous have prayed, that wickedness might be removed from the earth. His coming in power is described in the modern revelations as "an entire separation of the righteous and the wicked" with the wicked being consumed (D & C 63:54; 101:23-24; 133:63-64). Our lesson text reveals that the nations of the earth will be afraid:

For when the Lord shall appear he shall be terrible unto them, that fear may seize upon them, and they shall stand afar off and tremble.

And all nations shall be afraid because of the terror of the Lord, and the power of his might. Even so. Amen (D & C 45:74-75).

The New Jerusalem

One of the best descriptions of the center place of Zion in the last days when the judgments of the Lord are poured out upon the wicked is found in our text D & C 45:66-71.

The Lord has set forth in ancient and modern times that there would be two gathering places in the last days — Palestine (Israel) and America. (See Micah 4:1-2; D & C 133:12-13.)

Other Events

When the Savior comes, as indicated, a general resurrection will occur, the heathen nations shall be redeemed, and Satan is to be bound as a part of the great millennial reign of Christ. (See D & C 45:54; 43:29-35.)

Be Prepared

During his mortal ministry, the Lord spoke concerning the preparedness of believers in the last days. The parable of the ten virgins, five of whom were prepared to meet the bridegroom while the remaining five were unprepared and rejected from entrance to the marriage feast, is closed with this application: "... Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh (Mt. 25:12-13).

Does this parable apply to the Latter-day Saints? Definitely so. Read the words of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith as given in D & C 45:56-59.

No one else upon the face of the earth meets the description given in these verses better than do the Latter-day Saints, for ". . . they have received the truth, and have taken

the Holy Spirit for their guide, and have not been deceived . . ." (D & C 45:47).

## **Questions for Discussion**

- 1. What do you believe one of the greatest responsibilities of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is to the world?
- 2. The Lord instructed the saints to uphold the Prophet Joseph Smith in his day. What obligation, if any, does the

member of the Church have in sustaining the present prophet?

3. What evidence supports the truth that the judgments spoken of for the last

days are literal and not figurative?

4. In view of the great events yet to happen before the second coming of Christ, what need do you think there is for Latter-day Saints to follow the leader-ship of the Church?

5. Discuss the different phases of the second coming of Christ: (a) to the saints; (b) to the Jews; (c) to the world.

6. Discuss the parable of the ten virgins and its lesson for Latter-day Saints.

# Visiting Jeacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 31—"Thou Shalt Not Speak Evil of Thy Neighbor, Nor Do Him Any Harm" (D & C 42:27)

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, April 4, 1961

Objective: We must guard constantly against idle or evil words which might harm or undermine another's character.

THIS wise counsel comes from the section of The Doctrine and Covenants which was described by Joseph Smith as embracing the law of the Church. To avoid speaking evil of one's neighbor and to make sure that we do him no harm, is a fundamental law of intelligent human behavior. If, in our personal contacts with others, we want to spread love, friendship, understanding, and good will, we must practice this law.

The story is told of a man who had circulated slanderous gossip about a neighbor only to find the story was not true. Conscience stricken, the man sought the advice of a friend to see what could be done to retrieve the evil words he had spoken. His wise friend told him to take a bag filled with goose

feathers and to drop a handful of feathers at each door in the village. The man followed this advice and returned to his friend for further instructions. "Now take your bag to each house once more," replied the friend, "and gather up each goose feather you have dropped." The man sadly shook his head and said, "That I cannot do for the wind has scattered them over the countryside."

Like these scattered feathers, gossip and unkind words are almost impossible to retrieve. Regardless of how we may try to take them back and, even if we sincerely repent, it may be impossible to undo the harm that has been inflicted. This is true of any type of slanderous or misrepresented statements.

Each of us has two words in her

vocabulary which can be easily and lightly spoken to spread rumor or a bit of gossip. These two words are "they say." These are such innocent words rarely deliberately spoken to do harm, but, when they preface even the most casual remark which might misrepresent or undermine the character of another, they can do damage which may never be fully repaired.

Down through the ages, the Lord has been concerned about the human tendency to speak ill of others. Through his prophet Solomon, we are reminded that five of the seven things which the Lord hates are actions associated with speaking evil and doing harm to our neighbors.

The five are:

... a lying tongue....

An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief,

A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren (Proverbs 6:17-19).

Jesus added force to this warning when he said:

... every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned (Mt. 12:36-37).

He also gave us the key to our personal responsibility in this respect when he said: ... how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye . . . (Luke 6:42).

One of our Latter-day Saint hymns also advises us:

Should you feel inclined to censure Faults you may in others view, Ask your own heart, ere you venture, If that has not failings, too.

("Should You Feel Inclined to Censure," Hymns, page 150)

A much loved woman was once asked how she was able to attract and hold so many true friends. She replied, "I have made it a practice never to speak ill of another. When I see someone make a mistake, I try always to say to myself, had I faced similar circumstances I might have done worse."

The Prophet Joseph Smith in talking to the Relief Society said:

... don't be limited in your views with regard to your neighbor's virtue . . . you must enlarge your souls towards each other . . . you must be long-suffering, and bear with the faults and errors of mankind . . . be liberal in your feelings . . . let kindness, charity and love crown your works . . . (D. H. C. IV, pp. 606-607, April 28, 1842).

Let us heed this commandment given in The Doctrine and Covenants. Rather than speaking ill, let us oft speak kind words of, and to each other, for "Kind words are sweet tones of the heart."

# Stretching

Celia Larsen Luce

LIKE a tree, the way we stretch is the way we grow. The tree stretches toward the light. What am I stretching toward?

# Work Meeting—Caring for the Sick in the Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7 — Feeding the Patient — Oral Medications — Local Application of Heat and Cold

## Maria Johnson

For Tuesday, April 11, 1961

Objectives:

A. To give a few hints that will help in one's efforts to stimulate the sick patient to take the nourishment she needs.

B. To stress the serious responsibility in giving medication and learn some im-

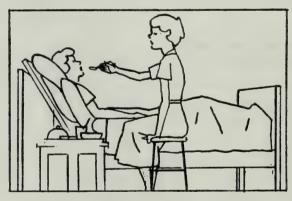
portant safety measures in handling drugs and giving them by mouth.

C. To consider some effects of heat and cold on the body and also measures for their safe application.

## A. Feeding the Patient

**F**EEDING the sick patient is always an important part of medical treatment. The doctor will tell you if there is to be any modification of the regular diet, or if the patient is to have a restricted special diet. It is then up to you to see that the patient takes the nourishment prescribed.

The patient often has no appetite, or at times is just too tired to make the effort to eat. Here are a few hints that will encourage him to eat:



When possible, sit down to feed the patient

1. Before serving the tray, tidy up the room, clear the bedside table or overbed table ready for the tray. Make the patient comfortable, offer bedpan (or urinal), wash her hands. If she can sit up in bed, support her back with pillows and place the overbed table over her lap, or she may prefer a pillow on her lap to support the tray. If she cannot sit up turn her on her left side and arrange the bedside table within easy reach.

2. The tray cloth and napkin should be clean.

- 3. The sight, aroma, and taste of food will each play an important part in encouraging the patient to eat.
- 4. The tray should be inviting with attractive color combinations of food.
- Small servings encourage the patient to attempt eating.
   Hot dishes should be served hot and cold dishes cold.

LESSON DEPARTMENT 57

7. Do not ask the patient what she would like for dinner but learn her likes and dislikes and give them consideration in planning the meal.

. Use a positive approach — do not say "Would you like a glass of juice?" but rather

"Here is a glass of juice for you."

9. An element of surprise such as a flower on the tray, or a favor on a special holiday will add interest.

## When the patient cannot feed herself:

1. Wash your hands.

2. Allow plenty of time. Never appear in a hurry. If possible, sit down to feed the patient. Give the patient your full attention. Do not carry on a conversation with another person unless the patient is included.

3. It is usually best to place the tray in front of the patient you are feeding.

4. Place food carefully in her mouth so that it does not spill. Give small amounts and wait until the patient swallows before feeding more. Offer different food and

liquids as the patient wishes.

5. If the patient cannot raise her head, liquids may be served from a small cream pitcher or a drinking tube. Flexible drinking straws are especially good. If a drinking tube or straw is used, steady it for the patient and do not fill the glass more than half full. It will help if you can turn her head a little to one side, or you can place your hand under the pillow and raise the head a little as the patient drinks from a partly filled cup or through the drinking tube.

#### B. Oral Medications:

The giving of medications is an exacting and serious assignment. Drugs given to a patient may be very beneficial, or they can be very harmful if not given in the correct amount and proper way. It is therefore essential for every mother or person caring for the sick in the home to know and follow the necessary safeguards. One first rule might well be —

never give a medication that has not been ordered by a physician.

Self-medication is one of the most serious health problems of today. Remember a symptom is not a disease. It is the cause and not the symptom that needs a solution. Treating symptoms gives only temporary relief. The cause or trouble back of the symptom is still there. Do not attempt to diagnose your own ills or those of your neighbor, and do not pass pills you have on hand on to your neighbor. Because her symptoms appear to be very much like those you have had, does not mean the cause or diagnosis is the same. Women who are taking tranquilizers or so-called "happy pills," unless ordered by the doctor, are doing themselves great harm. These medications do not cure and should be used only for temporary relief. The same symptoms thus treated will return again and again unless the cause is found and corrected.

## Safety rules and hints for giving drugs by mouth:

1. Keep all drugs out of the reach of children.

2. Wash your hands.

3. Give only those drugs ordered by the physician and follow his instructions as to the amount and time to be given. His orders should be written.

4. Give exact amount and on time. Measurements must be accurate. Read the label for the directions. Never give more than is ordered.

- 5. Pour from the side opposite the label so it will not become soiled.
- 6. Read the order each time you give a medication.
- 7. Read the label three times when you pick up the container, when you pour the medication and when you return the box or bottle to the shelf.
- 8. Never give a medication from an unlabeled container or from one whose label cannot be clearly read.
- 9. Never put a liquid medication back in the bottle discard it if not used.
- 10. Do not handle pills or tablets with your fingers. Turn them into a small glass or paper container. This assures cleanliness and makes it easy for the patient to get them back on his tongue to swallow.
- 11. Most drugs are concentrated and should be taken with water. Most liquids should be diluted and followed with a glass of water. An exception is a cough syrup because you want it to soothe the throat.

Getting children to take a medicine is not always easy. Here are a few hints or tricks that often help:

- 1. Be positive slip the medication into the child's mouth in a matter-of-fact way, as if it had not occurred to you that he would not take it. Do not say, "Do you want your medicine?" He may say, "No," then the trouble begins.
- 2. Try talking about something else when you put the spoon in his mouth. Most children open their mouths automatically like little birds.
- 3. Always be kind, even in a tussle.
- 4. If the taste of the medicine is unpleasant, it sometimes helps to disguise it with a food, but you must be careful that he doesn't associate the food with the medicine.
  - a. If given in a juice choose one that the child does not take regularly, i.e. grape juice or prune juice. If you give a queer taste to his milk or orange juice it may make him suspicious for months.
  - juice it may make him suspicious for months.

    b. Tablets that do not dissolve can be crushed to a fine powder and mixed in a good tasting food. Use a very small amount of food as he may decide he doesn't want very much.
  - c. Tablets and capsules hard to swallow may be put in something lumpy and sticky, such as banana. Follow the teaspoon quickly with a drink of something he likes.
  - d. Bitter pills can be put in honey, syrup, jam, or applesauce.

The older child will, in many cases, enjoy co-operating with you by watching the time and ringing the bell or giving you the signal when it is time for her medicine. She will also like to cross off the time on the chart after she has taken the medicine. This gives the child something to do and keeps her interested.

Always keep a record of the medication given, the amount, and the time. Make a simple chart for the day. List the medication and when it is to be given, for example: Pink pill three times a day at 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 5 P.M. Then draw a line through the time after you give it.

Teach a child that the doctor is his best friend, and never use the doctor as a threat to a child.

## C. Local Application of Heat and Cold:

Applications of heat and cold have been used through the ages, and are still widely used in the treatment of diseases and to relieve pain.

In applying heat great care must be taken to prevent burns.

#### Precautions:

- 1. Remember, some people burn more easily than others. For them use lower temperatures and watch more closely. Infants, elderly people, diabetics, persons in shock, and those with fair skin are good examples of those who burn easily.
- 2. The nerves of the skin are numbed by continued heat or repeated applications of heat so the patient may not realize she is being burned. She needs close watching.
- 3. A patient may be burned because of carelessness or neglect in testing the temperature.
- 4. Never fill a hot water bottle from a tap. Put the water in a pitcher and test with a bath thermometer or your clenched fist. The water should be between 120° 130° F., depending upon the patient's condition. It should be bearable to your fist.
- 5. Always cover a hot water bottle never put rubber next to the skin. Outing flannel makes the best cover.

### To Fill a Hot Water Bottle:

- 1. Pour hot water in a pitcher and test.
- 2. Rinse bag with hot water to preheat it.
- 3. Fill bag not more than half full.
- 4. Lay bag on flat surface (table top by sink is a good place) and allow water to fill neck, screw in stopper before lifting the bag. This will exclude the air. The bag will be lighter, more comfortable, and will conform to the contour of the body.
- 5. Wipe the bag dry and turn upside down to check for leaks.
- 6. Put in a flannel or cotton bag or wrap in a towel.
- 7. Never put stopper or hard end next to the patient.

Good substitutes for a hot water bag are: a brick, a bag of sand, or a bag of salt heated in the oven.

## Electric Heating Pads:

There is more danger of burn from an electric pad than from a hot water bottle. The hot water bottle gradually cools, while heat in an electric pad remains constant. The heating pad must be checked frequently. Many hospitals today have discontinued the use of electric pads.

Never use an electric pad on a moist dressing unless the pad is rubber covered.

## Application of Cold:

- 1. Pack the ice cap with crushed or chipped ice.
- 2. Do not fill it more than half full.
- 3. Flatten the ice cap on a flat surface and push down on it to expel the air.
- 4. Wipe dry.
- 5. Always put a flannel cover on an ice bag.
- 6. Long applications of cold should be discontinued at frequent intervals to prevent tissue damage.

A good substitute for an ice bag is a plastic bag. Put ice in bag — twist and fold the open end and fasten with an elastic band. Cover with a bag or towel.

# Lesson 23 - Emerson, the Spokesman for His Age

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: America's Literature, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 250-303)

For Tuesday, April 18, 1961

Objective: To relate Emerson's philosophy to the basic ideas his art expresses.

Transcendentalism

MHEN early in his career Emerson was first called a Transcendentalist, it irked him; later on the term amused him, that is, when he thought of it, as it came from the mouths of his critics. As his fame increased, so did the use of the term, by those both friendly and fierce. In his Journal, "my savings bank," Emerson recorded the cultured Mrs. B's comment with a lofty wave of her hand, that "Transcendentalism means a little beyond." Nathaniel Hawthorne, his friend and Concord neighbor, was scarcely so debonair. Seeing reality as somber mystery, Hawthorne resented Emerson's "perpetual smile," feeling he ought to "wait for something to smile at."

What, then, was Transcendentalism, other than Emerson's definition of it as "Idealism as it appears in

Emerson spoke truth in calling it "a silent revolution of thought." He was its acknowledged leader and spokesman. Basically an American movement, both in spirit and principle, transcendentalism was a near-spontaneous reaction against the staid, conservative, tradition-bound New England culture which to Emerson seemed but an empty husk behind which a vigorous new de-

mocracy was hiding from its own destiny. It was the complete antithesis of Calvanistic doctrines of man's depravity and election. (See text, pp. 173-176: "Pioneers of Freedom" and "Religious Faith Transformed.")

Emphasizing, as never before, that "The kingdom of God is within you," Transcendentalism quickened each man to "live in the Eternal Now," guided by his own reason or intuitive inner light.

The central impetus of the movement was moral and spiritual. In these realms it promised to every man what Calvinism had reserved only for the chosen few; it "gave its adherents a new hope, a greater trust in the nature and resources of man, than the laws or popular opinion will allow," a doctrine restated in one of Emerson's poems written as early as 1831:

If thou canst bear
Strong meat of simple truth,
If thou durst my words compare
With what thou thinkest in the soul's
free youth,
Then take this fact unto thy soul —
God dwells in thee....
Clouded and shrouded there doth sit
The Infinite
Embosomed in a man;
And thou art stranger to thy guest,
And knowst not what thou dost invest....
Then bear thyself, O man!

LESSON DEPARTMENT



A Perry Picture

### EMERSON'S HOME, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Up to the scale and compass of thy guest; Soul of thy soul.

Be great as doth beseem

The ambassador who bears

The royal presence where he goes....

Among other reasons, Transcendentalism was too intense to be warmed-over romanticism, American version. Instead of casting an air of venerable mystery about ancient ruins and legends, Emerson repudiated the past by annihilating time. His emphasis was to understand the miracle of the common, the low, the everyday; to master present reality that one might really live and thus make present history. "Only so much do I know as I have lived," and living must be now. Further, it must be nobly unselfish, dedicated to the ultimate good of all through venerating nature and trusting one's reason (or intuition). Believing that reality is spiritual rather than material, Transcendentalism vigorously opposed whatever belief or institution kept man from full self-realization. Commercialism, trade, politics, slavery, education, religion, reform, literature — those in their present forms were opposed by Transcendentalism, if they seemed, in any way, to inhibit man from striving toward fulfillment of the American dream. Thus Transcendentalism was the strongest liberating force in American literature preceding the Civil War.

Unity in Nature

Believing that "to seek unity is a necessity of the mind," Emerson believed everything is held harmoniously together by the Over-Soul, the great spiritual force of the universe, symbolized and dynamic both in man and nature. "There

is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself." And for Emerson, prime access to this timeless unity lay through nature, but a nature which was a living, growing, constantly changing organism:

Nothing is fixed in nature. The universe is fluid and volatile. Permanence is but a word of degrees. Our globe seen by God is a transparent law, not a mass of facts.

Nature, being fluid and organic, decrees that all things be made and allowed to grow from within their own nature and in harmony with themselves.

This concept of organic form is one of Emerson's greatest contributions to American literature and art. He believed that all art should be allowed to create itself from within, rather than being confined to any existing form dictated by past usage. Of supreme importance is the word used to express an idea. Not only is it impossible to separate an idea from its expression, but "style is thought itself." And style achieves its greatest power in communicating truth through poetry.

Emerson, the Poet

The greatest source of Emerson's power is his poetic quality, whether in the spoken eloquence of his essays or in his poems. Emerson loved lecturing because he loved to move audiences with his sparkling, condensed sentences filled with the colloquial, common figures which expressed the essential Emerson. He believed eloquence to be "the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person

to whom you speak," that it arises out of heat, which comes only from sincerity. Therefore, "speak what you know and believe, and are personally in it; and are answerable for every word." That he did so with complete honesty is proved by his sustained success. When he said, "This writing is blood-warm," he not only defined his own style but exemplified it also. In his Essays Emerson's great power lies in the sentence. Emerson's major purpose was to inspire his countrymen to live and believe and speak as if no one had ever done so before, but it is the poet whom he entrusts with the liberating thrill of "new-naming" all animals, flowers, essences in this virgin land. Before he married Lydia Jackson he wrote her that "I am a born poet, of a low class without doubt, yet a poet, in the sense of the perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter." Probably he defined his own talents as being so low because he defined the destiny of the poet so grandly. To him the poet is the sovereign who perceives all truth, "new-names" it, and affirms it to all enlightened spirits. In his essay "The Poet," he defines him as "the complete man, the complete mind, the beholder of ideas"; he is "representative of man, in virtue of being the largest power to receive and to impart."

It is the more finely attuned poet who hears poetry's tones and shapes them into words. Who are poets? "Every man is so far a poet as to be susceptible of these enchantments of nature. . ."

And who loves nature? . . . . Is it only poets . . . ? No; but also hunters, farmers, grooms, and butchers, though they

express their affection in their choice of life and not in their choice of words.... The people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics....

But it is not nature herself which all worship but "nature the symbol, nature certifying the supernatural body overflowed by life" which communicates to each beholder the unifying, inexplicable beauty which is the hallmark of poetry.

Art as Symbolism

Second in importance only to his concept of organic form is Emerson's doctrine that the greatest art symbolic. He believed "every thought is a prison"; therefore we love the poet who, through use of the key symbol, "yields to us a new thought, unlocks our chains and admits us to a new scene." Since "we are all symbols, and inhabit symbols," the use of symbols has a certain power of emancipation exhilaration for and all through symbols "the poet turns the world to glass" and we see where before we were blind.

The Practicing Poet

On every hand Emerson practiced what he preached. As glove to hand, pit to peach, his words fit the idea; not only that, they create the idea, nor can the two ever be separated. Describe, if you can, in other words equally "true" his Aunt Mary Moody. Emerson "whittled his wit." And wit he has; "I can breathe at any time, but I can only whistle when the right pucker comes." And wisdom: "We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough." And the lyrical common touch: "I have no hostility to nature, but a child's love to it. I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons. Let us speak her fair. I do not wish to fling stones at my beautiful mother, nor soil my gentle nest." And lyrical: "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown!" In each of these quotes the form is contrast. To prove it, try casting the identical thought in another form. The following quotations are memorable:

#### **ESSAYS**

Self Reliance

What I must do, is all that concerns me, not what the people think.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

To be great is to be misunderstood.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will.

The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished.

No greater men are now than ever were.

Nothing can bring you peace but your-self.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance. . . .

Nature

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?

The Over-Soul

The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth.

### The Young American

The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man.

### Compensation

A man cannot speak but he judges himself.

Every opinion reacts on him who utters it.

A great man is always willing to be little.

Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults.

#### The American Scholar

Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote.

The day is always his who works in it

with serenity and great aims.

Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind.

### Spiritual Laws

There is a soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.

### Friendship

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection.

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.

#### Prudence

Life wastes itself whilst we are preparing to live.

#### Heroism

Self trust is the essence of heroism.

#### Circles

The key to every man is his thought.

#### Intellect

He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. POEMS

To J. W.

Life is too short to waste.

#### The Rhodora

Beauty is its own excuse for being.

#### Fable

Talents differ: all is well and wisely put; If I cannot carry forests on my back, Neither can you crack a nut.

In "Merlin" (text, page 298), Emerson states his poetic creed, including his great trust in the element of surprise as a source of poetic power:

Great is the art,
Great be the manners of the bard.
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number;
But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme.
"Pass in, pass in," the angels say,
"In to the upper doors,
Nor count compartments of the floors,
But mount to paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

When the form fits the content and tone, Emerson uses a convenional stanza:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world.

—"Hymn"

This stanza is dignified, compact, symbolically memorable, and apt. But note how, in the first stanza of "Hamatreya" (see text, page 300), he ignores all pattern, shifting from the first realistic, symbolic words to a new rhythm and tone—all because he believed the poem should be allowed to grow according to the laws of its own nature:

Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Mariam, Flint

Possessed the land which rendered to their toil

Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool and wood.

Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,

Saying, "Tis mine, my children's and my name's.

How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees!

I fancy these pure waters and the flags Know me, as does my dog: we sympathize; And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil."

This abrupt contrast between his initial vigor and the sentiment of security-in-possession is vital if the foolishness of land-lust is to achieve the desired symbolic power. Only then are we ready for the quiet, liquid tones of "Hamatreya," the earthgoddess, as she taunts "her boastful boys" for being owned by "their land:"

Mine and yours;
Mine, not yours.
Earth endures;
Stars abide —
Shine down in the old sea;
Old are the shores;
But where are old men?
I who have seen much,
Such have I never seen. . . .

They called me theirs
Who so controlled me;
Yet every one
Wished to stay, and is gone.
How am I theirs,
If they cannot hold me,
But I hold them?

When I heard the Earth-song, I was no longer brave; My avarice cooled Like lust in the chill of the grave.

Probably Emerson's best-known poem is his "Days," an expanded metaphor in which everything represents something else. Few poems exemplify more aptly the ability of symbols to convey inner reality, communicable by no other means. Written by Emerson in swift spontaneity, the poem is brilliantly compact, containing not a wasted stroke. Its total experience is central to Emerson's belief: Though days at first appraisal might seem to serve liberated man, actually time scorns those craven souls who, enabled to ask of life whatsoever they desire, forget the high ideals and definition of self-destiny which was their birthright in youth, and take trivia. This they do because they can be content with mediocrity and because their supposed servant, Time, refuses to remind them before it is too late of the fatal pettiness of their aspirations. And once the choice is made, no second chances are given, but only withering scorn:

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days, Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes, And marching single in an endless file, Bring diadems and fagots in their hands. To each they offer gifts after his will, Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,

Forgot my morning wishes, hastily Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day Turned and departed silent. I, too late, Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Emerson found American temperament and literature imitative, boisterously eager, and shaky and unfocused; he gave to his times a positive assertion, a maturity, a future; he gave to succeeding generations an insight into his own inner self through words which have become memorable.

For those who find life to be endless strivings toward a high potential ideal, Emerson serves as stimulant and spokesman; for those who would know the mind and the heart of nineteenth century America, he serves as symbol and shaper; for all who acknowledge mortal reality to be governed by unseen essence, he serves as seer and as friend.

## Thoughts for Discussion

- 1. Why was mid-nineteenth century America so compatible a time and place for the growth of Transcendentalism? (See text, pp. 175-176.)
- 2. Contrast the role of nature in the poets Bryant and Emerson.

# Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Lesson 13 — Growing Religious Values in the Home

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, April 25, 1961

Objective: To explore the processes by which religious values may be grown and developed within the framework of the home and family.

Introduction

HERE is a child, another, and still another, all centuries old in biological inheritance, all breathtakingly new in social inheritance. How shall we treat this child, and this one, and this one? Shall we assume he has no interest, no needs, save those we prescribe for him? Or shall we study what his individual uniqueness is, see him as a person in his own right, listen when he speaks that we may hear his needs, his hopes, his fears, his worries, his Shall we reward him extrinsically when his struggles carry him past our goals, and punish him if he rebels, is indifferent, or is unable to reach the prizes we offer? Or shall we let him grow, sometimes stumble, regain his footing, and, by guidance, help him toward greater maturity in family, peer, and other adult relations? If the child is young, he is standing on the threshold of life. He is in the midst of a complex and baffling civilization where everyone's feeling

of security is threatened, where life seems tenuous, where fears and anxiety seem to permeate the air.

This child needs to be fortified with an inner strength that enables him to meet the challenges of his world with all the resources within him. He needs to be acutely aware of himself and his relationship with He needs, desperately, emotional education if he is to achieve religious maturity. Fortunate is the child whose family provides the emotional vitamins of love, affection, patient understanding, and, especially, recognition of his unique individuality, neither expecting what he is not capable of nor depriving him of what he individually needs to become a healthy personality.

Just as we attempt to provide the right kind of food, experiences, and care for the child's physical body to grow properly, so must we provide the kind of experiences which will allow his mind to grow and develop, and encourage him to grow religious values.

Family As a Character-

Forming Agent

The family is almost as old as man himself and is the fountainhead of the personality and character of every individual. What the family is today and will be tomorrow determines, more than anything else, what life is like for us and what it will be like for our descendants. And, in addition to its many other functions, the family has the greatest influence upon the development of values within its family members. The family is important because it shapes us. More than any other force, it determines the kind of people we are and the kind of people tomorrow's citizens will be. There are other factors at work, but the family has been, is, and will be the most powerful influence in the development of people's personality and character.

The child learns his earliest and probably most fundamental lessons in ethical behavior in the family setting. Children search constantly for meanings, purposes, standards, values. They can act only if they make decisions, and they can make decisions only if they have some grounds upon which to make them. They must, therefore, find patterns, develop concepts, grow values. Starting from scratch they must build their concepts from the experiences of their lives. It makes a great difference whether these experiences are planned systematically or occur haphazardly. Thoughtful parents can do much to see that these concepts are healthy and desirable, and that the values are sound.

The Family's Responsibility in Growing Values

Clearly the responsibility of par-

ents in teaching children religious concepts in the home is not to close minds, but to open them. Our task is to provide children with the kinds of teachings and experiences which will enable them to develop mature beliefs and concepts of religion and to make their religious decisions intelligently and in the light of available evidence.

We frequently make the mistake of trying to communicate by moralizing only. We urge our children to strive for success, but what picture do we give them of success? The cynic suggests that American standards are materialistic, that our symbols of success are dollars and chrome trim and country club memberships. Robert Louis Stevenson suggested some values which we might incorporate in our concept of success in the following statement:

That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much: who has gained the respect of intelligent men and a love of children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who leaves the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer was asked the question, "What in your opinion are the 'fundamentals for today's children'?" In a personal letter to Mr. Keith Osbourne of The Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit, Michigan, he said:

The great experience through which we truly become human beings is being filled with the secret of being and life, and the realization that in our life we feel other life, its suffering, its longing for happiness, its fear of destruction. And that this feeling and being kind to all living beings is our natural, spiritual attitude toward our-

selves and the world. Already the children should become reflective to themselves and their relationships to others and should gain the insight that reverence for life is the basic principle of the good. The children should not just take over the Good as something which is passed on that they are being taught, but through reflection they should discover it in themselves and possess it for their entire lives as something which is part of their personality.

Out of our own childhood, many of us would testify that the feeling of being spiritually sustained comes to the child first and most compellingly in the intimacy and warmth of family life, perhaps in the prayer that he has learned. If it comes at all, it usually has its roots in the quality of the faith that he has seen lived by those he knows and loves, for in the family there is the often unconscious treasuring of those uniquely valuable experiences and interests and delights which have become a family possession deeply shared. This in itself is a religious experience which is often more moving than that provided by church, sermon, or ritual.

If we are to be effective in developing religious values in our children, we must find a kind and quality of faith that is intellectually and spiritually satisfying to each of us. It must be real to us or we will not be successful in growing these values in our children. Children are too alert and sensitive to be fooled by pretense. We must develop a faith that is strong, truths that are basic in our lives, and values which are significant to us — values which are integrated in our personality and implemented in our behavior. We will be much more likely to achieve success, then, in helping our children grow the values which we feel are important for them. We must

not attempt to impose values upon our children, but provide the kind of atmosphere which encourages growth and development and the kind of example with which they can identify.

No one can glibly recite the meanings of Jesus' ethics to another; those meanings have to be thought through; they have to be experienced in some degree before their majestic power to move the human heart and mind is felt and understood (Lambert, A. C.: Foundations of Religious Life, Brigham Young University, 1938, page 167).

#### The Fundamentals

For man to live free of fear, of hate, of anxiety, he must not only be a man of confidence but a healthy personality. He should believe in himself while learning to be more worthy of that belief. He should believe in his fellow man and continue to believe in him until he, too, is worthy. He should believe in his family and strengthen it. He should believe in God and live that belief.

The moral, then, is plain. To do good we must first know good, to speak the truth we must first know the truth, to possess values which enhance the development of the individual, we must grow values through experience.

Can we provide the kind of experiences in childhood which will produce people who have the ability to love, to form relationships that are both healthy and productive? Can we bring up children in such a way that sound personality and creative interpersonal relationships are promoted? To bring up a child "in the way he should go," with simple realism regarding all areas and aspects of existence, to help him equip himself for living in his own time and yet be mindful of the

priceless heritage that comes down to him from the past, this is a hazardous but challenging undertaking. We live in an era when external influences, as a rule, are of little aid to the maintenance of sound character structure. We are also living in a time of rapid advance when those able to avail themselves of each and every opportunity for self-fulfillment may go further toward life's goal than have members of any previous generation. A religious attitude toward life and a truly religious integration of all vital personalityproducing factors may do more to make possible such fulfillment than any other force or influence of which we are aware. Religion is a realization of human potentialities on an ever-ascending scale and in such ways as to benefit everyone.

Developing Broad Horizons and Flexibility

The scientific spirit demands a willingness to change and to see possibilities beyond those that have already been tried. Living in the scientific age requires the ability to innovate, to adapt to new situations, and to live creatively in a dynamic

world of rapid change.

Young people who grow up with a strong inner-core of confidence in themselves, in others, in their world, have faith in their ability to keep on growing and developing real competence as persons. Both adults and children need to learn new ways of relating themselves emotionally with others. As parents and teachers, we need to learn to give children love coupled with discipline. We need to develop the expectancy that we can trust one another rather than the expectancy that we're going to be taken advantage of or cheated or

harmed. Adults and children alike need to learn how to connect what is basically good in themselves with what is basically good in others. It is important that children and youth be led to feel that progress is needed in the realm of ethical living fully as much as in the physical sciences. The basic, universal truths. course, will not change, but perhaps the manner in which we may implement them in our lives and nurture their growth in our children may become more effective through diligent effort.

History records the tragedies which have usually occurred when the ability of man to manage his social life has lagged far behind the power which he has developed in the physical sciences. Today, more than ever before, it is essential that we rear a generation of individuals who have learned to trust other people, to discover their individual abilities, and to believe in their own works. Sure of themselves, they can then go forth in the world unafraid. willing to learn and willing to respect other people's thinking and ways of living. We must have a generation whose focus upon life involves wide horizons and includes all people. We must have a generation of people who are sufficiently flexible to adjust to the many rapid changes which will surely come in their lifetime.

Summary

We have frequently heard the statement that modern families are adrift because they have no values and have become engrossed in material things and meaningless activities.

We have not lost our values — the belief in the worth of the indi-

vidual personality, the conviction of the importance of human dignity but we need to restate them in ways that apply to our lives today. It is the unique function of the family to recognize and foster individuality, not self-defeating and anti-social individualism; to give children and adolescents and adults a feeling of

personal worth and dignity.

What does an understanding of value development and growing values mean for parents? The parent who only moralizes about values is not teaching them as he may believe he is. It is difficult to understand how one can teach about moral and spiritual values without recognition of the fact that values are ever present in our behavior with children. When a parent stands in front of the mirror in the morning rather than asking if his tie is straight or his hair combed neatly, he might ask, "Are my real values showing?" The answer is, "Of course."

Our values become identified with our total personality structure. We display a combination of widely diversified values. We need to provide an example and some direction which will help children living in a complex world resolve the conflicts between values which they inevitably will encounter. And we need to instill in them a supreme belief in God which can provide the basic foundation of security which is essential at any time, but particularly important for living in this Nuclear Age. The value of this is dramatized in the story of the little

girl who said her usual bedtime prayer for herself and each member of her family, and then added, "Dear God, please take care of yourself, for if anything happens to you, we are all sunk."

The family is important because it shapes us and provides the soil in which our values grow. More than any other force, it determines the kind of people we are, the kind of people tomorrow's citizens will be. We fail our children tragically if we do not concern ourselves and them with basic inquiries into our own nature and that of our world, for while convictions about a few great ultimates will not solve all our daily or perennial problems, such intellectual and ethical objectives and moral values will help to keep the lesser items in proper and manageable perspective. So equipped and so taught, our sons and daughters will not fear to face the future.

Will we let chance determine the values our children adopt, or will we do our consistent best to see that our children's values have meanings which will bring them strength and satisfaction in the years ahead? There can be only one answer our children need sound values.

## Thoughts for Discussion

1. Give illustrations of how the family is a character-forming agent.

2. List specific illustrations of how the family can grow values.

3. What external influences are a threat

to the development of sound values?

4. What are some of the most effective means of "growing" values?

## LOVE IS ENOUGH (Continued from page 33)

wanting to drop notes to that fine looking family and handsome gentleman in the photos, and tell them that you have arrived safely," said Christine.

"Yes, perhaps I should," agreed Geniel. Then she added with a smile, "I think that you must be pulling for Ernest."

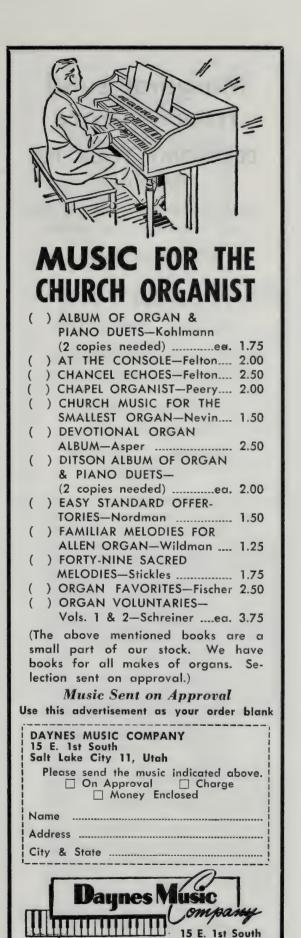
"I rather think I am," admitted

Christine with a smile.

After she had left, Geniel brought out her writing paper. "I've been in Blayney for six hours and twentyfive minutes," she wrote, "and like it better by the minute. Of course, the real test will come when school starts next week. There will be three of us here at the boarding house when the other teacher, Marva Eberhart, arrives. Christine Lacy is about forty and has been here for several years. I doubt very much if I will like it that much. Mrs. Willett, the landlady, is a motherly soul and an excellent cook. A nephew put in an appearance at dinner time looking, allegedly, for a veterinarian, but seemed perfectly satisfied to take on beef stroganoff and apple pie instead."

She finished the letters and made ready for bed. With the lights out, she stood at the window looking at the distant mountains faintly outlined in the moonlight. It was peaceful beyond anything she had ever remembered. "A good place to find one's soul," she reflected. "But rather a cold one." She shivered as she climbed into bed.

(To be continued)



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## A Child Says Grace

Ethel Jacobson

She offers thanks
That God is near,
Thanks for all
That's good and dear,
All that makes
Life lovelier.
I add, "Amen,"
And, "Thanks for her."

## Weak Echoes

Dianne Dibb

When echoes crash on canyon walls, The mountain is not crumbled; No tree is uprooted, And no mighty peak is humbled.

Why then must we shrink with fear, At hollow gossip talk? Ideals are rooted in the soul, And truth is as the rock.

## Birthday Congratulations

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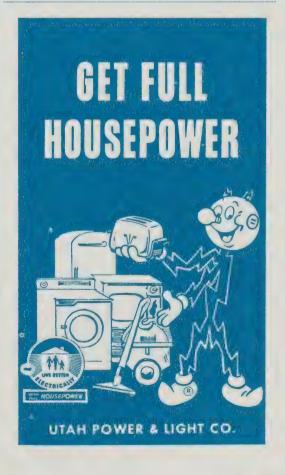
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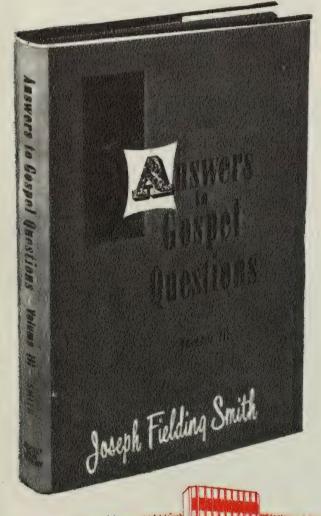
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## To a Tall Pine

#### Lela Foster Morris

How many silver moons of long ago,
Lie sleeping under drifts of vanished snow,
Since you, a seed, tossed by the storms that pass,
Nestled and clung to earth among the grass?
And now, a tower of majesty and grace,
You stand upon this upland flowering place;
You know rose-tinted dawn, twilight, and dark,
You hear the mating song of wren and lark;
Whispered wind songs in your branches fair,
Scatter incense on cool waves of air.

Your deep green garments house small helpless things, A nest of bluebirds with uncertain wings. Perhaps on that long journey to the West, Staunch pioneers stopped in your cool shade to rest; A haven, then, a refuge, gracious tree, Emblem of peace, shelter, security.

Serene you stand, fashioned by hand divine, Mystic, ancient, and primeval pine; Deep-rooted, firm in rock-strewn sod. Looking, I know that I am close to God.

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## From Near and Far

May I express my appreciation for The Relief Society Magazine. This little but mighty Magazine has been a great inspiration and help to me since the passing of my dear husband and helpmate. It has given me hope and helped to point the way to a better and happier life. It stands apart from other magazines of today, with its messages from the Bible and the Prophet Joseph Smith. The stories are brimming over with good, homey subjects, full of reader identification.

—Dorothy R. Graeber
Salt Lake City, Utah

I am surely enjoying the November 1960 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, especially the literature lesson on William Cullen Bryant. How often as schoolgirls we quoted "Thanatopsis." The lesson brings back fond memories.

Frances S. Hahn
Tucson, Arizona

I take only three magazines, as I am not a reader of fiction magazines, but I like The Relief Society Magazine because of the information that it supplies. My lump of curiosity about people isn't large, but about ideas it is tremendous.

—Mrs. R. J. Owens
Bolinas, California

We feel that the worth of the Magazine is beyond compare. We love the beautiful covers, the stories, and poetry, the marvelous lessons, and the excellent articles by our own Relief Society leaders, as well as those by members of the Priesthood.

—Claire D. Ord
President
Union Stake Relief Society
Baker, Oregon

There is nothing like our Relief Society Magazine — so small, but so full of wonderful things to make our days brighter. Thanks from a convert to this wonderful gospel.

—D. V. Shafer
Salinas, California

Today I needed a lift, and it came my December Relief Society Magazine. It is a most welcome caller, as it is always bursting at the seams with wonderful heartwarming stories, lovely poetry, and grand recipes. As soon as the Magazine arrives, I read it from the beautiful cover to the wonderful advertisements. May I say a special thanks to Sister Christine H. Robinson for the beautiful thoughts which she puts into the visiting teacher messages. I think each month she must be writing the messages especially for my benefit. And to Dorothy J. Roberts for her poem "Lombardy Poplars" in the September issue. I would love to see again the rows of poplar trees at home and walk down the street, kicking through their wonderful, crunchy leaves. Thanks, also, to Frances C. Yost for her story "Grandma's Surprise Packages" (in December). It was very beautiful.

-Kathryn Frischknecht
Corvallis, Oregon

I must pause long enough in the rush of this happy season to thank you for the "life-saving" little Magazine, which has been my favorite since a young girl, and I used to read eagerly every part of my mother's Magazine. The Relief Society Magazine improves with age. The truths are the same, but progress gives color, and when placed by each succeeding generation, as our stalwart pioneers and chosen present-day Church members record their thoughts and experiences on the pages of this periodical. The Magazine brings me comfort and inspiration in my work out here on the prairie away from my mountain home.

—Esther W. Easter Rosemary, Canada

I do enjoy the Magazine very much and have read it since junior high school days. The literature in it is far above any other women's magazine on the market, and the editorials are always so timely. They seem to fit my exact need each month.

—Mrs. Lillie C. Clay Nashville, Tennessee

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Temple Square in Salt Lake City — Part IV Preston Nibley FICTION The Happety Road — Second Prize Story Hazel K. Todd 82
My Own Stove, My Own Table Sarah O. Moss 100
Love Is Enough — Chapter 2 Mabel Harmer 108 GENERAL FEATURES From Near and Far
Sixty Years Ago
Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon
Editorial: ''. . . In Her Tongue Is the Law of Kindness'' Marianne C. Sharp
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker
Birthday Congratulations FEATURES FOR THE HOME Beauty in the Shade Eva Willes Wangsgaard 96
The Old Fireplace Bertha M. Walton 104
Recipes for Winter Evenings Emma A. Hanks 106
Albertha Nielson Hatch Makes Quilts for the Needy 107
Enchantment Marion Ellison 107
New Stockings From Old Ones Shirley Thulin 143 LESSONS FOR MAY To a Tall Pine — Frontispiece Lela Foster Morris 73
Blacksmith Ida Elaine James 81
Homecoming Leslie Savage Clark 91
Idyll Moment Marie Call Webb 91
Sunday Street Dorothy J. Roberts 95
Time of Frost Christie Lund Coles 99
Note to a Loved One Mabel Jones Gabbott 143
Mountain Child Shirley N. Howard 144
Winter Garden in My Cabin Maude Rubin 144 PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY Copyright 1960 by General Board of Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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## The Rewards of Welfare Service

Marion G. Romney

Of the Council of the Twelve

I would like to say to Sister Spafford and the General Board, her counselors, and to the Relief Society workers throughout the Church that I deem it a high privilege to be requested to participate in your program. I thank you for the invitation.

I love the Relief Society work and the workers throughout the Church. They give inspiration and spirit and refinement, it seems to me, to everything they touch. One of the great joys that has come to me in my welfare service over the last quarter of a century or more, is my association with the General Presidency of the Relief Society. I am sure they stand high among the most elect daughters of our Father in heaven. They are all able and accomplished women. They have the spirit of the gospel in their souls and this spirit has clothed them with faith, hope, and

Not only do I love the Relief Society workers but I love their assignment, particularly that part of it which distinguishes Relief Society's role from the roles of other auxiliary organizations in the Church. This role, said the Prophet, is for them to look after "the relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan, and for the exercise of all benevolent purposes." For, he said, "The best measure or principle to bring the poor to repentance is to administer to their wants. Ladies' Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls."

To accomplish this, the Relief Society sisters "will pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed; they will dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice."

Carrying out this assignment has always been a major part of Relief Society's activities. I think Jack Dempsey, in his writing about his family in Manassa, gave the ward teachers credit for what the Relief Society had done. He said:

We were never hungry. Mormons are never hungry. They keep close check on one another through the visits of Mormon "teachers." A "teacher" can be a doctor, a lawyer or a candlestick maker. Even a teacher. He drops in, casually, and asks how things are going. Polite and easy, without prying.

He reports back to the bishops on what he hears and sees. And if he has seen or sensed a bare cupboard it's filled before nightfall. Without comment.

If the poverty is because of a lazy father the man is summoned for a most thorough, frank dressing down. Whatever the effect of the lecture upon the father, neither he nor his family are ever without food. And warmth.

The Dempseys ate many a meal by grace of this silent, almost-but-not-quite-painless charity. And they ate and stayed warm that way in many a town long after Manassa was behind us.

I'm proud to be a Mormon [he says] and ashamed to be the Jack Mormon I am (Dempsey by the Man Himself, pp. 16-17).

Now, in addition to the statements of the Prophet Joseph Smith, which we have just quoted, we have another great fundamental principle to guide us in our Church welfare work. It was made by President Grant just twenty-four years ago, I think, today. It was in the October Conference in which he said:

Our primary purpose [that is, in setting up the Welfare Program] was to set up, in so far as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of a dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift and self respect be once more established amongst our people. The aim of the Church is to help the people to help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle of the lives of our Church membership (Conference Report, October 1936, page 3).

FROM this statement and those quoted from the Prophet, it is clear that the two great fundamental principles of Church Welfare in action are (1) to provide our needy brethren and sisters with the necessities of life; and (2) to give them opportunity to earn what they get. This has always been the Lord's way.

Reading the Old Testament recently to find out what it has to say about welfare, I was interested to discover that the Lord gave ancient Israel a welfare program soon after they came out of Egypt. It was a very simple program, for at that time their civilization was very simple. They had just recently been delivered from slavery. But simple as was the program, it had in it these two fundamental principles, and this is the way the program was stated:

And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest.

And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard,

neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger . . . (Leviticus 19:9-10).

When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again . . . (Deuteronomy 24:20).

. . . Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy . . . (Deuteronomy 15:11).

Ruth was working pursuant to this Old Testament welfare program when she gathered grain in the fields of Boaz. Of course, because of her appeal to Boaz, her beautiful character and other things attractive, she didn't have to work as hard as the others because Boaz instructed his men to leave it in handfuls. But in this simple program of leaving part of the harvest in the field, you have those who had, giving, and you have those who needed help working for what they got.

Now, in administering relief to the poor, we must never forget these two fundamentals. At the same time, we must be careful to perform our labors in the spirit enjoined by the Prophet when he said we must 'pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed" in such manner as to "dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice." This rejoicing will be increased in the heart of the widow who has been permitted to earn what she receives.

Effective administration of relief to the poor is an art, and it is an art which every dedicated Relief Society worker will seek to perfect in herself. One of the things we could, with profit, improve upon at the present time is the ability to make a thorough analysis of family needs. It is our duty to do so. For want of

such analysis, help given is sometimes not the help most needed nor the help calculated to do the most good. Frequently, the need is not for food and clothing alone, but for instruction in management of the resources the family already has.

It would also be helpful if Relief Society presidents would inform themselves of community facilities for handling welfare problems. This would permit referral of those nonmembers who seek our help, as well as those not worthy to receive our

help, to these facilities.

Another point which should be kept in mind in determining what help to give is that wherever possible needed assistance should be drawn from program-produced stocks in bishops' storehouses. This will free for other needs such cash as the recipients have. Too frequently the easy method of indiscriminately drawing upon fast offerings adopted. The percentage of assistance given in cash as compared to that given in help drawn from the bishops' storehouses is too large. It must be carefully scrutinized and reduced.

PERHAPS the phase of our welfare work, however, in which improvement is most urgently needed is in finding proper employment for those receiving welfare help. Relief Society workers should always have on hand work opportunities for women and girls, both in gainful employment and in the bishops' welfare program. This will make it possible to help these women and girls assist their needy families by earning cash or by working in the program.

While it is not our purpose to

put to work away from home mothers who should be home caring for their children, other women and girls who should be and are willing to accept employment should have the best opportunities available from which to select.

Mothers of children and the homebound have been and should be given something to do in the home. They should be given work right through the year. They will feel happier with a full-time job and they will then be in fact self-sustain-

ing.

Now, I have many illustrations that I could give you but the time will not permit. Suffice it to say that the opportunities for employment are limitless. The ingenuity of the Relief Society sisters, if applied with all their hearts, will find a solution to every need, for the Lord will add his inspiration. One indirect way to furnish needed employment is to increase the distribution of welfare blankets.

Your Relief Society Presidency has recently written you a letter in regard to this matter and in that letter, with other things, they said:

. . . the Deseret Industries . . . has been given an assignment by the General Church Welfare Committee to produce blankets for welfare purposes which relieves the Relief Societies of making quilts for families in need. In order to operate the plant successfully, a minimum number of blankets must be produced daily, which number is in excess of the amount presently needed for welfare. The excess blankets are being made available for sale. Relief Society has been asked to lend its support in selling this margin of blankets.

And then under date of August 23 of this year, they wrote you another letter expressing their appreciation for the response you had given to this request and in it they said:

... this service has assisted the mills to remain in operation to provide (1) work for the handicapped, (2) blankets for the welfare program, and (3) blankets for emergency use in disaster areas. . . .

Recently we sent 2500 of those blankets to Chile in connection with the disaster there. We had quite a time getting them down there because of the difficulty in transportation. Finally, we received a letter from President Sharp who said that they had recently arrived. said they had been in the "wet" so that the cartons in which they were packed were all gone, but, fortunately, because of the way they had been packed, the blankets were all dry, and he said the welfare workers, the Red Cross workers, in Chile, were amazed at the condition in which these blankets had arrived.

Now, I would like to add my appreciation to that of the General Presidency of Relief Society for what you have done in this matter, and I want to emphasize the fact that eighty-six per cent of the work that is done in the Deseret Industries is done by handicapped people, people incompetent to hold jobs in gainful employment. If each ward and independent branch (will you make note of this) will dispose of six blankets a year, a major contribution to the employment program will thereby be made.

NOW, the third and last suggestion for specific improvements that I will take time to mention is the hope that the know-how of you stake and ward workers in home planning and in home storage of

necessities will be taught to all of the women of the ward, giving encouragement and promoting interest in this important phase of the welfare program. Impending trouble ahead makes this a most urgent matter.

Now, as you will suppose from what has been said, the saving of souls through Church welfare activities demands diligence, endurance, patience, and that charity which is "the pure love of Christ." It means painstakingly and laboriously teaching the elementary principles of cleanliness, the simplest principles of hygiene, of sewing, of cooking, and of other arts of homemaking, and above all, it requires conversion. First, it requires conversion of the Relief Society workers and then the conversion of those whom you are seeking to save.

Does it sound like drudgery? Well, there will be a lot of drudgery in it so long as what is done is done only because of the assignment — "for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." I am persuaded that in some of our welfare work there is too much drudgery and not enough joy. I remember hearing of the old story of three men working with a building crew and they were each doing the same work. One of them was asked, "What are you doing?" and he said, "I am carrying brick." And the other one was asked, "What are you doing?" and he said, "I am working for eight dollars a day"; and the third when asked the same question said, "I, sir, am building a temple."

Service performed in the spirit of the one who was building a temple brings joy. That performed in the spirit of the first two is drudgery. It will, of course, enable us to fill our reports out and it may, to an extent, relieve us of the uncomfortable feeling of having something hanging over us undone. But the true joy of service in the Master's cause it will not bring. To participate in that joy is to taste of "the love of God, which sheddeth itself abroad in the hearts of the children of men," which Nephi described as "the most desirable above all things," to which the angel responded, "Yea, and the most joyous to the soul."

In the wisdom of him who knoweth all things, such joys are reserved for those who have qualified themselves to receive the joy, by entering into the work with full purpose of heart and rendering service above and beyond the call of duty. These joys are of divine origin. They are priceless. They are not the fruits of a superficial, hurried, spare-time performance. The Master said if one would really find his life, he must lose it in the service of others, and that he who sought his own life in serving his own self-centered interests would lose that life.

Yes, my beloved co-workers, the real joys of welfare service begin to be revealed to us when we have completely surrendered ourselves to the spirit of the work; when in service to others we have forgotten the great sacrifices we think we are making; when we cease to begrudge the loss of pleasures we might have received in other activities. They are revealed to us when, partly as a result of our own labors, we see the rejuvenated life in one who was lonely, restored to the company of understanding, sympathetic friends; or in one discouraged, taking heart again; or in one who has fallen, rising again by her own strength; or in one who had quit, trying again; or in one who was bitter and rebellious, beginning to soften under the benign influence of the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Herein lies happiness akin to divine joy, because it arises from that divine service which promotes the Lord's great objective "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39).

NOW, in conclusion, I will get to the topic that the presidency suggested to me. They said in their letter, inviting me to make these remarks, that I might say something about how welfare work develops character. Perhaps all that need be said on this point is to name a few of our leaders who have been closely associated with the welfare program, Presidents Heber J. Grant, J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay, for example. These great characters constituted the First Presidency at the time the welfare program of today was inaugurated. Others are Elders Harold B. Lee and Henry D. Moyle, who, under the First Presidency, have carried the burden of Church welfare for the last twenty-five years.

Your own illustrious President, Sister Spafford, a stateswoman without a peer, is recognized and honored locally, nationally, and internationally for her leadership in welfare work.

That the Prophet Joseph died with welfare principles on his mind is evidenced by the fact that as he approached martyrdom in Carthage Jail, he had John Taylor repeat his singing of his favorite hymn "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief." I wish I had time to read all of those fourteen verses to you, because through each one of them runs our welfare theme as they emphasize in one great crescendo three great truths.

First, that administering to the distressed is administering to Jesus himself. In several places in the scriptures the Lord said that if we would administer to him, we must administer to his poor, for he said that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And the second truth is that administering to the distressed brings joy; and the third, administering to

the distressed develops Christ-like character.

Jesus, himself, even as he hung on the cross, taught a great welfare lesson. Looking down and seeing his mother and John, his beloved, "standing by . . . he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother." Neither John nor Mary missed that lesson, for the record concludes, "From that hour that disciple took her unto his own home" (John 19:26-27). He didn't send her unto another.

May each of us experience the character development and the joy to be gained through administering relief to the poor and the humble, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

### **Blacksmith**

Ida Elaine James

He is the one whose steady friend is flame,
Bringing to form his visions numberless.
Black coals burst red, a mass without name
Conforms to beauty, shape, and usefulness.
He shapes a purpose living in his brain —
A crippled horse befriended — each to his need —
Wrecked wagonwheels' lost web restored again,
And what was static he has changed to speed.

Wielding the power of metamorphosis, Conquering iron, cold, then malleable, Thence to creation's mold — achieving this Blackness to light, he rounds the cycle full. The blacksmith and his anvil, hammer-chimes, Repeat an old, old pattern countless times.

# Second Prize Story Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest The Happety Road Hazel K. Todd\*



HAZEL K. TODD

Road," the little girl said, gazing earnestly up into Mary Ellen's wrinkled face, "cause Ginger was scared of Joe and squatched my finger."

She held up the injured appendage with only the faintest red mark across its tiny tip.

"Sure enough you do," Mary Ellen said with her tongue in her cheek.

She picked the little girl up and carried her to the old rocking chair before the great fireplace. As she went, she was conscious of Joe standing silently against the wall by the open door, but she made no sign that she knew he was there.

"You shouldn't hold that old cat," she said.

Then, sitting down, she placed the child securely upon her two knees so that she could look into her face. And, holding to her two small hands, she joggled her knees up and down as she rocked, and sang in a firm voice, a product of long years of practice,

It's wonderful to travel the Happety Road, High up on a rock-a-bye knee, For all whom you meet are singing a song, And are happy as happy can be.

She winked at the child and loosened one finger to tap the small round nose,

There's a round jolly elf with a curly-cue nose,

And bells on his twinkling toes,

And he tickles his ribs with his flappety hands,

And laughs wherever he goes.

There are ducks who giggle as they waddle along,

And beetles and mermaids and toads. . . .

She rocked the little girl, now laughing merrily, on through the remainder of the jingle to the last,

But the best of it all is the Make-it-well Fairy,

Who kisses the hurts all away. . . .

Mary Ellen raised the tiny scratched finger to her lips and kissed it, and finished the song,

So now you jump down from the top of the knee,

And forget where you hurt, and go play. . . .

The little girl slid from her knees

\*For a biographical sketch of Mrs. Todd, see page 105.

and ran happily out the door to the other children.

Mary Ellen sat for a minute with her eyes on the empty door where Lindy had disappeared. Two round tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks and she dabbed at them with the corner of her apron.

"Silly old goose," she muttered to herself, "crying because you've grown too old to play nonsense games with the orphans any more."

She stood up determinedly and straightened her apron as she walked to the window.

"But it's Joe that makes it so difficult," she said, looking out into the garden.

She could see him now under the sprawling old crab apple tree. He was sitting there against the trunk while he dug, without looking, in the dirt with a stick.

WHAT would Joe do without her! With the years she had always known there would come a time when she could no longer serve as matron of the orphanage. Thirty years, this time had been edging nearer. But Joe. . . .

Her thoughts flew back over the seven years to the night Joe came. It was autumn, a windy night with leaves whirling through the trees. Everyone else was in bed, and Mary Ellen was sitting reading by the fireplace when the knock came at the door. As she opened it, a gust of wind nearly blew the small boy into her arms. She would always remember his frightened little face as he shoved the note into her hands.

The note was a torn piece of wrapping paper with a few words scrawled across it: "His name is Joe. Take care of him."

That's all there was. Mary Ellen looked behind him, down the row

of dark trees that bordered the driveway. It was empty except for the leaves that fluttered like phantoms across the bare space. Anyone could be hidden in the shrubs and trees. But what did it matter! She looked down at the pitiful little figure, at his thin patched coat, and his bare feet. He dropped his eyes and she saw that he was crying without making any sound. In that moment there was born in her a closeness to him that she knew would always be with her.

She reached out and took his hand. "How old are you, Joe?" she asked kindly.

But he did not say. Instead, she felt him shaking.

Maybe five or six, she thought.

She tried once more. "Who brought you?"

"Nick," he said so low she could barely hear.

Nick could be anybody. Father? Brother? The milkman? No, not the milkman. He had probably never tasted milk. Mary Ellen never in all the years knew who Nick was.

Joe was not like other children. Mostly he played alone, if he was not with her. He followed her, if not with his person, then, with his eyes. If she ever wanted someone to run an errand, it was Joe who heard her request first.

The "Happety Road" song seemed important to Joe, from the first. It was a jingle that had grown in snatches and bits through the years as she comforted the children with their various hurts and grievances, until it became a tradition. So that all the children clamored for the song down the "Happety Road," with anything that went wrong, whether it was real or made up.

Its first introduction to Joe was only a few days after his arrival. Billie had fallen from trying to climb the crab apple tree and made his nose bleed. So Mary Ellen was soothing him with the song. She saw Joe watching her intently from behind the big chair where he had secluded himself.

After Billie, Susan came with a bumped head, and then Jill with her severed tooth on the end of a string. Joe came timidly to her from his corner. He was too frightened to say anything, but he motioned to her knee. And Mary Ellen lifted him up to the cherished spot while she struggled to keep back the tears as she sang.

WHEN she leaned down and kissed the top of his head for the Make-it-well Fairy, he slid down and ran behind the chair and stayed the remainder of the day. He never again asked or accepted an invitation down the "Happety Road." But whenever she sang it to any of the other children, she learned that he would be watching from some hiding place.

Through the years he had lost some of his fear. Sometimes he laughed and played with the others. But there were times when he sat morosely by himself in some corner. The talk now of Mary Ellen's leaving soon, seemed to have driven him completely into his shell.

Only once had anyone ever wanted to adopt Joe. Always the ones who came seeking for children would pay little attention to him. Perhaps some remark, like "Doesn't he get along?" or "Such a plain little fellow."

But there was an older couple a month ago, barely within the age limit for adopting children. "A little girl," the lady said, "maybe three or four years old."

Joe was standing away from the others under the crab apple tree. He always went some place away from the others when there was someone to see the children.

The slightly plump little lady had a sweet face with big, childish blue eyes. She saw Joe standing under the tree.

"Who is he?" she asked. "He looks lonesome. May we talk to him?"

Mary Ellen looked at her quickly. "Why, of course," she said, and called to him.

But he didn't come.

Then she called again and he came hesitantly.

"These are the Watsons, Joe," she said.

Joe didn't say anything.

"Jim," the woman said, turning to her husband, "I wonder if it wouldn't be better, at our age, to have an older child?"

Mary Ellen started a little. It was difficult at best to place an older child. She had never expected anyone to adopt Joe. She looked at the woman who was smiling in such a pleasant sort of way.

"But, Molly, you always wanted a little girl," her husband said. He was a pleasant little man with a round, boyish face. It was very plain that he adored his wife.

"But he looks so lonesome. And he must be just the age of the Johnson boy next door. They could be pals."

Mr. Watson looked at her fondly. "The boy is fine with me," he said.

Mary Ellen's eyes were on Joe, wondering what he would do. He stood a moment, the color draining

from his face. Then he looked beseechingly at Mary Ellen. "No, thank you," he said, "I want to stay

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Mrs. Watson said, "the moment I saw you I was sure you were the one we wanted." She reached out her hand to touch his arm, but he moved away.

Everything inside Mary Ellen seemed to be churning. "Joe," she said, "I locked Ginger in his pen.

Would you turn him out?"

He turned quickly to do as she asked.

AFTER he had gone she faced the Watsons apologetically. "I'm sorry. You see Joe is different from the other children. I'm sure he didn't mean to be rude."

"Oh, that's quite all right." Mrs. Watson smiled sweetly. "We can wait a few days until he gets used to the idea, couldn't we, Jim?"

"Perhaps I can talk to him," Mary Ellen said, "we like our children to

go willingly."

But she was wondering what she

could say.

She found him on the garden bench staring into the crab apple

He made no sign to acknowledge

her presence.

Mary Ellen sat beside him, ignoring his silence. "Someone always coming and someone always going," she mused. "Remember Sue with her golden curls?"

She glanced at him, but he paid

"Before you came there was little lame Peter and the twins that we couldn't tell apart."

She paused again, but he just sat

looking into the apple tree.

"They couldn't all stay with us,

Joe. Look at the people in the homes, besides us in the orphanage, that they made happy."

Suddenly he burst out, "It's not

happy out there!"

"Why, Joe, many of them have come back to tell me."

"No!" he said, excitedly. mean and ugly and. . . . " He broke

off suddenly.

Mary Ellen stared at him. It was the first time, but he must be referring to those dark years before he came to the orphanage.

"Believe me, Joe," she said tenderly with her arm around him, "it

isn't all that way."

She could feel him trembling.

"Remember the 'Happety Road,' Joe?"

He turned and looked at her sadly. "It's only here that you pretend there are round jolly elves and beetles that laugh."

"Joe!" she said.

"What do you have to go for?" he

demanded suddenly.

She hesitated and then answered thoughtfully. "Things change, Joe. It's life. We grow from one thing to another. Neither of us is the same as we were yesterday or last year. Mrs. Bradley will take my place. And then sometime somebody will take hers."

He said nothing.

"You will come and see me? We'll do lots of things."

He smiled a forlorn half smile that she was sure meant nothing.

JOE remained in his shell. Twice the Watsons called, but Mary Ellen could only suggest that they wait a little longer.

And then it was the last night, and the orphanage was having a party for her. They were gathered on the big green lawn, all the children dressed in their finest clothes, with fancy hats that Mrs. Bradley had helped them make.

"Silly old thing," Mary Ellen scolded herself, as she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief, "do you want all these children to see

you crying?"

With a determined swallow she cleared the lump from her throat. She winked at Jimmie, seated nearby, who grinned shyly and covered his face with his arm to hide an embarrassed giggle. Then, parading sprightly around the circle, she patted a head or lifted a chin or tweaked a nose, stopping here and there with some gay remark.

"Now, Lula, don't ever let me hear of your sliding down the banister and bumping your knees. It's a long way for me to come hurrying back to take you down the 'Hap-

pety Road.'

"Benny, no more climbing the crab apple tree. After all, you aren't a monkey because you haven't a tail.

"Jerry, be sure you wash your freckles, all of them. No skipping

the two under your chin."

So she went around the circle. And then she stopped and looked back around it again. "Where is Joe?" she asked.

Mrs. Bradley looked around concernedly. "He must not be far away. You know Joe."

"He went down the driveway. I

looked at him," Lindy said.

A feeling of uneasiness spread over Mary Ellen. She quickly put it out of her mind. Joe often walked down the driveway. "I'll catch him watching from behind the crab apple tree," she said to herself.

But all through the party she

watched in vain for some indication that he was near. Nor was he to be found after the party. Everyone was searching now, all through the garden and the orchard, in the house and the tool shed, and in every possible crack in the playground, but Joe was gone.

Mary Ellen sat down on the garden bench with a great heaviness hanging over her. In all her years at the orphanage no child had ever run away. No child had ever wanted to, that she knew of. Outside of the ordinary problems, the children

were happy here.

Poor little Joe! Would the police be able to find him? Certainly she would never leave until he was found.

BY the fourth day Mary Ellen was terrified.

"Maybe old Reddy Fox put him in his bag and carried him away like the little Red Hen," Lindy said with wide eves.

Mary Ellen smiled faintly at the little girl. "The old fox couldn't get out of the storybook, Lindy," she said, patting the shiny head.

But the suggestion sent a chill through her. Joe could have met with foul play. He had never before been away from the orphanage, except with other children under strict supervision. He would not know the dangers of untrustworthy persons.

And then he came back. It was the fifth night. Mary Ellen was sitting on the garden bench utterly dejected. It was getting dusk. A stiff breeze had come up, moaning softly in the crab apple tree. Here and there a leaf or petal from a flower went sailing down the driveway. Mary Ellen thought of the

night Joe had come, with the leaves blowing and of his frightened little face. Perhaps if she had tried harder to find what lay behind that night at the orphanage door with the meager note, perhaps she could have helped him more.

Then, suddenly, she saw him watching her through the branches of the tree.

"Joe!" she cried, getting to her feet. "Joe, where did you come from? Where have you been?"

His clothes were soiled, and his

slim face even thinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, lowering his eyes, "but I had to go."

"You had to go?" What do you mean?"

"I had to go out there somewhere." He looked briefly toward the driveway.

"But why?" she asked, bewildered.

"I had to find out."

"Find out? What — what did you find?" she asked, wonderingly, and pulled him gently down beside her.

He smiled. "I found a man with a banana cart. He whistled as he went along. And he gave me a banana. I was very hungry."

Mary Ellen wiped the tear quickly from her eye and thanked the banana man silently in her heart. "What else did you find, Joe?"

"A — a baby in a buggy in the park by the bushes where I slept. It had a bonnet with a ruffly ribbon. Its mother sat by me on the park bench. And she asked me to watch the baby a minute while she went to get her little boy from the wading pool. The baby laughed when I looked into its face."

Mary Ellen wiped her eyes again

and whispered a little prayer for babies.

"I found some boys playing ball. They needed another player, and they told me to play because I was standing by the fence watching. It was fun."

Mary Ellen could no longer stop the tears from streaming down her cheeks. She was glad it was quite dark now. She could only tighten her arm around his shoulder.

But, presently, she said, "I'm so

glad you went, Joe."

"Do you think those Watson people would still like to adopt me?" he asked then.

Mary Ellen's heart pounded joyfully. "I'm so sure they would. Only today they called."

She started to rise, but he hesi-

tated.

"Mary Ellen. . . ." He paused. "Once a long time ago I asked you to sing to me like the other children. But the things I had known were so — so bad, I didn't want to any more. I just always wished it could be true for me like the others." He turned to her and his eyes were shining in the moonlight. "Could you please just sing me the 'Happety Song?"

"Better than I have ever sung it

before, Joe."

Then, with her arm around his shoulder she began in her firm, sweet voice,

It's wonderful to travel the Happety Road, High up on a rock-a-bye knee. . . .

When she came to the Make-itwell Fairy she kissed the top of his head soundly.

And then they looked at each other and laughed.



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

PIONEER CABIN ON TEMPLE SOUARE

## Temple Square in Salt Lake City

Brief History of Its Growth and Development

PART IV—MONUMENTS ON THE TEMPLE SQUARE

Preston Nibley Assistant Church Historian

PIONEER HOUSE

ERHAPS the oldest exhibit on the Temple Square, except for certain articles in the museum, is the small one-room log house, which stands under an attractive canopy in the southeast corner.

We are told that this little cabin was constructed in September 1847, by Osmyn M. Deuel, who came with the pioneers during the first year that a settlement was formed in this vallev. It was originally a part of

the Old Fort, which stood on the block just east of the present Rio Grande depot, where the first houses were erected, but during the 113 years of its existence, it had been moved from place to place in the city, until, finally, it reached its present location, on Temple Square.

Once it was a home for which the pioneer Deuel family was, no doubt, very thankful. There they found protection from the heat of summer and the cold of winter. I have heard my father say that when his family reached Wellsville, in Cache

County, in the fall of 1860, after their long journey from Scotland and erected a crude pioneer log cabin, partly a "dugout," on a hill-side, his mother often remarked that "No queen who ever entered her palace was ever happier or prouder of shelter, and the blessings of the Lord, than she was when she entered that completed dugout." Yes, it is a true saying: "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

MONUMENTS TO JOSEPH SMITH, HYRUM SMITH, AND THE THREE WITNESSES

NEAR the Pioneer House are lifesize statues of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his faithful brother Hyrum, done in bronze, by the gifted Utah sculptor, Mahonri Young. Of these distinguished men the historian Brigham H. Roberts once said:

"On the Temple Square, we have the bronze statue of Joseph, the Prophet of the great, new dispensation of the Gospel; and the same also of his faithful brother Hyrum Smith, standing upon granite pedestals, properly inscribed, declaring their mission and their achievements in the world, so far as those achievements can be briefly stated, saving, doubtless, in the inscription, what the Prophet Joseph would like to say if he could meet face to face the tens and hundreds of thousands of people who read the burning words of truth which God gave him to speak to this generation.

"These utterances are recorded upon the bronze tablets, and the



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

MONUMENT TO JOSEPH SMITH, HYRUM SMITH, AND THE THREE WITNESSES

Prophet is thus voicing forth his message to the world, and though dead, yet speaketh in this memorial of bronze and stone, that loving hands have erected upon this square" (B. H. ROBERTS, Conference Ad-

dress, Oct. 4, 1913).

A few yards to the east of the statues of Joseph and Hyrum Smith is a monument that was dedicated on April 2, 1927, to honor the Three Witnesses of The Book of Mormon, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Heber J. Grant, after which President A. W. Ivins, First Counselor to President Grant, spoke as follows:

"He testified that eleven persons saw the plates. Reading the testimony of the Three Witnesses, he told how those testimonies were sustained until the death of the witnesses, in spite of the fact that all three of them, at one time, left the Church. However he said that the contents of the Book of Mormon, and not the testimonies of the witnesses, is the greatest evidence of its divine authorship."

President Grant said he was proud of the fact that a Utah man, Avard Fairbanks, was the sculptor of the

monument.

#### SEAGULL MONUMENT

STANDING near the south gate of Temple Square is the Seagull Monument, the only monument I have ever seen erected to honor the heroism of birds. The story of the manner in which these graceful and determined little creatures saved the crops of the first settlers in Salt Lake Valley — by destroying the myriads of crickets which were



Courtesy Church Historian's Office SEAGULL MONUMENT

swarming over and devouring the gardens and fields of the pioneers, consuming every green and growing plant, perhaps to leave the people in this isolated valley without sustenance—is a story that will never die. Mahonri Young was the sculptor of this monument.

The historian Brigham H. Roberts, once said of the Seagull Monument:

"I rejoice with my whole heart, not only in the beauty of that great offering, as a memorial to God for his goodness to our fathers, not only in perfections as a work of art, but I look beyond all that to the thing that it represents — our recognition of God's great goodness in delivering his people from threatened destruction—It will stand, I believe, through many generations, one of the most beautiful, or to memorialize one of the most beautiful incidents in the wonderful experiences

of the Latter-day Saints. For indeed Israel was so situated in the summer of 1848, that if God had not wrought out a deliverance for them, then there was nothing but starvation for the people, and reproach to the God of Israel who had brought them to this land. For this reason

the Lord no doubt felt himself bound to work out the deliverance which that combination of bronze and stone, stands to memorialize." (Sermon of B. H. Roberts in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, October 4, 1913).

(To be continued)

## Homecoming

Leslie Savage Clark

With what glad tenderness the heart Turns toward home to trace Each dear familiar landmark Of that beloved place.

So, surely, when the spirit mounts Some vast celestial stair It, too, will find love's welcoming And homeland there.

## Idyll Moment

Marie Call Webb

To my side has come my love
With all the blossoms his hand can hold;
The last of the roses and cosmos,
Snapdragons and marigold.

To my side has come my love,
Most carefully and slowly came,
His flowers spilling from his hand.
He touched my hand and said my name.

It is not strange when lovers Bring to lovers flowers, And surely these are fitting To tell of love like ours.

For often has my lover come
With flowers as his gift for me—
I am his wife of years and years,
And my love is eighty-three.

## Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, February 1, and February 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

HOME AND IDEALS: Whether built of logs or marble, be the surroundings picturesque or desolate, a spot marked by squalor or opulence, the four walls of home close in and nurse the best there is in man. . . . The birds on the garden shrubs unfold their secrets to the growing child, from birds, blossoms, fruit seed, over and again he learns his first lessons of his relation to God and nature. If art reigns in the home there will grow out of it beautiful parks, streets, thoroughfares and cities. . . . A life consumed by following society's unprofitable and foolish fashions has a parallel in that of a woman who never takes a moment for study and self-improvement but makes herself a very slave to her home. The home must be kept sweet and clean but the brain is as prone to get cobwebby as the best room.

-Alice Merrill Horne

OUR PRINCIPAL MISSION: We are told that our principal mission on this earth is to save souls. Not alone to be saved, but to save others. Saviors upon Mount Zion! It is a term of solemn import. No trifling, no carelessness of purpose nor act should be found in the mature Latter-day Saint. Souls to save! Either by love and service to the living, or by service and love for the dead! Is not that our mission?

—Susa Young Gates

A FRIENDLY LETTER FROM GLENEYRE, COLORADO: I came up to visit a friend who lives eighty miles from the railroad, we were cut off from all sociability, only within ourselves. The wild natural beauty and the spicy breath of pine woods and mountains. . . . Friendship induced me to come to this romantic spot. . . . I would I had the gifts to describe the beautiful sunsets, the elevation is 8,500 feet. . . . The house is picturesque, large and roomy, built of logs. Situated aloft on the very summit of a mountain range, yet nestling in the shelter of pine-covered heights, sweeping into circles around it. . . . The little pine gulches put me in mind of "The Deserted Trail":

"And half way up there stands all slim and white,
A grove of quaking asps,
And often there when morn the mountain clasps,
I've stood in mute delight.
Between each silvery stem you catch a glance
Of ranges far and blue,
And one great peak that leaps so straight and true,
A mighty ice-tipped lance. . . ."
—Luella M. Rhodes

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, RELIEF SOCIETY PARTY: The members of the Nottingham Relief Society held their annual party on Boxing Day, December 26, 1900. A hearty invitation was extended to all. A committee of young ladies was appointed to decorate the room with Christmas decorations, the tables being also tastefully arranged and decorated with flowers and ferns. . . . About sixty persons sat down and took a hearty meal . . . a short program was rendered, consisting of an opening address . . . songs, duets, etc. . . . The rest of the evening was devoted to games and various amusements were indulged in to make the evening a success. . . . Refreshments were also on hand for those who required them, the proceeds of which were to be given to . . . the poor.



## Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MAURINE NEUBERGER (Democrat), a fifty-three-yearold former school teacher, was elected at the United States November elections, in Oregon, as a Senator, to serve the six-year term, beginning January 1961. She also completed the unexpired term of her late husband, Senator Richard Neuberger who died suddenly in March 1960. She is the third woman to be elected to a full six-year term in the Senate, Mrs. Hattie Caraway, of Arkansas, being the second, and Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine, (Republican) the first. Mrs. Smith had served in the House of Representatives from 1940 to 1948, the year of her election to the Senate. In 1960, she opposed a Democrat, Miss Lucia Cormier. This was the first woman-versus-woman senatorial contest in United States history.

WOMEN elected to the United States House of Representatives are: Democrats: Mrs. Edith Green, Oregon; Mrs. Gracie Pfost, Idaho; Mrs. Iris F. Blitch, Georgia; Mrs. Kathryn E. Granahan, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Martha W. Griffiths, Michigan; Mrs. Elizabeth Kee, West Virginia; Mrs. Edna F. Kelly, New York; Mrs. Julia B. Hansen, Washington; Mrs. Lenor Kretzer Sullivan, Missouri; Republicans: Mrs. Katharine St. George, New

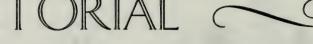
York; Mrs. Frances P. Bolton, Ohio; Mrs. Marguerite Stitt Church, Illinois; Mrs. Florence Dwyer, New Jersey; Mrs. Catherine May, Washington; Mrs. Jessica M. Weis, New York.

BIRGITTA and DESIREE, royal princesses of Sweden, twenty-three and twenty-two years of age, visited the United States in November. Both are practical, Birgitta being a gymnastics teacher and Desiree a kindergarten teacher.

MARY BUNTING, President of Radcliffe College, a noted microbiologist, and mother of four children, has recently organized within the Radcliffe curriculum the "Institute for Independent Study," planned to meet the needs of older women whose academic careers were interrupted by marriage and the rearing of families. Mrs. Bunting feels that these scholarly minded women have much to give in service, leadership, and inspiration in their communities and in women's work in the world.

DONA FABIOLA DE MARA Y ARAGON, a young Spanish noblewoman who writes fairy tales for children, became the bride of King Baudoin of Belgium on December fifteenth.





FEBRUARY 1961 VOL. 48 NO. 2

## "...In Her Tongue Is the Law of Kindness"

(Proverbs 31:26)

NE is not able to see an aura of a woman's personality as one may detect a delightful fragrance she wears or hear her singing, nevertheless on meeting a loved one or a dear friend, her personality seems to reach out and warm one. In contrast, when one sees some acquaintances, one may instinctively wish to turn aside to avoid meeting them because their personalities are displeasing. One most appealing and valued character attribute to possess is the quality of kindness; its absence repels others.

Kindness may have its origin in an understanding heart, in a sensitiveness to another's feelings, and a habit of putting oneself in the other's place, in not judging actions but abiding by the warning of the Lord, "Judge not, that ye be not judged"

(Mt. 7:1).

Kindness, however, does not consist merely in speaking kind words, when one is in a position of responsibility toward another. The soft word is not always the kind word, although the spirit in which the words are spoken should always be one of loving kindness. A mother who spoils her children and allows them to become disobedient, is not being kind to them. An employer was kind to her employee when she spoke in plain words of indiscretions she was committing. When she corrected the fault, the employee

expressed great appreciation to her employer for the kindly spirit in which she had been corrected and the resultant blessing she received through heeding the reprimand.

One of the requisites for exercising the Priesthood is kindness, as

the Lord declares,

No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned;

By kindness and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile. . . .

The Prophet Joseph told the Relief Society sisters "to put a double watch over the tongue" (D. H. C. V:20). In Proverbs we read of the virtuous woman and "in her tongue is the law of kindness." To such a woman it brings inward pain to hear others criticized, to hear another's reputation torn down, or to see someone flush with embarrassment as the result of an unkind. jibing word. It is a kind and understanding mother who takes her child aside to give needed correction and does not give it before the other family members. Correction given in a spirit of loving kindness is much more readily accepted. When a family gathers around the piano for a song, it is well to sing often "Let us oft speak kind words to each

other. . . . Kind words are sweet tones of the heart"; and also, "Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word can never leave a sting behind." If these songs are thoughtfully learned when young, and the parents live according to their teachings, the children, in all likelihood, will emulate that training throughout life.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. has questioned congregations of saints, asking them that if they were told that Christ was a short distance away, how many would feel worthy to make the journey to be with him. This causes a woman to search her

heart. Will the law of kindness in one's tongue be a requisite? We are admonished "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Mt. 5:48). In the 133d Section of The Doctrine and Covenants the Lord would seem to answer this question in the affirmative, for he declared, "And now the year of my redeemed is come; and they shall mention the loving kindness of their Lord, and all that he has bestowed upon them according to his goodness, and according to his loving kindness, forever and ever" (D & C 133:52).

-M. C. S.

## Sunday Street

Dorothy J. Roberts

Tonight a radiance fills the street; Light emanates from earth and air. Each tree is lined with luminance; New snow has fallen everywhere.

The steeple of the tiny church Lifts high an alabaster crown, And patterned on the crimson walls Are gabled windows lined with down.

A flawless hush quilts every lawn;
The air is steeped in sapphire dye.
A swirling fleece of cloud unveils
The bright moon lanterned in the sky.

A common street is glorified; Breath is a trailing plume of white, Leaving my hymn of gratitude Written on the winter night.

## Beauty in the Shade

#### Eva Willes Wangsgaard

NE of the most rewarding plots in your garden can be the begonia bed. These lush, exotic plants are generous with exquisite bloom in a wonderful array

of color, type, and form.

The uninitiated gardener is likely to say, "But begonias are so difficult to grow." That is not necessarily so. Their culture is different from common patterns of gardening, but, once a bed is created, there is little difficulty. The plants are not prone to many diseases nor preyed upon by many pests. The blossoms are as varied and as beautiful as roses, but without the thorns. They never scratch the hand that cultivates them, and for this I love them.

Locating the planting bed in relation to the sun is most important. Begonias will not perform satisfactorily in too dense shade, having a tendency to concentrate on foliage and running light on bloom if so placed. They will not do well in bright sunlight, because the leaves burn and dehydration is too much

drain on plant strength.

Select a secluded area in filtered shade. If such a spot is incomplete, add to its shade by erecting a slatted canopy or a lattice wall where the sunlight is too hot and strong. An ideal place is the north side of a garage, house, or any permanent building. If the plants are set near the foundation of a house, a planter well should be provided to protect the foundation and basement of the house from the consequences of heavy watering. The garage location is better from that

standpoint, because one never needs to be concerned about water damage there.

We built a redwood canopy extending six feet beyond and the full width of the garage as a barrier to the midday sun. It was composed of redwood slats running north and south so that the shade moved with the sun, letting some sunlight through, but never too much nor for too long a time. Vetch ivy growing over the wall creates the leafy, tropical conditions favorable to a begonia bed.

Preparing the soil is the first consideration after the location is chosen. Experienced growers prefer a coarse leaf mold as a planting medium, or an organic substitute which will not pack nor become soggy, excluding air. Because peat moss when saturated holds ninety per cent of its weight in water, it is not recommended as a starting medium

for dormant tubers.

To start the tubers before bedding time, put a generous layer of leaf mold into a flat. Lay the dormant tubers on this, spacing them evenly, allowing plenty of area for heavy root development which may be considered the most important factor in the ultimate growth of fancy begonias. Bury the tubers, covering with one-half inch of leaf mold. This is a very necessary step. To omit it is to rob the plant of full root development on base, sides, and top, which is nature's intention. Watering should be done carefully, maintaining even moisture and avoiding sogginess. Flats should be



TUBEROUS-ROOTED BEGONIAS IN FULL BLOOM

placed in strong light but out of reach of direct sun rays. A warm temperature, sixty-five degrees to seventy-five degrees, will encourage growth. If too little light reaches the growing sprouts, they will become spindly, unproductive, and unattractive plants.

Plants are transplanted into pots or into permanent beds, if the weather is favorable, when the first two leaves have reached equal development. Favorable weather for outdoor planting is usually near the end of spring. At the two-leaf stage, the roots are in prime condition to adjust to bedding conditions.

SOME greenhouse proprietors will start your begonia bulbs for you, if arrangements are made ahead of time and the bulbs are delivered to the hothouse when they arrive.

Begonias never root deeply. Therefore, shallow, broad pots are preferable to narrow deep ones, if

plants are to remain in pots. A standard potting or bedding mixture consists of two-thirds partly rotted oak-leaf mold and one-third sand. Remove plants from flat carefully. Mix one handful of fish meal with enough potting mixture to fill the bottom two-thirds of the pot. Fill in around the root mass. Firm and finish by covering the top of the root mass lightly with one-quarter inch of potting soil. Water carefully.

The prime soil requisite for outdoor bedding is good drainage. A mixture of one-third leaf mold, onethird sand, and one-third sandy loam is adequate. The addition of onehalf sand to ordinary garden soil will usually assure good drainage. If rotted barnyard humus is added to the bed, it should be mixed in thoroughly a month in advance of planting time and watered several times. In planting in open beds, put a handful of fish meal under the root mass and barely cover the bulb and roots with soil. Avoid letting any soil come in contact with the stems. The points of all leaves should face the front of the bed, else you will find yourself looking at the rear of the plants with the blossoms facing the wall.

After transplanting, careful watering is still essential, especially until new roots form and growth is firmly established. After that keep plants damp but not wet.

VERY effective beds and satisfactory blooms are assured if seedlings are ordered instead of bulbs. They are less expensive than bulbs and equally profuse. Both are ordered in the autumn from the catalogues while stocks are complete and delivery assured. The nursery will air mail them to customers at the proper time for planting in their area, if the buyer so orders. These seedling plants take hold quickly and grow most miraculously, so that half way through the summer one can hardly tell which plants came from seedlings and which from bulbs. They do not make large bulbs the first year, however, and so are precarious to store as they dehydrate easily.

Hanging basket begonias are available in double and single blossom varieties. They require a location where winds never stray, as they are easily wind-damaged. They add lush beauty to bare walls and patio plant stands.

Most nursery and garden centers carry abundant stocks of begonia plants already started from bulbs. They are sold at a nominal price, and while a great number run into

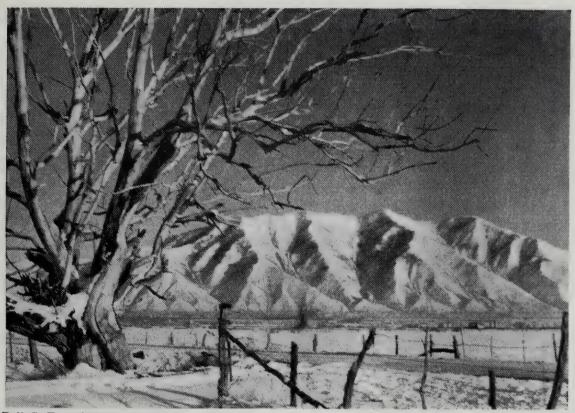
considerable outlay, a few plants fall within the limits of small budgets. They are usually sold by color and form alone, so that one must wait till the plant blooms to find what it is going to look like. Catalogue buying is recommended for the gardener who likes to plan meticulously, but some very beautiful surprises come out of potluck buying from the garden centers.

Fibrous begonias, pink, white, and red make gorgeous borders, giving beds a lush, finished look. Most visitors are more delighted with the borders than with the beds, if you can judge by exclamations.

Storage of bulbs at the end of summer requires care, but is neither heavy nor difficult work. Plants should be left in the earth until November, if the weather is not too severe. Don't be in a hurry to take them up. Let them become fully matured. They will keep better at that stage. As soon as the first killing frost has inactivated the tops, the bulbs can be dug, washed, dried in the sun, and stored. A cool dry place is required. Too dry and hot an atmosphere will wither them. Too damp a spot will encourage rot.

Bulbs can be reset in February so the storage time is not overlong (as is the time for cannas, gladioli, and dahlias). Make sure that all stalks are cut back clean, as decaying stalks can cause damage to the bulb.

Take care as you go, and you will enjoy the most delightfully varied, profuse, and exotic blooms your garden has ever grown. Shady nooks become twice as inviting when lush with exquisite form and magnificent color.



#### Rell G. Francis

#### MAPLETON MOUNTAIN (UTAH) IN WINTER

## Time of Frost

Christie Lund Coles

Now, that the white season is upon us And the cycle wears a slim mustache of frost, When the sky is as gray as a speckled mare, And the tremulo of spring's song is lost;

Now, when the sleigh's almost forgotten bell Chimes diamond-clear against the crystal air, When bladed skates engrave the heavy ice, And trees are regal in the pearls they wear;

I think of winter days we knew together Running across the crisp, protesting white, Our breath a plume before us, and our cheeks Red as the apples that we ate that night.

Outside, the icicles hang out — glass-clear, And children sleigh and skate in warm attire, The way we did once in that sweet-ago, Though now we are content here by the fire.

## My Own Stove, My Own Table

Sarah O. Moss

THE day was young. Martha Fields looked at the kitchen table with satisfaction, for it was filled with bottles of freshly canned peaches. She began counting her yield, when suddenly the jam on the stove boiled over. The room immediately became filled with smoke. Martha pulled the kettle off and quickly began wiping up the smoking syrup.

"What happened?" asked Edith, her daughter, hurriedly coming into the room, her arms filled with asters. "Oh, Mother!" she exclaimed, with a note of impatience in her voice. "What a mess!"

"You can't turn your back a minute on Heavenly Hash," said Martha, with some embarrassment. She was always a little uneasy around Edith's efficient ways of housekeeping.

Both women mopped at the sugary fruit, Martha getting down on her knees to clean the floor and part

of the wall.

"If you'll finish, Mother," said Edith, "I'll start the cake. Or didn't I tell you that Grace is coming out today? She's bringing her brood, all three children, pre-school." Edith laughed wryly.

"No, you didn't say," said Mar-

tha, tiredly. "What time?"

"Oh, for lunch," said Edith. "It keeps the youngsters occupied."

Martha finished her task, then rose. Her back ached. Her knees creaked. Something inside pulled at her with rebellion. She looked around. The breakfast dishes stared up at her. The floor was stained

and sticky from yesterday's canning. A bushel of pears stood in the service hall, ready for the bottles. For the first time since her husband had died a year ago, Martha wanted her own home to herself. She longed for those few vears just before Burt died. The household had been small, just the two of them, going and coming as they pleased. They ate out often. They had friends in when they felt like it. Marketing and cooking were kept at a minimum. had been time for many things enjoyable things. But now. . . .

Martha heard the whirr of the beaters as Edith put in the various ingredients of the cake. She hardly heard her daughter's talk about the frosting, the arrangement of the asters, and the plans for the preparation of the noon meal, when the three lively youngsters would invade all privacy of the big house — Martha's house.

"It would be a lot worse if my two were home, but, luckily, school is in session. By three-thirty Grace will probably be gone." Edith checked the oven, then put the cake in to bake.

Martha did the breakfast dishes, as Edith arranged the asters in vases.

"I think I'll run down to the store," said Martha suddenly. "I need some jars for the jam. The old ones are chipped." She finished the dishes, then hurried into her room, and changed into the new wool jersey dress. She picked up the big black bag that held almost

everything, and taking the short black coat from the hall closet, Martha knew she was ready for more than just a trip to the store.

"I think I'll stop in and see Louise," she said. "I haven't seen

her for months."

"That ought to be good for you," smiled Edith. "Louise always did inspire you. And believe me, you look sharp in that new jersey, Mom."

Martha smiled back as she hurried out to her car.

HOW fresh the air felt! The smell of apples and flowers was in each breath. A soft waving breeze rocked the trees gently, as she sped along. She didn't want the invigorating jaunt to end, but all too soon, there she was at her friend's house. But after ringing the bell several times, Martha knew that Louise was not at home.

At the wheel again, Martha kept on toward the south. She didn't want to go home — not just now. She tried to restrain her speed, that she might hold onto the bracing moments. On she went, not knowing or caring. She only knew that a sudden wanderlust had seized her. She didn't want to go back to the noise and chaos that usually lasted long into the evening

long into the evening.

It wasn't that she resented Edith, Charles, and the children who had come to live with her. She knew they had come out of sympathy in her aloneness. They had filled the emptiness of her life many times over. But there were times when she wanted to be alone. She wanted her own friends again, in the privacy of her own home. She often wished she could be left to read by

herself, sew by herself. She wanted to prepare a small repast and talk with a friend. In short, Martha once more wanted her own stove and her own table. And then she shuddered, when she thought of the big house with no one in it but herself.

Suddenly she realized how far she had come. She had passed the point of the mountain. But she drove on. Lehi, American Fork, then Provo. She couldn't get enough of the bracing air and the smell of the harvest all around her. Why not keep driving and go on to Manti and see Florence, her niece? It had been a year since she had seen her sister's child. With five children, Florence stayed pretty much at home.

Martha called Edith from a pay phone. It was with some embarrassment that she tried to persuade her daughter that she was doing a rational thing. Was Mother upset over Grace's coming? Did the children make her nervous? Edith

wanted to know.

"It's just wanderlust, dear. I just felt that I had to get out in this wonderful weather. Tell Grace hello, and I'll be back in a couple of days. I promise."

"All right, Mom," answered Edith uncertainly, "but we'll miss

you."

Martha felt a little guilty at that. "Better bottle that jam, dear," she spoke with practicality. "Goodbye for now."

MORE of the long, beautiful stretches. More of the lush valleys, deep meadows with cows and horses grazing. And then she was there, at Florence's.

Martha walked around the side door. She heard voices. Not stop-

ping to knock, she opened the door. "Surprise!" she exclaimed.

"Aunt Martha!" Dean had been pouring cereal into some bowls. He dropped the package on the table and came hurrying toward Martha. "Am I glad to see you?" he said, as he embraced her. The older children left their seats at the table and hovered around. The two smaller girls, tucked in high chairs, stared as Martha put a hand on their heads.

"Where's Florence?"

Dean grinned. "Now isn't that a foolish question, Aunt Martha?"

"You mean she's in the hospital?

Another baby?"

Dean nodded. "Sure thing. Number six. And she's a cute little one. Looks like her mother. Floss is wild over her. You'd think it was her firstborn."

Martha asked the usual questions. How was Florence? What about

help?

Dean looked puzzled. "I thought I had the situation under control," he answered. "I had Mrs. Anderson engaged and she came until noon, and then she got sick. Gallstones attack, I think. I had to leave work until I could get somebody, unless, Aunt Martha, you'll take over." He smiled broadly as he put a strong arm around her, knowing full well that she wouldn't let him down.

Martha took off her coat. "Hurry up and eat," she said. "Get back to

your job. I'll take over."

So here she was. Her joyous ride had ended. Like a faithful horse, she was back in the harness again. She took a quick inventory. Work! Work! Work! There was washing and ironing, cooking and cleaning. There was fruit to be canned. There were babies to tend. Martha knew

she would be here for two weeks at least, instead of two days. She laughed. It served her right. She had no business running away from her comfortable home.

Edith was stunned when Martha told her of this sudden turn of

events.

"Mother! All that work! What about your clothes? You left with-

out anything."

"I'll get myself a house dress or two," said Martha, with small concern. "Don't worry and I'll see you all soon." She hung up, a feeling of homesickness overtaking her.

Time flew by. Martha worked through the long days which followed, and with Florence home after the fifth day, there was twice as much to be done, such washings! Such big meals! Home would be a restful place. There was work there, too, but not like this.

As the days added up to two weeks, Martha felt she could now leave. Florence had much of her strength back, and the routine would not overtax her too much. She saw the gratitude in the young couple's faces.

"All our lives Dean and I will remember this," said Florence.

"We can't ever repay you enough for what you have done," said Dean holding the youngest child, wrapped in a blanket.

Martha looked at her young niece, so beautiful in her mother-hood, as the five children stood around her. "It wasn't anything," said Martha, then she was off, waving a last goodbye as she headed for the highway.

THE wanderlust had left her. Her spirit was quiet again. Now she could hardly wait until she could

get home. Rain was falling and it shortly turned to sleet. Visibility was poor, but hour by hour, brought her nearer to her destination. At last, after several hours, she was in her own driveway.

It was Saturday, so Edith, Charles, and the boys were home. They all ran out to meet her, helping her, guiding her into the house. How good it felt to have loved ones who wanted her — who waited for her return with love in their hearts.

They went in through the usual side door. But Martha was aware that something was different. The large dining table had been replaced by the small dropleaf that had been stored. Martha stared! Why this wasn't a dining room at all! It was a living room, the big comfortable chairs and the sofa arranged tastefully. Pictures, lamps, and old treasures displayed with an artist's touch. Martha hastened to the real living room, but it was now a bedroom. There was her beautiful bedroom set, her desk, and her oldfashioned rocker. A fire burned in the grate. Everything in these rooms belonged to her. None of daughter's furnishings there. And the kitchen, too, was part of the arranagement.

Martha turned startled eyes to the happy onlookers. "It's my apartment," she said. "It's what I always had in mind. It's what I've wanted since your father died."

Edith smiled. "I know, Mother. We've worked every minute since you arrived at Florence's. Charles and I knew you were running away. We knew you should have your own

private rooms, and we didn't get through any too soon."

"But what about you?" asked

Martha.

They all laughed. "We haven't started ours yet," said Charles, "but, with your permission, I'll make a real neat apartment out of the other side. Come on, I'll show you."

Martha could see it was going to make a "neat" apartment. The big bedroom, would be a living room, the utility room was to be a modern kitchen, the back porch would work into bathrooms and clothes closets, and with bedrooms upstairs, Charles and Edith and the boys could stay as long as they wanted.

Martha walked back into her own comfortable apartment. Three large rooms with private bath. "It's like a fairy tale," she said. "My wish has come true — alone, yet not alone. And now," she said with a broad smile, "can I invite you all to have dinner with me?"

She took the basket that Dean had tucked in her car and took out the contents — a baked chicken, a piece of ham, green corn, and green beans from Dean's late garden. There was a loaf of orange bread that Florence had made, and a gallon of milk.

Martha raised the drop leaves of the small table. She hurried to her dresser and took out her daintiest linen cloth. "My own stove and my own table. It's what every woman wants," she said with understanding as she smoothed the linen before she went to her cupboard for her best china.

### The Old Fireplace

### Bertha M. Walton

THUMBING through an old book of mine while confined to my bed during a recent illness, I came across a short article I had written some years before. What memories stirred within me as I read. My mind traveled back to the old home in faraway England. I saw again the sturdy brick house, built on the last street in a small village in Kent, England, where the hop fields are. A few minutes walk from our home would bring us to the beautiful English countryside.

In memory I traveled again down "Muddy Lane" (appropriately named because it was usually muddy), then on through Lovers' Lane — so-called because of the sweet-scented hedges that grew on each side, making it like a private pathway, ideal for lovers, then up "Constitution Hill" — (another nickname we liked because Father always told us it was good for our constitution to climb to the top), then into the broad lands known as the hop fields.

What a wonderful view could be seen from the top of the hill, looking down over the colorful English countryside. Winding lanes, blossoming hedges, the green and verdant land, and the many flowers lending splashes of color to the scene, for there were several flowering gardens attached to the old-fashioned thatched cottages of which there were only a few scattered throughout Kent.

These were beautiful things to remember, but dear to my heart was the old-fashioned fireplace in the kitchen of the old home. What glorious times were spent around its glowing hearth during long winter evenings, how delicious roasted chestnuts tasted after having been spread out in long rows on the grate in front of the firebox; how tasty and crisp the toasted bread, better than any we ate anywhere else.

The fireplace was large and spacious with a built-in oven on either side of the firebox, with a large hook descending from the blackness of the chimney above (a relic of the old days of our ancestors). Mother sometimes used the hook, suspending a big pot over the red-hot coals. I can still remember the delicious smells that came from that giant saucepan.

On either side of the hob that Mother kept shining and bright was a built-in ledge, large enough for two people to sit comfortably. I used to imagine that maybe, in days long ago, a person had hidden there and been out of sight. I wonder if any one ever did?

It was no trouble at all when we were small children to believe that Father Christmas (as we called Santa Claus in England then) came down the chimney, for hadn't we seen the chimney sweep go up—and seen his brush come out of the chimney pot on the roof? Of course we had! So we just knew on Christmas Eve that Father Christmas would come down the chimney bearing gifts for one and all.

On either side of the fireplace Mother kept two big comfort-

105 THE OLD FIREPLACE

able leather chairs, one for her, and one for Dad, while we children. nine in all (three had died), spread out on the floor. Mother had some long-handled gadgets, relics of grandma's day, that we used to make golden-brown toast and spread with vellow butter and Mother's homemade jam. We relished each yummy bite, the feast of kings it was to us.

After the evening feast we played games and talked. What plans were made, and what dreams were dreamed by the flickering firelight, some of them coming true in later years, especially the one about coming to Canada.

Although Dad was laid to rest some years ago, and Mother's dear face is wrinkled and her dark hair turning gray, still I remember the homely bits of philosophy and the stories retold many times around the old fireplace. How dear the hymns and old songs sounded. Mother had a good voice, and as Dad would say he could carry a tune. They would start a song and we would all join in. "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Comin' Through the Rye," "Ye Banks and Braes" were but a few of the old songs we sang, with no other light in the room but the flickering firelight. We usually ended with a well-loved hymn. "O My Father" is one of Mother's favorites, and "Come, Come, Ye Saints," "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," and others as well loved were sung many times. I learned to love our hymns with a deep, abiding love. After the singing we would kneel in prayer, then off to bed with faces and hearts aglow.

Years have come and gone since then, and the children who gathered around the old fireplace have long since grown up and married, with children of their own; and one brother laid to rest amid the white crosses in faraway France. But when memory comes knocking at the door of my heart, I see again the big oldfashioned fireplace with Mother, Dad, and the children gathered around - safe and serene from wintry winds outside, happy in the knowledge that love and peace shone forth like the glowing coals of the fireplace.

Hazel K. Todd, Brigham City, Utah, has been represented in the Magazine at intervals since 1948. Her three-part story "Special for Redheads" appeared in 1953, and her serial "The New Day" was featured in 1959 and 1960. Mrs. Todd summarizes her varied activities and interests: "For fourteen years I have been sandwiching writing with Church positions, schoolteaching, and rearing a family. Besides The Relief Society Magazine, I have sold stories to national publications. I was the 1946 winner of the Deseret News Christmas Story Contest. At present I am enrolled in two writing classes, and am a member of the National Penwomen. I am the Relief Society literature class leader in my stake, and teach the teachers training class in Sunday School. My husband is Francis S. Todd, a civil engineer, and we have five children and five grandchildren. I should like to dedicate my story 'The Happety Road' to David A. Mann of Bountiful, Utah, who has encouraged me so kindly in my writing."

### Recipes for Winter Evenings

### Emma A. Hanks

### OLD-FASHIONED CHILE

2 lbs. ground meat 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes

2 cans kidney beans

1 large-sized onion, chopped fine

1 tsp. salt

½ tsp. black pepper 1 tsp. chili powder

½ tsp. cayenne pepper

Crumble meat as fine as possible and braise slightly. Pour into kettle and add tomatoes, beans, onion, black pepper, salt, chili powder, and cayenne pepper. If needed, add a little more water. Cook for one hour.

Serve with crackers or French bread spread with a garlic spread.

#### CHICKEN GUMBO

1 hen cut up for frying

2 c. chopped onions

2 c. chopped celery 2 c. chopped okra

½ tsp. finely chopped garlic

salt and pepper to taste

½ c. raux (see below) flour dash of file (powdered sassafras) into each serving

2 qts. water

Brown chicken in small amount of fat and add onions, celery, garlic, salt, and pepper. Then add water and boil until chicken is tender, adding additional water as needed. When the chicken is tender add the raux and mix well, and then add the okra and cook until okra is tender and until desired thickness is obtained. Add small amount of file just before you serve the gumbo over the rice. To make the raux:

½ c. flour small amount of fat

Brown flour in fat or use a patent brand.

#### Texas Hash

2 large-size onions, sliced

3 tbsp. shortening

2 c. canned tomatoes

1 tsp. chili powder

2 green peppers, chopped fine

1 lb. ground beef ½ c. uncooked rice

1 tsp. salt ¼ tsp. pepper

Cook onions and pepper in shortening until golden brown and add the meat and cook until it separates. Add the rest of the ingredients and bake in greased baking dish for forty-five minutes at 350°. Makes six to eight servings.

#### TEXAS CREAM PIE

2 c. scalded milk

½ c. sugar

2 eggs separated

4 tbsp. cornstarch

1 tsp. vanilla

1 c. whipping cream baked pie shell

Mix beaten egg yolks and cornstarch. Add milk and sugar to this mixture and cook until thick enough to coat spoon. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites to mixture while still hot. Add vanilla and let cool. Pour into baked pie shell, cover with whipped cream, and grate a little chocolate over the top. Chill before serving.

Page 106



# Albertha Nielson Hatch Makes Quilts for the Needy

A LBERTHA Nielson Hatch, Riverton, Wyoming, finds joy and satisfaction in making quilts of many different patterns and designs. She belongs to a group of sewers who make quilts for the needy. Mrs. Hatch also makes quilts as gifts for her family and her neighbors. She is an expert with the crochet hook and loves to see a ball of crocheting thread turn into a beautiful doily. Each season Mrs. Hatch, who is now ninety-two, raises a garden — vegetables and flowers for herself and for her friends and neighbors.

Mrs. Hatch has reared her own ten children and three grandchildren. She has thirty-six grandchildren, ninety great-grandchildren, and twelve great-great grandchildren. Always active in the Church organizations, she has set an attendance record that is an inspiration to all who know of her faithfulness. She has served many years as a Relief Society visiting teacher.

### Enchantment

Marion Ellison

SHE held her breath. Not a sound was heard. Even the soft breeze that had been talking to the trees was stilled. The dew looked like a tiny baby's tear, and then, in all its splendor, the flower gently unfolded, and its soft petals glistened and shone as a golden sun. She breathed a sigh and the spell was broken. But still, today, although she has grown bent with age and the flower has long been gone, she knows the most beautiful flower in all the world is a yellow rose.

# Love Is Enough

CHAPTER 2

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, a school-teacher, arrives in Blayney, Idaho, from Denver, Colorado. She has a room in Mrs. Willett's boarding house and meets Christine Lacy, another schoolteacher. Geniel tells Christine about Ernest Wood, her friend in Denver. She also meets Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher.

THERE was an all-day institute on Monday before the beginning of school the following day. Marva, the third school teacher at the boarding house, had arrived Saturday afternoon. She was a year or two younger than Geniel, full of life and enthusiasm for everything from kittens to sunsets. Christine confided that, contrary to appearances, she was an excellent teacher and the youngsters of the second grade loved her.

The other teachers, including Mr. Layton, the principal, all lived in Blayney. Geniel was the only newcomer to the group, and they welcomed her most cordially. She was assigned to the third grade.

On Tuesday, just after she returned home from school, she found her first letter from Ernest. It was a gray day with a light drizzle of rain, and she had felt a definite twinge of homesickness. She opened the letter and read it eagerly. He had missed her but was very busy with the fall trade. He had picked up an excellent new salesman and the business was going very well indeed. She was so glad to get the letter that she would have answered

right away, if Mrs. Willett hadn't put in a call for help.

"Something is wrong with the furnace, and with this rain we're going to need some heat. I'm right in the middle of peeling a bushel of peaches. Would you mind stepping over next door to the Linfords and asking Johnny to come and fix it?"

"Not at all," Geniel answered.

"I'll be glad to go."

She slipped on her raincoat and a scarf and went over to the house next door. It was a small, rather shabby place, with a momentary glory created by scores of zinnias in a profusion of bloom. When she rang the bell she was somewhat surprised to have the door opened by a tall, extremely handsome young man. His dark wavy hair was a bit unruly at the moment and his skin was deeply tanned. He was obviously an outdoor man.

"Hello, Miss Whitworth," he

smiled. "Do come in."

"Oh, I can't!" she exclaimed, a bit nonplused at his use of her name. "I'm here on an errand for Mrs. Willett. She wants Johnny Linford to come over and fix the furnace."

"Well, since I'm the only one here who answers to that name, I had better give it a try," he answered cheerfully. "I'll pick up my tools and be right over."

"Thanks." Geniel turned and hurried back to the house. "He said he'd come right over," she told Mrs. Willett, who was putting the LOVE IS ENOUGH 109

first of the peaches into bottles. "Does this boy mend furnaces all the time — I mean, is that his regular work?" she asked.

"Johnny? Oh, no. He's just handy with tools. He's always fixed everything since he was knee high to a cricket. He's been working in the forestry service this summer. He just got back from the station yesterday."

"IF he just got back yesterday how did he know my name?" asked Geniel.

Before Mrs. Willett could answer, Johnny came through the back door without the formality of knocking. "Hi, Allie," he greeted Mrs. Willett. "What have you been trying to do with your furnace to get it out of order?"

"I tried making a fire by remote control. Anyway, I knew you'd take care of it."

"Okay. But I'm charging union wages these days and double for overtime."

He opened the basement door and went down the stairs. A moment later he called back, "I need someone to hold a flashlight. Anyone just sitting around up there who could give me a hand?"

"He couldn't possibly mean me, I guess," said Geniel. "But maybe I'd best volunteer, anyway, if we want heat tonight."

"That's right. And make him pay you union wages," advised Mrs. Willett.

Geniel climbed gingerly down the rather steep steps and took the flashlight. "I'll charge double if you get any soot on me," she warned.

"Maybe it would be worth it," he

decided. "How was the third grade today?"

"Lovely. They're perfect dears." Then, almost without thinking, she asked, "How did you know that I was teaching the third grade?"

"I just read it in the newspaper. They publish a list every fall, although it rarely changes from year to year. I went to school under four of the current teachers."

"Oh, well, that wasn't so long ago," said Geniel, and could have bitten her tongue, remembering that no man likes to be told he looks young.

Apparently Johnny didn't notice the slip. "It was long enough. But I'm awfully anxious to get back into a school room again."

"Do you plan on going away to school sometime — or will you stay with the forestry service?"

"I sure hope to get away — and that pretty soon," replied Johnny earnestly. "This forestry business is just a stopgap, although a mighty welcome one. I want to get a degree in mechanical engineering and then build bridges and dams and super-highways. The only drawback is money — of which I have practically none. I'm taking a few correspondence courses and slowly building a savings account."

"Good! I hope you make it. I'm sure that you will some day. I'll look for your name on a big dam about ten years from now."

"Twenty will be more like it," Johnny corrected her. "And I'm twenty-two now. I need to get going."

Twenty-two, Geniel noted. That was just two years younger than she. Then she wondered what difference it could possibly make whether he

was two or forty-two years younger. What a ridiculous idea.

"I think that should do now," he decided, giving a bolt a final tap. "We'll draw cuts to see who builds the fire." Solemnly he picked up a splinter and broke it in halves. "The short one gets the job."

Geniel studied them carefully and

made her choice.

"You won," said Johnny, tossing them both aside. "I'll bet you don't know how to build a fire anyway. I can let you off now."

She was at the top of the stairs when he added, "And thanks very

much."

SHE sat down in the kitchen again to wait until the rest of the house would have a chance to warm up. "That is one of the nicest lads I ever met," she said, just after he had left.

"He sure is," agreed Mrs. Willett. "There just isn't anyone quite like Johnny. No one could help loving him."

"He seems very ambitious, too. It's too bad he can't get away to

finish school."

"Yes, but he'll make it some day," Mrs. Willett agreed easily. "His father died last spring, and that means he has to take care of his mother. Otherwise, he could work his own way through. She has a little money coming from the estate of a brother, once it gets settled, and that may take care of the matter."

"I surely hope so. Does he have

a girl?"

"Not any special one. Although, as I said, everyone loves Johnny, from me to three-year-old Kathy on the corner."

Mrs. Willett filled the last of

the bottles, reserving a bowl full of the choicest fruit to be eaten fresh. She had just started to pound the dinner steaks when Jeffry Burrows came walking in. "Hi, Auntie dear," he called from the doorway. "I just came in for some supplies and thought I'd better bring you a few. Where shall I leave this bag of spuds?"

"Down in the storeroom, if you can lug them that much farther."

"If I can't, I'll just roll them down."

When he returned to the kitchen, Mrs. Willett asked, "How about staying for dinner? I can have these steaks ready in less than half an hour."

"Thanks, but the Evans Merc. would be closed by then and I have some things to pick up. I could manage a bowl of those peaches, however, if the lady who is sitting there doing nothing would care to peel them for me."

"I'll have you know that the lady just finished repairing the furnace," said Geniel indignantly, as she stood up and picked out the largest of the

fruit.

"What do you know! I must say that Aunt Allie has marvelous luck when it comes to boarders. She certainly draws the best."

"We both thank you," said Geniel, as she set the peaches in front of him. She couldn't help thinking how nice and homey it all was — not in the least like an ordinary boarding house. It had driven out her wave of homesickness completely.

At the dinner table Christine passed out some large, square envelopes. "I seem to remember this from last year," observed Marva. "It

must be another Command Performance from the Duchess."

Geniel opened hers and read an invitation to dinner from Miss Blayney for the coming Saturday night. "This must be very special," she said.

"It is, indeed," Marva replied.
"Once each fall the lady opens
Blayney Manor for the schoolteachers and the board of education. It's
supposed to be a gracious gesture of
hospitality, but I doubt that any
of us would last the school year out,
if we didn't pass muster."

"Oh, surely she can't have that much influence!" protested Geniel.

"Maybe not. But just let me warn you to be on your best behavior. Repress any arguments or contradictions. Actually, you'll be the honored guest this year because you are the only newcomer to the force."

"Actually, to do the lady justice," said Christine, "she just figures that this is her town and she wants it run right."

"And she must do all the running in order to make sure that it is," added Marva.

Geniel was not greatly concerned. After dinner she looked over her dresses and decided that the green velveteen with the gold costume jewelry would be about right for the occasion. It would be rather exciting, she thought, to see the inside of Blayney Manor and to meet the great lady herself.

On the way home from school on Friday, she was a bit surprised to find Johnny waiting for her outside his gate. "Are you the lady who mends furnaces, fences, and . . .?"

"Just my own fences," interrupted Geniel.

"Well, I have another little job in which you might be interested," he continued. "I have to go up to the ranger's station tomorrow to put shutters on the place against the coming winter blizzards. I was wondering if you would care to take the job over — under my supervision, of course."

"Oh, putting shutters on forest ranger stations is absolutely the very best thing I do," declared Geniel. "What time would we have to start?"

"It's only a thirty mile drive, and if you work fast you can be through in two or three hours. So I think that ten A.M. would do nicely."

"Good. I'll be ready. Shall I pack a lunch, or do you furnish that for your bired help?"

for your hired help?"

"I furnish one meal only," said Johnny in his most businesslike tones. "But if Mrs. Willett has any chocolate cake on hand, you might bring enough for four."

"You have additional help going?" Geniel's spirits suffered an unac-

countable letdown.

"Oh, no. But bring enough for four anyway. I can manage to take care of that much — with some additional help from you."

"I'll guarantee the cake."

SHE went on home and quickly changed to a cotton dress. Then she hurried down to the kitchen. "I'm going up to the ranger's station with Johnny to close up for the winter," she told Mrs. Willett, "and he has ordered a chocolate cake. Do you mind if I make one?"

"Not at all," was the cheerful reply. "Go right ahead. I'd do it

myself, if I had the time."

"Thanks, but I'd really like to

make it." She brought out a mixing bowl and went to work. She loved baking, and it had been a long time since she had had the fun of stirring up a cake. When it was finished she put on a thick icing and some chopped walnuts.

When Johnny called for her at ten the next morning he looked her over critically. "How are your heels? You'll have to do some climbing. Did you bring a warm sweater? How about putting that scarf on your head?"

"Yes, sir," answered Geniel meekly. "And how about a compass and...?"

"Who wants a compass!" retorted Johnny. "You could qualify in a jiffy as the girl I'd like to get lost with."

THEY swung down the road at a moderate pace, for which she was more than pleased. It was much too nice a day to be spoiled by rushing about. Late September had turned much of the foliage on the hills to a Persian carpet of red, gold, and bronze. The sagebrush had a purple haze that was as beautiful as anything she had ever seen. Altogether, it was a day to be enjoyed to the utmost.

After they had left the main highway, the road was rough and narrow. "This is shown as a jeep road on the map," he explained, "and they're not kidding. But we'll make it. At least, I always have before."

With this bit of consolation, Geniel clung to the side of the car and held her breath over the worst of the bumps and dugways. She breathed a sigh of relief when they finally arrived at the station. "Now all we have to do is go down again," she consoled herself.

"You can get out and keep the bears away while I get things started," said Johnny, opening the door on her side.

"Thanks. All I have to do is shoo

them, I suppose?"

"Oh, sure. There's a nice view thataway," said Johnny, pointing to the north trail, "and good hunting."

Geniel walked up the trail to a point where she could see an entirely new vista. She sat down on a log to enjoy the tangy mountain air and the glory of the autumn day. It was so lovely and peaceful that she felt as if she could sit there for hours. When she finally decided to walk down again, she found Johnny putting on the last of the shutters.

"Piker," he called. "I didn't say you could stay all morning. Now I've gone and done most of your work. You may redeem yourself by setting the lunch out on that table over there by the pine tree. The

lunch is in that hamper."

"Thanks, Mister. I'll do my best." She took the basket and carried it over to the table. There was a red checkered cloth which she spread over the table and then put on the lunch. It was quite simple — sandwiches of homemade bread, tomatoes, pickles, a potato salad, some apples, and her chocolate cake.

As she worked she couldn't help wondering why it was that Johnny made her feel as if she were years younger than he — when actually she was two years older. She wondered, too, why it was that every minute she spent with him was fun. Never could she remember having so much fun with anyone else. Perhaps it was because she could be

LOVE IS ENOUGH

perfectly natural. She didn't have to put on a front. Whatever it was, she liked it, and she liked him. She was grateful for this lovely, carefree day.

THEY were joined for lunch by a couple of squirrels whom Johnny called Kate and Tim and declared to be old acquaintances. He cut up an apple for them, but drew the line at giving them any cake. "It's much too good for anyone your size," he commented, adding to Geniel, "when you can bake a cake like that I'll..." The twinkle in her eyes stopped him, and he asked quickly, "You didn't really, did you?"

"Cross my heart," smiled Geniel. "It's my chief talent, outside of knitting washcloths. School teach-

ing is just a sideline."

"Well, I predict you'll go far," he said seriously. "And, speaking of going far, I'd best pack up the stuff I have to take down so that we can

be on our way."

Geniel walked off on another trail and returned just as he was putting the last of his load in the car. A couple of miles down the road they were waved to a stop by a little girl. "What is it, Hilda?" he called.

"Mom saw you go past this morning. She wants you to send the doctor up to see Mickey. He has a real bad stomach ache," she replied quickly.

"We'll come in and see just how

bad he is," said Johnny.

They followed Hilda up to a small house, almost surrounded by fruit trees. "Hello, there, Mrs. Rampton," he greeted the woman who came to the door. "This is Miss Whitworth, one of the schoolteach-

ers. I hear that Mickey has been eating too many green apples."

"I sure hope that's all it is," she answered. "It came on sort of sudden, but he's in awful pain. We don't have a telephone, so I was wondering if you would send the doctor up when you get back to town. Jim is out on the range after his cattle."

"Let's have a look at the boy," said Johnny.

"He's right in here on the couch."

They found the nine-year-old boy doubled up with pain. "This could be appendicitis, you know," said Johnny. "And if it is, he ought to go down to the hospital, such as it is. I think I'd better take you and the boy down with me."

"But I can't leave the other children here alone," said Mrs. Ramp-

ton, half in tears.

"I can stay," offered Geniel. "Johnny can come back and get me later."

Mrs. Rampton looked doubtful. "Oh, I can't impose on you like that!"

Mickey broke into tears, along with his pain. "I don't want to go alone," he cried.

"Of course you don't," soothed Johnny. "Mother will go with you,

just as the nice lady said."

Quickly they prepared to leave, and half an hour later Geniel found herself there in a strange house with three children, the youngest a baby less than a year. She was preparing some supper for them when it struck her that in less than fifteen minutes she was due at a formal dinner where she was to have been the guest of honor.

(To be continued)



### General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Ada S. Sharp

### NORTH REXBURG STAKE (IDAHO) RETIRING OFFICERS

Front row, seated, left to right: Harriet L. Rigby, theology class leader; Anita M. Schwendiman, First Counselor; Mary G. Shirley, President; Norma N. Peterson, Second Counselor; Fern P. Ladle, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Bianca J. Allen, visiting teacher message leader; Ethel K. Archibald, *Magazine* representative; Merle A. Luke, literature class leader; Phoebe N. Williams, work meeting leader; Janet R. Mortensen, organist; Geneva B.

Thomas, social science class leader; Mary R. Thomas, chorister.

Ada S. Sharp, the new president of North Rexburg Stake Relief Society, reports the faithfulness and devotion of the retiring officers: "Faithful and diligent service has been the aim of these sisters. Sister Rigby was the first president, appointed when the North Rexburg Stake was organized in November 1945, serving as president until 1951, and as theology class leader since 1954. Two sisters, Mary G. Shirley and Janet R. Mortensen, have served continuously on the board, each in three different capacities, since the stake was organized, and Fern P. Ladle has served as secretary-treasurer continuously since 1945."



Photograph submitted by Edith W. Hubbard

BANNOCK STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, September 25, 1960

Seated, center front: Geraldine T. Forbush, director; at left of Sister Forbush: Shirley Hubbard, stake organist; at right: Edsel Prescott, who assisted with accompaniment.

Edith W. Hubbard, President, Bannock Stake Relief Society, reports that fifty-seven mothers participated in the chorus and presented the following numbers: "Such Lovely Things"; "Come, Ye Blessed of My Father"; "O Divine Redeemer"; and "Let There Be Music."



Photograph submitted by Wilma F. Turley

SOUTHWEST INDIAN MISSION, MOENCOPI BRANCH SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT MISSION CONFERENCES

Wilma F. Turley, President, Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society, reports that these sisters love to sing together in the Navajo language. They presented the music for two mission conferences. Sister Millet, a missionary who directs the chorus, stands at the right in the back row.

Sister Turley reports that the work of Relief Society is progressing in her mission, and the sisters are learning many skills. At Shiprock, New Mexico, the Relief Society women have made several quilts, and at Ramah, they held a successful bazaar in November 1960.



Photograph submitted by Leone T. Homer

### IDAHO FALLS (IDAHO) STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY PAGEANT "OUR TOWN AND RELIEF SOCIETY," June 5, 1960

Left to right: Gertrude Collard, a member of Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society Board, representing a pioneer woman; Elder Rheim M. Jones, representing a trapper; Marcia Collard, daughter of Gertrude Collard.

Leone T. Homer, President, Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports: "The pageant was a real success. We had over 500 people out to see it, and judging by the comments, telephone calls, and notes, it must have been enjoyed by everyone. It has been a tremendous task to do the research and writing, but we feel that it has been very worthwhile.

"The first stake organization of Relief Society in Idaho Falls was perfected in 1895. Prior to that time there were seventeen scattered wards and branches over an area of one hundred miles. This first organization was commemorated by our pageant. The town of Idaho Falls was first incorporated in 1900, so the pageant tied in town and Relief Society history.

"Elder Rheim M. Jones, representing a trapper, told of the early beginnings in this part of the State — from 1860 to 1880, recalling the first ferry across the mighty Snake River, the first bridge, the gold hunters, and the constant fight with the hostile elements.

"Representing a pioneer grandmother and granddaughter, Gertrude Collard and her daughter Marcia told of the coming of the Latter-day Saints to Idaho, their struggles, hardships, and joys, up to 1895, when this huge area was divided into two stakes, and the Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society was organized.

"The twelve women who served as presidents over these years (or their representatives) were then presented. The history of the town, its mayors, and important

events in its development were woven into the narrative of the years of service of those women. This was given by readers, as the women were spotlighted in large picture frames.

"The pageant was interspersed with lovely music from a sixty-five voice Singing Mothers chorus directed by Edna Johnson, and interpretive background music was played on the organ by Grace Karstad.

"The research and composition of the pageant were done by Leone T. Homer and Ann J. Staker, the staging by Elveda Smith, with special lighting effects by Gareth

B. Homer.

"The pageant was presented as the Sunday evening service of stake conference."

"The women who have served as stake presidents are as follows: Emma J. Bennett (1895-1903), deceased; Elvira Steele (1903-1917), deceased; Mayme Laird (1917-1926), deceased; Clara Brunt (1926-1932); Martha Telford (1932-1939), deceased; Cora M. Christensen (1939-1944); Idetta E. Merrill (1944-1946); Eleanora B. Allen (1946-(three months, division of stake); Loveda Petersen (1946-1947); Venna H. Croft (1947-1951); Mabel Hansen (1951-1953); Nannah C. Stokes (1953-1957); Leone T. Homer (1957 - ).

"All of the women present at the pageant who had ever served on the Idaho Falls

Stake Relief Society Board were presented with a souvenir booklet of the pageant."



Photograph submitted by Lila A. Arave

### WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, EDMONTON FOURTH BRANCH YOUNG MOTHERS ATTENDING THE CLOSING SOCIAL

Front row, seated, left to right: Joyce Salmon; Pearl McCaskill; Clara Rolfson; Da Naze Steele; Pat Depew; Marilyn Albiston; Corrinne Attwood; Louise Jensen; Maureen Woolf; Eva Mae Humphreys; Rose Harvey.

Back row, standing, left to right: Claudia Gimlich; Grace North; Colleen May; Lynne Horne; Glenda Benson; Shirley Brundsdale; Dora Cook; Mary Sustrik; Carolyn

Cunningham.

Lila A. Arave, President, Western Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports: "There were twenty-four babies born in the Edmonton Fourth Branch of the Western Canadian Mission since it was organized just one year ago. This picture was taken at the Relief Society closing social, where twenty of them were present. There were over seventy-five children in attendance at that time, which accounts, in part, for the extensive Church building program underway in Edmonton.

"As you can see, we are growing. We are particularly encouraged in the visiting

teaching that is being done."



Photograph submitted by Rowena J. Warr

CASSIA STAKE (IDAHO), OAKLEY SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR MANY YEARS OF SERVICE, August 31, 1960

Left to right: Matilda Bell (age 84); Sarah Adams (82); Mary Stowers (83);

Emma Harper (83).

Rowena J. Warr, President, Cassia Stake Relief Society, reports that these sisters were honored at a visiting teachers convention, for their many years of devoted service, their combined years of service in this capacity totaling 197 years. Each was presented a beautiful corsage. They are all still active in Relief Society, and all of them, as Singing Mothers, participated in Relief Society convention.



Photograph submitted by Naomi F. Jensen

GUNNISON STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION AND STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Standing at the right, in the first row: Ruby Fjeldsted, stake organist; second from the right: Wilma Despain, conductor; fifth from the right: Martha Bartholomew, stake chorister.

Third from the right, in the back row: Naomi F. Jensen, President, Gunnison Stake Relief Society.

Sister Jensen reports: "These sisters are the first chorus that we have had for several years as a stake group. Our wards present the Singing Mothers in the March

and November Sunday evening programs. This stake group furnished songs for our stake convention in August, and for our stake quarterly conference September 4, 1960. We all enjoyed this service very much. We are happy to report that we are enjoying our work as a stake board and appreciate the help the General Board offers us always."



Photograph submitted by Fern T. Hartvigsen

### PORTNEUF STAKE (IDAHO), ARIMO WARD PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL

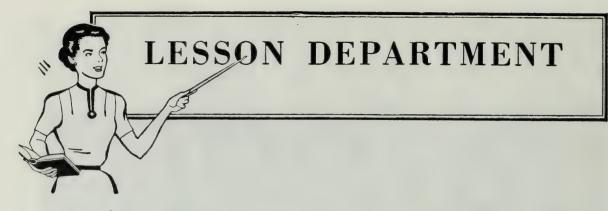
Front row, seated, left to right: Rebecca H. Nelson (1916-29); Rebecca W. Howe (1929-36); Loya M. Woodland (1936-38).

Back row, standing, left to right: Mabel B. Hatch (1938-47); Almeda H. Smith (1951-58); Winafred S. Henderson (1947-49); Olive H. Woodland (1958 - );

Coral M. Fackrell (1945-51).

Fern T. Hartvigsen, President, Portneuf Stake Relief Society, reports that the presidents of Arimo Ward Relief Society, from the presidency of Rebecca Nelson to the present time, under the leadership of Olive H. Woodland, were honored at a social in August 1960, and were congratulated and commended for their many years of devoted service to Relief Society.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing. . . . Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. . . . 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 (Isaiah 55:12-13; 58:10).



## Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 32-The Gifts of the Holy Ghost

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 46)

For Tuesday, May 2, 1961

Objective: To understand what the gifts of the Holy Ghost are and why they are given.

THE revelation for study in this lesson was received in the spring of 1831, the day following Section 45, which was received to sustain the members of the Church as a result of many foolish stories which were circulated about them. tion 46 was given by the Lord to correct some false ideas which were entertained by members of the Church. At this period, according to the Church Historian, John Whitmer, there were some of the number who believed that nonmembers should not be admitted to the sacrament meeting. Some members felt this practice was contrary to the instructions of the resurrected Lord to the Nephites as stated in The Book of Mormon:

And behold, ye shall meet together oft; and ye shall not forbid any man from coming unto you when ye shall meet together, but suffer them that they may come unto you and forbid them not;

But ye shall pray for them, and shall Page 120

not cast them out; and if it so be that they come unto you oft ye shall pray for them unto the Father, in my name (3 Nephi 18:22-23).

In the first seven verses of Section 46 the Lord gives sufficient information to the Church in this dispensation to clarify this problem, and also gives the Lord's will about the meetings of the Church. First, for the profit and learning of the elders they are "... to conduct all meetings as they are directed and guided by the Holy Spirit" (D & C 46:2). Then follows the commandment about which there was some disputation, "Nevertheless ve are commanded never to cast any one out from your public meetings, which are held before the world" (D & C 46:3). In further clarification of this instruction, the sacrament meeting is indicated as a public meeting:

And again I say unto you, ye shall not cast any out of your sacrament meetings

LESSON DEPARTMENT

who are earnestly seeking the kingdom — I speak this concerning those who are not of the church (D & C 46:5).

This same commandment is given regarding the "confirmation meettings." (See D & C 46:6.) This meeting is our Fast Meeting or the baptismal when the Holy Ghost is conferred upon the newly baptized person. There are meetings of the Church which are to be considered as private because they are special meetings to which only certain members of the Church are invited to attend, such as auxiliary prayer or officers' and teachers' meetings.

There are in this revelation instructions regarding the member of the Church and the sacrament meeting. Church members are welcome to this meeting, but they are counseled to make reconciliation with their fellow man against whom they have sinned before they partake of the sacrament. (See D & C 46:4.)

"Walking Uprightly Before Me"

One of the most important items of counsel given by the Lord appears in this revelation. It is as follows:

But ye are commanded in all things to ask of God, who giveth liberally; and that which the Spirit testifies unto you even so I would that ye should do in all holiness of heart, walking uprightly before me, considering the end of your salvation, doing all things with prayer and thanksgiving, that ye may not be seduced by evil spirits, or doctrines of devils, or the commandments of men; for some are of men, and others of devils (D & C 46:7).

What is there in this scripture which makes it of such great importance? Notice the several principles that are basic to the obtaining of eternal life: (a) Pray to him who

giveth liberally; (b) Obtain the Spirit and accept its promptings in humility; (c) Walk uprightly before the Lord — keep the commandments; (d) Always remember that the purpose of existence is to "work out your salvation"; (e) In the spirit of prayer be grateful for blessings received. What is the promised blessing for those who practice this counsel? They shall neither be deceived by the ideas of men nor by the doctrines of devils.

Importance of Obtaining the Spirit

Learning the necessity of receiving the Spirit is of great importance to the members of the Church. The operation of the Holy Ghost in the lives of the prophets during the Old Testament period, as well as at the time of the apostles of Jesus, is generally known to the membership of the Church in this dispensation. Directed by that same Spirit, the leaders of the Church have counseled the Church membership throughout this dispensation of the need to have the Holy Ghost.

Joseph Smith and Martin Van Buren

On November 29, 1839, the Prophet Joseph Smith and Elias Higbee, in seeking redress for crimes committed against the saints in Missouri, visited President Van Buren in Washington, D. C., as a part of this mission. In that interview, the President of the United States asked the Prophet wherein the Latter-day Saints differed from other religions of that day. His reply was that "... we differed in the mode of baptism, and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands" (D. H. C. IV:42).

What did the Prophet mean by this statement? It is apparent from his teachings given upon other occasions that the possession of the gift of the Holy Ghost is received only by those who submit to water baptism and the laying on of hands by one who is authorized of the Lord to officiate for him. As this lesson continues, this principle is in evidence, but here is a positive statement which establishes the principle as given by Joseph Smith:

The sign of Peter was to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins, with the promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost; and in no other way is the gift of the Holy Ghost obtained (D. H. C. IV:555).

Baptism is a holy ordinance preparatory to the reception of the Holy Ghost; it is the channel and key by which the Holy Ghost will be administered.

The Gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, cannot be received through the medium of any other principle than the principle of righteousness, for if the proposals are not complied with, it is of no use, but withdraws (D. H. C. III:379).

It was a characteristic of The Church of Jesus Christ in the meridian of time that the gift of the Holy Ghost was received only by the convert to the Church (Acts 2:37-38; 8:12-23; 19:1-7). But what about the gifts of the Holy Ghost? Are these gifts, as enumerated in the scriptures, received by the worthy member of the Church? The answer is yes. The loss of the spiritual gifts following the death of the apostles is an evidence of the great apostasy. The absence of these spiritual gifts is admitted by many authorities on ecclesiastical history. (See the testimony of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, as quoted

by Elder James E. Talmage in The Articles of Faith on page 495.)

Purpose of the Gifts

For what purpose does the Lord bestow his gifts upon his true followers? Because in the world there are influences that are contrary to the plan of life and salvation. How will the gifts of the Spirit help one on the road to perfection?

Wherefore, beware lest ye are deceived; and that ye may not be deceived seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given;

For verily I say unto you, they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my commandments, and him that seeketh so to do; that all may be benefited that seek or that ask of me, that ask and not for a sign that they may consume it upon their lusts (D & C 46:8-9). (Italics by author.)

The words in italics give definite information upon the question just posed. Notice that the gifts are a part of the gospel of Jesus Christ that they might be of benefit to those who love the Lord and thus keep all of his commandments. But who are these? They are the members of his Church, for they have complied with the ordinances of baptism and the laying on of hands to receive the Holy Ghost. But the member of the Church may not be keeping all of the commandments, so, what of him? The revelation states, "and him that seeketh so to do." The Lord does not condone sin, but that member of the kingdom who will earnestly strive to overcome the barriers to his salvation, by sincerely endeavoring to perfect himself through the principle of repentance, will receive the help necessary to aid him. D & C 1:31-33.)

The Gifts of the Holy Ghost

What are these gifts of the Holy Ghost which are imparted to the members of the Church? Paul provided a list of these gifts for the saints at Corinth. (See I Cor. 12:1-11.)

In closing the Nephite record, Moroni also indicated some of these gifts of the Spirit. (See Moroni 10:8-19.)

The saints of today are counseled that they should "... always remember, and always retain in your [their] minds what those gifts are, that are given unto the church" (D & C 46:10). These gifts, however, are not given promiscuously, "For all have not every gift given unto them; for there are many gifts, and to every man is given a gift by the Spirit of God" (D & C 46:11).

A summary of the gifts revealed in this revelation is provided in the Doctrine and Covenants Commentary, as follows: "(1) knowledge; (2) faith; (3) administration; (4) recognition of the operations of the Spirit; (5) wisdom; (6) gift to instruct; (7) faith to be healed; (8) faith to heal; (9) power to work other miracles; (10) gift of prophesy; (11) gift to discern spirits; (12) gift of tongues; (13) gift of interpretation; (14) gift to discern all these gifts."

An explanation of the gifts is to be found on pp. 274-276 in the Doctrine and Covenants Commentary.

To have all the gifts of the Spirit is a privilege that may come to the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator as the "head of the Church." (See D & C 46:29, 107:92.)

Gifts of the Holy Ghost and the Laying on of Hands

In an article written by the Prophet Joseph Smith, June 15, 1842, on the gift of the Holy Ghost, it is pointed out that sometimes people expect that at the time the Holy Ghost is conferred following baptism by immersion, some miraculous manifestation will result. Excerpts from that article indicate an answer to this notion:

... more frequently there is no manifestation at all; that is visible to the surrounding multitude....

... suppose the gifts of the Spirit were immediately, upon the imposition of hands, enjoyed by all, in all their fullness and power; the skeptic would still be as far from receiving any testimony except upon a mere casualty as before, for all the gifts of the Spirit are not visible to the natural vision, or understanding of man; indeed very few of them are. . . .

The word of wisdom, and the word of knowledge, are as much gifts as any other, yet if a person possessed both of these gifts, or received them by the imposition of hands, who would know it? Another might receive the gift of faith, and they would be as ignorant of it. Or suppose a man had the gift of healing or power to work miracles, that would not then be known; it would require time and circumstances to call these gifts into operation. Suppose a man had the discerning of spirits, who would be the wiser for it? Or if he had the interpretation of tongues, unless someone spoke in an unknown tongue, he of course would have to be silent; there are only two gifts that could be made visible — the gift of tongues and the gift of prophecy. These are things that are the most talked about . . . (D. H. C. V:28-30).

The Holy Ghost and the Lord's Spirit

At a later time, it is expected that more study will be devoted to the subject of the Spirit of the Lord

("Light of Christ") than is desirable in this lesson. Suffice it to say, however, that there is a difference between that Spirit which comes from God to fill all space sometimes called the Holy Spirit, Spirit of God and Light of Christ — and the Holy Ghost and the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Spirit of the Lord is given to all people (D & C 84:43-48; 88:6-13), but the gift of the Holy Ghost is received by the members of The Church of Jesus Christ — those who obey the commandments. (See Acts 5:32.) The following brief statement from President Joseph F. Smith is pertinent to these ideas:

The question is often asked, Is there any difference between the Spirit of the Lord and the Holy Ghost? The terms are frequently used synonymously. often say the Spirit of God when we mean the Holy Ghost; we likewise say the Holy Ghost when we mean the Spirit of God. The Holy Ghost is a personage in the Godhead, and is not that which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is the Spirit of God which proceeds through Christ to the world, that enlightens every man that comes into the world, and that strives with the children of men, and will continue to strive with them, until it brings them to a knowledge of the truth and the possession of the greater light and testimony of the Holy If, however, he receive that greater light, and then sin against it, the Spirit of God will cease to strive with him, and the Holy Ghost will wholly depart from him (Gospel Doctrine, pp. 67-68).

How to Obtain the Gifts

As pointed out in this revelation, the gifts of the Holy Ghost are for those who keep all the commandments or seek to do so. (See D & C 46:9.) But the member of the Church must seek by asking in accordance with these divine instructions:

And it shall come to pass that he that asketh in Spirit shall receive in Spirit. . . .

He that asketh in the Spirit asketh according to the will of God; wherefore it is done even as he asketh.

And again, I say unto you, all things must be done in the name of Christ, whatsoever you do in the Spirit;

And ye must give thanks unto God in the Spirit for whatsoever blessing ye are blessed with.

And ye must practice virtue and holiness before me continually. Even so. Amen (D & C 46:28, 30-33).

### Questions for Discussion

1. Give reasons why you believe verse 7 of Section 46 contains information essential to the obtaining of eternal life.

2. According to this revelation (Section 46), why would you believe that the gifts of the Holy Ghost are to be considered as special gifts?

3. What is the principal purpose of the gifts of the Holy Chost? other purposes?

4. To whom are the gifts of the Holy Ghost given?

5. What does Section 46 reveal is necessary to obtain the gifts of the Holy Ghost?

# Visiting Jeacher Messages—

### Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 32—"For Inasmuch As Ye Do It Unto the Least of These, Ye Do It Unto Me" (D & C 42:38)

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, May 2, 1961

Objective: If we would do the work of the Lord, we must be actively engaged in helping others.

PROBABLY no other scripture has a more direct application to Relief Society work and to the work of visiting teachers than does this quotation from The Doctrine and Covenants. The grand key words of Relief Society are, "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do.'"

What was the work Jesus did? The scriptures testify that from the beginning to the end of his ministry he "... went about doing good ..." (Acts 10:38). The gospel teaches its members to visit the sick, to comfort those who mourn, to encourage the downcast, and to help the poor.

The doctrine of service to others, as contained in this Doctrine and Covenants' quotation, was formerly given by the Savior when he taught his disciples on the Mount of Olives. There he described the events of the last days and said that when the Son of man would come in his glory, he would judge his people. To the righteous he would say:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in. . . . I was sick, and ye visited me (Mt. 25:35-36).

Then the righteous would be puzzled and would wonder when they had done all these things for the Lord. And the Lord would answer them saying:

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me (Mt. 25:40; see Mt. 25:35-40).

In addition to being fundamental to Relief Society work, this doctrine of service to our fellow men has permeated deeply into all religious and literary thought. Benjamin Franklin once said, "The most acceptable service to God is doing good to man." The great Book of Mormon king and prophet Benjamin expressed the thought beautifully when he said, "... when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God" (Mosiah 2:17).

In the well-known story of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" are these impressive words:

He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of
sight...
The hand cannot class the whole of his

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,

The heart outstretches its eager palms . . . . Not what we give, but what we share, For the gift without the giver is bare;

Who gives himself with his alms feeds

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me. (James Russell Lowell)

Although our Father in heaven is all-powerful and can do all things, yet he follows the divine plan whereby his good works must be done through us, his children. It is fine to pray for the welfare of the sick and afflicted, but they are empty words unless they are accompanied by personal actions which help and comfort those in need. We can wish our neighbors well, but this is "... as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal" (I Cor. 13:1), unless we do something which improves their welfare.

The Lord's divine plan requires that we go about doing good. If kindness is to prevail upon the earth, it cannot come about solely by wishing and praying for it. It will come only if we practice kindness and do good even ". . . unto one of the least of these my brethren."

A wise Book of Mormon prophet emphasized this fact when he said:

... I would that ye should impart of your substance to the poor, every man according to that which he hath, such as feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and administering to their relief, both spiritually and temporally, according to their wants (Mosiah 4:26).

This is the substance of pure religion. This is what the Lord meant when he said: "For inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me" (D & C 42:38).

# Work Meeting—Caring for the Sick in the Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

# Lesson 8 — The Chronically III and the Aged Maria Johnson

For Tuesday May 9, 1961

Objective: To point out the special needs of chronically ill and aged patients and to consider how we can help meet their needs.

### Problems of Chronic Illness

THE increased number of elderly persons today is focusing our attention as never before on the problems of chronic illness. It has been estimated that over 50% of persons 65 years of age or older have some form of chronic illness or disability, which requires long continued treatment and nursing care. Chronic illness, however, is not limited to elderly persons. An acute illness can leave a patient, young or old, with a chronic illness. Many young men return to civilian life from active service in our armed forces with chronic disabilities. The incidence of mental illness is also on the increase. Heart disease and cancer rank high as causes of death. To these diseases we might add tuberculosis, arthritis, nephritis, strokes, diabetes, and others.

For many years bed rest and inactivity were the treatment, only to find that the patient's disabilities multiplied as complications developed.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

For example, the heart condition might improve, but other disorders presented themselves. More recent years have brought about radical changes in treatment. This new treatment calls for activity in order to maintain normal functioning of all parts of the body. Even heart cases spend little time in bed compared with the old treatment.

### Rehabilitation and Sufficient Exercise

Rehabilitation, which means care which aids the patient to maintain or restore her best capacities and make her self-sufficient, has become the watchword for the chronically ill, both young and old. Exercise is a must for each patient. She should be encouraged to do as much for herself as she is able to do. The doctor will tell you her limitations. You will assist her to do what she cannot do for herself. The nurse, the patient, and family must understand the goal that is set and must work together in carrying out the plan. The patient who does not understand the plan may feel neglected and that you are not interested in her welfare because you do not do everything for her. Often it is less time consuming to do something for the patient than it would be to help her do it for herself. This, however, is not good nursing care. We all know a muscle not used becomes weak and useless, a joint not exercised will become stiff. patient in bed can develop limited motion in her shoulder and be unable to comb her hair, if the joint is not exercised. Foot drop and contractures can develop when pillows are used incorrectly, and the position of the patient is not changed frequently.

Meeting the Emotional Needs of the Patient

The emotional needs of the patient are often the most difficult to meet. The chronically ill patient needs protection from loneliness; she needs companionship, she needs to share in the family interests, plans, and, in so far as possible, the activities. If her condition permits, have her join the family at mealtime, even though it may be more trouble to get her to the table than to carry the tray to her. If she must have a tray, a member of the family can be served a tray with her, or a friend might be invited in to eat with her occasionally. Bring outside interests to her; tell her of your experience for the day, something you have read, done, or planned; read aloud, play games, etc. Your librarian can help you with things to do and things to read.

Keep a basket of things to do within reach of the patient, and an overbed table large enough to work on. It is easy to become discouraged and depressed. Think how bored you could become if you were the patient without companions or interests outside the sick room. See that the patient has a bell, mouth organ, whistle or other device for calling you. It gives the patient a feeling of security and saves you many steps. Pin a paper bag on the bed within easy reach for the patient's scraps of paper,

tissue, etc.

Family Planning for Care for the Chronically Ill

Caring for the chronically ill in the home can be a real burden, if a plan is not worked out so that the patient and all members of the family

understand and co-operate. One person should be in charge, but should not be expected to carry the full load. When there is a visiting nurse service or a public health nurse in the community, a nurse will help you plan and show you how to give the treatments ordered by the physician, and how to improvise equipment that will better meet the needs of the patient and conserve your energy.



ELEVATING THE BED BY PLACING THE LEGS IN CANS HALF-FULL OF SAND

If the patient is to have care in bed, you will want to raise the bed to a height that will save you back strain and fatigue. One good way is to cut the top from four large cans; fill them about half full of sand or gravel; drop the lid you cut out on top of the sand and place the cans under the legs of the bed. (See illustration.) Wooden blocks or cinder bricks may be used to raise the bed. If wooden blocks are used, a depression should be cut in the top of 6-inch square blocks of wood in which to place the legs of the bed or casters to prevent the bed from falling. If the patient is heavy, you may be able to rent a bed with a frame and cross bar over which a strap can be suspended. The patient can grasp the strap and raise herself when linen is changed, when the bedpan is needed, and when she changes positions. The bed rope is another device helpful to many patients. It can be made by tieing a stout rope to the foot of the bed with a loop for the patient to grasp at the other end. Back rests, foot supports, and pillows were discussed in Lesson 4.

Feeding the Aged and Chronically Ill

The chronically ill patient must be encouraged to eat a balanced diet or the special diet prescribed by the physician. The diet for the elderly patient must be planned as carefully as for the growing child.

#### Pressure Sores and Incontinence

Pressure sores and incontinence (lack of control of urine or the bowels) present special problems in the care of the aged. Many studies have shown that the patient who has lost her desire to live is much more prone to incontinence. She simply gives up and makes no effort. Stimulating the

patient to co-operate and giving her the bedpan at frequent intervals have proved very rewarding. The prevention of pressure sores is worth any effort it may take. They are frequently called bedsores because they are most often found in patients who remain in bed a long time. Elderly or helpless patients are especially susceptible to bedsores. They develop most frequently over parts of the body which are subject to pressure — the end of the spine, shoulder blades, heels, elbows, or hip bones. Prevention is the best treatment.

#### Prevention:

- 1. Turn the patient frequently.
- 2. Keep the patient clean and dry.
- 3. Keep the bed dry and free from wrinkles or crumbs.
- 4. Cushion the reddened area with a soft pad such as sponge rubber or pieces of lamb's wool pelt or a cotton pad. The soft pad provides evenly distributed pressure and, today, is replacing the round rings, called doughnuts, popular at one time.
- 5. Do not let the patient lie on the reddened area.
- 6. Give gentle massage around the reddened area.
- 7. When giving the bedpan, hold your hand over the part of the pan that will support the buttocks, as you gently slip the pan under the patient.
- 8. Special care will be necessary for the incontinent patient, the one who is unable to control her bladder or bowels, as she develops bedsores very readily. Always remove all discharge promptly, wash the soiled areas immediately, rinse well, pat dry, and lighty dust with talcum powder. Keep a waterproof pad under the patient. This may be made of several thicknesses of newspaper covered with a clean cloth. When soiled, the papers can be easily removed and replaced with a clean pad. The cloth cover can be washed. Keep a stock on hand. Remember, changing the pad will not take the place of washing and drying the patient's skin.



HELPING THE PATIENT INTO THE BATHTUB



BATHTUB SECURITY RAIL

The Tub Bath

Many accidents occur in getting in and out of bathtubs. For this reason the patient should not be put in the tub until she is able, with a little support, to get in and out herself. A rubber mat in the tub helps prevent slipping. Bathtub rails and seats that can be adjusted to fit old and modern type tubs are now available. These give the patient support and make a tub bath possible for many who could not otherwise have one. (See illustrations.)

#### The Stroke Patient

The patient with a stroke will need special care. She can become a helpless, bedridden patient, or she can, in many instances, be helped to become self-reliant in getting about and caring for herself. If a physiotherapist is available, ask your doctor about having her teach you the exercises needed. If this trained person is not available, your doctor or the public health nurse will help you.

Today we have a new medical specialty "Geriatrics" dealing with the problems of the aged. The research and studies being made in this field are changing our attitudes and proving that later years of life can be

challenging, interesting, and satisfying.

## Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

### Lesson 24 — Nathaniel Hawthorne, Haunted Autobiographer

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: America's Literature, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 304-349)

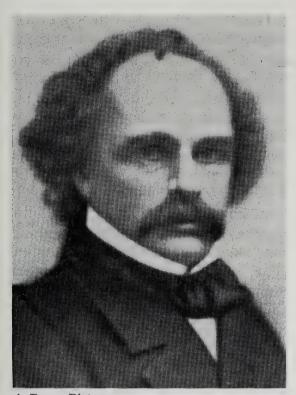
For Tuesday, May 16, 1961

Objective: To reconsider the dual nature of mortality, as exemplified in Hawthorne's short stories.

great literature is with the nature of reality. To experience night and dawn on the desert; to wander alone even for one afternoon amid September pine and aspen—these relatively simple realities can fill us with an awe we cannot tell. Yet who knows that he can define them exactly for a city dweller so that the inner realities of the two people are the same, enabling the one to escape from his individual surroundings and experiences?

Once it becomes known that

anyone can thus liberate us from ourselves beyond the bounds of time, he becomes indispensable, and therefore immortal. These "liberators" see and feel more deeply than do most of us; through mastery of their communicating tool—rhythmic body, brush, chisel, voice or instrument or pen—they "come through to us" to tell that which otherwise cannot be told; hence they give justification once more for the old, wise saying that "Art is long and time is fleeting."



A Perry Picture

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hawthorne, Pioneer Artist

Sharing honors with Edgar Allen Poe, Hawthorne is the acknowledged father of great American fictional art. Preparing himself from youth for a writing career, Hawthorne early respected the great power of words skillfully combined. He mastered his craft by perfecting a style which spoke to his readers precisely what he wanted it to speak. Paralleling in the short story Emerson's accomplishment in poetry, he learned the secret of permitting each composition to grow from within its own nature, finally to achieve expression through form perfectly fitted to its content or theme-idea. Most important, he probed into the human soul to a depth rarely before attained, finding within his own dark, unacknowledged, unexplored caverns some definitions of reality as startlingly new to his own time as today they are basic to the modern awareness of man's complex iden-

He realized early that his cloistered world, removed from the ordinary life, the subject-areas out of which he must create literature, was extremely limited. He proved his genius by capitalizing on those very limitations. He wrote, not of what man sees and does outwardly, but rather of what man knows or of which he is vaguely aware within himself, but of which he never speaks or cannot speak. In his greatest writings Hawthorne is ever concerned with the never-ending conflict between good and evil, fighting on the battlefield which is the human heart. This subject and his approach to it are in violent contrast to the domestic sentimentality and adventure tales which dominated contemporary fiction.

Yet even while writing these somber tales which his natural genius dictated, Hawthorne longed to achieve popularity by writing sunny, happy, everyday sketches which he publicly scorned. Thus we are forced to recognize the huge gap which separated Hawthorne, the artist, from Hawthorne, the man, throughout his life.

Hawthorne's Outward Life

Nathaniel was born July 4, 1804, in Salem, Massachusetts, home port of the fast American ships which traded with exotic people round the world. His staunch Puritan ancestors arrived in Massachusetts Bay in 1630. They were permitted to write "Mr." before their name when this term really meant something. Some were captains, some local justices, one ancestor sat with Samuel Sewall and one other to condemn nineteen to their deaths during the Salem

witchcraft trials of 1692-93. His own father, Captain Nathaniel Hawthorne, described as "the sternest man that ever trod a deck," died at Surinam, Dutch Guiana, when Nathaniel was four. Impoverished and proud, Mrs. Hawthorne returned with her three children to her own people, the Mannings, who gave her sustenance and sent her one son to Bowdoin College in Maine. The Manning home in Salem was cheerless and strictly plain. The widow and her children ate in their room to economize, and later, when the children had separate rooms, the mother lived and ate in hers, sending out written notes to members of the family when she wished to meet with them. A most handsome child with long, dark eyelashes, it is understandable that young Nathaniel, the only nephew living in a household of four unmarried aunts and four unmarried uncles, was pampered. He went often to Maine, where his uncles owned property, roaming freely in the summer woods, however, an injury to his foot, when he was nine, confined him to the house for almost three years.

At Bowdoin College discipline was so strict that Hawthorne was fined for walking unnecessarily on the Sabbath; a friend was fined for sitting in an improper posture during chapel. As a student, Hawthorne excelled in composition and in his own leisure reading. He made three lifelong friends at college, Longfellow, Horatio Bridge, and Franklin Pierce, for whom Hawthorne later wrote a campaign biography in support of his successful race for the Presidency of the United States.

Hawthorne returned to Salem for twelve years following his graduation, again submitting himself to the family pattern of seclusion and withdrawal. At the same time he read almost every book in the local library and worked diligently at perfecting his own writing skills. His only small success, publication of Twice-Told Tales, seemed insufficient to justify marriage, so he and Sophia Peabody were engaged for four years before their marriage in 1842, when she was thirty-four and Hawthorne was thirty-eight. Because she was an invalid and had been 'prepared" by her mother not to expect the joys of motherhood, Sophia worshipped her handsome husband and her role as wife and mother of their three children. During their prolonged courtship they exchanged over a hundred ardent love letters. So completely did each find fulfillment in the other that their love approaches the stature of that attained by Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. A thoroughly educated, beautiful and sensitive woman with genuine skill in painting, Sophia concealed little of her romantic intensity in her letters, before and after marriage. After one of their first meetings she wrote to her sister of Hawthorne:

You know in "Annie's Ramble" he says that if there is anything he prides himself upon, it is on having a smile that children love. I should think they would, indeed. He has a celestial expression. It is a manifestation of the divine in human.

Soon after marriage she wrote her mother, who watched with wonder the emergence of an entirely new Sophia:

Do not fear that I shall be too subject to my Adam, my crown of Perfection. . . .

He is completely under the dominion of his intellect and sentiments. Oh, who ever saw such a union of power and gentleness, softness and spirit, passion and divine reason! The heavenly host may come and pitch their tents round about us as in the first Eden and easily mistake my husband for one of their hierarchy. I think it must be partly smiles of angels that makes the air so pleasant here. I think seraphs love as he loves me—ardent, rapt, tender, devout and holy.

Nine years later, during Hawthorne's absence, each kept a daily journal for the other. Sophia wrote her mother that she could not eat, "sitting opposite his empty chair at table, and I lost several pounds of flesh." Nothing changed, for at his death in 1864, after twenty-eight years of marriage, she wrote:

To me — even to me who was himself in unity — he was to the last the holy of holies behind the cherubim. . . . A person of more uniform majesty never wore mortal form. In the most retired privacy it was the same as in the presence of men. The sacred veil of his eyelids he scarcely lifted to himself — such an unviolated sanctuary was his nature — I, his inmost wife, never conceived nor knew. . . .

Hawthorne reciprocated without reservation for during their engagement he wrote her:

We are but shadows, we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream — till the heart be touched. That touch creates us — then we begin to be — thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity. . . . Thou keepest my heart pure, and elevatest me above the world. Thou enablest me to interpret the riddle of life, and fillest me with a faith in the unseen and better land, because thou leadest me thither continually. . . . God gave you to me to be the salvation of my soul.

During the winter of 1856 Hawthorne remained in Liverpool as American Consul while Sophia and the children spent the winter in Lisbon. He confessed in his Journal "the bitterness of exile" caused by her absence: "I have no pleasure in anything and I feel my tread to be heavier and my physical movement more sluggish than in happier times; a weight is always upon me. My appetite is not good. I sleep ill."

### He wrote Sophia:

Thou never again shalt go away anywhere without me. . . . Oh dearest, dearest, interminably and infinitely dearest — I don't know how to end that ejaculation. The use of kisses and caresses is, that they supersede language, and express what there are no words for. . . Nothing else is real, except the bond between thee and me. I am myself but a shadow till thou takest me in thy arms, and convertest me into substance. Till thou comest back, I do but walk in a dream.

During his years at the Salem Custom House, his Consulship at Liverpool, travel and residence in Italy, then a return to his home in Concord for four years before his death in 1864, Hawthorne was the idol of his household, spontaneously loved by wife and children alike, and deservedly so.

Of the seven selections from Hawthorne in our text, only "The Canal Boat," with its sharp recording of everyday characters and scenes, even roughly corresponds to the definition of Hawthorne just presented. The greatest, most memorable writings of Hawthorne have their origin elsewhere, in that "unviolated sanctuary" of his nature which his wife admitted never having penetrated.

### The Hidden Hawthorne

Mark Twain's statement in his Puddinhead Wilson applies directly

to Hawthorne: "Every one is a moon and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody." Toward the end of his Salem withdrawal, Hawthorne wrote Longfellow: "I have made a captive of myself and put me into a dungeon; and now I cannot find the key to let myself out - and if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out." He disliked this darker self, and rarely revealed it in his letters, even more rarely in his Journal; it is in his best writings that his imagination gave it such memorable expression that therein Hawthorne liberated this concealed self into greatness.

A most sensitive, intuitively wise, self-distrusting person, Hawthorne contained within himself a living mesh of contradiction or paradoxes. He professed to enjoy writing, yet during long periods he wrote little if any serious work, and during his last four years he was so torn by an unexplicable inner warfare that what he wrote in agony was far from first-Both in his "Celestial Railroad" and in "Earth's Holocaust" (text, page 340) he satirized reformers, yet he himself joined the Brook Farm communal enterprise and lost \$1,000 of his hard-earned money in the venture. He convinced himself and his wife that theirs was the perfect marriage, yet nowhere during his married life did he feel permanently at home, and during his last years could not throw off the heavy feeling of being entirely alone. At one time he would be objectively cold and distant; later he found himself impassioned and sensuous. In politics and economics he was alternately liberal and conservative.

The themes of his major works are intensely personal, yet outwardly Hawthorne was modest and shy. He seems to have created his tales to be employed as mirrors which, when contemplated at endless length, exaggerated and intensified his own self-defined sins as no other device could do. For Hawthorne, man's most withering sin is pride social, economic, scientific, and most of all - intellectual. "Egotism" or the "Bosom Serpent," "Rappacini's Daughter," "Ethan Brand"); yet his honest, loving wife saw in him "so absolute a modesty joined to so lofty a self-respect." He firmly believed that the individual destroys his human value by withdrawing from society (see "Wakefield," "Egotism," House of Seven Gables), yet when his favorite sister was drowned, he locked himself in his study, and always he was plagued in some degree by feelings of loneliness.

As his third major theme, he felt that the oppressive past dominated the present until it became almost lifeless (see House of Seven Gables, "Goodman Brown"), yet he had read widely in New England history, laid most of his stories in this historic past, and, himself, believed more Puritan doctrine than he repudiated. But everywhere in Hawthorne's writings, the most universal theme is hypocrisy, or concealment of sin; yet Hawthorne concealed his inward self so successfully that neither his wife nor children nor friends ever felt that they knew him

By employing his smooth, dignified style, his superb skill in symbol, in building tone, he "told all," as few artists have ever done—

Hawthorne so shy and distrustful of himself that Emerson recalled in his Journal the day after Hawthorne's funeral:

He showed no egotism or self-assertion, rather a humility, and, at one time, a fear that he had written himself out. One day, when I found him on the top of his hill, in the woods, he paced back the path to his house and said, "This path is the only remembrance of me that will remain."

### The Brotherhood of Evil

For Hawthorne, man is a complex, unpredictable mixture of good and evil, often governed more powerfully by his mysterious inner self than by what he knows or believes. He believed that moral and spiritual growth are achieved through suffering and sin; that we are brothers to the sinner by having dreamed inwardly of doing what the criminal

actually performs.

Understanding sympathy for the sinner is another of Hawthorne's great universal themes. Man's awareness of his own sinful nature is treated differently in two of his best "Young Goodman In Brown" (text, page 306) a newly wedded husband leaves behind for an evening his lovely wife "Faith" to enter the dark forest guided by the Devil and be baptized into the league of evil, the real binding force which binds all humankind together. When he either sees or fancies he sees his father, teacher, minister, and finally "Faith" herself also present at the evil rites, he cries out in agony, the vision or reality vanishes, and he returns to his home to die of a broken, despairing heart.

"The Minister's Black Veil" (text, page 315) is a haunting tale of unselfish self-sacrifice. Reverend Hoop-

er, a mild, gentle preacher about to be married, finally realizes that the members of his congregation, indeed all humanity — brother to brother, husband to wife, man to his minister and to his God - all remain isolated and unable to communicate because of the veil of unacknowledged sin which separates each from the other. Knowing man's tendency to seek out and oppose sin in others about him, even while prevented by his own pride from defining any specific sin within himself, the young Reverend makes his congregation believe him crazed by appearing in his pulpit one Sunday morning with a black veil covering all his face beneath his eyes. This he does, symbolizing the sin each of them bears, yet, refuses to acknowledge, in the hope that he may repent and thus begin his return along the road to free communication with men and with God. [The Reverend]

... face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath, as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crepe, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meetinghouse. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister, as his black veil to them.

Note in the preceding quotation, as throughout the story and Hawthorne's best works, how the story may be read at the same time on two levels: the first, the story level of incident which accumulates its own powerful impact; the second,

in which the veil is symbol of man's unacknowledged, separating sin. On this level man's every breath activates his sin; it separates him from the holy words which he reads, and from his God to whom he prays.

Along with several others in the text, this story deserves to be read aloud in full to those who would marvel at the meticulous craftsmanship, the penetrating symbolism, and the grave moral earnestness of one whose significance in America's literary tradition becomes even more apparent with the passing years.

To say that Hawthorne was ideally qualified to recreate life in Puritan New England is to speak truly, nor is it difficult to understand why he was able to interpret the Puritan mind and conscience — to restate with true perspective, the issues with which these early colonists were concerned. In summary, let us enumerate the reasons:

1. Hawthorne was steeped in the traditions of his Puritan ancestors and was haunted by their grim reality; (2) he was familiar with the memories which lingered with the old port town of Salem, Massachusetts, where he was born and in which he spent many years; (3) his own sensitive and introspective nature made him sympathetic with the problems that beset his selfrighteous ancestors. He believed, as they did, in the power of evil in man's life, yet he resented their intolerance of all who disagreed with theologically. Thus Hawthorne's own inner self became somuch a part of this setting as to make his writing actually autobiographical in nature.

To these qualities Hawthorne added the "gift of a luminous mind" and distinguished writing craftsman-

ship.

Two years ago we studied the Puritan and the way of life in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which gives us an excellent background for understanding Hawthorne and his writings.

Now that we have been introduced to Hawthorne, the man, and, in this lesson, have briefly studied at least one example of his art, we anticipate with enthusiasm a second lesson on him which will follow. In that lesson we shall enjoy Hawthorne's first mature novel, "The Scarlet Letter" which is also his masterpiece.

### Thoughts for Discussion

- 1. Explain the wide variance between Hawthorne's personal and his artistic inner life.
- 2. Recalling how Hawthorne feared the throttling hold of the past upon the present, do you feel that he lived more in the past or in the future, inasmuch as most of his best stories have settings in historical New England?
- 3. Identify Puritanical, then non-Puritanical elements in Hawthorne, the man; in Hawthorne, the artist. (See text, pp. 304-305.)

# Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

### Lesson 14 - Abundant Living for Our Day

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, May 23, 1961

Objective: To review the topics in this two-year series of lessons and emphasize the role they can and should play in helping us live abundantly today.

#### Introduction

The challenge of traveling the spiritual road and living spiritually in the Nuclear Age rests upon the shoulders of each one of us, but it need not rest as a heavy weight. Rather it can provide one of the most exciting and self-satisfying experiences we may have in this life, for the rewarding life does not consist in finding the easy way, the peace of mind which is achieved by rationalizing, reinterpreting, and failing to face reality. Rather it comes from meeting, resolving and conquering problems, overcoming difficulties and hardships, and developing a sense of accomplishment from having lived fully and having done the best we could with what we had.

We have suggested that in order for one to live creatively, and satisfyingly, and effectively in any time, but particularly in the Nuclear Age, one needs to possess a high degree of emotional maturity. We made a case for the necessity of a high degree of emotional maturity in order to be capable of living the teachings of Christ. The task of achieving emotional maturity was interpreted not only as being a life-long endeavor, but an eternal process. We recognized that we do not become mature all at once, but that we grow toward it with every step we take, if we are actively seeking to increase our maturity.

Importance of behaving in a mature fashion for our age and stage of development was emphasized in order for us to be able to set an example of maturity with which our children might identify. The significance of achieving a high degree of emotional maturity is important not only in order to be able to live the teachings of Christianity, but in order for us to experience the personal growth which we believe is inherently the right of each human soul. It is a basic foundation for achieving success in marriage and an essential factor for competent parenthood.

We explored the concept of religious maturity and endeavored to suggest some criteria by which we might evaluate it. Since religious maturity is a concept which has received little attention up to the present time, it represents an area in which we perhaps are far less successful than in developing physical, intellectual, social, and emotional maturity. We, therefore, hope that it was a rewarding experience to explore this area of thought, for the true gospel of Christ is not a religion consisting of juvenile formulations, but rather a religion which encourages the individual to develop all his characteristically human powers.

Once we have given some attention and focus to the concept of religious maturity, it seems obvious that successful accomplishment in this undertaking is essential if we are to experience the eternal growth which we feel will allow us someday eventually to become like God. However, a more immediate reward for developing religious maturity is the increased capacity to "follow in his steps."

Abundant and creative living will not only result in a more satisfying type of life to each individual at present, but should significantly contribute toward helping to build a world at peace, toward helping to bring about a kind of world in which man may live at harmony with himself, may experience the best in himself.

We hope we have widened our religious horizons by carefully considering the concept which we have of God. Certainly, if we are able to approach God in a spirit of love, rather than fear of a God requiring appearement or appealing to a God who is a magic helper, we will be able to establish a more creative and meaningful relationship.

The consideration of our concept of man likewise should have helped to expand our religious horizons. Whether or not we approach man as basically evil, neither good nor evil, or basically good, significantly influences our relationships with him. The Latter-day Saint knowledge that man is a child of God with divinelike attributes in his human nature, develops the desire and capacity within us to approach man with acceptance and love and un-

derstanding. Upon such creative and harmonious relationships can the foundation of a world at peace be built.

Closely related to both of these was our consideration of man's relatedness to the world. Once again, the Latter-day Saint doctrine of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man helps to widen our religious horizons and helps us more effectively to live spiritually in the Nuclear Age.

Considering the various stages of religious development may have been a new experience for many of us. If so, we hope that it will have contributed to our understanding and effectiveness as parents and teachers in more appropriately timing the presentation of religious concepts to our children. At the same time, we hope we took a careful look at our own stage of development to see whether we really have reached a mature level or whether or not our development was arrested somewhere along the line in childhood or adolescence.

Since values play such a major role in our lives as well as in our religious philosophy, we focused one lesson on the growth and meaning of values. Serious consideration of this lesson, we hope, helped us carefully examine the values we have, recognize our value conflicts, and evaluate how adequately we have internalized the values which we feel are most important. Developing and growing values both for ourselves and for our children present one of our greatest responsibilities. Once again, as was true with maturity, we recognized that values are never completely grown and the process finished, but that we should

constantly be exploring, modifying,

and enlarging our values.

Our great responsibility in connection with values is the way in which religious values may be grown withthe framework of the home and family. Children's "valuing" experiences come primarily in early childhood. The family as a character-forming agent was acknowledged, and the responsibility of the home in this respect emphasized. We recognized that in order for an individual to develop permanent values of high quality, he must first have developed a value for himself and the dignity of man. We hope, of course, that as we develop our values that this, too, will contribute to broadening our horizons and build into us a flexibility which will help us meet the challenges of a complex and rapidly changing world.

Because we are rearing our children for tomorrow as well as for today; because we realize that the world is changing more rapidly than ever before, and that the rate of change seems to be increasing at an unbelievable pace, our challenge is all the more overwhelming. We see the future when we look into the faces of our children and if we take our responsibilities seriously, we realize that the future is in our hands because we as parents are bringing up the children who will

make it.

### Trust

Abundant living is predicated upon a trust and confidence in oneself, a feeling of worthiness, a sense of one's ability to do the right thing, the feeling that one is growing and developing at a reasonable rate, and although one always recognizes room for improvement, a sense of satisfaction that one is doing the best he can with what he has.

It must also be based upon a sense of trust in one's fellow man so that he can approach him expecting him to do the right thing, to do the best he can at all times, considering his present circumstances, his training, his experiences.

And, finally, abundant living must be built upon a trust in God, a feeling of mutual love, a sense of partnership in helping to make this world a better place in which to live, in which one truly believes that one is engaged in helping God to "bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

### Inner-Satisfaction

A genuine sense of inner-satisfaction results from tangible evidence that one is progressing, growing, developing, truly experiencing. It does not truly result in the kind of peace of mind in which one tries mentally to discard all of his personal problems and those of the world as he might try to dump his refuse over the side of the ship into the ocean, or by handing over the responsibilities of personal, community, and national problems to other people by saying, "Let George do But rather inner-satisfaction results in realizing that one is accepting his share of responsibility, that he is exerting every possible effort to prepare himself to meet the challenges which confront him, particularly in the world of ideas.

Robert P. Crawford remarked, "The tragedy of life is not lack of brain power or education, but doing so little with what we have." And Roger Bacon's motto was, "Take nothing for granted; use your own



eyes and test all new theories with your own hands."

Perhaps the concept of inner-satisfaction is most adequately summarized in the statement, "You may have your peace of mind, I will take my comfortable unrest."

Feeling at Home in the World

There are many who feel that throughout the world today there exists a profound unrest, growing perhaps from a sense of rootlessness in which the individual feels lost in the universe of gigantic forces beyond his control. Is the space age to mean nothing more to a child than an exciting game or his form of fiction? Does science exist just to help us get ahead of other nations? We must have a clear definition of man's role so that we may more effectively transmit what we believe and at the same time encourage the child to find his own answer to man's fundamental question, where do I take my stand?

The atom is potentially dangerous, to be sure. So are steam, electricity, and, for that matter, the wrath, despair, and ignorance of human beings. What do we do about potential dangers? Do we bury our heads in the sand, hoping that they will vanish like mirages or wishing that we had never discovered their existence, or do we blithely disregard their trend? We do neither. We face dangers, try to learn as much as possible about them so we can make them subject to our mastery.

There is no way to give children an absolute sense of security, but there are ways of equipping them as best we can for mastering themselves and learning to feel at home in the world. Genuine Concern and Love for Fellow Man

The great text for our times and for our children is that the deepening of one's own religious faith should lead to more, not less respect for the religion of others. It is the parents who mold the character of their children. It is they who set the example and demonstrate the validity of the professed values. It is necessary, then, for parents to probe deeply themselves into their own faith. Do they obey the commandment given by the Savior "... Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Mt. 19:19)?

Have they opened their lives and the lives of their children to new and different experiences? Do they feel that it is exciting to greet newcomers and strangers, or do they look them over cautiously and suspiciously in order to discover whether they are "like us" or not.

True spiritual living and achieving a world at peace, growing the truly Christian values within us necessitate a genuine concern and love for our fellow men. Only by developing this quality can we experience the potentialities of our Godlike characteristics.

Working Philosophy of Life

If an individual will once begin to think about the wonder of his life and the links which connect him with the life that fills the world, he cannot help but develop a respect and appreciation and reverence for life. As a result of this, he may experience deeper concern, greater anxiety, more distress over unpleasant elements in the world and in the lives of many people, but, at the same time, life will be richer, more beautiful, and happier. It will be-

come, instead of mere living, a real

experience of life.

Living abundantly today and living spiritually in the Nuclear Age require a solid foundation of religious convictions. We need a conviction of trust in God, a belief that God has created us good and wants each one of us to find and to cherish his own goodness and the goodness in others. This truth will not be found in mysteries, or in someone else taking responsibility for us, but rather through our efforts of selfrealization and preparing ourselves to live a religion of maturity, love, and understanding of God and his children.

Summary

Our goal is spiritual living in a Nuclear Age. Our reward for successfully accomplishing this is abundant living today and always. Our contribution that of helping God achieve the goals which he has established for his children in this estate and in this dispensation. As we conclude this series of lessons and face with renewed vigor the challenge upon which we have focused, may we keep the following quotation from an unknown author foremost in our minds.

One life and one alone we have to live upon this earth.

One life in which to learn so much—to seek and find and prove our worth.

So many dreams there are to dream . . . so many things to know and do.

So many rosy peaks to climb . . . so many pathways to pursue.

So waste no time on fruitless quests that get you nowhere in the end.

The God of Time is yours to squander or with care to use and spend.

It's folly to postpone good deeds. Tomorrow never comes they say.

The future times belong to God. Your only chance is now . . . today.

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### Note to a Loved One

Mabel Jones Gabbott

So many, many moments, I have longed To see you, share your talk, know your smile, Since that warm day when angels thronged Our home and took you for a little while.

I thought the sun would never more be gay,
The world would break its pace, but summer passed;
I moved along with life until that day
I saw your gold chrysanthemums massed

Against the wall; and now, again, tonight, As needles click the scarlet wool in form, Sharply, suddenly, a snowflake's flight Recalls your pleasure in a first snowstorm.

There never seems an end to missing you, But somehow you are nearer when I do.

### New Stockings from Old Ones

Shirley Thulin

HERE is a new twist to an age old art — a way to make "new" stockings from those too worn to be of any apparent use. Cut the heel out of the stocking in a sort of triangle shape (Figure 1), then turn the sock wrong side out and, pulling the edges of the cut together, sew a seam on your machine (or if by hand, be sure to make small stitches so as to catch the threads well).

When the stocking is turned right side out, the seam you just made becomes the front of the stocking and hits the foot just across the front of the ankle (Figure 2) while the front part of the sock, where all the good strong material is, becomes the heel, ready to give a lot of good "mileage."



Figure 1

Figure 2

### Mountain Child

Shirley N. Howard

Hold fast, Mountain child, To those green-filled Crevasses of mind. Find Rest from granite earth In remembered meadows Soft with grass. Shade Eyes that burn From the ever sun In light Cool And leaf filtered. Turn From the whine Of the sand wind And listen deep— For there The songs Of long ago birds Linger. Lean Against high walls Of parent stone And feel renewed To face The thorn world. Hold fast, Mountain child, For therein Lies Your strength.

#### WINTER GARDEN IN MY CABIN

#### Maude Rubin

Wind stalks the open mesa,
Scatters the leather leaves
Of scrub-oak in the canyon,
Yet this weathered pinion gives
Its richness of pitch and plenty
To the chill of my cabin night,
While the delicate logs of aspen
Bloom in a blue and white
Garden of winter lupin,
Smoke sweet as a clovered May. . . .
So I close the door on winter,
Welcome summer in to stay.

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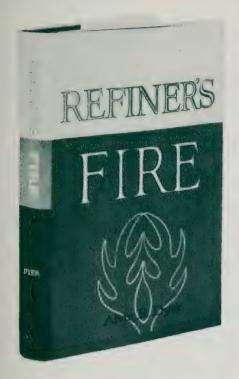
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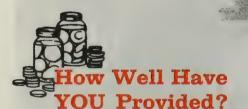
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# To the Height

### Alice Morrey Bailey

They were peaceful — those of Hovenweep —

Marauder-driven to the heights by war,

Those tenders of the corn, of herds of sheep,

The builders of pueblos, driven far

From much-loved plains, ancestral lands — the skills

Deflected by survival's desperate need —

To fortress-lookouts high among the hills

Where rocky soil repelled their garnered seed.

Since Babel's time fear-ridden men have sought Advantage gained by climbing to the height, Escaping doom, eluding slavery's rod. Each generation's bravest men have fought, But few have learned the spirit's surest might, The true supremacy of serving God.

The Cover: Canyon Lake, Arizona

Color transparency by Willard Luce

Frontispiece: Stronghold House, Hovenweep National Monument, Utah

Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

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# From Near and Far

On behalf of all the sisters of this mission, thank you so much for The Relief Society Magazine. Even those who cannot read English enjoy the lovely covers and illustrations, and the elders often tell us they find some of the most inspiring material in The Relief Society Magazine.

President
Uruguayan Mission
Relief Society
Montevideo, Uruguay

For some time I have intended writing to tell you how much I enjoy reading The Relief Society Magazine. I have received the Magazine as a gift from Mrs. R. B. Capps of Hartsville, South Carolina, whose son Garn S. Capps was a missionary here for some time. I like the lesson department and also very much enjoyed the articles on the restoration of the Bee Hive House (by Helen S. Williams, July and August 1960). I look forward to receiving the Magazine every month, and my family and I are truly grateful to Sister Capps.

—Mrs. H. A. Hughes

Charters Towers, Australia

The Magazine for January 1961 has arrived. I must comment on the cover of this issue by Claire Noall. It is beautiful! I do appreciate the coloring and proportion of the picture.

—Mrs. Florence H. Hanson
Salt Lake City, Utah

We treasure the Magazine. It makes us feel more a part of this great organization to know what other Relief Societies are doing all over the world.

President
Big Horn Stake Relief Society
Lovell, Wyoming

We are very thrilled and grateful for the things to make that are found in the Magazine each month.

—Dorothy Tobiasson
Ashland, Oregon

May we in the North British Mission express our appreciation for the wonderful Relief Society Magazine. It is the Magazine that stays within my constant reach for lovely talks, poems, and stories. The beautiful, colorful covers are so inviting to all of us. I know our Magazine sales have greatly improved these past few months. It is such a joy to open each new issue and find articles written by those whom you have loved and associated with.

—Nada R. Brockbank
President
North British Mission
Relief Society
Hale, Cheshire

The poetry in the Magazine is always lovely, and the stories are becoming more sensitive and real. I find spiritual enrichment each month from the moment I take the Magazine from the mailbox and view with charmed vision the beautiful cover, to the moment I file it away read from cover to cover.

—Wanda F. Hilton
Walnut Creek, California

Thank you so very much for our wonderful Magazine. The sweet spirit of the gospel is expressed on every page, on the cover, in pictures, poetry, and prose. How I look forward to receiving it every month! What a power for good it would be if it could be placed and read in every home throughout the world.

—Miss Golda A. Thomas
Farmington, Missouri

May I say that some of the dearest and most prized associations in my life have been among the Relief Society members. I love the organization and the Magazine, and I could be listed among the young mothers. I have seven children and have been a teacher in Relief Society for the past six years, I should say I have been "a class leader."

—Esther H. Yeaman Burley, Idaho

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

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### Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES Pattern of Living Alberta H. Christensen 148
Temple Square in Salt Lake City — Part V Preston Nibley 155
The American Red Cross: Its Function in the Sixties Elisha Gray, II 170
Where Did They Find Their Smiles? Olive Sharp 175 Where Did They Find Their Smiles?

FICTION

Stranger at the Gate — Third Prize Story

Close to the Angels

Coffin Under the Bed

Ilene H. Kingsbury 171

The Silent Sacrifice

Love Is Enough — Chapter 3

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far

Sixty Years Ago

Clive Sharp 175

Kit J. Poole 150

Norma A. Wrathall 158

Betty Lou Martin 183

Mabel Harmer 191

GENERAL FEATURES Sixty Years Ago 162

Sixty Years Ago 162

Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 163

Editorial: Sisters in the Gospel Louise W. Madsen 164

Notes to the Field: Index for 1960 Relief Society Magazine Available 166

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1960 166

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue 169

Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities 197

Birthday Congratulations 208 FEATURES FOR THE HOME

A New Viewpoint Celia Larsen Luce 165
The Trouble Hole Wilma Boyle Bunker 176
Grandma Had a Parlor Helen S. Phillips 178
It's the Food You Eat That Counts Margaret Merkley 180
Recipes for Family Dinners Emma H. Hanks 188
Maren C. Jensen, Expert Quilter and Happy Seamstress 190
Mitten Marvels Shirley Thulin 204 Mitten Marvels

POETRY

To the Height — Frontispiece
Little Girl Walking
Grace Barker Wilson 154

Mystic Syllables
Eva Willes Wangsgaard 157

No Robot Task
Mabel Law Atkinson 165

Quilting
Catherine B. Bowles 170

Humility
Louise Morris Kelley 177

Not a Drum Was Heard
Dorothy J. Roberts 179

Dark Come Late
Maude Rubin 182

To You — With Love
Christie Lund Coles 187

My Clinging Hand
Gladys Hesser Burnham 190

After the Silent Year
Mabel Jones Gabbott 196

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# Pattern of Living

Alberta H. Christensen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 5, 1960]

In a recent group conversation, an acquaintance of mine said, "Now that my children are grown, time hangs heavily; in fact, I am simply bored at times."

Another woman made this statement, "There are plenty of interesting, wonderful things to do, but there is simply no time to do any of them."

Both attitudes are lamentable, especially in this age of enlightenment and of crucial events. I commented that women who mothers, grandmothers, and Relief Society workers, are indeed busy, and that there is very little of what might be called leisure time. And vet as I look around me, I see women who not only do well what they are required to do, but who accomplish much beyond the scheduled tasks of the day. They seem to make maximum use of their time. They are happy, gracious women, who radiate the goodness of life. They are women who live constructively and with purpose. We have no difficulty identifying them, for their abundant lives lift them above all that is mediocre.

We have been taught as Latterday Saints that we came to earth for a definite purpose and that we shall be held responsible for the use we make of our time, which means, of course, what we make of our lives. For we indicate and develop the quality of our lives by what we choose to do.

We believe and teach our children that there are certain obligations which are basic to the gospel plan and, therefore, should have first claim upon our time. These obligations concern the home — tasks needful for the comfort and good of fathers, mothers, and children — and service to the Church which will further the Lord's work.

There is always an element of choice, but at certain periods of life, these two major responsibilities may occupy most of a mother's time. Yet to most of us come periods of less required activity — when there are fewer boys' shirts to iron and less fruit to be canned. In these intervals of freer time, we may choose our activities, and, by that choice, we indicate our interests and the quality of our thinking.

It is true that these intervals of leisure are brief — mere fragments of time — but days, months, and years are made of such fragments.

One man has wisely said, "There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment — and yet can waste years."

How, then, shall we use these brief intervals? Each woman must decide for herself — must choose her own pattern of living, but if she

is wise, she will heed wise counsel. Perhaps it would be well for all of us, as mothers and Relief Society workers, to appraise our own activities carefully, and ask ourselves a few questions. Are we frittering away hours or partial hours? Are we dissipating our energy rushing here and there needlessly? Are we constantly postponing activities, which we honestly hope to accomplish sometime, because we think we are Goethe said. too busy? always have time enough if we will but use it right." Are we engaging in activities which bring neither comfort and joy to our families nor enrichment to ourselves?

A S mothers, we need also to keep in mind that our children will remember our pattern of activity and that pattern may greatly influence, for good or ill, the homes which they will eventually establish. The memory of my mother's cheerful, kindly services to others has been for me as a lantern of glowing light throughout my adult years.

What, then, are some of the worthwhile activities which can be accomplished in partial days, even

partial hours?

There are individual talents to be developed or reactivated. The Lord has counseled us in Section 60 of The Doctrine and Covenants: "Thou shalt not idle away thy time, neither shalt thou bury thy talent that it may not be known" (verse 13). It is evident that our Father in heaven desires that we waste no time, and that he would have us develop and use our inherent abilities.

We are counseled to study and to learn — to become acquainted with books that will yield us words of wisdom. If we plan well, we can do considerable reading which will enrich our thinking and motivate us to good action, even in short intervals of time. We can be spiritually refreshed and our understanding of the gospel increased by consistent, although short-period, reading of the scriptures.

There are many lovely things for women's hands to make that will beautify the home and develop an appreciation for the aesthetic. But in this field we need to be selective and develop discrimination.

We must not forget that most enriching of all activities — the giving of oneself for the benefit of others. All Relief Society women know that in fragments of time, comfort and aid can be given to a neighbor who is ill. It does not require a day to welcome a newcomer into the neighborhood. Kindness to the homebound — extra services to living loved ones, or for those who have gone beyond this life, are activities of enduring worth.

Such activities leave no time for neighborhood gossip, discontent, boredom, or petty jealousies.

I think these words of Thoreau are significant, "As if we could kill time without injuring eternity."

I pray that our Father in heaven will help us to put high value upon the priceless gift of time; and that we will be wise and make use of his guidance regarding it. I pray that we may be able to distinguish between the worthwhile and the irrelevant; that we may live joyous, abundant lives, and leave for our children a pattern of wisdom and of sweet remembrance. And I ask this humbly.

# Third Prize Story

# Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Stranger at the Gate

Kit J. Poole

this inn tonight!" I cried out harshly at the retreating figure of my husband, Benjamin. He shouted back in the same harsh tones, "I told the man there was no room in the inn, but he's persistent. You take care of him."

Anger seethed helplessly within. I was six months with child. Benjamin seemed neither to notice or care. I had worked since sunup preparing linens and food for guests at the inn. Every inn in Bethlehem was crowded with the native-born who were returning to register for Caesar's decree of taxation. Ours was filled beyond capacity. I wondered where Benjamin expected to lodge these people. I knew that he would demand full payment, even if he gave them the stable. Sometimes it was difficult to believe that this greedy malevolent man was the gentle Benjamin whom I had married.

I had hoped that the child to be born would restore the close relationship which Benjamin and I had once enjoyed. When I told him the news he had only smiled grimly and, without comment, returned to his accounts.

There had not always been this anger and bitterness between us. In the first years of our marriage Benjamin had been kind and tender toward me. The love that was be-



KIT J. POOLE

tween us during those first years made life a constant wonder and delight. We had enough wealth between us that we had no worries about the material things of life. We had everything life could offer. If Benjamin had a weakness it was his love of possessions. He took pride in his vineyards, fields, and our estate. He loved to see me dressed in rich gowns and finery and enjoyed admiration for me in the eyes of men. I was his possession, and he displayed me with the same pride he did his holdings.

A man, whom Benjamin had every reason to trust, came to Ben-

jamin with a proposition which promised to increase our fortune many times. Benjamin investigated every detail of the proposal and found the venture to be safe in every way. He invested not only his own fortune but my inheritance as well in the venture. The corruption of the man had been carefully concealed. Benjamin discovered it too late. When we finally faced the loss of all our land and holdings, Benjamin had become a bitter, brooding man. All that was left of our fortune was the inn. Benjamin became innkeeper. It was difficult for me to be an innkeeper's wife, but the long hours in the inn, rough hands, and weariness would have been as nothing, if I had felt Benjamin loved me.

He became a stranger to me. He became calculating and cynical. He drove a hard bargain in the inn and loved the clink of coins in the cash box. He became involved in many petty schemes to become rich. He seemed to be in a constant fever to restore our lost fortunes. He held long conferences in the inn office with grim-faced men. All of his plans met with adversity. He seldom glanced at me, and, if he did, his eyes refused to meet mine. At times, when I saw the look of despair in his face, I tried to offer him words of comfort, but he would shrug his shoulders, mutter some word of anger and stamp out. He had shut me out of his life.

My beauty, which had captivated him in the early years of our marriage, was gone. Overwork and worry had brought lines to my face, and my hair was prematurely sprinkled with gray. My hands were rough and red. I was no longer the Anna whom he had displayed and admired. The knowledge that I was unloved reduced me to a petulant and complaining woman.

I heard the loud persistent pounding at the gate and went out into the courtyard. My cheeks were hot and the cool night air refreshed me. Unmindful of the clamor without, I sat down. The sky was strangely bright. The courtyard was illumined with a lovely light from the heavens. I observed one particular star and marveled at its brightness and beauty. A new one, surely. I sighed softly. If only Benjamin would enjoy this moment with me. But I knew we would never share a starlit evening again.

The man at the gate was becoming more determined and I rose reluctantly and opened it with a loud clang. I said in a cool, hard voice. "We have no room in the inn." I would have closed the gate but his

foot barred it.

"We must have shelter in your inn tonight!" The desperation in the man's voice made me look at him more closely. I saw a darkly handsome man with a noble bearing and penetrating black eyes.

"I am Joseph of Galilee. We have traveled many miles. My wife is in no condition to travel further." He kept his foot pressed firmly

against the gate.

"We have no room!" I said it once more coldly. My voice trailed off as I looked toward the roadway. The bright stars illumined the figure of a pathetically thin donkey. Seated upon it was a woman. But as I looked closer, she seemed little more than a child. I stepped toward her and she raised her head

proudly. She looked full into my face. I was assailed with her beauty. It was more than mere physical perfection. Dark curls tumbled about her shoulders, and her skin was translucent and flawless. She sat silhouetted against the sky in a golden glow of light. Her eyes were large and luminous and contained an almost unspeakable joy. She brushed her hand wearily across her forehead and sighed. "Joseph, we must hasten . . . surely there must be some place for us in Bethlehem."

I saw that she was big with child. She sat bravely upon the donkey, smiling gently, trying to hide her pain. I could see that her time was at hand. The man, Joseph, was beside her now. His eyes were raised to hers in such tenderness and concern that I turned away. The unloved can never bear the sight of such naked devotion in the eyes of another.

The woman looked at me with compassion in her eyes. Her hand touched my shoulder. "You, too, are with child. How blessed we are." It was like a benediction.

Benjamin was standing in the shadows listening, and he said in a strangely gentle voice, "Every room in the inn is filled, but our stable is clean. I shall prepare a place for you there."

I hurried to the inn and brought back my own sweet-smelling linens. I made a soft bed for them in the hay. I worked swiftly. All weariness was gone, and I felt only a great surge of exhilaration.

BENJAMIN spoke in hushed tones to the man as he helped prepare the stable for the night. The hard lines of his face had re-

laxed, and he kept looking at the couple in a puzzled, questioning way.

Finally, the stable was ready for the night. The woman stood by the window looking quietly into the heavens. Her eyes were calm and she seemed remote now. The man, Joseph, stood beside her. They did not speak to one another, nor did their fingers touch. There was a communication between them which was beyond the need of speech or touch. A terrible sense of loss seized me as I looked at them.

Benjamin stood hesitating in the doorway with the same perplexed expression upon his face. His lips formed words, but he seemed unable to voice them. Suddenly, he raised his hand in salutation and was gone.

I felt that the woman would want the assistance of another of her own sex at such a time. Timidly, I offered my help. She smiled sweetly and shook her head. Her eyes were clear and fearless and shone with an ecstatic joy. She had no further need of me. I felt myself an intruder before a shrine. Quietly, I left the stable.

The night was strange. I slept fit-fully. I arose once and went to the doorway. Not even a night bird called. There was a hushed expectancy about the earth, as if it waited for some great event. The great star shone over the stable. The animals were quiet and still. Far off on the hillside I saw sheep grazing. In the distance I heard the shepherd's horn calling the lost sheep. Into the stillness of the night, there came a sound. It was indescribably sweet and brought quick, joyful tears to my eyes. A

great tenderness enveloped me. It was the first cry of the child born in our stable. In my sleep it was not a baby's first cry I heard, but a triumphant shout. "Unto us a child is born . . . unto us a Son is given . . . . Hallelujah. . . ." The air about me seemed to quiver with exquisite notes of music.

Toward morning I heard a loud knocking at the gate. Men's voices were hoarse with excitement. Benjamin rose, grumbling. Later, I heard him speak in odd, hushed tones. "Shepherds have come from the hills to see the newborn Babe."

I awakened in the morning to the song of a bird outside my window. It sang so exultantly that I was enveloped in a great tenderness. I dressed quickly, thinking upon the strange night. I hurried to the stable, eager to see the newborn Babe.

BENJAMIN had arrived before me. He stood uncertainly in the doorway. We entered the stable together. There was an indefinable change in the place. The rough wood walls glowed warmly. animals were hushed and silent. The air seemed distilled into a more refined substance. The mother held the Baby in her arms as though she held a tiny bird who might escape and fly heavenward at any moment. Her fingers brushed against the rosy cheeks and her lips formed tender words of endearment. Her eyes shone and looked into the distance as though she shared a secret joy with someone unseen. The Child looked at me and smiled, and I felt my soul would melt with the joy of that moment. I felt my own child stir within me. I turned to Benjamin, wanting him to share this experience with me. As I turned I saw his gaze was full upon me. He was looking at me as I had never seen him look before. I trembled before him.

"Anna... Anna..." was all he said. Taking my hand, he led me from the stable. We sat down on a rough bench outside. His fingers felt the rough texture of my hands. "Anna," his eyes refused to meet mine, "I want you to know, I'm happy about this child."

I felt quick tears come to my eyes. Not until this moment had he made reference to the child who was to be born. His voice was husky. "When I saw you looking at the Babe, I seemed to realize your condition for the first time."

dition for the first time."

"You've been busy with the inn, Benjamin."

"It was as though, in that minute, the years dropped away and all the bitterness was gone," he said.

"I felt it, too, Benjamin."

"Anna . . . this couple . . . they're so poor. . . ."

"Yes, Benjamin?"

There was wonder in his voice. "Somehow it doesn't seem important to them." He paused a moment, resolving it in his mind. "It is as though all else is unimportant, except for what is between them . . . the Child . . . their love."

"What else has meaning, Benja-

His fingers once more felt the rough surface of my hands. "Anna, I've despised myself for depriving you of the wealth you were born to."

I could scarcely trust my voice. "You've deprived me of nothing but your love, Benjamin."

There was self-loathing in his

voice. "I've reduced you to a serving woman, an innkeeper's wife." Suddenly he was up, pacing the hard earth. "I've tried so hard, Anna . . . I felt that if I could restore our fortune that things would be the same between us, Anna."

My voice was trembling when I spoke. "Benjamin, love is not measured by the purse, but by the heart."

"I never believed that, Anna . . . not until . . . until this couple came to our inn."

"They have so much Benjamin."

There was a new note in his voice. "Anna . . . Anna . . . I've been so blind." His arms were around me and he was holding me tight. "A poor, roofless stranger at my gate showed me a truth you have known from the beginning."

I could hear the mother's voice crooning to her Child in tones of unearthly joy.

"No, Benjamin. Not poor. Rich! The richest guests we've ever entertained in our inn."

Kit J. Poole, a newcomer to the pages of The Relief Society Magazine, is a native of Canada. "I was born in Ottawa," she tells us, "and was converted to the Church there. At age nine years I won first place in a story contest and have written ever since. As a child, my stories and poems were published in the Ottawa Citizen. I was introduced to the Church through writing three one-half hour radio plays for the missionaries which were produced locally. I won a Nation-wide radio play writing contest when I was seventeen. The play was produced on a national network. After that I wrote and produced plays for a radio station. Since my marriage I have devoted most of my time to rearing five children, teaching in Relief Society, and writing skits and readings for the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. Some of my work has been published in the Improvement Era. I am married to Dr. Leland A. Poole, a member of the Ninth Ward bishopric in Long Beach, California."

### Little Girl Walking

Grace Barker Wilson

We walk along; she holds my hand Until a bright leaf falls; She rushes ahead to pick it up, Then stops when a bird calls.

She loves the flowers and all the trees, And pats them one by one; She sights an airplane in the sky As it reflects the sun.

Each day we share companionship, The best of friends are we, Though I am over seventy, While she is only three.

# Temple Square in Salt Lake City

Brief History of Its Growth and Development PART V—MONUMENTS ON THE TEMPLE SQUARE

Elder Preston Nibley Assistant Church Historian



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

#### THE HANDCART MONUMENT

#### THE HANDCART MONUMENT

A bronze monument, entitled "The Handcart Family," the work of a Utah sculptor, Torlief Knaphus, was unveiled on Temple Square by President Heber J. Grant, on September 25, 1926. Two aged handcart pioneers, Alfred Burningham of Bountiful, Utah, and Michael Jensen of Gunnison, "white haired and bowed," were present to witness the ceremony.

The principal speaker of the occasion was Elder Levi Edgar Young, Professor of Western History at the University of Utah, and one of the General Authorities of the Church.

"Elder Young told in detail the hardships encountered by the Handcart Pioneers in their trek across the plains, noting that, approximately 3,000 people walked from the Missouri River to Salt Lake Valley, pushing or pulling two-wheeled carts, in which were their only possessions.

"He explained that the reason they attempted this tedious journey was that they were too poor to purchase animals and wagons for the trip, and undertook the journey by foot, rather than wait for other means.

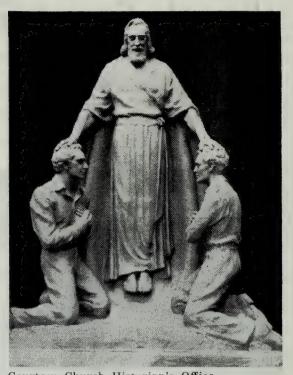
"Telling of their sacrifices, he commended the Handcart Pioneers for their strong characters and unvielding courage. He said that they came here to find their God, and nothing could divert them from their purpose. Their noble spirit and lofty courage should be admired by every son and daughter of Utah" (Journal History, September 25, 1926).

### AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMORIAL MONUMENT

THE beautiful monument on Temple Square, which memorializes the appearance of John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, on May 15, 1829, when that heavenly being conferred upon the two young men the Aaronic Priesthood, is a work of art to be seen and admired. Avard Fairbanks was the sculptor of the monument.

At the unveiling of this monument, which took place on the evening of October 10, 1958, President David O. McKay spoke to the large group assembled as follows:

This is not a monument to John the Baptist, nor to Joseph Smith, nor to Oliver Cowdery. . . . This is really not a monument to an individual. It is just what we say on the program. It is a monument to a great event, one of the greatest in the history of the world, and associated with it are eternal principles; a monument to the bestowal of the Aaronic Priesthood, and by a man who had it by birth and by confer-



Courtesy Church Historian's Office
AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMORIAL

monument ring; who had it directly from the

source of all priesthood, God our Father and his Son."

## MONUMENT TO CHARLES R. SAVAGE

AT the northeast corner of Temple Square, outside the wall and on the sidewalk, is a small monument erected to the memory of Charles R. Savage, founder of Old Folks Day, as it is observed in Utah. This monument was unveiled on July 23, 1936, by Mrs. Nan Savage Richardson, eldest daughter of Charles R. Savage. At the time of the unveiling, Bishop Sylvester O. Cannon said, "The Old Folks Central Committee presents this monument to the city, that it may stand as a monument to the Old Folks movement, and the founder, for many decades to come." Mayor E. B. Erwin accepted the monument in behalf of the city.

Former Mayor C. Clarence Neslen then paid a tribute to Charles R. Savage, with whom he was well acquainted. He stated that Mr. Savage gave much attention to community life, and that he was an inspiration to young and old. "Everyone in the neighborhood loved him and sorrowed at his passing. It was because of his motto, 'Never forget old people' that led him to promote the Old Folks movement."

At the funeral of Charles R. Savage, which was held in the Assembly Hall on February 7, 1909, my father, Bishop Charles W. Nibley, paid him this tribute:

"His work with the aged was his chief delight. He it was who originated the movement that has blessed and comforted many thousands of aged men and women. He was the mainspring of the committee. The presence of this large congregation is due to the love that was in his heart. He loved all mankind and recognized in every man a friend and brother. There was not a selfish thought in him and he



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

## MONUMENT TO CHARLES R. SAVAGE

sought the good of all. He will be remembered and his place can scarcely be filled. He exemplified the message heralded by the angels: 'Peace on earth; good will to men'" (Journal History, February 7, 1909).

### Mystic Syllables

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Forsythia is first to raise
Soprano tones against the cold
Like a wing-spread, golden bird.
One moment frigid, then a maze
Of brilliance in small bells of gold.
Who can name the mystic word
Whereby forsythia learned to save
All these syllables of sun,
Translated now to glowing bloom,
From abundance summer gave?
See. The miracle is done
And summer's spirit fills the room.

# Close to the Angels

Norma A. Wrathall

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways (Psalms 91:11).

as she took the large round lid from the sterilizer kettle, allowing a cloud of steam to billow into the kitchen. Some of it drifted into the dinette and settled on the cold window pane, where five-year-old Andrew was drawing with his chubby forefinger. Lisa's thin arms tensed as she lifted out the rack of nursing bottles, still trembling from the heat. She placed the rack on the counter, and then laid the back of her wrist against her moist forehead.

"Andrew, dear, tiptoe ever-so-softly into the hall, and listen if baby sister is crying. Ever-so-softly, now."

Andrew made a final swoop with his finger, and stood back to survey his work. "Look, Mama. It's an angel. It might even be a winter angel. Should I make wings on it?"

"Andrew, walk softly, now."
"Mama! You didn't look."

"Yes, dear. I am looking. It's lovely. And now, will you be a good boy and. . . ."

"Sure, Mama." His short legs moved with awkward care as he placed his feet. "See, Mama. I'm a tiger cat, with pillows on my feet."

A smile stirred the corners of her mouth. "Well, don't growl, tiger cat."

Lisa had turned back to the stove, and was stirring the formula in the double boiler. She did hope that baby Janette would sleep a little longer. All night, it seemed, she had fretted and cried, until at last Lisa had taken her, crib and all, into the living room so Karl's sleep would not be disturbed. Little enough he could sleep at best, with long hours at his job, and then night school, and studying on top of that.

A frown of uneasiness gathered It didn't seem Lisa's forehead. natural for the baby to cry so much, and vet she was not exactly sick. The day before, Lisa had called the doctor, and he suggested that she make the formula stronger. Maybe the baby was hungry, he said. There seemed to be nothing serious, from Lisa's explanation. She had been embarrassed, after she put down the phone. She didn't want him to think of her as just another fussy young mother. She had tried to read and study as much as possible about child care. Certainly, she didn't intend to be one of those helpless women who run to the doctor with every little thing.

Later that same afternoon, Karl's Aunt Ellie had stopped by. "My goodness, Lisa! There's nothing wrong with this young one. See her fat roly-poly little tummy. You've just spoiled her, that's what." Aunt Ellie had danced baby Janette on her plump knees. "Babies have to cry a little, don't they, Dumplin' Darlin'?" and Aunt Ellie had continued rocking and bouncing.

Andrew appeared suddenly from behind the door. "I'm not a tiger cat any longer," he said in a loud whisper. "She wasn't crying. And I didn't go clear in, either. Just by the door."

"Oh, that's good. You help Mama so much."

Andrew went back to the window.

"Now I better finish my angel. My Sunday School teacher says angels don't have wings. But Freddie says they do. He goes to a different church, and he says all their angels have wings. But if they don't have wings, how can they come where we are?"

"Well, Mama doesn't know about that. Besides, the steam is nearly all dried off the window. Why don't you put on your wraps and go outdoors for a while? You can make a snowman."

Andrew chattered on as he struggled into his snowsuit, and Lisa bent to help with zippers and boots.

"Come on, now. Be careful

down these slippery steps."

The icy air cooled her hot cheeks. Andrew tumbled into the soft snow, and she thought that he looked like a storybook elf, in his bright red suit with its peaked cap. She saw that Karl had swept paths around the clotheslines.

As she returned to her work, Lisa wished that she had not cut off Andrew's questions. She could have explained to him. But always she had found it hard to put her thoughts into words; always she held back, embarrassed at the depth of her own feelings.

Lisa tiptoed about the house, gathering up the clothes that simply must be washed. Sometimes she was lonely, wanting to talk to another woman. She had lived with her grandparents, now aged and liv-

ing in a distant state. She and Karl had moved recently into their new home. "It's too good a buy to miss, even if it is kind of far out. It will be worth it, to have a place of our own," Karl had said of the small house on the acre lot. So they had scraped together the necessary down payment, and had moved just as winter was setting in. There were no close neighbors on the one-way street, except some people who had moved into the house on the corner.

THAT morning, she had tried to explain to Karl as he ate his breakfast. "Karl, I think there must be something wrong with the baby. She cried nearly all night. Not a hard cry. Just a weeping little sound. Do you think I should call the doctor?"

"Why, sure, hon, call him if you want to. But she seems all right to me." Karl poured milk over his cereal.

"Aunt Ellie said it might be her teeth. But I'm not sure..."

"That must be it. Aunt Ellie should know. She's had six of her own. . . . I've got to dash." He kissed her, grabbed his lunch box, and started toward the door, pulling on his heavy jacket. "Don't forget, this is my late night at school," he said.

Lisa followed him to the porch. She half wanted to call him back. But, of course, she could not. He was mumbling under his breath as he primed the cold motor, and then the car sped down the driveway, and she was alone again with the children.

She called the doctor's office at two o'clock, but the nurse's pleasant, impersonal voice assured her that Doctor Overly was too busy to come to the phone. "What seems to be your problem? . . . I see . . . no fever? . . . Just a bit? Well, I'll ask Dr. Overly to call you just as soon as he can."

In the early afternoon, while Andrew took his nap and the baby slept fitfully, the quiet sounds of the house awoke. The clock ticked on the mantelpiece. Invisible feet creaked across the floorboards.

Later, as she dressed the baby, her fingers rubbed gently up the tiny back and shoulders and neck. Ja-

nette cried again.

She put the baby into the crib in the living room and glanced at the clock. Office hours were nearly over, and the doctor had not called back. Andrew was building a farm on the rug with his blocks.

"See, Mama. I builded a farm. This is the road with this big truck going on it. The snow is deep, so there's chains on the truck, big clankety ones like that new lady down on the corner has on her car."

"What new lady? Andrew, have

you been visiting again?"

"Just for a minute. While you

were washing."

Lisa dialed the phone. Again the nurse's voice fell gently on her ear. "Oh, I am sorry, Mrs. Britton. Doctor hasn't had a minute to call you. He's still very busy."

Lisa cut in sharply. "But I must talk to him. Please. It's very important." She drew in her breath, and her heart pounded. (Please, she thought, please help me to say the right thing!)

"Well . . . hold on for just a

moment, please."

She could hear crying in the background, and subdued voices in conversation. She strained her ears to hear what the nurse was saying.

"YES, Mrs. Britton. This is Doctor Overly."

Lisa gave a little start. Her voice was jerky as she gave the list of

symptoms.

"Now, Mrs. Britton, I know you are concerned. But from what you have told me, I don't believe it is serious. Maybe you could bring her in the first of the week. I'll ask my nurse to give you an appointment."

She moistened her lips. "Doctor, there is one other thing. I don't know if it is important. Every time I touch this place, she cries. It isn't

a swelling, exactly. . . ."

As she explained, he cut in, his voice alert, and asked questions. Then, "Well, maybe you'd better bring her down tonight. I'll wait here at my office. Can you come right away?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you, Doctor.

I'll start immediately."

Then, as she replaced the phone, she gave a little gasp, and said aloud. "What can I be thinking of! There's no car. And it's Karl's late night."

Andrew's voice was clear and untroubled. "You could ask that new lady, Mama. She's got chains on her car. Big clankety chains."

"Oh, I couldn't. I don't even

know her."

"That's all right, Mama. She won't care if you don't know her."

The woman who answered her knock was broad-faced, wide-bodied. She was smoothing a clean apron over her work clothes.

"Yes? Come in."

"I'm Lisa Britton. From down the block. My baby is sick, and needs to go to the doctor, but my husband is away, he won't be home until ten o'clock or later, and there is no way I can get in touch with him. I wondered if you, if you could possibly..."

The impassive face wrinkled into a sudden smile. "You hurry too fast. I'm Anna Lansky. I wait for my husband and my boy to come home for supper. You come in, sit down a minute, and tell me."

Lisa could never recall clearly the happenings of the next few hours. She remembered her own swift explantation, of hearing Anna Lansky say, "I just got old car here now, but I'll take you," and that she had scribbled a note for her son and her husband.

Then they were all bundled into the car, riding over the snowy streets, the windshield wiper squeak-

ing away at the sleet.

When they reached the doctor's office, the nurse had left, so Liza undressed the baby. Somehow, the sight of Doctor Overly's pink bald head, gleaming under the overhead light, and his half-exasperated comment, "For goodness' sake! Unwrap that baby," comforted her.

SHE watched in silence as his fingers examined the tiny form, his intelligent eyes noting every detail.

At last he looked up. "It is very fortunate that you thought to tell me about this symptom over the phone. Otherwise, I wouldn't have asked you to bring her in so late, and in another twenty-four hours, we would have had a serious infection. As it is, I think we've caught it in time."

He continued his instructions. As she dressed the baby, Lisa's hands

had stopped trembling. But there was this cold place at the pit of her stomach, this feeling that was to haunt her sleep for nights to come, jerking her sharply awake. What if she had not thought to tell him about the soft little place that wasn't a lump at all? What had sharpened her awareness, so she had known what to say?

At last they were home, and Lisa had thanked Anna Lansky from a tear-filled throat, and had heard her say, her broad face wrinkled into its unexpected smile, "That's what

neighbors are for."

She sat by the kitchen table, as Andrew dipped graham crackers into his milk, a bedtime treat. She had forgotten to draw the shades, and as her glance wandered idly to the frosted panes, she saw the outline of Andrew's angel, now only a blur. Her heart quickened, remembering the words she had almost missed saving. She thought of Anna Lansky, a stranger who had helped her; of Doctor Overly, who had waited at his office after an arduous day; of an old car that had taken them over the slippery streets and back again; of a child who had said, "But Mama, ask that new lady; it doesn't matter if you don't know her."

As if guessing her thoughts, Andrew yawned, and said sleepily, "I don't think I'll draw another angel tomorrow. It's too hard. I'll make one in the snow. But, Mama, if you had a guardian angel, would it ever tell you things?"

"Well, not exactly. But it might help you know what to say, or to think of the right thing to do." Lisa smiled comfortingly as she patted his hand, and her eyes smiled deeply into his.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, March 1, and March 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A WORD OF LOVE AND GREETING: . . . we bear you our testimony that the work we are engaged in is of God. That the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the Relief Society, which is a portion of that Church, were organized by the Prophet of the Lord. That we knew Joseph Smith personally, and saw and heard him many times speaking to the Saints when he was so filled with the Spirit of the Lord that his countenance became transparent, and he looked and spoke like a heavenly being. . . . We desire to leave this testimony with you all, and to have you understand and remember that the Prophet of the Lord organized our Relief Society that we might have the glorious privilege of doing the same kind of work that our Lord and Savior did when He was upon this earth . . . in looking after the sick and the afflicted, the poor and the needy . . . and all who are discouraged or in any way troubled. . . .

— Zina D. H. Young, Jane S. Richards, Bathsheba W. Smith, Sarah J. Cannon

A WOMAN SUPERINTENDENT: Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Education, has just issued her annual report, from which the following extracts are made. Since her appointment 26 months ago, Miss Reel has been in the field 17 months, has inspected 49 schools, traveled 4,138 miles, of which 2,087 miles were covered by wagon, pack horse and on foot, over lofty mountains, through dense forests, on remote frontiers and over rugged trails between precipitous cliffs.

-Notes and News

#### THE POET

He presses on before the race, And sings out of a silent place, Like faint notes of a forest bird On heights afar that voice is heard; And the dim path he breaks today Will some time be a trodden way. . . .

#### —Selected

HOW TO FORGIVE: . . . We are all God's children, with all our faults and failings, and very liable to yield to temptation. If we are not able to do a great work, can we not do good in little things? always having leniency one with another, selecting the good from a person's character and letting the bad alone; filling our lives with so much good that the evil will have no place whatever. . . .

-R. A. S.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE — JANE BALLANTYNE TAYLOR: Sister Taylor was a woman of generous impulses and gave much to the needy, and she was especially charitable in her estimate of the character of others. It is said of her that she never spoke evil of any one; silence was her habit when there was gossip . . . unless she could refute what was being said. . . .

—Е. В. W.



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

RLANCA PEREZ is one of the rapidly growing middle-class Colombian women (South America) who are becoming important to the life of their country, and who voted for the first time in the 1960 elections. Although Colombian women were given the vote in 1954, fear and a lack of understanding prevented many from using this right. The growth of a strong middle class (between the wealthy citizens the very poor peons) is strengthening all Latin American countries, and women from this group have become very active in social betterment and educational projects.

BETSEY TALBOT **BLACK-**WELL, editor of Mademoiselle magazine, has announced the selection of ten young women (under thirty) who have received the 1960 Merit Awards for distinctive achievement. The women are: Patricia Bath, specialist in cancer research at Hunter College; Lynn Seymour, Canadian born, now a star in the Royal Ballet (British); Jane Powell Rosenthal, museum curator and field archeologist who specializes in pre-Columbian American cultures; Elizabeth Seal, English actress, now playing on Broadway, New York; Wilma Rudolph, American Olympic star, winner of three gold medals

recently in Rome; Susan Greenburg, an expert photographer of "elusive moments," trained at Sarah Lawrence College and at Yale; Lee Bontecou, sculptress, American born, studied in Italy, and is famous for her bronze birds; Julie Isles, American designer of simple clothing for women; Elaine May, political commentator, educated at the University of Chicago; Helen Jean Rogers, former instructor in political theory at Harvard, now a television producer of special subjects representing world-wide people and events.

EILEEN FARRELL, gifted American soprano, will sing the title role in Gluck's "Alceste" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City this coming season. Two of her recent recording albums are classical in repertory and include art songs of Schubert, Schumann, Debussy, and Poulenc, rendering each of these masterworks with rare taste. Critics have acclaimed her voice as "rising to magnificent heights of tonal beauty and dramatic power."

WOMEN in journalism are becoming increasingly important. Today, in the United States, nearly half of the editors and reporters are women. Their specialty — women's pages of newspapers and magazines — now occupies a position of prestige and importance.



**VOL 48** 

**MARCH 1961** 

NO. 3

# Sisters in the Gospel

"SISTERS in the gospel" is a meaningful phrase to Latterday Saint women. These sisters, united in one faith, closely associated in ideals and goals, working with religious and charitable purpose, are bound in a great bond of sisterhood. The bond is acclaimed with love and sincerity from the far reaches of the earth. There are no boundaries to the companionship of sisterhood. No sister is ever alone, no matter how remote her habitation, who desires to be one with the sisterhood of Relief Society.

The spirit of urgency to teach the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people is the moving force which is resulting in a vastly increased corps of missionaries, the opening of new missions, and the establishing of new stakes far from the headquarters of the Church. With each new mission and each new stake a Relief Society is organized to do the work assigned to the women of the Church. "All must act in concert" the Prophet counseled, so each new group of sisters comes under the direction of those appointed to lead. With each addition, the strength and influence of Relief Society is enlarged, and opportunity comes to more sisters to join in service.

It was never more apparent that the Lord has important work for his daughters to do, and never more apparent that through Relief Society

the work may be done. Helping to bring about the kingdom of God, saving souls, teaching the gospel, and serving with love and compassion are aspects of the work the sisters are expected to perform. Service to others is the underlying principle of the brotherhood of man, President David O. McKay has stated. effectiveness of this service is multiplied when given in unity with a world-wide sisterhood and the joy of shared work is heightened. A devoted sisterhood, working under the direction of the Priesthood, united in the desire to serve, is a potent force in this great latter-day effort to spread the light of the gospel throughout the earth. The leadership of a great unified body of women is necessary to help combat the godless philosophies of evil circulated by those who would enslave the world.

Sisters, open your eyes! Let your vision be enlarged to the great work to be done and the matchless opportunity you have to do it. Count as one of the great blessings of your lives that you are living to see the prophesies concerning the growth of the Church fulfilled. See beyond the confines of your own circle and reach out to encircle the sisters of other nations who have sought and found the truth and now need to be led to new vistas of knowledge and service. Seek those who have not yet been taught. Work as the

EDITORIAL 165

Lord would have you work, under the direction of Relief Society, which is guided by the Priesthood, to bring solace, comfort and tender care to those in need.

Sisters, open your hearts! Welcome with warmth and sustained interest every new convert. Exercise sisterly kindness in all your relationships. Encourage those who need encouragement. Seek understanding of the customs and traditions of the strangers in your midst. Recognize the courage of those whose acceptance of the gospel has

necessitated sacrifices. Feel the motivating power of testimony, and bear your testimony that it may help strengthen others. Live in exemplary conformity to the teachings of the Savior. Accept your responsibility to do your part. Pray for one another. Open your souls to the overwhelming desire to be instruments in the hands of the Lord to help bring about his purposes.

Sisters everywhere, be in very deed SISTERS IN THE GOSPEL.

-L. W. M.

### No Robot Jask

Mabel Law Atkinson

The spirit of the land grew strong in him, Became the very essence of his soul.

At seedtime and at harvest he would brim With joy. He gently drove the mare with foal Before the plough, one of his shining team, Or pulling swaying loads of meadow hay.

Often he paused while driving through the stream To let the thirsty horses drink. When day Was gently closed by one clear killdeer note, He viewed the stars above his fields of wheat—God and the land were his, and from his throat A song ascended through air country-sweet.

No robot task to dwarf his mind and limb—The spirit of the land grew strong in him!

## A New Viewpoint

Celia Larsen Luce

WHEN we go on a trip we enjoy the scenery. We notice lovely trees against tall mountains, or great, majestic sweeps of desert grandeur.

Often we come home over the same road. Do we tire of the scenery because we just saw it? Not a bit. Coming home, we are looking at things from a different direction. Trees and hills and plains look different and new when viewed from a new direction.

Everyday living often palls because of its sameness. If I can only look at life from a new direction, with a fresh smile or a song, the sameness disappears and life's true beauty shines forth.



# **Notes**TO THE FIELD

## Index for 1960 Relief Society Magazine Available

COPIES of the 1960 index of The Relief Society Magazine are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The price is twenty cents,

including postage.

Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1960 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 33 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement on page 206.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is \$2.75, leather \$4.20, including the index. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1960 Magazines bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

# Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1960

#### **NEW ORGANIZATIONS**

Stakes	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
	Ben Lomond Stake	Donna F. Michaelson	November 13, 1960
Brigham Young University Second	Brigham Young University Stake	Lucille O. King	April 17, 1960
Brigham Young	Brigham Young University Stake	Afton N. Porter	April 17, 1960
Brisbane	Australian Mission	Enid M. Richards	October 23, 1960
Cedar West	Cedar Stake	Flora S. Perry	December 5, 1960
Edmonton	Western Canadian Mission	Melba R. McMullin	November 25, 1960
Hamilton	Auckland Stake and New Zealand Mission	Grace R. Boyack	November 13, 1960
Hawkes Bay	New Zealand South Mission	Rose Puriri	November 20, 1960
Las Vegas North	Las Vegas Stake	Vida H. Curry	November 6, 1960
Manchester	British Mission	Mary S. Woodruff	March 27, 1960
Melbourne	Southern Australian Mission	Mavis H. Cutts	October 30, 1960

NOTES TO THE FIELD 167

Stakes	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Miami	Florida Mission	Marion H. Madsen	November 13, 1960
Minnesota	North Central States Mission	Harriet H. Martin	November 29, 1960
Napa	Santa Rosa Stake	Dorothy S. Blaisdell	April 27, 1960
New Jersey	New York Stake and Eastern States Mission	Dessie W. Thomas	February 28, 1960
Oklahoma	Central States Mission	Margaret I. Gardner	October 23, 1960
Palomar Philadelphia	California Mission	Velma H. Peterson	November 6, 1960
Philadelphia	Eastern States Mission	Mary A. Porter	October 16, 1960
Pikes Peak	Western States Mission	Betty B. Bean	September 11, 1960
Puget Sound	Tacoma Stake	Ethel B. Whiting	June 19, 1960
Redding	Northern California Mission	Vera A. Kirby	December 14, 1960
Riverton	West Jordan Stake	Evelyn C. Beckstead	September 18, 1960
Sydney	Australian Mission	Ethel N. Parton	April 3, 1960
Taber	Lethbridge Stake and Western Canadian Mission	Ida S. Wood	September 11, 1960
Toronto	Canadian Mission	Janet Boucher	August 14, 1960
Tulsa	Central States Mission	Virginia L. Jacobsen	May 1, 1960
University West	University Stake	Annie M. Ballantyne	February 7, 1960
Vancouver	Western Canadian Mission	Myra D. Humphries	December 12, 1960
Winter Quarters	Central States Mission	Beth Payne	December 11, 1960
	MISSI	ONS	
Missions	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Alaskan-Canadian	Northwestern States		A A
Alaskan-Canadian	Mission and Western Canadian	Marie M. Weilenmann	December 1, 1900
	Mission		
Austrian	Swiss-Austrian Mission	Alice C. Smith	August 15, 1960
Eastern Atlantic	Eastern States Mission	Thelma O. Hill	October 12, 1960
European		May J. Dyer	January 6, 1960
Florida	Southern States	Edith K. Lyman	October 25, 1960
	Mission		
North British	British	Nada R. Brockbank	March 9, 1960
Raratonga	British Samoan Mission	Ruth R. Reeder	, ,
	British		March 9, 1960 October 12, 1960
Raratonga	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley	, ,
Raratonga	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican Mission	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley	October 12, 1960
Raratonga Western Mexican	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican Mission  REORGAN Released President	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley  IZATIONS  President Appointed	October 12, 1960  Date Appointed
Raratonga Western Mexican Stakes	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican Mission  REORGAN	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley	October 12, 1960  Date Appointed July 16, 1960
Raratonga Western Mexican  Stakes Atlanta Auckland Auckland	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican Mission  REORGAN Released President Virgie Mae Shuman Gertrude Grant Grace R. Boyack	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley  IZATIONS  President Appointed Gladys C. Garner Grace R. Boyack Gloria M. Dil	October 12, 1960  Date Appointed
Raratonga Western Mexican  Stakes Atlanta Auckland Auckland Ben Lomond	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican Mission  REORGAN Released President Virgie Mae Shuman Gertrude Grant Grace R. Boyack Eleanor T. Nielsen	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley  IZATIONS  President Appointed Gladys C. Garner Grace R. Boyack Gloria M. Dil Donna F. Michaelson	October 12, 1960  Date Appointed July 16, 1960 May 12, 1960 November 6, 1960 February 20, 1960
Raratonga Western Mexican  Stakes Atlanta Auckland Auckland Ben Lomond Ben Lomond	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican Mission  REORGAN Released President Virgie Mae Shuman Gertrude Grant Grace R. Boyack Eleanor T. Nielsen Donna F. Michaelson	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley  IZATIONS  President Appointed Gladys C. Garner Grace R. Boyack Gloria M. Dil Donna F. Michaelson Marvel M. Young	October 12, 1960  Date Appointed July 16, 1960 May 12, 1960 November 6, 1960 February 20, 1960 December 7, 1960
Raratonga Western Mexican  Stakes Atlanta Auckland Auckland Ben Lomond Ben Lomond Brigham Young University	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican Mission  REORGAN Released President Virgie Mae Shuman Gertrude Grant Grace R. Boyack Eleanor T. Nielsen Donna F. Michaelson Alice L. Wilkinson	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley  IZATIONS  President Appointed Gladys C. Garner Grace R. Boyack Gloria M. Dil Donna F. Michaelson Marvel M. Young Arta R. Ballif	October 12, 1960  Date Appointed July 16, 1960 May 12, 1960 November 6, 1960 February 20, 1960
Raratonga Western Mexican  Stakes Atlanta Auckland Auckland Ben Lomond Ben Lomond Brigham Young	British Samoan Mission Northern Mexican Mission  REORGAN Released President Virgie Mae Shuman Gertrude Grant Grace R. Boyack Eleanor T. Nielsen Donna F. Michaelson	Ruth R. Reeder Ireta P. Turley  IZATIONS  President Appointed Gladys C. Garner Grace R. Boyack Gloria M. Dil Donna F. Michaelson Marvel M. Young	October 12, 1960  Date Appointed July 16, 1960 May 12, 1960 November 6, 1960 February 20, 1960 December 7, 1960

Stakes

### REORGANIZATIONS (Continued)

### Calgary Chicago Columbia River Dallas Duchesne East Cache East Idaho Falls El Paso Fresno Glendale Granger Gridley Hillside Honolulu Kolob Lethbridge

Mojave Monument Park Moroni Nebo New York North Rexburg North Sevier North Tooele Oakland-Berkeley Ogden

Liberty

Olympus Oneida Parowan Pioneer Provo San Jose San Mateo Santa Monica Santa Rosa Santa Rosa Santaquin-Tintic Seattle Sevier Shelley South Sanpete

Sugar House Summit Taylorsville Temple View University

Valley View Weiser West Jordan

### Released President

Helen B. Pitcher Margaret Weaver Mona H. Kirkham Myrl B. Whiting Anona O. Miles Vera H. Peart Bertha Hansen Della O. Taylor Martha B. Řichards Mary E. Cutler Ella P. Bennion Ivy M. Brown Genevieve F. Wright Miriam W. Knapp Luella T. Wilson Winona U. Stevens Verna A. Hunter

Ora Kidd Reba O. Carling Venice F. Anderson Madge M. Christensen Dessie W. Thomas Mary G. Shirley Ora C. Mason Leona P. Boyce Annabell W. Hart Cleona W. Hendenstrom

Vera N. Barber Grace C. Gamble Bertrude S. Mitchell Julia N. Barg Orah Van Wagoner Barbara D. Howell Beryl Warner Elva D. Cusworth Dorothy S. Blaisdell LaVee L. Smith Fern Horton Leora G. Clawson Beth V. Anderson Eva L. Clinger Ludean H. Cox

Laura R. Millard Elva F. Richins Paula G. Wilson Margaret M. Glad Annie M. Ballantyne

Cassie D. Bailey Afton Anderson Mae C. Johnson

### President Appointed

Virginia N. Myers Hazel Kitch Laura W. Jones Mona K. Watson Ora N. Holgate Mildred H. Himes Leah L. Clark Lavinia B. Jackson Rella B. White Edna A. Beal Jenna B. Holmberg Wilma M. Croshaw Neva E. Paul Lois W. Ohsiek Ethel O. Jensen Theodora B. Nelson Jane H. Schipaanboard Wilda N. Andrejcik Henrietta H. Young Euleda B. Cook Gladys Wilson Lyle N. Paine Ada S. Sharp

Irene T. Ranker Pearl G. Williams Evelyn P. Henriksen Lettie N. Condie Violet W. Hulet Dicie S. Godfrey Hazel K. Petersen Florence W. Jensen Marcelle G. Ashby Audra E. Emfield LaVee L. Smith Cullen S. Peterson Jennie W. Murdoch Phyllis Unbedacht Madge G. Parks Velma Risenmay Vonda H. Christen-Ruth B. Kimball

Gladys O. Johnson

Geneal O. Stewart

Alpha M. Richards Verna V. Burke Edna S. Hewlett Evaletta G. Thomp-

Lenore C. Gunderson April 7, 1960 Irene H. Baxter Donna B. Williams

### Date Appointed

November 16, 1960 September 4, 1960 May 29, 1960 March 13, 1960 September 25, 1960 March 27, 1960 June 26, 1960 February 21, 1960 February 7, 1960 June 5, 1960 November 27, 1960 September 11, 1960 March 20, 1960 September 11, 1960 April 10, 1960 May 15, 1960 September 30, 1960

August 17, 1960 June 5, 1960 January 17, 1960 September 18, 1960 February 28, 1960 August 14, 1960 August 21, 1960 August 21, 1960 July 9, 1960 May 18, 1960

November 29, 1960 March 10, 1960 November 13, 1960 November 27, 1960 August 7, 1960 May 13, 1960 July 7, 1960 September 18, 1960 May 19, 1960 September 15, 1960 October 2, 1960 January 20, 1960 August 7, 1960 May 7, 1960 June 19, 1960

June 19, 1960 July 18, 1960 August 29, 1960 June 26, 1960 February 20, 1960

August 28, 1960 September 18, 1960

Stakes	Released President	President Appointed	Date Appointed
West Sharon Winder Yakima	Oda Rasmussen Dorothy F. Bolander Adele Willden	Elsie B. Taylor Vera P. Richards Arda Mae H. Kirk- ham	March 13, 1960 August 17, 1960 May 15, 1960
Zion Park	Margie D. Barker	Genevieve H. Gubler	March 27, 1960
	MISSI	IONS	
Missions	Released President	President Appointed	Date Appointed
Argentine California East Central French-Polynesian Great Lakes	Marilyn H. Pace Lela L. Udall Marie C. Richards Ruth R. Reeder Vonda H. Christen- sen	Edna Snelgrove LaPriel S. Bunker Delilah H. Brown Gabrielle Lauz Young Annie R. Gledhill	February 2, 1960 June 8, 1960 January 6, 1960 November 2, 1960 January 7, 1960
Netherlands North Central Northern States Northwestern States Northwestern States South African South German West Central States	Lucy G. Sperry Diana F. Child Vera C. Stratford s Effie K. Driggs s Helen K. Richards Holly W. Fisher Verda C. Buehner	Fawn W. Volker Joie M. Hilton Mary S. Maycock Helen K. Richards Verna L. Wood Hilda H. Alldredge Katherine B. Cannon Hazel Woolley	January 8, 1960 April 29, 1960 May 24, 1960 January 1, 1960 December 21, 1960 May 25, 1960 June 23, 1960 October 12, 1960

Ruby O. Richards

Helen C. Fyans

Ada A. Christiansen

July 16, 1960

December 1, 1960

November 9, 1960

### Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

The April 1961 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four outstanding short stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"Room for Jenny," by Dorothy S. Romney

Minnie P. Burton

Daisy R. Romney

Lois H. Jensen

West German

Western States

Uruguayan

"I'm Sorry for Your Flowers," by Iris W. Schow

<sup>&</sup>quot;Stranger in Their Midst," by Jeanne J. Larson
"The Ogre on Alden Street," by Barbara Williams
"I'm Sarry for Your Flowers," by Leis W. Saboy

# The American Red Cross: Its Function in the Sixties Elisha Gray, II

Volunteer National Co-Chairman for Members and Funds

THE Red Cross is the humanitarian service organization most likely to touch upon the personal lives of American citizens in one way or another. . . . Let's briefly review just what these personal needs are and how Red Cross strives to meet them.

First of all, despite technological advances of all types, you still have nature, who gave such a resounding demonstration during Hurricane Donna last autumn that she's here to stay and is quite beyond the influence of mere men. Disasters can happen anywhere at any time. Red Cross provides help for the disaster-stricken.

Another sector of need is the continuation of enormous armed forces stationed all over the world. As you know, Red Cross has a comprehen-

sive program of services for the armed forces.

In both of these activities, Red Cross not only carries out a philanthropic purpose, but also has an exact assignment from the Federal Government to execute certain programs in connection with national disasters and with serving the armed forces. These assignments are not a matter of choice with us, even though they still do depend on charitable contributions.

But these are just two of the Red Cross services growing in importance. With the dramatic increase in boating and water sports, it is vital that Red Cross continue its safety programs in these fields, as well as its essential first-aid training.

Lifesaving blood, home nursing training, international activities are

still other Red Cross services that meet vital needs. . . .

Yes, the need for support of Red Cross is greater in the '60's than ever before. Let me suggest, therefore, that all of us will feel a sense of great reward if we help make it possible for Red Cross to meet its great responsibilities in the days ahead.

## Quilting

Catherine B. Bowles

\* \* \*

Stitches even, smooth, and fine, Tracing neatly the design Around the border through the square — Fingers making patterns rare.

Each has a pattern of life to live, Led by the gospel. To others give The generous hand, a pleasant smile To help the sorrowing walk their mile.

# Coffin Under the Bed

Ilene H. Kingsbury

V7HO ever heard of keeping one's coffin under the bed? That is exactly what each visitor kept asking himself, secretly, of course.

At eighty-eight, Samuel, a pioneer to the Rockies in the year 1848, was passing away. His long frame became a bias on the off-sized bed on which he had lain these several weeks. The reinforced bedstead was extra heavy to accommodate a giant of a man; and to most people's eyes was too high from the floor for comfort. It rather reminded one of the new-fangled beds in the sleeping cars which tagged along at the end of the new transcontinental trains. They were not high enough to clear one's head, as a bunk bed style; not low enough to sit upon. This one obviously had sheltered a trundle bed. This accounted for its peculiar height. Samuel's bed had a coverlet of gigantic size which flowed round the heavy posters and all but touched the random boards of the uncarpeted floor.

Aside from the numbers of loving relatives who came to pay last respects to the man the whole country called "Father Samuel," there were a few great-grandchildren and inquisitive folk who sat there and wondered even now whether there was actually a coffin hidden away beneath that straw tick, that rope spring, that immense cover. And as it was not considered polite to stoop and peer under the shadows of a sick man's bed, unless something untoward happened, perhaps no one would ever know whether at long last the old gentleman would be laid away in a coffin of his own make — the one reported to be cached away under his bed these

years and years.

The youth-times of this venerable pioneer kept reviewing themselves before his dimming eyes. There were the days when, as a lad, he begged his father for a hammer to follow along the New England farm buildings in the annual mending tasks which occupied the menfolks. The very feel of the tools, the heft, the force it took to wield them, all came so naturally to Samuel, and his efforts were so completely satisfactory to his father, that from then on there was no question about what his occupation was to be.

By the time Samuel was seventeen he was an old hand at building the more simple outbuildings on the farm, and in another year astonished his parents by announcing that he had taken over the erecting of a house for a family over in New York State, Kimball by name. And, as boys those days were men in responsibility before they were out of their teens, little was said to discourage him. He built well. Samuel saw that house after sixty years of inclement winters and pronounced it weathertight and good for at least a century more.

His tool chest, fashioned by himself, soon came to house instruments of great usefulness. Some were made by himself, forged in his

father's blacksmith shop, and some were received in trade for labor. Each coveted handle or metal piece aided him in his craft as a cabinetmaker and joiner. He carried that chest thousands of miles on life's journey. First over the New England countryside, then packed away for an Ohio River trip to the Mississippi shores — he was always sure of its whereabouts. At that point he got it out for an assigned task on the temple in Nauvoo, Illinois. Then he packed it away again, this time in a covered wagon which rolled over the middle prairies of North America and across the Rockies to a Great Basin valley. For four temples more Samuel used these same tools in the service of the Lord. His parental care of them became a constant pride to his family, and each male descendant actually wanted to inherit the set when the old man died.

CONSTANTLY returning to memory, as he wasted away on his great bed, was a thought that if this were the end of his life, at least his coffin was ready. For sixty years he had fashioned these boxes for the dead of several near communities. Large and small, fancy and plain, lined with black silk or bare to the boards, long or short; coffins had left his shop ultimately to seek the earth. Always, in urgency and emergency, bereft ones had come to his door to hurry, measure a body, style a coffin — time was fleeting. Only one day was allowed to lapse between death and burial. The job was generally a night one.

Samuel had heard a States traveler call the boxes caskets, but it was several decades before the term gained the fashion in the Basin. It came about when professional men tacked a shingle to their gates which stated their mournful business. Basin pioneers also called the burying lot a graveyard. Cemetery was a fancier term used later on.

Again, the young years crept to Samuel's mind. He almost felt his muscles bulging as he turned an elm log with ease in one of the few sports boys engaged in in those days. Or he experienced again muscles of his whole body strain as he stood with his back to the rear axle of a buckboard. With heels implanted in the sand and arms as half circles of living iron, and with hands whose grip could bend a crowbar, he picked up the end of the wagon and heaved it over a boulder. At the same time he grunted a command to his team to tug out of the ruts. Now, near ninety, he could not believe that such strength had been his; just as at twenty he could not believe that on one future day he would lie helpless with no strength at all except faith.

CAMUEL remembered a day when his name was read out in Church as one to complete the roster for a new settlement. Listed among the artisans of the group, he took his place beside two other carpenters and three blacksmiths. As the years flew by and he walked the streets of the Southern Utah community he had helped to build, sighted picket fences, outhouses, barns, gingerbread porches, handrails to stairways, church spires, wagon beds, carts, racing rigs, children's miniature furniture, milk cupboards, tables, and chairs . . . truly on and on he could have gone . . . mostly the practical . . . all made by his two willing hands.

But always, somehow, back to the coffins his memory drew him. It was his trade that had led quite naturally to helping as best he could, without any thought of pay, in case death struck a household. His wife and two daughters helped to "lay away the dead," and as they were the first to be notified of sorrow, he was the next to be asked to do his share — to provide a suitable coffin.

Perhaps it had been one of those typhoid epidemics which struck whole communities that led Samuel to plan for his own future. At any rate, at a particularly trying time, after every resource of lumber had been commandeered, when even a mother and child were buried together because of lack of material to make separate resting places, Samuel came to a great resolution.

At least, if he made a coffin for himself, and always had it on hand, no one would have to work all night to make him comfortable in the earth! This one would not be an emergency affair, hard hit for time to finish off the edges, to choose the least knotted slabs, or skimp on the lining. This one would be ready for that unknown day when his Maker would summon him to his reward. For that is how Samuel looked upon death. Not a punishment to be feared, but a reward for intentions, acts, kindnesses, all of which otherwise go unmentioned or unnoticed in life.

So he made himself a coffin, after first striking off his width and length in the cabinet shop account book. This was a custom built article; a source of great pride.

But where to store it until that fatal day, was the problem. At about that time his wife was moving their last child from its outgrown trundle bed to the north room, where it would share a place with the next older child, and she remarked something about the fact that for the first time in eighteen years they would be alone in the bedroom at nights. After which statement she called to their oldest boy to please carry the trundle to the attic, there to have it rest until grandchildren came along. Samuel sat watching this interesting event, and his thoughts raced around and about with a little plan of his own.

"Mother, what would you say to me using that space under the bed for something I have to store there?"

She gave it a little consideration. Samuel so seldom asked for anything — always being on the giving end, so to speak — that she nodded permission while already wondering how she could get along without a little one very near her in the night.

HOW startled she was then to find Samuel already out the door, and to sight him down the path to his shop. Before she could call to him, out he came lugging that coffin of his.

She just couldn't have foreseen the result of a mere nod. Surely he wouldn't consider for a minute keeping that box under their bed! Not that sad reminder that days on earth are numbered! Not that hulk of wood to be shoved about to dust around!

But by this time Samuel was upending it through the door, and with a delighted glance at her, got it through the kitchen, across the hall, and on into their bedroom. With scarcely a pause for adjusting the weight of the thing, he eased it

down, and slid it under their bed! It was only then that he raised up, brushed off some sawdust from his hands to his pants, and turned to her with the greatest of satisfaction.

Of course this was unheard of; naturally it was a reminder of sorrow; truly it was unthinkable in any household. But hadn't she given him permission? Did she once say anything against the plan? So there it reposed, a permanent fixture, quite ghostly in appearance, in an otherwise plain and unimaginative household.

After the settlement of all difficulties such as the most obvious one that everyone could see it there and he suggested a larger bedspread to hide it, there it was, ready for his use, while at the same time, freeing him to make other such containers for fellow townsmen, neighbors, and relatives when occasion demanded.

SEASON followed season. would assume that other than being periodically dusted, this container for a corpse was not a problem or a source of disruption. But seldom are such assumptions well founded in fact. Victims of accidents, epidemics, or dreary old age - all were provided for in the last analysis by Samuel with proper coffins — his personal coffin. Over a twenty-year period, at least a dozen of his personally measured and modeled coffins had been tugged from under his straw tick and rope springs of the now famous bed. Loving hands had encased one after another of his companions in the best the times afforded. Those of the pioneer trail, the settlement of new lands — those friends of his youth were laid away in proper dignity and style. These were men who,

with him, had built the community. Indeed, each case seemingly justified such an intimate sacrifice. The serene look of bereaved widows, as he now remembered them, was enough payment for letting go of

his prize craftsmanship.

On each occasion his good wife had reminded him of a blessing received under the hands of a certain patriarch that long, long (he had said the word twice) life would be his, if he lived worthily. Thus justified, Samuel would surely have time to make another coffin for himself. This, Samuel could not gainsay, and once more graciously gave a saddened family his last earthly offering to the departed.

It is remembered by many that Samuel's wife finally came to accept with due resignation this state of affairs. Indeed, it was just as well that this was so, for to their golden wedding day, and beyond, there were few nights when she and Samuel were not sleeping over his coffin.

His urgency to make another one was somewhat of a joke among his children, for they, too, believed the story of his blessing. This absolute guarantee of long life was something to be banked on; possibly one of the few things they set belief by. A ten-year rest would not have hurt their father at all. This, he argued was not the case, for who knew when the Lord might change his plans and purposes where Samuel was concerned? They became silent. He took down his measurements again and fashioned another box to fit his ample proportions.

We stated in the beginning that at eighty-eight the last hours had come to this veteran carpenter. But the going was harder than anyone

could guess. For had the curious dared peek under the folds of the coverlet, they would have seen only a vast cavern of nothingness.

No comfortable coffin graced the floor, no adequate housing was there for this man who had so lovingly given a small lumber yard of coffins to his dear ones, both related and unrelated. The last offering had been donated to the cause only a week ago.

As the news of Samuel's illness spread, men hurried to the canyon mill for lumber. Already some young apprentice at the cabinet shop was copying the measurements of the old patriarch from an ancient account book. Already a sister who would lay him away was cutting some black

silk for a lining; and kind hands were sewing for him so he would look just right for this momentous occasion.

Samuel's eyes yet glinted with wisdom, humor, and good will, as he said to his dear ones, "You can get that new coffin ready if you want to, but don't expect me to use it. I will yet get out of this sick bed and make one for myself!"

But the Lord did have other plans, at long last, for Samuel. His wife wrote in her journal: "Today, Sept. 24, 1874, we laid away the husband of my youth. For sixty-two years we have lived together through joy and sorrow. Our children remain to comfort me. He was buried in a coffin not of his own making."

### Where Did They Find Their Smiles?

Olive Sharp

ONE day last October I was sauntering past the Temple Square Hotel, in Salt Lake City, Utah, when, looking up, I saw a large group of women entering the hotel. They were chattering and gay. At first I wondered who they were and where they were from, and then it dawned upon me that they were in Salt Lake to attend Relief Society Conference and the Church conference.

Conference gathering is a wonderful affair. It stimulates the women for weeks before time, planning and getting ready. Then the big time comes, and they are really at conference, listening to great and inspiring sermons, meeting relatives and friends and many strangers. No wonder they have so much to talk about during conference week and for weeks thereafter. Their spirits are lifted up and they can go home, really feeling like new persons. Tasks that were boring before now are no trouble, and clouds have rolled away and life is more worth living.

I know, from living in Evanston, Wyoming, how my Mother would get interested in preparing dresses for herself and me and getting everything all spick and span so we could go and stay one week with my Aunt Clara, to be able to attend conference. After seeing those women, I knew how happy they were and where they had found all of those wonderful smiles.

As a girl, I attended a Protestant church, but, after my marriage, I just floundered. Then, one night, I had a very peculiar dream. It seemed that I was in a large forest, lonely and lost. Then all of a sudden I saw a bonfire with many women around it. Others were gathering twigs and other materials to keep the fire burning. How I wished I could be one of them, as they were enjoying themselves so much. I knew that dream meant something to me, as I was very lonely and a stranger in the city.

Then I joined the Relief Society, and now I am doing what I can to keep that fire burning. I have been a constant worker in that organization for over thirty years. I find that I am gaining knowledge in many ways. It also helps me in a spiritual, as well as in a temporal way, and makes me a better Christian and a better neighbor.

### The Trouble Hole

### Wilma Boyle Bunker

RECENTLY our family, my husband and I and our three sons, made a project of building a cabin in the mountains. Even I bravely helped to mix the cement for the footings, dig the trench for the water line, and nail on the knotty pine.

"I'm just not cut out to be a carpenter," I would wail to my husband, as the lengths of pine would invariably slip out of the groove at the bottom, just as I got the top in

place ready to nail.

But little by little our dream took shape and the cabin became a reality.

We haven't been able to decide which time is more beautiful in the canyon, the morning or the evening. In the morning, just before sunrise, the sky turns a salmon pink in the east, then changes to a brilliant orange-red. The cliffs in the distance are hazy and dim-outlined. And then, suddenly, the sun blazes forth in full glory, and everything recomes edged with gold.

In the evening, the mountain tlines are sharp-edged and seem ch closer. The sky in the east s on an ethereal rose glow, and that a light blue and then As the sun sinks, the gray envelops the blue and rose, finally, the color disappears ely, and darkness descends. hen there is the night. The so close we feel we can to touch them. There n-made lights to detract, the vastness of the uniisly spread out before nd nothing can quite

compare with a full moon filtering through the pines and aspens.

At the entrance to the canyon, fairly close to the road, is a deep ravine, too steep and too precarious to scale. We have named it our "trouble hole." As we drive by it on our way to the cabin, we open wide the windows of the car and throw our troubles into the hole, making very sure that we take none with us as we drive away. Then, on the way back, after our stay in the canyon is over, we are equally as sure that we don't pick them up again. And, strange as it may seem, after we have been away from our worries and disappointments for a short while, they don't seem nearly so formidable, and, in many instances, a solution has been found, or they have just ceased to seem so important to us.

Some who are a little cynical might say that we aren't facing reality when we attempt to by-pass our troubles. Others might say that precious time is wasted gazing at sunrises and moonlit nights. others might not find peace in a crackling fire in a cabin fireplace with a bowl of freshly popped corn nearby, and the family gathered con-

tentedly around.

It doesn't take wealth or fame of position or power to bring peace within us. If we but pause and look around, peace can be found in the rustle of aspen leaves, in the exquisite workmanship of a wild columbine, in the symphony of a mountain stream, and, yes, even in a simple, little, symbolic ritual such as tossing worries into a deep and irretrievable trouble hole.



Don Knight

SCENE ON THE SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

### Humility

Louise Morris Kelley

Grandeur? Sometimes. But give to me The loveliness of minute things. Thus intertwine my symphony With solo parts for flute or strings.

When ocean lures, as flame the moth, My soul to revel in its roar,
Let orphaned bubbles of sea froth
Remain — my treasures on the shore.

Let me recall as from the crest Of mountains I survey this land: Not only mountains has he blessed But, too, this quartz grain in my hand.

### Grandma Had a Parlor

Helen S. Phillips

home with that "lived-in" look — what an apt description of most present day households! Seldom does an inch of space go to waste, so functional is the modern home. Yet, surrounded as we are by the miracles of pushbutton living, it is difficult to resist a twinge of envy when we consider the household of Grandmother's day.

Grandma had a parlor.

Not for her that "lived-in" look, at least not in that room! Grandmother's parlor was severely neat and forever tidy. As a matter of fact, she staked her housekeeping reputation on the appearance of that one room. Those were the days, remember, when the front parlor was kept closed off from the rest of the house. It was considered to be the family "no man's land," regardless of how many - or how few — other rooms there were in the house. As part of the daily cleaning routine, "straightening up the parlor" was always given first priority. No flick of dust was permitted to remain anywhere near the doilies on the organ, or on any of the rest of the furniture, for that matter. No wayward scrolls of lint ever dared to gather beneath the horsehair sofa. And absolutely unheard of were assorted toys or building blocks cluttering up the center of the room, or providing an obstacle course for the doorway. No indeed! Every day, Grandmother's parlor was efficiently cleaned and thoroughly polished. Then the door was closed firmly, and kept closed in

the event that someone might pay an unexpected call. Perhaps the Visiting Teachers might be making their rounds. Here was a room that

could face any crisis!

Remember how fascinating it was when, as a child, on special occasions you were permitted to cross the threshold of that inviting room? It always seemed to take a minute or two before your lungs could adjust to the closed-in, airless atmosphere. But after that, what fun it was to explore! Remember what a joy it was to admire the colorful bouquet of dried strawflowers? It was years before you discovered they weren't How entertaining to leaf through the family picture album which shared space on the front room table with the family Bible. How fascinating to gaze at the framed portraits of your ancestors, some of whom even had real samples of the owner's hair pressed behind the glass! Remember how you always held the giant seashell up to your ear as you listened to the roar of the ocean? Yes, and could anything surpass your joy the day you discovered you could read for yourself all those witty, delightful mottoes which were stenciled on the stiff sofa pillows? The colorful afghan, the braided and hand-hooked rugs, the crocheted table centerpieces all were made by Grandmother's nimble fingers, yet in your youthful eyes nothing was half so beautiful as the decorative spray of wheat, gilded with real gold.

Apart from the nostalgic memory of those visits to that fascinating room, thinking of Grandmother's parlor arouses a pang of envy for quite another reason. What a perfect housekeeping aid it would be if every present day mother could have just such a room! A real, old-fashioned parlor, not merely the family room which is currently in vogue. How comforting it would be to know that unexpected visitors could be entertained easily in tidy, uncluttered surroundings. A room where you could relax and chat pleasantly with guests, without letting your eyes stray guiltily to sticky fingerprints on the piano, or to the withered core of last night's apple that your teen-ager parked on the base of the floor lamp. How uplifting to the ego it would be if you could enter just one room in

the house, catch your breath at its gleaming perfection, and feel that perhaps you weren't the world's worst homemaker after all! How wonderful to have a quiet, peaceful sanctuary where everything could be kept in its proper place; a pleasant room that would never be shaken by teen-age tornadoes or pre-school cyclones.

Well . . . families grow up, and our responsibilities toward them lessen. That's as true now as it was in any of the "olden days." And even though we know it is a blessing to live in the most enlightened age of all time, it is still difficult to restrain an envious twinge when recalling the household of Grandmother's day.

Because Grandma had a parlor.

### Not a Drum Was Heard

Dorothy J. Roberts

She passed in silence; not a drum was heard Sounding for a medal pinned on bravery's breast.... For courage beyond duty, no drum flared. She passed in quiet to the realms of rest.

She gave a hero's measure with a smile On the rugged path of duty from her birth. Now unacclaimed before a cheering crowd She joins the unsung valiant of the earth.

No drum was heard for one surpassing deed; Her days were hills she climbed without complaint. Now emptiness is tall where she has stood, Who reached the heights of hero and of saint.

### It's the Food You Eat That Counts

Dr. Margaret Merkley

Utah State University Nutrition Department

T'S the food you eat that counts, whether you are eight or eighty. The number of food items in today's markets may make your choice confusing. Your daily food guide is an aid in pointing out the kinds of food to include in your meals. The United States Department of Agriculture has developed a food guide which will provide your needs for vitamins, minerals, protein, and other nutrients. These foods are grouped into four classes according to their nutrient contributions:

#### Food Groups

#### I. Milk group

#### II. Bread-Cereal group

(whole-grain, enriched, or restored)

#### III. Vegetable-Fruit group

Include:

A citrus fruit or other fruit or vegetable high in vitamin C A dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable for vitamin A — at least every other day. Other vegetables and fruits, including potatoes.

#### IV. Meat group

Beef, veal, pork, lamb, poultry, fish, eggs, and as alternates, dry beans, dry peas, nuts.

Add other foods as needed to complete meals and to provide additional food energy and other food values.

Long life is getting to be a habit. Many people can look forward to living beyond "three-score and ten." But many, with the accumulation of birthdays, are not as healthy and happy as they could be if they were wise eaters.

Indications of aging are not clearly defined. An adult is not a young person "grown up." Aging begins at conception and continues until the end of life. The fundamental requirements for good nutrition are basically the same throughout life, but the aging process does produce some changes. The food requirements for older people are not as clearly understood as for children and youth. During these periods growth makes changes in nutritional needs. Geriatric nutrition is concerned not only with the aged, but

#### Daily Amount for Adults

2 cups

4 or more servings

1 serving: 1 slice bread 1 oz. ready-to-eat cereal ½ - ¾ cup cooked cereal

4 or more servings

1 serving: ½ cup

2 or more servings

1 orange or apple ½ grapefruit

with all in the process of aging. More can be accomplished earlier than for those already old. The years from forty to sixty are most significant, and even prior to this time, general health and nutritional status of maturity are established.

Nutrition involves diet, eating balanced quantities of food, as well as digestion, absorption, utilization, and elimination of waste materials.

OLDER people often have limited functional capacities. Here we see an accumulation of the scars of living. The older you become the more complex is your dietary history. No two people are alike or subjected to the same stresses and experiences. Some are old at fifty, others are young at eighty. Thus at no period in life should nutritional requirements be more individualized. Aging produces an accumulation of injuries from many sources, and cumulative effects of poor nutrition may produce defects of enormous proportions in later Also, recovery capacity is years. slower as you grow older.

Many factors affect an individual's use of food. Some are not fortunate enough to have good teeth at a time in life when they need to chew food more thoroughly. Because of this some of our best sources of nutrients — fruits, vegetables, and meats - are often a neglected part of the diet. leads to a lack of bulk in the diet or, if these foods are eaten without proper mastication, to diarrhea and intestinal disturbances. Yet at no other time in life is proper preparation of food more important — the knife, kitchen shears, the strainer, the chopper and blender, or a little extra cooking, can make foods more digestible.

Food habits are passed on from one generation to another. Overeating or food prejudices in some families become dangerous habits and can produce degenerative diseases and stress in later life. One hundred extra calories a day add up to more than ten pounds increased weight in a year.

Nutritional problems are usually more difficult to handle in older people, and any changes in dietary habits should be gradual, not abrupt. If the changes are too different from the ordinary diet, they will not be followed. The eating patterns of a lifetime cannot be changed easily.

Economic factors affect food selection. Since funds are often limited, breads and sweets, which are cheaper than milk, meat, cheese, fruits, and vegetables are often eaten in excess. Many older people living alone are not sufficiently interested in eating to make the effort to prepare adequate food. Dull appetites and anxiety may lead to undereating or overeating. If the appetite is poor, more small meals per day might be better tolerated than two or three large meals.

Total food needs decrease with years. Factors that contribute to the decreasing energy are: lowered basal metabolic rate due to less active body tissue, changes in certain endocrine glands, and lessened physical activity. Body tissue changes in composition to a greater proportion of fat and less muscular tissue. At age twenty-five an average person has 13.4 percent of body fat as compared to 22.5 at forty-five. A common problem to those whose diets are low in energy is the lower-

ing of nutrient content. The diet must still supply energy, protein, vitamin, and mineral foods. It is difficult to include all the essential nutrients in a diet below 1200 calories. The energy value of the diet is related to protein utilization. Special care is needed in food selection when the calorie value is low. Foods selected should carry nutrients as well as calories.

Secretion of salivary and digestive juices lessens with age and this causes foods to be less well utilized.

MINERALS perform important functions in the body. For example, calcium, in addition to building bones and teeth, aids in transmission of nerve impulses; is part of enzyme systems; and aids in blood coagulation. Research has shown that aging brings about changes in mineral metabolism. We know something of calcium, phosphorus, sodium, potassium, and chlorine. More investigation needed relative to these elements as well as in relation to the iron requirements. We know that optimum hemoglobin content of the blood is desirable in later years.

Bones are not static material. The

processes of build-up and destruction proceed simultaneously. Osteoporosis, or deficient bone substance, is a major problem in the aged and many factors are involved. Absorption mechanism may be impaired, due to lowered salivary and gastric juices, endocrine unbalance, or to liver and pancreas damage.

Vitamins are essential in control of body reactions and, if not present, abnormal products accumulate in the body. If too limited a variety of foods is chosen, vitamins, particularly ascorbic acid (C), the B vitamins, and vitamin A will likely be deficient in the diet. Too many people buy food supplements they do not need when they might get the nutrients from a more careful selection of food. The wider the variety of foods eaten, the better the chances of being well nourished.

The following principles are essential to good nutrition: moderation, wide selection, balance in diet, individualization, gradual change in dietary habits, awareness of relationships between nutrition and chronic diseases which appear in later years. The main objective of an adequate diet is the promotion of good health, not treatment of disorders.

# Dark Come Late

Maude Rubin

One time his small-boy face, like blue-eyed grass,
Looked up to see the helicopter pass . . .

Gloried in lightning, loved the thunder shout,
The mountain's rumbling storm . . . no slightest doubt
That day would be long for playing, dark come late!
Now, tight as willow buds, his green hours wait,
While, like a pilot bee on a golden mission,
He helps unravel mysteries of fission.

# The Silent Sacrifice

Betty Lou Martin

THE purple haze of the mountains cast dark, looming shadows upon the surrounding land. Winter had turned the green, then golden earth to a drab, lifeless color. Elaine turned from the kitchen window where she had stood gazing out over the valley. With a sigh she went about her task of preparing supper for her husband, George.

It was becoming increasingly difficult for her to go about her regular tasks that were typical of a farmer's wife. The mending that she usually kept up every week had waited in its basket for the past three weeks. She just had not been able to force herself to get it done. She thought back over the past few months and she realized that she had accomplished very little. George had seemed to sense her rebellion against their way of life; however, being an understanding and thoughtful man, he had kept his feelings to himself.

Elaine went to the refrigerator in an effort to find something substantial for George's supper. Her mind was a complete blank as she looked at the nearly empty shelves. She had neglected to thaw any meat out for supper, but, fortunately, she had canned chicken in the basement that she could open.

With supper finally underway, Elaine took a few moments to freshen up. She combed her dark wavy hair straight back, revealing a lovely oval-shaped face. Her eyes were a deep green that made a striking contrast to her fair skin and delicate features. She caught herself frowning in the mirror and small lines appeared about her mouth and eyes. They were not happy, laughing lines.

Elaine thought back over the time when she had first come to the farm. She had been a pretty girl of twentyone, with a lilting step and a warm, bubbling laugh that made everyone that met her fond of her from the beginning. The years of hard work and skimping to make the money go around had changed her to a sad, quiet woman who lived in constant fear of crop failure, and who worried about so many difficulties coming into their life that her husband had once remarked, "Elaine, you cross your bridges before they are even built."

She had saved diligently for a college education for their two children, Randy and Steven. To Elaine's chagrin, Randy had chosen farming as his profession. Steven, who was away at his first year at college, had not as yet chosen the field that he wanted to enter. Every time that he came home for a visit, Elaine would discourage him at every opportunity against farming.

George had known from the beginning that Elaine detested farming, but he had reasoned with himself that in due time she would grow to love the good, clean earth just as much as he. However, as the years progressed, he knew that she would never feel the same way toward the land as he did. He accepted this fact and stopped trying to convince her that they were engaged

in a rewarding and worthwhile venture.

Elaine heard George coming up the walk from the barn. She went to the kitchen and switched on the light. Once again she frowned. The kitchen was badly in need of remodeling. She had not been able to find the right color of paint in their small village that boasted one general store. The material that she wanted for new curtains was out of the question, and they would have to order their furniture from the catalogue from which everyone else in the valley ordered.

George was exceedingly quiet at supper. When he had finished eating he slid his chair away from the table and looked directly at Elaine. There was a kind, gentle appearance about George that had made Elaine love him from the first day that she met him. His clear blue eyes twinkled, and his graying blond hair was combed neatly away from his tanned and rugged face.

GEORGE cleared his throat and then spoke. "I've been thinking, Elaine, I have a little more money left over from the feed than I thought I would have. Why don't you go to the city and buy you some new clothes, and whatever you want for the kitchen? I think that we can afford it now."

Elaine was elated. "Oh, George, do you really think that we can afford it? I've been wanting to do this kitchen over for so long. It would be wonderful if we could."

"You could stay with your sister, Carolyn, while you're there. I think that you deserve a rest. It's been a long time since you have been away from the farm." "Yes, it has, George," Elaine agreed, remembering how disappointed she was when she had had to call her anticipated trip off because one of their best cows had become sick and died. They had had to take the money she planned to use for the trip to buy another cow. George had seemed just as disappointed about the whole situation as she had been.

Elaine thought of her sister Carolyn, with her lovely, red brick home that stood overlooking the beautiful city. At night the view from Carolyn's large window was breathtakingly beautiful, and Elaine always felt as if she could sit and stare for hours at the sight before her. She could never feel that nostalgic about the mountains and fields that spread before her on their farm, even though to George it was the most wonderful sight in the world. Let's face it, Elaine thought resentfully, this is George's world.

Elaine lived each day with the hope that some day when George was unable to take care of the farm any longer, they would be able to move to the city. She had even approached George with her plan, and he had agreed that if it would make her happy, then it would make him happy, too.

The next few days were filled with careful planning on the part of Elaine. She managed to repair her wardrobe so that in her opinion it would be halfway presentable to make the trip. Once in the city, she reasoned to herself, I can buy me some new clothes.

Elaine tried not to think of George's obviously shabby suit hanging in the closet, and she refused to think about the new saddle that George wanted for his favorite horse, Rengo, which he intended to ride in the annual riding club meet in July. She told herself that it was certainly time that she did have a little enjoyment. She had sacrificed time and time again for her sons, and for the farm, and this time she was going to have a little enjoyment.

She wrote to her sister Carolyn, and, as she wrote, she thought of how lovely all of Carolyn's clothes were and how well-groomed her sister always appeared. Elaine had always been considered the more attractive of the two girls, but she knew that the years had changed that fact considerably.

With renewed vigor, Elaine went about her housework in order to leave their home tidy. George was even more silent than before, and she wished that he were going with her. When she asked him if he wouldn't like to make the trip, he merely shook his head, stating that he had too much to do on the farm.

One thing Elaine prided herself on was her sons. Even on this trip, she thought that she would try to find some clothes for Steven while she was in the city. She wanted to surprise him with them when he came home for spring vacation.

THE time finally arrived for her anticipated trip to the city, and Elaine enthusiastically started to pack. She went to the closet for her suitcase, and, in the process, she pulled out one of George's Sunday shoes. As she reached down to pick it up, she noticed something inside the shoe. Upon further observance she noted that it was a piece of cardboard cut neatly and tucked inside.

She stood looking at the object in disbelief. She hadn't the faintest idea that George's shoes were so worn. How long, she wondered, had he been wearing his shoes like this in order to save a repair bill on them?

It wasn't that her husband was careless, because he always kept his shoes shining, and his suit was always neatly brushed and pressed. How long she wondered, had he been sacrificing his own things in order to give to his family?

For the first time in her married life, Elaine stopped thinking of herself and her two sons, and turned her thoughts to her husband. How little he expressed a desire for new clothes, a new car, even new machinery, and he had only casually mentioned the saddle. He had mentioned it more in praise than in desire. How long had it been since he had been away from the farm? How long had it been since he had had any relief from his daily schedule? How lovingly and diligently he planned everything for his wife and sons, Elaine thought, and how selfishly she and the boys had reached out and taken all that he offered.

It was drudgery for Elaine to finish her packing. All the happy excitement that she had felt earlier had vanished, and she felt only guilt. She had known when she married George that his life's interest was farming, and now she was even planning to rob him of that. She knew that he would never once complain, for he had accepted her the way that she was from the day that he had married her thirty years before.

George was truly a good man. Elaine realized she had never known before what a really great man he was. He knew the meaning of sacrifice, and he practiced it every day in his life. He knew the meaning of hard work, and this he did every day of his life, also. He knew the value of the commandments that the Lord had given. Especially did he follow the one, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

After a sleepless night, Elaine arose the next morning to fix her husband's breakfast.

The sun was shining and a soft snow had fallen the night before, making the mountains in the distance look as if they were a king's crown graced with thousands of tiny diamonds. Elaine breathed a sigh, and for the first time in her life, she saw what George had seen all these years. This shimmering, bright world was her husband's world, and because it was his, it was to become her world, too.

George finished his breakfast and then went out to do his chores. As he left the house he called, "I'll be back in plenty of time to drive you to the train station."

Elaine went to the desk in the hallway where she kept her familiar catalogue. The pages were tattered She skimmed over from overuse. the pages, planning as she went. She could order enough material for a new dress or two for her, and she could order her paint for the kitchen. She would order a pale yellow paint for the walls, and it would be cheaper to make her own curtains. It would be fun, as she had always done sewing as a means of relaxing. She planned each item carefully, the paint, turquoise material for her curtains, and then a rich brown paint for her table and chairs. It would improve them a hundred per cent, and save the expense of buy-

ing a new kitchen set.

Then Elaine turned to the section of the catalog that had the men's clothing. They offered a nice selection of dress shoes for men. She thought that George would like to pick those out. Steven really didn't need any new clothes, and George could certainly use the new saddle. She figured the saddle with the rest of the items that she planned to buy. With a smile of satisfaction, she leaned back in her chair. would be just enough money. In fact, she smiled, there would be ten dollars left over. The money that she had planned to take for the trip would be put to far better use, especially now that the expense of the train fare would be omitted.

The mailman arrived early that morning, and Elaine found a letter from Carolyn. Carolyn wrote that she was delighted that Elaine planned to visit her. "It is so lone-some here," Carolyn wrote, "Ted travels around a great deal, and I have this big house all to myself all day. I don't even do my own house cleaning as Ted hires a maid to do the work for me. How fortunate you are, my dear sister, to have your days so filled with worthwhile things to accomplish. My, how I envy you."

THE sound of the clock in the kitchen ticking away echoed throughout the house. Elaine sat before the table thinking about her sister's letter. "All these years I have envied her for her many comforts, and now she is envying me. How ironical life is."

The kitchen door opened, and

George stood looking at Elaine questioningly. "Aren't you ready to go yet? You'll miss the train."

"I'm not going, George," Elaine

said firmly.

"But I thought you had your heart set on it?" George was obvi-

ously puzzled.

"I did," Elaine remarked casually, "but now I have my heart set on staying here. You're not trying to get rid of me, are you?"

"Goodness, no," George replied. "Frankly, I don't understand you."

"I just decided that it would be much better to take the money that I would spend for the trip and put it into other things, say, a beautiful, new saddle for my husband, and a new pair of shoes which he needs so badly." Elaine spoke lightheartedly.

"Oh, now, Elaine, I don't really need those things," George said sincerely, "and I don't want you to give up your trip just for me."

"George, I really don't want to go. You see, I have finally realized that I love this land just as much as you do. I don't ever want to leave it, especially not to live any place else."

Elaine's words clearly stunned her husband. "You never have liked it

here before. Why have you suddenly changed your mind?" George could not hide the shock that he felt, and he was frankly suspicious.

"I guess it's because you're here, George, and because you love it so much here." Elaine paused. "I think I'll invite Carolyn here for a visit, too. I've never wanted her to come before, but I really think that she would enjoy it."

"You know that we don't have things fixed up as nice as Carolyn does, Elaine," George answered. "Are you certain that you want her to come?"

"I've never been more certain. Now go about your work. I have work to do, too," Elaine teased her husband.

"I guess that I'll never understand you," George replied as he walked to the door. He turned abruptly, "Are you still serious about that saddle, too?"

"I've never been more serious, dear," Elaine grinned. "You certainly deserve it."

George walked to his wife and kissed her gently on the cheek. "Welcome to the farm-home, dear," he said.

### Jo You - With Love

Christie Lund Coles

You are the brook-cool drink Which slaked my eager thirst; You are the star I followed, The brightest and the first;

You are the golden fruit I reached for from the ground; You are the dream of peace I sought . . . and found.

### Recipes for Family Dinners

#### Emma A. Hanks

#### PAPAYA WHIP

1½ c. papaya pulp juice of one lemon  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. sugar 2 egg whites

Combine papaya pulp, lemon juice, and sugar. Beat in 2 stiffly whipped egg whites. Place in refrigerator until served.

#### ORANGE - PAPAYA MARMALADE

2 c. papaya (ripe)

3 c. sugar

1 c. oranges

Wash oranges, squeeze out juice, remove seeds. Put orange skins through a good food chopper. Add papaya, cut fine, to chopped orange skins. Cover with water. Boil all together. Add sugar. Boil until thick, about ½ hour.

#### PAPAYA PIE

4 c. papaya cut in small pieces

i medium-sized can crushed pineapple

1 tsp. cinnamon 2 drops almond extract

% to 1 c. sugar

2 drops lemon extract

5 tbsp. flour

Cut papaya into small pieces. Drain all juice from pineapple. Mix all ingredients together. Pour into 9-inch unbaked pie crust. Dot with butter and cover with top crust. Bake 15 min. at 350°, reduce heat to 325° for 45 minutes.

#### TACOS

1 doz. tortillas

2 lbs. ground beef

3 medium-sized tomatoes

i head lettuce

Make salad of lettuce and tomatoes. Boil beef in ½ cup salted water. Drain. Fry folded tortilla in deep fat. Drain on absorbent paper. Place small amount of beef and salad in tortilla. Season with hot sauce if desired.

Variations:

Combine beef with Spanish rice and place in tortilla. Combine plain cooked rice with chili con carne and place in tortilla.

#### MEAT BALLS WITH ONIONS

1 beef heart

½ lb. sweetbreads

2 lbs. liver

1 lb. kidney

¼ tsp. grated garlic

1 c. chopped onions salt to taste (about 2 tsp.)

1 tbsp. chili powder

¼ tsp. black pepper

4 tbsp. flour

Chop all meat into very small chunks. Flour and fry brown. Mix pepper, chili powder, garlic, and onions and fry with meat about two minutes. Add flour to mixture and brown slightly. Add 1 qt. and 1 pt. of water. Stir until it thickens into a thin gravy. Let simmer at least 30 minutes so all flavors mix well. (Serves 12 people generously.)

Page 188

#### SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE

½ c. olive oil1 chopped garlic clove1 chopped onion

½ chopped green pepper 2 no. 2 can tomatoes

2 8 oz. cans tomato paste

2 1/2 c. water

1 ½ tsp. salt

½ tsp. black pepper ½ tsp. oregano

2 bay leaves

¼ c. grated Parmesan cheese

1 lb. spaghetti
1½ lb. ground meat

In large skillet saute garlic, onion, and green pepper about 5 minutes or until tender in ¼ cup of hot oil. Add tomatoes, tomato paste, and 2½ cups of water, 1½ tsp. seasoned salt, pepper, oregano, cheese, and bay leaves. Simmer uncovered for 2

tsp. seasoned salt, pepper, oregano, cheese, and bay leaves. Simmer uncovered for 2 hours. In another skillet, brown ground meat, then put into sauce and let cook together. Serve meat sauce over drained spaghetti. Sprinkle with more Parmesan cheese, or serve spaghetti, sauce, and cheese separately, and let each person help himself. Makes 6 servings.

#### NUT LOAF CAKE

2 c. butter

4 c. flour

2 c. sugar 6 eggs

1 tsp. baking powder

½ c. sweet milk

1 tsp. grated nutmeg

1 tsp. vanilla

1 c. pecans, chopped

1 lb. seeded raisins

Cream butter and sugar. Sift 3½ cups flour and baking powder together. Beat eggs separately. Add flour, eggs, and milk, a little at a time to the butter and sugar mixture. Add flavor and spice. Cut up raisins and chop pecans. Sift ½ cup flour over pecans and raisins. Add to the batter. Bake at 350° until done.

#### CHOCOLATE PIE

2 c. milk

5 tbsp. flour

3 tbsp. cocoa

3 egg volks

2 tbsp. butter

34 c. brown sugar

½ c. white sugar

½ tsp. salt

Meringue

3 egg whites

6 heaping tbsp. sugar pinch of cream of tartar

Heat milk, mix and add all ingredients to hot milk and cook until mixture thickens. Pour into a baked pie shell and top with the meringue. Bake in slow oven until meringue browns.

#### CHILI

1 lb. ground beef

½ c. shortening

1/4 c. flour

4 small garlic buttons, chopped

2 oz. chili powder

3 c. water

salt to taste

Brown the meat in fat. Blend in flour, garlic, and chili powder; slowly add water. Simmer 30 minutes.



## Maren C. Jensen, Expert Quilter and Happy Seamstress

MAREN C. Jensen, Orem, Utah, is gifted in the arts of handwork and sewing. Quilting is her specialty, and she has made hundreds of quilts for her family and friends. It is her proud record that she has helped to quilt every quilt made in the wards where she has resided. She knits rapidly and expertly, making mittens and hose and many other articles of wearing apparel, as well as decorative pieces for her home. Her crocheting is delicately beautiful, much of it made in original designs. A skilled

seamstress, she helped her sister run a dressmaking shop.

Now eighty-five years old, Maren C. Jensen was born in Termestrup, Denmark. When very young she helped her mother support nine fatherless children. When she heard the Latter-day Saint elders singing the gospel hymns, the words and the message seemed familiar to her. She joined the Church and came to Utah in 1904, and that same year married Jens C. Jensen, also a Danish convert. They are the parents of four children, all holding positions of honor and responsibility in the Church and in the community. For sixty years Sister Jensen has been a faithful visiting teacher and has also served as a ward Relief Society president. Her busy hands and her happy heart have been a blessing to her family, her community, and her many devoted friends.

### My Clinging Hand

Gladys Hesser Burnham

I never knew before today
How much you really meant to me,
Your judgment swayed my waking thoughts
I sought advice unceasingly.
The reason why you left me here
Could be that I must learn to stand
Alone, think independently,
And so you loosed my clinging hand.

# Love Is Enough

CHAPTER 3

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, from Denver, Colorado, becomes a schoolteacher at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who is working for the forest service. Geniel finds these new friends quite different from Ernest Wood, her longtime friend who has a shoe store in Denver.

ENIEL soon discovered that, while her students were better behaved than the average, there were still many problems. Christine gave her the answer to some of them while walking home from school one crisp November day.

"I can't understand Tommy Evans," said Geniel. "He seems to want to do his work, but he can't resist playing every chance he gets."

"I can explain that one," said Christine with a wry smile. "His grandmother lives with the family, and she thinks that children should be kept busy all of the time. He has to practice the piano for two hours a day, and if there is any time left over he helps around the house. She told me that he even hems dishtowels if there is nothing else for him to do. Now, do you blame him for wanting to play in school?"

"I certainly don't. Maybe I'll have to give him an extra recess. Jean Margetts is another one. She seems to be so listless all the time. I'm wondering if she has enough to do to keep her interested. I do wish that we had a library here. The few

books we have, have been read to pieces."

"I've had that same longing for years — as you may imagine. I've tried every once in awhile to interest the school board or the mayor in the project, but I guess that I haven't been persistent enough. Anyway, roads and plumbing always came first. Any more problem children?"

"Yes, the worst of all." Geniel's forehead etched a frown. "It's little Connie Roberts. My heart aches for her. She is so shy and so shabby and she can't read without stammering. Then someone is bound to snicker. How can children be so cruel? I hate to call on her, but I can't just let her sit there. What can I do?"

"I know the family," Christine replied. "They've had a lot of bad luck and are really quite poor. It's probably Connie's feeling of inferiority that is at the root of her stammering. If you could do something to give her more confidence, you might overcome the speech defect."

"I'll try. I know where I can start. My sister has a little girl just older. She's always outgrowing her dresses. I'll see if she doesn't have some dresses she can pass on."

Geniel sent off a letter that very night, and within a week three pretty dresses, a skirt, and two sweaters had arrived. "You caught me just as I was getting these ready to give away," wrote Marcie. "So I'm glad that you can use them."

Geniel figured that her next problem would be to give them to Mrs. Roberts without hurting her feelings, but she found that she needn't have worried. The mother was more than grateful for the clothes.

The next day Connie came to school in the plaid skirt with the soft green sweater. Her hair had been curled, and she seemed to feel much more at ease. She even smiled at her schoolmates once in awhile.

THE day before Thanksgiving Mrs. Willet announced, "We get a holiday all the way around tomorrow. My sister Nina has invited us all out to the ranch for dinner."

"How much of a family is there besides Jeff?" asked Geniel.

"Just his mother and father at the ranch. But Nina will find someone else to bring in. She wouldn't think of cooking a Thanksgiving dinner for just six or seven people. Their home is down in Southern Utah and Nina would certainly like to get back there again. They just came up here to keep house for Jeff after he graduated from that agricultural school back in Iowa, and had to get himself a ranch to try out what he'd learned. The rest of the family are all married."

"It sounds like fun," said Marva. "Maybe we'd better take some riding clothes along. Does he have riding horses?"

"A couple. But it will more than likely be too cold for riding. You'll have to leave that until next spring. Jeff goes mostly in for raising cattle.

Those black and white ones, you know."

"That doesn't sound very thrilling," Marva declared. "When I get my ranch I shall raise Palomino horses and Merino sheep."

"I thought that you were going to have a mushroom farm," Christine reminded her with a smile.

"That was last week," replied Marva airily.

Mrs. Willet insisted that they go rather early the next day, so that she could help her sister prepare the dinner. "I'm going to take out the pumpkin pies," she said, "and stuffing for the turkey. Nina never did learn how to make good stuffing."

They left shortly after ten, driving out in Mrs. Willet's ancient Chevrolet. The weather was fairly mild, but the day was gray and it looked as if they might have either rain or snow before evening. Geniel was glad to get away from the boarding house for the day. She still had twinges of homesickness on gray days, and this was her first Thanksgiving away from home. She was thinking nostalgically of her own mother's dinners, and was grateful that Mrs. Burrows liked to cook for a big crowd.

"We may have to borrow a sleigh to come back in," announced Mrs. Willet cheerfully. "I don't have any snow tires on Bertha here."

"Or we could just stay on at the ranch," commented Marva, "and all become champion milkmaids."

"Right now I'm doing my best to learn how to balance two pumpkin pies," said Christine. "It looks to me as if we were carrying enough to feed the entire county."

"Oh, there're just ten or twelve,"

LOVE IS ENOUGH 193

said Mrs. Willet, swinging around to avoid a chuck hole in the road. "I thought I might as well bake a couple of extras to put in their freezer."

"You'd better make this a mighty smooth ride, then," said Geniel, "or the pies will end up in our laps instead. We wouldn't look too well if we all went in decorated with pumpkin pie."

The ride was far from being smooth, especially over the last half mile, which was the private road up to the ranch house, but the girls managed to keep the pies on their

laps and not in them.

Geniel had been very much interested in seeing Jeff's home. She had pictured a low rambling house in the first-class ranch tradition. Instead it was a two-story house of the style built in the early part of the century with a one story addition to the south that had obviously been only recently added.

If she had been somewhat disappointed in the outside of the house, she was pleasantly surprised with the interior. The new part was all living room with dining area at one end. At the other end was an enormous fireplace, filled now with a great log.

Crisp, white ruffled curtains at the windows, hooked rugs, and a fine maple highboy had created an early American room that could have

come out of a top magazine.

Geniel would have loved to sink down into one of the chintz cushioned rockers in front of the fireplace and simply luxuriate in the warmth and comfort, but Marva had other ideas. On learning that Jeff was out working in the yard, she said, "Let's go out. Maybe we can pitch hay or get corn out of the silo."

"It sounds too utterly fascinating," said Christine, "but I'm declining, just the same. Maybe they'll give me a job in the kitchen instead. That's more my type."

Geniel had exactly the same sentiments, but she didn't say so. She wasn't going to let Jeff — or anyone else, think that she couldn't match Marva in youthful enthusiasm.

"You'll need galoshes," said Mrs. Burrows. "I'll get mine for one

of you."

"And mine are out in the car," said Mrs. Willet. "I always keep them on hand. I never know when I'll have to get out and hoist Bertha from a mud hole."

Marva slipped into Mrs. Burrow's galoshes, and they happened to fit fairly well. Geniel put on her wraps and went out to the car. The boots were far too large, but at least they offered protection. Marva was already out to the corral railing by the time she had put them on. She followed without taking time to snap the fasteners.

"Hi there, dudes!" called Jeff. "Come on over and help me mend this fence. That is, if you know a saw from a hammer."

"Anything you can do, we can do better," sang Marva. "We can do anything better than you."

"No, you can't," came a bass

reply.

"Yes, we can, yes, we can, yes, we can."

"All right, Annie Oakley. Let's see you get on the business end of this hammer. Or maybe you'd rather just hand me the nails."

Geniel had been stepping with

more and more difficulty across the corral where a combination of recent rains and the hooves of cattle had made a sticky mud. Now she found, to her horror, that her boots were stuck fast. If she pulled out of them she would be ankle deep in mire. She stood there absolutely helpless.

When Jeff finally noticed her plight, he grinned. She knew that nobody under the sun could have helped seeing it as funny, but she

was furious just the same.

"Hold it," he called, most unnecessarily. "I'll come over and

rescue you."

He strode over and lifted her up in his arms. Then he carried her over to the fence and set her down on the dry ground. "Now, lady," he said seriously, "let that be a lesson to you. Never try to squeeze your number six shoes into number ten boots. Or, if you do, rivet them on."

"Or stay out of mud holes," she added.

JEFF went back and pulled the boots free. "I'll turn the hose on these," he said. "You walk around the fence. It's longer but much drier."

Geniel would have much preferred going back into the house at once, but she wasn't going to retreat in disgrace. Assuming a nonchalance that she was far from feeling, she walked around and joined Marva at the far side of the corral.

A few minutes later when Mrs. Burrows called from the porch, "Jeff, where are those carrots you were going to bring me?" Geniel said, "Let me take them up."

"Sure," he replied easily and went

into the barn for a small bag of carrots.

She took them and hurried back, leaving Marva to hand out nails, banter, and whatever else seemed best suited to the occasion.

Another automobile load of guests had arrived, and there were introductions to the Robertson family,

much chatter and gaiety.

Geniel glanced into the kitchen to see if she might be of any help there, but it was already overcrowded, so she went back to the living room. She sank down onto the divan which commanded a view both of the blazing hearth and the snow-capped mountains in the distance.

She loved the nearness of these Idaho mountains. In Denver they had seemed somewhat out of reach. Soon her glance caught another view — Jeff and Marva coming back into the house, laughing hugely at some shared joke. For an anguished moment she wondered if she were the central character in that joke. What a ridiculous figure she must have cut! No wonder they were laughing at her.

They came on into the house, and as soon as Marva had shed her wraps she joined Geniel on the divan.

"Jeff was just telling me the funniest story," she began. "There's an Irishman who lives down the road and. . . ."

Geniel almost sighed aloud in her relief. Never in all of her life had she so enjoyed a story about an Irishman.

Marva had just finished telling how he made sweaters for his piglets, when Mrs. Burrows summoned them to dinner. There were twelve in all, and Geniel couldn't help feelLOVE IS ENOUGH 195

ing a glow of satisfaction when Jeff took the trouble of seating her first.

The annoyance and chagrin she had felt faded in the warmth of this friendly group. The dinner was sumptuous with the traditional roast turkey, cranberries, candied yams, and Mrs. Willet's super stuffing. They even finished off four of the pumpkin pies—much to Geniel's surprise.

The dishes were cleared away and left — at Mrs. Burrows insistence — until after the guests had gone. "Pa and I can do them later," she said. "It's one of our best times to talk things over." So they all gathered back in the living room where conversation and music kept up a happy theme.

Geniel couldn't remember when she had been with a more congenial group of people. Even the Robertson family, who had been total strangers, seemed like old friends and chatted as such.

Just before dusk Jeff excused himself to go out and do the chores. "The cows and pigs just don't realize that this is a holiday," he complained.

"But the turkeys sure found out," shouted little Tommy Robertson. "And we sure do."

JEFF and his father had just gone out to do the chores when the phone rang. Much to her surprise, the call was for Geniel. "I gave central the number here," explained Mrs. Willet. "I was pretty sure that someone would be calling."

It was the folks at home. As she returned to the living room, smiling, Christine said, "I know who that was. You look so happy it

must have been your young man in Denver."

Geniel colored as she replied, "No, you're quite wrong. That was my mother and dad."

She had never for one minute expected Ernest to call — for no better reason than she was sure it would never occur to him that the day or the occasion called for it. At any rate she was glad it had been her own folks. It made just one more happy experience in a lovely day.

The men returned from doing the chores soon after dark, and all too soon it was time for them to leave. "I have only one light on the car," announced Mrs. Willet comfortably. "But then, we don't run into many people out this way. Especially on a holiday."

"Just take care that you don't run into anybody, Auntie dear," cautioned Jeff. "You don't want to start a schoolteacher shortage around here — not to mention a shortage of desirable boarders."

"Other than that, it would be of no great moment," observed Marva breezily.

"None whatever," agreed Jeff. Just the same he insisted that they wait until he had supplied the missing light.

They said their thanks and goodbyes and went out to the old car for the ride home. "I'd like to live on a farm," said Marva as they jolted homeward.

"Not I," said Mrs. Willet. "You work early and late. You clear the snow off your own road out to the highway when it storms. If a crop fails you're broke for a whole year. I'd a lot rather live in town and cook for twenty boarders."

"Oh, but look at the fun you can have on a farm," Marva persisted.

"What fun?" Mrs. Willet wanted to know.

"Well, maybe satisfaction is a better word. You can make things grow — you have freedom. . . ."

"Like having to milk cows regardless of whether it's Christmas or Thanksgiving, or if you're almost too sick to move."

Marva laughed. "Oh, come now. Wouldn't you rather have been out there to dinner today than in any hotel in the country?"

"Sure. There are lots of good things, along with the bad. But I grew up on a farm, and I know what I'm talking about. You really have to love the land to be happy on one."

"Or be with people you love," was Christine's comment.

"So — maybe I love the land," Marva conceded. "How about you, Geniel? Wouldn't you like to live on a farm?"

"I don't know. I hadn't really thought about it. It might be all right if I could learn to keep out of mudholes. I think that you could be happy anywhere, Marva."

They hadn't been home ten minutes before Johnny came dashing in, bringing some large apples, a bowl of carmel corn — and a turkey wishbone.

"I knew you'd be hungry after spending all day out in the country," he said, "so I gathered a few items together. Or maybe you'd rather come over and hold a wake with the remains of the turkey."

"I'd rather not even think about food," said Christine.

"I'll take carmel corn," said Marva. "There's something wonderful about popcorn. No matter how much you eat you never get filled up."

"Speak for yourself," said Geniel. "Personally, I'll settle for a chance at the wishbone."

Johnny held it out and with great solemnity they made their wishes and pulled. "You won," he said with an air of resignation.

"Yes," replied Geniel. But to herself she said, "No, you won, Johnny. My wish was for you."

(To be continued)

# After the Silent Year

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Today, we met, after the silent year, And took the same path, over the hill; We said, "Remember this," and "it was here . . ." There were memories enough to fill Each shadow's length. We found the willow tree, And crossed the brook reminiscently.

"The same," we said; and waited for such speech As often flowed, freely, deep and wide, Between us; waited — but no word could reach Beyond the shallow froth, the rushing tide Of inconsequential, over-washed debris. We found that we had only memory.



#### General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

#### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Geneel Stewart

NORTH TOOELE STAKE (UTAH) RETIRING OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS HONORED AT SOCIAL, September 29, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Delpha Hall, Secretary-Treasurer; Ruth Bird, First Counselor; Leona Boyce, President; Florence Johnson, Second Counselor.

Back row, standing, board members, left to right: Virginia Alsop, Martina Duf-

fin, Mary McKellar, Cecil Barrus, Edna Turner, Geraldine Sagers, Mable Bryan.

Geneel Stewart, President, North Tooele Stake Relief Society, reports: "A large crowd attended the lovely party arranged in honor of these fine women, who gave so much in their many years of devoted service to Relief Society. Gorgeous satin quilts (shown in the background of the picture) done in blue and gold, with the scal of Relief Society quilted in the center, were presented to the presidency and the secretary. The quilts were the work of the members of the seven wards in the stake. Board members were presented lovely gold necklaces bearing the seal of Relief Society. A group of Singing Mothers singing the beautiful number 'Lovely Women,' highlighted the well-planned program. Refreshments were served by the new presidency and board members."



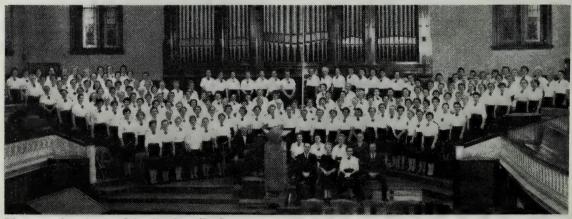
Photograph submitted by Ardella H. Stevens

MOUNT OGDEN STAKE (OGDEN, UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Standing in the front row: Hazel Kartchner, organist, Mount Ogden Stake Relief

Society; Mathel Ridges, chorister.

Ardella H. Stevens, President, Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society, reports that a chorus of ninety-two Singing Mothers sang for two sessions of stake conference, November 13, 1960. Four beautiful numbers were rendered by these busy mothers under the very efficient leadership of the stake music department. They sang: "Lord, God of Our Fathers," "The Old Refrain," "Oh, Lovely Land, America," and "Abide With Me." Twenty-seven of the women in this group sang in the chorus that furnished the music for the Friday sessions of the General Church Conference in October, and also for the Wednesday afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference.



Photograph submitted by Pauline R. Stevens

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, October 5, 1960

Scated, front row, left to right: Bishop Scott Welch, son of Ora M. Welch; Ora M. Welch, chorister, Big Horn Stake Relief Society; Pauline R. Stevens, President, Big Horn Stake Relief Society; William M. Stevens, husband of Pauline R. Stevens. Second row, seated, left to right: Mary Helen Giles and Louise Hawley, Counselors,

Big Horn Stake Relief Society; Carma B. Johnson, composer of the song "Promise for America"; Glenn E. Neilson, President, Big Horn Stake.

Seated at the organ: Alexander Schreiner, Tabernacle organist.

Sister Stevens reports: "The 176 members made the 1,000 mile trip by private cars. Under the direction of Ora M. Welch, with Alexander Schreiner at the organ, they sang 'Beside Still Waters' by Hamblin and an original composition 'Promise for America' by Carma B. Johnson. This number was one of many entries in a creative writing project sponsored by the Big Horn Stake Relief Society Board under the direction of President Pauline R. Stevens, with Counselors Louise Hawley and Mary Helen Giles. This project was climaxed with the publication of a book Gems to Treasure, containing prose, poetry, vocal, and instrumental music. The book was enthusiastically received and is now in its second edition. Publication co-chairmen were Hazel Welch and Olive W. Nielson.

"The chorus members enjoyed a luncheon in the historic Lion House during their stay in Salt Lake City. It was really a thrill for all of them to attend conference. This is something they will remember all of their lives."



Photograph submitted by Nina Beth G. Cunningham

### GOODING STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION

Front row, seated, left to right: Abbie Anderson; Elaine Pugmire; Clara Collier; Rose K. Dille; Ethel Boyer; Marjorie Prescott; Eula Olsen, chorister.

Second row, seated, left to right: Nina Beth G. Cunningham, President, Gooding Stake Relief Society; Nettie Moyes; Virgie Packer; Lennie Baum; Lucile A. Gibbs; Helen Barlow; Emily Williams; Joyce Ford, organist.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elda Haycock; Thelma Olsen; Twila Bingham;

Venice Prince; Mary Lancaster; Maxine Willard; Madeline T. Hopkin.

Sister Cunningham reports: "This group of Singing Mothers rendered beautiful music, 'When Mothers Sing,' at our 1960 Visiting Teachers Convention. The film 'Unto the Least of These' was shown in addition to a demonstration of a proper visiting teacher report meeting. Stake Relief Society President Nina G. Cunningham, stake Secretary Eva Johnson, and stake visiting teacher message leader Mary Lancaster, with visiting teachers from each of the nine wards, were in the demonstration. A beautiful Quaker lace tablecloth was presented to the Jerome First Ward Relief Society for having the highest per cent of visiting teachers in attendance. President Twila Bingham accepted the gift. After all those in attendance were greeted by the entire stake board, refreshments were served by the daughters of the stake board members."



Photograph submitted by Esther Moulton

#### WEST UTAH STAKE, RIVERGROVE FIRST WARD WORK MEETING

Esther Moulton, President, West Utah Stake Relief Society, reports: "Relief Society proved to be very interesting and profitable at this work meeting in the Rivergrove First Ward. The morning was spent unselfishly by the sisters rendering service for the benefit of Relief Society by participating in quilting, embroidering, tearing and sewing of rags. In the afternoon, a demonstration on the preparation of sweet rolls and breads was given. Each sister received a pamphlet of recipes and instructions prepared by the ward presidency. The ward presidency, consisting of Mary A. Hendricksen, President, Lela Carter and Zella Johnson, Counselors, and Mildred Clark, Secretary-Treasurer, along with the work meeting leader, Ruth Skinner, felt that the day was not only profitable to the Relief Society organization, but also beneficial and enjoyable to the sisters in attendance."



Photograph submitted by Kathleen R. Carpenter

### CENTRAL STATES MISSION, SOUTHWEST MISSOURI DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCE

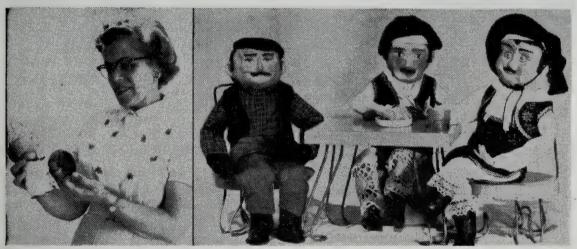
Seated at the right, left to right: Orleans Tinnell, Work Director Counselor, Central States Mission Relief Society; Marcella Meador; Gladys Drummond, First Counselor, Central States Mission Relief Society; Kathleen R. Carpenter, President.

Seated at the piano: Beth Hill, organist; standing back of Sister Hill: Lorena Utley, chorister; Ann Glover.

Front row, standing, left to right: Mary Jane Simmons; Hazel Gordon; Helen Green; Pauline Moffet; Gertrude Morgan, President Webb City Branch Relief Society; Grace Nickle, District Magazine representative; Lucie Cahill; Leota Amlin; Mary Gordon; Betty Lou Powers; Myrtle Hughes; Elizabeth T. Barcroft, Work Director Counselor, Southwest Missouri District; Mildred Alderman.

Second row, standing, left to right: Lucille Abernathy; Wanda Larson, President, Neosho Branch Relief Society; Mary Murray; Ola Montague; Jessie Dugger; Nina Beagley; Clara Mitchell, President, Cross Timbers Branch Relief Society; Ada Gates; Ruth S. Olson, President, Southwest Missouri District Relief Society; Gertie Ohler, First Counselor, Southwest Missouri District Relief Society.

Inset: Dorothy Clay, Secretary-Treasurer, Central States Mission Relief Society. Sister Carpenter reports that this group of faithful sisters sang as a group for the first time at the District Conference in Springfield, Missouri.



Photograph submitted by Lois Geniel Jensen

### URUGUAYAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS MAKE DOLLS FROM "MATE" GOURDS

At the right: Typical "Gaucho" and China Dolls made by the sisters of the Uruguayan Mission Relief Society.

At the left: Lois Geniel Jensen, President, Uruguayan Mission Relief Society, demonstrating a "before" and "after" example of the new personality acquired by the familiar "mate" gourd.

Sister Jensen reports: "The familiar 'mate' gourds typical of Uruguay, Argentina, Paraguay, and Brazil, have acquired new and interesting personalities by being converted into 'gaucho' and 'china' dolls by the Relief Societies of the Uruguayan Mission. Papier mache is used over the gourds to form the features. The bodies are constructed of papier and old sheets, and adhesive tape is used to make the specially constructed joints flexible and strong.

"In a special project to provide the interior branches with sewing machines and materials, these typical dolls were made by the sisters of the Capital District and sold at a subsequent 'fiesta criolla' in Montevideo.

"Since this novel idea was introduced, other interesting things have been produced from this common household article which is sold in every store and market place for but a few pennies. Specially decorated candleholders, planters, and hand puppets are now among the many things made from the 'mate' which add interest and luster to the Relief Society bazaars in the Uruguayan Mission."



Photograph submitted by Ida A. Gallagher

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD ENTERTAINS WARD OFFICERS AND CLASS LEADERS AT AN INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS PARTY, November 18, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Grace Jensen, representing Sweden; Marie Dansie, Mexico; Teresa Johansen, Norway; Gwen Lang and daughter, Carol (standing), Scotland.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elizabeth Wohler, Holland; Caroleen May, New Zealand; Dorothy Hughes, England; Sheila Watts and daughter, Norma, Peru; Gloria Hughes, England; Louise Barthell, Switzerland; Luise Widmar and granddaughter Susan, Germany; Nel Sares, Holland; Joyce Naylor, Australia; Helen Hoopiani, Hawaii.

Ida A. Gallagher, President, Murray Stake Relief Society, reports: "An unusual and colorful program was presented November 18, 1960, in the afternoon at the Murray Stake Center by the Relief Society stake board, following their regular monthly leadership meeting, for Relief Society officers and class leaders of the wards in the stake.

"Many people have come from various countries to live within the boundaries of Murray Stake. Each of these countries has its own customs and manner of celebrating the Christmas season, and these treasures were shared with those attending the social. Tables were placed about the recreation hall, and these tables were decorated and displays arranged by women representing the countries in which they had lived or had some connection or relationship. In addition to many articles and objects of interest displayed, each woman had prepared a special delicacy typical of the Christmas season in her homeland. Most of the women were in authentic costumes.

"As refreshments were served, each woman was introduced and special Christmas music, representative of her country, was presented. Special numbers were given by Helen Hoopiani, who played the ukulele and sang two Hawaiian songs; a vocal duet by Holland hostesses Elizabeth Wohler and Nel Sares; and Swiss music boxes by Louise Barthell. Impromptu numbers were given by Fritz Barthell who sang two Swiss songs, and Teresa Johansen and Ida Gallagher who danced a Norwegian polka. After the program, the guests were invited to inspect the display tables and were treated to samples of the various foods prepared. The program was under the direction of Edith North, work meeting leader."



Photograph submitted by Ruth O. Stapley

# PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ENTERTAIN AT LUNCHEON TO PROMOTE THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE November 2, 1960

Seated, left to right, ward Magazine representatives: Elnora Shupe, Kathleen Ellis, Lorna Mortenson, Ann Pomeroy, Olive Brandon, Cleora Colvin, Alma Potter.

Back row, standing, left to right: Jessie Gilliland, Counselor, Phoenix Stake Relief Society; Ruth O. Stapley, President; Zona Waldie, Counselor; Marie Heywood, stake Magazine representative; Loretta Morris, Secretary-Treasurer; ward presidents: Loarene McDowell; Vernice Haumont; Beulah Wright; Edna Battie; Fan Thompson; Phyllis Smith; Wanda Svob.

President Stapley reports: "The floral decorations portrayed our Magazine theme 'Over the Top.' A large blue and yellow top can be seen centered among large and small yellow chrysanthemums, with blue ribbon bows. A small Magazine was attached to the tallest chrysanthemum.

"Individual favors made up of small blue tops placed on a yellow base surrounded by yellow and blue flowers, with a tiny Relief Society Magazine attached to the flowers, were given to each guest.

"Posters were displayed and presented to the ward Magazine representatives for display in their wards.

"During the luncheon a contest was held for the best verse concerning the Magazine drive.

"A very interesting feature of the luncheon was a large cake decorated in the exact likeness of the cover of the July 1960 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* — a most beautiful creation made and decorated by Wanda Strebech, one of our ward visiting teacher message leaders.

"An increased interest in a desire to go 'Over the Top' has been manifested by our ward presidents. Testimonies of Magazine representatives have grown. They have become acquainted with new members of the Church, and have been instrumental in interesting inactive members to attend Relief Society. They have interested non-members in the Relief Society program, and have been instrumental in sending missionaries into many homes. They have placed Magazines in doctors' and dentists' offices. This year the stake Magazine subscriptions have increased from 84 per cent to 129 per cent."



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### Mitten Marvels

Shirley Thulin

HAVE your "kittens lost their mittens"? Gloves and mittens have a habit of disappearing.

What to do? Take a look at the old sweaters that have collected in drawers or closets and pick out one with a nice close weave

You can make two or three pairs of mittens from one sweater if you wish. For one small pair, use the cuffs of the sleeves as the cuffs of the mittens, and for larger pairs, use the bottom of the sweater for the mitten cuff.

Have the child place his hand, with his fingers close together, and his thumb slightly apart, on a piece of paper. Trace around his hand and about two inches down his wrist, leaving about one inch all around for the seam. (See illustration.)

Place the paper pattern with the wrist part on the cuff of the sweater and cut around the pattern.

Put the two right sides together to sew

and make nice straight seams.

If you can adjust the stitches on your machine, make them as small as possible to insure against unraveling.



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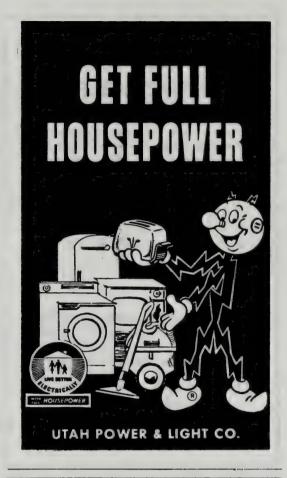
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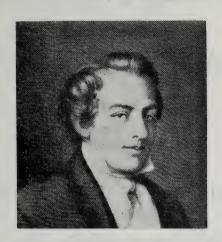
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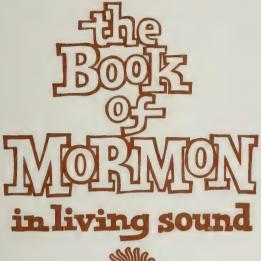
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# Joo Swift the Curve

## Eva Willes Wangsgaard

New April rides again the curve of light;
Gay crocuses tip cups of last year's sun.
Ground-peeping green of blade has pierced the height
Of maple's apex, mottling winter's dun;
Old diligence has found the new bee's wing.
Voice comes again to air, a higher reach
Re-blues the sky, sharp urgencies of spring
Curve eager leaf and petal each to each.
The annual ferris wheel is on the turn.
Quince, lilac, almond seek the upward thrill
To touch the arc of hunger's highest burn,
Indifferent to hidden downward chill.
Forever circling, April round to March —
Too swift the curve, white ice beneath the arch.

The Cover: Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah

Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

Frontispiece: Mount Timpanogos, Utah, in Springtime

Photograph by Ansel Nohr

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

## From Near and Far

I appreciate very much the fine address of Elder Marion G. Romney in the February issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* "The Rewards of Welfare Service." I think Mabel Harmer's continued story "Love Is Enough" is most interesting and so well written. The story "My Own Stove, My Own Table," by Sarah O. Moss is tender, indeed. Of course, I read the entire *Magazine* and enjoyed it over and over.

—Frances C. Yost Bancroft, Idaho

Yesterday I received my copy of the January Magazine, and the first thing I did was to read the first prize story ("Grafted" by Hope M. Williams).... It brought tears to my eyes to read such a touching story.

—Margene Stringham Logan, Utah

It thrilled me to the heart to read "My Third Grandma" (by Ilene H. Kingsbury) in the September, October, and November 1960 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine*, because it is the story of my own dear Grandma Morgan. Older people than I here in Beaver have recalled that the author must be Ilene Hanks Kingsbury who lived next door to Grandma Morgan.

—Erma White Kerksiek
Beaver, Utah

I loved the Magazine cover for January by Claire Noall. The Magazine is my inspiration.

—Ida Isaacson
Salt Lake City, Utah

I like our Relief Society Magazine very much. It is a very lovely periodical. The stories and the poems are all good reading and of the highest quality. Then there are the religious parts of the Magazine, and they are all for the benefit of making Latter-day Saints live better and help us to remember the promises we made when we became members of the Church.

—Susannah Sharp Crashaw Hermosa Beach, California I just love your beautiful Magazine with such wonderful colors and scenes for the covers, also the poems and short stories and cooking hints. I enjoy every minute of reading this Magazine. I bless the day that my sister-in-law Gladys Wray had the wonderful thought of sending the Magazine to me. I am not a member of your wonderful Church, but I do know you have wonderful people who belong.

O. M. Wray Mold, Flintshire North Wales British Isles

I must write and tell you how much I love the covers in color on the Magazine. They are so beautiful. The October 1960 cover is especially dazzling. It makes me feel as if I were really standing on a hill looking at the scene myself.

—Nora O. Caldwell Grantsville, Utah

Being recently converted to this wonderful faith, I would like to tell you of my luck. While reading one of The Relief Society Magazines, I noted that no back numbers could be obtained. Well, I was fortunate to receive twenty-two Magazines from Sister Eve England, and her daughter has sent me a Christmas gift of a year's subscription. I have enjoyed reading these books and very much like the recipes. The lessons are an inspiration, and there is so much that a new member can learn about the Church. The covers are beautiful.

—Mrs. C. Nell
Carletonville
South Africa

Yesterday I came across the December Relief Society Magazine. It was coverless, for I had removed the beautiful painting of the Madonna, to keep, but I saw again the frontispiece poem with its haunting lines, and I remembered how I had enjoyed it, and the Frances Yost story "Grandma's Surprise Packages," and the other nice things in the Magazine.

Dorothy J. Roberts

Salt Lake City, Utah

## THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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1/01 /0	APRII	L 1961	NO. 4				
VOL. 48 APRIL 1961 NO. 4  Contents							
Cancer Is Everybody's The Locust Tree Shall	and Understanding Business Bloom Again		Joseph Fielding Smith 212 Wallace W. Tudor 241 Pauline L. Jensen 242				
Room for Jenny Stranger in Their Mids "I'm Sorry for Your Fl The Ogre on Alden St The Cellar The Best-Laid Plans	towers'' reet		Dorothy S. Romney 217  Jeanne J. Larson 224  Iris W. Schow 230  Barbara Williams 245  Jerry Barlow 253  Maude Proctor 257  Mabel Harmer 261				
From Near and Far	GENERAL	FEATURES	210				
Woman's Sphere Editorial: "All Things S Marie Curtis R National Librar	Shall Be Restored''ichards Released From t	he General Board	236 Ramona W. Cannon 237 Vesta P. Crawford 238 239 240				
National Library Week  Notes to the Field: Lesson Previews to Appear in the June Issue of The Relief Society Magazine  Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities  Birthday Congratulations  240  Hulda Parker 267  267							
1177 (1 (1 7 7 )	FEATURES FO	OR THE HOME					
Something Different for Pioneer Kitchen Kicking the Rock Rejuvenation  The Antidote	Dinner		LaVerda Bullock White 244 251 Leona Fetzer Wintch 252 256 Alice R. Rich 273 Celia Luce 274 Cleo J. Johnson 275 Cynthia M. Trunnell 276 Stella Hatch 278				
T Cifi the C	POE	TRY	777:11 JHZ 1 000				
Too Swift the Curve							
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## PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY Copyright 1961 by General Board of Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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# Search for Knowledge and Understanding

President Joseph Fielding Smith
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 5, 1960]

I want to say a word of appreciation and thanks to these good sisters who came all the way from the Big Horn to sing to us. It is lovely and I want them to know that we appreciate it. I would like to say, too, that Sister Smith and I have been guests in the home of Mr. Hamblin, the author of this wonderful anthem. He has written some of the best sacred music of anybody that I have any knowledge of. I wish we could get him in the Church.

Now, contrary to what I usually do, I have chosen a text that I am going to read to you. It is from the 10th Psalm:

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer (Psalms 19:7-14).

That is one of the most beautiful psalms in all the psalms that have been written, that have come down to us. The people today, I think many of them at least, have varied, incorrect ideas about these old prophets. They were poets and they had inspiration, and how the spirit of the Lord had touched their souls has come down to us in these words that have been preserved. How grateful we ought to be that some of very choice instructions, prayers uttered from the sincerity of the hearts of men who believed in God, have come down to us. wonder how much we appreciate them.

Now these men that wrote were prophets. Many of the psalms were written by David. David was a good man at heart. He made one very serious error that will stand against him even unto the judgment day. But in deep humility, he sorely repented, so in sincerity of his humility and when I read these words, I can't help but feel the greatest sympathy for this great man.

But what I want to talk to you about is not the fact that these ancient prophets had the inspiration and poured out their souls in prayer, but I want to call attention to the counsels that they gave to us.

Now when this psalm was written, there was no Bible. The Israelites had copies of the Five Books of Moses, and they had some few other writings, but they were not distributed generally. They were in manuscript form and mostly in the hands of the priests.

THE members of the Church were not fortunate enough to have copies of the scriptures in their possession. They listened to the instructions that were given to them. They were taught to be humble and faithful before the Lord, to pray, to worship properly, but they did not have the opportunity to sit down at their tent doors or their porches and pick up the scriptures and read them. Those privileges were denied them because they were not to be had.

There came a time when there was a period that no scripture was had among them. The scriptures had become lost, and then one day in the cleaning of the temple, the scriptures were found and were brought to the king. They had a righteous king on the throne at that time, and he rejoiced and called his people together and reiterated to them the commandments that the Lord had given him, because they were forgetting them, and so they made new covenants.

When I read these beautiful sayings that have come down to us and think of the circumstances under which they were written, and the scarcity of copies and the need of the people at large to depend upon the teachings that came to them through their scribes and

teachers, I can understand how they so frequently became careless and indifferent and forgot the commandments of the Lord. And so the Lord had to send his prophets among them every little while to stir them up to remembrance of the covenants they had made.

You know when they had come out of Egypt and had crossed the Iordan, Joshua had them build the monument of stone in memory of their deliverance and their coming into the promised land - the land that had been given to Abraham as an eternal possession — and so to build the monument to keep the people reminded of their great blessings and of their deliverance, they all took a covenant that they would teach the words of the Lord. They would be true to his covenants and remember them, but it was not long after this that they began to forget. I can see a little more occasion for them forgetting than there is for us in our day. In fact, I see no occasion for us to forget. How greatly blessed we are!

NOW, it isn't necessary for us to go to meeting to hear the word of the Lord, to hear somebody read from the scriptures. We are not depending upon the elders and the priests of the Church to instruct us. Now, the Israelites were, more or less, more than less, because they did not have these meetings at hand, and when I think of them turning away and forgetting, then, there comes into my mind a little feeling of sympathy for those poor people. Our memories are more or less short, if we do not keep everything in mind at all times. And when they only heard the word of the Lord

occasionally, they could not sit down in their homes and open the scriptures and read the commandments of the Lord. Maybe I ought to be a little more charitable to them for their disobedience.

Now it is different with us. There is not a home in any part of the world where the Bible should not There is not a home be found. where The Book of Mormon should not be found. I am speaking of the Latter-day Saint families. There is no home where The Doctrine and Covenants and The Pearl of Great Price should not be. Not necessarily on the shelves or in the cupboard, but opened where they can be easily reached, and the members of the family might find access to them and sit down and read and study the principles of the gospel for themselves. Now it is possible with us anywhere, in any stake or ward or branch of this Church, and yet, my good brothers and sisters, I am indeed sorrowful in my thinking because of the lack on the part of the members of this Church to search for knowledge and understanding. While all these things are before us, we can have them.

There isn't anybody in the Church who could not have in printed form the revelations of the Lord, the history of Israel, the words of our Redeemer as recorded in the four gospels, the writings of the apostles of old, as far as they have come to us. They are accessible and they ought to be in every home, and they ought to be available where we can find them, where we could sit down when we have a few minutes to spare and read a chapter and a few verses and keep ourselves posted.

Now, why am I talking like this? I am going to tell you why. Foolishly, maybe, I accepted a responsibility of answering questions and having them published, many of them. Well, I don't publish all that I get by any means. In fact, I don't answer them all because I can't, there are too many of them. But what is astonishing to me is the nature of some of the questions that some of the members of the Church write to me about, which, if they would turn to their Standard Works and spend just a little time studying them, they would not have to ask the questions, because they are all answered, and the Lord has given them to us. Yet, I will have the same question coming to me over and over again, even after it has been published as an answer to a question.

I feel that the Latter-day Saints — our sisters as well as our brethren, many of them, are under condemnation before the Lord because he has given us so much pertaining to our present needs and our salvation, and yet the great majority of us, if I have the right understanding of us, we don't study, and we don't hunt for these things and we don't know about them, and so we are in danger — danger of being led astray.

A BOVE all else, we ought to live the truth. That is, the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. That ought to be the choicest thing in all of the world, and why not? These words are so beautiful here:

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb (Psalms 19:10).

How many of us feel that way? Are they sweet to us like that? Well, sisters, if they are not, we have nobody to blame but ourselves. In the Lord's preface to The Doctrine and Covenants — his own preface, one that he dictated, speaking of those revelations — we find in The Doctrine and Covenants he says: "Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall be fulfilled") D & C 1:37). Well, I get so many questions sent to me that are simple and that are answered completely in those revelations which we are commanded to search, and as I say, I answer them and they are published and here within a week, a month, after they are published, this question comes back again. Now, you think I am complaining don't vou? I am not complaining. I am only calling attention to one of our responsibilities as mothers and fathers and as children.

Now I will ask you this question, and you can answer it to yourself, who should have a better understanding of the fundamental principles of the gospel than the mother in the home? Well, I don't know of anybody. Why? Because she is with those little children of hers more than the father, if she is doing her duty she is, and they come to her with their questions. They come to her knee, and that is why she ought to instruct them. She would make a far better job of it than the father can, and I am not excusing the father. It is as much his responsibility to see that the children are raised in light and truth as the Lord has said. The Lord has placed that responsibility upon

us. He has made it so definite, and he also gave us a warning that it is the fathers and mothers of children who will have to answer if their children go wrong, if they have neglected those responsibilities.

I am not finding fault with any of you good sisters here, and what I am saying maybe doesn't apply to a single one of you, because you are the women who are active. You are the women who are teaching and directing. I am not talking to you particularly, but to the sisters of all of the Church and to the fathers of all of the Church, for that matter. When you go into the homes to visit, can't you do something to encourage the mothers to teach their children, to read the scriptures to them, and bring them up as the Lord has said in light and truth.

I am going to read another passage to you. The Lord said in the last days he was going to make a covenant with Israel. He has made it, but I want to read these verses to you:

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah:

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord:

But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people.

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more (Jeremiah 31:31-34).

NOW, I am just foolish enough, maybe, to believe the Lord has given us the covenant that he promised. Where do we get it? In the House of the Lord, but we don't want you going into the House of the Lord, or anybody going there to receive a covenant, unless he intends to keep it. Now, I don't believe I quite finished that, did I? Well, that is enough anyway. The Lord has given us the covenant and we are not to break it. We are to keep the covenants, so the time will come when it will not be necessary for anyone to teach his neighbor. For as the Lord says, ". . . they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest of them. . . ." Oh, if we could just get to that place!

Sister Smith went with me to a stake conference. The president of that stake put his people under a covenant that they would read The Book of Mormon. They are going to do it piecemeal. That is - so many chapters a quarter, and then during that quarter they were to write to him and tell him that they had finished the assignment, and then he would give them another one until they had finished The Book of Mormon through the year. Sister Smith took that covenant, along with the others, not because she had to read The Book of Mormon, because I happen to know that she has read it and had been reading it constantly, but she took that covenant, and she is carrying it through and reporting to that stake president, and she is right up on her lessons, going through The Book of Mormon again.

Now, you sisters, when you go home, teach your good sisters in the stakes to have a little more interest in revelations the Lord has given us pertaining to our exaltation. Now forgive me for taking all this time. The Lord bless you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

## Lost Beauty

Mabel Law Atkinson

Yearning to scale far mountain heights, Idly I dreamed. . . . Now with regrets I think of hills I might have climbed — Near hills, with violets.

# Room for Jenny

Dorothy S. Romney

**FOW** beautiful it is here on the hilltop, Laura thought, suspended between the blue of the lake and the blue of the sky. She felt completely detached, as though she belonged to neither sea

nor sky nor troubled world.

She knew that in a matter of moments she would have to leave her retreat and return to the house by the side of the lake and face her problems. She fervently hoped that today she would find strength, so that Tom could look upon her with pride when he returned home tomorrow night.

She could hear the chug-chug of the launch, and realized that it was later than she had supposed. gathered up her sun hat and the book she had brought to read, and

then had left untouched.

As she made her way down the uneven path, she thought wryly, how much easier life would be if I could leave my memories here on the hilltop in the bright sunlight, where they could fly away as swiftly as the huge golden butterfly now taking wing. No, that isn't quite what I want either, she quickly decided, only to live with them in peace.

She could see over the tops of the shrubbery growing beside the path that Lafe had already tied the launch to the pier. She stopped and watched as he turned to help Tom's new handyman from the boat. She knew from the letter he had written in answer to the ad, that he was an older man than Tom had

wanted, but with the small wage Tom could afford to pay, it had been the best he could do.

Then Laura saw Lafe assist a third person from the boat. She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and looked again! Her heart stood still. It was a little girl. She could see in the bright sunlight that the child had red hair, braided in two pigtails that hung down over her shoulders. Even from that distance, Laura could see that the girl was too pale and too thin — and, oh, yes, she noted, with a catch in her throat, she had a brace on her left leg.

Laura's first reaction was to sit down right where she was and weep, and then she remembered her vow to conduct herself with courage.

Who is this forlorn looking child? she asked herself. She thought of her own Cherie, with golden curls and rosy cheeks, and then remembered the empty room, the bed made up with a bright counterpane, dolls in their appointed places, sunny vellow ruffled curtains making the windows bright. A room that Cherie would never see again.

Probably someone Lafe brought over for the day to visit his girls, she reasoned, as she continued

on her way.

The child was smiling as she walked slightly ahead of the two men, her left foot dragging ever so little over the uneven path.

"Laura, this is Mr. Peters, your new man," Lafe said, as soon as they were within speaking distance.

"How do, Ma'am," Mr. Peters

said, putting down one of his bags,

and extending his hand.

"Welcome, Mr. Peters." Laura tried to make her voice sound cheerful. "We need you around here."

SHE waited for Lafe to explain the presence of the child, but he did not.

Finally, Mr. Peters turned to the little girl. "And this here is Jenny, my granddaughter, Ma'am," he said. "The lady who had her care took sick yesterday. I'm her only kin," he stated flatly.

Laura stood very still for a moment. "I suppose she has come for

a visit," she said.

"No, Ma'am," Mr. Peters replied in a quiet but determined voice, "Icnny will have to live here, or I

can't take the job."

If only Tom were here, thought Laura, desperately, and then remembered that it was time she started making her own decisions again. She had leaned on Tom's strength long enough.

Both men were waiting for her to speak. The smile had left Jenny's face, and she looked frightened.

"Come into the house, all of you," said Laura, "and I'll fix some lunch."

"I'll have to be getting along," Lafe told her. "Got some post-

holes to dig."

"Thanks, Lafe, for taking time off — I know how busy you are," Laura said. "Tell Nora to walk over later, if she has time."

"You're welcome, Laura," Lafe answered gently. "Call me any time that Tom is away." He turned and started along the path toward home, then stopped and waved his hand. "I'll tell Nora," he called back.

"Come along," said Laura, and led the way to the house, thinking as she went how patient Nora and Lafe had been with her in her grief.

They were the only neighbors here on the "point of land." Tom, as head of the section's forest conservation, spent much of his time in the mountains. Laura needed the friendship and understanding of her neighbors.

She stopped when she came to Mr. Peter's quarters, a bedroom and bath, detached from the main

house.

"You go right in and wash up," she told him. "Then come into the kitchen. I'll have lunch ready."

She didn't offer to take Jenny's bag into the house. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. The only possible place in the house where they could put a child was in Cherie's room, and Laura's mind refused to accept this.

As soon as they entered the kitchen, the little girl dropped down on a low stool. Laura heard a faint sigh. She walked to the refrigerator and poured a glass of milk and handed it to Jenny, who took it in both hands and sipped it slowly.

Mr. Peters knocked on the kitchen door before entering. He looked

anxiously at Jenny.

"Her leg gets tired," he stated

simply.

"Yes, I suppose it does," Laura said. "Sit down. Lunch will be ready in a minute."

SHE took the empty glass from Jenny's hand and led her into the bathroom, where she washed the child's face and hands. Jenny watched her silently, her eyes large.

The meal was pleasant enough.

ROOM FOR JENNY 219

Mr. Peters seemed eager to please, asking Laura all about his work. She explained that his job would be to keep the buildings in repair. He would also cultivate a small garden that supplied their fresh vegetables, and make an occasional trip into the mountains beyond when Tom needed an assistant.

Jenny ate little, and kept her eyes on Laura's face throughout the meal.

"About Jenny," Mr. Peters said, when he had excused himself and risen from the table. "Does she stay?"

Laura nodded. "For the present," she said, "but I'll have to speak to Tom, my husband, about any perma-

nent arrangement."

Mr. Peters looked crestfallen, and Laura immediately regretted the remark. Besides, she had only this morning promised herself she would no longer lean on Tom's strength. It had been almost a year since Cherie's death from rheumatic fever, a tragedy as inevitable on the mainland as here on the island, the doctor had told them.

"I'll bring Jenny's bag, and then get right to work," Mr. Peters said.

THAT evening shortly after dinner, Laura was faced with the ordeal of putting Jenny to bed. During the past lonely, empty months she had studiously avoided children, refusing to walk to the Jackson place, pointedly inviting Nora to come alone when she visited. The two families had traveled to Church meetings together formerly, a short trip of half an hour in Tom's fast launch, making a happy group. Now Tom and Laura went alone.

Laura reluctantly led Jenny into

Cherie's bedroom. Its walls were pale green, Cherie's favorite color. Low white shelves held the toys and picture books, with the dolls seated in a prim row on top of the shelf.

"You will sleep here," Laura said, carefully folding the counterpane, and going to the closet for a heavy blanket. "But, remember, it's not your room, and you mustn't touch anything." Laura's words were scarcely audible.

Jenny nodded. Her eyes grew even more saucerlike at the sight of the

dolls.

"But who lives here?" she asked, in a whisper.

"It belongs to my own little girl. She — she's not here any more."

"Are those her pretty clothes, too?" Jenny asked, looking into the open closet.

"Yes," said Laura.

The brace stayed on, Jenny informed her, and Laura helped the child into bed and tucked her in warmly. Jenny immediately closed her eyes, and as Laura looked down on her a feeling of tenderness swept over her. She closed the door softly, leaned against it and wept. It was the first time in months that she had been able to cry.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

THE next day was a hard one for Laura. Jenny, she decided, was the most silent child she had ever seen — so unlike Cherie, who had been constantly chattering. She longed for the close of day that would bring Tom home.

The little girl seemed content to sit quietly in the sun. Laura stayed inside and went about her housework. Shortly after lunch she heard

Nora's voice on the patio.

"Hello. You're Jenny, aren't vou?"

"Yes," the child answered.

"Do you like to sit in the sun?" asked Nora.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Jenny.

Nora came into the kitchen, then, tapping lightly on the screen door and calling out a greeting before She sat down at the entering. kitchen table.

"The poor little thing," she said. "She looks half starved — and lone-

"She'll be well fed — as long as she is here," Laura said, and saw her neighbor raise a questioning eyebrow in her direction, as if to say, "But how long will that be?"

They talked of other things for awhile, then Nora said, "I must go, Laura. Why don't you let Jenny come home with me and play with Lila and Sue? I have the truck and I'll bring her back after dinner tonight."

"She might as well," Laura consented, relief showing in her voice. "I'll look through her suitcase and see if I can find something more suitable for her to wear."

Nora's girls always looked so fresh and pretty, Laura reminded herself. It would be a shame to have Jenny go in that dark, ill-fitting cotton dress.

But she found nothing. The child seemed possessed of only the barest of wardrobes. Laura, after a hasty decision, walked to the closet. She chose a dress — one that Cherie hadn't liked too well. She called Jenny and buttoned her into it.

Jenny looked down at the soft blue material of the dress, smoothed her fingers over the skirt, and said

earnestly, "I'll be very careful with it, Ma'am."

Laura nodded, her heart too full to venture a reply. I wish she wouldn't call me "Ma'am," she thought, it sounds so unfriendly. Then she remembered that she had given Jenny no reason to think her anything but unfriendly.

She waved at Jenny and Nora from the patio, as Lafe's old truck disappeared around the first curve

\* \* \* \* \*

in the road.

JENNY was fast asleep and her grandfather already in his quarters, when Tom reached home. He looked tired as he came through the kitchen door. Laura told him that his new handyman had arrived, and also that he had brought his granddaughter with him.

"I'll be glad to have some help tomorrow," he commented.

He took a bath, then ate the dinner Laura set before him, and retired early.

"It's wonderful to be home again where I can sleep in a bed," he told

Laura.

The next morning when Laura awoke, the sun was well up in the sky. It had been a long time since she had slept so late.

Tom was gone. Laura caught up a housecoat, put it on, and went

into the kitchen.

Tom was seated at the breakfast table, a hearty meal before him. Across from him sat Jenny, her hair neatly combed and braided in the customary pigtails, wearing the same ill-fitting, dark gingham dress of yesterday morning. There was a difference, however, Laura noted with quickened heartbeat — a big difference. Jenny was actually chattering, and Tom was listening with both ears, and chuckling every once in awhile.

Laura stood still, not daring to breathe.

Just then Jenny looked up and saw her. The chattering ceased, and Jenny's eyes grew saucer round.

"Tom, you're up," said Laura, then turned to Jenny. "Good morning, Jenny."

"Good morning, Ma'am," the

child answered.

"Jenny and I cooked breakfast for her grandfather," Tom told Laura, and smiled at Jenny as he said it.

But there was no smile in return. Jenny cast down her eyes, picked up her fork, and slowly started eating her omelet.

In the days that followed, Laura found that Tom had completely lost his heart to Jenny. She would find them chatting and laughing on the patio, or at the breakfast table early.

"You know, Laura," he said to her one day, after the child had gone down to the boat landing with her grandfather, "we could take Jenny into the city this fall and have a doctor look at that leg. It isn't too late to do something about it."

"That isn't our responsibility," she answered, "and besides, she won't be here this fall."

Tom gave her a long look, and Laura found herself coloring under his gaze. "I'm sure her grandfather wouldn't object," he said, quietly. "He is very much concerned over her future."

Laura had made one concession, however. She was letting Jenny wear Cherie's dresses, all but the very special ones.

But there were other problems

confronting her. She had often seen Jenny look longingly at the toys in Cherie's room. She supposed she should store them away, but she couldn't as yet bring herself to do this, nor could she tell Jenny they were hers to play with as she wished.

One afternoon, shortly after Tom and Mr. Peters had left on a twoday mountain trip, Jenny was taking her nap when Laura felt loneliness closing in on her.

She was reading in front of the big picture window in the living room, and noted that it had suddenly grown darker. Yes, the sky was full of rain clouds.

She'd have to hurry and close the window in Cherie's room or the curtains would be ruined. She walked down the hall, opened the bedroom door quietly. The bed had not been slept on. Jenny was not there, and neither was the prettiest of Cherie's dolls.

"She promised not to touch anything," Laura cried angrily. "Cherie's favorite doll. . . ." She was remembering her daughter's head of golden curls bent lovingly over the cradle as she put the doll to bed each night.

She heard a patter of rain on the roof. "Where can the child be?" she asked herself softly. Pain stabbed at her heart — if Jenny should get wet and get pneumonia....

She hurriedly took a raincoat for herself and a heavier coat for Jenny from the hall closet. She walked rapidly around the house calling, "Jenny, Jenny." She looked in Mr. Peters' quarters. Jenny was not there.

"Oh, where can she be?" Laura cried again.

She could get a clear view of the

surrounding territory from the hilltop. Her footsteps rushed up the incline.

But there were no signs of movement in either direction. She tried to see if the launch was tied to its pier, but the heavy rain obscured her view.

Could Jenny have untied the boat and be out on the lake? Laura's feet fairly flew along the path.

Halfway to the boat house she caught a glimpse of pink near the water's edge. Jenny had been wearing a pink dress when she went in for her nap. Swiftly Laura covered the remaining ground.

Jenny was there all right, standing forlornly in the rain, clutching the doll tightly. Her once fluffy skirt clung damply to her thin figure.

"What are you doing here?"

Laura cried.

Jenny looked up, but said nothing.

"What are you doing here?"

Laura repeated.

She walked over, took the sodden doll from Jenny's arms, and draped the coat around her shoulders.

"You promised not to touch any-

thing," Laura accused.

Jenny was beginning to cry. "I'm sorry, Ma'am," she said. "The doll was lonesome without anyone to play with. I was taking her to find your little girl."

LAURA was on her knees, oblivious of the dampness, her arms closed about Jenny. Her tormented face lay against the child's, their tears mingling with the rain.

"Oh, Jenny," Laura mur-

mured. "You're safe. I was so frightened — so afraid something had happened to you."

She gave Jenny a tight little hug. How good it felt to hold a child in her arms again. No one could ever take Cherie's place in her heart, but she had just discovered that there was room for Jenny, too.

After a moment, Laura said, her voice breaking, "You won't let the dolls get lonesome again will you? Cherie would like you to take care

of them, I know."

Jenny nodded, understandingly. "I'll be very good to them, Ma'am," she said. And for the first time Laura could remember, Jenny smiled at her.

"And could you please, please quit calling me 'Ma'am?' Suppose

you call me Aunt Laura."

"Could I maybe call you Mommie?" the child whispered, her eyes

downcast again.

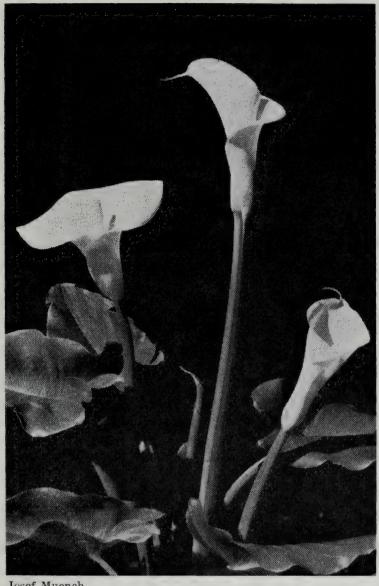
"Oh, darling, would you?" Laura looked down at the brace on the little girl's leg. "Tom is right, it isn't too late to have something done about that leg. It isn't too late, at all."

The rain had stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The once dull, leaden sky became immediately shafted with gold. Laura looked about her. The shadows were swiftly fading away. How wonderful to see the world looking so bright and new. She looked down at Jenny. Her face was radiant.

"Let's go home, darling," she

said.

Hand in hand, they walked toward the house.



Forever the Fragile Lily Blanche Kendall McKey

Josef Muench

The epochs and the dynasties have passed away, And yet you are as fresh this Easter day As any lily that has held the morning dew. The proud procession of the years, The yearning hearts, the boisterous cheers, Are gone; and little in their shadowed splendor Is more fair than your recurrent rendezvous. So brief your hour and yet you live forevermore, With your perfume and your whiteness and your youth! I feel the cyclic rhythm of the truth That though you cannot stay, You will come again when skies are blue, For many, and yet many, an April day! Why should one mourn lost life, lost history, When you transcend death's solemn mystery?

# Stranger in Their Midst

Jeanne J. Larson

THE kitchen was warm and cozy, the yellow checked curtains in the breakfast nook picked up the glow of the noonday sun. The satisfying aroma of fresh bread pervaded the air.

"You're getting to be a fine cook," Bob said, as he buttered another hot

roll. "I'm proud of you."

Margaretta felt herself blushing at the unaccustomed praise from her reticent, unemotional husband. She felt almost like a bride again.

She looked at Bob with pride and love, this big farm boy with the auburn hair who had captured her interest the first time he tracted at her large home on the outskirts of Curityba, the prosperous German community in southern Brazil. He had captured her parents' interest, also, because of his sincerity and his dedication to his missionary work. Because of the message which he brought them, one by one, the Mueller family had been converted, first by Bob Hillman, and then by subsequent missionaries who took his place.

There had been a special meeting and farewell for Bob and three other missionaries in the Sao Paulo Mission home upon completion of their service for the Church, but Margaretta and her family had lived

too far away to attend.

It was three weeks later that she received a letter postmarked from a little town she had never heard of in Wyoming. Bob had written the letter with care, mentioning his return home, the farm he was taking

over in Wyoming, his desires and ambitions, and, at the end, his love for Margaretta.

Not by word or deed had he revealed it before. Could she possibly feel the same about him? he wondered. Could she? Could she? She had fairly bubbled over upon reading the letter. It was the same

glow she felt now as he patted her arm and complimented her cooking.

As the phone rang, she struggled out of her narrow window seat. Bob continued his meal, eating with relish, but hurriedly, in order to finish plowing the one remaining field before dark.

"Who was it?" He looked up as Margaretta returned to the kitchen.

"It was Betty. She wanted us to go to their house tonight for dessert and an evening with the ex-missionaries."

"Swell," he said with enthusiasm as he stood up and strode toward the back door. "What time?"

Margaretta hesitated. "About seven," she said. How should she tell him? "I . . ." she hesitated again. "I told her you would go, but that I didn't feel much like going out any more and would prob-

ably remain at home."

"What!" Bob paused with his hand on the knob. "Don't be silly. Those girls have all had babics. You're not unique." His voice was gruff, and then suddenly he strode over to her at the sink and put his arms around her. "You're the prettiest expectant mother I've ever seen. You put on your best bib and

tucker and we're going to Betty's." He tipped up her chin to force her to look at him. "Okay?"

"Well. . . ."

"No 'wells' about it. Promise," he said. Then he kissed her and was gone.

SHE filled the dishpan with hot suds. Bob loved her, she knew, and his gruffness had been because he was hurt at her not wanting to go with him. Perhaps she was wrong in not telling him how she felt, letting him think that it was because of her condition, when actually it was because she was a stranger in their midst. She couldn't bring herself to tell him how alone she felt at the parties, abandoned the minute they walked in the door. The men, who had so much in common besides their missionary years together, always congregated at one end of the living room and the women immediately gravitated toward the kitchen, chattering about problems of their children, music lessons, P.T.A., Cub Scouts, and Little League. Margaretta had nothing to contribute to such topics; so she sat alone, alone in the kitchen while the women chatted, alone because she was too shy to enter into their conversations, or alone in the living room as the men's group reminisced in Portuguese of their rewarding missionary experiences.

As Margaretta wiped the drainboard clean and gave each cupboard door a final tap to close it securely, she felt the loneliness welling up inside her, longing for her family and friends in Curityba, never once in those days having visualized the bleakness and vast stretches of

Wyoming prairie which would one day be her home. She missed the tall Parana pines, the rolling hills, and Curityba itself with its narrow streets, its leisurely life. More than that, however, she felt a desire to be home with her family. them all sitting down to lunch in the elegant dining room, the starched maids serving quietly and efficiently one course after another. She recalled the relaxed siesta hour after lunch before the boys and her father returned to the bank, when the family discussed together business, excursions, or the dance she and her sisters were planning to attend.

With the kitchen sparkling and ready for the next meal, Margaretta walked through the hall toward the nursery, smiling to herself at her last thought. Dance, indeed! Dances were for young girls, and she was a married woman about to have her first baby. She caught sight of herself in the hall mirror and leaned closer to it, studying her heavy golden hair pulled in braids atop her head. She looked steadily into the blue eyes which stared back at her from the cold glass. tentatively smiled and the mirror smiled back with a dimple. I should be ashamed, she thought, to be having such ideas. I'm lucky to have a lovely home and a fine husband and to be waiting for our baby. Her gaze traveled down, how could Bob call her pretty? How could he?

She opened the door into the small blue and white nursery and almost reverently followed her daily routine of opening each drawer in the new dresser bright with animal decals. As she handled the precious garments within, her heart quick-

ened at the thought of having a baby to care for, and she wondered how she could wait the additional time. If only she could talk to someone about it, though, ask all the silly questions which she knew were ridiculous but which needed answering. She looked around her — at the blue and white dotted curtains — at the new crib ready for occupancy — and she felt the tears crowding into her eyes again as they had so often the last weeks. She loved Bob and the home which he had so proudly constructed, and life without him was unthinkable, but life without friends was hard, too. And without family. Her ways were so different from the other wives. If only the chapel were closer so that she could attend more of the meetings, but the sixty-mile round trip to town was time consuming and she and Bob, although faithful on Sundays, found it difficult to make other meetings. Only in meeting, where everything was the same as it had been in the mission field, did she feel truly at ease with the people around her. She wished that someone would drop in on an afternoon as had her sisters and brothers' wives at home, but distances between farms were too great, and then the question came to her mind whether the women would drop in if they could. Why should they call on her, a foreigner?

DESPITE her mood of depression, Margaretta had dressed with care for the party, wearing the blue dress which was Bob's favorite because it matched her eyes. But now, sitting in a chair between Betty's dining room and living room, neither a part of one group nor an-

other, Margaretta wondered why she had bothered.

She recalled with bitterness the first missionary reunion after their marriage. Margaretta and Bob had walked in the door, he had been immediately swallowed up by the group of men, and she had been introduced to the other wives who exchanged superficial pleasantries at first and then gradually dropped back to familiar conversational ground, and Margaretta had been alone in the group.

"Tired?" Tall, vivacious Jane sat

"Tired?" Tall, vivacious Jane sat on the arm of her chair for a moment and broke into her thoughts.

Margaretta nodded her head. Jane had always seemed to go out of her way to be nice and Margaretta was grateful.

"I always get tired, too," Jane, mother of five, continued in her friendly tone as she ran her slender fingers through her short black hair. "Especially toward the last. Time drags so, but then all of a sudden there it is, the end of the waiting. And you know, it's quite a feeling, that of accomplishment, of fulfillment, the joy that you've shared in bringing something so unbelievably tiny and perfect into the world. Listen to us philosophizing, though. Let's go out in the kitchen." She stood and put her hand under Margaretta's elbow to help her up. 'Betty,'' she called, "Margaretta and I are coming out."

The sudden pleasure which Margaretta had experienced in talking to Jane was chilled. Why was it necessary to give the women in the kitchen warning about her entrance, unless they were talking about her? Several were sitting about the big kitchen table, a couple were leaning

on the drainboard. She could see no signs of the preparations they had said they were making when she had arrived and Betty had suggested she sit in the living room where she could be more comfortable.

"Margaretta and I were philosophizing about the joys of motherhood," Jane said to the group.

As though on cue, several of the women began talking at once about their experiences and Margaretta didn't know whether to be apprehensive or at ease from the things they related.

She became aware that several of the women had quietly slipped away from the group and gone into the dining room. The feeling that they did not like her welled inside her again and she had a desperate desire to go home.

Then she overheard Betty saying to Jane, "You tell me what to do. I've tried every type of window cleaner imaginable and the hard water from the sprinkler still leaves spots on that front window."

Margaretta listened to the discussion about window cleaning, wondering if she should offer her solution, but afraid to intrude.

Jane, nodding in agreement with Betty's problem, said, "We have the same trouble, then. I can't find a window cleaner that doesn't streak some either. I suppose in soft water areas they all remove spots from the windows, but this hard water is impossible. I've got so I hate to sprinkle the flower beds for fear some water will splash on the windows and give me trouble at the next cleaning."

Suddenly Margaretta said, "If I could suggest something." She hesitated, feeling shy and uncom-

fortable. She had never before volunteered a thing during the conversations of the women. She wished she had not spoken now, because they were all looking at her, waiting for her to continue, probably thinking her strange.

"It's just that," she hesitated again, "I use the method we use in Brazil. Not fancy, but it works,

and. . . . "

"I've noticed that your windows are always sparkling." Jane was encouraging her to speak.

"Well, we use plain water with a few teaspoons of vinegar in it, and then instead of cloths, newspapers."

"Newspapers?" Several of the

women spoke at once.

"Yes, newspapers. I don't know the theory, but it works. It's so easy." She could have bitten her tongue over the last words. No need to sound smug about something so simple. Was it possible the women were looking at her differently, with genuine interest, and — was it friendliness? Was it? She wondered momentarily if they were her friends, after all. Had they been waiting for her to make a move? Had she been wrong about them?

"COME on," Betty said. "Dessert's on." She motioned toward Margaretta. "You first."

Margaretta hung back, shy. "Someone else. I don't like to go first."

"I'll go with you to the slaughter," Jane said laughingly. She took Margaretta's arm and propelled her to the dining room.

"Surprise!" everyone chorused as she reached the door. Before her was a beautifully set table. In the center was a small parasol covered with white tissue paper from which streamed blue and pink ribbons and beneath it were heaped delicately

wrapped packages.

"Surprise!" everyone said again. The men had moved in from the living room and they all took places at the table. Bob sat beside Margaretta.

She felt tense. Tears crowded to her eyes. She bit her lip and looked down at her plate. Embarrassment overwhelmed her as she realized that the women had left the kitchen not because of their dislike of her as she had imagined, but because they were busy preparing the shower for her.

She felt Bob's strong hand on her arm under the table. "They're looking at you, honey. Say something."

She looked up, first at Bob, and then slowly around the table at each one. "I don't know how to say it," she said, a catch in her voice. And then, without thinking, the words slipped out, words which came more easily for her than the language which she had adopted two short years before. "Muito obrigada, muito obrigada. You give me — how do you say it?" She turned toward Bob. "Muita felicidade."

He smiled at her and tightened his grip on her arm. Looking toward the rest, he said, "The fellows understand; most of you wives don't. She said. . . ."

Jane interrupted. "Of course, we understand. Not necessarily the words but the look and the tone of voice. We know. No one could say 'thank you' more eloquently. But, come on everyone, let's eat. We've package unwrapping to take care of, and tomorrow is another plowing day."

Throughout the festivities, Margaretta's thoughts skipped from her earlier melancholy to wishing her family could be with her to enjoy the happiness she felt. Suddenly she realized that she was truly happy, not because of the lovely gifts she was receiving, but because these were her friends. They had been trying to be friendly all along, she realized, as she thought back on the times that Jane had gone out of her way to speak to her, that Betty had invited her and Bob over, and that the others, too, had been more than kind. But in feeling herself a stranger she had not given them the benefit of the doubt.

Under cover of the gay talk about the table she said to Bob, "Could we invite the families to a churrasco next Saturday?" She saw his surprised expression and hastened to explain, "We could use some of the beef in the locker, couldn't we?"

His face broke into a wide grin. "Of course," he said. "It would be great."

I T was late when they carried their load of gifts to the car, calling back as they went, "Be sure to come early Saturday for the barbecue."

The sky was alive with stars and the moon shone upon neatly plowed fields, mile after mile of them, as the car skimmed along the road.

"It's beautiful," she said, looking

out the car window.

"I didn't think you thought so," Bob said. "You've been so homesick, I wondered if you would ever like it here." His voice sounded tender but sad.

"You've known, then." She stated the fact quietly.

"Of course," he answered. "It

shows. You couldn't hide it from me, and I doubt that you've hidden it from the others."

She sat for several minutes without speaking, the hurt which she had caused others paining her much more than had the homesickness. In the distance she could see a faint glow, the light from the living room lamp which they always left on when they went out. It was home, her home, hers and Bob's. His friends were her friends, but it was up to her to meet them halfway. That she had not done. She had been wrong, living physically in Wyoming and spiritually in Brazil. She knew that now.

They drew closer to the light and its glow shone more brightly. "Bob," she said, "I'm sorry. I've been foolish and selfish."

He reached out and rested his calloused hand on the nape of her

neck. "Not foolish, honey. Not selfish. Many of us missionaries were homesick the same way when we went to Brazil. Until we decided that underneath your customs and different way of doing things you were all very much like us, with the same desires, hopes, frustrations. . . ."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't have told you. It's something each of us finds out for himself."

"Bob, Bob," she said, shaking her head, trying to rid herself of the thoughts she had had just that afternoon. "Bob, don't let me forget it."

"I don't believe you will," he said. He stopped the car and went around to her side to help her out. "You go on in. I'll bring the gifts."

She walked into the living room and not only saw the glow of the light but also felt its warmth.

## Spring Day

Christie Lund Coles

The world is moving toward the sun, A lengthening shadow lingers Upon the hillside, on the lawn, And traces with slim fingers

The fragile, moving willow tree So near to early leafing; While small birds carol forth a hope Beyond the winter's grieving.

The world is moving toward the sun, Its brief, bright promise proving In candle-gold forsythias, And God has willed its moving.



Ward Linton

# "I'm Sorry for Your Flowers"

Iris W. Schow

**66** T'M right sorry for your flowers, Beth!" Those words had often nettled Beth Akers a little, when she had first come to live next door to Sister Loomis, though they were the prelude to timely advice, kindly intended. They had meant that her gladioli needed digging and storing, or her nasturtiums had been planted too deep, or her peonies needed dividing and resetting, or her evergreens had red spiders. Beth had soon found that, though the often-repeated remark might annoy her a little, the advice was invariably correct. She was sensible enough to learn from the clderly expert, whose knowledge had been gained through a lifetime spent in the school of experience.

Now the thought of her gladioli, boxed and waiting to be set out, flashed through Beth's mind, as she folded Saturday's and Sunday's newspapers into two neat piles and laid them ready for Ivor to read after church. The remembered

words, "I'm sorry for your flowers," held only nostalgia for Beth, because Sister Loomis would never say them to her again. Sister Loomis was dead and gone, as Cleo, the Akers' youngest daughter, had said in that whimsical little poem she had been working on for her college English class, last week when she was home for Easter. How did it Beth thought, as she progo? ceeded mechanically to collect her hat, handbag, gloves, and Gospel Essentials class textbook, and lay them on the bed, ready to seize the moment Ivor drove down from Priesthood meeting to take her to Sunday School.

Sister Loomis is dead and gone,
Who loved the corner her house stood on
So inordinately
That sometimes we
Used to say facetiously,
"If that house isn't haunted, it goes to
show
That no one is ever allowed to go
Around haunting houses. . . ."

Maybe Cleo shouldn't say quite so much facetiously, but since it was only to be used as an English assignment in a college class a hundred miles away, Beth guessed it was all right. Anyway, Sister Loomis would feel like haunting her house, if she could see how the numerous Wilsons darted around it, or observe the second Wilson boy, Randy, plunging this minute through the opening she and Beth had always kept in the bridal wreath hedge so they could take a short cut between their two houses. She would have to get Ivor to plant a sturdy bush in that gap, she thought, as she glanced at the clock and discovered that it was time to get ready for Sunday School. She must have a bath and do up her long hair, in which the gray locks were beginning to predominate over the brown.

WHILE preparing for Sunday School, Beth allowed herself to relive the blossoming of her friendship with Sister Loomis. At first, she had been disappointed to find that her neighbor on the corner was an elderly widow, while on the other side lived a couple whose only children were twin boys, almost grown. No one for her tots to play with in the back yards. No one to talk with about her sewing, or to go to P T A with when Ivor could not go with her.

Then she had started to plan and plant her flower beds. "I'm sorry for your evergreens," Sister Loomis would say, stepping through the newly set out bridal wreath hedge. "They like elbow room, and you aren't giving them much. They will end up scraping the paint right off your house."

Or, "I'm sorry for your dahlias, Beth. They love sunshine, and you're setting them right where it will always be shady."

There had been moments, too, when Sister Loomis was generous with things other than advice. "Here's a start of my iris, Beth. It's from the start my son brought back from his mission. It came from the cemetery at Winter Quarters. Now it should grow fine, if you set it right here."

Or, "Come and taste my red currant jelly, Beth. I've made some corn meal muffins. We should have some kind of refreshment break occasionally."

Beth had expected her sons to dash to the post office or grocery store for the older woman. They were proud of what they had done for Sister Loomis, after Beth had urged them into doing it. They liked, now, to have their wives told that they had been the kind of boys who helped old ladies.

There had been sad, agonizing times, though, with the phone shrilling out in the night, and the aging voice, made harsh with pain, "Beth, I've got a terrible gallstone colic. Can you come over and be with me? Beth, I'm. . . ."

Of course Beth could. Through the gap in the hedge she would go, while Ivor watched at the window a bit protestingly, and then went back to bed.

Applying the electric pad and hot water bottle, praying with Sister Loomis, resting on the dining room couch at last, just before morning, Beth had come to love and need the older woman, as one comes to love and need those one serves. And when Sister Loomis finally consent-

ed to have an operation, Beth had been in and out of the house on the corner, first in anxiety, finally with gratitude.

She remembered other phone calls. "Come over, Beth. I've learned the best sherbet. It's all fruit. It could never hurt the touchiest liver." Happy years, until Sister Loomis was really very old. "This old age business, Beth," she would say with a chuckle.

NOW, with Sister Loomis gone, Beth had found time to sense that all of the original neighbors had either moved away or died, until she and Ivor, who had been the youngest couple for so long, were the very oldest. All the newcomers were extremely busy and bustling. They did not need Beth or even seem to have time to notice that she was there.

The change on the corner was the most noticeable of all, with four youngsters often playing dolls in the little grape arbor that Sister Loomis had always cherished with an almost comical zeal, and Randy sometimes even walking his bike through the

gap in the hedge.

Beth had coiled her long hair neatly and was just beginning to conceal hairpins deftly in its soft waves, when she became conscious of a yapping on the corner. She half remembered a vague sense of hearing the same sound in the night. Not a puppy! She would just step over and part the bedroom curtains to see. Oh, but it was, and an Airdale, at that! Beth had always suffered from an unreasonable fear of dogs, especially Airdales. They were so disturbingly active! She looked on in mounting dismay, as

Rick, the five-year-old Wilson, all dressed for Sunday School, held out his arms to the puppy, calling, "Here, Prince! Here, Prince!" The unco-operative puppy gamboled merrily off in the opposite direction. Scampering after him, Rick scooped him up. The puppy promptly began pawing Rick's best clothes, while Cherry Ann, though only three, called out urgently, "He'll dirty your Sunday School coat!"

Beth's colorful shag rugs from the bedrooms were still on the lines, she suddenly remembered. She had washed them yesterday and left them hanging out to dry overnight. Anything hanging on a clothesline was always so much bait for an untrained puppy. Besides, she did hate to see things hanging on a clothes-

line on Sunday.

Could she just step quietly out and snatch them in now without attracting "Prince" to snag her best nylons? If Rick would only keep holding him for a few moments. Buttoning her housecoat clear down, Beth went out through the back porch and sped quietly to the clotheslines. She could feel a short end from her coil of hair switching about, but it was no time to worry about that. She was reaching for the last rug, when Mrs. Wilson's voice came from a back window, "Put Prince down, Rick! Right now, Rick!"

The yapping began again as Beth snatched the last rug and started for the house. Remembering her father's long-ago coaching, "Never run from a dog," she walked, anything but calmly, toward the porch.

IN spite of her prudence, the puppy observed her. Through the hedge he frisked. He snatched at the ends of the rugs dangling from her left arm. Forgetting all rules, Beth stamped her foot at him. She shooed at him with the last-grabbed rug, which was still clutched in her right hand. A wild dash brought her to the screen door. She snatched it so violently that the hook flipped up and descended into the loop, all in one second.

Locked out of her own house, Beth shooed with the rug again. The puppy had become a leaping bundle of active muscles. Both children were scampering through the hedge, shouting, "Here, Prince," and, "Here, boy," in a confusing

medley.

Then Prince was scooped up for a second opportunity to paw little Rick's best coat. Erma Wilson emerged through the hedge, completing the zipping up of her pink duster, and calling, "Rick, take that puppy to Cathy and tell her to shut him in the basement. Then tell her to brush and straighten your coat for you."

"Sister Akers," Erma went on compassionately, "you're deathly white. Sit down on the step, and

I'll get you a glass of water."

As Erma reached for the screen door, Beth said shakily, "It's hooked. The hook flipped on when I tried to

hurry."

Beth could not help laughing at the ridiculousness of being so afraid of a little puppy that a child of five could almost manage. "I'll go around to the front door, Sister Wilson," she said, starting around the house. Then, noticing the concern in Erma Wilson's blue eyes, she added, "I'm all right. I don't have heart trouble or anything. I just got panicky when I couldn't get in. It's silly to be so afraid of a little

dog."

"Oh, everyone's afraid of something," said Erma, accompanying her. "Don't ever show me any pretty beetles you catch. They make me shudder all over."

The front door was still locked. Ivor had not released it when he picked up the morning paper, and he had left through the back door.

"I'll get in when my husband comes for me. He carries a key," Beth stated. "You'd better go finish getting ready for Sunday School. Time's passing by."

"But then you won't be ready,"

protested Erma.

"We can miss Sunday School, if we have to, and get there in time for fast meeting," said Beth. "I must be a comical sight, with this misplaced pony-tail on the side of my head." She attempted to put her hair back into a coil with the few hairpins remaining on her head.

"Now, you run along," she urged.
"But it's Prince's fault," Erma

protested.

"It's my fault for being such a scare baby," said Beth.

WHILE they returned mechanically to the back screen door, they were joined by Erma's five youngsters, who followed along as interested spectators.

"Cathy could go down to the church on the bike after the key," mused Erma, "but I'd hate to disturb Brother Akers in Priesthood meeting. He'd think something serious had happened, and so would everyone else. Besides, Priesthood meeting would be almost over before she could get back."

"Maybe if you pulled the door just the same way you did when the hook flew on, it would fly off," sug-

gested Cathy.

Beth tried it. But maybe she could not pull just the same way with the door hooked, or maybe she needed stimulation from Prince, to do it just the same way. At least, the hook did not yield.

"It's a very good hook," remarked

Rick.

"It's a very bad hook," said Cherry Ann.

ERMA tried giving the screen door a quick jerk. Cathy, Nedra, and Sue each tried it. The hook did

not yield.

"I could push an ice pick through the screen wire and flip it off," said Erma, "but that would leave a hole big enough for insects to get through."

"Maybe one of us could get in through a window," suggested Sue.

"I keep the screens hooked," said Beth. "Still, I did wash windows yesterday, and I might have forgotten to hook one. Really, Sister Wilson, those who aren't ready for Sunday School had better go home. The rest could come along and watch me try the screens. That would help them stay ready for Sunday School."

But the whole group persisted in following along. Not one screen budged until they reached the rather high window of the bathroom. That screen swung out easily. Raising the

window was another matter.

"I don't believe it's locked, though," speculated Erma. "Cathy, you get the littlest stepladder. Nedra, get Danny's thinnest screwdriver. Sue, bring that wooden box of Randy's from the basement. And

don't let Prince out. Rick, you stay right here! I believe I can get the screwdriver under, and raise it just a little, then get it up and get in."

"It's awkward inside," said Beth. "The bathtub is right under the window, and that short window doesn't open very wide. I don't know whether one of us could get in through it. And I don't know whether one should try to get in head first or feet first. It's so high, it will be hard to crawl into."

By this time the girls were back. Erma's efforts moved the window a little. Then Beth held the screwdriver in place while Erma and Cathy got their fingers under and lifted the sash. The opening was not wide, however.

"Now, Cathy, you take Sue home and see that both of you are ready," directed Erma. "The rest of you

may stay here and watch."

"Oh, Mommie," protested Sue, but she followed Cathy docilely enough.

It was apparent that only a small child could be wedged through the

narrow opening.

"Here, Rick, let's take off your coat," said Erma. "Sister Akers, can you stand on the box and reach to hold the window open?"

"I can hold his Sunday School coat for him," volunteered Cherry

Ann.

"You'd better turn him on his stomach and put his feet in first," suggested Beth.

'That's right," said Erma.

STANDING on the ladder, she put Rick's feet through the window, and held onto him while he wriggled his pudgy body through the small opening.

"Hold onto his armpit with one hand, Sister Akers. Nedra, you reach up and hold his hands until I can get to hold him by them," directed Erma.

What a struggle! How glad Beth was that the window had just been washed, and the sill was not all dusty against everyone's clean skin and good clothes!

While Erma slowly lowered Rick, Beth thought, I'll never forget those half-frightened round eyes of his. But neither would she ever forget his warm, triumphant smile when his feet found footing in the tub. "Now, when you climb out, just go to the front door and open it, and we'll all be on the front porch," she said.

Everything seemed right to Beth, as they let down the window, and all trooped around the house. These were wonderful neighbors. She had just been resisting change and the passage of time. Why, she was the Sister Loomis of this neighborhood, now! And Erma Wilson was stepping into her old place. New faces appeared in the different roles, and the patterns changed a bit, but the same wholesome dramas in the little neighborhood were reenacted. Beth had been like the little girls who all want to play they're the mother. But you can't have the part of the mother all of the time, sometime you must take your turn at being the little old lady, Beth decided.

As if reading her thoughts, Erma said, "Sister Akers, I know how you must miss Sister Loomis. I've been told what friends you were to each other. I guess we sometimes seem like a tribe of aborigines, overrunning her neat little corner." She laid her hand on Beth's arm. "But we'll try to be good neighbors. Enjoy us. We're a lot of fun."

"I know," said Beth softly.

Her door was thrown open, and Rick almost duplicated his former

triumphant grin.

"There's our fast offering boy, starting at the other end of the block," said Erma. "You sit here on Sister Akers' porch, Nedra, and tell him both families will have to pay our fast offerings at church today. Tell him we're all just about late for Sunday School, and we have to finish getting ready."

Yes, Erma Wilson is just like I was, thought Beth. Well, if I'm the Sister Loomis of this neighborhood,

so be it.

Erma's chrysanthemums did need dividing and resetting. As the Wilsons began to leave, Beth drew herself up. "When there's time, I'll have to talk to you," she said, summoning what she hoped was her friendliest tone of voice. "I'm right sorry for your chrysanthemums, Erma!"

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, March 1, and March 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A CHILD OF NATURE: A child of nature! . . . The new-born babe is the fairest, sweetest flower of Paradise, and when the mother clasps it to her breast it is the supreme moment of her existence. No other earthly joy can possibly compare with the eestacy of motherhood. . . . We behold the child! Who is it? What is it? It is curiously and wonderfully made; it surpasses our understanding. There are no words to convey the idea of the mother-love. It is God's child still, and it is its mother's; the spirit of the Eternal animates it, and it is endowed from on high with understanding in embryo; it smiles, it cries, it opens its eyes upon the new world into which it has come, and, perchance, it wonders why — we none of us know, not even the mother who has borne it, and who claims it by a sort of divine right. . . . But Joseph Smith, the prophet of this dispensation, has told us that we consented to come, to leave the glorious mansions on high and take upon us mortality. . . .

The beauty of the little babe bespoke
The harmonies which to the soul belong,
And all the higher, finer senses woke
To the divinest melody of song. . . .

—Mrs. E. B. Wells

WOMAN WEATHER FORECASTER: Mrs. L. H. Greenwald, of York, Pa., is said to be the only woman weather forecaster in the country. She has been employed by the government in that capacity for twelve years, and has been commended for exceptional accuracy, and is an acknowledged authority on climatology and meteorology. Mrs. Greenwald is also president of a woman's organization interested in scientific research — The National Science Club.

-News Note

RELIEF SOCIETY IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS: Sister Alice Woolley said, "Through the mercies of our Heavenly Father we meet again in our conference to be fed the bread of life. . . . We meet together to encourage one another and to listen to the instructions that will be given us. We are a blessed people in being privileged to live on the earth in these last days . . . and the greatest of these blessings is the privilege we have of embracing the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . .

-Elizabeth Williams, Cor. Sec.

THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE COMMISSION: By request of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, who represents the United States on the International Peace Commission of women, it is expected the women of Utah will arrange for meetings on Peace and Arbitration on Saturday, May 18. Certainly our sisters throughout the state are in favor of creating a sentiment for peace. . . .

—Editorial Notes

### ZION'S MIGHTY KING

O, solemn thought, the Savior's slain!
But here we'll testify of Him,
Till He shall come to earth again,
To reign as Zion's Mighty King.

—Lydia D. Alder



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DR. JANET TRAVELL has been appointed personal physician to President John F. Kennedy, the first woman in history to occupy that post and the first nonmilitary physician to hold it since 1885. Dr. Travell is fifty-nine and has long specialized in sources of pain, particularly those caused by muscular spasms. She has two talented daughters, one an artist and one an opera singer, and is a grandmother.

MARGO WALTERS, eighteenyear-old skier from Sandy, Utah, in the Sun Valley open slalom, tied Linda Meyers, a member of the United States Olympic squad last year. In the giant slalom she finished only one second behind Anne Heggtveit, the Olympic slalom champion from Canada. She is expected to be the next United States star in international skiing competition.

TOYOKO YAMAZAKI, daughter of a kobu (seaweed) merchant, is one of Japan's most prominent writers. Her novel Noren, in 1957, won the annual Naoki literary award for the best novel by a promising young writer, and was followed in rapid succession by four other novels. Her journalistic experience has included three years on the staff of one of Japan's foremost newspapers, the Mainichi of Osaka.

ELIZABETH RUDEL SMITH, formerly Democratic National Committee Woman from California, is the new United States Treasurer.

ESTHER (Mrs. Oliver) PETER-SON, born in Provo, Utah, to a pioneer Latter-day-Saint family, is the new director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor in Washington, D.C. Mother of four grown children, she feels primarily concerned with the problems of the eight million working mothers with children under eighteen years of age.

DR. MARJORIE HYER GARD-NER, a Latter-day Saint, has been named a staff member of the National Science Teachers Association of the Education Association in Washington, D. C. Residing in the capital with her husband, Dr. Paul Gardner, and their two daughters, she will co-ordinate the writing and direct the publication of a series of books on specific areas of science such as physiology, biochemistry, and oceanography.

PRINCESS ASTRID of Norway married commoner Johan Martin Ferner in January. Her sister also married a commoner; thus both have lost their rights of succession to the throne.



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## "All Things Shall Be Restored"

Wherefore, may God raise you from death by the power of the resurrection, and into the eternal kingdom of God . . . (2 Nephi 10:25).

THE return of the spring season brings the realization that grass will be green again, after the covering of snow, that branches once gray and barren, will become radiant with blossoms. And everlasting truth is made apparent to those who have faith in the scriptures, in the promises of the prophets, and in the living words of the Savior. truth is made manifest, as in olden time, when Job rejoiced in the promise of the resurrection, "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though . . . worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

These words have comforted the generations, and many have said in their hearts, "Knowest thou not this of old," that an eternal pattern has been given to the inheritors of earth, and that their days of mortal life are only one phase of the existence of the immortal soul. It is natural and in harmony with our everlasting life that we should love our earth home, and that we should express gratitude for mountain and sea, for the desert and for the meadow, for we have the promise that the earth itself will be renewed when Jesus, the Lord of this world, comes to reign personally. We know that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish. . . ."

Yet, even to those of great faith, and to those partakers of the everlasting promises, the death of loved ones brings an all-pervading loneliness and a desolation of the soul, and there will ever be, in times of separation, those like Rachel of old, weeping for her children, and will not be comforted until after the length of days when healing may be accomplished.

It is for the healing of such sadness that our promised destinies must be remembered, and the great blessings of our eternal home must be considered. Such faith is found expressed by many people in various circumstances. Words of comfort and encouragement may be heard from the lips of children, from those young in years, and from men and women in the seasoned wisdom of age. The learned may speak words of compassion, and humble people, from the surety of their beliefs, may speak with the eloquence of sincerity.

A woman whose small son died during the pioneer journey across the desolate plains could still express gratitude to her Heavenly Father for the precious years of companionship the boy had given her, and for EDITORIAL 239

the privilege of hearing the precious word "Mother" spoken by her loved one. And in that time of grief, the husband comforted his wife by saying, "It is true that he will not return to us, but most assuredly we

shall go to him."

A widow was able to accept the passing of her husband with a measure of reconciliation when she voiced her thankfulness that a good man had been given her as a companion for many years, and she knew that, through their covenants, there would be a joyful reunion for eternity. A young child left motherless found comfort in trying to do those things which the mother had taught as being worthy of a child of

promise. In a small town during a funeral service a bishop stood with the Bible open before him and read from John 14:18: "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you."

How blessed are we in our heritage of faith, for we accepted with rejoicing the gift of earth life, and we have been given knowledge of the responsibilities and the rewards of this part of our progression. We have been given unmeasurable resources of spirit. The Savior's words still stand through the years and forever: "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know, and the way ye know" (John 14:3-4).

-V. P. C.

## Marie Curtis Richards Released From the General Board

I T is with regret that the General Board of Relief Society announces the retirement of Marie Curtis Richards from the General Board as of February 15, 1961. This release has been occasioned by the call of Sister Richards to accompany her husband, M. Ross Richards, who has been named as President of the Gulf States Mission. Sister Richards had only recently returned from presiding over the Relief Society of the East Central States Mission for five years when she was called to the General Board on June 1, 1960.

Sister Richards brought to the General Board an understanding of Relief Society work as it is carried on in the missions and has used this knowledge, combined with her rich personal endowments, in forwarding the work of the General Board. She has served on the literature committee, special committees, and participated in stake conventions and at

a General Relief Society Conference during her service.

Her cheerfulness and the energy and devotion she gives to any call are attributes which have endeared her to the members of the General Board. She leaves with their love and prayers as she undertakes her responsible new assignment. As she presides over the sisters of her mission, she will bring to them an awareness of the inestimable values and blessings which will come to them in individual development and through the giving of service and the saving of souls through Relief Society.

### National Library Week

April 16-22

A PRIL 16-22 is National Library Week. The purpose is to encourage a greater interest in reading, in harmony with the slogan: "For a Richer - Fuller Life - Read!" Homes, schools, and public libraries are urged to emphasize the important and far-reaching educational advantages which may be obtained through the reading and studying of well-selected books. A special appeal should be made to children who are in the habitforming stage, so that good books may become their lasting companions throughout life, that they may be better read, better informed, and therefore more able to become useful, participating members of their communities. At home, and wherever we go away from home, books may be taken with us, to open wide the doors of knowledge and increase our understanding of people, places, events, and the great and ennobling thoughts which have enriched the generations and may enrich our lives and times. Relief Society, particularly, by means of the literature lessons, fosters appreciation for literature, the building of home libraries, and developing in children an appreciation for the companionship and value of good books.

# Notes TO THE FIELD

Lesson Previews to Appear in the June Issue of The Relief Society Magazine

THE previews for the 1961-62 lessons will appear in the June issue of The Relief Society Magazine, and the lessons for October will be in the July 1961 issue. In order to obtain the June issue of the Magazine, it will be necessary for renewals and new subscriptions to reach the general offices by the first of May 1961. It is suggested that Magazine representatives check their lists immediately so that all Relief Society members will receive all of the issues containing the lessons. Ward presidents, also, should make this announcement in the April meetings.

### Cancer Is Everybody's Business

Wallace W. Tudor, Chairman, 1961 National Crusade

IN April, proclaimed by Congress as Cancer Control Month, the American Cancer Society will launch its 1961 Educational and Fund-raising Crusade. Two million volunteers are working in the three phases of the Society's program — Research, Education, and Service. These crusaders are from all walks of life — doctors, housewives, teachers, businessmen, Industrialists, Government officials, labor and religious leaders — all lending their diversified and proven abilities to the great fight against cancer.

You might ask, "What concern is cancer to me?" Looking into the facts soon brings to light that cancer is an indiscriminate killer that might strike any one of us . . . that will, indeed, at some time strike one in four of us. This means that the staggering total of forty-five million Americans, now living, will eventually develop the disease, if the present rate

continues.

When we realize that there is no way of knowing whom cancer will strike, one fact becomes crystal clear. The fight against cancer is not a fight by the few. It is everybody's fight. We are all involved. We must

fight with all the energy and time we can command.

How can we fight cancer? As individuals our best defense is an annual health checkup, learning Cancer's Seven Danger Signals, and acting at once if any of the symptoms should appear. We can volunteer to spread the Society's life-saving information and help to prevent needless suffering and death. We can volunteer in the many other facets of the Society's broad program.

We can "Fight Cancer With a Checkup and a Check." The health checkup will provide the earliest possible detection. The check will help

hasten the day when research finds the final cause for cancer.

Think what it would mean to you, to your loved ones, to all mankind when the menace of cancer is removed once and for all!

### Almond Blossoms

Annie Atkin Tanner

Pink as shells thrown by rebellious waves On white and pebbled sands, Perfumed as spices from far eastern lands; Graceful as birds, singing as they fly, Then disappear in a sea-gull speckled sky,

Fragile as blown-glass rainbows, Soft as soothing winds of May, Precious as memories that come Of home and friends of another day.

## The Locust Tree Shall Bloom Again

#### Pauline L. Jensen

THE locust tree meant many things. To Mama it was a reminder of her childhood home in the sleepy, gentle Southern town where she had played beneath the boughs of another locust tree, which, too, had spread its protective arms above the kitchen roof. When Mama had come to the prairies as a bride, the lonely stretches of the land, bereft of friendly trees,

had filled her with a poignant loneliness.

Then, on one of her infrequent trips back to her old home, Mama had, on her return, brought a locust sapling. She had planted it within reach of the kitchen stoop, tended it with loving care, and it had returned that care by growing straight and strong, and lifting up its boughs as though to thwart the molten sun and bitter winds that blew across the prairies. And Mama, unaccustomed to this harsh, demanding land, felt, in the locust tree, a link between the old life and the new one.

To Papa, the tree was a source of comfort, for he could sit within its shade when he returned from work and see the prairie sights and hear the prairie sounds he loved. At noon it gave him cooling shelter. At night the wind that blew unceasingly was tempered by the boughs into a gentle

breeze.

To the children, the tree meant a dedicated place of play. Here they had their swing and hammock, and here they built their cities in the sand, and made mud pies. And here their collie burrowed close against the house and watched them at their play. And every year a pair of robins nested in the leafy branches of the tree and fretted at the children down below.

And still the locust tree had yet another meaning, a deeper one by far. For it was a harbinger of spring, both of the land and of the spirit. For with the blooming of the tree, the meadow larks were heard to sing, and fields of winter wheat began to green. And long before the blooming, Mama watched with eager eyes for signs of the tree's awakening. When it came, she would say with lilting voice, "Our Father is good. He has wrought another spring, and now the locust tree will bloom again."

Then one day in late winter, death stalked the small community, and Mama's firstborn son, young and handsome, was taken from her. Mama's heart was frozen, and her face wore a still and quiet look. She did not cry, but neither did she smile. She brushed aside the clumsy efforts Papa made to comfort her, and walked the days as though alone, uncaring.

That spring the locust tree bloomed gloriously, but Mama did not notice. The children gathered handfuls of the fragrant blossoms and brought them to her, but she only stared at them in silence. All through the summer the children brought her offerings; the newest kittens, which she stroked mechanically, but did not cuddle as had been her wont. And when, in fall, they gathered armloads of the prairie goldenrod, she only turned unseeing eyes upon it.

WHEN winter settled down upon the land, Mama did not read aloud to the children the Bible stories that they loved. When they asked for them, she turned a bitter look upon them, and shook her head. And it was Papa, now, who heard the prayers at night, instead of Mama. Mama's face was set and cold, her thoughts remote, withdrawn.

Then spring once more cast its spell upon the land. There came an April evening of mauve and gold skies, and undulating green across the prairie floor. The children played beneath the tree, and Papa rested on the kitchen stoop. They all looked up in surprise as Mama stepped outside. In her hands she held the worn and much-used Bible she had brought with her as a bride. Her hands caressed it lovingly. Her eyes were red from weeping, and her face, though still, had a different look; a washed and tranquil look, just like the earth after a quick and cleansing storm.

She paused and looked around her, as if she saw all for the first time after a long absence. Papa stared at her, and in his eyes a light began to glow. He reached out for her hand, and took it tenderly. She smiled at him and took a deep breath of the fresh, clean air. Then she raised her face unto the locust tree and spoke in wondering tones, "Our Father is good! He has wrought another spring, and now the locust tree will bloom again."

# Mountain Springtime

Rowena Jensen Bills

I could not wait for sun-filled days To take my mountain climb, For April spoke of greening glades And blossoming columbine. I did not pause by frozen streams, But hurried forth to high, Unsheltered, weathered, small plateaus Beneath a warming sky -And there was glorious mountain gold, Its roots buried in half-frozen soil, Erect and sturdy as a planted flower Emerging from a gardener's toil; The sego lily and yellow bell, Indian paintbrush and phlox, Growing in colorful profusion Among the timeworn rocks.

### "Hath the Rain a Father?"

#### LaVerda Bullock White

"HATH the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?" (Job 38:28)

The rain has, I am sure, a father — the same father as the sunlight, the firefly, the lush vegetation of our good earth, the cool summer's breeze, and the coo of the turtle dove. Just as each of these is created by our Heavenly Father, so is the rain his creation. Perhaps this is why it has always evoked such lofty emotions in my breast.

To me it is inconceivable that anyone could dislike the rain.

A rainy spring morning defies description of its beauty. The birds, chirping their gratitude for worms uncovered by the moisture, define my exuberant appreciation more clearly than I am able. Just to lie in bed and listen to the gentle rhythm of rain on the roof or against the window panes is an interval to be treasured. Here is opportunity for meditation, for reflection, for evaluation of goals, for the solution of problems. As the life's blood of the earth descends, sleeping vegetation springs to life, giving new impetus to our half-sleeping spirits.

I write as a Kentuckian who has seen the exquisite majesty of blue-grass-covered meadows, clear, rippling streams, and verdant, rolling hills — all brought about by the lovely rain. Whether it falls gently and steadily for hours, or fiercely and sporadically for moments, matters little to me. The rain has never found a way to displease such an ardent fan as I.

In the summer, when the lawns are parched and the heat and humidity are so intense as to be almost unbearable, one can feel a divine blessing in the cooling, rejuvenating rain. It always brings a personal message to me from my Heavenly Father—a message of love and care and peace.

These are but a few of the reasons why I like the rain. Considering just these and no others, however, is it possible that anyone can look on this manna from heaven as a necessary evil to be endured but not endeared? If such a one exists, try this experiment. Put on a raincoat, take an umbrella, and walk in a gentle summer rain. As the birds hop around in glee, and the flowers nod their thirsty heads in gratitude, can you honestly claim that neither joy nor thanksgiving abounds in your breast as well?

# The Ogre on Alden Street

Barbara Williams

T the foot of the iron railinged steps of 116 Alden Street, where an old cardboard sign in the window said "Piano Instruction," Randolph hesitated for just a minute, shifted Hanon and Schmitt and Bach and "Favorite Piano Selections" from under his left arm to his right, and sighed. Before every gas chamber or electric chair or gallows or whatever it was — along every "last mile" — there was probably a place where every condemned man hesitated and sighed. But if he had any fight left in him, he likely kicked his rebellion as Randolph now kicked the lowest rise of 116 Alden Street.

The toes of Randolph's brown Oxfords indicated many and hardfought rebellions, but none had waged so bitterly as the one over old Salt-and-Pepper. Nearly two vears it had waged. Nearly two years ago he had first called upon Miss Lucy Pepper and learned that the tips of his fingers were birds and must sail down to hit the keys squarely. But Randolph was not one to judge unfairly or in haste. It was not until the second lesson he had decided that Miss Lucy Pepper was a female ogre whose life was dedicated to the torture of boys generally and Randolph particularly, with smiles — always smiles — and that sissy stuff about birds sailing down squarely on the tips.

Yet last week there had been something heartening in Mom's, "Now, Randolph, I don't want to discuss that again until summer." Usually Mom ignored him — it was

impossible to argue with someone who wouldn't argue back — but last week she had heard him and even answered when he asked for the umpty-millionth time if he couldn't pul-ease switch to Mr. Jordan.

Randolph's Dad, if he were alive, would have understood about Mr. Jordan. "Why do you want to change teachers?" his Dad would have asked, the way he'd say it to a grownup, because he wanted to know the answer. "Why do you want to learn popular, anyway? Want to play for the high school dances?" His Dad had always known what he was thinking before he did, almost.

Randolph kicked the step again and looked at his watch. minutes after ten. Fifteen minutes late was all he dared, but to go in only eleven minutes late was not only defeatist, but unnecessary. He sat on his music - it had been raining — and untied and then tied first his left shoelace and then his right. That took forty-five seconds. For another thirty he just sat. Then he stood up, picked up his music, and with his free hand grasped the railing and pulled himself up the first step. There he stopped and looked down over the railing to a scraggly gray alley cat at the side of the porch. Randolph worked up some spittle and with bomb-sight precision dropped it on the enemy. Bull's-eye! What if he could spit fire like the dragons in King Arthur! Or how would it be to spit poison? You could sure win a fight if you could spit poison!

"Hello, Randolph." Old Salt-and-Pepper was standing in the open doorway with a blue shawl over her shoulders. "Let's go in, shall we?"

IT was real dungeony inside — dark, dreary, and cold. Randolph started to remove his coat, but Miss Pepper put her hand on his shoulder. "Maybe you better leave it on. It's cold in here today."

"I'm not cold," said Randolph,

jerking quickly to one side.

She smiled. "My, you're such a

big boy."

Such a big boy, she said. Talking to him like a kindergartner or something. Well, he would fix her. "I'm going to junior high next fall," he said, hanging up his coat.

"Tut, tut," she clucked, smiling. The old hen! She thought anyone who didn't go around with a cane still believed in Santa Claus, probably. Randolph walked to the adjustable stool and twirled it, tried it, and twirled it again. Miss Pepper was going through his music.

"Why, Randolph, where's 'Play-

time'?"

Although the principle behind "Playtime" was pretty hard—transposing the piece into other keys — Randolph didn't like the kids to see him carrying that sissy book with all those dopey songs. Besides, it was a kind of active defiance against old Salt-and-Pepper to leave "Playtime" home every once in awhile.

"Let's be more careful about 'Playtime,' Randolph," she said,

with a smile.

If only she weren't such an old smiley. If only she'd get tough once in awhile. Mr. Jordan would get tough.

"Why, I don't think you've had a

gold star for 'Playtime' since last summer."

Those sissy stars! It was like that time his little sister Betsy came home from kindergarten with a red star on her forehead. Like kindergarten.

"Well," said Miss Pepper, "let's

try Schmitt."

"Schmitt may not be so good." He ducked his head under the keyboard to find the pedal.

"Well, let's try it, anyway. Oh, we don't use the pedal for exercises,

do we?"

We. Always we. "I do," he

challenged.

"Oh, we never use the pedal for exercises." She put Schmitt on the piano for him and picked up her stick to tap out the rhythm. "One and two and three and four and . . . Tips, Randolph, tips. Again now. No, Randolph, you have to keep your wrists up." She put down her stick and played the exercise for him with yellow, gnarly hands. "See how I hold my wrists? Now, let's try it again."

Randolph tried it, briefly. "My fingers don't move so good. It's cold

in here."

"Oh," said Miss Pepper, coughing nervously and swallowing so her Adam's apple jiggled. "They turned — that is, I had the furnace turned off. I'll get your coat."

"No, I don't want it." Treating

him like a kindergartner!

"I don't want you to be cold." Miss Pepper scurried to the fireplace where she busied herself with some kindling and a newspaper.

"That won't do any good. You

need a log."

"I—I'm sorry." She tugged at her blue shawl, and Randolph felt all empty inside. He wished he hadn't said the kindling wasn't any good. He wasn't really so cold. He'd just wanted to get out of Schmitt. "Oh, you don't need a log, I guess. I feel better now."

"Do you?"
"Uh huh."

"Well, let's try Schmitt again."

Schmitt was grand, just grand, and she gave him a red star. She put it on an extended little finger to lick with a long, pointed tongue. Randolph had to turn away.

"Now let's try Hanon, shall we?" She opened the music and set it on the piano. "One and two and three

and. . . ."

Randolph felt something on the under sides of his wrists. They had fallen again, and she was jacking them up with her stick. He gave her a look that was scorn and disdain and hate. But she obviously didn't comprehend it. She smiled back.

Smile at him, would she? Well, just let her put her old stick under his wrists again. Just let her try it.

"Again now, Randolph. One and

two and three and four. . . . "

There was something on the under sides of Randolph's wrists.

"You old biddy!"

Miss Pepper stopped smiling. In fact, for an instant Miss Pepper stopped breathing. "You're tired, aren't you, Randolph?" she said after a good swallow that jiggled her Adam's apple. Well, if she thought he was going to apologize, she had another think coming. But what if she called up Randolph's mother and told her about it? Then he never would be able to take popular from Mr. Jordan. Oh, all right, thought Randolph, all right.

"I guess you're not a biddy. But I don't like that old stick poking me!"

"Of course you don't. I'm sorry I poked you, Randolph." She jumped up nervously and got a dish from the table. "Here, have a jelly bean."

No thank you, he started to say. He didn't want to eat salt in the home of his enemy — or whatever it was in the Arabian Nights — but after all, a jelly bean was a jelly bean. "Okay." He burrowed for a licorice, but there weren't any, so he took red. He flipped the candy into his mouth and curled the sides of his tongue around it. He felt its coating melt away as the sweet juice ran off.

"Here, have some more. Put some in your pocket to take home with you."

He picked out all the red ones.

"Thanks."

"Oh, those red ones muss so. Here's a tissue. Let me wrap them. There. Why don't you rest for a minute, and I'll play for you for a change?"

MISS Pepper slipped quietly to the stool Randolph vacated, rubbed her hands together, and gently but confidently began to play. For a moment Randolph watched her softly swaying head and certain fingers until an uneasy feeling of familiarity overtook him, and he closed his eyes to listen. Where did it come from, that music? Not from the piano or Miss Pepper or anything outside him, for with his eyes closed he felt darkly, coldly, completely alone.

"Well, let's get back to our lesson." Miss Pepper was smiling her tiresome smile. "Where were we? Hanon?"

Oh, Hanon was fine. And the Bach etude was coming along just grand.

Grand this, grand that. Randolph wished she would stop saying "grand." He wished he hadn't taken any jelly beans. He wished he'd said, "Only kids eat jelly beans." He wished he hadn't acted sorry for calling her an old biddy because that's exactly what she was — an old biddy.

Finally, it was over — for another week, anyway. Miss Pepper bustled over to where his coat was hanging and got it down. "Randolph,"

she began quietly.

HE looked at her, and all he could think of was to hurt her — to hurt her as she had been hurting him every Saturday morning at ten o'clock for the past two years. He wished he really could spit poison.

"Randolph, I've been wondering if you don't have any little friends who might like to take music les-

sons."

Well, he'd show her! He stood up tall. "All my friends take popular. All my friends take from Mr. Jordan." For the last recital Randolph had begged old Salt-and-Pepper to let him play "Manhattan Serenade," which wasn't even jazzy, really. But she had gasped and said what would people think. "In fact, I'm going to take from Mr. Jordan myself pretty soon now."

"You're going . . ." she said softly, and her eyes started watering, and Randolph could actually see the tears getting ready to fall. "Oh," she said, and it sounded more like a choke than a word. "Oh, I'm sorry, Randolph. Is it because of

that piece you wanted to play at the last recital — because maybe we could. . . ." She shivered and broke off. "When did you say you were going to start with Mr. Jordan?"

Randolph watched his heel mash into the rug. "June, I think." He had to go on with it now. It wasn't that he had told a lie — a white lie, really — but it was something bigger that he wasn't quite sure he understood. He'd made Miss Pepper cry, and he'd never seen her do anything before but smile. There she was shivering and crying, and she didn't even have a log for the fire. "But maybe my little sister Betsy will be taking from you." That was another lie. Just last week Mom had said Betsy couldn't take lessons for another year or two. Randolph would have to talk to Mom.

Miss Pepper handed Randolph his coat. "Tell your mother I'm anxious to meet Betsy."

"Yeah, I will."

Randolph jumped down the ironrailinged steps, then started to run — up Alden, left at Danbury. Mom just had to let Betsy take lessons. He crossed catty-corner to Juniper where his breath gave out and he stopped long enough to see that the leaves weren't out on Penrose's cherry tree. Randolph reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of tissue wadded around five red jelly beans. The candy was stuck to the paper, and he didn't want it any more. He tossed the paper to the street for a mail truck to splash contempt after indifference. Miss Pepper couldn't have bought those jelly beans instead of a log, could she? Randolph stared at the gooey red tissue for a moment and then picked it up and put it back in his pocket.

HIS mother was at her sewing machine with tissue patterns and pieces of blue material strewn about. "Mom," he began, panting, and sat in the easy chair.

"Don't sit there. You'll muss that material. How was the les-

son?"

"Mom, you've got to let Betsy take lessons from Miss Pepper right away. She wants to so bad."

"Now, Randolph. . . ."

"And she and Miss Pepper would get along swell. She'd love the stars Miss Pepper gives you when you play good."

"Play well, Randolph."

"Well. Please, Mom, you've

got to."

"Now, Randolph, you were right there when I went through that with

Betsy last week."

"Seven's pretty old, Mom. Lots of kids take when they're only seven." Randolph's mother only took some pins out of some cloth and put them in her mouth. He spoke softly. "Mom, Miss Pepper's poor."

He waited while she put the pins

back into the cloth.

"Miss Pepper's real poor, Mom."

"We're not exactly rich, you know."

"She didn't even have a log for the fire."

"Now, Randolph, that doesn't prove she was too poor to buy one." She turned around, and the sewing machine went zig-zag-zigging across the blue cloth.

Randolph wanted to pull that plug from the wall. Didn't his mother-care that someone was poor? Randolph's Dad would have cared. Randolph's Dad would have seen that Betsy just had to take lessons

so it wouldn't matter when Randolph switched to Mr. Jordan.

Zig-a-zig-a-zig-a-zig. . . .

Randolph jerked a leaf off Mom's African violet on his way out to the front porch. He sat on the top step, making green scratches on the cement in rhythm as he whistled. He stopped. He was whistling the music Miss Pepper had played — the music that had overtaken him and his Dad in quiet death on a winter's night in Symphony Hall.

Listening that night to the music, lifted and transported by it, he had forgotten who and where he was until he heard Dad's moan—throaty, startled, and so close it was almost

Randolph's own.

"Dad?"

"Home!" Dad had grasped him

with a clammy hand.

Clammy and shaking were hands once strong and sure, and Randolph had stumbled out of the row for help. The doctor he located could only explain, for Dad was already dead, huddled in his seat with dank hair held tight to his forehead.

Later, much later, Randolph had cried — when there were baseball games to be attended or model airplanes to be assembled or decisions to be made. For a boy has many decisions — though none as difficult as what to do about Betsy and Miss Pepper.

RANDOLPH sighed and took a soggy, red-stained tissue from his pocket. He pulled most of the paper from one jelly bean and flipped it in his mouth. Well, he thought, as he curled his tongue around the candy, what if old Saltand-Pepper didn't have a log. He had tried to help Betsy take lessons,

hadn't he? But it would be his fault if he quit. If he quit, maybe she wouldn't have a log or any food, either. Well, why should he care? He hated her. He hated her and her bird stuff and sissy stars.

"Hi, Randy!" Rod Ashton's bi-

cycle skidded to a stop.

"H'lo." Randolph wished Rod would go away. Rod never stopped by unless he had something to show off.

"Guess what!"

"Your dog had kittens."

"Oh, don't be a dope. Guess."

"I'm too tired to guess."

"Mr. Jordan's going to help me

and some kids get up a band!"

Randolph swallowed before he spoke. "Oh, what do you want a band for? All that extra practicing!"

"Say, I thought you. . . . I was going to ask you to be in it. Dad's going to get me a trumpet, and I thought you could be piano. You're going to take from Mr. Jordan next summer, aren't you?"

Well, he was, wasn't he? He'd even told old Salt-and-Pepper. Yes, he'd told her and watched the tears form in her eyes. She'd sat there with that blue shawl over her shoulders and tears in her eyes. Oh, darn Rod, anyway! Why didn't he go away?

"Well?" Rod insisted.

"No. I changed my mind. I don't want to any more."

"I bet your Mom said you couldn't! I bet you have to go on taking from that old fish face on Alden Street."

"She did not. I just changed my mind, that's all. Popular's a waste of time."

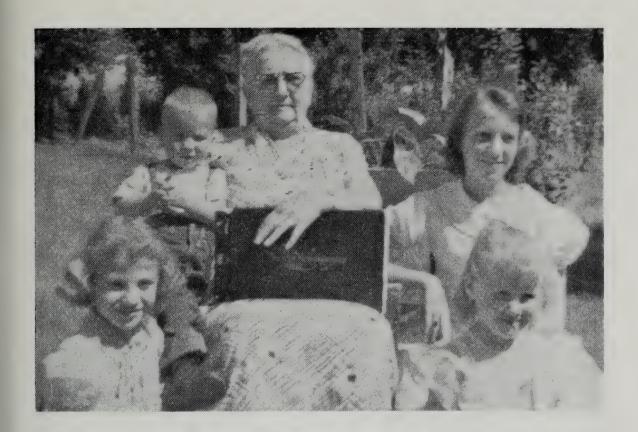
"Well, okay! If that's the way you feel, okay!" Rod turned quickly on his bike. "Tell old fish face hello for me!"

"Oh, go soak your head!" Randolph called. "Go soak it for a month! Yeah, and Mr. Jordan, too!"

### Tired Warrior

Margery S. Stewart

This is a day for apple juice and spice
And one orange simmering on a gentle fire,
A day to rest and dream and watch the fog
Come like a misty neighbor from the sea.
This is a day to hear the rains repeat
The fragile rhythms of the wind's desire.
This is a day to think in love of faces
That years and space have taken far from me.
So hang the armor up, the battered shield,
And close the door on yesterday's lost field.



Elvina J. Homer's Hobby Is Family History and Genealogical Work

ELVINA J. Homer, Sandy, Utah, has written a detailed and authentic history of her family, beginning with early recollections of her own childhood in Denmark. She also collects and preserves, for her family, histories of her ancestors and of her husband's people. Although she has more than 150 descendants, she knows each one of them so intimately that she can, without a moment's hesitation, give the correct dates for births and marriages. She keeps records and scrapbooks filled with accounts of the achievements of her family, pictures, and scores of interesting mementos.

Sister Homer is an expert quilter and seamstress, and does lovely crochet work. She also makes useful and decorative rugs. Although she has been a widow and self-supporting for more than ten years, she remembers her descendants with gifts at Christmas. These treasures include tiny doll quilts, doll clothes, crocheted doilies, potholders, pillow slips, handkerchiefs with crocheted edges, aprons, and many other items. Birthdays are remembered with a card or a small gift, and each newly married couple is presented with a lovely handmade quilt. Sister Homer always keeps a few small quilts and a box of bootees on hand for new arrivals.

Sister Homer (Elvina Josephine Pehrson) was born in Aarhus, Denmark, and after coming to Utah she was married to Willard George Homer in the Salt Lake Temple. There were born ten children, nine still living. Fifty-seven grandchildren and sixty-seven great-grandchildren are numbered among the posterity of Elvina J. Homer. In the picture with Sister Homer are three of her great grandchildren and a granddaughter.

Therefore . . . seek diligently to turn the hearts of the children to their fathers, and the hearts of the fathers to the children . . . (D & C 98: 16).

## Life Is Fissionable

#### Leona Fetzer Wintch

A famous man recently summed up his life's efforts by saying that he had given so much away that he had only a little of himself left to die. He forgot that the bookkeeping on life's ledger shows that the more a man gives of his love and of himself, the more he has. There are no limits to which the soul can extend itself, and this boundless dominion is immeasurably increased by the very act of sharing. Hoarding is deteriorative, but giving is vital to living.

Dying begins when we fail to compound fissionable mental fuel with an open, truth-seeking mind, and when we withhold the bounties of our heart and spirit. Then the fundamental urges to know and to share become static. In the same measure that we cease to enlarge ourselves and communicate our growth, we die.

What to do? Deliberately set out to better ourselves, then share, share! We must first recognize that our minds are often cluttered with ideas that do not pay their lodging. This is a form of the spiritual and intellectual poverty that has always exceeded physical privation, and it reminds us again that our present worldly affluence cannot satisfy our deepest needs.

The almost forgotten joys that will enrich our lives are without number. A random handful follow: Let us taste the fruit of the centuries by studying the scriptures, so that we can drink at the well of living water, feel the heartbeat of the ages, and view the limitless dimensions of life; listen to the organ's booming diapason, but play some gay spiccato, too. There is heaven all about us, so let us gather a little starlight and open our eyes to the overwhelming magnificence of Andromede's constellation, the sister to the Milky Way; have courage not only to play with ideas, but wrestle with them and include them in our conversations so that they will not dry in our minds; best of all, let us understand our associates so that we can sense their leanings and needs.

We can inspire ourselves and others out of the cubicles of mediocrity that bring death in life by increasing and intensifying our interests. How can our lives be anything but full to overflowing when we share ourselves, friends, books, interests, and vigorous ideas that fission on and on? Of a surety, the more we have and share the more vitally alive we become, and the less we consent to die.

### Follow a Star

Grace Barker Wilson

Oh, never say it is of no avail To follow star-lined paths where comets trail Their fiery hair.

The visions and the inspirations found Within the heavens lead to higher ground When life seems bare.

Oppressed when earth things overwhelm the soul, Look up! The stars' eternal rhythms roll Like answered prayer.

## The Cellar

Jerry Barlow

ARY planted a kiss amidst the tousled curls as she lifted two-year-old Roby into bed. Tenderly, she pulled the blanket up to his chin and tucked its warmth about his body. As she closed the bedroom door behind her, the gong of the living room clock became a persistent reminder of the approaching lunch hour.

Ten — at noon Mark would be in from the fields, ravenous from the work of the long morning hours.

Mary grabbed an empty bucket from the kitchen floor and hurried to the back porch. Mark kept a supply of potatoes there so that his petite wife might be spared the chore of fetching them. He knew, too, that she was afraid.

Mary stooped and thrust her arm deep inside the burlap bag. Rising, she shook the limp gunny sack, gently at first, then sharp and vigorously. Old fears revived to haunt her, and Mary resented Mark's forgetfulness for causing her this moment of fright and indecision.

Daughter of a local farmer, Mary had grown up loving the multitudinous acres that surrounded her; but the potato cellars that rose like landmarks made her anxious and afraid.

Once, when Mary was five, she had ventured inside one of those eerie caverns. She hadn't liked the peculiar smell of mellowing potatoes and musty earth. Traceries of cobwebs, some boasting ominous looking spiders, had hung everywhere, and the gloominess seemed a mockery of the feeble light that shone through the narrow door.

Field mice, wary of their intruder, had darted about in aimless confusion. Even the black beetles that usually made her laugh with their impudence, looked grotesquely strange standing on their heads. And, when the sleek, evil-looking rat flicked his snake-like tail against her bare legs, she had bolted up the stairs and into the arms of her father. From that day nothing had induced her to enter a potato cellar, but now she thought of Mark. She thought of how hard he worked. Mark was a meat-and-potatoes man, and often he had said it was only her good cooking that kept him going.

Hesitantly, Mary picked up the bucket, forced herself through the front gate and down the road a short distance. She was glad Jep, Roby's black puppy, was frolicking along beside her.

A tremor shook her slight body as she pushed the crude latch from its metal tongs. With a persuasive pull, the wooden door opened. Mary stood at the top of the crudely made steps squinting to try and see far inside. Jep, spying a sea gull, scampered off across the field unhindered by Mary's desire for his company.

She could see that the cellar, once filled to capacity, now sheltered only a few potatoes that lay bagged or scattered deep inside the earthen pit.

Reluctantly, Mary picked up the bucket and forced her unwilling legs forward. In her haste, she forgot the rock that Mark always used to prop against the door as assurance against the whims of the freakish wind.

MARY tried not to hear or think as she flung potatoes into the bucket. It was half filled when a sudden swishing sound preceded an alarming bang, followed by the even more menacing clatter of the latch falling into place. Terrified, Mary dashed up the stairs and flung herself against the wooden door. Furiously, she beat upon it and screamed out protesting her entombment. Then she sank down wearily on the top step. She sat there feeling nothing, for a time immune to the rustlings and the darkness. Then a scurrying, too close by, abruptly started the ghastly marathon of thought again. Deliberately, she swiveled her neck from side to side, trying to see past the frightful images conjured up by her imagination; but the minute ray of light shining from a crack beneath the door betrayed nothing. Shivering, Mary hunched her knees against her chest. Lest the accumulative fears of childhood overwhelm her, she forced herself to think outside the potato cellar.

For the first time she became aware of the hum of fleeting cars that swept along the transcontinental highway. She realized that people were passing by, only a few yards away, not knowing of her pre-

dicament.

Mary viewed her life in retrospect, but was brought sharply up-to-date by the joyful "Here, Yeppy." Instantly she was on her feet. Roby had climbed from his crib. In her hurried fear, she had forgotten to shut the kitchen door or close the front gate. Now she visualized the stretch of highway that bordered their farm, all of it straight except for the dip that rose from its sway directly in front of the potato cellar. Here a tiny boy might not be seen in time.

Renewed panic, different and more terrible, engulfed her. Frantically she hammered at the unvielding door and kicked at its opposing force. Through the wooden structure, she pleaded and threatened in her endeavor to keep her baby within the bounds of safety.

"Roby, come over to the door and

talk to mama."

"Mama," he repeated.

"Let's play a game," Mary coaxed. "I'll knock on the door like this, and then you knock back."

Roby laughed as he imitated his mother, and they talked and knocked back and forth. Then the inquisitive sniffing of Jep told Mary that the puppy had joined them.

Roby and the dog romped happily and tumbled over one another in gleeful abandon. The frisky puppy darted back and forth, each time luring Roby farther away.

"Roby," Mary screamed. "Roby, come back here." In desperation she began to claw at the dirt walls seeking some way of escape. The firm ground yielded only slightly, but Mary dug on, oblivious to the pain of her bleeding hands.

THE blare of a horn and the whine of tires preceded the crash. Excited voices grew to a clamor as more cars braked to a stop. Above the din, a man's voice rose, angry and shaken. "What's he doing in the middle of the road anyway?"

"Someone had better get his mother," a woman cried.

The cellar tilted at a crazy angle as Mary slumped helplessly against the wall. Her knees buckled and her head hit the edge of the bucket as she fell. . . .

Slowly Mary began her struggle back. Mark was sitting beside their bed and, occasionally, leaned forward to soothe away her desultory cries. Jep's persistent whining at the cellar door had led to her discovery. Mark felt a tug of sympathy as his eyes centered on the sterile bandages that covered Mary's head and hands.

Beneath the warmth of the woolen blankets, Mary stirred, then jerked upright. "Roby," she screamed, "get out of the road."

A hand pushed her back against the pillows and a voice, oddly familiar, kept trying to tell her something. Now she recognized Dr. Nuncie, and he was saying something about an accident. Accident! The word jarred Mary back to reality and she became acutely aware of Mark. She flung herself at him sobbing hysterically.

"Oh, Mark, it's my fault" — mumbled words fell against Mark's chest and he gently cradled her head in his hand.

"Roby's all right, sweetheart."

"No - he's not, Mark. I heard the crash and the people talking."

"I know, dear, but Roby wasn't

hit. A tourist hit a fence post. He saw Roby in the road and swerved to miss him. He was shaken up a bit, but nothing serious."

Mary, incredulous, raised her tearstained face from Mark's shoulder, as he gently lowered her back to the bed.

It was a miracle — only Mary could not believe it and she protested its untruth.

A nod from Dr. Nuncie soon produced their neighbor holding a squirming youngster in her arms. Spying his mother, Roby wriggled free and hoisted himself onto the bed. Fierce relief made Mary unconsciously rough as she hugged him to her. Roby giggled, urging his mother to repeat the violent caress. Mary obliged, luxuriating in the boy's delight.

The pain of her head and hands had eased, and she gave up Roby reluctantly. Dr. Nuncie took his departure, leaving Mark alone beside the bed.

Sleepily, Mary opened her eyes and managed a loving smile. "To-morrow I'll take Roby with me when I go to the potato cellar."

"Tomorrow," Mark gave notice, "you'll stay in bed. I'll get the potatoes." Then the corners of his mouth curled impishly and his eyes sparkled in the way that Mary loved. "Gee, honey," he laughed, "I couldn't take another day like this one."

## Something Different for Dinner

#### FLUFFY CHICKEN CASSEROLE

#### Maren Hardy

One 5 to 6 lb. hen. Cook until tender. Remove from bones and cut into small pieces. Grind skin, gizzard, etc., and add to other chicken.

#### SAUCE

1 c. flour 1 c. broth 1 c. fat from chicken 6 eggs

3 c. milk

Combine flour and fat. Add milk and broth. Cook in double boiler until mixture begins to thicken. Add eggs beaten until frothy and continue cooking until mixture is thick and fluffy.

#### Dressing

1 c. diced celery
2 c. diced onion
3 tbsp. butter or bacon fat
3 tsp. baking powder
4 eggs
1 loaf of bread crumbled salt and pepper to taste

Mix celery, onion, and fat. Mix into crumbled bread and add remainder of broth from chicken, or barely moisten mixture. Sprinkle with baking powder. Beat the eggs until frothy and fold into dressing.

Place dressing in bottom of two (approximately 7½ by 12½) baking dishes. Cover with small amount of sauce. Spread chicken over this and add remainder of sauce. Top with bread crumbs. Bake 1 hour in 325 degrees oven. Cut in squares to serve. This souffle can stand without falling. Serves 20 to 24.

#### CARROT CAKE

#### Edna B. Lang

3 egg yolks 1½ c. sugar 1 c. cooking oil 3 tbsp. hot water

Mix well in large mixing bowl, then add:

1 ½ c. flour (sifted)½ tsp. cinnamon½ tsp. soda½ tsp. nutmeg1 tsp. baking powder1 c. grated carrots½ tsp. salt1 c. chopped nuts3 egg whites (beaten)

Mix well, beat egg whites and fold in last. Bake in a tube pan for one hour and fifteen minutes at 325°. Serve with whipped cream.

### The Best-Laid Plans

#### Maude Proctor

**TF** I had known the anguish that telephone call the other morning was going to cause, I think I would have turned over in bed. pulled a pillow over my head, and staved dead to the world while the

bell jangled on.

But it is the duty of a Relief Society president to be available in case of calamity or catastrophe befalling any member of the ward, so I sighed and sleepily fumbled my way over to the noisy phone, hoping that no one would be stirring that early to gaze through the open window at my night-gowned, barefooted progress.

"Hello?" I asked hopefully, but I might just as well not have hoped.

"Good morning, Sister Jones!" came the particular tone of voice our bishop uses when he has something difficult that he wants the Relief Society to do.

Oh, what? I wondered, thinking of the huge ironing waiting, the apricots ready to be canned, and of my upset house to be straightened before an overdue visit of some relatives.

"Well," our good bishop said, "I've had a call from the stake president saying that two of the Brethren are arriving from Salt Lake, and they want to see our Stake Center. A lot of talking has been done about the planning and selection of kitchen equipment, and President Steele feels that he simply cannot let the Brethren see the place in its present condition."

"And what is the condition?" I asked, more cheerfully, beginning to feel confident that this problem could be handled easily.

"Well, it's pretty messed up with mud from yesterday's rain, so it will take a few hours of rather heavy work by some of you fine sisters."

I try to keep in mind that I must be an example to all and a "very present help" to our hard-working bishop whom the whole ward justly loves and appreciates.

"I wonder why we were elected,"

I mused meekly.

"Why, Sister Jones, the stake president knows I can depend on you sisters getting things done well and quickly.'

"All right, Bishop," I said more brightly, "I'll ask some of the younger sisters to go over, and it will be

taken care of at once."

"I knew I could count on you!" came in a relieved tone, "thank

you."

I hung up and planned whom to call as I dressed quickly. When I had the bacon and eggs in front of the family, I made out my list and called my First Counselor, who is my right hand, my moral support, and my best friend.

"Sure, we can do it. Nothing to it," she said, soothing and smoothing the way before me as she always

does.

I hummed contentedly as I cleared away the breakfast things and prepared to start the canning. Just get this fruit out of the way, I planned, and then I'll try to go over and help.

Drat that phone! I thought as I

reached for it with one hand, while I turned down the gas with the other. It was Sister Pratt, one of the loveliest women I know, and our stake Relief Society president.

"Sister Jones," she said, "I have something that has to be done at once, and you know I always think of your ward when I'm really on a spot." Words like that are usually music in my ears.

It's nice to be appreciated, but today we are busy! I protested to myself, while I assured President Pratt that we were at her service.

"We have to have ten large bags of rags for rugs all cut, sewed, and delivered tonight. Think you can do it?" she asked.

"Oh, certainly," I tossed off airily as I thought of several of the older sisters of the ward who had been our dependable stand-bys for years, and who were now being called on mainly for the less energetic sit-down jobs.

They will be glad to do this and I can get the group organized and forget them, was my line of thought.

Forget them? I'll never, never

forget them!

As I moved toward the stove, someone pounded on the back screen, and almost simultaneously there came a series of impatient blasts from a car horn in front of the house.

"Just a typical day!" I observed aloud and called, "wait a minute" to the back door and hurried to the front. My next-door neighbor called after me, "Say, your daughter's been trying to get you, but your line has been busy. Her husband left this morning for the cattle range, and she guesses she had

better be on the way to the hospital."

Wouldn't it just happen that way? Mrs. Miller shook out the dampened clothes for me, while I took the apricots to the basement.

"Honey," she said, "I'd take them home and iron them for you, if I hadn't promised Don I'd go with him to pick up feed this afternoon."

"Don't dream of it," I told her "I'll be back sometime tomorrow, and everything will wait. Just tell Tom where I've gone and I won't even have to write him a note. He has been expecting this and knows exactly what to do."

"Oh, dear!" Suddenly I remembered the car at the front. At that moment Mary, my First Counselor,

"What goes on in here? I didn't have time to come in. Thought you'd at least stick your head out the door so I could tell you that you'll have to do this telephoning. I'm on my way to mother's. She has had another spell with her heart, and I'll have to stay with her for a few days."

I motioned for Mrs. Miller to keep still. I'd have to figure out a way to get both groups of women called without Mary worrying about it. Her mother really needed her. We waved goodbye and turned and looked at each other. Mrs. Miller threw up her hands and sat down. I felt like it, too, but my poor daughter was depending on me to get her to the hospital.

I knew by the drawn blinds across the way that my Secretary was having one of her migraine headaches, so it would be no use to ask her to do any telephoning. My Second Counselor was away. Who else? Mmmm! So I decided to risk calling Louise, our literature class leader, to do the telephoning for me. She is rather absent-minded and seems to live in the realm of books. Sometimes their characters seem more alive to her than the people around her. On my way to my daughter's, though, I stopped at Louise's and gave her the two lists with careful instructions as to just what to say to each one, and she promised to begin telephoning immediately.

"Don't worry," she said, "I'll get Grandma Wilkins to help call the older group, and Eileen will help with the others. They will all be

working in no time."

"That's a good idea!" I told her and drove away, feeling that I could put Relief Society right out of my mind.

THE next day as I drove back into town, Brother Stone hailed me from the curb. He smiled, waving a negligent hand, and said, "Those old women surely made the place shine over at the Stake Center!"

"Old women!" I echoed blankly. A couple of hours later, I uneasily decided maybe I'd better check on what had happened. Louise was all sweetness and light

sweetness and light.

"The bishop was real pleased at how nice the Stake Center looked, and Sister Pratt was to pick up the rug rags last night about six."

The uneasy feeling persisted, so

at last I called Sister Pratt.

"Everything was just fine," she assured me, "at what age do the sisters over your way start to get old, anyway?"

Well, I thought as I hung up, Grandma Wilkins must have been feeling pretty chipper over those rug rags yesterday.

I was all set for a very restful evening when Tom came home.

"The stake president was all steamed up about our ward sending some eighty-year-old women over to the Stake Center yesterday to scrub floors," was the bombshell he dropped. I was aghast! Louise must have mixed up the lists!

I worried all through dinner. Tom got all out of patience at me because I didn't call someone to see just what the situation was, but I couldn't bear the thought of those poor old ladies with lame backs, stiff knees, and probably worse. Oh, goodness! Every one of those young women who had been called to tear rug rags would be so insulted we'd never get them to Relief Society again all winter.

If there had been any graceful way of getting out of going to Sunday School that morning, I wouldn't have gone. In plain truth, I didn't want to face either group of sisters who had worked the other day. There was sure to be lots of explaining and apologizing to do. I was ashamed of myself, too. should have had the backbone to go to see each of those lovely old ladies who had been asked to do work that was surely beyond their strength. I wasn't quite so worried about the younger group. would help smooth their ruffled feelings, but I felt I just couldn't face those old ladies.

Old ladies! Well! I only hope I'm that young when I'm that old, if you know what I mean!

Down the steps Fern Lehigh came sailing right for me.

"Hi!" she said, "Grandma Wilk-

ins is sure looking for you."

Every step into Sunday School was torture. I didn't see Grandma Wilkins until she was standing beside me. I looked up slowly, and there she was, positively beaming at me.

"Sister Jones, you are a genius! How do you do it?" She didn't give me time to answer, which was a good thing. "I just don't see how you always manage to do the right thing at the right time!"

I was standing with my mouth

open.

"My granddaughter Nell," she went on, "was completely done in, in fact she was thinking of going up to her sister's for a few days to get a good rest when she got the call from Louise. If she had been asked to clean the Stake Center she would have consented, of course,

but it would have put her right in bed, I know. Here you asked her to go and sit in a quiet room and visit with a few of her best friends, and it was as good as a doctor's prescription."

I was walking away in a daze, when she stopped me with a gentle touch. "Sister Jones, you just don't know what yesterday meant to us old-timers you sent over to the Stake Center. My back has been kind of stiff, but it made my heart sing to think that with something important, like fixing things nice for the Brethren, you needed some of us old hands who really know how."

Tears came to my eyes, and I hugged her and said, "Yes, we love you and will always need you very much."

Well, they always say "All's well that ends well," but I feel ten years older!

## A Daughter's Prayer

Billie Sue Nickle Coffin

In spring he showed me where wild flowers bloomed, Taught me the song of winging bird. In summer—oh, delight to ford the rushing streams, To talk where only nature heard.

When winter came, and trees were stark against the sky, We walked through woodlands cold — Father and I.

And now, he takes my own child in his arms, Teaches her the lilting call of whippoorwill. She learns to love the smell of evergreen, To wade a brook and skip a rock, to climb a hill.

When springtime comes and trees are bright against the sky, God, grant we'll walk the woods again — Father and I.

# Love Is Enough

CHAPTER 4

#### Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, a school-teacher from Denver, Colorado, takes a position at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who is working for the forest service. Geniel finds these friends quite different from Ernest Wood, her friend in Denver. The schoolteachers and Mrs. Willett spend Thanksgiving at Jeff's ranch.

THE Thanksgiving holidays were no sooner over and school days resumed than almost everyone began dropping remarks about the pageant.

"What pageant?" asked Geniel at

the dinner table.

"Ha," Marva intoned ominously,

"you'll find out."

"It sounds pretty bad," said Geniel, drawing her sweater closer together. "When and how do I find out?"

"It isn't bad at all," said Christine with a smile. "But it does mean a lot of work for all of us. Miss Blayney. . . ."

"Whom you will remember as the patron saint of the Central School,"

interrupted Marva.

"Miss Blayney," Christine repeated, "writes a pageant every year. Our school has the honor of producing it."

"Under her eagle and uncompromising eye," Marva continued.

"Well, naturally, she wants to be sure that everything goes well. I suppose that any author feels the same towards her brain child. The youngsters really all look forward to it every year. The mothers make costumes, and the various acts and scenes are divided up among all the classes, so that none of us has too much to do. Not enough to make it a burden appropriate."

it a burden, anyway."

"Correct," agreed Marva. "And if we could do it in our own way, or even all work together under one capable director, it would be fine. But we struggle along for fear Miss Blayney will decide we are all wrong, or that even she herself has erred slightly, and change the act, change the cast, change the scenery. . . ."

"Oh, I know it can't be as bad as you say," laughed Geniel. "You're

just trying to scare me."

"Hm, just you wait," replied

Marva darkly.

"I know one thing," Geniel commented, "after the brush I had with her last fall when I missed her big dinner, I better not make any mistakes on this affair."

"You or anyone else," agreed Marva, "although why we are all so scared of her, I'm not too sure. I doubt if she could do more than get us fired — and schoolmarms are hard to come by these days."

IN another few days copies of the pageant were handed out to the teachers. It was titled "The First Christmas."

"It gets various titles," said Christine, "but it's usually about the same thing."

"Which any eighth grader could

have written," added Marva, "but it's up to us to make a shining performance."

Geniel was given the episode of the herald angels appearing to the shepherds. Since there were only a few lines to be spoken by the shepherds and one song for the angels, it didn't seem a very formidable assignment.

"We have quite a stock of costumes from other years," Mr. Layton, the principal, told her, "especially of angels and shepherds, so you won't have to worry on that account."

When Geniel asked the members of her class which ones would like to be shepherds, the hands of every boy in the room went up — sixteen in all. She knew before asking that every girl would want to be an angel. The script called for six shepherds and a chorus of eight angels. Besides, there were costumes for only six of each.

"I can manage to get a dozen angels on the stage," she decided, "by putting them close together. And white nightgowns, or wornout sheets will do for costumes. But how to manage almost triple the number of shepherds is something else again. And how to costume them is another problem. I'm grateful that I don't have to bring out the three kings of the Orient. I'm sure that I couldn't get by with a dozen or so extra there."

"You could choose them by taking the six with the highest spelling grades," Marva suggested. "Hardly anyone gets rewarded for being a good speller these days."

"I'd be sure to end up with the six who had the least stage presence — if there is such a thing in the

third grade. No, I'm going to get them all in the act by fair means or foul. They were so eager — bless their hearts."

"Good luck to you," said Marva. "But let me warn you that when Miss Blayney puts six shepherds in her act, six is what she wants and not sixteen."

"As long as the stage will hold them, I'll figure it out," said Geniel optimistically.

THE rehearsals went forward with a dozen angels singing beautifully, and sixteen shepherds posed over and over again on the stage until they took up the least possible space.

Geniel pondered over the problem of additional costumes and finally decided that she would have to go and see several of the mothers. She was afraid that merely sending word home by the children would not bring the desired results.

In this project she had to call on Johnny for help one Saturday morning. "In the interests of the annual Christmas pageant, to be presented by the Central School, you'd be glad to chauffeur me around for a couple of hours, wouldn't you?" she asked sweetly.

"With the greatest of pleasure," he replied. "It's the least I can do for the cause. Although, in years gone by I've been everything from Kris Kringle to a lame beggar. I nearly always had a star part of some kind."

"What refreshing modesty!" exclaimed Geniel. "About the costumes — we only have to get ten. There are six on hand in the school collection."

She had expected that the trip

would be something of a chore, but instead it turned out to be a delightful afternoon. Several of the mothers she met for the first time. It was not surprising that Johnny knew them all. Nor was it too surprising that they not only knew him but obviously liked him very much.

Before they had started out, he said, "When we're through with the collecting we'll go for a toboggan ride. All work and no play makes

Jane a you-know-what."

He had chartered their course to make the circuit as quickly as possible, but it was soon clear that they wouldn't get through in time for any tobogganing — at least, not that afternoon.

The first stop was at the home of Chris Humphreys. "One of my lesser lights," she explained. "His chief talent is for drawing. He never gets half the answers right on his arithmetic, but the decorations are

absolutely fascinating."

Mrs. Humphreys welcomed them with exuberant hospitality. She served them hot cider and doughnuts, showed them the stuffed cloth animals she had made for various nieces and nephews and at least two dozen samples of Chris' art work. It was with some difficulty that Geniel got around to the subject of costumes.

"Bath robes, no indeed!" Mrs. Humphreys replied scornfully. "I have a striped blanket from Mexico. It will make a beautiful robe. And I also have just the thing for the top. This purple silk I am going to make into a blouse. But not before Christmas. It will make a fine headdress."

When they were finally able to tear themselves away, Johnny said

cheerfully, "Well, one down and just nine more to go. Mrs. Rossiter is next on the list. Does Fred draw?"

"No. Fred drawls. Let's hope that his mother doesn't. I must get through this afternoon or I'll have to make the rest of the costumes myself."

Mrs. Rossiter was so shy that she was obviously relieved to get the visit over with as quickly as possible.

The balance of the calls took the rest of the afternoon, but Geniel ended up with a plentiful supply of costumes. "It's been worth while to get better acquainted with the parents in their own homes, too," she said. "I guess this spree takes the place of the toboggan party."

"Not at all," declared Johnny. "We'll scare up another couple or two and go sliding by moonlight. It's even more fun that way — and

colder."

"It does sound like fun," she agreed. "I'm sure that Marva would like to go. And, maybe we can get Jeff."

"Sure. It would do him good to get out of the barnyard for a change. I never did see a guy so wrapped up

in his cows."

"That's elegantly put," smiled Geniel. "But rather correctly, I'm afraid. Anyway, it won't hurt to ask."

MARVA was delighted to go. She was always ready for a party of any kind, anywhere.

"Jeff says it's okay with him," Johnny reported after phoning. "He'll be through with his milking by seven. He says that we can come to his place for chili afterwards, too."

"Good!" cried Geniel. "This begins to sound like a grand affair."

She was especially glad that Jeff was going and was hoping that this time she would be able to maintain some semblance of dignity. At any rate, she couldn't make herself ridiculous by getting stuck in the mud.

"I'll pick you up right after dinner," said Johnny. "And be sure to put on your boots and snowsuit. Nobody has swept a path on those hills, or installed a ski lift."

He was right about the ski lift and wrong about the path. Several other parties were on the hill and the snow was packed down hard. It had been vears since Geniel had been on a toboggan. "It's just too far away to get to a real hill in Denver," she said. "About the best we could manage were a few gentle slopes for coasting."

"It all goes to show there's just no place like Idaho," declared Jeff. "The best in spuds, mountains, scenery, snow...

"Men," added Johnny.

"Granted," agreed Marva easily, as she slipped down on the toboggan. Johnny sat in front to guide. Geniel was just behind Marva and Jeff at the back to give the necessary push.

T was a thrilling ride. Geniel thought that no plane trip could possibly compare with it. The moonlight sparkled on the white snow, untouched by city smoke. There were whoops of joy from each passing crowd, either going up or down the hill.

Once, when they hit a bump and all bounded up in the air, Geniel was caught by Jeff's strong arms. His touch was almost like an electric shock, and she caught herself wishing that they would hit another bump.

It's nothing more than the excitement of the evening, she tried to tell herself. But it seemed that only a part of her was listening; the other self was hoping to be held again by those same arms.

It seemed as if they had been there only a matter of minutes when Johnny said, "My appetite is getting to the unbearable stage. Do you suppose that chili is hot yet?"

"Sure." replied Jeff. "It was when I left. So is the cider and so forth."

The other three started towards the car but Geniel hesitated. Would she ever again capture the magic of this night? She felt as if she would give anything for just one more ride.

"Are you coming?" demanded Johnny. "Or do you want your face

washed in the snow first?"

"Yes, I'm coming. I don't want to see you starve before my very eyes," she answered reluctantly.

They drove over to Jeff's house where they enjoyed the hot food before the big fireplace with its blazing logs.

"This makes all of my troubles seem vague and far away," said Geniel, stretching her feet towards the fire.

"Troubles, such as . . .?" inquired

"Such as sixteen shepherds, when there should be only eight, and twice too many angels. Each and every one in the third grade wants to get into the act, and I didn't have the heart to refuse even the lowliest one. If it was anybody's play but Miss Blayney's, I wouldn't worry. And perhaps I needn't anyway. Maybe she won't say a word."

"It's much more likely that she

LOVE IS ENOUGH 265

will," comforted Marva grimly. "I remember last year when we tried to have a golden-haired Madonna, because we wanted to use Margaret Stapley in the tableau. She'd had polio and couldn't do a walking part. We had to rig up a dark wig in the twenty minutes between the first curtain and the tableau. This thing has to be perfect, I'm telling you. It's a tradition."

"But all the boys want to be shepherds," Geniel insisted. "Besides, Johnny and I gathered up almost a dozen elegant costumes this

afternoon."

"Could you possibly rotate them?" suggested Jeff. "You know — you might have some of them move slowly across the stage as others come on. Follow the star, in other words."

"Oh, that sounds perfectly wonderful!" cried Geniel. "I knew there must be a way out, somehow or other. It certainly must be perfectly logical that they would follow the star."

"Let us hope that Miss Blayney will think so," said Marva, still high-

ly skeptical.

When it came time to go home, Geniel was almost as loath to leave the coziness of the grate fire as she had been to leave the magic of the snowy hillside. I guess it's just that I don't want to return to the old routine at all, she decided. It's so much fun just to relax and play.

WHEN they were back at the boarding house, Marva remarked lightly, "You know, Johnny is right about the Idaho men. They are rather special. At least, these two are."

"Is either one any more special

than the other?" Geniel asked with a smile.

Marva only shrugged. The gesture

told Geniel nothing.

She looked forward eagerly now to the Monday rehearsal. Everything seemed to be working out wonderfully well. She had an ample supply of costumes and, with Jeff's help, she had figured out a way to put sixteen shepherds on the stage in place of a mere six.

"Thank goodness, the stage will be in semi-darkness, so it shouldn't be too noticeable anyway," she said happily. The main problem now was to teach them to move slowly and spend as much time as possible

gazing up at the star.

She also trained the angels to stand partly sidewards so that the chorus would take up no more room than half a dozen would have done. At least, not very much more.

Just the same Geniel practically held her breath at the final rehearsal, for Miss Blayney was sitting close up to the front and had offered very liberal criticisms during each of the

preceding scenes.

Geniel had taken her charges through the act so many times that it went off without a mistake or hitch of any kind. When it was over, Miss Blayney said nothing whatsoever. Geniel breathed a deep sigh of relief. She didn't expect or even hope for praise. All she wanted was to get each and every member of the third grade onto the stage, if only for a brief moment.

For the final performance on Friday night she was not greatly worried, even when she remembered that a blonde had to be transformed in twenty minutes the previous year. She figured that it would be too late

for Miss Blayney, or anyone else to make any drastic changes.

Anyway, it developed that the lady had more serious worries. The three live lambs, which she had insisted upon having in the stable, were neither used to being on the stage nor to night life. True to their nature, they went astray back into the scenery, knocking over one wall.

Each of the three kings of the Orient came in dark makeup, because the teacher had mentioned that one of them could be dark. Two of them had to be scrubbed at the last minute. Miss Blayney failed to see anything amusing in either incident.

When the spotlight fell upon the angel chorus, Geniel was telling herself, well, nothing can go wrong with this part, anyway. But she had reckoned without the children in the audience. A small brother of Connie's shrieked at the top of his lungs, "Look Mommie! Connie's an angel!"

For a moment Geniel feared that the shy Connie might turn and run or drop from sight, but they were all standing so closely together that she couldn't do either, and the crisis passed.

She was very pleased when it was over to see Jeff waiting in the audience. "I just thought I'd come and see if you got away with it," he smiled.

"Yes, thanks to you," she smiled back. "Thanks from all of the third grade, their mothers — and their little brothers."

"I suppose you're going home for the holidays?" It was a casual question, but Geniel had a notion that he half hoped she would say "no." Unaccountably she half wished so herself. Instead she replied, "Yes, I'm leaving first thing in the morning. It's a long way around by bus."

"But worth all the trouble, I'm sure. I hope that certain parties appreciate their good fortune."

"Oh, my folks will be glad to have me home, of course," she answered quickly. "I've never missed a Christmas at home yet. None of us has, in fact."

Jeff only smiled and said, "Have a merry one."

(To be continued)

## Prayer of a Second Wife

Vesta Nickerson Fairbairn

Dear understanding God, help me be wise To sense the past and present interlacing, To know the moment to be self-effacing, To feel when love unveiled should fill my eyes. My heart needs time to learn, to recognize The subtle changing moods of one replacing Old designs with new, while still embracing Sacred memories. Help me be wise!



#### General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

#### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Hazel M. Brinson

INDIANAPOLIS STAKE (INDIANA) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION
August 3, 1960

Front row, at the left, left to right: Marguerite O'Niones, work meeting leader; Lena Morton, First Counselor; Hazel M. Brinson, President; Beverly McAdam, Second Counselor.

Front row, at the right, left to right: Anne Kreitzer, acting chorister; Bethea Dale, acting organist; C. Lowell Hedrick of the High Council, representing the stake presidency.

Second row, at the left: Barbara Jordan, literature class leader; at the right: Beverly

Ferguson, theology class leader.

Sister Brinson reports that their first Visiting Teacher Convention was a great success. A well-planned and supervised nursery was conducted by Shirley Goodman and Katherine Barney during the convention. The film "Unto the Least of These" was shown twice between the opening session of the convention and the lunchcon, and women attending the convention were divided into two groups by birthday months for the showing of the film. While the film was in progress, the alternating group inspected the display tables and saw the demonstrations given there. A demonstration on home freezing was given by Mrs. Vander Griff, county home demonstration agent, and a fashion show was presented by the Connersville Branch Relief Society. The delightful luncheon was planned and prepared by the Indianapolis Second Ward sisters and was served by the stake Relief Society board.



Photograph submitted by Ruby A. Robbins

BONNEVILLE STAKE (UTAH), NORTH THIRTY-THIRD WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR MANY YEARS OF SERVICE AT FALL SOCIAL, September 28, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Geneva Johnson, Pearl Saunders, Ellen Cederlof, Maude Melville, Mae Bates.

Back row, standing, left to right: Emma Simpson, Alida Larsen, Dorothy Painter,

Brita Johanson, Elizabeth Gray, Nora Walton, Effie McDonald.

Ruby A. Robbins, President, Bonneville Stake Relief Society, reports: "The North Thirty-third Ward honored thirty fine sisters at their fall social, September 28, 1960. The twelve sisters shown in the picture were especially honored for their long years of service, one sister, Elizabeth Gray, being eighty-nine years old. To show them of our love and esteem, individual citations were read, then President Grace B. Larsen presented each sister with a Relief Society pin. These chosen twelve members are our 'gold pin' members. Four new members were added this year and truly feel it an honor to belong to this group. Twenty-five other visiting teachers were each presented with a corsage. To honor all our visiting teachers, the song 'Our Life Can Touch So Many Lives' was very beautifully sung by Lois Nichols. Refreshments, served by our youngest visiting teachers, completed a most satisfying event."



Photograph submitted by Fawn W. Volker

NETHERLANDS MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION OF OFFICERS AND SUPERVISORS

Front row, seated, left to right: Emilie Wolthers, Second Counselor, Netherlands Mission Relief Society Board; Johanna Frolich, First Counselor; Fawn W. Volker, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society; Wilhelmina A. Linneman, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sister Volker reports: "We, the sisters of the Netherlands, are very happy with the results of a convention held at the Hague chapel for the supervisors and officers of the various branches. The purpose was to impart instruction, exchange ideas, and create enthusiasm for the new eight months of work ahead. The morning session was devoted to reviewing handbook instructions and thorough preparation of the lessons and activities of the society. The sisters of the Hague Branch decorated the luncheon tables and served the lunch. Vases of the beautiful golden dahlias of Holland were placed in the chapel and on the display table. For the display table, each branch brought samples of beautiful and interesting articles made for their bazaars. The afternoon speakers used the different lessons for their subjects. Punch was served at the close of the convention, as most of the sisters had a long way to go. It took some three to four hours to reach home. There was a marvelous spirit throughout the day and an eagerness for the instructions given.

"Affairs such as this are very rewarding. They bring together the various branches in delightful association and comradeship, and it was apparent that a spiritual uplift was brushed off on to all. These are wonderful sisters, and their contribution in time and effort is like the work of mothers in the home, who keep the family together."



Photograph submitted by Pearl H. Haddock

# CACHE STAKE (UTAH), SEVENTEENTH WARD WORK MEETING DISPLAY, August 21, 1960

Left to right: Alvira Larson, First Counselor; Benta Wheeler, President; Inez Sorenson, work meeting leader; Elmira Brown, Second Counselor; Selma Lenhart, Secretary-Treasurer; Ruby Hawkins, a work meeting chairman; Ada Jensen, quilting chairman.

Pearl R. Haddock, President, Cache Stake Relief Society, reports that this display of outstanding handwork was presented in connection with a fashion show in which members of the Relief Society and their children modeled clothing which had been made by Relief Society women. Ada Jensen made the rugs shown in the picture and designed the patterns for the quilts. Amy Ewer, absent when the picture was taken, made the afghan. Numerous aprons and household articles, in addition to those illustrated in the picture, were made for the occasion and were attractively displayed.



Photograph submitted by Eva N. Dalton

PANGUITCH STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD HONORED FOR MANY YEARS OF SERVICE, October 29, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Edrie W. Norton, Second Counselor; Eva N. Dalton, President; Vera K. Anderson, First Counselor; Elizabeth T. Smith, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lois W. Haycock, Nina H. Steele, Hope W. Goulding, Nellie H. Fullmer, Beth R. Tebbs, Myrtle Slack, Thelda H. Thompson, Iletta D. Reid.

Eva N. Dalton, President, Panguitch Stake Relief Society, reports: "The members of the Panguitch Stake Relief Society Board enjoyed a very special evening on October 29, 1960. The feature of the evening was the presentation of the Church service record of each of the sisters. These board members have held positions in both ward and stake Relief Society and have served as officers and teachers in all of the ward and stake women's auxiliary positions. The list of officers held by this board will attest to the versatility of the sisters of our Stake."



Photograph submitted by LaPriel S. Bunker

CALIFORNIA MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERSHIP CONVENTION September 17, 1960 Third row, standing at the right: President Bryan L. Bunker of the California Mission: at the right of President Bunker: William F. Jackson, First Counselor, California Mission; standing, eleventh from the left (back of the sister holding the book): Cressa Hunsaker, President, San Gorgonio District Relief Society.

Front row, at the right: LaPriel S. Bunker, President, California Mission Relief

Society.

Second row, kneeling: sixth from the left (in dark dress), Velma H. Peterson, President South Coast district (District recently organized into Palomar Stake, with Sister Peterson as the first president); ninth from the left, Phyllis Averett, President,

Mt. Whitney District.

President LaPriel S. Bunker reports: "A temple excursion to the Los Angeles temple was a beautiful spiritual prelude to our convention. The spirit carried over into our general meeting and departments which were led by our very humble and efficient district leaders. We were grateful to have the Priesthood leaders of districts and branches as our guests. They caught the spirit of the Relief Society program and the opportunities the sisters enjoy spiritually, intellectually, and compassionately. The Singing Mothers from one of our districts furnished lovely music. Following the meeting, we were served a luncheon in the patio of the California Mission home, with very clever decorations of the first Relief Society sisters as dolls at each place setting. It was all a glorious experience and enjoyed by all."



Photograph submitted by Harriet W. Capps

# SOUTH CAROLINA STAKE BOARD AT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, November 19, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Malcolm B. Fagan, Work Director Counselor; Harriet (Hattie) W. Capps, President, South Carolina Stake Relief Society; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Marianne C. Sharp, First Counselor, General Presidency of Relief Society; Lottie P. Joyner, Education Counselor; Phodia W. Guest; Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mildred G. Jensen, literature class leader; Nellie B. Opie, organist; Beulah T. Watson, visiting teacher message leader; Florence W. Watkins, Magazine representative; Louise H. Laffidy, literature class leader; Thelma W. Flowers, work meeting leader; Ethel S. Moody, chorister; Alice B. Voyles, social science

class leader.

President Harriet W. Capps reports: "The convention was a great success. It was well attended, with around 175 present, many traveling distances of 150 miles. The spirit was wonderful, and the inspiration the visiting teachers received will be a great help to us. Greetings were extended by Sister Capps, with talks by Minnie Ricke, one

of the first visiting teachers in South Carolina, President Benjamin W. Wilkerson, Counselor Sharp, and President Spafford. Music was furnished by the Columbia Ward and Columbia Second Ward Singing Mothers. A luncheon and social hour was held following the convention, honoring all visiting teachers. The receiving line was made up of Sister Spafford and Sister Sharp and the stake Relief Society presidency. This gave each visiting teacher a chance to meet our General President and her Counselor.

"The decorations were lovely, with floral arrangements of fall flowers and fruit. Luncheon was served buffet style, with Mildred G. Jensen pouring punch from a beautiful silver bowl. Later in the afternoon, the stake board honored Sisters Spafford and Sharp in the home of Alice B. Voyles, which was beautifully decorated with fall flowers. An informal afternoon was spent in discussing everyday problems that arise in Relief Society. A delicious dinner was enjoyed, which climaxed a highly successful and inspirational meeting."



Photograph submitted by Evelyn P. Brown

BURBANK STAKE (CALIFORNIA), NORTH HOLLYWOOD WARD PRESENTS "RELIEF SOCIETY TREASURE CHEST" AT OPENING SOCIAL

Front row, left to right: Dorothy Lamkin, literature class leader; La Rae Matheson, social science class leader; Kathryn Wegman, President; Leona Jensen, Education Counselor.

Second row, left to right: Clara Gold, chorister; Edith Allaback, visiting teacher message leader; Phyllis Richardson, instructor of work meeting course, "Caring for the Sick in the Home"; Etmo Zellmer, Magazine representative.

Back row, left to right: Marilyn Johnson, organist; Gloria Moser, theology class

leader.

Evelyn P. Brown, President, North Hollywood Stake Relief Society, reports this unique and lovely occasion: "Each board member presented a different 'jewel' of truth for the Relief Society 'Treasure Chest,' explaining the symbol of each jewel as related to this year's courses of study and activities. The crown was presented as a climax, embodying all of the truths to be found in Relief Society activity. The program was also presented at the October leadership meeting in Burbank Stake."

### Pioneer Kitchen

#### Alice R. Rich

THE word togetherness has a deeper meaning for me than the dictionary definition. The sound of it invites me to travel a childhood trail back to my mother's pioneer kitchen, the big family workshop. That room knew the true meaning of the word.

A burning pine back log in the wide fireplace warmed and helped make light the work space. All the family from parents to the young children shared in the preparation of almost everything the big family ate or wore.

The farm, garden, orchard, and range land, with hand labor, produced the bread, milk, meat, butter, cheese, chickens, eggs, fruit, vegetables, honey, molasses, wool, and even boots and shoes. These last were made from oil-tanned hides made into leather at a local tannery.

Ours was a typical pioneer kitchen. It had wide pine-board floors, whitewashed walls, iron cookstove, woodbox, wash bench, water buckets and wash basin, roller towel, mirror, comb case, sewing machine, almanac, and wood chairs. In the middle of the room was the big fall-leaf table, and around it much of the work of togetherness centered.

On that sturdy oilcloth-covered table many hands worked in various activities. There the year's supply of farm-fattened, dressed hogs were trimmed; the hams, bacon, lard, headcheese, spareribs, tenderloin, and sausages were readied for table use for the present time and for the months ahead. On that table top were prepared the orchard and garden grown viands for preserves, jellies, mincemeat, chowchow, chili sauce, sweet pickled peaches, and relishes. On its oilcloth cover were rolled and shaped pie paste, cookies, fried cakes, cinnamon buns, and the tender soda biscuits. Fresh from the oven the great tins of homemade bread came to cool, always so crusty and tempting.

The weekly ironings were always done on the same table top, and there were pinned dress and suit patterns for the family sewing. Above its top hung the coal-oil lamp that lighted it for an eating board, and for evening reading. Around it, as an altar, we knelt for morning and evening prayer.

Within the radius of the lighted fireplace's warmth and light, through the long winter evenings, we sewed carpet rags, pieced quilt blocks and did the family knitting while we listened to "once-upon-a-time" stories and ate pine nuts we had gathered from the nearby hills.

Pioneer life had its problems, its struggles, and hard work, but it had its compensations in the togetherness that we shared and in the lovely memories that are ours — memories that for all of us, persist as an interlude, rich and deep in homely joys, an interlude of gracious living.

### SACRED MUSIC FOR THREE PART LADIES CHORUSES

COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER—Madsen
GOSPEL GIVES UNBOUNDED STRENGTH—Schreiner
GO YE FORTH WITH MY WORD—Madsen
IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS—Madsen25
INCLINE YOUR EAR—Wilkes25
IN THY FORM—Madsen20
LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT FOR JOY—Stephens
LORD, GOD OF OUR FATHERS—Elgar
LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER— Verdi
LORD, WE DEDICATE THIS HOUSE TO THEE—Madsen20
OPEN OUR EYES—Macfarlane .25
THE 23rd PSALM—Schubert25
Music Sent on Approval
Use this advertisement as your order blank
DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY 15 E. 1st South Salt Lake City 11, Utah Please send the music indicated above
Please send the music indicated above.  On Approval Charge Money Enclosed
Name
City & State
Daynes Music ompany

15 E. 1st South

√ Salt Lake City 11, Utah

### Kicking the Rock

Celia Luce

IF a child stumbles against a rock and hurts himself, he often blames the rock for his troubles. He may punish the rock by kicking it or hitting it with a stick.

I often act like that child without realizing it. Something goes wrong and I start looking around for something to blame. I tell myself that I didn't have the same chance as others. I had bad luck. Or, it was someone else's fault. I can brood and blame without helping things at all.

If I really want to set things right, my thinking must be clearer than that. I must stop kicking the rock and be ready to accept the blame I deserve. Only then can I see what must be done to set things right again and avoid trouble in the future.

## The Big and the Little

Maude Rubin

The Chinese dove and the hummingbird Sit here together on one bough Of the braided willow which has not heard Of their different size or status, though The dove is a plutocrat, plump and rich, Big is his name, with a guttural coo; The other, a small irridescence which Gleams feather-lightning, nor cares who Sits on the willow bough and moans. . . . Regardless of size or spread of wing, He slices the blue air-waves and owns A ruby:

But the common linnet sings
Better than either the Little or Big,
As they sit here preening on summer's twig.

## Rejuvenation

Cleo J. Johnson

SITUATED in a sheltered spot by the side of the main road in the dry farm section of southeast Idaho, stands a little, weatherbeaten, now ramshackle, brown house. When life seems to close in on me, when I feel I must get away from it all, that is where I like to go.

I've taken my family there. They peer through the windows into the empty rooms, and fight mosquitoes down by the creek while eating lunch. I have led them up the path that reaches the top of the cliff behind the house where the waving grain fields can be seen. But soon it's, "Come on, Mom. Let's go." "Gee, it's hot." "I'm tired!" "Haven't you seen enough?" The last time I went there, I left them home.

You see, this house is part of me. The property belongs to someone else now, but this is the place where I was born, and as such, will always be mine. I look through those dusty windows and I hardly see the cracks in the wall or the litter on the floor. I see it as it used to be with its big black stove and the woodbox in the corner, the rust-colored velvet portiere that hung in the doorway, with rows of photographs and pictures lining the wall, and the green plaid steamer rug covering the day bed.

I walk down by the creek and, instead of a muddy, hoof-marked watering hole for cattle, I see it clear and sparkling, crystal-cool straight from the mountain, with watercress growing, and a box-like cooler where milk and butter were kept in tin pails.

I climb that path, not even caring that my best slippers are ankle-deep in dust. The shimmering of the quaking aspen trees, the smell of the haw berries and the hum of the insects give me a feeling of peace. And once again as I stand on that hilltop, with the wind blowing through my hair, it is as if I were a child at my father's side. I watch the golden grain ripple.

Then I go home again, and life seems sweeter and dearer than it was.

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### The Antidote

Cynthia M. Trunnell

ME have a yard in which the grass grows green and strong because of good seed, good soil, fertilizer, and water. Here and there are also growing dandelions and other weeds, vigorous and hardy from the same soil and fertilizer and water that benefit the grass. They spread out their uneven patterns irregularly across the lawn, marring the smooth green effect we are trying to achieve. This morning we sprayed the grass and the weeds with a poison mixed with water. The weeds will die because of this spraying, but the grass will not be damaged, will receive only the benefit of the water in the mixture. If we were to spray the vegetable garden, however, the vegetables would die with the weeds. I wonder what protects the grass. Is it some built-in immunity?

I know that with the good influences that are sprayed across my children's minds from television, movies, radio, and magazines, are mixed some poisons. The strength and appeal of these poisons I cannot judge. Their specific potency I can only guess. My children are not like the weeds, unplanted, untended, unwanted, untaught, but what if they are like the vegetables, lacking immunity to the poisons of life from which they cannot be completely shielded? How can I guard them by building into them some universal immunity to protect them as the grass is protected, from within?

The only such means of immunity I know is the gospel of Jesus Christ, taught to them with love and conviction, reinforced consistently by daily example. I believe and pray they will obey the gospel and be immune to poisons from which I cannot shield them.



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## On Second Thought

#### Stella Hatch

In this tension-filled whirl we live in, I've found an oasis. It is second thought.

I cannot tell exactly when I discovered it, but it has saved me untold anxiety.

I can truthfully say it has given me peace of mind.

Take for example — money. I used to spend it when I had it and hardly knew where it went, or whether it would reach or not. Now I plan for it. Then, on second thought, I replan it and it reaches, because I find things there that I can very well do without. It is a big relief when I do. When my children must have this or that luxury, I very firmly give it my second thought and let the children work for the money. They appreciate it more.

Just last week I planned an evening at the movie for me and the children, then, on second thought, I bought ice cream cones for us and our new neighbor's children, and we spent two wonderful hours getting acquainted.

I have been accomplishing my work by doing certain things on certain days and have been nervous and upset when anything interfered. On second thought, I sat down and made a list of the things I just had to do to keep a moderately clean house, a well-fed family, and presentable washings and ironings. Then I listed all the extras I have been tearing my heart out about and put each one down on a separate recipe card. Now, I take one of them out every day and work on it for ninety minutes, then I have the rest of the day to live and love more than I have ever done. I am accomplishing more, I'm not worrying about what hasn't been done, because I know that someday soon the card will pop up, and I enjoy my family so much more. Of course, they are wondering what has happened to me, but I just smile and squeeze my file box.

When traveling I choose a route. On second thought, I consider what I shall miss by going that way, so I reroute to have more pleasure for the same amount of gas.

I have been upset many times in disciplining the children, even punishing the wrong one. Now, on second thought, I am beginning to use more reason and much prayer. My children are slowly responding to my change of attitude. I have found myself becoming more patient.

My husband and I have been happier together, because when I have become annoyed about something, I give it a second thought, of what tomorrow would be like if he were taken from me. I try to greet him with a smile and appreciate the wonderful man he is. The petty things just seem to fade out. Try second thought. It is soul-satisfying.

## Morning Promise

Leah W. Kimball

Even as branches bare

Against a somber sky,

May I add beauty to my world

As stark night passes by.

Soon morning sun, though hid from view,
Will penetrate the gray,
Pink-tint the clouds and, through the mist,
Find heaven's blue for day—

A promise of the light to come,
Of solace for the soul,
Of warmth and joys yet undreamed,
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Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson Young Sanford, Colorado

#### Ninety-five

Mrs. Maria Peterson Thompson Ephraim, Utah

Mrs. Minetta Parmelia Brown
Thorne
Manti, Utah

#### Ninety-four

Mrs. Alice Ann De La Mare Gowans Tooele, Utah

#### Ninety-three

Mrs. Emily Jane Dunster Siddoway Vernal, Utah

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#### Ninety-two

Mrs. Amalia Olsen Berg Castle Dale, Utah

Mrs. Margaret Ellen Black Rowley
Castle Dale, Utah

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> Mrs. Sarah Fitch Whyte Lethbridge, Alberta Canada

#### Ninety-one

Mrs. Clara Louise Crismon Johnson Ceres, California

MRS. CLARA YOUNG SPEIRS Los Angeles, California

Mrs. Minnie Candus Allen Thomas Long Beach, California

> Mrs. Eva Unsworth Hansen Mar Vista, California

Mrs. Annie Glade Vine Salt Lake City, Utah

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#### Ninety

Mrs. Mary Alice Wisehart Parkhurst Menlo Park, California

Mrs. Nancy Elizabeth Curtis Walker Augusta, Georgia

Mrs. Elizabeth Emma Slade Carroll Mancos, Colorado

Mrs. Jane Angus Banks Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Marie Yorgensen Carling Shelley, Idaho

Mrs. Ann Giles Cummings Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Sarah Ella Spencer Greensboro, North Carolina

Mrs. Mary Berg Beckstead Nibley, Utah

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamp Willmore Pocatello, Idaho

## For April's Sake

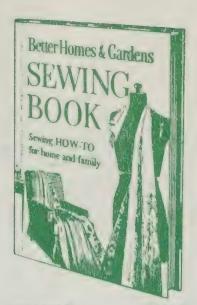
Ida Elaine James

Now consummates the root In pale anemone When humbly underfoot Blooms pink fragility;

Now through the lyric air Of spring, reluctant snow Of petals drifts down April's stair As cherry blossoms go.

As a thrush's wing whirs Upon inviting wind, Softly old magic stirs To ruffle the mind.

On mornings sweetly blue Memories awake And softly sing of you For April's sake.



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## Year of the Butterfly

#### Rosemond Purviance

The Chinese have a way, it seems to me, Of marking time that offers pure delight. This is the year of the dog, they say, Or the dragon or the swine.

This has been the year for us of the butterfly.... From the dry cocoon on the early day
The black caterpillar spun
And hung from the top of the prismed jar
Where children's hands had thrust
A twisting, fuzzy body
In a bed of twigs and grass.

Gently! Gently!
Caterpillars squirm and childish fingers
Are unskilled in tenderness.
Thus comes the need for dying
And to know makes quick tears
When the knowing of the need
Exceeds the small circumference of a world
Surrounded by an unpierced infant wall...
The question rises and the answer falls
And comfort swells and fills the in-between
To give to dying meaning
That to die is but to live.

But tears dry quickly when the heart is young, And summer days hold magic for the eyes.

The frosty brown container splits and curls
And now the jar grows smaller — much too small
To quite contain the beauty that comes forth . . .
And jet and gold, and tipped with silver-white.
The lid is lifted,
And Pandora's eyes were never bright
To witness such as this.

It rises, flutters free And settles down, Pulsating softly, On a yellow head.

The year of the butterfly is gone. I wait, Anticipating with an anxious joy Another time of learning Children's years.

The Cover: Lake Louise, Alberta, Canada

Photograph by Duncan Edwards, Free Lance Photographers Guild

Frontispiece: Delaware Canal, Pennsylvania Photograph by Don Knight

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## From Near and Far

I love The Relief Society Magazine. The lessons are helpful and so are the wonderful, inspiring stories and poems. Every word helps to strengthen my testimony, and my heart is full of thankfulness for the Magazine. No one reading this wonderful Magazine could deny the truth and words of wisdom it contains. I pray that, as one of the Magazine representatives, I may be the means of others obtaining and enjoying our Relief Society Magazine.

—Sarah Potts
Ripley, Derbyshire, England

I was Relief Society president for two years here in Cookeville. I now teach the social science class, and enjoy all the lessons which are given in the Magazine. The stories and poems are just wonderful, and the covers so lifelike. My children and I were discussing the March cover and remembering our trip to Canyon Lake (near Phoenix, Arizona) in 1955, when we were living in Phoenix. It is wonderful to see it on the Magazine in color.

—Mrs. Elsie Lee Hickey
Cookeville, Tennessee

I think The Relief Society Magazine is simply splendid. I have taken it since 1926. I sent a copy to a cousin of mine in England (nonmember) and she wrote thanking me for the nice little book.

—Helen McQuarrie
Salt Lake City, Utah

I would like to tell you how much I appreciate our wonderful Magazine. It helps me spiritually and materially in my home. I just can't be without it. For me The Relief Society Magazine is a treasure of knowledge.

—Mrs. Clemencia P. Golithon Redondo Beach, California

I enjoy our Magazine very well. I have twenty-five bound volumes and treasure them. I also enjoy the Birthday Congratulations to our dear sisters.

—Annie E. Nielsen Spanish Fork, Utah I enjoy The Relief Society Magazine very much. Two of the recent stories have been particularly moving: "Grafted" (First Prize Story, by Hope M. Williams, in the January issue); and "The Happety Road" (Second Prize Story, by Hazel K. Todd, in the February issue). I am glad the articles on Temple Square (by Preston Nibley, October and November 1960, and January, February, and March 1961) have been included in the Magazine. My children enjoy these bits of history as much as I.

—Mrs. Merrill Holyoak American Falls, Idaho

I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate our wonderful Magazine, and what it means to me. Inside the beautiful covers lie a college education, the wonderful lessons, stories, recipes, and poems. The contents of the Magazine are always outstanding. I have enjoyed twelve years on the stake board, in two different stakes, as Magazine representative and have loved every minute of it. I have also served as a ward president in the same two stakes. Truly, I have learned the value of the Magazine.

—Mrs. Alligee L. Anderson Nephi, Utah

The Relief Society Magazine is an inspiration to all of us here in Waco, Texas. We especially enjoy the ideas for work meeting. Our homebound members surely enjoy the Magazine. We hope you will never discontinue the handwork features in our favorite Magazine.

—Mrs. Florence Hoppie Waco, Texas

Just a note of thanks for the beautiful editorial "And Tell of Time" in the January Magazine (by Vesta P. Crawford). Truly, I feel that it was penned particularly for me. I have always loved that passage from Ecclesiastes around which the message was built.

Evelyn Anderson Lee
Linthicum Heights, Maryland

## 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. 48	MAY	1961	NO. 5
		tents	
		FEATURES	
Contest Announcement	Mothers Concert Tour s — 1961		293
Magazine Honor Roll f	or 1960		Marianne C. Sharp 320
	FIC	TION	
"Men Are What Their Lovingly Remembered Love Is Enough — Cho	Mothers Make Them' upter 5	FEATURES	label Law Atkinson 296 Frances C. Yost 299 Mabel Harmer 312
From Moar and Far	GENERAL	FEATURES	282
Woman's Sphere Editorial: Train Up a ( Notes From the Field:	Child As an Individual Relief Society Activities ons	I	Ramona W. Cannon 303 Marianne C. Sharp 304 Hulda Parker 330
The Evening Star	FEATURES FO	OR THE HOME	Clas Isnas Ishasan 200
Spring Housecleaning			.Hattie B. Maughan 306
Animal Aprons	g. Mistress of Many Hobb	ies	Shirley Thulin 310
Beauty			Arlene D. Cloward 337 Celia Luce 338
To Be a Grandmother			Harriet De Spain 339
The Year of the Butter	rfly — Frontispiece	R	osemond Purviance 281
Sunflowers on a Hill		Eva \	Willes Wanasaaard 292
Suburbs	***************************************		Christie Lund Coles 305
Earth House in May		Ca	roline Eyring Miner 318
Woman's Choice			Lula Walker 337
Twin Seas			Ethel Igcobson 340
Except for the Daisies	***************************************	R	abel Iones Gabbott 342
So Beautiful, Beloved	***************************************	Gr	ace Barker Wilson 342

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Page 283

## International Singing Mothers Concert Tour

President Belle S. Spafford

With Its Singing" was the concluding number of each one of a series of concerts presented in seven large centers of the United Kingdom by a Relief Society International Singing Mothers Chorus composed of 250 singers representing five countries — United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

As this glorious song rang out through the great concert halls of Great Britain, one felt the prophetic nature of its message. The superbly beautiful music of these sweetspirited mothers will not end in the concert halls, but will go on in the homes, in branches and missions, in wards and stakes of two continents, to sustain and bless our Father's children and to further his work.

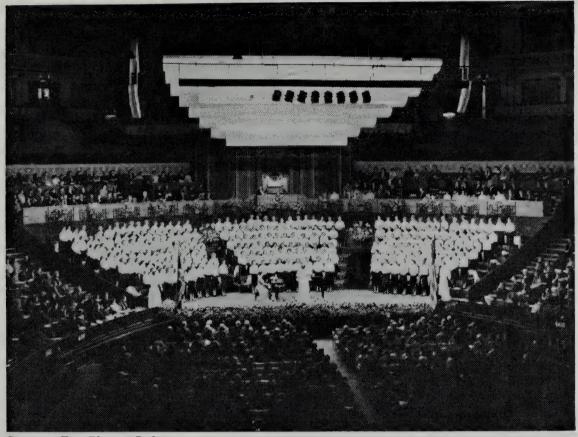
In a revelation given in July 1830 to the Prophet Joseph Smith and directed to his wife, Emma, who twelve years later became the first President of Relief Society, the Lord said: "For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads" (D & C 25:12).

Throughout its 119 years of history, during which time Relief Society has spread to the far corners of the earth, Relief Society mothers have been singing mothers. They have sung with heart and voice. Yet, in all the long history of the Society,

it was not until now that Relief Society members residing in more than one country had been brought together in one choral group. The recent concert tour of Great Britain, history making in its conception and accomplishments and promising for the future of the Singing Mothers program of Relief Society and for Relief Society itself, bears testimony of the blessings of the Lord to his daughters, of the power of music, and of the importance of the Relief Society in the advancement of the work of the Church.

The first International Chorus of Singing Mothers, formed at the direction of the First Presidency, was blessed in having as its conductor Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen, member of the General Board of Relief Society and eminent American conductor. Dr. Madsen has had a long and distinguished career in the field of music as soloist, composer, teacher, and conductor. was not a new experience for her to bring together into one large choral group singers selected from many local Relief Society choruses. For a number of years she has conducted such choruses at the Annual General Relief Society Conference and at sessions of the General Church The thousands Conferences. Latter-day Saints attending these conferences have been inspired and edified by the deeply moving music of these choruses.

Outstanding as have been her past



Courtesy Fox Photos, Ltd.

#### THE SINGING MOTHERS IN CONCERT AT ROYAL ALBERT HALL

performances, Dr. Madsen's great talents seemed to have reached a perfection peak in the training and conducting of the International Chorus. Sensitive to the effects desired by the composers, she developed, in a comparatively few rehearsals, the ability on the part of the singers to perform beautifully and artistically. The charm of her personality, her ready wit, the sincerity and apparent ease with which she achieved emotional and spiritual depth in her conducting, will mark her ever as a superb interpreter of song and as one of the great choral conductors of the Church. In all of Florence Madsen's activities in working with the American and British singers, she had the full support and assistance of her husband, Dr. Franklin Madsen, himself

an accomplished musician and conductor.

The International Singing Mothers Chorus was fortunate, also, in having Dr. Frank W. Asper, one of America's most distinguished organists, for the organ accompaniments and for the concert organ solos. Dr. Asper has been playing the Salt Lake Tabernacle organ for more than thirty years. The dedicatory service for the organ in the new Hyde Park Chapel featured Dr. Asper. The Singing Mothers participated in that service.

I T was not an easy undertaking to bring together for several weeks of rehearsal fifty-seven women from stakes in Utah extending from Provo through Ogden; also to assemble for sectional rehearsals two hundred



Courtesy J. Walter Thompson, Ltd.

#### PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

British women; then to transport the 250 American and British sisters to London and from this center to Manchester, to Nottingham, to Cardiff, to Newcastle, to Glasgow, and to Belfast for concerts, and then on back to Liverpool and from thence to their respective homes.

The organizational genius of the undertaking was reflected in the smoothness with which the tour moved from place to place. Planned under the competent direction of President Bowring Woodbury of the British Mission and his wife,

Sister Beulah Woodbury, with the full support and co-operation of other mission presidents of Great Britain, the Manchester Stake presidency, the missionaries, local Priesthood and Relief Society leaders, as well as the General Presidency of Relief Society, the tour was conducted with the efficiency and precision of a well-oiled machine.

Travel arrangements for the American sisters to and from England were made by President Franklin Murdock, who, together with Sister Clare Murdock, accompanied



Courtesy Fox Photos, Ltd.

SISTER EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY

Photograph taken in England
February 1961

the singers throughout the entire tour. The tour manager was Elder Maurice Barnes of the British Mission. Elder Barnes was assisted by Sister Myrtle Wentworth and Sister Coleen Hamilton, of the British Mission, while Sister Evon W. Peterson represented the General Board. All of these brothers and sisters remained with the singers throughout the entire tour, as did President Spafford. President Bowring Woodbury and Sister Beulah Woodbury also traveled with the chorus a portion of the time. Every requirement of responsible assignments was met pleasantly and capably by those assigned to direct and assist with the tour, making the extensive traveling a happy and comfortable experience for the singers.

The music repertoire consisted of twenty-three sacred and secular numbers, with both British and American composers represented. Some of Dr. Madsen's own compositions were included. Each number was recognized as being among the finest in choral music. Though difficult to learn, the sisters memorized the songs and presented them with artistry under the masterful conducting of Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen. The organist, Dr. Frank Asper, the pianist, Zesta T. Geisler, the soloists, Annette Richardson Dinwoodey, Jean Taverner, and Jewell E. Cutler, the violinists, Reva Blair and Blanche Wilson, all lent great talents to impressive and soul-stirring concerts.

As the chorus moved from city to city on its memorable tour, receptive and appreciative audiences greeted the singers. Enthusiastic applause and high praise for the



Courtesy J. Walter Thompson, Ltd.

#### DR. FLORENCE JEPPERSON MADSEN

of the General Board of Relief Society

Director of the International Singing

Mothers Chorus



Courtesy Fox Photos, Ltd.

#### PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD SPEAKS AT DEDICATORY SERVICE

Seated in the front row, left to right: Sister Brown, Sister McKay, President David O. McKay, Elder Hugh B. Brown, President Alvin O. Dyer.

quality of the singing and the uniqueness of the undertaking were forthcoming on every hand.

Warm welcomes were extended by Lord Mayors in a number of the cities where concerts were given. Some of these distinguished civic leaders honored the Church by attending the concerts held in their respective cities. Other distinguished persons were also present at the various concerts.

Everywhere the press was generous in reporting the event. The Newcastle press reported the concert as follows, under the heading The Singing Mothers Excel:

In the City Hall, Newcastle, last night the International Chorus of Singing Mothers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints gave a concert of sacred and secular music. This was one of a series of concerts which this body of singers is giving in seven centers in the United Kingdom. The whole concept is remarkable — 50 American singers who have come over specially for these events joined with 200 British singers, who have for some time been rehearsing sectionally, and they have formed a choir whose performance was an absolute object lesson in choral singing. Apart from the obvious fact that every member was thoroughly cognizant of the music — the whole exacting programme was sung without reference to copies — credit must be given to the expert training and inspiring conducting of Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen. . . .

The programme consisted of a varied selection of three and four-part choral items, solos by Jewel Cutler (soprano), and Annette Richardson Dinwoodey (contralto), a violin solo by Blanche Wilson and two organ solos. Some of the accompaniments were played on the organ by Dr. Frank W. Asper, who provided adequate support without ever being too loud, in spite of the temptation of the large organ, the power of which he rather devastatingly demonstrated in his solos. The rest were in the hands of the pianist, Zesta T. Geisler, whose playing was excellent. Her

accurate accompaniments were helpful to choir and soloists alike.

Of the contribution of the choir to the programme one can only speak in the

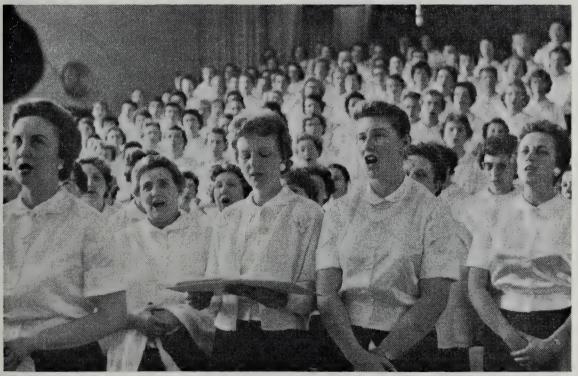
highest terms.

Helped by the absence of copies, there was absolute unanimity in everything they did, with constant attention centered on their conductor, whose clear and meaningful leadership ensured splendid precision. They sang with artistic expression and never lost vitality, whether in vigorous and strenuous passages or in the quietest parts. But while praising highly their tone and the general interpretation of the music, it was that rare quality in singing, splendid enunciation, which struck me most. Such clarity, such care with adequate stresses, left the audience in no doubt about the words.

Classical, English, and American composers were represented. Only to mention a few — Handel's "Come Unto Him" was beautifully sung, as was Elgar's "The Snow." We were given an unaccustomed staccato rendering of a Bach chorus, but it was effective. An Irish song, "I Have a Bonnet Trimmed With Blue" was very taking, and Landon Ronald's "A Southern Song" was given an interpretation which warranted the repetition demanded.

Dr. Madsen, the conductor, had one composition and two arrangements in the programme, all bearing the stamp of expert musicianship, and her "Come, Ye Blessed" was given a sincere and moving rendering.

remarkable achievement of Dr. Florence Madsen, and one which received considerable attention and commendation, was the perfect blending of the English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Western American accents into an harmonious oneness. This, however, was not the only blending. The lives of the sisters were blended as one. From the hour when the Oueen Mary docked at Southampton bearing the American group until farewells were spoken at Liverpool, a spirit of love and sisterhood prevailed. The welcoming song, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," sung by sixty British singers, came ringing across the water as the ship docked and was promptly answered by "Now



Courtesy Fox Photos, Ltd.

THE SINGING MOTHERS AT HYDE PARK CHAPEL



Courtesy J. Walter Thompson, Ltd.

## ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE HYDE PARK CHAPEL

Exhibition Road, Kensington, London

Let Us Rejoice in the Day of Salvation, No Longer As Strangers on Earth Need We Roam." This glorious and heartfelt singing formed a favorable beginning for loving friendships.

The most impressive and memorable of the many long-to-be-remembered occasions in which the chorus took part, was, without doubt, the dedication service of the Hyde Park Chapel in London, on Sunday, February 26, 1961, at ten A.M.

The building features many new advancements in chapel design. The spacious and attractive chapel houses a concert organ of 2,545 pipes, forty-three stops, and three manuals of sixty-one keys each. A large recreational room with a stage adjoins the chapel and may be opened to accommodate overflow congregations attending meetings in the chapel. There is a large and beautifully decorated Relief Society room, a spacious kitchen with modern kitchen equipment, and

twenty classrooms. The building also has a baptismal font. Of great convenience is a basement garage designed to hold forty cars. The outside of the building is equally as beautiful as the interior. A ninetyfoot tower capped by a gold leaf covered spire, rising an additional forty feet to place the spire top 130 feet above the street level, and with a narrow panel of colored glass running vertically up the tower face, is illuminated at night. It may be seen long distances, an eye-catching and inspiring sight on the London scene.

With the entrance of President and Sister McKay for the dedicatory service, accompanied by Elder and Sister Hugh B. Brown and Elder and Sister Nathan Eldon Tanner, the great gathering of saints and friends who had assembled early for the service, rose as one and stood in silent and reverent respect until our distinguished Prophet and President and his beloved and honored wife were seated. The joy of the sisters in having Sister McKay present when the women of the Church were being honored by having Relief Society Singing Mothers provide music for this auspicious occasion, was apparent in their faces as Sister McKay entered the building.

THE chorus sang with sweetness, clarity of tone, and a soul quality that were deeply moving, the following anthems:

"The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee," by P. P. Pratt and George Careless. "Send Forth Thy Spirit," by Schuetky, arranged by Frederic F. Smith.

"Peace I Leave With You," by Roberts.
"Thy Blessing on This House, Dear Lord," words by Alberta H. Christensen and music by Florence Jepperson Madsen.

The impressive address of President David O. McKay, and the inspired dedicatory prayer pronounced by him, will live on in the hearts of the listeners. President McKay outlined the indispensable conditions to the attainment of peace. "Only by adherence to the fundamental principles of righteousness can peace come to individuals or nations," he said. He told the listeners that "The mission of the Church is to establish peace — peace in individual hearts, peace and harmony in the home, cessation of war and discord among nations." He said that peace cannot be found in external things, it always comes from within.

The following words spoken by President McKay in behalf of Relief Society as he referred to the Relief Society room, made a deep impress upon the hearts of the Relief Society sisters there assembled:

We dedicate the Relief Society rooms and kitchen and all that pertains thereto. Bless the Relief Society and the service they are rendering, the significance of which is now becoming more clearly understood by the people of the world. Holy Father, guide the members and keep close to them, and may all the people realize what it means to have our mothers rendering service, not only to their loved ones and children at home, but through their ability as leaders of the women of the world.

The organization of the London Stake at the Sunday afternoon session, during which the Singing Mothers again sang, was a second glorious occasion of this Sabbath day.

The tour of the International Singing Mothers Chorus seemed appropriately concluded with a special temple session at the London Temple arranged by President and Sister Selvoy Boyer. A spirit of peace and well-being pervaded the soul of everyone and seemed as a benediction upon the momentous undertaking.

There were mixed emotions the morning of March 8, when sisters of five different countries who had lived together and sung together for a fortnight said their adieus. The sorrows of parting were alleviated only by the joys of returning to home and loved ones, enriched by the experiences and strengthened by the blessings that had attended the sisters throughout the tour. These sisters of different nationalities, but with the same ideals, standards, beliefs, and eternal goals, had formed deep and abiding friend-



Cunard Line Photograph

PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD AND HER HUSBAND W. EARL SPAFFORD

Aboard the "Queen Mary" on their way to England for the Singing Mothers Tour ships. In the heart of each was sincere gratitude to the Lord for the opportunity that had come to her to be a part of this unique missionary endeavor. In the heart of each was a deepened appreciation for the gospel of Jesus Christ as restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and an increased determination to further the work of the Church. There was a firm resolve in the heart of each sister to rear her children in the love of the truth. There was an awakened desire to further develop her talents and to use them in building strong and ever-growing Relief Societies. There was a greater understanding of the true meaning of sisterhood.

To attempt at this time to measure the values that will accrue from this international Singing Mothers

activity, entered into by invitation of the First Presidency, would be fruitless. Many values already shine out with crystal clearness. Others remain yet to be identified. The full measure of the value of the undertaking must be determined by time and eternity. That the Lord looked with favor upon the undertaking is attested by the abundance of the blessings which he showered upon the sisters as they traveled from place to place on their mission of love and song.

The General Presidency expresses deep felt appreciation to the First Presidency for the glorious opportunity afforded Relief Society Singing Mothers, and prays that Relief Society sisters may ever be found worthy of the trusts placed in them by the Church.

## Sunflowers on a Hill

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

May upon the hillside Wakes ten thousand suns Looking up the airways Where true sunlight runs.

Not a cool wing shadow, Not a tree limb's shade Interrupts this glowing Light and petal made.

Where but gleaming sunlight Fills the dazzled eye Gold has need of purple. Low the shadows lie.

Underneath each flower, Dark behind each leaf, Sun-shape, leaf-shape, stencil Time's pre-written brief.

## Contest Announcements—1961

#### CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1961

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The General Board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other.

### Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1961. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	.\$40
Second prize	
Third prize	

Prize poems will be published in the January 1962 issue of *The Re*lief Society Magazine (the birthmonth 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 contestants 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 a poem.
- 6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.
- 7. A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:
  - a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
  - b. That the poem (state title) is the contestant's original work.
  - c. That it has never been published.
  - d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.

- e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.
- 8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.
- 9. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

- a. Message or theme
- b. Form and pattern
- c. Rhythm and meter
- d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
- e. Climax
- 10. Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1961.
- 11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

## Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1961 opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1961.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize	\$75
Second prize	\$60
Third prize	

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1962. 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 em-

ployees 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. The number of the words must appear on the first page of the manuscript. (All words should be counted, including one and two-letter words.) 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 rec-

ognized writer. In case of complete disagreements 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 August 15, 1961.
- 10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

## Set Your Kindred Free

Clara Lewis Jennings

Must I, behind locked doors, forever wait, While you, who are on earth, procrastinate Work which would set me free? Must I cry out, unheard, forevermore, And wait, in vain, behind this bleak, barred door Because you would not see?

Must I, who once held loved ones tenderly, Stretch out my arms through all eternity While others move ahead? Must I not know the joy of being sealed, By this great power God has now revealed, Because you failed your dead?

When I dwelt on the earth as mortal man, The Lord had not revealed his gospel plan, Which I accept as true! I would have done my own work had I known, And would not now be waiting here alone, Depending so on you!

Please hear my voice before it is too late, For you, and yours, will one day share my fate, If you heed not my plea, For God has spoken in this latter day, Commanding you to open up the way, To set your kindred free.

For in your day, the Lord has plainly said That no man can be saved without his dead, And so, I call once more; As I must look to my posterity, So must they also have the need of me.

## "Men Are What Their Mothers Make Them"

Mabel Law Atkinson

Ormon sat on her porch in the warmth of the May sunshine watching her husband plant their vegetable garden. Suddenly a great longing to see the boy who had helped him the year before came over her. But she knew that could not be, for he was finishing his first year at a college some distance away and would not be home till the first week in June. Even Mother's Day could not stretch their budget for an extra trip home.

She was roused from her thoughts by the mailman whistling the strains

of "Mother McCree."

"That is worth paying for, your whistling, I mean," she called to him as he was putting her mail in their box by the side of the road.

"For that compliment, I'll bring your letter and give it to you myself. Sure and its from that big handsome son of yours away at college. It's mighty proud of him you should be."

"Thank you, Mr. McDougal, I am proud, but a little lonely, too, this

morning."

"The letter will cheer you up. I'll be going along so you can read it."

With a smile Mrs. Ormon opened her letter and began reading:

Dear Mother: Wish I could be talking to you instead of writing, but that cannot be, but someday, Mother, I'll be so successful — I hope — that I can come home every Mother's Day. But this time this letter and the small remembrance I am sending must suffice.

Now, Mother, don't say, "You shouldn't have" about the gift. I couldn't think of getting a corsage for Barbara to wear last night and not remember my favorite girl on her special day.

"And who is Barbara?" I hear you ask. You would like her, Mother. She invited me to go with her to a party given by one of her sorority friends. She's beautiful, easy to talk with, and a good dancer. It was a formal affair, and Barbara looked like a million in her dress, but it was modest, Mother, which is more than I can say for some of the creations the girls wore.

You should have seen me in a Tuxedo, the first I've worn. No, dear little Mother, I didn't have to rent one so I'm not low on cash as a result. My roommate had one and he was generous enough to let me wear it. It fit perfectly. Strange how the wearing of a tuxedo made me feel important and dignified and sophisticated. If I do say so, Barbara and I made a handsome

couple.

I enjoyed the dancing, every moment of it, but when we were seated for a midnight banquet and pretty little waitresses began filling the small crystal goblets with wine or champagne — I'm not familiar with such drinks, as you know, so can't say for sure — I knew a few moments of panic. It was as if hot fingers were clutching at my throat. I knew what I should do, Mother, for the Word of Wisdom has always been lived in our home. But could I be different and face the conse-

quences. Would it really matter to do as the rest just this once and be recognized as one of the crowd and belonging? I looked at Barbara and read a challenge in her eyes. The smiling waitress was but a few plates away. Indecision seemed choking me.

SUDDENLY I was a boy again: It was the morning of my twelfth birthday, a bright, sunny morning, the day I arrived at the important age when I could be ordained a deacon and begin scouting. The scout oath passed through my mind and I remembered you had given me the scout handbook to study a few months before so I would be all ready to be a real scout when I was twelve. Again I saw my birthday cake with its roses and candles and "Happy Birthday, Richard!" Once more my eyes rested on your gift, a book, A Young Folks History of The Church, in which you had written, "You will receive the Priesthood today. Magnify it." Again I was holding a sealed letter I found in the book. On the outside of the envelope you had written, "To be opened on your twenty-first birthday, and telling the kind of man I think you will be

It was as though a clean canyon breeze blew across my soul. My mind cleared. I turned to the little waitress about to fill my glass, smiled, and said, "No, thank you." Then I turned to meet the scoffing rebuke I expected to see in Barbara's eyes. Instead, I saw them light with the gladness of relief, and smiling, she, too, said to the waitress, "No, thank you." To my astonishment, several others at the

table refused, and some of the filled goblets were never raised to the lips of those who had lacked the courage to say no.

When I said goodnight to Barbara at her door, her eyes were shining as she said, "Thanks, Richard. I'm so grateful to you and proud of you. I have never tasted liquor of any kind, and now I am sure I shall be able to keep my record clean. I had decided to do whatever you did."

Thanks, Mother, for all you have taught me, and thank Dad for me. Had it not been for your teachings in many different ways, I would not have been able to say no. And, Mother, I still have two more years before I can open your letter. I shall try to live so I can read it unashamed and with no regrets.

Good night, Mother, and all my love. Your son, Richard

TEARS were running gently down Mrs. Ormon's face as she finished the letter. Thankfulness welled up in her heart. She knew the sweetness of humility as she breathed a prayer of gratitude.

"Why the tears, my dear?" It was her husband who spoke. "Not tears of sorrow, I am sure, for there is a radiance in your eyes. You are beautiful, Mother, 'smiling through!' Here, let me dry your eyes." He did so, then kissed her tenderly. "Now tell me all about it."

For answer she handed him her letter. When he finished reading and turned to her there were tears in his eyes, also, and he said softly, "Emerson was right: 'Men are what their mothers make them.'"

She looked in her husband's eyes

for a long moment. There was tenderness in her voice and love and gratitude as she answered gently, "I believe you are right, my dear." She paused briefly then continued, "What a wonderful mother you must have had."

The sacred moment was broken by the click of the gate. The boy from the florist's handed her a long slender box, received her "Thank you" and went on his way.

With eager, trembling fingers she removed the wrappings, opened the box, and saw one long-stemmed perfect white rose. On the card was written: "The white rose of purity. Love, Richard."

## The Evening Star

Cleo Jones Johnson

I termed it a bad day. Nothing went right. A late start to begin with, trouble with the old washer, telephone interruptions one after another, a child's broken arm, help needed on his paper route, supper unprepared, and, in addition, the anxiety of a left-too-late assignment for the meeting that night!

At the approach of evening as I stood shivering with aching cold while my fingers pried at the frozen garments on the clothesline, and my spirit was downtrodden by the pressures of the day, my glances caught the sparkle of the evening star. Its brightness all of a sudden hung there, although the sun was not quite hidden beyond the distant mountains. I stood transfixed by its beauty and the wonder of its purpose. A pale silver moon floated nearby. The strain and worry of the day, even the cold, were, for the moment, forgotten.

My eyes followed the slope of sky to the western horizon where sheets of crimson and orange flamed, edged by soft gold, by blue and purple, announcing the departure of the great ruler light of the day. The colors brought beauty to the cold, bare branches of a tree that grew as if to frame for me a great painting.

Then, as if the magic of this moment might seem incomplete, there appeared from out of nowhere a thin white line traveling slowly between the two — the glory of the sun and the sparkle of the night. It was the vapor trail of a manmade jet, another wonder of creation, leaving in its wake a series of puffs like a dot and dash message, as if to remind me that every day has its brightness; trials and troubles should bring out the best of what is in us; God is good; and life is the best of what we make it.

I thanked God for that evening star.

## Lovingly Remembered

Frances C. Yost

AROL Vickers could hardly wait for Stan to come home from work. She knew it was childish of her, but it was Valentine's Day and she knew he would bring something special for her. Stan was one man in a dozen, oh, maybe one in a hundred, or even a million! Because Stan didn't forget important days, he had a way of making every day important.

Only this morning Stan had slipped a package on her chair at the breakfast table. She had seen him doing it while she was serving the ham and eggs. It was a huge, heart-shaped box of chocolates. That alone would have been more than enough for a Valentine's present. But Stan always did things in a big way, in an appreciative way. It was this being remembered that counted.

Yes, Carol knew that when Stan walked up the driveway, he would be carrying something . . . something very special for her. The warmth of expectancy, mingled with love, filled her heart. Stan was a dream man, if there ever was one.

Sherrie, aged five, rushed into the room and said, "Mommie, let's look out the window together and watch for Daddy."

Carol took Sherrie by the hand, and together they walked to the window and sat down on the window seat. She loved this dear little girl as if she were her own flesh and blood. Sherrie's mother, Stan's first wife, Marie, had died when Sherrie was born. Stan had done an excellent job of rearing Sherrie those first

three years. He had hired a house-keeper for the first year or two, then he had put Sherrie in a day nursery. She was a dear, loving, unspoiled child. Stan could be proud of her and Carol was proud of her. As much as if she were her very own. Well, she was her own, for Sherrie had called her "Mommie" since the day she had come to this house, as Stan Vickers' wife, two years ago.

"I love you, Mommie." Sherrie looked up at Carol with affection.

"I love you, too, darling." Carol curled a tendril of her blonde hair around her finger into a ringlet.

"Tell me again, Mommie, how you and Daddy met."

"Honey, you've heard it a dozen times."

"But it's my favorite story. Please tell it again."

"Well, I was a new girl in town, and my girl friend with whom I shared an apartment while I was working as a secretary, asked me to go to a special interest party with her. I went, and who do you think was at the party?" Carol smiled her loveliest at little Sherrie and winked a little as she waited for her answer.

"My Daddy."

"You are so right."

"And then what happened?" Sherrie giggled.

"Well, it's a long story. There were introductions, and dances, and punch and cookies and getting acquainted talk. Then followed church on Sundays, and dates to the movies and the concerts and more

dances. Then one day a picnic with

you. And at the picnic your Daddy said: 'Carol, will you marry me, and be little Sherrie's Mommie. We both love you.' And so I did, and

here I am." Carol laughed.

"You are a good Mommie." Sherrie hugged her with both little arms. Then, as if remembering they were sitting at the window, Sherrie looked out and shouted: "Here's Daddy!" She ran to swing the door open for him.

CAROL followed her to the door to greet Stan. This welcoming home was a lovely part of each day for all three of them.

After kissing tiny Sherrie and Carol, Stan handed her a green package from the florist. "A little Valentine gift, special for my darling wife."

"Stan, the box of chocolates was enough, really it was."

"Not nearly enough."

Carol turned back the oiled papers, and there they lay a dozen lovely red roses. "Oh, Stan, they're lovely, just perfectly lovely." Carol held them close to her heart, and inhaled their fragrance. "Roses are my favorite flower."

Together, they placed the roses in a tall vase and put it on a table in the living room to enjoy, then sat

down to visit.

"Daddy, you were a little late coming home. Mommie and I waited and waited. Where were you so long?" Sherrie asked, climbing on his knees.

"Sherrie, dear, Daddy stopped by to put a dozen roses on Mother's

grave."

Carol felt something freeze inside her. Abruptly the sunshine of the day disappeared. She leaned back against the sofa pillows. She must control herself. Of course it was good that Sherrie knew about her real mother. She and Sherrie talked about it freely between themselves, but now she was dead, did she have to come in on flowers equal with Carol's on every important occasion? Well, she had so far, that was for sure. Would she forever? Carol analyzed her feelings. It was as if she were sparring with a ghost, for Stan's love. The love he had for Marie should be dead. Dead as she was dead.

Carol fought for control of her emotions. Stan held Sherrie, and together they laughed gayly. "I'll go put the supper on the table," Carol said. As she busied herself in the kitchen, Carol congratulated herself on being a good actor. Neither Stan nor little Sherrie had even noticed that her heart was breaking. She whispered a tiny inward prayer: "Dear Father, I have a perfect husband. Help me to be big enough to live with his memories."

SHERRIE tore off the February, March, and April calendars. Then suddenly it was May. Lady Spring was reigning in all her glory. Warm golden sunlight poured over their valley like butter and honey. But the Vickers house on Walnut Street was rather quiet. Stan Vickers was out of town on business, and wouldn't be back until the latter part of the month.

It had been their plan that Carol and Sherrie accompany him on the trip, but the day before they were to leave Sherrie became ill. Stan suggested they get Mrs. Kelly, who had tended Sherrie while a baby, but

Carol said it was her place to be with her, and she wouldn't feel right leaving her behind.

Stan sighed with relief. "Well, I must admit I'll feel a lot better knowing you are with Sherrie." He kissed her goodby and took his leave.

With patient care, Sherrie soon was well again, and her dear, sweet self. Then it was Sunday morning May fourteen, and the doorbell rang. Carol hurried to answer it. "Oh," she exclaimed, as a special delivery boy handed her a big box.

"It was just flown in on the plane, Mam. It looks as if it could be

flowers."

"Oh." Carol said it the way you do when something has been perfect and wonderful. "Thank you, thank you very much."

Carol closed the door. "What is it, Mommie?" Sherrie was bubbling

with excitement.

"It's a dear little arrangement of pink roses, and a card which reads: "The mother who is reading this loving note today is just about the sweetest and best in every way. She's very dear and thoughtful, so understanding, too, and to her happy family she's a blessing all year through."

"Why, Mommie, you're crying. Daddy wouldn't want you to cry. He sends flowers to make you happy, not to make you cry."

"It's just that I miss our Daddy, Sherrie. Hurry, darling, and put your Sunday dress on. We have an errand to do before Sunday School."

SHERRIE marked the days off on the May calendar. Then suddenly the day she had waited for arrived. Daddy was coming home! She and Carol dressed sort of special and Carol backed the car out of the garage, and together they drove to the station.

Seeing a train pull in at the station had always been a thrill to Carol. She remembered when she was a little girl, and the big black coalfueled engines puffed and puffed. She had felt especially sad one day because the nice engineer invited her to go home with him on the big train, and her mother wouldn't let her go.

Today, when the big diesel train made its way to the station, and stopped, her heart was simply throbbing with excitement. And then there he was stepping off the train, and looking both ways expectantly.

"Here we are, Daddy!" Sherrie called and waved her hanky.

Stan was tall and handsome. His brown tweed jacket and flannel slacks hung neatly. He has such good shoulders, Carol thought. He took off his hat when he saw them, and his thick brown hair was touched softly with gray at the temples. He was hers, and she loved him very, very much. She took Sherrie's hand and they ran to meet him.

It was while they were riding home that Sherrie started relating the events of interest that had transpired in his absence. She ended by saying: "And, Daddy, Mommie put pink roses on Mother's grave on Mother's Day."

The look of tenderness Stan gave Carol was priceless. She knew that should she die, she would always be lovingly remembered.

## Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, May 1, and May 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE WOMAN'S EXPONENT: The agents of the Exponent and those interested in the work of the women of the Church, and in higher education and elevation of women along all the many lines that tend to the uplifting of the human race, should feel it a privilege to help maintain a paper that has done and is doing what the Exponent has for the benefit of womankind. . . . it has entered into every work and enterprise undertaken by women, not only here at home, the centre of women's organizations of the Church, but it has reached out all over the civilized world, and sought to bring before its readers the best work being done by women the world over. . . .

#### - Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY IN MARICOPA STAKE: The Relief Society quarterly conference was held in the Stake Tabernacle . . . President Mabel A. Hakes presiding. All the stake officers were present, except our treasurer who has had the misfortune to fall and break her arm. Five out of six wards were well represented with both officers and members. A good spirit prevailed, all seemed ready and willing to lend a helping hand with their means to help the poor and needy, also to assist those placed over them in rolling on this great work. Though last year was very dry considerable grain has been stored away for time of need by being sealed airtight. The insects are very bad in this hot climate. There are better prospects this year, we all want to do much more in saving grain, also beans, many fruits of all kinds. . . .

— Annie E. Fuller, Sec.

#### IN THE WILDERNESS OF MEXICO

Through the grass so tall and slender, reptiles drag their length along, In their nests the birdlings tender long have hushed their vesper song. Craggy rocks the precious metals, like unwilling prisoners hold — Flowers, too, have closed their petals, holding dewdrops in their fold, Like sentinels, the prickly cactus, rear their towering forms on high. . . . — Ellis R. Shipp

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION: The seventy-ninth birthday anniversary of our revered and honored Mother in Israel, Sister Bathsheba W. Smith, was celebrated at the handsome residence of Mrs. Philo T. Farnsworth, in this city, May 3, 1901. The beautiful parlors and library were artistically decorated with flowers, flags and historic pictures, the parlors and library in sweet peas, the dining room in red and white roses and carnations. The music was by some of the best talent in the city, Prof. Joseph Anderson and Prof. A. C. Lund. . . . Sister Smith was dressed in white and looked the veritable "Queen of hearts and homes," lovable and motherly and altogether charming. Those who received with her were Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, Mrs. Jane S. Richards, Mrs. E. B. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Horne, Mrs. B. S. Merrill and Mrs. D. R. Allen. . . . A list of the names of the guests is too long for our little paper but suffice to say, it could not include all Sister Smith's friends and admirers, for they fill these valleys of the mountains and extend far away from here into other lands and climes. . . .



## Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

FLIZABETH II, Queen of Great Britain, and her husband, Prince Philip, took a journey of forty-one days through India, Pakistan, and Nepal in January and February. They attended celebrations of India's birth as a republic thirteen years ago. These countries now belong to the independent states forming the Commonwealth Nations. All acknowledge Elizabeth as the head of the Commonwealth, but have no enforced ties, as in the colonial days; only ties of friendship and also of preferential trade and fiscal benefits. change of these states from colonial to commonwealth status is a surprising facet of modern history. The Oueen was received with great acclaim and friendliness, which she reciprocated.

SALLY BOWLES, daughter of Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles, and Nancy Gore, daughter of Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, are two of the earliest volunteers of the Peace Corps, set up in March by President Kennedy on a "temporary pilot basis," to serve abroad helping the inhabitants of underdeveloped nations. With no salaries and necessary maintenance allowances only, women will teach in primary and secondary schools, stressing instruction in the

English language; and they will also assist with public health and sanitation projects, child care, cooking and preparing foods, weaving, and the like.

MRS. MARIE McGUIRE, of San Antonio, Texas, has been named by President Kennedy United States Public Housing Commissioner. She will be in charge of the Federal low-rent subsidized housing program in operation in thousands of cities and towns throughout the United States.

DR. CHARLOTTE ELMOTT, of Santa Barbara, California, was named the Los Angeles Times 1960 Woman of the Year in Education. Dr. Elmott, a clinical psyand former chologist teacher. stepped down from her position as assistant superintendent of Santa Barbara Schools, division of Instructional Services, to become director of the Special Guidance Project. The program gives help — early to the troublesome and the troubled child, thus undoubtedly saving many children from later experience with the juvenile courts.

IN banking, a field formerly dominated by men, 360,000 women are now employed as against 180,000 men, according to the National Association of Bank Women.

## Irain Up a Child As an Individual

ONE of the greatest responsibilities of a mother is to train and equip her children for life. As she watches them developing in their tender years, she is often impressed with the differences in their dispositions, attitudes, and abilities. The words of Holy Writ declare "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6).

A mother comes to understand that while the training she gives her children is turned toward the same goal, it requires different training for each individual child to attain the goal. Even as babies a mother notes that one has a sunny disposition while another is silent and serious. As small children she finds that one child will assert himself and grab away toys, while another will retreat within himself and make small effort to maintain his rights. Thus she must train her children differently to have them grow to adulthood living righteously and bulwarked with the inner strength and independence which will cause them to continue to do right after they have left behind the family environment.

A mother therefore studies the strengths and weaknesses of each child individually and seeks to spend a little time alone with each child, as circumstances permit. She accepts him as he is and prayerfully trains him at his point of greatest need.

Sometimes the most indifferent appearing child who responds rather rudely to overtures on his mother's part, is secretly longing for affection and hiding his need for attention behind an outward hard shell. Some children seem to have innate good manners and breeding, and to be thankful for everything; others seem to feel that they are constantly misunderstood and are ever ready to voice opposition.

It was noticeable in one family that one child was always happy and contented with his Christmas presents; however, his brother always acted as if his own presents weren't as good and that the other child was especially favored. Their mother had the same objective in her training for the two — to make them appreciative of gifts which were given them, but what an extra amount of love, attention, and understanding were poured out by her on the discontented child before he arrived at the happy acceptance and appreciation which was inherent in his brother's character!

There are at least two resolutions which a mother may make which will aid her in the proper training of her children. One is to keep an open mind and find out all the circumstances of any misunderstanding before she quickly blames a child who, at first glance, may seem to be the culprit. The great example to keep before one is the perfect jus-

tice of the Heavenly Father. Many times in life unfair conditions can be endured only because one has the knowledge that justice will be done in the end.

The second resolution is to keep one's word. The Lord promises "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise" (D & C 82:10). A mother relies on this promise of the Lord and she should, in turn, earnestly seek to have her children look upon her promises as binding. Brigham Young felt this keenly when he admonished mothers, "What did you promise your little girl if she would do so and so. . . ? If she does ill have you promised her a chastisement?...Did you keep your word? You have not, and the child forms the conclusion in its own mind directly that the mother tells that which is not true..." (Discourses of Brigham Young, 1941 Edition, page 210). Children have a keen sense of justice and it is disheartening and confusing to them when mothers do not keep their word.

The example set by a mother is all important. Heavenly Father has given to his daughters the rearing of his spiritually begotten children. No other work takes precedence over the training of each individual child so that when he is old he will not depart from that training, but be welcomed back to the celestial family circle. —M. C. S.

### Suburbs

#### Christie Lund Coles

Houses are similar along this street,
The yards are much the same in landscape, yet
Each differs from the other to complete
The total image picturesquely set
On this avenue of suburbia, where
Trees bordering the walk, flowers in bloom,
Touches of various colors here and there
Transform each small house into one called Home.

Here life seems calm and good; bright water sprays Upon the lawns, while ginghamed neighbors go To the corner store; while a small dog strays Behind them, moving lazily and slow.

While clean and happy children jump the rope, The visitor looks on, renewing hope.

## Spring Housecleaning

Hattie B. Maughan

WHAT has become of that good old institution spring housecleaning? Many of you will say, "It is still with us. We all have to clean off the winter's grime." Others will say, "It isn't necessary, with modern cleaning methods and conveniences, we can keep clean all the time." Others — I hate to mention the others — will just say, "House-

cleaning — what's that?"

I realize I place myself irrevocably in the generation where I belong, when I recall those good spring housecleaning days of my childhood. In our big seventeenroom house where I was born and lived until I went away to teach, spring housecleaning was a mammoth undertaking. It called for organization, co-operation, skill, and stamina. Mother was the executive who taught us the skills and supplied much of the stamina.

My father had a distinct dislike for this upsetting of the order of He had his own idea of things. order — when he left his shoes on the oven door to dry and his clothes draped on various chairs, he liked to find them there when he returned. not hidden away in closets where you had to search for them. Fortunately, he had a legitimate escape at this time of the year, for his cattle and sheep ranch about 100 miles away always needed his immediate attention when mother got that cleaning glint in her eye. He knew when it was safe to return and came laden with freshly killed beef and lamb. It wasn't just guesswork that timed his return so perfectly, for through all the busy years of many separations, while my father ran his various enterprises, he and mother kept up a constant and devoted cor-

respondence.

For housecleaning, one other cooperation besides that of the family and the hired help was necessary the weatherman. With the carpets on the line to be beaten, clotheslines filled with the clothes from the emptied closets, and furniture lined up for a new coat of paint or varnish, you prayed for sunshine and not storm.

From attic to cellar, every room was stripped and cleaned, curtains washed, carpets taken up and old straw padding removed; woodwork was scoured and every year or two repainted. In our household we learned to wield a paintbrush almost as soon as we did a toothbrush.

Do you remember the rag carpets of those days, woven on the hand looms of the local weaver, the miles of rag strips that had to be torn and wound into balls to make enough of the carpeting to cover a big floor; and the clean golden straw that was spread on the floor for padding before the carpet was nailed down? I can still smell that clean, fresh smell of scrubbed pine boards and fresh straw. And how nice and soft and crunchy it was to walk on a carpet with straw padding.

Cleaning the pantry and the cellar with their shelves of bottled fruit and bins of other supplies was a job mother liked to supervise personally to be sure that the cans of lye for homemade soapmaking and the poisonous medicines got safely put back on the top shelf, where no child could touch them. She also wanted to be sure that the mousehole behind the flour bin was still safely plugged with the plaster of Paris she had put in it.

The boys took care of the heavier manual tasks, such as beating the dust out of the carpets and rugs, taking down and cleaning the stovepipes, and sometimes they could be induced to engage in such effeminate tasks as window and woodwork washing. However, they much preferred the more manly tasks of piano moving or removing the leaves from the dangerously high roof and rain gutters.

This was the annual spring housecleaning and not to be confused with the weekly or Saturday cleansing which also went from upstairs to cellar, but more superficially. Just as after a Saturday's cleaning you feel good and worthy to ask the Lord to be a Sabbath-day guest in your home, as you rest from your labor and worship him, so we felt that the Lord would look with favor on our clean and orderly home and bless us throughout the year.

Today, many of our people are apartment house dwellers who know nothing of the joys of a general housecleaning splurge. Cleaning and redecorating are the responsibility of the landlord, and, if he doesn't attend to it, how simple to move to another apartment already clean and in order — simple, but stunting to the imagination and initiative of a true home lover.

Unfortunately, many people who are more permanently situated and should enjoy the pride of ownership of their homes no matter how humble, allow the disorder and accumulation of the years to pile up around them without ever digging out. Cleanliness is next to godliness and order is the first law of heaven.

So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness, who was a consummate villain.

-Rumford

This book of quotations has a film of dust upon it! Hmm — time for spring housecleaning.

# Inside the Locket

Lorena A. White

Father's heavy old watch chain
Was eighteen carat gold.
He wore it spread across his vest,
As in the days of old.
And on the chain a locket hung,
With hand-cut cameo,
But all those years, what was inside,
We children did not know;
So, after he had passed away,
And never more would care,
We looked and found, enclosed in silk,
A lock of Mother's hair.

# Buffet to Remember

### Alice Morrey Bailey

buffet supper is the answer to limited dining space and a large party. Your guests will enjoy the gay informality of serving themselves, eating where they please (furnish folding tables or TV trays for this), and will savor the evening from Chip'n Dip to the last goodnight.

### **MENU**

Chip'n Dip

Cucumber Cool Fluff

Topknots and Butter

Creamed Onions a la King Midas-Touch Punch

Sweet Paprika Oven-Fried Chicken

Baked Potato

Parslev Butter Relishes: Pickled Beets, Sweet Gherkins, Black Olives, Currant Jelly Short Bread and Lemon Arvilla

### RECIPES

(In Order of Preparation)

### CUCUMBER COOL FLUFF

1 pkg. lime or lemon gelatin

1½ c. hot water

1 tbsp. lemon juice

½ tbsp. horse-radish

3 green onions (and tops), minced

1 c. grated cucumbers

½ c. mayonnaise

Prepare gelatin according to directions, except with ½ cup less water. Add lemon juice, salt. Refrigerate until thickening to set. Beat with mixer until fluffy. Mix horse-radish with mayonnaise and fold into whipped gelatin. Fold in cucumber and onion. Chill until firm. Unmold on large platter. Garnish with salad greens, carrot curls, radishes, cucumber slices (unpeeled and scored with fork), and tomato wedges.

### SHORT BREAD

1 lb. butter 2½ c. sugar 4 c. flour

Cream butter and sugar. Knead in flour. Roll into cylinder diameter of cookie desired. Bake 6-8 minutes in 475° oven, until very light brown (easily overbaked).

### BOATS FOR ONIONS A LA KING

2 c. sifted flour 1 tsp. salt

% c. hydrogenated shortening (chilled)

1/4 c. ice water

Sift flour and salt. Toss in grated shortening. Sprinkle with water and mix with fork. Roll out on heavy duty aluminum 1/8-inch thick. Cut into oblongs 5 x 2 inches. Moisten ends of dough and press together to form boats. Bake 10-12 minutes in 475° oven. Makes 18 boats.

### PARSLEY BUTTER

1 square butter

1 tbsp. minced and bruised parsley

Work butter and parsley together. Mold into marble-sized balls. Stick colored round toothpick in each ball. Serve in bowl of crushed ice.

Page 308

### TOPKNOTS

1½ c. warm (not hot) water

1 pkg. active dry yeast

2 tbsp. sugar1 tsp. salt

31/4 c. sifted flour

1 egg slightly beaten

1/4 lb. chilled butter (grated)

Dissolve yeast in water. Add sugar and let stand a few minutes. Sift salt and flour together. Toss in grated shortening. Add eggs to yeast mixture. Add yeast mixture to flour mixture and beat with spoon ten minutes. Cover and let rise in warm (85°) place. Stir down and let rise again. Divide into 32 parts. Roll 24 parts into balls and place in greased medium-sized muffin cups. Dent ball deeply in center. Divide 8 remaining parts into 3 parts each. Roll into balls and place in dents. Brush with melted butter. Let rise till double in bulk. Heat oven to 250°. Place in oven and set heat register to 350°. Bake 15-20 minutes until lightly browned, and oven is at 350°. (This recipe requires 3 hours and 15-30 minutes total time.)

### LEMON ARVILLA

1 tbsp. butter

34 c. sugar

2 tbsp. flour

1 c. milk

2 egg yolks beatenjuice and rind of 1 lemon2 egg whites, well beaten

Cream butter, sugar, and flour. Add milk and egg yolks. Add juice and rind of lemon. Fold in egg whites and place in custard cups. Bake 30 minutes in water at 350°. Chill and serve with short bread as dessert.

### MIDAS-TOUCH PUNCH

2 6-oz. cans orange juice concentrate

1 quart pineapple juice

1 quart apricot nectar

1 c. sugar

Mix orange concentrate with water according to directions on can, and freeze into 24 cubes. Mix sugar, apricot nectar, pineapple juice, and pour over frozen orange cubes. Add about ¼ c. ginger ale to each glass of punch just before serving. Makes 24 tall glasses.

### BAKED POTATOES

Scrub one small to medium potato for each serving, cut off ends and brush with melted butter. Wrap in aluminum foil and bake 1½ hours at 350°, or until soft. Serve with parsley butter.

### SWEET PAPRIKA CHICKEN

2 to 3-pound frying chicken cut in serving sized pieces. (Allow 1 lb. for 3 servings.)

1 c. flour

1 tsp. salt

¼ tsp. pepper

2 tsp. paprika

1/8 tsp. cayenne

2 eggs

3 tsp. milk

1½ c. finely chopped blanched almonds

2 tbsp. butter

2 tbsp. vegetable shortening

Skin chicken. Coat by tossing in paper bag with flour, salt, pepper, paprika, and cayenne. Dip in slightly beaten eggs and milk. Roll in almonds. Let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Melt butter and fat in shallow baking pan in heated oven. Place coated chicken, skin-side down, in pan. Bake 30 minutes in 400° oven. Turn skin-side up; bake until tender, about 30 more minutes in 400° oven. Serves 6.

### CREAMED ONIONS A LA KING

1 quart walnut-sized dried onions

¼ green bell pepper

1 tsp. salt

1 pint milk

butter-flour thickening—
2 tbsp. butter
3 or 4 tbsp. flour

½ pimento (canned), minced

Boil onions and green pepper together in salted water for 30 minutes. Do not drain. Add milk and bring to boil. Thicken with blended butter and flour. Add pimento and serve in pastry boats.

### CHIP'N DIP

6 oz. pkg. chive cream cheese ¼ c. milk

6 stuffed green olives (chopped) ½ c. chopped, toasted almonds.

Soften cheese with milk. Mix in rest of ingredients. Serve with corn or potato chips, cheese straws, or butter wafers.

# Animal Aprons

Shirley Thulin

DO you want to know how to be a popular party hostess? Make these party cover-up aprons for your child's little party guests, and eliminate their mothers' cleaning problems.

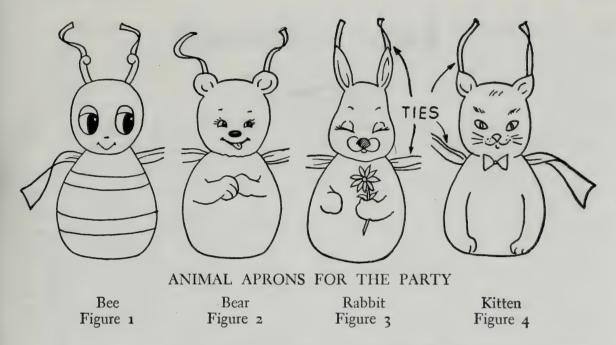
If you are to be a hostess at your child's festivities, you can make a real hit with both the children and their mothers with these clever, easy-to-stitch snack aprons. They will save the worry of spilled punch on fancy dresses or best pants, and provide a keep-sake to take home, as well.

Make bee and bear aprons for the little boys, and kitten or rabbit ones for the girls. Cut everything with your pinking shears, even the ties, so you won't have to hem anything.

Here's how to make the basic pattern: Cut an eight-inch circle of heavy paper or cardboard for the head, and a twelve-inch circle for the body. This will make an apron large enough for up to five-year-olds. If the children are older, say eight or so, the largest circle will have to be bigger, about a fifteen-inch circle.

If you wish to make the aprons sturdier, you will want to make them double, and seam all around; the single thickness, however, will do nicely.

ANIMAL APRONS 311



To make the bee apron, Figure 1, cut the small circle of black cotton and cut two big round eyes of bright yellow, and then cut two smaller black circles for the pupils. Cut a piece of yellow material for the nose, and a big happy mouth also of yellow. Make the body out of black, also, and stitch wide yellow strips on it. Now sew the head on the body, overlapping a little. Make two narrow strings and sew them at the top of the head to tie around the child's neck. They may be of bias tape, if you desire, or make them of the yellow or black. Now, make two wider ties to sew in the middle of the apron to tie around the child's waist.

To make the bear, cut both the head and the body of brown cotton. Also cut two round ears. From white, or from the yellow, as was used for the bee, make two big eyes (Figure 2). Draw the nose and mouth with crayon or textile paints. Stitch the head overlapping the body as with the bee apron, also make the strings to tie.

You can make the aprons more appealing to the boys, if you wish, by adding a comical touch. For instance, make the bears with one blue eye and one red one. Let your imagination be your guide.

The rabbits are made of white, with pink ears and pink eyes (Figure 3), and the cats are white, with black eyes and black whiskers (Figure 4).

You can make many different animals if you wish, just use the two circles as your guide. Print each guest's name on the back of his apron, to make them more personalized, and be sure to pass them out just before serving time.

# Love Is Enough

CHAPTER 5

Mabel Harmer

Whitworth, a schoolteacher Geniel from Denver, Colorado, takes a position at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who works for the forest service. These friends are quite different from Ernest Wood, Geniel's friend who owns a shoe store in Denver. The schoolteachers and Mrs. Willett spend Thanksgiving at Jeff's ranch. After the pageant presented by the school, Geniel goes to Denver for the Christmas holidays.

ENIEL felt a wave of pleasure and excitement as she waited for the bus to arrive that would start her on the homeward trek. She had been too busy with the pageant and other Christmas preparations to think much about her vacation before. Now that she was actually on the way, she realized how very happy she was to be going home again.

She would travel with Marva and Christine as far as Ogden, where she would change to a bus going east and they would continue on

to their Utah homes.

"This ride is going to take quite a bite out of your holiday," said Christine. "Why didn't you fly?"

"I think that bus travel is rather fun," Geniel replied. "And it will give me a good chance to relax and think. Or maybe meditate is a better word. I'll be home by morning. That isn't too bad."

"Maybe you'll get stuck in a snowdrift or a blizzard in Wyoming and have a real adventure," sug-

gested Marva.

"Trust you to look on the shiniest side," smiled Geniel.

When the bus drove up it was so full that each of the three had to take separate seats, but Geniel didn't mind. She settled down and started her day of relaxing. The snowy landscape stretched away to the mountains, unbroken much of the way except for thin lines of fences. It had all the beauty of a Christmas card.

The passengers were chattering in a gay, carefree comraderie. Geniel supposed that most of them were on their way home — or to spend the holidays with loved ones. I hope that they are all as happy as I am, she thought in a glow of Yuletide spirit.

It would be wonderful to see all of the family again. The three months she had been away had seemed like that many years sometimes. It would be especially wonderful to be home for Christmas. The folks would already have the tree all trimmed. There would be a dozen or so gay packages underneath, so beautifully wrapped that one hesitated ever to open them.

Her sister Marcie's family would be there for the Christmas Eve party, when bright red stockings would be stuffed with small gifts for everyone.

Ernest would meet the bus in the morning, and there would be time to drive past the Civic Center with all its fabulous Christmas decorations before he had to be at the store. At least, he would meet her if the bus wasn't late. If it was, maybe he would throw all caution to the winds and meet her anyway.

Of course, they would drive past his store so that she could see the window display. Last year it had been soft blue slippers hung upon a silver tree.

The miles slipped by quickly, and they arrived in Ogden just in time to see the bright lights go on. Geniel said goodbye to the other two girls and had time to eat her dinner before boarding the other bus. It was dark now, and after driving through the gaily decorated streets they started up the snow-packed canyon.

Even as the night wore on, no one seemed inclined to settle down. There was talking and laughing and, before long, there were Christmas carols with almost everyone joining in. It was midnight before the last of the passengers had finally quieted down and Geniel was able to drop

off to sleep.

When the lights went on for the stop at Laramie, she looked out on a world of whirling snow and wind of almost blizzard proportions. The woman in the seat next to her said, "Well, if we're snowed in, at least we'll have a warm place to stay. It would have been much worse if we'd had to stop out there on the plains."

GENIEL failed to find much comfort in the thought. Being warm wasn't all she asked or expected of this holiday. The warmth she wanted was that of her own fireside.

They trudged inside the station

to find it crowded with other stranded passengers. It was three o'clock in the morning. Geniel sat down by a young mother who was struggling with a two-year-old child while trying to hold a tiny baby on her lap. Lines of weariness etched her face.

"Let me take the baby," Geniel offered.

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed the woman in relief. "I'm on my way to California to meet my husband. We've come from Chicago and Tammy here is already so tired and cross I don't know how we're ever going to make it."

"Maybe we could put the baby down on the bench here and Tammy would let me hold her while you go and get something to eat and a bit of rest." She held out her arms. "I know a song," she said smiling.

Tammy hesitated for a moment and then allowed Geniel to take her.

The mother stood up. "Oh, thank you so much," she sighed. "It will be wonderful just to be able to take a few steps by myself." She walked over to the lunch counter and sat down.

Geniel sang softly to the little girl and by the time the mother returned, some twenty minutes later, she had dropped off to sleep.

"Now, if I could just find some place to lay her down." The mother looked around at the crowded waiting room where almost every available space was filled with the stranded passengers.

"Never mind," said Geniel quickly. "She might awaken. I would just as soon hold her. I have nothing else to do. Maybe you can get

a catnap somewhere."

"I'm so tired I could sleep standing up," the mother answered with a wry smile.

"Why don't you take a hotel room and rest over for a day?" asked

Geniel sympathetically.

"Oh, I couldn't!" was the quick reply. "We have to get there by Christmas. Tom would be terribly disappointed."

"Of course. Well, go into the rest room and see if there is a spare sofa or chair. I'll call you if my

bus decides to go."

The mother left, and Geniel sat there — for hours, it seemed. If I wanted time to relax and meditate I certainly have it, she thought grimly. Her mind started playing a game to help pass away the time. What would Ernest do under these circumstances—or Jeff, or Johnny, if either one were the driver of the bus, of course? Otherwise, he would do exactly the same thing as she was doing. Simply wait it out.

Ernest would wait it out, too. He was cautious and would never dream of taking an unnecessary risk. Jeff would do something. If he couldn't change the weather he would change the transportation. Johnny — she was almost sure — would take a chance on getting through and would more than likely make it.

The minutes ticked slowly on until the hour hand had dragged around to six A.M. before the announcer called that the bus for Denver would be departing in ten minutes. Geniel hated to disturb the mother, but there was nothing else to do. She couldn't leave a couple of children sleeping alone on a bus station bench. She took

Tammy into the rest room and laid her down by her mother, and then the baby, and left them all sleeping.

Snow was still falling as she went outside, but the wind had died down and no longer whipped the icy flakes into one's face. By the time they reached the outskirts of the city, even that had stopped and the landscape glistened under an ermine mantle.

IT was her father who met the bus. "Ernest phoned that he would have to open the store," he explained, giving her a bear hug and kiss. "You know how it is this close to Christmas. He'll be around tonight."

"I'd much rather have you anyway," said Geniel brightly. "You always were my best beau. And you can tell me everything about everybody. Start with the family."

As they drove away from the station, he said, "Ernest is really doing a fine business. He's put on two more clerks. He's talking now about opening another store."

"I said the family," Geniel reminded him. "Who picked out the tree this year? Can Trudie say more than six words? Did Mom bake fruit cakes for the entire county, as usual?"

"Certainly Trudie talks," replied her father proudly. "She even sings and recites poems. Kevin is the star of the kindergarten set and all the little girls are in love with him. He says so himself."

Geniel laughed. "Everyone sounds utterly delicious! It's wonderful to be home — and to have a family like ours."

There was a big wreath on the front door and a snowman in the

LOVE IS ENOUGH 315

front yard, the joint project of Kevin and himself, her father explained. Inside, there were hugs and kisses and a welcome that made Geniel exclaim, "You'd think I'd been gone for years and across a couple of oceans!"

Her own room looked so comfortable and inviting that for a moment she thought, why did I ever leave? And how can I ever go back?

She had to leave almost at once, however, to do her own Christmas shopping. When her mother deplored the fact that she would have to jostle the last minute crowds, Geniel answered, "Oh, but I love it. It's much more exciting than to buy months ahead. I like the decorations, the chimes, even crowds are fun."

She left right after lunch and by evening she was thoroughly tired, not only from the jostling crowds but from having missed most of her sleep the night before. When Ernest phoned that he would be late she was very much tempted to tell him not to come at all, but decided that wouldn't do.

It was half past nine when he finally arrived and she quickly decided that she was glad she had let him come. He looked so wellgroomed, so self-assured, so sort of substantial. Even his slightly thinning hair seemed to give him a look of distinction.

They talked briefly of her experiences and at considerable length of his present set-up and future "I'm going to buy Buford out the first of the year," said Ernest. "I'm sure I can do better going it alone. Eventually, I hope to open up additional stores out in the suburb shopping centers."

"I'm very proud of you," said Geniel sincerely. "You have done remarkably well in a comparatively short time."

"Considering that I started as a clerk, I haven't done too badly," he agreed.

He left early, since both of them were tired and needed a night's rest more than visiting.

THE next day Geniel took her part in filling the red felt stockings. Her mother stuffed them, for the most part, with small items she had collected all through the year, but others in the family did their share, too. There were ten of them this year, Marcie, her husband, and three children, the elder Whitworths, two aunts, who lived alone, and Ernest.

Geniel had picked up a few items while doing her other shopping and had a cunning jack rabbit that hopped crazily along at the end of a tiny rubber hose. She slipped it in Ernest's stocking, then took it out again and put it in her own. Johnny would love this, she thought, just a trifle guiltily, and Ernest will think it is silly.

Just before they sat down to dinner, a florist delivered a box containing a dozen deep red roses. Sid, her brother-in-law, had answered the door and he made the most of the occasion. "Now don't tell us that these are from Santa Claus," he begged, handing them over to Geniel.

She gasped in surprise and some confusion as she read the card, "Happy Holidays. Jeff."

"Come on - give . . ." Sid con-"Who is the secret adtinued. mirer?"

"Why — it's my landlady's nephew," replied Geniel, her cheeks flushing. "What an extraordinary thing for him to do."

She hadn't consciously intended to make it sound as if the nephew were about nineteen years old — an irresponsible nineteen at that, who did impulsive things like sending roses to a schoolteacher. Yet, from the remarks that followed she knew that was exactly what they all thought.

She was still in something of a rose-colored daze when the gifts from beneath the tree were handed around to be opened. As her father dropped Ernest's gift into her lap, the others looked at her expectantly. It was a small box with the wrapping of a well-known jeweler. She tried to open it casually and was charmed when she found a pin, fashioned of exquisite gold leaf with a single emerald in the center.

Soon afterwards the children went off to their own home, leaving willingly, so that Santa would find them in bed.

"You'd better leave the loot here that you collected in that stocking," Ernest advised Kevin, "if you hope to get a refill."

The boy was not at all alarmed. "I've asked for a sled, and it won't go in my stocking anyway," he answered calmly.

On Christmas day they made the usual rounds to the homes of friends and relatives. Just before leaving the night before, her Aunt Nina had said, "You must be sure and come to my open house tomorrow. It will be the last one. I'm selling the big place and moving to an apartment."

As they drove up to the big,

almost mansion-size house, Geniel wondered, "So Aunt Nina is really going to give up her home! It will seem strange not to come here any more. As long as I can remember this has seemed almost like a second home to me."

"Yes," said her mother. "It does seem rather too bad to have to give it up. But Nina can't live here alone any longer. It's more of a burden than a pleasure now."

Geniel wandered through some of the rooms, looking at them with a feeling of deep nostalgia. In the library she paused and studied the cases filled with books, many of them rather choice. Going back into the dining room, she asked, "What are you going to do with all of your books, Auntie?"

"Sell them to the secondhand dealers for the most part, I suppose," was the answer. "If there are any you would like, you're more than welcome to take them."

"Thanks." Geniel's face lighted up as a very intriguing idea hit her consciousness. "Just how far does that invitation extend?"

"Why, all the way. I can take only a small number to the apartment. You're really quite welcome to take any you can use. They bring such a small price on the market anyway."

"I'll be over first thing tomorrow," Geniel promised.

SHE could hardly wait to get over to her aunt's home the next day. There were books — hundreds of them — and hers for the taking. She could start a library for the Blayney school children. For that matter, it would make a wonderful start for a town library.

LOVE IS ENOUGH 317

It was just a few minutes after nine when she arrived at the house. "Merciful goodness, child!" exclaimed Nina. "Do you realize that this is the first day after Christmas and that you are home on a vacation?"

"Oh, sure," she smiled. "I also realize that I have just found a gold mine, and I'll have to make the most of my opportunity to get some pay dirt. I'll start sorting the books today and arrange for some packing boxes as soon as I can. Ernest will probably help me out with those. Then all I have to do is find a way to get them up to Blayney and we'll have a grand start towards a library."

"It all sounds very simple. Do you mind if I sit here and watch you slave away your holiday?"

"Please do. Then you can check on what I take. There must be some of these you'll want to keep."

"I've already packed them away. You have an open hand now on whatever is left."

For a wild moment Geniel wondered if there wasn't some way she could ship the entire library to Blayney, but she quickly realized that was neither feasible nor even desirable. She wished that there were more children's books. There was little, quite naturally, that could be considered below the fifth grade reading level.

She hesitated over an encyclopedia set that was twenty years old, and finally decided that it was better than none at all. "There must be a few facts that haven't changed in the past twenty years," she observed.

She pulled out books and stacked them until her arms ached, with only a brief stop for lunch. That evening she went to the Ballet de Russe with Ernest. It seemed so wonderful to be in a real theatre again. There was no doubt about it, a city had a great many advantages to offer. Just to be able to walk into a fine, large library was one she had never fully appreciated before.

How glad she was that she had agreed to come! At first she had felt she might be too tired after the exertions of the day, but now all weariness dropped away. She felt as if she could almost join in the dance.

In the exhilaration of watching the lovely "Sleeping Beauty" ballet, she smiled at Ernest and slipped her hand into his.

THE next day he sent half a dozen large cardboard boxes over to Nina's house and Geniel began packing her loot, as she called it. "I'll just have to store them in Dad's basement until I find some way of getting them over to Blayney," she said. "Unless, that is, I decide to rent one of those 'Drive it yourself' trucks and take them back along with me."

"I wouldn't put it past you one iota," declared her aunt. "Something up in that country has certain-

ly taken hold of you."
"As a matter of fact,

"As a matter of fact, I don't know what I'd do with them, if I did take them over now. I still have the problem of finding a place for them. But if I can rustle the books, the rest of the population ought to be able to find some place to put them."

She stuck to her task until all the books she had chosen were stored in the basement of her father's home. She was so excited about the project that she felt she had to tell someone, so she dropped a note to Mrs. Willett, mentioning at the same time that she would be returning by plane.

The rest of the week passed swiftly. There were holiday parties with friends, a day at Marcie's with the children, and a symphony concert

with Ernest.

"You're sure that you don't want to turn this ticket in for one on the bus?" he teased as he took her to

the airport.

"Oh, I'll get a bus ride, too," she answered quickly. "The plane lands at Idaho Falls. I'll still have another forty miles to go on the ground. That will have to do for this time," she assured Ernest as she went through the gate.

The day was clear and the ride over the snowy mountains was sheer

delight. Almost too soon they swooped down on the airfield and she walked down the landing steps.

At the railing stood Jeff, bareheaded in the wintry breeze, eyes

smiling.

"Oh, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "You shouldn't have come all this way to meet me! Did Mrs. Willett. . .?"

"Nope. She didn't send me. All she did was to mention that you were flying in today and since I had to come over one day this week on business anyway, I decided it might as well be today."

"Then I'll welcome you with open

arms. . . ."

"Okay. Open!"

"Come along," she laughed. "Let's get my bags and find out what kind of pie Mrs. Willet has for supper tonight."

(To be continued)

# Earth House in May

Caroline Eyring Miner

Her floor brushed clean by winds of bustling March, And scrubbed and polished by young April's rain, She moves about the barren rooms with touch Of magic, placing hyacinths with stain Of morning sky, and scalloped daffodil Gold-filled with brightness of the captured sun. The same bright gold she sprinkles on the hill Where poppies burn, on buttercups, each one A sunbeam by the stream. The sunset glow She forms in tulip cups along the walk, With lilac plumes, heady with scent, to go With slim forsythia's trailing sun-touched stalk.

With wonder, we walk starry-eyed to see The earth house decked in rainbow finery.



# Martha Wilcox Hacking, Mistress of Many Hobbies

MARTHA Wilcox Hacking, Firth, Idaho, finds much pleasure in the skillful use of her varied talents, which include knitting, crocheting, china painting, ceramics, copper tooling, and writing. During the past year, her eighty-third, she has knit thirty sweaters for her children, grandchildren, and friends, who lovingly call her "sweater girl." Her needlework has taken blue ribbons in fairs in Canada and in Idaho. She has made many bedspreads and hundreds of doilies, and has crocheted and embroidered tablecloths. Sister Hacking has an unusual talent for remodeling clothing, and is able to make beautiful articles from cast-off clothing. A collection of her poems, written for special occasions, is being published.

All her life she has been active in executive and teaching positions in the Church auxiliary organizations. She is mother to ten sons and one daughter and has also given a home to three grandchildren and three other relatives. Her greatest talent of all is friendship, freely given and generously returned. Thousands of all ages who have

known her over the years fondly speak of her as special friend and counselor.

# The Recipe

Marion Ellison

THE recipe calls for six eggs, but I have only four. I should beat it four minutes but to save time I'll beat it only two. Bake at 300 degrees, it says here. It will cook faster at 400, I'm sure. Do you smell something burning? There! Look at my lovely cake! Ruined! I'll never use that recipe again!

# Magazine Honor Roll for 1960

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

FACH year through an article in The Relief Society Magazine, the General Board seeks in one way to express its gratitude and heartfelt thanks to every Relief Society Magazine representative and Relief Society presidencies for the faithful performances of their important responsibilities to place the Magazine in the home of the sisters residing in their stakes and missions. As the Relief Society continues to grow, it is gratifying to see the Magazine subscriptions also increase with the growth in membership, taking into account the sisters throughout the Church who do not read English.

During 1960 the number of subscriptions increased by 8,413, from 162,589 in 1959 to 171,002 in 1960 - a gratifying increase. This increase reflects the faithful performance of thousands of devoted. dedicated women who have accepted the call to serve in behalf of the Magazine as all calls are accepted in Relief Society — for a love of Relief Society work and a testimony of its worth. The General Board also thanks the Relief Society membership generally for their appreciation of the Magazine and their loyalty to it. Pleasure is often voiced in the fact that the Relief Society lessons appear in the Magazine as well as the other features. It preserves the original, literary work of the Latterday Saint women today as were the literary works of our pioneer sisters preserved in The Woman's Exponent. As the Church is being more widely recognized, so is The Relief Society Magazine. Increasingly subscriptions are taken in the names of hospitals, libraries, and clipping bureaus.

In stakes achieving prominence on the Honor Roll, we find the South Los Angeles Stake making first place for the fourteenth consecutive year with a percentage of 210 and with the largest number of subscriptions — 1463. Of the ten highest, in percentages, the first four places are taken by stakes in California, three in Idaho, two in Arizona, and one in Nevada. eleventh and twelfth stakes were in New Zealand and Canada. thrilling to contemplate the oneness of Relief Society sisters everywhere which is nourished by the common heritage of a Magazine of their own.

There are 284 stakes on the Honor Roll in 1960, which is twenty-six more than the previous year, and 2,214 wards, an increase of 198 wards. Twenty-four stakes achieved at least 100 per cent in all their wards. The mean of all the stakes with listed percentages rose from ninety-one per cent in 1959 to ninety-two in 1960. (College stakes have only limited participation.)

The missions are to be highly commended for having twenty missions achieve Honor Roll status, an increase of four over last year. Highest honors go to the Western States Mission of the United States with 125 per cent. The second, third, and fourth places go to our English-speaking sisters of the Canadian Mission with 120 per cent; the Western Canadian Mission placing third with 117 per cent; and the

British Mission placing fourth with 107 per cent. These records are indeed outstanding and noteworthy. Fifteen other missions in the United States won places on the Honor Roll and the General Board welcomes the Southern Australian Mission in addition. Some of these missions are on the Honor Roll for the first time in their history. The mean of the missions on the Honor Roll rose from ninety-one percent in 1959 to ninety-three percent in The Northwestern States Mission led in the total number of subscriptions with 1,048.

The hearts of Relief Society members glow with the warmth of understanding and love which is shared through the words of counsel, inspiration, and expressions of a common bond which are to be found in The Relief Society Magazine. Many sisters are made glad by receiving a gift subscription offered by a loving sister who may never see the recipient. Gifts from stakes are shared among missions, with missionaries, investigators, and faithful sisters. Many a youth who can read English sits by the side of a devoted Relief Society mother to read from the Magazine by a flickering, small light. The sisterhood lights the way, and the General Board holds the generosity of Relief Society members in close remembrance.

# Honors for Highest Ratings

### Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 210% Magazine Representative — Amelia Dellenbach

### Ward

Salinas Second Ward, Monterey Bay Stake (California) 383% Magazine Representative — Jeanne McClure

### Mission

Western States Mission — 125% Mission Magazine Representative — Ada S. Christiansen

### Mission District

West Nebraska District, Western States Mission — 159% Magazine Representative — Irma M. Chandler

### Mission Branch

Hopkinsville Branch — 380% Kentucky West District, East Central States Mission Magazine Representative — Charlie Hamner

### Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	210Amelia Dellenbach
Huntington Park	194Rachel Liston
Glendale	
Inglewood	137Janet C. Medina
	129Beth Moore
	129Marie S. Heywood
Burley	127Virginia Nichols

Shelley	120Beth M. Clawson
Phoenix North	
Las Vegas North	
245 7 6545 1 701611	

### Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

Western States	125Ada S. Christiansen
Canadian	
Western Canadian	117Lila A. Árave
British	107Beulah Woodbury
Northwestern States	100Verna Geneal L. Wood
Northern States	98Mary E. Maycock
Eastern States	97Olive L. Smith
Northern California	97Leta C. Pugh
Central States	
West Central States	95Hazel Woolley

### Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No.		No.
	Subscriptions		Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	1463	Sugar House	940
Huntington Park	1239	South Idaho Falls	921
Glendale	1139	Big Horn	903
North Idaho Falls	1024	Davis	890
Ensign	975	Bonneville	889

### Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No.		No.
	Subscriptions		Subscriptions
Northwestern States	1048	British	843
West Central States	1001	Northern States	840
Central Atlantic	990	East Central States	749
Central States	896	Great Lakes	745
Southern States	845	New England	739

### Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Over

AlbuquerqueDella Smith Miller	PhoenixMarie S. Heywood
BurleyVirginia Nichols	Phoenix NorthRose Openshaw
East Long BeachEthel M. Lemons	PocatelloAnn Egbert
East PocatelloRuth Pearson	RexburgBeth Moore
GlendaleBeda Nelson	St. JosephNira P. Lee
GraniteWilma D. Wetzel	St. LouisTessie Lake
HighlandDorothy L. Saley	ShelleyBeth M. Clawson
HolladayRuth C. Andrus	South Bear River Vilate Archibald
Huntington Park Rachel Liston	South Idaho Falls Violet Jaussi
InglewoodJanet C. Medina	South Los AngelesAmelia Dellenbach
Las Vegas NorthLila H. Leavitt	West CovinaLucille C. Hales
ParleysHazel S. Robison	West PocatelloAlta Holmes
•	

# Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

Western States	125	Northwestern States	100	Central States	96
Canadian	120	Northern States	98	West Central States	95
Western Canadian	117	Eastern States	97	North Central States	89
British	107	Northern California	97	Great Lakes	84

Gulf States	83	Central Atlantic State	s 78	Southern States	75
California	82	Southern Australian	77	Eastern Atlantic Sta	tes 75
New England	79	East Central States	77		, ,

# Stakes by Percentages—1960

		<b>4</b>	4		
South Los Angeles	210	Granger	104	Rigby	97
Huntington Park	194	New York	104	Santa Rosa	97
Glendale	161	West Boise	104	Grantsville	97
Inglewood	137	St. Louis	104	Bear River	97
Rexburg	129	South Salt Lake	104	Denver	97
Phoenix	129	San Diego	104	Wasatch	97
Burley	127	Weber Heights	103	Ashley	96
Shelley	120	East Phoenix	103	Liberty	96
Phoenix North	119	Torrance	103	North Rexburg	96
Las Vegas North	119	New Jersey	103	Franklin	96
Auckland	115	Parleys	103	Panguitch	96
Toronto	114	South Bear River	103	Fresno	95
Whittier	114	Mill Creek	103	Ogden	95
Yuma	113	Orange County	103	North Davis	95
San Joaquin	113	Kansas City	102	Juab	95
Minidoka	112	North Tooele	102	Moapa	95
Walnut Creek	111	West Pocatello	102	Palmyra	95
South Idaho Falls	111	Burbank	101	Uintah	95
Las Vegas	111	Nampa	101	North Box Elder	95
Virginia	110	Lake View	101	Weiser	95
East Long Beach	110	Pasadena	101	Ensign	94
Nyssa Nyssa	110	Boise	101	Lost River	94
Holladay	110	Reseda	101	Tacoma	94
Box Elder	110	Sugar House	101	Yellowstone	94
Santa Ana	110	East Mesa	101	San Fernando	94
St. Joseph	100	Sevier	101	Cache	94
Santa Barbara	109	Wells	101	Santa Monica	94
East Pocatello	108	Provo	100	Taylorsville	
Monument Park	108	Calgary	100	Sacramento	94 94
Pocatello	108	Chicago	100	Valley View	94
Oquirrh	108	Vancouver	100	Grant	94
Albuquerque	107	Wilford	100	Portland	94
Highland	107	Union	100	Snowflake	94
West Covina	107	Bountiful	100	Taber	94
San Diego East	107	Lethbridge	100	Farr West	93
Idaho Falls	107	Mt. Rubidoux	100	Pikes Peak	93
Bonneville	106	Mt. Graham	100	American Falls	93
Granite	106	San Bernardino	99	Bannock	93
Temple View	106	East Rigby	99 <b>9</b> 9	Emigration	93
North Idaho Falls	106	Twin Falls	99	Kolob	93
Great Falls	106	West Utah	99	Rose Park	93
St. Johns	106	Beaver	99	Grand Junction	93
East Idaho Falls	106	Malad	98	Oklahoma	93
North Pocatello	106	Taylor	98	Palo Alto	93
Woodruff	106	Young	98	Big Horn	92
Long Beach	105	Monument Park V		Philadelphia	92
0	105	Norwalk	98	Sharon	92
Olympus Juarez	105	Gridley	98	Edmonton	92
Denver West	105	East Los Angeles	97	San Jose	92
Cassia	105	Maricopa Maricopa	97 97	Columbia River	92
Covina		Monterey Bay		Tucson	92
Covina	104	Wildlicity Day	97	i desoii	92

Idaho	91	South Davis	84	South Ogden	78
Reno	91	Minnesota	84	Indianapolis	78
North Jordan	91	Puget Sound	84	Duchesne	78
Florida	91	Grand Coulee	84	Lorin Farr	78
Nebo	91	Millard	84	West Sharon	78
St. George	91	Pioneer	84	Carbon	77
Blackfoot	90	Riverdale	84	Ben Lomond South	77
Mt. Jordan	90	Murray	84	Parowan	77
Star Valley	90	Riverton	84	Salt Lake	77
Tooele	90	Murray South	84	Shreveport	77
Cottonwood	90	New Orleans	83	Summit	77
East Sharon	90	Garfield	83	South Sevier	
Cheyenne	90	San Mateo	83	Layton	77 76
Richland	90	South Summit	83	Hillside	76
Benson	89	Bountiful South	82	Palomar	76
East Mill Creek	89	Cincinnati	82	East Ogden	76
Seattle Seattle	89		82	Hamilton	76 76
		Timpanogos	82		76
Southern Arizona	89	Spokane		North Carbon	75
University West	89	Emery	82	Dallas	75
Butte	89	Teton	82	Granite Park	75
Los Angeles	89	Mesa	82	Midvale	74
Portneuf	89	Ben Lomond	82	Mojave	74
Davis	88	Gooding	81	Willamette	74
Tulsa	88	Salmon River	81	Cedar	74
Blaine	88	East Cache	81	Brisbane	73
Deseret	88	Springville	81	Melbourne	73
Honolulu	88	Kearns	81	Lyman	73
East Provo	88	Mt. Ogden	81	North Sacramento	72
Uvada	88	Flagstaff	81	Weber	72
Missoula	88	Montpelier	81	Canyon Rim	71
Napa	88	North Seattle	81	East Jordan	71
Raft River	88	Winder	80	San Antonio	71
Zion Park	88	Alpine	80	Wayne	70
Detroit	88	North Weber	80	Yakima	70
Miami	88	Sandy	80	South Carolina	69
Park	88	Kearns North	80	Nevada	69
San Juan	88	Humboldt	80	Gunnison	68
Mt. Logan	87	North Sanpete	80	Orem	68
Cannon	87	Redondo		Houston	66
Oakland-Berkeley	87		79	Sydney	
	87	Santaquin-Tintic	79		65
Spanish Fork	87	Bountiful North	79	Orem West	65
Washington	87	American River	79	Tampa	63
Alberta	87	Moroni	79	El Paso	61
Orlando	86	San Luis	79	Atlanta	61
San Francisco	86	West Jordan	79	Lewiston	59
Bakersfield	86	Klamath	79	Manchester	55 36
San Luis Obispo	86	Oneida	79	Oahu	36
Kanab	86	South Sanpete	79		
North Sevier	86	Bear Lake	79	*Utah State University	ty
Riverside	85	Lehi	78	*Brigham Young	
Hayward	85	Hyrum	78	University	
Clearfield	85	Morgan	78	First Stake	
Utah	85	Logan	78	Second Stake	
South Blackfoot	85	Roosevelt	<del>7</del> 8	Third Stake	
Lake Mead	85	Smithfield	78	(*Limited Participati	ion)
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Cedar West, Hawkes Bay, Redding, and Winter Quarters reports are included in the respective stakes and missions of which they previously formed a part.

# STAKES ON HONOR ROLL-1960

Magazine Representative	Claudia Martin	Rose Eads	Hazel G. Kitch	Mildred Bang	Inez N. Kruitbosch	Irene M. Oswald	Mabel R. Baker	Ardella Hackford	Mona K. Watson	Sarah B. Strong	Jean Caine	Phyllis Mohler	Leatha Bennett	Reta V. Cameron	Ardith Johansen	Elizabeth E. Steed	Sarah Owens	Ethel M. Lemons	Valerie C. Baisley	Elva M. Brown	Ethel B. Grupper	Lucille Stratford	Geneva Cluff	Ruth Pearson	Jane S. Watkins	Angie B. Egan	Hildegard P. Nicholes	Grace V. McCurdy	Edith Collard	Adeline Jensen	Pearl L. Whitney
Enroll- Subscriptions ment No. Pct.			100			92	06	104	75	88	97	105	88	88	28	81	106	110	97	101	83	92	103	108	88	66	06			93	94
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Enroll- ment	384	323	605	276	585	741	605	497	354	1006	433	392	746	423	402	807	300	544	692	874	548	669	902	508	571	622	557	257	724	531	1032
Relief Society	Cassia	Cheyenne	Chicago	Cincinnati	Clearfield	Columbia	Cottonwood	Covina	Dallas	Davis	Denver	Denver West	Deseret	Detroit	Duchesne	East Cache	East Idaho Falls	East Long Beach	East Los Angeles		East Millcreek	East Ogden	East Phoenix	East Pocatello	East Provo	East Rigby	East Sharon	Edmonton	Emery	Emigration	Ensign
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iptions Pet.	87	107	80	93	79	96	115	98	93	79	97	86	82	77	89	92	90	88	101	106	100	79	82	110	101	127	89	94	100	1 00	),
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Enroll- Subscriptions ment No. Pct.	713	456	1125	367	515	461	190			514	527		423		584	877	655	300	553	835	504	518	496	755	899	650	463	603	408	492	77.
Relief Society	Alberta	Albuquerque	Alpine	American Falls	American River	Ashley	Auckland	Bakersfield	Bannock	Bear Lake	Bear River	Beaver	Ben Lomond	Ben Lomond South	Benson	Big Horn	Blackfoot	Blaine	Boise	Bonneville	Bountiful	Bountiful North	Bountiful South	Box Elder	Burbank	Burley	Butte	Cache	Calgary	Cannon	Carbon

# STAKES ON HONOR ROLL-1960

ptions Magazine Pct. Representative	105 Fannie B. Hatch 86 Effie L. Sorensen 102 Venna T. Witbeck 81 Helen S. Clayton		119 Lila H. Leavitt 76 Beverly W. Stevenson 78 Rosa Ashton 100 Thelma E. B. Derochie 96 Luella L. Birrell 78 Eva L. Berntson 105 Margaret P. Bodine 78 Ella N. Christensen 89 Verda M. Cohen 94 Edna M. Hansen 97 Muriel Freeman 82 Edith D. O'Barr 88 Violet Anne Pettley	84 Josephine Wadsworth 103 Martha J. H. Matern 112 Margaret H. Merrill 84 Bonnie Hansen 88 Norma Ludlow 95 Era C. Jones 97 Louise Johnson
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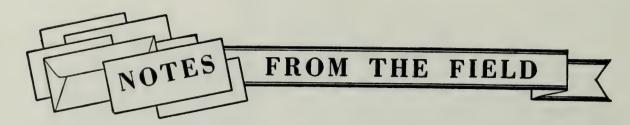
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Relief Society	Montpelier	Monument Park	Monument Park West	Morgan	Moroni	Mt. Graham	Mt. Jordan	Mt. Logan	Mt. Ogden	Mt. Rubidoux	Murray	Murray South	Nampa	Napa	Nebo	New Jersey	New Orleans	New York	North Box Elder	North Carbon	North Davis	North Idaho Falls	North Jordan	North Pocatello	North Rexburg	North Sanpete	North Seattle	North Sevier	North Tooele	North Weber	Norwalk	Nyssa	Oakland-Berkeley	Ogden

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Relief Society	Snowflake	South Bear River	South Blackfoot	South Davis	South Idaho Falls	South Los Angeles	South Ogden	South Salt Lake	South Sanpete	South Sevier	South Summit	Southern Arizona	Spanish Fork	Spokane	Springville	Star Valley	Sugar House	Summit	Taber	Tacoma	Taylor	Taylorsville	Temple View	Teton	Timpanogos	Tooele	Toronto	Torrance	Tucson	Tulsa	Twin Falls	Unitan
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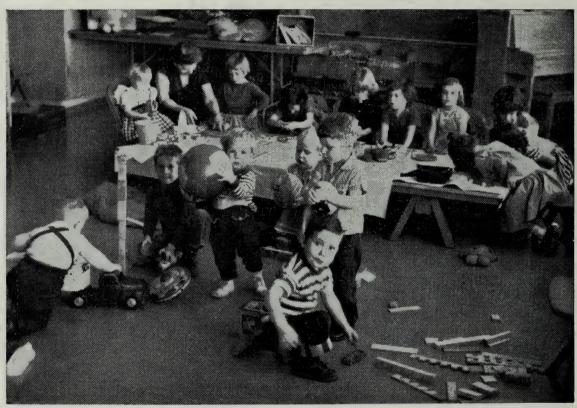
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All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Ada K. Sneddon

RENO STAKE (NEVADA), MOUNT ROSE AND MOUNT ROSE SECOND WARDS JOIN IN "NURSERY IS FUN" PROJECT

Ada K. Sneddon, President, Reno Stake Relief Society, reports: "The day the Mount Rose Ward moved into its new chapel, the ward was divided. Right then the Relief Society sisters decided that they would improve their nursery program. Since both wards would be using the same facilities in the new building, they agreed on a joint project. Dagna MacGill became chairman. She arranged two parties for the nursery children. Each child brought a gift of a new or good used toy, nicely wrapped, to give and share. These were placed under the Christmas tree on arrival. After a story and singing period, the gifts were distributed. Each child unwrapped and showed his gift to the others, then placed it in its proper place in the toy cupboard or box. Lunch was served immediately, then the children played with their new gifts.

"Each week the nursery teacher prepares a program of interest, learning, and activity, using these toys and equipment. Gradually more items are added, permitting more flexibility in the program. The result is interested, happy children. Happy children make happy mothers. Attendance at Relief Society is improving, since children are reluctant to leave the nursery when meetings are over."



Photograph submitted by Gertrude M. Richards

# TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, January 27, 1961

Left to right: Gertrude M. Richards, President, Timpanogos Stake Relief Society; Mabell Webb Jense, President, Pleasant Grove Second Ward Relief Society; Lucinda N. Pearce, who has served as a visiting teacher for fifty-eight years; Elder Boyd L. Fugal, President, Timpanogos Stake.

Sister Richards reports: "The Timpanogos Stake Visiting Teachers Convention was held in Pleasant Grove, January 27, 1961. The convention centered on the theme 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and featured music by the stake Singing Mothers chorus, and an address by Stake President Boyd L. Fugal.

"Specially honored were thirty-two sisters who had served thirty years or more as visiting teachers. The eldest, in point of service, was Sister Lucinda M. Pearce, with fifty-eight years. Sister Pearce was called to be a visiting teacher at the age of twenty-three, and has served also as ward president, counselor, and class leader, but in all these callings continued as a visiting teacher. While living in Vernal, Utah, her district covered a distance of nine miles, round trip, which she traveled by team and wagon, horse and buggy, or by walking. Left a widow, with eight children, she was married to William A. Pearce, and helped to rear his eight children with her own. As part of her Relief Society work, she has put the first clothing on more than fifty new babies, and helped prepare the dead for burial. She was released as a visiting teacher only because arthritis has made walking difficult for her.

"As an expression of appreciation for the devoted service given by Sister Pearce, her ward Relief Society President Mabell Webb Jense gave a tribute to her, and President Boyd L. Fugal presented her a potted chrysanthemum."



Photograph submitted by Ora M. Gardner

DESERET STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, AND LEADERSHIP MEETINGS

Seated in front (in dark dresses), right to left: Roma Ekins, organist; Joyce Long, chorister.

Ora M. Gardner, President, Deseret Stake Relief Society, stands third from the

right on the fifth row.

Sister Gardner reports: "This chorus has been very active, and we have enjoyed their beautiful music at stake quarterly conference, the visiting teachers convention, and at each of our leadership meetings during the year. The Singing Mothers are now working on an Easter cantata to be presented in April."



Photograph submitted by Jane H. Schipaanboord

LIBERTY STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD HONORS RETIRING BOARD AT SOCIAL December 6, 1960

Front row, left to right, retiring board members: Cynthia Smith, chorister; Carol Youd, work meeting leader; Ruth Kroescher, Work Director Counselor; Verna Hunter, President; Nan Jones, organist; Margaret Allen, Magazine representative; Jane Jones, social science class leader.

Back row, standing, left to right, present stake board members: Pearl Day; Nettie Stout; Lillian Janke; Rhea McRae; Ila Hatton, Education Counselor; Jane Schipaan-

boord, President; Merida Huntsman, Work Director Counselor; Relda Hardy; Maurine McClean and Aleta Checketts (sisters having special assignments); Miriam Lieber; Luella Birrell.

Also serving on the board, but not present when the picture was taken, are: Picola

Wood and Lois Janke.

President Schipaanboord reports: "The reception was held in the assembly room of the Relief Society Building. A reception line was formed by the retiring board members where they greeted over 350 Relief Society sisters comprising the ten wards of Liberty Stake. Many former ward and stake members also attended to mingle and renew companionship. The current stake officers acted as hostesses in greeting and welcoming those present. The occasion gave the sisters an opportunity to visit with former stake board members, as well as a chance to view the lovely Relief Society Building. Refreshments were served. The afternoon was one of enjoyment and inspiration. Sister Hunter has served as stake Relief Society President for the past seven and one-half years."



Photograph submitted by Rhoda C. Taylor

# MEXICAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND DISTRICT OFFICERS AT BREADMAKING DEMONSTRATON

Front row, left to right: Bertha Morales; Natividad Cardosa; Cipri Valencia. Second row, left to right: Elena Villalobos; Reyna Molina; Raquel Saunders; Severiana Mesa; Maria Delgado.

Back row, left to right: Rhoda C. Taylor, President, Mexican Mission Relief Society; Anna Rodriguez; Lorenzo Mesa (with head turned); Jeannette Hubbert; Ella

Farnsworth.

Sister Taylor reports: "Sharing ideas and learning new activities are engaged in by the mission and district officers of the Mexican Mission Relief Society, exemplified during a recent district meeting. The baking of brown and sweet bread was a part of the demonstration presented by Cipri Valencia. Various work meeting instructions were given, along with helps for branch preparation meetings, and each district officer was also given a box of used clothes to be distributed among branch Relief Society presidents to be remodeled or used as needed. Mission and district officers meet regularly to prepare for coming months, sharing ideas and discussing improvements which the district officers present to the branch Relief Societies of the mission."



Photograph submitted by Hazel G. Kitch

# CHICAGO STAKE (ILLINOIS) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT TWO CONCERTS AS A BUILDING FUND PROJECT

Standing at the left in the front row is organist Veldron Matheson; accompanist Naomi Graves stands in the third row, sixth from the right. Director

Bernice Lindsey stands at the right in the second row.

Hazel G. Kitch, President, Chicago Stake Relief Society, reports: "On October 29, 1960, the Chicago Stake Singing Mothers presented their 'Concert in Autumn' at the stake house in Wilmette, Illinois, before an audience of stake members. On December 3, 1960, it was performed in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The program was in two parts: Part I.—"This Is My Country," and Part II.—"This Is My Church." Both concerts were building fund projects for the new stake house. Nine wards were represented in this Singing Mothers chorus. Plans and rehearsals for the 1961 concert are now underway."



Photograph submitted by Ruth J. Harrison

# ROSE PARK STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, January 21, 1961

Front row, left to right, beginning fifth from the left: Ruth Pack, organist; Clea M. Fowler, Second Counselor; Ruth J. Harrison, President; Ruth G. Murphy, First Counselor; Vauna Moosman, Secretary-Treasurer; Marilyn Mecham, chorister.

Sister Harrison reports: "This very successful convention featured an original skit

Sister Harrison reports: "This very successful convention featured an original skit written by board members Marjorie Pehrson and Ruth Steenblik. Two musical selections by the Singing Mothers highlighted the convention, under the direction of chorister Marilyn Mecham and accompanist Ruth Pack. Members of the Singing Mothers group came from all eight wards of the stake. Seven of the eight wards were commended

for visiting every district in their wards each month during the past year. The other ward missed by one district one month. Special recognition was given to Rose Park Eighth Ward for having the largest percentage of visiting teachers at the convention and at the monthly report meetings during the past year. Alice Campbell, visiting teacher message leader from Rose Park Eighth Ward, gave an inspirational talk on 'Joys of Service in Relief Society.' Stake President Joseph F. Steenblik was present and spoke to the group, paying tribute to the visiting teachers and offering words of encouragement."



Photograph submitted by Hattie B. Maughan

UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY STAKE, FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, December 11, 1960

Lorraine Palmer, Fifth Ward work meeting leader, is shown displaying some of the bazaar toys to the children, left to right: Jay Peterson, Shelley Crockett, Kent Bills, and Jay Bills.

Hattie B. Maughan, President, Utah State University Stake, reports: "We felt that perhaps this picture, with emphasis on the catering to the needs and the pocket books of parents with small children, was quite representative of our stake. Our wards in which the Relief Society membership consists largely of young mothers meet at night, thus eliminating the necessity of maintaining a nursery. Father's role as a baby sitter is an important one, and I have come to appreciate these co-operative young fathers quite as much as their capable young wives."



Photograph submitted by Marjorie M. Reeve

### KANSAS CITY STAKE VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION January 18, 1961

Visiting teachers with twenty years of service or more, front row, left to right: Myrtle Watkins; Josephine Johnson; Emma Wilhelm; Nellie Preator; Juanita Sharp.

Second row, left to right: Elizabeth Dopp; Estella Barker; Elda Black; Juanita Smith; Ruby Harris; Frida Waters; Olive Kallstrom; Helen Smith.

Back row, left to right: Hattie Dillon; Marian Crow; Cloe Pope; Juanita Black. Marjorie M. Reeve, President, Kansas City Stake Relief Society, reports: "Our visiting teachers convention was held January 18, 1961. We had a lovely program. The visiting teachers were all honored with a calendar which had the responsibilities of a visiting teacher printed on it. Each sister who had been a visiting teacher over twenty years was presented with a beautiful corsage. A social followed. Eighty-seven per cent of the visiting teachers of the stake were present."



Photograph submitted by Dolores C. Fife

NEW ORLEANS STAKE (LOUISIANA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, March 1960

Front row, left to right, beginning ninth from the left, former officers: Eliza W. Barletter, First Counselor; Norma J. Garriga, Secretary-Treasurer; Dolores C. Fife, President; Pearl Thames, chorister.

Sister Fife reports: "This is the first chorus to be organized in our stake since it was organized in June 1955. In the past thirty-two years of the Church here in this area, this is the first time for a large group of sisters to get together and sing. Two lovely numbers were presented. The sisters whose names are not listed make up the presidencies and teachers of twenty-one Relief Societies in our stake. Pearl Thames organized the Singing Mothers, but because of distance, the various ward groups practiced in their own wards, and all got together for the March 1960 conference for the first time."

Beulah Burgon Larson is the recently appointed president of New Orleans Stake Relief Society.

# Woman's Choice

Lula Walker

The air was warm, a touch of breeze
Astir in new-leafed maple trees —
A made-to-order day for cleaning.
She pictured floors and windows gleaming.
Then neighbors tapped her windowpane —
"The weather's fine, no hint of rain,
Let's picnic in the woods. We've room";
She declined. Gay voices echoed fun
While she hung woolens out to sun.
All done, at evening, she relaxed.
Her windows shone, floors freshly waxed,
A spotless house, but was it worth
The price, with spring upon the earth?

# Beauty

Arlene D. Cloward

THIS last summer I learned the true definition of the word beauty. My little family and I started along the skyline drive with our car packed to overflowing with camping gear, and excited anticipation. We followed a rutted, dusty road which wound steadily up among trees dipping leafy boughs in a lacy arch above us. Occasionally, the foliage parted to reveal a sparkling stream trickling merrily along, dashing sunsplashed ripples against the protruding rocks. Pine trees rose lofty and solemn amid lush meadows of softly whispering grass. Brilliant blue wild flowers raised proud blossoms to mirror the sky, and small, golden-faced buds unfolded beneath the sun's caress.

A buck, regal and proud, moved smoothly among the shimmering aspens, turning his velvety, widespread antlers slowly in our direction. He eyed us carefully, and then, with a profound grace, he moved his powerful body and sprang effortlessly up the hill-side and disappeared.

The road stopped its steep climbing and leveled out. We were on the very skyline, gazing out over breathtaking stretches of valleys and mountains flung out to the horizon in a haze of color.

I glanced at my two excited little boys, their blue eyes wide with joy. And as I had seen beauty in the proud mantle of the trees, the ripple of the stream, the glory of the blossoms, and the majesty of the buck, I now saw beauty in the faces of two little boys.

## SACRED MUSIC FOR THREE PART LADIES CHORUSES ..... COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER-Madsen .......20 ..... GOSPEL GIVES UNBOUNDED STRENGTH-Schreiner ........... .30 ..... GO YE FORTH WITH MY ..... IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS-Madsen .. .25 ..... INCLINE YOUR EAR-Wilkes .. .25 ..... IN THY FORM-Madsen ...... .20 ..... LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT ..... LORD, GOD OF OUR FATHERS-Elgar ......25 ..... LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER-..... LORD, WE DEDICATE THIS HOUSE TO THEE-Madsen .... .20 ..... OPEN OUR EYES-Macfarlane .25 ..... THE 23rd PSALM-Schubert.... .25 Music Sent on Approval Use this advertisement as your order blank DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY 15 E. 1st South Salt Lake City 11, Utah Please send the music indicated above. On Approval Charge Money Enclosed Name ..... Address ..... City & State .....

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# Jesus

Texas A. Gladden

A man of sorrow and full of grief, He walked this earthly sod. That through obedience and belief, We might come back to God.

While upon this earth he trod, He never aspired to fame. Yet, every blessing under God Comes to us through his name.

He made the sick recover: He even raised the dead. And, yet, the lonely Son of God Had not where to lay his head.

His mother loved him dearly, So, she was standing by; She saw the Savior led away And knew that he must die.

He gave of his divine power, And much more he had to give, For in his last forsaken hour He died that we might live.

# The Hard Way

Celia Luce

F I sin or do wrong in any way, I can react in two ways.

First is the easy way - I can justify myself. It just wasn't my fault, someone else made me do it; or, everyone else was doing the same thing; or, it wasn't

such a bad thing, after all.

The hard thing to do is to admit my guilt and see what I can do to make things right again. It takes real courage to go to someone and say, "I was wrong, and I am sorry. What can I do to make things right again?" But this is the only way to make things right with others. Ordinarily, they will forgive us, and respect us for our courage.

Of course, we should never forget to

ask God's forgiveness, also.

# To Be a Grandmother

Harriet De Spain

I T is a joy and a wonder to be a grand-mother. I have a little grandson who, upon seeing me come down the street toward him at play, lifts his head like a proud alerted deer, then he runs toward me shouting, "Grandma! Grandma! Grandma!" I have need to brace myself against the onslaught of his eager body. His embrace is not prolonged, for he turns and runs as fast as his little short legs allow into the house, leaving all doors open behind him as he shouts, "Grandma is here! Grandma is here!"

Surely no fanfare of trumpets or ritual of queens is as sweet and heart stirring as this heralding of my approach! My startled daughter appears. Her anxious critical expression is reminiscent of my own young motherhood, when my emotions were so dominated by my sense of responsibility that I could only hear the noise and see the not-too-clean face, instead of the love, innocence, and devotion behind it. Surely Grandmother has the advantage of the wisdom she has gained through the years of living. I am deeply grateful for life.

My grandson allows me just a few minutes of his time, then the important business of play calls him outside. But before he goes he bestows a possessive and proud pat upon my knee, and he says, "Don't you go away."

My heart is filled with love and a little sadness, too, for I know how fleeting are these precious moments. But, however short, he has made me an important person in his life. He has made me the recipient of more love and devotion than my soul can contain. It fills me with the knowledge of God's love and goodness towards me. I resolve prayerfully to be the grandmother that my grandson thinks I am.

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## Hearts

Rowena Jensen Bills

Hearts never know the poetry in a sea of rest, The rapture of a sunset from the mountain's crest; Peaceful valley dawnbreaks reflecting crimson snow, Magnificence of corn stalks in the sun's bright glow; Overflowing happiness in a young child's laugh, Thrill of awaited footsteps on the garden path; The luxury encircled in a homely room, Mysteries of lilac-time and rosebuds first in bloom; Nostalgia from a perfume or a white lace glove, Unless they have walked intimately with beauty and with love.

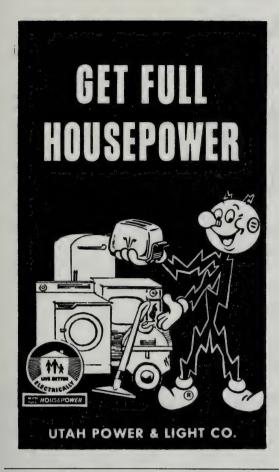
# Twin Seas

Ethel Jacobson

Above high-tide line swells Another undulant sea, Patterned in stars and bells— This wildflower tapestry:

Poppies' gold, newly minted; Sea pinks, seashell-tinted; Strawberry blossoms, white and jades Seaside-daisies, silken rayed; Paintbrushes' crimson plumes; Monkey flowers' creamy blooms; Mauve verbena; and the beach Morning glories' frosty peach.

Above the gleaming strand This flood of many hues Foams over silver sand To meet the ocean's blues.



The Booklet

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# Except for the Daisies

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Except for the daisies, running riot Over the meadow, it is quiet.

Quiet as green grass making a way To the light of earth's noon-filled day;

Or as a purple violet Hiding in shadows, shaded, wet;

Quiet as leaves after a storm, Glistening cool, summer warm;

Quiescent as my turmoiled soul, Now replenished and made whole

Accepting his gift, the cross on the hill. Except for the daisies, all is still.

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# So Beautiful, Beloved

Grace Barker Wilson

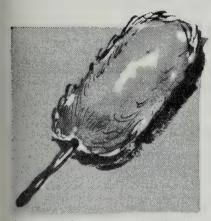
Grandchild, so beautiful, beloved,
Laugh while yet the day
Is full of shining sunbeams.
Fill well your soul with light
To guide you through the dark
Of times past all believing
When years have come and gone.

Gaze long on lovely things;
Hold close your visions, dreams,
And castles in the air.
Some day you will remember
And be glad for golden days
Of innocence and joy.
Grandchild, so beautiful, beloved.

unusual gift ideas for

# (others

some frivolous, some practical, all certain to please – come in, write or phone your choice



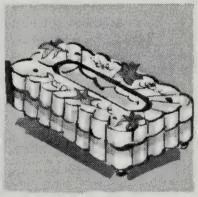
Imported from Australia, lambs wool pompon duster, picks up dust like magic, washable, color fast. Pink, lemon, lime, orange, white, blue, 2.98.

Notions - street floor



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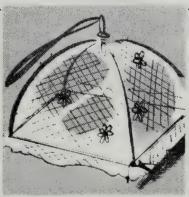


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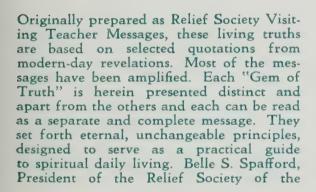
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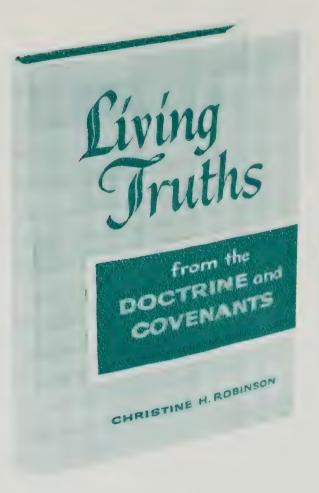
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### Letter From the Sea

Dorothy J. Roberts

Searching, we traveled seaward, leaving you In the desert kingdom you have built so well. An ocean's magic could not lure you from The solid substance of your citadel. . . .

After billowing grasses, meadow-green, And after hemlock hung with mystery, The highway veered from fern and forest lace To give a golden glimpse of golden sea.

So brief a time it was to send to you—
The swift enchantment there before the wane,
The glory, momentary, on the sea,
Disk of sun, its wide and shimmering lane,

And streaming from every crested wave, the spume, An aura visible in crystal rays,

Translucent under dome of amber sky —

A golden locket on a chain of days.

We long to share with you, not here to see, The fluted breakers driven from the west, Tossing, on wind of gold, their streaming manes, Tinted, haloed, and made manifest.

But you stand firmly, hill and desert-bound, And though we leave, you are not there alone. You wait, complete in sand and sea and shore, For all we seek, you have already known.

The Cover: Peace Gardens, Salt Lake City, Utah

Transparency by Leland Van Wagoner

Frontispiece: Morro Rock, California

Photograph by Don Knigh

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

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### From Near and Far

I enjoy The Relief Society Magazine because it is always upbuilding, and it is an inspiration to me. Being a theology class leader here in Holland, I rely a great deal on the helpful hints that I find in the Magazine. My family, also has benefited from the spiritual food contained in the Magazine. I have been recently chosen to serve as stake president of the Relief Society in the Holland Stake, the first stake of Zion in the Netherlands, and I am sure the Magazine will help me in my work.

—Nora L. A. Lefrandt-Simons
The Hague, Holland

My husband is attending school here in Maryland, but our home is in Oregon, and we often feel so very far from those The Relief Society Magazine we love. is just like a visit home. I find the advice on thrift and budgeting (such as "New Stockings From Old Ones," by Shirley Thulin, in the February Magazine, and all the recipes) especially helpful. The article on making doll clothes ("Let's Dress Dolls for Christmas") by Shirley Thulin, in December, was a great help at Christmastime. Our student budget doesn't allow for a very elaborate Christmas, but our four-year-old daughter was rewardingly thrilled with the suitcase full of clothes for her doll which I was able to make with the help of the Magazine.

Norma S. Davis

Baltimore, Maryland

I have been a subscriber to The Relief Society Magazine ever since the first year of my married life, which is now forty-seven years, and I can't begin to tell you how much my family and I enjoy reading it. I can hardly wait from one month to the next until the new Magazine arrives.

—Mrs. Henry Dattage Providence, Utah

We congratulate you on the excellent quality of each issue of our Magazine. It is a continual source of inspiration to our sisters.

—LaVerda O. Lloyd President, Mt. Jordan Stake Relief Society Sandy, Utah May I express my appreciation for the excellent serials which we have been having in our Magazine. The current one "Love Is Enough" is interesting and very well written. And I especially enjoyed the previous serial "Orchids in the Snow," by Rosa Lee Lloyd, with its timely Alaskan background.

—Norma Wrathall
Sunnyvale, California

The cover of the April Relief Society Magazine (the Assembly Hall on Temple Square) brings back wonderful memories of my first visit to Temple Square last fall with the Big Horn Stake Singing Mothers. Singing in the Tabernacle was a wonderful thrill and a highlight in my life I shall always remember. The covers are always beautiful, but the April one has a special place in my heart.

—Agnes Collins

Lovell, Wyoming

Last June I received my first copy of The Relief Society Magazine as a gift from Mrs. Helen Pearson of Salt Lake City, and it was a very nice surprise to me. My husband and I enjoy the lovely stories and the beautiful cover pictures very much. As I commute by the New York subway every day, it is a pleasure to read the Magazine on my way to work.

—Mrs. Nelly Van Der Woude

—Mrs. Nelly Van Der Woude Hollis, Long Island New York

The Relief Society Magazine has been in my family for many years, as my mother and grandmother both subscribed to it all their lives, as my sister and I are doing now. We love and appreciate this splendid Magazine. The lessons are so well written and give satisfying material each time. The helps for mothers in the home are outstanding, interesting, and unique. I have always loved literature, and the articles, stories, and poetry are very enjoyable. . . . My husband and I have nine children, the oldest of whom is serving in the Western States Mission.

—Mrs. Emeline Young Watts
Logan, Utah

### THE RELIFE SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Baile S. Spatiord Marianna C. Sharp  Counse W. Madsen  Anna B. Hart Later Christine H. Robinson Anna B. Hart Later Christine H. Christensen Florence J. Madsen  Anna B. Hart Later Christine H. Christensen Florence J. Madsen  Charlotte A. Larsen Midred B. Eyring Charlotte A. Larsen Christine H. Christensen Midred B. Eyring Charlotte A. Larsen Christine H. Christensen Midred B. Eyring Mary W. Cameron Aleine M. Young Josie B. Bay  Marwaring Josie B. Bay  Marwaring Josie B. Bay  Marwaring Josie B. Bay  Marwaring Josie B. Bay  JUNE 1961  WOL 48  JUNE 1961  Marianna C. Sharp  Volt 48  JUNE 1961  Marianna C. Sharp  Vesta P. Crawlord General Manager  To His Children's Children'  RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE  Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay  To His Children's Children'  Alberta H. Christensen 349 Alberta H. Chri	Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of T	The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints			
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Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 363 All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probet Young 392 Truth is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Mabel Harmer 401  Esta B. Cowles Betty Lou Martin 363 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations Helief Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Ecok-Your-Own Barbecue Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Wowls the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 374 Wowl is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 375 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividens Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 379 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 Catherine Joinson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Ann M. Hales 403 North Meeting — The Doctrine and Cowenants Denna Mae Bacon 395 Oil Painting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Cowenants Problem Ariel S. Ballit 418 North Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Socia	Florence J. Madsen Mildred B. Eyring	Mary V. Cameron LaRue H. Rosell			
Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 363 All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probet Young 392 Truth is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Mabel Harmer 401  Esta B. Cowles Betty Lou Martin 363 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations Helief Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Ecok-Your-Own Barbecue Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Wowls the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 374 Wowl is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 375 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividens Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 379 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 Catherine Joinson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Ann M. Hales 403 North Meeting — The Doctrine and Cowenants Denna Mae Bacon 395 Oil Painting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Cowenants Problem Ariel S. Ballit 418 North Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Socia	Leone G. Layton Charlotte A. Larsen Blanche B. Stoddard Edith P. Backman	Wealtha S. Mendenhall Alice L. Wilkinson			
Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 363 All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probet Young 392 Truth is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Mabel Harmer 401  Esta B. Cowles Betty Lou Martin 363 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations Helief Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Ecok-Your-Own Barbecue Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Wowls the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 374 Wowl is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 375 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividens Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 379 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 Catherine Joinson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Ann M. Hales 403 North Meeting — The Doctrine and Cowenants Denna Mae Bacon 395 Oil Painting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Cowenants Problem Ariel S. Ballit 418 North Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Socia	Evon W. Peterson Winniefred S.	Pearle M. Olsen LaPriel S. Bunker			
Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 363 All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probet Young 392 Truth is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Mabel Harmer 401  Esta B. Cowles Betty Lou Martin 363 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations Helief Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Ecok-Your-Own Barbecue Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Wowls the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 374 Wowl is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 375 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividens Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 379 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 Catherine Joinson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Ann M. Hales 403 North Meeting — The Doctrine and Cowenants Denna Mae Bacon 395 Oil Painting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Cowenants Problem Ariel S. Ballit 418 North Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Socia	Josie B. Bay Elna P. Haymond	Irene B. Woodford			
Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 363 All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probet Young 392 Truth is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Mabel Harmer 401  Esta B. Cowles Betty Lou Martin 363 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations Helief Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Ecok-Your-Own Barbecue Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Wowls the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 374 Wowl is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 375 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividens Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 379 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 Catherine Joinson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Ann M. Hales 403 North Meeting — The Doctrine and Cowenants Denna Mae Bacon 395 Oil Painting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Cowenants Problem Ariel S. Ballit 418 North Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Socia	RELIEF SOCIA	ETY MAGAZINE Marianne C. Sharp			
Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 363 All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probet Young 392 Truth is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Mabel Harmer 401  Esta B. Cowles Betty Lou Martin 363 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations Helief Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Ecok-Your-Own Barbecue Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Wowls the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 374 Wowl is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 375 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividens Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 379 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 Catherine Joinson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Ann M. Hales 403 North Meeting — The Doctrine and Cowenants Denna Mae Bacon 395 Oil Painting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Cowenants Problem Ariel S. Ballit 418 North Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Socia	Associate Editor	Vesta P. Crawford			
Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 363 All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probet Young 392 Truth is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Mabel Harmer 401  Esta B. Cowles Betty Lou Martin 363 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations Helief Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Ecok-Your-Own Barbecue Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Wowls the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 374 Wowl is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 375 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividens Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 379 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 Catherine Joinson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Ann M. Hales 403 North Meeting — The Doctrine and Cowenants Denna Mae Bacon 395 Oil Painting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Cowenants Problem Ariel S. Ballit 418 North Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Socia	VOI 48	F 1961 NO 6			
Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 349 "To His Children's Children" Alberta H. Christensen 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 363 All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probet Young 392 Truth is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Mabel Harmer 401  Esta B. Cowles Betty Lou Martin 363 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations Helief Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Ecok-Your-Own Barbecue Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Wowls the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 374 Wowl is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 375 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividens Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 378 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Siste C. Carroll 379 Solve "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 Catherine Joinson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Ann M. Hales 403 North Meeting — The Doctrine and Cowenants Denna Mae Bacon 395 Oil Painting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Cowenants Problem Ariel S. Ballit 418 North Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Socia	701. 40	140. 0			
Let This Be Said — To Emma Ray Riggs McKay   Alberta H. Christensen 349   "To His Children's Children'   Alberta H. Christensen 350   Serencipity   Elta B. Cowles 362   Around the World at Eighty   Elta B. Cowles 362   Around Report for 1960   Hulda Parker 380   All for the Good of the Family   Mabel Law Atkinson 356   A Feather in Her Hat   Sylvia Probst Young 392   Truth Is Sublime   Betty Lou Martin 396   Love is Enough — Chapter 6   Mabel Harmer 401   From Near and Far   GENERAL FEATURES   Sixty Years Ago   Mabel Harmer 401   Sixty Years Ago   Ramona W. Cannon 369   Woman's Sphere   Ramona W. Cannon 369   Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference   Vesta P. Crawford 370   Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities   Hulda Parker 407   Birthday Congratulations   FEATURES FOR THE HOME   Mama's Bookshelf   Helen Hinckley Jones 372   Cook-Your-Own Barbecue   Ruby K. Smith 374   Now Is the Time   Leone Fetzer White Silvier   Betty Donelson 378   Cooke-Jour-Own Barbecue   Betty Donelson 378   Cooke-Jour-Own Barbecue   Betty Donelson 379   Solve a "Lengthy" Problem   Betty Donelson 379   Solve a "Lengthy" Problem   Shirley Thulin 390   Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together   395   Solve a "Lengthy" Problem   Shirley Ann M. Hales 400   "Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right"   Celia Luce 423   Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants   Roy W. Doxey 411   Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From   Christine H. Robinson 413   Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From   Christine H. Robinson 413   Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece   Dorothy J. Roberts 345   Appreciation   Formal Advances   Betty Dorothy J. Roberts 345   Appreciation   Formal Advances   Christine H. Robinson 411   Social Science — The Place of Women in the Gospel Plan   Ariel S. Ballit 418   Notes on the Authors of the Lessons   Appreciation   Ariel S. Ballit 418   Notes on the Authors of the Lessons   Appreciation   Ariel S. Ballit 418   Notes on the Authors of the Lessons   Appreciatio	$C_{or}$	atents			
Serendipity Alberta Rulers 353 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Annual Report for 1960 FICTION  All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 356 A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probst Young 392 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 389 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations FEATURES FOR THE HOME Mama's Bookshelf Helen Hinckley Jones 372 Cook-Your-Own Barbecue Betty Donesion 378 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donesion 378 Ookie-Jar Dividends Betty Dones 379 Solve a Lengthy' Problem Shirley Thiulin 390 Cartherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together 395 Carletine Betty Dones 397 Cartherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together 395 Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants Chapter And Mediage	SPECIAL SPECIAL	FEATURES			
Alberd Baker 383 Around the World at Eighty Etta B. Cowles 362 Annual Report for 1960 Hulda Parker 380  All for the Good of the Family Sylvia Probst Young 392 Truth Is Sublime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Betty Lou Martin 396 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vestar P. Crawford 397 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Betty Lou Betty Lo	"To His Children's Children"	Alberta H. Christensen 350			
Annual Report for 1950  All for the Good of the Family A Feather in Her Hat Sylvia Probst Young 392 Truth Is Sublime Love Is Enough — Chapter 6  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Woman's Sphere Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 368 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 369 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 369 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Church 1370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Ramona W. Cannon 370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Creen Winter 401 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Church 1370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Church 1370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Church 1370 Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Church 1	Around the World at Eighty	Albera Baker 353 Etta B. Cowles 362			
All for the Good of the Family Mabel Law Atkinson 350 A Feather in Her Hat Syblime Betty Lou Martin 396 Love Is Enough — Chapter 6 Mabel Harmer 401  From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Moman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations 424  Mama's Bookshelf Features For the Home Hinckley Jones 373 Cook-Your-Own Barbecue Ruby K. Smith 374 Now Is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 376 Whole-Wheet Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividends Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together 395 Coil Painting Marker M	Annual Report for 1960	Hulda Parker 380			
Love Is Enough — Chapter 6  Love Is Enough — Chapter 6  Sixty Years Ago  Ramona W. Cannon 368 Woman's Sphere  Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference  Reditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference  Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities  Hulda Parker  Mama's Bookshelf  Mama's Bookshelf  Mama's Bookshelf  Mama's Bookshelf  Move Is the Time  Leona Fetzer Wintch 376 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies  Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividends  Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making  Together  Shirley Ann M. Hales  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62  Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants  Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners  The Doctrine and Covenants  Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners  The Doctrine and Covenants  Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners  POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece  Appreciation  POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece  Appreciation  Mavel Rubin 371 Life  Catherine Bowles 422  Marjorie C. Reay  Ma	All for the Good of the Family	TION Mabel Law Atkinson 356			
GENERAL FEATURES  Sixty Years Ago 368 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 368 Woman's Sphere Peditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations 424  Mama's Bookshelf FEATURES FOR THE HOME Ruby K. Smith 374 Now Is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 376 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Elsie C. Carroll 379 Solve a "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 I Remember Grandma Donna Mae Bacon 391 Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together 395 Oil Painting Shirley Ann M. Hales 400 "Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right" Celia Luce 423  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62 Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants Covenants Roy W. Doxey 411 Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Social Science — The Place of Wo-an in the Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Dorthy I. Roberts 345 Appreciation Ray May Be Long" Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Dolla Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	A Feather in Her Hat	Sylvia Probst Young 392			
GENERAL FEATURES  Sixty Years Ago 368 Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 368 Woman's Sphere Peditorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370 Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Hulda Parker 407 Birthday Congratulations 424  Mama's Bookshelf FEATURES FOR THE HOME Ruby K. Smith 374 Now Is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 376 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Elsie C. Carroll 379 Solve a "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 I Remember Grandma Donna Mae Bacon 391 Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together 395 Oil Painting Shirley Ann M. Hales 400 "Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right" Celia Luce 423  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62 Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants Covenants Roy W. Doxey 411 Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Social Science — The Place of Wo-an in the Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Dorthy I. Roberts 345 Appreciation Ray May Be Long" Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Dolla Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	Love Is Enough — Chapter 6	Mabel Harmer 401			
Sixty Years Ago  Woman's Sphere  Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference  Wosta P. Crawford  Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities  Birthday Congratulations  FEATURES FOR THE HOME  Mama's Bookshelf  FEATURES FOR THE HOME  Mama's Bookshelf  FEATURES FOR THE HOME  Mome Is the Time  Ruby K. Smith 374  Now Is the Time  Leona Fetzer Wintch 376  Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies  Betty Donelson 378  Cookie-Jar Dividends  Cookie-Jar Dividends  Elsie C. Carroll 379  Solve a "Lengthy" Problem  I Remember Grandma  Donna Mae Bacon 391  Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together  Oil Painting  "Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right"  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62  Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62  The Doctrine and Covenants  Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners  Elaine Anderson Cannon 414  Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age  Briant S. Jacobs 416  Social Science — The Place of Wo-an in the Gospel Plan  Ariel S. Ballif 418  Notes on the Authors of the Lessons  POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece  Appreciation  Wayside Path  Della Adams Leitner 361  Great or Small  Inland Gulls  Maylorie C. Reay 422  To a Granddaughter  Christie Lund Coles 423  Marjorie C. Reay  To G Granddaughter  Christie Lund Coles 423	GENERAL.	FEATURES			
Mama's Bookshelf	Sixty Years Ago	368			
Mama's Bookshelf	Woman's Sphere Ramona W. Cannon 369 Editorial: The 131st Annual Church Conference Vesta P. Crawford 370				
Mama's Bookshelf Cook-Your-Own Barbecue Ruby K. Smith 374 Now Is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 376 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividends Cookie-Jar Dividends Shirley Thulin 390 I Remember Grandma Donna Mae Bacon 391 Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Grid Painting Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Celia Luce 423 LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62 Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Christine H. Robinson 413 Social Science — The Place of Wor an in the Gospel Plan Notes on the Authors of the Lessons  POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Appreciation Wayside Path Great or Small Inland Gulls Marol Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Christie Lund Coles 423 Marol J. Roberts Marol J. Roberts J. Rober	Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities				
Mama's Bookshelf Ruby K. Smith 374 Now Is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 376 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividends Betty Donelson 378 Solve a "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 I Remember Grandma Donna Mae Bacon 391 Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Shirley Ann M. Hales 400 "Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right" Celia Luce 423 LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62 Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants Roy W. Doxey 411 Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants Christine H. Robinson 413 Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Social Science — The Place of Woran in the Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Dorothy J. Roberts 345 Appreciation Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Della Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	FEATURE FOR THE HOME				
Now is the Time Leona Fetzer Wintch 3/6 Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies Betty Donelson 378 Cookie-Jar Dividends Elsie C. Carroll 379 Solve a "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 I Remember Grandma Donna Mae Bacon 391 Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together 395 Oil Painting Shirley Ann M. Hales 400 "Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right" Celia Luce 423  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62 Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants Roy W. Doxey 411 Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants Christine H. Robinson 413 Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Social Science — The Place of Wo an in the Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons  POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Appreciation Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" Dorothy J. Roberts 345 Appreciation Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" Doulda Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Della Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small Ballad Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	Mama's Bookshelf	Helen Hinckley Jones 372			
Cookie-Jar Dividends Solve a "Lengthy" Problem I Remember Grandma Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together Oil Painting Shirley Ann M. Hales Oil Painting Shirley Thulin 390 Shirley Thulin 390 Shirley Ann M. Hales Oil Painting Oil Painting Shirley Ann M. Hales Oil Painting Oil Paint	Now is the Time	Leong Fetzer Wintch 3/6			
Solve a "Lengthy" Problem Shirley Thulin 390 I Remember Grandma Donna Mae Bacon 391 Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together 395 Oil Painting Shirley Ann M. Hales 400 "Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right" Celia Luce 423  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62  Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants Roy W. Doxey 411 Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants Christine H. Robinson 413 Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Briant S. Jacobs 416 Social Science — The Place of Woran in the Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Dorothy J. Roberts 345 Appreciation Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Della Adams Leitner 360 Wayside Path Della Adams Leitner 371 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	Cookie-Jar Dividends	Elsie C. Carroll 379			
"Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right"  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62  Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants	Solve a "Lengthy" Problem	Shirley Thulin 390			
"Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right"  LESSON DEPARTMENT — PREVIEWS FOR 1961-62  Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants	Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White	te Enjoy Rug Making Together			
Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants — Roy W. Doxey 411  Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants — Christine H. Robinson 413  Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners — Elaine Anderson Cannon 414  Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age — Briant S. Jacobs 416  Social Science — The Place of Woran in the Gospel Plan — Ariel S. Ballif 418  Notes on the Authors of the Lessons — POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece — Dorothy J. Roberts 345  Appreciation — Evelyn Fjeldsted 355  "That Thy Days May Be Long" — Doulda Johns Pedersen 360  Wayside Path — Della Adams Leitner 361  Great or Small — Hazel Loomis 367  Inland Gulls — Maude Rubin 371  Life — Catherine Bowles 421  To a Granddaughter — Christie Lund Coles 423	"Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right"	Shirley Ann M. Hales 400 Celia Luce 423			
Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Social Science — The Place of Wo an in the Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons 420  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Dorothy J. Roberts 345 Appreciation Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Della Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	I FOSON DEPARTMENT DEFLIENCE FOR 1901 02				
Work Meeting — Attitudes and Manners Elaine Anderson Cannon 414 Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Social Science — The Place of Wo an in the Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons 420  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Dorothy J. Roberts 345 Appreciation Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Della Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants	Roy W. Doxey 411			
Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Social Science — The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons  POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Appreciation — Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" — Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path — Della Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small — Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls — Maude Rubin 371 Life — Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne — Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter — Christie Lund Coles 423	The Doctrine and Covenants	Christine H. Robinson 413			
Social Science — The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan — Ariel S. Ballif 418 Notes on the Authors of the Lessons — 420  POETRY  Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece — 545 Appreciation — Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" — 656 Wayside Path — 657 Great or Small — 657 Inland Gulls — 657 Inland Gulls — 657 Life — 658 Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne — 658 To a Granddaughter — 658  At 18  Ariel S. Ballif 418 At 18  Aviel S. Ballif 418  Evelyn Fjeldsted 355  Coulda Johns Pedersen 360  Mayside Path — 668  Maude Rubin 371  Life — 658 Catherine Bowles 421  Christie Lund Coles 423	Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age Bright S. Igcob				
Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece Dorothy J. Roberts 345 Appreciation Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Della Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	Social Science — The Place of Woman in the	Gospel Plan Ariel S. Ballif 418			
Appreciation Evelyn Fjeldsted 355 "That Thy Days May Be Long" Ouida Johns Pedersen 360 Wayside Path Della Adams Leitner 361 Great or Small Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	POI	ETRY			
Wayside Path Great or Small Inland Gulls Life Earth-Borne To a Granddaughter  Della Adams Leitner 361 Hazel Loomis 367 Late Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter  Della Adams Leitner 361 Catherine 361 Catherine Bowles 421 Catherine Bowles 421 Catherine Bowles 421	Letter From the Sea — Frontispiece	Dorothy J. Roberts 345 Evelyn Fieldsted 355			
Great or Small Hazel Loomis 367 Inland Gulls Maude Rubin 371 Life Catherine Bowles 421 Earth-Borne Marjorie C. Reay 422 To a Granddaughter Christie Lund Coles 423	"That Thy Days May Be Long"	Ouida Johns Pedersen 360			
Inland Gulls	Great or Small	Hazel Loomis 367			
Earth-Borne	Inland Gulls	Maude Rubin 371			
	Earth-Borne	Marjorie C. Reav 422			

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EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY ARRANGING FLOWERS IN HER HOME

### Let This Be Said

### Alberta H. Christensen

Birthday Greetings to Emma Ray Riggs McKay On Her Eighty-Fourth Birthday June 23, 1961

Let this be said, she walked the lanes of spring

Through singing leaves, a lilac-scented street,

And found earth-beauty where she had not known

It lay — imperishable and sweet.

And be it said of her — she plucked the rose To haven summer in a porcelain vase,

Discerning how life's miracle is wrought

From root to stem into completed grace.

Knowing spring's promise is the ripened field, Seeing the harvest, beyond seed and loam, She binds the circling seasons with her faith, With patience tendered to each need of home.

Out of her love's abundance time has made A crown of lasting glory for her head.

How wisdom-rich her sheaf of harvest yield!

Of one beloved, let this — let this be said.

Emma Ray Riggs McKay, Relief Society sisters throughout the world greet you on this your eighty-fourth birthday. They pay tribute to your unselfish service to the Church; your wisdom in choosing the good, the imperishable values of life. They honor you as a wise mother, a loyal, devoted companion; they love you as a gracious and cultured woman.

### "Jo His Children's Children"

#### Alberta H. Christensen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

O be an exemplary parent is to achieve success in a role of sacred trust. It is a role of paramount importance, involving great responsibility, but its compensations are rich and lasting. To be exemplary as children is also important, for to be such, children must be co-operative, willing to heed counsel and to grow in appreciation of their parents' effort and love for them. The richest blessings of earth and eternity will be realized by those families wherein the relationship is congenial, where each member works for the good of all others, and where the commandments of the Lord are faithfully lived.

Although we should always follow the scriptural admonition, "Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exodus 20:12), it is appropriate that each year specific days be set apart as a tribute to our fathers and mothers. On these special occasions we recall the constant concern of our parents for our welfare and acknowledge, with gratitude, their loving care and devotion.

How we appraise these special days of tribute depends upon our position in the family cycle. If we ourselves are parents, our minds not only return appreciatively to our individual parents, but are led to evaluate our own worthiness. Perhaps none of us merits all of the eulogistic statements made and the

tributes given in classroom and pulpit.

But these very tributes can, and should motivate increased effort and rededication to a role of great responsibility, but one which is a won-

derful privilege.

As the 1961 Father's Day approaches, I think of the many obligations a worthy father assumes. In addition to providing necessities of life, a father should share in the spiritual and temporal guidance of his children that the home may provide an atmosphere of unified effort and stability. Aside from other values to be gained, a father's participation in Church and community activities will help children to develop a sense of "belonging." The father is the head of the house and, in Latter-day Saint homes, is a bearer of the Priesthood, which is a priceless blessing. Children cannot know the self-discipline, unselfishness, and patience which also make for competence in parenthood, although they are unquestionably influenced for good by these desirable qualities.

I think today of my own dear father whose character and teachings have so greatly influenced my life. Father was a kind, affectionate, and intellectual man, unusually sensitive to the cultural aspects of life. A sound and consistent spirituality was basic in his personality. This fact is probably responsible for the attitude of inner peace which he possessed to a marked degree. Father's

sense of humor was subtle. His creative ability was variously expressed — one example being the wood carvings made by his very capable hands.

Living in an agricultural community, as most of the early settlements of the Church were, meant farm owning. Father loved the land — its renewal of life each spring, and he also enjoyed the creative aspect of carpentry, in which he was engaged during certain years of his life. To shape with lathe and saw articles of art or usefulness was to him rewarding effort.

I T was fortunate for the growing pioneer communities that there was talent in each, to be developed and contributed for the good of all. My father possessed talents, and they were used for the benefit of the various communities (both in Utah and Mexico) in which he lived.

Father evidenced a love for music in youth, and he was active, although merely as an avocation, in either choir (which he often directed), in orchestra, or in band work from his early manhood to his middle seventies. The Huish Band in Payson, Utah, was one of the early music organizations which contributed to the cultural development of that pioneer community. Father played several musical instruments, and in later years there were many music-evenings in our Mexico home, the children also participating.

As a young man he was a member of the Payson Dramatic Association, and he assisted in community dramatics wherever he lived. Varied interests, plus a Church mission, served in the late years of his life, kept him a happy man to the very end.

Father's love for literature influenced his children greatly. Of sweet memory are those evenings in which our family listened to his low and mellow voice. Mother and children (six daughters) would be sewing or embroidering while father read aloud — scripture, the prose of Dickens, or the poetry of Milton, Tennyson, Whittier, and Scott. Although too young to understand either the direct meaning or implications, I was intrigued by the rhythmic beauty, and

In my young mind they were joined inseparably Father with his glasses and poetry.

Although creative writing is inherent in the family line, I am quite sure that my father's role in these literature home evenings, definitely increased the interest of our family members in literature. My own early attempts to write poetry were taken first to father, for his comment and criticism. Nothing pleased me more than to receive his kind approval of those childhood efforts. I have, since, often thought that our Savior must value beyond mortal knowing, the divine and loving approval of his Father, as expressed in this very significant scripture "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Mt. 3:17).

My father, James William Huish, Jr., was the eighth child in a family of ten children. Twelve years after the organization of the Church, his parents, James William, Sr., and Helen Niblett Huish, accepted the restored gospel. The family resided in Gloucestershire, England, and in 1857 the father was counseled to

come to America that the family might be united with the saints of Zion. Within two years he had saved sufficient money to send for his wife and children. In May 1861, they left Nebraska, by ox team, for the trek westward. The mother relinquished her place in the overloaded wagon that an injured brother-in-law might ride. As a result, she walked approximately two-thirds of the long distance across the plains, carrying her infant son (my father) in a shawl tied around her waist. The journey was of almost four months' duration.

LITTLE wonder that my father's faith in the gospel was deeply rooted and unwavering. As foretold in his patriarchal blessing, he engaged in numerous arguments with the infidel during his life, but his faith remained, "as a rock laid deeply in the earth, which no storm can move." His understanding of gospel doctrine was enlarged by extensive reading of scripture, commentary, and related theological works. One particular passage of scripture seemed fundamental to his religious beliefs, for I remember his using it frequently. It is familiar scripture and concerns obedience to laws upon which all blessings are predicated. I can hear him now, saying "If we want the blessing, we must abide the law." (See D & C 130:20.) I do not recall hearing my father ever speak ill of any person, express malice, or any degree of envy.

Although his wife and four of his nine children preceded my father in death, his great faith in the gospel, in the reality of family reunion in eternity, was an unfailing support.

Father's complete honesty was another outstanding characteristic. I am sure I have never known any person who was more honest than he. It was not merely an honesty in dealing with his neighbor, it was an intellectual and spiritual honesty as well. Pretence in any form seemed to have no place in either his thought or action. It was his firm conviction that success in life has nothing to do with honors of men. but that a man's belief, how he lives, and serves, and the extent to which he triumphs over specific human weaknesses, constitute the only measure of personal accomplishment.

In this brief and humble tribute to my father, in which I mention only a few of his admirable qualities, I speak for all who knew and loved him, especially for the daughter with whom he lived for many years after my mother's passing. Millions of children, old and young, will this month express gratitude for their own fathers, who, through unselfish devotion, and through the example of their lives, bequeath to their children the legacy of happy memory, high ideals, and a good name.

"A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children" (Proverbs 13:22).

### Serendipity

Albera Baker

In the office where I work is a patent lawyer. These men feed on a kind of literature that is incomprehensible to ordinary people. The descriptions of patents are in a language all their own. I quote from a pamphlet which came in the mail a few weeks ago: "The descriptions of patents are obtusely expressed, containing myriads of necessary qualifications, and extremely complex phrases running about 250 words."

Sandwiched in this publication, I found a delightful article on "Serendipity" — as out of place there as a diamond tiara in a package of Cracker Jack. Serendipity is a word coined by Hugh Walpole, referring to adventures on a mythical island of Serendip. It refers to the discovery of things unsought, the plus value which comes when one performs some routine act with an unexpected and rewarding result. The word covers the faculty of a person for dipping into things and finding, either by accident or by sagacity, something good which was not sought.

For instance, a man was struck by a car. From his hospital bed he tried to remember why he, a cautious man, had missed seeing the car coming. He realized that the wide bow of his glasses shut out the very space where he would have had a side view of the oncoming car. He is the man who invented the high-bowed glasses worn universally now — leaving clear vision out of the corners of the eyes. He

made plenty of money from that accident — he certainly did not

expect to.

How many Oklahoma farmers were just trying to farm when they found oil? Did you read of the night John D. Rockefeller could not sleep, and got his Bible to read? He read of the basket in which the baby Moses was put, made of woven willows and covered with pitch. Rockefeller knew the pitch must have been a form of petroleum, so he visited the land of Moses and looked there for oil. There were vast supplies there. He had not expected to make millions from reading his Bible that night.

Serendipity — it is in the whole working of our Church, and, espe-

cially, in Relief Society.

A visiting teacher and her companion are making their regular visits. They have called so often in this particular home. Today, as usual, they give the message, and something happens. The woman, who has been indifferent, is moved, and agrees to come back to Church. She has, somehow, found the strength to change her point of view. She is going to give the Church another chance to serve her.

Take the day when you were sure you could never go to Relief Society — you were so tired. But you saw your neighbor in the yard and remembered you had promised to invite her to Relief Society. This would be a good meeting, so you asked her if she would go. She became interested and came again.

Now she is a member. Isn't that an unexpected reward? Serendipity.

You are standing in the foyer in church. Nobody is speaking to you, but in the corner alone is that new member — baptized only two weeks ago. You go over to speak with her. You find she is interested in many things that interest you, and she speaks of finishing some slip covers. You have been wanting to make some, but didn't quite dare start. She offers to show you how. Just through talking with her — through making the effort to speak and make her feel at home, you have a lovely set of slip covers. Isn't that Serendipity?

Perhaps you are a Magazine representative. Your book shows only one renewal due this month. Is it worthwhile to phone this sister and ask that she renew — you could wait and send it with some others next month? But you call her. She is so grateful. "I wouldn't want my subscription to expire," she tells you. "I had forgotten about it. I especially want these coming issues because I am so interested in the 'Care of the Sick in the Home' lessons. I want to keep them for reference."

Doesn't it make you feel glad that you called her? Doesn't her appreciation give you a sort of glow?

EVERY now and then a member of the Priesthood, often in testimony meeting, mentions something his wife has told him she learned at Relief Society. It is something important, or beautiful, or some skill. To him it is worthy of mention. Isn't that Serendipity—to have one's husband so im-

pressed over some by-product of Relief Society?

Do you know my very best Serendipity? It was my trip to Yellowstone Park, with a day in Denver and a day in Salt Lake. Ah, that day in Salt Lake City. That was when I met my very first Latterday Saints, which resulted in my becoming interested. My membership has proved to be my greatest bonus. Serendipity is like an investment. You put in a little, expecting to get three per cent. But before you know it, you are getting great big dividends, far more than you had expected or dreamed of.

In Relief Society this is a constant thing. Our Heavenly Father planned this organization, and it would be perfect if we would only allow it to be. We ourselves hold it back, sometimes by indifference or criticism, by our neglect, our carelessness, our lack of co-operation, or even direct opposition.

But if we attend the meetings, perform the duties assigned to us to the very best of our abilities, and do whatever we do with our whole heart and soul, then what de we get? For one thing we grow; we learn; we become more patient; we enlarge our scope of interests; we reach out and help others. At first it may be in a small way, and then we extend ourselves and sacrifice a little, and look for more ways to be of service. We arrange our time a little better, we become more efficient in managing our home, or in handling our children. We try harder to have our meals more nourishing and interesting. before we know it, people are asking how we do this or that. They notice our growing capabilities and

wish to learn. Here is the society for adult improvement.

THE program is complete. It covers every facet of our lives. If we skip part of it, that leaves a section undeveloped. But if we take advantage of the entire program, we will be amazed at the Serendipity which will result. We need to put our enthusiasm, our whole mind and heart into the wonderful work which is planned for us. This is not an organization for selfish aims of personal aggrandizement. It is where we learn to live to the fullest and help others to live. It is where we develop not only our minds and skills, but our very souls. Nobody can participate in the whole Relief Society program without becoming a better person.

What do you tell your children when they come home from school and say, "I hate arithmetic," or "I hate English," or "I can't stand history?" You remember that, maybe, you were not too keen on one of these, either, but now you know how very important it was that your mind be trained along all of those lines. It is the same now. Our minds and lives need the training of Relief Society. We need the spiritual education in theology, the social awakening to the realization

of our need for understanding in this nuclear age. We need to know the minds of the people of the past as expressed in their literature, and to compare their views with the thinking and living of nowadays. We need all the domestic skills we can acquire that we may have more pleasant, more loving, more influential homes in which to rear our families.

After a year of Relief Society, look back and enumerate the things you have accomplished, the ideas which have grown, the new understanding you have developed, the expansion which has taken place in your soul, and in your realization of your place in this world. You will remember the joy of accomplishment in something you made, the wonderful spirit of a testimony meeting you attended, where you felt your tiredness melt away and the resurge of wonderful vigor and dedication. All of this is Serendipity — the wonderful rewards which unexpectedly come in the natural course of doing our everyday duties.

And any day when you feel discouraged, begin adding up your Serendipity. You will find you are richer than you know.

May we all strive to be better members of Relief Society, looking for ways to improve ourselves, ways to grow, and ways to help others.

### Appreciation

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The best of life from sorrow is distilled; Progression waits in time's relentless storms. Appreciation, taught by deprivation, Is unalloyed and holds intrinsic charms. The greatest joy that living brings Is reached on slow and weighted wings.

### All for the Good of the Family

#### Mabel Law Atkinson

66 MOM, where do you keep the attachments for the vacuum? I can't find them, and I'm rather rushed for time." Ernest Peters' voice was

pleasantly urgent.

"They're supposed to be in the hassock with the vacuum, in the lid compartment. Did you look there, son?" His mother's voice was gentle, for gentleness and patience were as much a part of Sarah Peters as fragrance and beauty are of April violets. "But why do you need the vacuum this morning? Ruth went through the whole house yesterday. Did you spill foot powder on the rug as you did last summer when you were home on vacation?"

Ernest smiled broadly, gave his mother the sh sign with his finger to his lips, then answered, "No, Mom, nor did I empty the dirt from my shoes either, as I used to do. This is different. You see I have quite a job ahead of me this morning, to get my pride and joy in tiptop shape. I must look like a promising and prosperous man this afternoon when I stop at a certain home in a certain city."

Sarah Peters smiled as she watched him stride down the path to the gate and get in his "new" 1957 car, an electric cord trailing behind him from the porch light socket.

"It's the biggest piece of foolishness I've ever heard tell of, this fussing over his car this way." Thomas Peters, Ernest's father, was joining two lengths of hose as he spoke. "Who ever heard of anything so

ridiculous! Why, he just washed his car a few days ago when he first came. It hasn't even got good and

dusty yet."

Mrs. Peters' eyes were dancing as they met her husband's. "I seem to remember a perfectly clean one-horse buggy stopping at the gate of my father's ranch every Saturday afternoon of a certain summer. Let's see, that was over thirty-five years ago, wasn't it? Surely you must have shined it up each week and perhaps your family helped you."

Mr. Peters grinned at his wife, then a startled look replaced the laughter in his eyes as he asked, "But, Mother, you don't mean that

Ernest is . . .?"

Before he could finish his wife interrupted, "Yes, that's just what I do mean. I guess you didn't use your eyes to good advantage last week when you saw him with Doris. Now go along and be happy about washing an already clean car while Ernest does a professional job on the upholstery. Ronny can shine the hub caps and the lights for you."

Thomas Peters whistled and his steps quickened with youth. "So Ernest is at last growing up!" he mused, "coming into his heritage. His rightful heritage of becoming a man!" As he washed the car carefully he found himself recalling the times he had washed every yellow spoke of the wheels of his freshly painted buggy. Black and yellow looked pretty together, too, he said silently to himself. And I had to carry water from the river. No garden hose connected to a hydrant.

His grin broadened as he remembered bribing his big sis and his small brother to help him. "And didn't my bay mare shine in the sun after I was through currying her and combing her mane and tail! Those were the days!" he thought reminiscently.

"Mother, do you think Ernest will be as proud of his car as I was of my buggy those years ago?" Thomas Peters had returned to the door where Sarah stood watching for a few moments before beginning her morning's baking. "And tell me, did you notice how shining-clean my buggy was, even to the whip holder and the harness?"

"Yes, I'm sure I did. I distinctly recall the beauty of the clean cream-color lap robe with its raised red roses. You must have had it laundered each time you came, for it was always spotless. Never a worry I had about getting even a tiny speck of dust on my Sunday best dress."

"Those were the days, Mother,

weren't they?"

"Yes, Thomas, and these are the days, too. I'm willing enough to climb into a car instead of a buggy."

"Dad!" It was Ernest calling. "Dad, I haven't too much time. Can you keep working till the car is done?"

"Why, I have it all done now,

clean as can be."

"But you haven't shined it, Dad. Get Mom to give you a good soft cloth and rub every inch till it glows. I didn't notice you had quit till I shut off the vacuum."

"Remember, Thomas, how you shined each spoke of your four buggy wheels, and the dashboard, and even the two steel steps," Mother reminded him smilingly as he started to protest. Ernest was already back in the car shining the chrome work.

"Surely, I didn't bother to clean and shine the steps, did I, Mother?"

"Yes, my dear, you did. Your sister Mary used to tell on you. Made quite a dramatic production of it."

"WHAT'S Ernest up to now, Sarah?" It was Grandpa Peters who asked. He had risen from his mid-morning nap and entered the kitchen. "His car looks like it has just come from a band-The boy must be getting ready to go courting. Seems only yesterday I washed my one and only conveyance for travel, a wagon, and curried my team till they shone and drove to Ernest's grandmother's home to get my Martha and take her to the temple to marry her. Times change, but people remain about the same, always clean up to go courting."

"And isn't it wonderful that they do, Grandpa, and that they remem-

ber what they do?"

"Then Ernest's really going courting? She better be good enough for him. Sarah, could it be that friend of Ruth's who was here last week? I hope so, for she was a real nice young woman, a real lady. You

approve don't you, Sarah?"

"Yes, Grandpa, I heartily approve. In fact, I was looking ahead when I invited Doris to go with us on our family picnic a year ago when Ernest was home on vacation. I wanted him to meet her and give the two a chance to see each other. They've corresponded occasionally since, and I liked what I saw last week. She is

a lovely girl, Grandpa, and right for my son, and that is saying a lot for her. And he is right for her, which is saying much for him. Oh, Grandpa, isn't this a wonderful world? And a beautiful day?"

"Yes, Sarah, and a beautiful day to go courting."

"And a beautiful day to remember going courting, Grandpa!" Sarah added.

"Yes, my dear, I feel young as April myself. Get me a shining cloth, Sarah. Perhaps I can help a bit."

"You, too, Grandpa? Has Ernest cajoled you into helping, also?" It was Ruth who spoke. She was eighteen, and although she spoke candidly her smile revealed the warmth of her heart and her love for her family.

"Grandfather, you are simply the most! Shine it well, won't you?" Ernest was smiling, pleased as could be to see his old and beloved grandfather helping him.

"Sure, my boy, and she better notice!"

"She will, Grandfather. I'm sure she will."

A half hour later, when the car had been minutely inspected and pronounced satisfactory, Ernest asked, "Dad, may I use your car a little while?"

"Why not drive your own precious car?" It was Ruth's laughing voice. "Your car just might get a speck of dust on it. That's the reason, isn't it?" Her warm smile belied her words.

"Yes, Sis, it might, where I am going."

"And where are you going?"

"Well, I thought I'd drive up the

canyon a ways and get a sort of corsage for Doris."

"A corsage! Up the canyon!"

"A corsage of wild flowers wouldn't be so bad. I remember many's the time I took your grandmother a bouquet of sego lilies." Grandpa's eyes were twinkling.

"And your father used to bring me mountain bluebells and wild roses he picked on the way. I loved them." Mother's eyes were shining.

"May I go, Ernest? Please?" Ronny pleaded. "I'll help you get a corsage."

"All right. Bring the shovel and those two boxes and let's get going."

A half hour later the two returned and Ernest carefully placed one of the boxes in the trunk of his car. The entire family, even to Grandpa, crowded about him.

"A wild rosebush! What a lovely gift!" Mother's eyes held a glad light.

"Do you think Doris will like it, Ernest?" Ruth asked seriously. It would never do for her sensitive and kindly brother to be humiliated.

"Yes, she will like it, Ruth, so don't you worry over me getting hurt." Ernest smiled at his sister who was almost startled at his intuitive powers. "When Doris saw the wild rose in our garden, she said she wanted one in her garden some day. Remember, Mom, when I brought you your wild rose from the canyon?"

"Indeed, I do, Ernest, and I've enjoyed my home garden wild roses each spring since. You were such an eager little boy then. And I'm glad you are still eager even though you tower above me."

Ronny whispered to Ernest who

quickly replied, "No, I'm not forgetting. I shall do so now."

He took the second box from the car, placed it in front of his mother and said, "Ronny and I thought you might like a corsage, too. We brought you this little cedar. I haven't disturbed the roots, so it should go right on growing. We couldn't leave out our best girl, could we, Ronny?"

Ronny felt big and important to be included with Ernest in the giving of the tiny tree, and stood a little taller and straighter as his

mother kissed them both.

"I'm sure it will grow, you darlings, and what a lovely memory will be entwined in its branches as they reach outward and upward! Carry it to the back of the house in the shade. Father will plant it while you get cleaned up ready to go, and I finish with dinner."

"Mother, do you feel as unsettled as I do?" Ruth asked. "I simply cannot settle down to anything. I'll be glad when we get Ernest off and on his way to Doris. He will like her parents, mother, and her brothers and sisters. There are eight of them, all younger than Doris. They're real people." Ruth and her mother were sitting on the front porch after dinner waiting to see Ernest off.

"Did you spill the cologne on you?" Ruth cried in mock alarm as Ernest came out of the house. "Doesn't he look handsome and clean and good, Mother?"

"And very much in earnest!" said Grandpa coming out to watch his grandson leave.

"That's right, Grandpa, an earnest Ernest!" Wonder and admiration were in Ronny's voice. "Don't drive too fast, son." It was Father who spoke as he joined the waiting group.

"Dad simply has to give that bit of advice, Ernest." Ruth turned to her father and planted a light kiss

on his cheek.

"Well, I guess I'm all ready at last. Do I look all right? Wish me luck, all of you." Ernest went to his mother, bent and kissed her gently on her forehead, and said, "Wish me the best, for I think I'm going to like Doris very, very much. You like her too, don't you?"

"Yes, my dear, I do. Someday I may tell you a little secret. Re-

member I'm proud of you."

ERNEST waved at them as he drove away. His family stood by the gate in silence for a few long moments, then walked to the porch and sat down still silent, for already a great vacancy seemed to be felt within their hearts.

It was Ronny who interrupted the quietness with a low whistle as he said, "I better feed my rabbits. I forgot all about them helping get Ernest off." He left quickly.

"I think I'll go in and write to Sis and tell her every little detail."

"You do that, Ruth. You have a way with letters, my dear. I can just see Bill and my four little grandsons smiling as Beth reads it to them."

After she had gone, Sarah said, "Come, Grandpa, you've worked pretty hard this morning. You better take your afternoon rest a little early, hadn't you?" Sarah spoke softly.

"I believe I will. All of a sudden

I feel a bit tired."

"I hope you didn't overdo, Father." His son's voice held concern.

"I hardly think I have. A little extra rest will make me good as new. Anyway I enjoyed it, and it was all for the good of the family. Doris is a splendid young woman, a fine addition to a good family."

"Tell me the secret you will tell Ernest, Sarah. That is if you don't mind." Grandpa had gone in and Sarah and Thomas were alone.

"Of course I'll tell you. It was over a year ago, when Doris first came home with Ruth for a week end. She helped so much and proved to be so sweet in every way that when she told me goodbye, I could not resist saying, 'You're the kind of girl I hope to have for a daughter-in-law someday!"

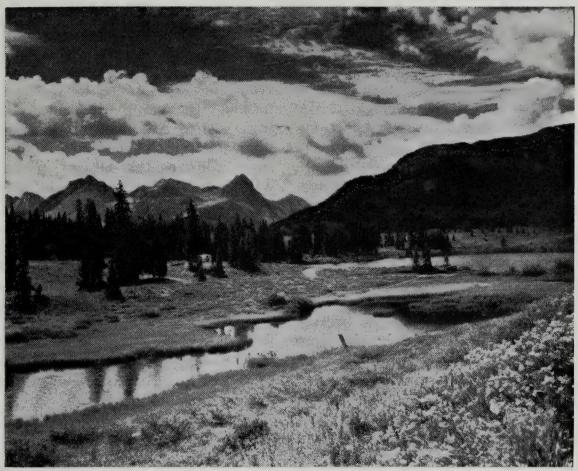
### "That Thy Days May Be Long"

Ouida Johns Pedersen

I think of father voicing family prayer
From childhood days, when, chin upon the chair,
I knelt. Petitioning in time, for us, became
Jacob's ladders reaching to God's name,
Testaments of light. Bibles of spark,
To kindle our own fires against the dark.

How humbly he used the Priesthood's power; When we were ill, he gently brought to flower Our budding faith, to us made clear Each sacred ordinance; made us revere Doctrines of worship, covenants of truth, The iron rod to guide us in our youth.

When settling his tithes, he often said, "The body needs to buy the spirit bread. The Lord has given us a chance to give In gratitude." Oh, may I ever live That scriptures of service, records of joy, my song, Shall honor him. May both our days be long!



Don Knight

NEEDLE MOUNTAINS NEAR SILVERTON, COLORADO

### Wayside Path

Della Adams Leitner

I took a little wayside path
Not knowing where it led—
Into the woods and by a brook
That rippled as it sped
Singing so merrily, and then
I crossed a bridge and found
An open space where cattle grazed—
Wild flowers all around.

A peaceful calm was in the air,
The sky with white clouds piled
Above the far horizon's rim;
It seemed that nature smiled.
Here, leaving doubts and cares behind,
I gained an aftermath
Of peace when from the old worn road
I took a wayside path.

### Around the World at Eighty

Etta B. Cowles

I had been married fifty years to my childhood sweetheart. We had more good than bad times while struggling for a living and an education. He was ambitious to become an educator. Not through high school at twenty-four, when we were married, twenty years elapsed before he received a Ph.D. He taught grade school, high school; became a university professor, and dean, and then a university president. At seventy years, he became very ill, and lived only six more years.

After living alone for awhile, I became restless. I wanted to go places and see things. We had already been to Europe, Hawaii, Alaska, Mexico, and all over the United States, but when I inquired of steamship companies and tour agencies, they told me they wouldn't accept a lone woman over seventy.

Last January I was looking over a teachers' magazine, and found three world tours. I sent a post card — just for fun; they sent me an application blank, which I filled out, with little hope of hearing from it, because I told them I was in my eightieth year. We corresponded. I obtained eleven shots, and material for passport and visas.

In June, I received my ticket to go around the world! Then I told my five children. Excitement prevailed. "You cannot go, Mother; you can't stand the trip, physically or mentally — No, No, NO!"

On the Fourth of July, 1959, I boarded a plane alone after midnight; didn't get off the plane until

New York; took a taxi to the hotel to meet the group of teachers. I was the first to arrive; in the afternoon the others came, one at a time, from all over the United States. Three men with wives, eighteen widows and maiden ladies — teachand supervisors from versities, high schools, elementary schools; all excited. For many, it was their first trip abroad. were of all ages, had worked long and hard, and saved for years to take this tour. I was twenty years older than any of them. I kept up, saw everything, was not ill a minute for the next two months.

Next morning we left by plane for Portugal. Lisbon is one of the pleasantest cities in Europe, with fine hotels, broad streets, flowers and green trees — just like a colored post card.

We were thrilled to go to Spain and Madrid. I met a beautiful Spanish lady, a friend of my son, at the airport. She gave me flowers and took me for a ride through the city. A land of bull fights, colored skies, water brilliant blue; broad, four-story houses, wide streets, flowers everywhere! Art galleries, museum treasures, courtesy everywhere.

Then on to Rome. A thrill to see where the modern world had its roots — the Colosseum, the Vatican, the catacombs, Saint Peter's basilica. Just riding through the city and around the Appian Way was very romantic. I met my youngest son at the airport, the one in the Foreign Service.

Athens, Greece, brought back my

school days. Greece of antiquity, the birthplace of the mythical gods; land of legend and beauty which inspired art and philosophy. I rode a bus to the south of Greece, walked to the top of the hill to see the fabulous Parthenon like a crown on the rocky hill of the Acropolis. Walked in the ancient theatre of Epidaurus, fourth century B.C., which is still being used. We saw Corinth where, it is said, St. Paul wrote his Epistles; and many museums — one having the famous "Winged Victory."

THEN a jet plane to Istanbul. There I met my oldest son who is United States Minister to Turkey. It was a real thrill to visit the Constantinople of our geography days, with my boy. We saw the Aya Sofia, a thousand years older than St. Peter's, one of the seven wonders of the world; the Sultan's harem, where he kept his many wives and a thousand virgins, his many jewels, crowns, and clothes. (Harems were done away with in 1927.) We saw the Blue Mosque (there are four hundred mosques in Istanbul) and rode on the Black Sea, and looked over the wall at Russia.

The most important part of my trip was spent in Jerusalem and the Holy Land. When the itinerary I received in Salt Lake City showed we would be flying over Jerusalem to Cairo, I wrote to Washington, and they said they would make arrangements for a stop at Jerusalem. In Istanbul I found I was to go alone. No one else had made plans for Jerusalem. I told the manager not to tell my son; but someone found out, and told me not to go alone. My son heard her. "No, Mother, no."

I left alone in pitch darkness on a ten-passenger plane for Beirut, Lebanon. The moon was bright when I reached Beirut. A handsome young man met me, called my name, helped me under the ropes to the Customs to read my passport and visa. The guide and taxi driver took me to a fine hotel on the Mediterranean Sea. I registered. My room with a balcony overlooked the garden and the sea. I could distinguish the color of the flowers. I couldn't lock the door, so I pushed furniture against it, and I slept fine.

At nine A.M., my guide and the taxi driver took me to a plane. It was a smaller plane and didn't fly very high. My excitement was great. It was an hour's ride to Jerusalem and the day was very bright and hot. I saw the River Jordan, with its green banks, and, in the distance, the Dead Sea. Oh, oh! There was Jerusalem! White rocks, tan hills, and old, old stone houses with little windows. grass, flowers, trees — no streams of water. My guide was an Arab, a Moslem. He spoke good English, having attended the University of Jerusalem. The only book I took on this tour was the New Testament. I had read it carefully on the planes. Zacharias, my guide, knew it better than I did. He didn't think Iesus was divine — but a great teacher.

I walked where Jesus walked, over the rocks and the sand.

Our first stop was Bethlehem. Bethlehem! We walked to an ancient cave similar to the one where Jesus was born; we walked around the Mount of Olives. There was an old, old olive tree (3,000 B.C.) in the center of a fenced gar-

The grass was gray-green bunch grass; it never grows long enough to cut. We rode and rode, visited the university, saw where and how the rich and poor live, then to the hotel for a rest and lunch. The hotel had been an old monastery once, now it was a cool tourist retreat. Twenty white marble steps led to my room. There was a very deep window, a jar of cool boiled water. The private bathroom was up ten more white marble steps. Signs in English: "Do not use much water — No baths till tomorrow. We get water only every other day." A delicious lunch and a nap, and I was ready to go again.

MY private taxi took me to Bethany where Mary and Martha lived; to Jericho, oldest walled city in the world; Hebron where Abraham is buried. I waded in the Dead Sea, tasted the water. It was briny as Great Salt Lake. rested on the bank of the Jordan River and was asked by a priest if I wanted to be baptized. I visited Elisha's Well, where scarfed women came to get their water in huge jars they carried on their heads. I tried to lift one, but couldn't.

Back to the hotel, and dinner with guests from all over the world. Many spoke English. There were many books to read, beautiful souvenir antique furniture, Oriental rugs, crystal chandeliers. A pleasant evening. Next morning I found the beautiful garden situated in the center of the building, with balcony and rooms all around.

I left with the driver and guide to see Old Jerusalem, with its fortyfoot wall forming a quadrangle. Most of the holy places are in the

Old Jerusalem. I saw the temple in the Moslem quarters. The Dome of the Rock is a mosque erected on the ancient site of the temple of Solomon; saw the Wailing Wall, a remnant of Herod's temple, and the Tower of David. We walked uphill where Jesus carried the cross; from the Court of Pilate to the Garden of Gethsemane, marked with fourteen stations where it is said he rested. This narrow street was filled with peasants trying to sell everything.

Of most importance was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is a collection of chapels housing the tomb in which it is alleged Christ was laid to rest after the crucifixion. the most venerated shrine in Christendom. I prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane where Jesus spent his last hours, saw a large, flat rock where it is claimed Jesus was laid after death. It is now covered with glass. People kneel around it and pray. I saw the grove of trees on the Mount of Olives overlooking Jerusalem, where Jesus ascended to heaven, and saw the tomb of the virgin Mary, mother of Jesus. Many churches or chapels comprise the Church of the Holy Sepulchre — Russian Orthodox, Christian, Catholic, Moslem, Greek Orthodox, Armenian, and many others, all filled with altars, shrines, paintings, stained glass windows, beautiful furniture.

We looked over the fence to the Israel side. About ten miles south of Jerusalem, we visited the Church of the Nativity of Christ, Shepherds' Fields, Fields of Boaz, and the supposed well where Jesus talked to the woman of Samaria.

The next morning I was taken to

the airport and left to hunt for the plane going to Cairo. It was the first time I felt left out. But I met two Arab girls who were speaking English, and going to Cairo, so I joined them.

I met my tour people again at Cairo. At the hotel, servants and waiters were dressed in long green and gold robes. Flowers were everywhere in the dining room and in our private rooms; Egyptian paintings and Oriental rugs were everywhere. We visited a museum, everything dated B.C. We saw Pharaoh's home. He died at the age of ninety-seven, leaving 111 sons and sixty-seven daughters.

We saw the oldest mosque in the world — 3,000 B.C. We saw a king in his solid gold casket, and a painting of some geese of 400 B.C. It had perfect coloring. The most important cave was King Tut's home — five rooms in the tomb. (This was discovered in 1923.) Each room fit into another, like a box — all of solid gold, with plenty of precious stones. King Tut's life history is written on each wall of the rooms. There are 240 pounds of solid gold in the casket of the last room, or box. We saw the largest mosque in the world (there are 500 in Cairo) and peasants sleep all night on the floor. They wash their feet before kneeling on the Persian rugs to pray.

We rode to the markets and saw food spread on the ground. Many children were in rags. The women wore long black dresses and black scarves on their heads.

We drove to the university of 20,000 students, then on to the pyramids, and we saw the Sphinx at Giza. We walked on the Sahara

Desert, down into a cave to see the sacred Golden Cow. It was a pleasant trip riding by the Nile — a fairyland! Trees, flowers, fields of food, and fruit trees everywhere. Children were clean and well-cared for. There were hundreds of white cattle used for agriculture, and many water buffalo wallowing in the streams and canals.

WE flew on to Bombay, the gateway to India, one of England's favorite haunts and resorts, and rode buses to see the country-side and the Prince of Wales Museum.

Then on to Delhi, India. We spent many days in and around this old and new city. We rode in taxis through the northern part of India. This is part of what we saw: a monsoon cloudburst — it was like riding in a canal; monkeys in their natural habitat, swinging in the trees; elephants roving through the woods. (We stayed in the cars.) There were herds of camels, some used to plow with, many peacocks, storks, pheasants, and red-headed birds, boar pigs, ugly and dirty, palaces, castles, and ruins of old churches. We saw hundreds of mosques used by the Moslems, the Taj Mahal of white marble, still the most beautiful building in the world, built in 1639 — it took fifteen years to build, with 20,000 slaves. This was built by a king for his beautiful queen. We saw homes of the rich and poor — extreme elegance, extreme destitution, little girls and boys wearing nothing but cheesecloth pants. The girls had long hair, wore rings in their noses, and on fingers and toes. They didn't play - just begged for food.

They slept on the ground with pigs and other animals. They marry at nine and carry their naked babies

on their hips.

We visited schools. Only the rich can go. When India won independence from England, only five per cent of the population could read and write. Now, after ten years, twenty-one per cent can read. We saw men pulling heavy carts with passengers or produce, women carrying water jars, bundles of hay, bundles of wood - even baskets of rocks, gravel, or loads of dry dung on their heads. The men would stand and wait for the gravel. We rode on the Ganges River, saw the worshipers bathe, drink, pray, and bury their dead in the river.

We experienced a real fairy story, slept and ate three meals in a castle. A real prince coming home from America on the plane fell in love with one of our teachers. He wanted her to stay with him and enjoy the fabulous wealth, so he invited all of us to be his guests. Space is too short to describe the grandeur in

which he lived.

WE flew on to Calcutta, visited schools, saw a dance review with the girls wearing beautiful saris. We visited chapels and temples, the Hindu Gold Temple, with 18,000 pounds of pure gold in the dome. People were leaving food and flowers for their dead king. We saw a statue of Queen Victoria. The countryside verdure was enjoyable.

We rode on to Bangkok, Thailand, a prosperous country, beautiful and clean. The people had a Chinese look. I saw my son in Thailand. Besides many temples and palaces, one of the sights is the Reclining

Buddha; the Thieves' Market, and the floating market are interesting.

Singapore is a British city, a symbol of the color and romance found in the East, and has British culture. The Malay section of the city has good schools, and the children are clean. The girls wear white blouses and blue skirts; the boys, blue pants; good frame houses have tin roofs. We saw the rubber trees and the refining process, and hated to leave.

We left on a Pan-American plane for Manila, after being fumigated and questioned by the doctors. The teachers of Manila met us at the hotel; we were their guests at breakfast, a reception, and a dance review at the university. We saw the War Cemetery and saw the dungeons where our boys were placed during the war, also Corregidor. We visited the President's palace — with its magnificent furnishings, and saw the grandeur of the homes of the rich. We saw an old chapel with a bamboo organ upon which a young man played "Ave Maria." In the country we saw rice paddies, banana groves, papaya and mango trees, and pineapple fields. There was prosperity and poverty.

We rode on a Japanese airliner to Hong Kong, which had dainty flowers and food. Hot washcloths and slippers made us comfortable. We were surprised at the high mountains in Hong Kong. It seemed there were too many people, mothers carrying babies on their backs. I met Panzy Wu, a beautiful Chinese lady, a friend of one of my sons. She took me to lunch and shopping. One must know where to shop in these countries. We saw the homes of the very rich and of the Chinese refugees clinging to the

sides of the mountains. When the monsoons come, many of their houses or sheds are washed away. We rode around the countryside on buses and boats, and had dinner on a floating restaurant.

MHAT shall I write of Japan, my favorite country of all I have Its people are ambitious, clean, frugal, and prosperous everything is beautiful and dainty, with flowers in our rooms, in public buses. A walk around Tokyo is a sight-seeing tour by itself. We saw the Imperial Palace, the universities on University Street. The students walk in the middle of the street, hurrying, dressed alike, in clean white blouses, black skirts or black trousers. They must study hard. The big university has 30,000 students with an "A" grade requirement to enter. Other universities on the same street require only "B"

averages.

We rode in the country, saw Mt. Fuji, many temples and Buddhas, including the Great Buddha, fifty-three feet high. We lodged near the Tokyo Tower, higher than the Eiffel Tower in France, and ate dinner with the Tokyo teachers. We all sat on the floor; the waitresses dropped to their knees to serve us easily.

I met a niece in Honolulu. She is working to assist her husband through the Church College of Hawaii. We rode around the Island, swam in the ocean, and enjoyed the different foods, plus a

hukilau.

I met my daughter in San Francisco, and a son in Salt Lake City. My trip around the world was over.

### Great or Small

Hazel Loomis

Man, great man,
Subduer of the earth!
The blade you wrought—a mountain now is gone,
A river's course is changed.
You give us comfort, ease our pain,
Enhance our vision to outer space.
Space rockets out!
Great man explore!

And yet . . .
You cannot make a blade of grass,
A grain of wheat.
You cannot change the circuit of the wind
Or cause the desert's blossoming.
You cannot give the heart
A greater ecstasy — a soul reborn.
Man, great man, alone,
Is small. Is small!

### Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, June 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S BIRTHDAY — ONE HUNDRED YEARS: The first day of June of this present year marked the century hour of the birth of Brigham Young, the founder of Utah, the great pioneer, colonizer and organizer, and for forty-three years president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Brigham Young was one of the greatest men of the nineteenth century, perhaps the greatest except Joseph Smith, certainly so considered by the people among whom almost his entire life was spent. His was a master-spirit, and a mind quick to grasp and settle — great and grave questions. . . . He had a wonderful faculty of controlling and of guiding people of all classes and nationalities. . . . And as time rolls on more and more will the people of the world be willing to acknowledge his good works, his deeds of valor . . . his greatness of soul.

-Editorial

A FAITHFUL WOMAN: June 14, 1869, the Relief Society of this ward (Fairview, Utah) was organized and Sister Mary A. Pritchett was chosen its president, which responsible position she has held with dignity and pride up to the day of her decease, February 27, 1901. . . . As we review in mind her life work we wonder if there are many who ever with so scanty opportunity performed so many blessed deeds of charity and benevolence. She was ever at the bedside of the sick; her motherly counsel was never sought in vain by man, woman or child; the needy were never refused assistance when they applied to her, and were usually supplied with employment — the best of help to the poor. Her spinning and weaving never pressed her so hard that she had not time to attend to her religious duties. . . .

-Euphrasia Day, Sec.

We need not wealth nor splendor,
Wide hall nor lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender —
These form the wealth of home.
—Selected

DOMESTIC LIFE AND THE PROFESSIONS: True, it might well be said, that the proper order of things should be for the father to be the bread-winner, and the mother the home-maker; for the ideal home is consecrated by both paternal and maternal love, and its sweetest music the prattle of little children. But inscrutable are life's experiences! Oftentimes woman must meet the exigencies of the case alone and unaided, she must do and dare, lift the burden and look to heaven for strength and light and wisdom. The true womanly woman will make the best wife and mother, whate'er may be her vocation.

—Ellis R. Shipp

RELIEF SOCIETY IN ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA): The semi-annual conference of the Relief Society of St. Joseph Stake met in the Pima meeting house, Friday, May 17, 1901... President Elizabeth Layton presiding. Present on the stand were Elder L. John Nuttall and President Emma S. Woodruff of Salt Lake City.... Sister Woodruff said she found the saints here about as they are in the north.... Urged the sisters to subscribe for the Exponent. Advised mothers to look after their children and train their daughters to do all kinds of work....

-Martha Scadden, Sec.



### Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

 $\mathbf{M}^{\mathrm{RS}}$ . **GEORGIA** O'KEEFE STIEGLITZ, recognized by many critics as the most eminent of women painters in the United States, exhibited a large collection of her paintings recently at the Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum. Praised for her "totally personal and inimitable work," Mrs. Stieglitz has been called "a superb and unerring craftsman," who, at the age of seventy-two, continues to grow in technical mastery and emotional depth. Born in Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, Mrs. Stieglitz now lives in a century-old adobe house in Abiquiu, New Mexico.

MRS. WALLACE F. (FRAN-CES) BENNETT, wife of Utah's senior Senator, is the president of the Congressional Club in Washington, D. C., which includes wives of all Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet Members and Justices of the Supreme Court. The wives of the President and Vice-President of the United States are honorary members. These women are active in Red Cross and other humanitarian work, and, with many distinguished speakers appearing on the programs at their meetings, they strive to further international as well as national friendship and understanding. Mrs. Bennett is the daughter of the late President Heber J. Grant and Emily Wells Grant, and is active in Relief Society and other Latter-day Saint Church activities in Washington.

DORA S. LEWIS, eminent author and a professor and chairman of the home economics department at Hunter College, New York, in answer to the question, "What should a girl learn in order to be a good homemaker?" gave the following list of accomplishments: skill in human relationships; clear, integrated thinking; grasp of community and world economic problems; capacity to teach democracy in the home; and efficiency in home management.

MRS. TAVIAN LINCOLN, a Ute Indian, living at Whiteon the Uintah Indian Reservation, Utah, is now 113 years old, one of the oldest women in the United States. She is a renowned horsewoman, and with her sisters has made many trips into Colorado. She remembers seeing the one small cabin which was the beginning of the city of Denver. She saw the first Latter-day Saint settlers enter the Uintah Basin, when the site of the town of Roosevelt was a rendezvous for wild horses. Mrs. Lincoln still chops her own wood and cooks her own food.

### The 131st Annual Church Conference

THE 131st Annual Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in the historic Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Utah, April 6, 8, and 9, 1961. This conference time, our beloved President David O. McKay marked his tenth anniversary as President of the Church. He conducted all the general sessions, and was assisted during the entire conference by President Henry D. Moyle. President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. attended the Thursday morning session, but was advised by his physician to remain at home on Saturday and The wise counsel and Sunday. inspiring testimony of President Clark were greatly missed, and the love and appreciation of the membership of the Church were extended to him as a revered leader in Zion. All of the General Authorities, except President Clark and five others, addressed the saints assembled. Elder George O. Morris and Elder Levi Edgar Young were excused from speaking on account of the condition of their health; Elder Hugh B. Brown was in South Africa, Elder Alvin R. Dyer, in Europe, and Elder A. Theodore Tuttle was in South America.

More radio and television stations than ever before participated in broadcasting the conference messages to an estimated audience in excess of one million. Uplifting music contributed greatly to the spirituality of all the sessions.

The conference was a dedicated and sincere rejoicing in the principles and blessings of the restored gospel, and an earnest and heartfelt appeal for the saints to live fully all of the requirements of the Church. All members were urged to share their convictions and their testimonies with others through the far-reaching missionary system, and by daily living revealing the privileges and fulfillments of the gospel message.

IN his opening address, President McKay rejoiced in the interest and activity, in the devotion and faithfulness, of the youth of the Church, and their willing and enthusiastic response to calls to service.

If the question were asked this morning, "In what respect during the last year has the Church made the most commendable progress?" . . . I would answer that the most encouraging progress of the Church during the last year is seen in the increased numbers of young people participating in Church activity. We hear much about the delinquency and incorrigibility of youth. I desire to say a word . . . about their corrigibility, as we have seen it in visiting the different parts of the Church. . . .

But I know and you know that mere attendance at Church, and other acts of piety, signify little if the person does not conform his acts and his speech to the principles of the gospel . . . increased par-

ticipation in Church activity indicates a desire to be a partaker of spirituality, the highest acquisition of the soul, and young

people desire it. . . .

Heaven guide you, our youth, wherever you are. As long as you will keep yourselves pure and spotless, and prayerfully and honestly keep close to your Father in heaven, his spirit will guide you, magnify you in your youth, and make you a power on the earth for good.

IN a fervent and inspired appeal for the saints to continue their efforts and their faithful adherence to the missionary program of the Church, President Henry D. Moyle urged the saints to verify in their own lives the necessity for sharing the gospel with the brotherhood of men upon the earth, declaring "We are the Lord's as are all our fellow men. This makes us all brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of God. . . ."

In the lives of those of us who are the recipients of his great blessings, our duty is well understood, and we do not shirk it. Herein lies the reason for, and the foundation of all of our great missionary work, both at home and abroad. Having received a knowledge of the restoration of the gospel, we are impelled by a power far greater than any earthly power or

earthly influence to teach the gospel to others that they might enjoy the fulness of life in full fellowship with our Father in heaven, and in communion with us. . . .

Inasmuch as the fulness of times has now been revealed to man, we have all that has gone before in former dispensations of time to now present to men. . . . Therefore the revelations of God to man through his prophets in the past . . . are of immediate importance and application in our lives today. . . . The revelations of the past and the present reveal God the Father and Jesus Christ his Son to those who will read with a will to understand. God's laws are eternal. Our relationship to God is both unchanging and everlasting.

In his closing address, President McKay left a prophet's blessing and a seer's spiritual admonition with the saints:

And now, brethren and sisters, in summary, let me emphasize that the noblest aim in life is to strive to make other lives better and happier. The most worthy calling in life is that in which man serves best his fellow man. . . .

With all the power that we possess, we bless you, members of the Church of Jesus Christ. May the power and the inspiration that have characterized this great conference . . . go to every corner of the earth where there is a branch or where a family lives, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

### Inland Gulls

Maude Rubin

Now on this wild and sea-rocked night,
With eyelids shuttered tight,
I see a mountain ranch, silk tide of grass,
A billowing meadow of timothy—
Green sea
Gilded with summer. There lazy shadows pass
And repass, as the gulls
In windless lulls
Glide summer-free
High overhead, wings motionless. . . .
No stress
Of ocean wind mars their serenity.

### Mama's Bookshelf

### Helen Hinckley Jones

HETHER you have a house so full of books that they have overflowed the bookcases and are stacked on every available surface in the house, or a home in which the library consists of a half-dozen carefully chosen volumes and a mail order catalogue, you and your family will be happier if Mama has a special bookshelf.

When I was little and grew tired of my own books I would ask my mother to read aloud to me. "Read a book from your shelf," I would beg. Then when I had washed my hands and brushed my hair, I was allowed to take a book from Mama's shelf and bring it to her. Most often it was her copy of Longfellow's poems which, because its binding was a lovely, soft, cream-colored leather, was kept in its flowered box. I loved to open the box, lift the sheet of crackling transparent paper, and run my fingers over the hand-painted flowers on the cover. But I liked even better mother's reading of the poems. Usually she read the shorter poems, but, often, I would beg for one of the long narrative poems and, if I could round up another of my sisters, Mama would consent to lose an afternoon to Miles Standish or Evangeline.

Sometimes, instead of Longfellow, I would select one of the English poets, all done up in padded leather of maroon or blue, with fourteen karat gold edges. Tennyson was my favorite then, and I loved to sit on the floor, my hands locked under my knees, my head

against Mama's skirts, and listen again to "Enoch Arden."

He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said: "Woman, I have a secret — only swear Before I tell you — swear upon the book Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."

The tears would roll off my cheeks and drop onto my pinafore, because I knew that Enoch meant what he

said—every word of it.

Papa had books, too. The most favored ones were tremendous volumes filled with pictures from the Bible. (I closed my eyes as he turned past "The Sacrifice of the Innocents.") He also had a book which he had made himself when he was in college—a captivating book filled with dried leaves and flowers and grasses of every kind.

There were many other books, of course, since my parents were reading people. We each had books of our own. But it is Mama's Bookshelf that I remember as the strongest influence I felt toward acquiring a library of my own.

IN my home I have shelves loaded with books: history, literature, science, fiction, biography. The very number, I think, has kept my books from meaning as much to my children as Mama's shelf meant to me.

Now that it is almost too late, I have started a special collection of books that are dearly loved and often read. I call it Mama's Bookshelf. I have The Doctrine and Covenants and The Book of Mormon taken from their usual place beside other works of the Church.

MAMA'S BOOKSHELF 373

Then there is a New Testament in large print standing next to Brother Bennion's Teachings, and four other reference books for the study of the New Testament. I have a volume of Washington Irving, four of the Leather Stocking Tales, and The American Democrat by Cooper, The Portable Emerson and the Great Masterpiece edition of Hawthorne, which includes The Scarlet Letter. The House of the Seven Gables and selected stories from Twice-Told Tales. For reference, I have Brooks, The Flowering of New England, Hart and Gohdes America's Literature, and Warfel, Gabriel, and Williams, The American Mind. My Relief Society Magazines are on the shelf, too, always in place and ready to my hand.

It is understood that the shelf, itself, is strictly "hands off." There is room for more books on the shelf, and there are stacks of books all over the house that need shelf space; but odd volumes must not clutter up this shelf. As for the books—anyone who will put them back in place may borrow them and enjoy

them.

In a locality where the idea of Mama's Bookshelf was introduced, it has been noted that already this small beginning has been felt in the homes. Husbands are taking an interest and listening to excerpts from the books their wives are reading. Children are hearing adult conversation about ideas rather than personalities and troublesome problems. One sister reported that her grandchildren had added books related to the course in American literature to her shelf.

On my own shelf the books are not beautifully bound as my

mother's were. Many of them are paper-back, others are secondhand or cheap editions. But they are wonderful books, books that bring me the association with great men. The books are mine and I love them. But I am not selfish about them. Books are to be enjoyed, shared, lived with.

ALL of us hunger for conversation with the well-informed, the deeply spiritual, the witty, the prophetic. To many of us wide association in our daily lives is not possible. Any mother of little children must live a large part of her life in the world of childhood. This is an opportunity and she appreciates it; but it does not take the place of being intellectually stimulated, emotionally stirred, moved to depths of thought and contemplation that come from living in a truly adult world. Mama's Bookshelf, especially if it is shared with husband and with children as they grow older, will help to satisfy this hunger.

Let Mama's Bookshelf take a place in your home. Try reading aloud to even your tiny children the things

that you, yourself, love.

Now that my mother has died, I have her bookshelf. All of the volumes are duplicates of my own well-studied texts; but I wouldn't part with one of them. As I look at them a warm feeling comes over me, and I see myself, a little girl with paper-curled hair, standing on tip-toe to take Longfellow from the shelf. I run my hand over the spray of flowers painted on the soft leather cover, then, oh, so carefully I turn to the story of *Hiawatha* and settle myself at my mother's knee.

### Cook-Your-Own Barbecue

(For Back Yard or Canyon)

Ruby K. Smith

#### **MENU**

#### CHOICE OF MEATS

Frankfurters — Vienna Sausage — (for open-fire roasting) Hamburger Patties — Steaks — Chops — Ham (for frying pan or grill)

#### BARBECUE SAUCE

(Catsup, Chili Sauce, Mustard, or your own make) Hot-Dog or Hamburger Rolls or Chunks of French Bread

Pickles or Olives Salad Vegetables

(Lettuce, Carrot and Celery Sticks, Radishes, or Coleslaw)

Hot Baked Beans

Easy Raisin Cake or Cereal Flake Cookies
Lemonade

Franks or Wieners
(Use a long-handled fork or skewer — or a long stick sharpened to point at one end)

Cook over red-hot coals until well done. Slice lengthwise and add barbecue sauce. Serve in hot-dog rolls, which have been split, toasted, and buttered.

#### Variations:

1. Garnish frank with pickle and pimiento.

2. Add relish to baked beans and pile in sliced frank.

3. Stuff hot frank with coleslaw.

#### HAMBURGER PATTIES

2 lbs. ground beef

3 tbsp. grated onion

2 tsp. salt

½ tsp. pepper

1 slightly beaten egg

Mix well and shape into patties. Refrigerate until needed. Grill on both sides. Serve with barbecue sauce in hot, buttered hamburger roll.

#### Variations:

1. Potato Burgers — Add grated raw potatoes to pattie mixture.

2. Bacon Burgers — Wrap slice of bacon around each pattie, and secure with toothpick.

3. Pineapple Burgers — After turning pattie on grill, press pineapple chunk in top.

#### BARBECUE SAUCE

2 tbsp. butter or margarine

2 small onions, sliced

2 tbsp. brown sugar

1 tsp. dry mustard

1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce

1/3 c. chili sauce

2 tbsp. vinegar

½ c. tomato juice

Combine all ingredients in small saucepan. Cook over low heat until onions are cooked and flavors are blended (about 15 minutes). Refrigerate in covered container until needed.

Page 374

#### BAKED BEANS

2 c. navy beans

4 c. water

i tsp. salt

½ lb. fat pork or bacon

½ c. brown sugar

2 tbsp. molasses

Wash and sort beans, cover with water, and soak over night. Cook slowly until tender. Drain, reserving liquid. Place beans and pork in alternate layers in beanpot. Add bean liquid and remaining ingredients. Cover and bake in slow oven. Add more liquid if necessary. One c. tomato juice may be used for part of liquid.

(To keep beans hot for canyon party, wrap bean pot in several layers of newspaper.)

### EASY RAISIN CAKE

½ c. brown sugar

1/3 c. shortening

1 c. raisins

1½ c. water

½ tsp. salt

1 tsp. nutmeg

1 tsp. cinnamon

2 c. whole-wheat flour

1 tsp. soda

1 tsp. baking powder

Sift flour, soda, and baking powder together. Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan and boil together 5 minutes. Cool. Add dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into square pan which has been lined with waxed paper and greased. Bake 45 to 60 minutes at 350° F.

### CEREAL FLAKE COOKIES

(Use any kind of ready-to-eat flakes—corn, wheat, bran, etc.)

1 c. flour

½ tsp. baking powder

½ tsp. salt

½ c. butter or margarine

½ c. sugar

1 tsp. vanilla

1 egg

3 c. cereal flakes

Measure and sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Thoroughly cream shortening and sugar, add egg and vanilla, and beat well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and 1 cup cereal flakes. Drop teaspoons of dough into remaining flakes, rolling to coat, place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 375° F. until lightly browned (about 10 minutes). Makes about 40 two-inch cookies.

#### LEMONADE

3 c. sugar-syrup

2 c. lemon juice

10 c. water or

2 c. water and 2 trays ice cubes

Prepare sugar-syrup ahead of time by combining equal parts of sugar and water in a saucepan and heating until sugar is dissolved. Cool before using.

Mix lemonade in a punch bowl for back-yard barbecue. For canyon party, use

a large thermos jug.

(For pink lemonade, add 1 cup red fruit juice or punch.)

### Now Is the Time

### Leona Fetzer Wintch

YOU may smile when I tell you that though I have three teen-agers and an eight-year-old still at home, I am preparing for old age now. The highest achievement is to help my children become fine individuals, but the "letting go" process is already underway. One by one, they will soon leave home to

go away to school.

Now is the time to take the responsibility we all have, to look the future in the face and prepare for it. If we do so early, we will have a better chance of finding new and wonderful abilities before the declining years are here. To begin too many things willy-nilly would bring mental bankruptcy with all its frustrations. So we should try now to explore a few genuine interests that hold possibilities of success. These interests should be meaningful, associated with previous experiences or work we have always done.

Let me tell you about a few projects I would like to develop when there is time. You will never be satisfied until similar work you have had in mind is accomplished.

There is real excitement in anticipating painting in oils. But, since I am not a Grandma Moses, I shall first have to send up a trial balloon in the form of water colors and sketching. I read the book How to Sketch and began making impressions on the drawing pad. For years I have wanted to make wood prints and, in preparation for more leisurely hours, I made several linoleum blocks which were used to print our Christmas cards. To

make a wood block at seventy with no previous experience would be discouraging and might be so unsuccessful that the project would likely be abandoned forever.

While putting breakfast on the table this morning, I caught a glimpse of a blue jay. There was no time to see if it had a white petticoat, or just where it fit into its family. But it made me anxious to read our bird-watching book, use field glasses to observe these wonderful creatures, and take close-up pictures, using a telephoto lens. tures — this is another wonderful adventure in skill. I'll never be professional but, with a little equipment and much patience, I can come a little close. The recording of intriguing moments of family life and familiar scenes provides many pleasures of reflection, but it must be started now.

Another unfulfilled desire is to sculpture, so, with just my fingers and some clay, I molded a bowl, some vases, a family crest, and some birds. When the declining years percolate up to me with a gift of time, I would like to sculpture my husband's fine head now that successful preliminaries have been made.

Because of a chronic illness, I am striving to build a stronger body with the help of moderate exercise. For a year I have been climbing the foothills and ridges looking for pottery shards, skin scrapers, and projectile points left by the Indians. This fascinating occupation is healthful and restful. I shall keep

NOW IS THE TIME 377

walking among the hills "from whence cometh my help," in search of treasures and peace of the soul, breathing the bracing air and marveling at the creations of the Lord. A beginning is all I have made, yet I know I shall welcome the years that add to such joys as these.

A family "Book of Remembrance" will be as interesting and tradition-making to my great-great-grand-children in the year 2061 as the pioneer journals are to us. But not many persons can write accurate and interesting histories when they are seventy-five. Family records should be begun early, to be continued and embellished later.

There is a part of living that can never be laid aside — the memory must be strengthened and the mind enriched. To maintain intellectual vigor means continuous study, contemplation, and discussion. Building on knowledge and sharing wisdom are the only antidotes to, "She died at fifty but wasn't buried until she was seventy-five." We die when we do not grow. Relief Society lessons, lectures, adult education classes, short courses, and workshops are available even to those of us who live in the country. Some study that requires persistence and delightful, yet provocative conversations, can help to keep away the film that passing years spread over the life of the mind.

This life of the mind needs intensive and extensive stimulation, a product of being with other people. What is life, if it isn't "people"? Friends are needed more, not less, than before. Nothing is as sad as an aged person who has been forsaken and lives in his prison of

separateness. Our insurance against such a predicament is to watch tenderly over loved ones and serve others as long as we have breath. Life's reciprocity laws are real. With God's help, if we do our best and demonstrate concern for our fellow men, nothing can really hurt us, and the declining years can be met confidently.

There are innumerable splendid books to be read and re-read, but few give the comfort we reach for as does the New Testament. In one year I read it seven times and only began to see its possibilities. When this great collection of books is mastered I shall know my Lord better; this will be a beatitude for the

benediction years.

Spiritually, mentally, and physically, going to the temple is a blessing to the aged, but there is an advantage if the work is understood and enjoyed when we are young. Being with others who share a common goal moves the walls of any aloneness. In doing this significant work, we give unselfish devotion to peoples of the past, our present days are refreshed and enlightened, and we tie ourselves together for the future. What more satisfying labor could anyone engage in? Perhaps it can be approached by bringing the gospel to those around us, and by the quiet scattering of blessings by the Relief Society visiting teachers.

IN later years, if longing to see the faces of loved ones becomes too absorbing, it would be well to do part-time volunteer work in a hospital, or give compassionate service to the ward's sick under the direction of the Relief Society president. This is a very real need and brings

immeasurable satisfaction. But these services require a "know how" that is best learned in such courses as "Caring for the Sick" classes of Relief Society. Even the desires of the heart to bless and comfort others have early beginnings and must be nurtured.

We can see from the foregoing, that our deepest needs are not purchasable. But wholesome food, good clothing, and a pleasant abode, are important, too. By studies made of retired individuals it has been noted that those who had enough income to feel free to have friends and relatives visit them often, were in turn more frequently invited out. They had a sense of well-being because they ate a greater variety of food, enjoyed better health, and were more active than their contemporaries who had to watch every penny.

Even if an aged person is ill, she should never be deprived of all work or the lust for life will disappear, and she cannot make any contribution to her surroundings. Her status is never negligible, and she can retain a feeling of usefulness if some work and activity are arranged, with rest periods to meet her needs. Giving up everything feeds fears.

For lasting satisfactions, some current pleasures must be sacrificed. If to be happy in the declining years I have to give up some wants now, I will do it; I will conserve my health by eating and exercising wisely; and I will gather a "nest egg" by being frugal because I want my latch to be up when friends and loved ones call. I am aware of the need to cultivate rejuvenating interests and share them, because I want to be a friend and have strong and lasting relationships with others.

Now that I have begun to prepare and plan for old age, I can understand what Browning said when he wrote:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first
was made.

### Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies

Betty Donelson

- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 c. oatmeal6 tbsp. molasses
- ½ c. hot water
- 2 eggs
- 2 c. brown sugar

- 1 c. soft butter
- ½ c. walnuts (more may be added if desired)
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 c. whole-wheat flour

Cream vanilla, oatmeal, molasses, water, eggs, brown sugar, butter, and nuts. Add sifted flour and soda. Stir until well blended. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cooky sheet. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes. Yield: 4 dozen.

### Cookie-Jar Dividends

### Elsie C. Carroll

was visiting an elderly friend when our conversation was interrupted by a timid knock on the door. My friend opened the door. Three small boys, each holding two or three rather dilapidated flowers in a grimy little hand, stood in the doorway.

"We brought you some flowers, Grandma," one of them said.

"Thank you, Jerry. Thanks, Kirk and Teddy. Come in while I find a vase to put them in."

They sidled into the room, hesitantly, regarding me with questioning glances.

"It's all right, boys. Come right in. This is my friend Mrs. Blank, whom I haven't seen for a long time."

She went to the kitchen with the flowers and soon returned with them in a pretty china vase which she placed on the mantel in front of the long mirror.

'They're real pretty," she said. "I put an aspirin in the water. They say that

will freshen flowers and make them last longer."

"We—we can bring you some more when they get wilted," Jerry promised. "That will be nice. Lucky I baked cookies this morning. They're chocolate-chip, too, the kind you like best.'

She went back into the kitchen and returned in a moment with a plate of cookies. "There are two for each of you and some for Mrs. Blank. I want her to see if she likes them, too."

Three little hands reached eagerly for the treat.

"Thanks, Grandma. Thanks a lot. They sure are good."

The little fellows turned to the door.

"Goodbye, boys. Come again, won't you?"

"Sure," came a muffled response in unison from three cookie-filled mouths.

"They're darlings," my friend said as she closed the door. "I'll get you a glass of juice to go with your cookies." Again she walked, with a noticeable limp, to the kitchen.

"What is this — this Grandma business?" I asked.

She laughed as she set a glass of cold punch beside the cookies on the table near me. "I'm their cookie grandma. They are little neighbors from down the street. They come running to help me with my groceries when they see me limping from the store, and they do many little errands that save my stiff old joints. Of course, it is little boys' liking for cookies that makes them so thoughtful. They're only three and four years old. When there are no errands, and their little tummies are hungry for cookies, they bring me something to see - little favors from a birthday party, a new toy, their puppy which has learned a new trick, or flowers as today. You've no idea how their visits brighten dull days," she went on after a brief pause.

"Yes, I have come to know that a cookie jar yields wonderful dividends — when

one is too old or too incapacitated to continue the little kindnesses and courtesies that kept the bonds of friendship and social companionship strong in younger, more active

"Well, it truly is just that. I have a list of people in whom I invest, and who furnish my dividends. My grandchildren, for instance. I am not resentful that it is my cookie jar that brings me many more visits from them than if I didn't keep it filled. And there are several shut-in friends who are so much more limited in activity than I, with whom I keep in touch through sending them a box of cookies now and then — special ones — that bring rich dividends — notes and telephone calls, and particularly the satisfaction of knowing that even though we see each other very seldom, our bonds of friendship and love still exist. And there are the new people coming into the neighborhood, and people moving away — a simple recognition of their coming or going, by means of a box of freshly baked cookies, is an easy way of letting them know that they are being welcomed, or saying they would be missed."

When my visit was over and I told my friend goodbye, it was with the avowal

that I was going to invest in a cookie jar.

## ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1960

THE end of 1960, the 118th year of Relief Society, marks another glorious year of accomplishment for the women's auxiliary of the Church.

As the reports from 315 stakes and 55 missions of the Church were compiled into the Church-wide report, it was significant to note not only the remarkable growth in the organization during the past year, but also during the past decade from 1950. Relief Society at the end of 1960 had a total membership of 214,202, compared with 126,550 in 1950, an increase of 87,652, or 69%. This affiliation welds into one great sisterhood women of the Church in each of the United States and in fifty-one foreign lands.

The growth of the Society, as with the growth of the Church, is also evidenced through the increase in local organizations. In 1960 there were 4,672 ward and branch Relief Societies throughout the Church as compared with 2,981 in 1950, an increase of 57%. Of the presently existing Societies, 2,881 are in stakes and 1,791 in missions, while in 1950 there were 1,559

Societies in stakes and 1,422 in missions.

Included in this vast number of organizations are large groups of devoted sisters in well-established stakes of the Church; Relief Societies with as few as five or six members in remote areas of the mission fields; Relief Societies functioning on university or college compuses for young women who are just becoming acquainted with the organization; Relief Societies in rest homes for aged sisters, many of whom have given years of their lives in Relief Society service; and Relief Societies for wives of servicemen stationed in foreign lands, whose ties with home and the Church are strengthened through their participation in these English-speaking Societies.

Development through service in positions of leadership in Relief Society was enjoyed by 142,905 women during 1960, compared with 72,444 women in 1950, an increase of 94%. Approximately 49,564 sisters participated in 3,052 ward and branch Singing Mothers choruses, which in many instances were combined into larger stake, district, mission, and even the 500-voice

combined chorus for the Annual General Relief Society Conference.

The "Voice of Relief Society" — THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE — was received by 171,002 women during 1960. This represents an 85% increase from 1950 when 92,281 Magazines were distributed monthly.

An average of 8.56 visits were made to each of the 436,970 Latter-day Saint families, as recorded in the Relief Society records, during 1960 by pairs of visiting teachers who, representing Relief Society, carried a message of encouragement, inspiration, and comfort into the homes, and later reported to their respective ward Relief Society presidents any instances of physical need, of loneliness, sorrow, or suffering. The visits, totaling 3,738,742, were made by 93,172 visiting teachers. This represented a 96% increase in visits

over the 1,910,662 visits made by 43,625 visiting teachers in 1950.

"Sympathetic, tender, merciful service to those in distress," to the lonely, the sick, bereaved, and destitute, was given during 1960 by Relief Society sisters through 322,554 visits to the sick and homebound, 29,550 eight-hour days care of the sick, and 222,094 hours of other compassionate services. This represented an increase of 140,196 visits to the sick and 7,910 days care of the sick over that rendered in 1950. In areas of the Church where such service was needed, Relief Society sisters during 1960 dressed 640 bodies for burial and assisted in the homes of the bereaved or at the services in connec-



RELIEF SOCIETIES REPORTED IN 1960 ANNUAL REPORT

tion with 8,645 funerals. A total of 3,031 wards and branches throughout

the Church are maintaining lists of nurses.

Working under the direction of the Priesthood, Relief Society sisters also made an important contribution to the Welfare Program of the Church. During 1960 ward Relief Society presidents, at the direction of their bishops, made 85,471 visits to families to determine their needs. This was an increase of 60,455 over 1950. Individual women and girls contributed a total of 773,676 hours of service on welfare projects, as compared with 238,090 hours in 1950, which was an increase of 535,586 hours, or 225%. Contributing to this service were 54,766 Relief Society sisters.

As a part of Relief Society's homemaking program and welfare sewing service, during 1960 there was completed under the supervision, or at the direction, of Relief Society, a total of 477,863 sewed articles, which was an increase of 288,822 articles, or 66% over those sewed in 1950. A total of 177,930 non-sewed articles was completed as a part of the handicraft and

creative work done by Relief Society sisters.

Diversified and well-planned courses of study in theology, homemaking, literature, and social science are presented each month in the regular weekly

Relief Society meetings.

In realizing the great volunteer service given by the women of the Church, as reflected in this Church-wide report, one can well appreciate the statement made by President David O. McKay at the dedication of the Relief Society Building when he said, ". . . we praise thy name for the organization of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, for the thousands of loyal, faithful, beautiful women who compose its membership. Their devotion to duty is never-ending; their loyalty to thee and to thy Priesthood unquestioned; their administrations to the sick and to the needy, untiring; their sympathetic, gentle services give hope to the dying, comfort and faith to the bereaved."

General Secretary-Treasurer

Hulda Tarker

## 1960 GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION

OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS

	In Stakes			In Missions		Totals	
UNITED STATES	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	
Alabama Alaska Arizona	147	8,810	17 9 10	327 242 149	17 9 157	327 242 8,959	
Arkansas Califomia Colorado Connecticut	404 35 1	27,700 1,918 29	7 29 10 4	102 866 148 102	7 433 45 5	28,566 2,066 131	
Delaware District of Columbia Florida Georgia	2 3 38 16	54 183 1,281 452	21 16	481 268	5 2 3 59 32	54 183 1,762 720	
Hawaii Idaho Illinois Indiana	19 330 12 10	1,112 21,682 535 371	41 4 28 16	771 75 542 361	60 334 <b>4</b> 0 <b>2</b> 6	1,883 21,757 1,077 732	
lowa Kansas Kentucky Louisiana	2 21	23 470	22 17 25 6	392 282 446 89	22 19 25 27	392 305 446 <b>5</b> 59	
Maine Maryland Massachuse <b>tts</b> Michigan	7 11	332 446	18 15 8	257 358 150	18 7 15 19	257 332 358 596	
Mirmesota Mississippi Missouri Montana	11 6 15 40	378 120 638 1,302	8 10 15 15	82 195 246 290	19 16 30 55	460 315 884 1,592	
Nebraska Nevada New Hamp <b>shire</b> New Jersey	<b>7</b> 3	3,913 280	16 1 5	334 8 100	16 74 5 7	334 3,921 100 280	
New Mexic <b>o</b> New York North Caroli <b>na</b> North Dak <b>ota</b>	24 6 2	1,054 309 51	22 31 40 5 19	250 720 917 100	46 37 42 5 30	1,304 1,029 968 100	
Ohio Oklahoma Oregon Pennsylvania	11 24 56 10	294 532 3,297 284	24 19	490 660 408	24 80 29	784 532 3,957 692	
Rhode Island South Carolina South Dakata Tennessee	14	556	2 13 12 19	37 181 178 375	2 27 12 19	37 737 178 375	
Texas Utah Vermont Virginia	58 1,143	1,715 84,312 664	55 5 24	833 61 407	113 1,143 5 38	2,548 84,312 61 1,071	
Washington West Virginia Wisconsin	83 3 68	4,241 130 3,922	10 10 9 28	195 212 194 641	93 10 12 96	4,436 212 324 4,563	
Wyoming Total — United States Page 382	2,726	173,390	740	14,522	3,466	187,912	

	In '	Stakes	In M	issions	To	otals
OTHER COUNTRIES	Organi-	Stakes	Organi-	13310113	Organi-	
	zations	Members	zations	Members	zations	Members
Arachtina			31	579	31	579
Argentina Azores			1	6	1	6
Australia	28	809	22	431	50	1,240
Austria	20	007	8	220	8	220
Belgium			8	109	8	109
Brazil			36	655	36	655
Canada	85	3,804	67	1,030	152	4,834
Chile		-,	7	144	7	144
Cook Islands			1	24	1	24
Costa Rica			3	40	3	40
Denmark			20	449	20	449
El Salvador			4	72	4	72
England	12	364	60	1,320	72	1,684
Ethiopia			1	7	1	7
Fiji Islands			1	14	1	14
Finland			18	437	18	437
Formosa			7	65	7	65
France			40	424	40	424
Germany			159	5,323	159	5,323
Greece	1	20	3	8	3	8
Guam		26	16	327	16	26 327
Guatemala Honduras			3	79	3	<b>7</b> 9
Hong Kong			9	64	9	64
Ireland			ź	82	5	82
Italy			5 3	12	5 3	12
Japan			33	404	33	404
Korea			3	77	3	77
Libya			1	17	1	17
Mexico	4	168	104	1,980	108	2,148
Netherlands			27	382	27	382
New Zealand	25	637	47	<b>8</b> 3 <b>2</b>	72	1,469
Nicaragua			1	16	1	16
Norway			15	397	15	397
Okinawa			2	45	2	45
Panama Canal Zone			1	28	1	28
Philippine Islands			3	25	3	25
Paraguay			3 6	46 92		46 92
Peru Puerto Rico			1	23	6	23
Samoa			<b>7</b> 5	833	75	833
Scotland			6	102	6	102
Spain			2	30	2	30
Sweden			35	562	35	562
Switzerland			27	437	27	437
Tahiti			18	263	18	<b>26</b> 3
Tonga			50	810	50	810
Turkey			1	6	1	6
Union of South Africa			20	305	20	305
Uruguay			27	705	27	705
Wales			11	144	11	144
Total — Other Countries	155	5,808	1,051	20,473	1,206	26,290
Total — United States	2,726	173,390	740	14,522	3,466	187,912
GRAND TOTAL	2,881	179,198	1,791	34,995	4,672	214,202
	,			, , , ,	,	202

Page 383

## 1950 · COMPARATIVE MEMBERSHIP · 1960

126,550





					i/				
MEMBERSHIP  Membership (Total) In Stakes In Missions	1960 214,202 179,198 34,995	1959 203,752 166,809 36,943	One-Year Increase or Decrease 10,450+ 12,389+ 1,948—	Ten-Year Increase 87,652 77,806 9,837	LEADERSHIP  142,905 Relief Society members served as leaders in the Society during 1960, 134,024 in 1959, and 72,444 in 1950.  Stake Officers District and Mission Officers Ward and Branch Executive Officers	1960 3,584 845 17,419	1959 3,275 1,001 16,671	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase 1,493 357 6,230
L. D. S. FAMILIES			One-Year Increase or	Ten-Year	Other Officers Class Leaders Visiting Teachers	9,452 18,433 93,172	8,674 16,811 87,592	778+ 1,622+ 5,580+	4,419 8,415 49,547
L. D. S. Families (Total) In Stakes In Missions	1960 436,970 363,551 73,419	1959 416,751 340,299 76,452	20,219+ 23,252+ 3,033-	173,476 139,642 33,834	SINGING MOTHERS  Ward and Branch Singing Mothers	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
ORGANIZATIONS	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase	Choruses (Total) In Stakes In Missions Approximate Number of Singers (Total) In Stakes In Missions	3,052 2,403 649 49,564 41,370 8,194	3,126 2,313 813 46,165 37,750 8,415	74— 90+ 164— 3,399+ 3,620+ 221—	Comparable Data For 1950 Not Available
Stake and Mission Organizations (Total) In Stakes In Missions Ward and Branch Organizations (Total) In Stakes In Missions	370 315 55 4,672 2,881 1,791	336 289 47 4,450 2,624 1,826	34+ 26+ 8+ 222+ 257+ 35—	149 135 14 1,691 1,322 369	MAGAZINE  Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	1960 171,002	1959 162,806	One-Year Increase or Decrease 8,1%-1	Ten-Year Increase 78,7201/2



SERV	ICE	5	One-Year Increase	
VISITING TEACHING	1960	1959	or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
Visiting Teachers	93,172	<del>87</del> ,592	5,580+	49,547
Visiting Teacher Districts	49,096	47,822	1,274+	23,804
Family Visits (Total)	3,738,742	3,529,477	209,265+	1,828,080
Home	2,490,584	2,338,921	151,663+	1,167,115
Not Home	1,248,158	1,190,556	57,602+	660,965
Per Cent at Home	66.61%	66.26%		
Communications in Lieu of Visits	80,146	68,628	11,518+	48,618
An average of 8.56 visits were made to each An average of 8.43 visits were made to each An average of 7.25 visits were made to each	L. D. S. fam	ily in 1959	One-Year	Ten-Year
			Increase or	Increase or
COMPASSIONATE SERVICE	1960	1959	Decrease	Decrease
Visits to Sick and Homebound	322,554	313,041	9,513+	140,196
Days Care of the Sick	29,550	34,827	5,277—	7,910
Number of Hours of Other Compassionate Services	222,094		222,094+	
Bodies Dressed for Burial	640	<b>7</b> 33	93—	44—
Funerals at Which Relief Society		= 000	662.1	2.106
Assisted	8,645	7,982	663+	3,196
Wards and Branches Maintaining	2.021	2 721	300+	1,936
Lists of Nurses (Total)	3,031	2,731	363+	1,296
In Stakes	<b>2</b> ,391	2,028	63-	1,270
In Missions	640	703	03	
Page 386				

CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
Family Visits Made Under Direction of Bishop	85,471	74,731	10,740+	<b>6</b> 0,455
Hours Contributed by All Females				
on Welfare Projects	<b>77</b> 3,676	671,501	102,175+	535,586
Relief Society Members Who Assisted on Any Welfare Program During Year	54,766			
Hours Contributed on Welfare Projects by All Females Receiving Church				
Welfare Assistance	220,733	223,907	3,174—	173,733
Sisters Receiving Church Welfare  Assistance Who Sewed for  Themselves and Families	4,555	3 <b>,</b> 394	1,161+	2,676
SEWING SERVICE				
Articles Completed (Total)	655,793	476,765	179,028+	466,752
Total Sewed Articles	477,863	476,765	1,098+	288,822
Quilts	<b>2</b> 2, <b>7</b> 01	22,198	503+	7,578
Children's Clothing	47,785	47,361	424+	20,161
Women's Clothing	70,764	63,808	6,956+	45,377
Men's Clothing	3,073	3, <b>667</b>	594—	2,667—
Household Furnishings	191,505	171,549	19,956+	184,840
Other (Miscellaneous)	142,035	168,182	26,147—	33,533
Total Sewed Articles Completed	477,863	476,765	1,098+	288,822
Total Non-Sewed Articles	177,930			
Sewing Machines Owned by Societies (Total)	4,416	4,430	14	
In Stakes	3,878	3,752	126+	
In Missions	538	678	140—	



# MEETINGS

One-Year

			Increase or	Ten-Year
	1960	1959	Decrease	Increase
TOTAL MEETINGS HELD	211,715	200,959	10,756+	94,226
Relief Society General Conference	1	1		
Stake Relief Society Conventions	164	161	3+	86
Stake and Mission Meetings (Total)	6,397	6,240	157+	2,476
Stake and Mission District Board	3,559	3,545	14+	1,248
Stake and Mission Leadership	<b>2,8</b> 38	2,695	143+	1,228
Ward and Branch Meetings (Total)	205,153	194,557	10,596+	91,664
Regular Meetings for Members	152,594	145,983	6,611+	63,624
Visiting Teacher Meetings	28,635	27,292	1,343+	15,022
March, November Fast Sunday				
and Other Special Meetings	17,110	15,158	1,952+	10,089
Annual Relief Society Conferences	3,845	3,755	90+	1,376
Officers Meetings Prior to Conferences	2,969	2,369	600+	1 <b>,5</b> 53
VISITS BY STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS				
Visits to Wards and Branches (Total)	33,638	33,051	587+	17,002
By Stake Officers	27,013	26,786	227+	14,369
By Mission and District Officers  Page 388	6,625	6,265	360+	<b>2,6</b> 33

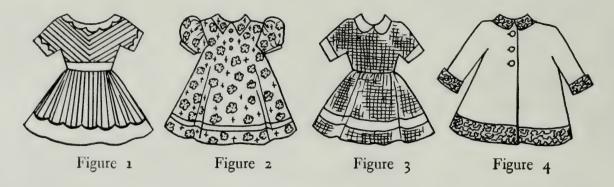
	1960 Number	1960 Per Cent	1959 Per Cent	1950 Per Cent
AVERAGE ATTENDANCE				
Regular Meetings for Members (Total)	79,044	36.9	. 37.8	34.0
In Stakes	64,542	36.0	36.7	. 31.7
In Missions	14,502	41.5	42.6	43.4
Theology	85,179	39.8	40.8	36.7
Work	78,669	36.7	37.6	32.9
Literature	74,572	34.8	35.9	32.7
Social Science	77,213	36.1	36.7	33.2
Visiting Teacher Meetings Relief Society Leadership Meetings	46,526 21,488	49.9 43.2	51.1	49.4

## CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS Receipts and Disbursements

Cash Balance on Hand January 1, 1960	\$1,627,973.05
Receipts	3,058,022.79
Total	\$4,685,995.84
Disbursements	\$2,925,279.72
	+ // - //
Cash Balance on Hand December 31, 1960	\$1,760,716.12

### Assets — December 31, 1960

Cash Balance on Hand December 31	1,760,716.12
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishops Office	
Other Invested Funds (Savings Bonds, etc.)	91,156.01
Real Estate and Buildings	104,569.95
Total Assets\$	2,379,354.30



### Solve a "Lengthy" Problem

Shirley Thulin

TALK about the way Jack's beanstalk grew . . . it had nothing over on most children! Do you have these "growing pains," too? Little girls seem to grow out of their coats and dresses so fast it is difficult to keep anything the right length. Here are a few ideas that will help solve this problem. Let's take dresses first.

If you make your daughter's dresses, there are two things you can do when sewing them to help when they have become too short: 1. Cut the skirt about two inches longer than the pattern indicates, and then run several tucks horizontally in the skirt before gathering it to the bodice. These tucks can be let out one at a time as needed, and are much easier to undo than to let out a hem and re-sew it. 2. Be sure to make a generous hem when cutting the dress out, so there will be something to let down if the style of the dress does not lend itself to the tucks in the skirt.

If the dress does not have enough of a hem to let down, but the fabric is still good, and the dress fits well except for length, try this: Cut the skirt in scallops all around about two inches above the hem. (In order to get the scallops even, you may have to cut them first from a piece of newspaper the same length as the skirt is around.) Now bind all around the scallops with matching or contrasting bias tape, or make a small hem. Make a tier of white organdy or other plain colored cloth and, using it double thickness, so there will be no hem in this piece, sew it behind the scallops so that it will come down to just the right length. Now add a matching organdy collar or cuffs and a sash (figure 1).

If you do unpick the hem to lengthen a dress, be sure to stitch a strip of matching or contrasting bias tape around the place where the material is weak from having been pressed together for so long. This adds needed strength, also trim. Then put a little trim to match somewhere else on the dress, such as a bow at the neck, or a strip around the sleeves or collar (figure 2).

Another way to lengthen a dress is to cut the bottom part of the dress completely off about three inches from the hem, and insert a strip of contrasting plain fabric wide enough to make the dress the desired length. Repeat the trim on the bodice by making a new collar or cuffs to match the strip (figure 3).

WITH coats it is a little more difficult, although the styles of today lend themselves more to doing something about the hem than ever before.

First examine the hem to see if it is wide enough to let down. If it is, carefully unpick the stitches and then send the coat to the cleaners. Ask them to pay particular attention to the mark, if any, around the bottom of the old hem. When it comes back, it will be clean and pressed and will be much nicer to work with as well as easier to get a more accurate hem. Put the coat on the child, being sure to button the but-

tons, so that it will hang the way it should while measuring for the hem. Determine the length from the floor that you want the coat to be and pin or mark with tailor chalk all around, using a yardstick or hem marker. Now press up on the wrong side with a damp cloth or steam iron all around at the marked line, and cut off to leave one and one-half inches from the pressed line. Scw seam binding around this edge and blind stitch the hem into place. Now press well again. If the sleeves are too short, and the bottom sleeve hem is wide enough, the same operation can be used to lengthen them.

If the hem is too narrow to be let out, cut it off. Sew a strip of heavy fabric such as wool, velveteen, or corduroy, around the bottom of the coat. Press the seam open. Be sure the color of the strip complements the coat fabric. Make cuffs or a collar or both, of the same fabric, to match (figure 4). You could also make a hat from this fabric, or cover some new buttons to add a touch of elegance.

## I Remember Grandma

Donna Mae Bacon

RANDMA was five feet short and weighed a mite over one hundred pounds. But though small in stature, she was large in heart and soul. Her eyes were the color of the robin's egg and lay embedded in deep "life lines," those of smiles and tears.

Grandma was not rich by modern standards. Her cupboards were bare of prized china and costly silver. No antique rosewood adorned the sitting room, no ornate 'grand" — the parlor. There was no governess for the children, no maid for the laundry, not even a "hired girl" in the kitchen. Grandma herself was all of these, and her worldly riches lay in her nine boys and three girls. This "even dozen" and their father made up the whole of a life of eighty-five years!

Days were filled with endless rounds of cooking, sewing, and cleaning. gigantic task of keeping twelve little bodies warm and fed was Grandmother's life's

goal.

Grandma never traveled abroad; her imagination was the "magic carpet" on which she carried her children to adventure-land. She never attended the opera in formal dress and white gloves. The old pump organ, for half a century, kept its honored place in the center of the living room wall, where nightly concerts were presented, with even the littlest ones performing.

Grandma had no membership in a weekly club. Quilting bees were held regularly on the porch, and her "works of art" were the varied and intricate patterns, laid into

each quilt cover, which she designed!

The library contained no leather-bound first editions, but the Holy Bible, and other scriptures, worn with use, were prominently displayed on the mantel, and among the family records and albums could be found Dickens' Christmas Carol and the Life of Abraham Lincoln.

I remember Grandma rocking — rocking in rhythm with the ticking of the oldfashioned wall clock. If one listened carefully, a faint melody which sounded much like a lullaby could be heard. Grandmother loved babies and flowers and was usually nursing both. Her gardens were well-kept, as were her little ones.

I remember Granny best when we visited her. After a bountiful supper and home entertainment around the organ, we were sent upstairs to feather beds, where we

immediately sank into dreamland.

Grandma loved beauty and goodness and kindness. She loved life! Grandma had so little, and she had so much. She is remembered by many, and among them, by me!

### A Feather in Her Hat

### Sylvia Probst Young

N Monday morning, right after the stores opened, Karen called me.

"Mary," she said, "Chris has some beautiful percale that's going on sale for twenty-nine cents. Why don't you come by and look at it, if you have time today? It would make beautiful quilts and aprons for our bazaar."

Karen Haskell is my Work Director Counselor, and, although she clerks at Bowers Mercantile five days a week, she has arranged to have her day off on Tuesday so she can attend Relief Society and participate in our work. And what a worker Karen is, with a radiance that is contagious. I could have never found better counselors than she and Ruby Stevens. They make being president an easier job than it might otherwise be.

From the telephone I turned back to my dusting, thinking of Karen. At thirty-nine she is a widow with five children to support, and with certain financial obligations, because of Tom's long illness, that would completely dishearten many of us. But Karen has a way of seeing sunshine through the darkest cloud.

"It is my first duty to keep my children happy," she has told me. "I want them to live as normally as if Tom were still with us. It isn't always easy to put on a bright front, but that's the thing I must do."

It's a philosophy that has paid dividends, for Karen's home is a well-ordered place of peace and warmth and a deep understanding between her children and herself.

Sally, seventeen, the oldest and only daughter, has her mother's charm, but with a quiet reserve, too, such as Tom had.

"I don't know how I'd manage without her," Karen has often told me. And it is surprising how well Sally takes over with her four young brothers when Karen isn't there.

Right after lunch I drove over to Bowers. Karen was busy with a customer, so I visited with Chris for a few minutes. It's a pleasure to visit with Chris Bowers and as beneficial as a spring tonic. With a good morning smile and a bit of friendliness, he makes everyone feel just right.

It was while I was talking to him that the idea came to me, and what a perfectly beautiful idea it was!

"What would you think if I stole your best clerk the first week of April and took her down to Conference?" I asked him.

He was reflective for a moment. "Well now," he finally said, "I do believe Karen needs a few days off. I get so dependent on her I don't think of it. And since you tell me this far ahead I think I can arrange it."

While we were selecting percale I told Karen of my big idea, and she was enthusiastic.

"Mary, I'd love it," she exclaimed, "it's been years since I've been down to Conference."

"Then let's really plan to go," I told her. "Al won't mind batching

for a few days. I'm sure that Ruby can get away, too, and your boys will be cared for as well as if you were there. I'll drive my car; the weather should be pleasant by then."

THE next Tuesday was our work meeting. Karen and I went early to put on a quilt.

"I hope you're still planning on

Conference," I reminded her.

"I surely am," she said, "I told my family about it, and you should have heard the plans. The things they want me to bring them," she laughed, "you'd think I was planning a trip to New York."

I smiled knowingly, remembering

how my children had been.

"But speaking of the trip, Mary, why don't you ride over to Maurine's with me when meeting is out. She has the cutest green spring coat in her window, and I've needed a light coat for so long. If it's my size and not too expensive, I'll get her to put it on 'will call' until next payday."

Maurine's Shop is a sort of special place, not exclusive, but you can be sure that what you buy there is always good. Maurine has been in the business in our town for at least twenty years—long enough to know almost everybody's size and what

would look best on them.

"I think that coat is just your size," she told Karen, "I'll get it from the window and we'll see."

The coat fit Karen perfectly.

"You know this Karen," Maurine said, "has a figure as nice as her Sally's. Imagine, Mary, that's size ten—what happened to you and me?"

In spite of the sales pitch, Maurine was right. Karen did have an

enviable figure, and the coat was very becoming on her, especially the color that looked so nice with her

coppery hair.

And another nice thing was the price—just twenty-five dollars. Karen was very pleased. She gave Maurine fifteen, and promised to get the other ten after her next payday. She wouldn't take the coat in spite of Maurine's wanting her to.

"I'd rather leave it right here un-

til I have it all paid for."

As she walked out of the shop, she turned a smiling face to me. "Funny how something new can give you a lift. I guess it's just what I needed to pick me up."

DURING the next two weeks I didn't see Karen except at Relief Society. Alice's baby was sick, and I had her two older children a good part of the time. And on Sunday Karen didn't come to church because her little Johnny had a bad cold.

But on Friday night I walked over to Karen's to get some apron patterns, and to take a knitting book that I had promised to lend to her. Knowing how fond her boys are of cookies, I had made a batch of snickerdoodles to take along for them.

Warm spring darkness lay softly over the land. Overhead a cloud-draped moon looked down, and the air was cool and fresh from the afternoon rain. I walked along with a wonderful sense of well-being, drinking in the beauty of the night.

At Karen's house Sally opened the door to me; her eyes were glowing like twin stars.

"Hello. Come in. Mama isn't here just now, she just ran over to Mrs. Peters," she explained, "but she should be right back."

I handed her the basket. "Some cookies I baked—these hungry boys keep you girls cooking."

"Oh, how nice of you. We all

like cookies. Thanks a lot."

"Hey, you boys," she called, going into the kitchen, "look what's for you."

"You look like something exciting was about to happen," I told

her when she came back.

She beamed, "It really has. It's the junior prom, and I have the most wonderful date—Mark Jeppson. You know the Jeppsons, Mary, they moved over on Coolidge Street about a month ago."

"Oh, yes," I remembered, "they're in our ward, now. His mother

comes to Relief Society."

She nodded, "And Mom bought me the most beautiful dress I've

ever seen. I'll show you."

She came back carefully holding a soft creation of lilac-colored organza and lace stitched with tiny pink rosebuds. It was almost breathtaking—the kind of dress that goes with youth and springtime and laughter.

"Isn't it sweet? Mom bought it at Maurine's yesterday. It was a surprise to me. I think I have the most wonderful Mom in the whole

world."

While we were admiring the dress, Karen came home. We sat down to visit and discuss Relief Society, and before I realized how late it was getting, Mark Jeppson arrived. He was a nice-looking, clean-cut young man. I could readily see why Sally was thrilled to go to the junior prom with him.

She came out of the bedroom then, and I've never seen a lovelier young girl. Karen's eyes followed her, and they expressed all her pride and hope and mother love.

At the door, just when they were ready to go, Sally turned impulsively, and planted a quick kiss on Karen's cheek.

When they were gone Karen turned to me, and her face was radiant. "I think I'm as happy as she is," she sighed. "I was so afraid she might not get asked—she's kind of a shy little thing, and a junior prom when you're a junior is so important."

"She looked so sweet, too," I said,

"thanks to you."

"It is a beautiful dress, isn't it? I've been repaid a hundredfold for getting it."

I knew what she meant—"I have the most wonderful Mom," Sally had said—and the quick kiss at the door, were expressions of love that were priceless.

We went to Conference the next week. I picked up Karen first because she lives closer to me than Ruby. She came down the walk in her old beige coat. I had guessed that she would be wearing it.

As she got into the car, she gave me a knowing smile.

"The cleaners did such a good job on it I almost feel as if it's new," she said.

"But you have something new," I observed.

It was a gay, little natural straw hat, set off by a saucy pink feather.

"Oh, the hat—isn't it a dear? Sally bought it with her allowance—a surprise to me. You know," she laughed, "I like a feather in my hat!"

"I think you've always worn one," I told her.



## Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Jogether

TWO neighbors of Midvale, Utah, have made a happy and useful combination of their hobbies, and they spend many hours together making their specialty — rugs of many kinds. Sister White, at the left, who is eighty-two years old, and Sister Strong, at the right, seventy-nine, are experts in design, selection of materials and colors for their

rugs, and have mastered the intricacies of loom weaving.

The weaving frame shown in the picture is forty by sixty inches and is made of wood and is adjustable so that rugs can be made wider or longer, as desired. On each end of the frame hooks are placed three-fourths of an inch apart for fastening the denim strips which form the warp for the rug. Strips of used cotton clothing one and one-half inches wide provide the woof for the rugs. Braided and hooked art rugs are also shown in the picture.

When rugs and quilts do not demand the attention of Sister Strong, she embroiders, does textile painting, or makes hobby horses for her grandchildren. She loves flowers and maintains her own garden and home, and is grandmother to thirty-seven.

For more than thirty years she has been a visiting teacher.

Sister White, aside from her civic and religious activities, and the care of her home and flowers, has enjoyed crocheting, tatting, cutwork, needlepoint, water color painting, and making quilts and rugs. Also, she collects rare buttons, some of which were worn on early pioneer clothing. She has a strand of over a thousand buttons. Her collection of souvenir spoons is remarkable for beauty and interest, since the spoons come from many places, purchased or presented to Sister White as gifts. especially skilled in making crocheted rugs of discarded woolen materials.

Both Sister Strong and Sister White have presented many gifts of handwork and quilts and rugs to relatives and friends and neighbors, and they have assisted the Relief Society sisters in learning the skills which they have mastered so well, and which have greatly enriched their own lives and the lives of many others.

## Truth Is Sublime

Betty Lou Martin

Lydia Samuels called to her two children, Jerry and Sue Ann, as she glanced at the clock on the shelf. "Breakfast is ready. Come and eat."

Lydia heaped the sauce dishes full of steaming hot cereal, poured two glasses of milk, and put toast and fresh fruit on the table. Her husband, Ned Samuels, had to leave for work at six o'clock in the morning now, and Lydia had to make two breakfasts every morning. smiled pleasantly at herself. She had finally lost the added weight that she had gained from eating breakfast with both Ned and the children. Now, she ate her breakfast with her husband and then had a glass of fruit juice with the children. Breakfast had always been an important time for the Samuels. It was a time of gaiety and friendliness before each member of the family departed his separate way for the day.

Angry voices sounded in the hallway. "I have never seen such a baby," Jerry said angrily as he entered the kitchen and sat down at the table.

"Now what's the matter?" Lydia asked, as she looked from Jerry's frowning face to Sue Ann's tear-stained one. "I wish that you two would try to get along. It is such a beautiful day. Don't spoil it, children."

"I'd get along with her, Mom, if she wouldn't tell those stories. She is always making up something that isn't true." Jerry looked at his seven-year-old sister with disapproval.

"I know, Jerry. Now you two are going to be late for school. Eat your breakfast, and we'll discuss this further tonight." Lydia sighed. It was true, Sue Ann did make up stories, and Lydia could not understand why she persisted in doing it.

The doorbell rang, and Sue Ann headed hurriedly for the back door. "Mom, it's Carolyn, and I don't want to walk to school with her. Tell her that I have already gone, and I'll sneak out the back door."

Lydia felt an angry flush leap to her cheeks. She took Sue Ann by the arm and marched her toward the front door. "You know that is not being truthful. I'm not going to start making up stories for you. Now you answer that door and walk to school with Carolyn."

Sue Ann walked beside Carolyn to school, her wavy blonde hair bouncing angrily, and Lydia could imagine the anger she was feeling behind those blue eyes and peaches-

and-cream complexion.

"Golly, Mom," eleven-year-old Jerry said seriously, "what are we going to do with her? Fun is fun, but she is always pulling some trick like that. Remember the time that she hid in the closet because she didn't want to go out and play. We thought she was over to Grandma's place all the time, but she had just ignored the doorbell."

Jerry was right. Sue Ann was

TRUTH IS SUBLIME 397

getting to be a problem, and Lydia honestly did not understand why the child acted the way that she did.

LYDIA hurried through her work that day, stopping only long enough to prepare herself some lunch. Later, she went to the grocery store to pick up a few items, and before she realized it, it was time for the children to come home from school.

Jerry walked in and helped himself to some fresh fruit that Lydia had just washed and arranged in a bowl in the center of the table. "Boy, what a day this has been. Those teachers just keep heaping on the homework. How do they ever expect me to be a great baseball player if they keep giving me all this homework?"

Lydia laughed as she ruffled Jerry's hair. "Well, dear, I guess that they have other things on their minds than your being a great baseball player. Did you see Sue Ann on your way home?"

"Yes, I saw her, but she wouldn't even talk to me, and it looked as if she had been crying," Jerry said as he picked up his books and headed toward the living room. "Boy, I'm glad that I'm not a girl."

Just then the door swung open and a somewhat bewildered looking little girl stood in the doorway.

"What's the matter, honey?" Lydia asked as Sue Ann ran to her and threw her arms about her.

"Oh, Mommy, it's all that Carolyn's fault. She wanted to walk home with me tonight, and I told my friends to tell her that I had already gone, and the teacher heard me. She said that nice little girls don't treat other people that way."

Sue Ann was sobbing. "I am a nice girl, Mommy, aren't I?"

Lydia lifted Sue Ann upon her lap and wiped her tear-stained face. "Of course, you are a nice little girl, honey, but the teacher was right when she said that you shouldn't treat your friends or anybody that way. It isn't being honest with them or yourself. Now, let's go wash your face. We won't talk about it any more right now, but we'll see what your father has to say when he gets home tonight."

That evening after dinner Lydia discussed Sue Ann with Ned, explaining how the child had been

acting lately.

"How in the world did she ever get started doing that?" Ned inquired. "She can't go around hiding in the closet from people. I just won't have her acting that way."

"I know, dear. I have talked to her and told her time and time again, but the more I seem to talk, the worse she gets. I just can't seem to shame her out of it." Lydia sighed. "What do you think we should do?"

"Well, I'll tell you one thing. When I was a youngster, I was deprived of certain privileges if I didn't mind. It hurt a lot worse than if my father had spanked me." Ned thought for a moment. "We'll just have to stop her allowance this week and she won't be allowed to go to the movies this Saturday."

"Oh, Ned, no," Lydia objected. "She looks forward to the movies on Saturday, and all her little friends go, too. I can see stopping the allowance, but not the movies."

"Lydia, I think that we both agree that Sue Ann has to stop this habit. How will she know that we really mean business, if we don't take some steps? Now as much as she enjoys the movies, I am sure that in order to go, she'll stop her convenient little stories," Ned persisted.

"All right, Ned, but I hope that you will tell her what we have decided. I don't want to," Lydia

added.

Ned put his arm about Lydia. "If it is that painful for you, I'll tell her. I don't want to hurt her feelings any more than you do, dear, but enough of this nonsense is enough."

NED walked softly into the bedroom where Sue Ann lay looking at a book. "Time to go to sleep now, honey," Ned said looking down at Sue Ann. She looked like a little doll lying there, with her wide blue eyes and curly hair. Ned felt a lump in his throat as he started to speak. It was so hard to reprimand either her or Jerry.

Ned sat down on the bed beside his daughter and tucked the blankets up about her. "Honey, I've been talking to your mother, and she tells me that you have been telling stories that aren't true to get rid of people when you haven't wanted to see them. You know that Heavenly Father wants us to be hon-

est, don't you?"

Sue Ann nodded.

"Well, then, this can't be very honest, can it?" Ned's voice was little more than a whisper. "Daddy and Mother don't want you to do these things, and your Mother has spoken to you before about it, but you don't seem to remember. Now, to make sure that you won't do this again, we're not going to give you any allowance this week, and

we're not going to let you go to the movies with your little friends. When you stop telling untruths, then you will get your allowance and can go to the movies again."

"Oh, Daddy, no, no," Sue Ann cried as she buried her head in her pillow. "You wouldn't do that to

me."

Ned soothed his daughter. "I want you to know, Sue Ann, that it is only because we love you very much that we are doing this. Now you go to sleep."

The next morning Sue Ann asked her mother, "Mommy, Daddy didn't really mean it did he, about not getting my allowance or going

to the movies?"

"Yes, we both mean it, Sue Ann." Lydia was unhappy just looking at the hurt, bewildered expression on Sue Ann's face. "When you stop telling stories that aren't true, then you can have your allowance again and go to the movies, but not until."

Sue Ann started to cry and was still in tears when she left for

school.

That evening Sue Ann tried again. "Mommy, if I promise right now that I won't tell any more stories or anything like that, can I go to the movies this Saturday?"

"No, Sue Ann, not this Saturday. You've promised Mommy many times before, but always you have

broken your promise."

Sue Ann moped around the house the rest of the week, having very little to say. It was a strain on the rest of the family as well as Sue Ann, but Ned and Lydia had decided to remain firm.

When Saturday arrived, one of Sue Ann's little friend's mother called to tell Lydia that she would pick Sue Ann up to take her to the movies, and Lydia explained that Sue Ann wouldn't be going. Sue Ann heard the conversation, but she didn't utter a word in protest. When Jerry left for the movies, she still didn't show any visible sign of emotion.

"It seems to have worked," Lydia told Ned. "Sue Ann hasn't told one story. I think that she is even starting to like Carolyn. She doesn't

try to avoid her any more."

"We should have done this long ago, Lydia," Ned said. "I think that we can let her go to the movies this coming Saturday, and also give her an allowance again."

Lydia was pleased. "You tell her,

Ned. She'll be so happy."

Even Jerry was happy when he learned that Sue Ann could have her privileges back again. "Gosh, Mom," he said, "I just hate to see her feel hurt."

THAT Saturday Lydia was rushing to get ready for a meeting and to get Sue Ann ready for the movies, when she noticed a salesman approaching their house. "Oh, dear, Sue Ann, here comes a salesman, and Mommy just hasn't time to talk to him today. We are almost late now." Lydia was frustrated. "You be right quiet, honey, and he'll think that we're not home and go away."

The persistent salesman finally gave up in defeat and went away.

Sue Ann looked up at her mother inquisitively, as if deep in thought, "Mommy," she said.

"What, dear?" Lydia asked as she brushed Sue Ann's hair into place.

"Is Daddy going to take away your allowance now?" she asked.

"Sue Ann, what are you talking about?" Lydia said questioningly.

"Well, whenever I ran and hid from people and told stories, you said that I was bad. But you always did it, so I thought that it would be all right if I did it, too." Sue Ann spoke innocently.

Oh, no, Lydia thought. I've been punishing and reprimanding Sue Ann for something that she has seen me do. No wonder she has been so confused. She thought that if I did it, it would be all right for her to do it, too. What have I done?

Lydia took stock of herself right then. She admitted that at various times, if it wasn't convenient for her, she had told the children to tell someone that she wasn't at home, or else she had remained quiet so someone wouldn't think that she was at home. She didn't have any idea that all this time Sue Ann had been taking it to heart. Now she had to face her little daughter with some logical explanation.

She kneeled in front of the little girl who sat primly on the chair awaiting an explanation.

"Sue Ann, honey, your Daddy should take away my allowance. Mommy has been doing something very, very wrong, and even more wrong, I have made you think that it is all right, and then turned around and told you that it was wrong. No wonder you didn't know what was right and what was wrong. Please forgive me, dear, and I promise you that I won't act this way ever again."

Lydia pledged to herself that very day that she would be very careful the way she spoke and the way that she acted. She wanted her children to grow up to be fine and honest upstanding individuals. This being true, she knew that she must work all the harder to be that type of individual herself. She finally told Ned what had happened, and she had only to look at Sue Ann to

remember the shame that she felt. She wondered if Sue Ann remembered, too.

To Lydia's relief, Sue Ann never mentioned the episode after that day, and to the family's delight, Sue Ann never told any more stories. But then—neither did Lydia.

## Oil Painting

Shirley Ann M. Hales

OIL painting has opened up a whole new world for me—a world of beauty and intense color, of peace and satisfaction. Love for the scenery of mountains and forests has always been dominant in my life, but it wasn't until I started painting with oils that I truly began to appreciate our beautiful country.

Painting brought to me the realization of a vast prism of color. Closer scrutiny of the "brown" tree trunk revealed varieties of whites, grays, blues, and browns, while pinks, lavenders, whites, and myriad of greens were evident in the foliage.

Now, with rapture I seek the blueshadowed ravines on a sun-drenched peak, the cool purple of shadows on a shimmering trail, or the delicate blend of sun and shade on the creamy smoothness of an aspen. I revel in the gradation of color on a spruce trunk against a background of mountain and shrub, and thrill to the sharp black silhouette of its high branches against a blue sky. I rejoice in the subtlety of pinks, reds, and oranges of a rocky crag, and the rich warm tones of yellow ocher and umber in an autumn field. There is a matchless challenge in trying to reproduce on a palette, the glowing shades and colors of an inviting land-

A feeling of peace prevails on a painting expedition, whether alone or in the company of other artists. Relaxing with a fresh white canvas on my easel, with nothing but the wind stirring the trees, the hum of insects, and a fragrant breeze wafting around me, any accumulation of tension and frustration melts away, for there is complete absorption in the work.



Ward Linton

#### ALMOND BLOSSOMS

Sometimes, while quietly painting, a movement will attract my eye and there will be a small bird, a chipmunk or a squirrel only a few feet away, soothed into fearlessness by the silence and the slow casual movements.

Oil painting has come to mean peace, satisfaction, and spiritual joy, as I draw close to my Father in heaven through the beauty of his creation.

## Love Is Enough

CHAPTER 6

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, a schoolteacher from Denver, Colorado, takes a position at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who works for the forest service. These friends are quite different from Ernest Wood, Geniel's friend who owns a shoe store in Denver. Geniel goes to Denver for the Christmas holidays. Her Aunt Nina tells her she can have some books to start a library at Blayney. Geniel's dates with Ernest are a disappointment, and when her plane lands at Idaho Falls, Jeff Burrows is there to meet her.

TANUARY crept slowly by, or so it seemed to Geniel who decided that molasses wasn't the only thing that lacked speed in that month. The icicles hung low on her bedroom window, and there were snowstorms every few days that often reached blizzard proportions.

It was not unusual to see three or four deer roaming through the streets, and occasionally, the coyotes would come close enough to the edge of the town so that their weird howling could be plainly heard.

So far Geniel had not found any feasible means of bringing the books over from Denver, nor a place to put them in after they arrived. They couldn't just be piled up in the classrooms.

"There must be some way we could raise the money," she remarked at the dinner table one evening. "What would you think of a rummage sale? That's one of the tried and true methods we've used at home."

"It's never been tried here, so I wouldn't know," answered Christine. "We might get the PTA to sponsor a bazaar of some kind."

"Each grade could take over one part—you know, a fishing pond, cider and doughnuts, and so on. How much money do you think we would need to get the thing going-the library, I mean?" Marva's enthusiasm was mounting with every word.

"It all depends on what we would have to pay to rent a room," answered Geniel. "I imagine that we could get someone here in town to go after the books just for the bare expense of the trip. Then, of course, after we find a place to put them, we would have to get someone to look after them—check the books in and out, you know. If we didn't, we wouldn't have any left within a few months. Maybe the whole project is just too big."

"Never say die!" Marva spoke up cheerfully. "Where there's a will —and all the rest of those fine morale-building maxims. Let's start in by planning our fund-raising project, anyway. Then we can tackle the next problem as it comes. We can spring the idea of a bazaar at the PTA meeting Friday, if Mr.

Layton approves."

Each grade took a turn at furnishing the program for the PTA meetings, and this time it had fallen to Geniel's third graders. For some time she had toyed with the idea of letting Connie give a short

reading. The child had improved wonderfully of late and hardly ever stammered in class. She decided to leave it up to Connie herself. If the little girl really wanted to do a piece in public she could try. It might do more harm than good if she failed — but she had to start sometime.

It happened that Connie was delighted with the idea. She had been in the background for so long now, that she seized an opportunity of doing the same thing the other girls had been doing right along.

Geniel gave Connie a short piece and had her learn it so perfectly that she could have said it in her There was only one thing more. While her clothes, handed on from Marcie's little girl, were pretty enough to give any child confidence, her hair was still a straight, unlovely shade of brown. There was nothing that could be done about the color, but Geniel arranged for the mother to give her a home permanent.

Mrs. Roberts was about as happy as Connie over the whole affair. "You are our good angel," she said gratefully. "No one has ever tried

to help her before."

There were two other poems to be recited by children, and Geniel decided to put Connie in between. It would make her feel less alone. There were also some songs to be sung by the entire class.

ONNIE came to school a day or two before the program with her hair curled. It was a bit on the frizzy side, but still a great improvement over its former limpness. She was actually quite pretty now and seemed to blossom under the attention she was getting.

The program went off beautifully. the only hitch being that half a dozen of the students came down with the mumps the day before the

meeting.

"Oh, that's nothing," shrugged Christine. "It's only a very few of the darlings that ever get past the first and second grades. And it's all for the best, even if it interferes with PTA programs. Now is the time for them to get over with it."

During the meeting Geniel was given an opportunity to announce the windfall of books she had received and the problem of raising some money to provide a place for their use. Most of the parents were enthusiastic about the idea of a bazaar and a date was set.

Later, each grade was allowed to choose its own project, including everything from a fishing pond to a lunch stand. The third grade dedecided upon popcorn balls.

The bazaar was to be held in the auditorium, and a big sign "Books for Blayney" was made by a local painter and hung over the front entrance of the schoolhouse.

Almost everyone, it seemed, was working wholeheartedly on project. No one knew, as yet, where the books were to go when they arrived but, as Mrs. Willett said, "Something will turn up. always does. Just to have this many people thinking and working on it is a mighty good start." She herself had offered to bake a dozen apple pies for the fifth grade to serve in their home bakery.

Geniel was not too greatly surprised, just a week before the event, to receive an invitation from Miss

Blayney to call at her home.

"She may say it's an invitation," commented Marva, "but it's an order, as you should know. Did you happen to check with the Duchess before you started this affair?"

"Are you serious?" asked Geniel. "All of the parents in the town, that were interested enough to come out to the PTA meeting, voted for it. Was it also necessary to get her permission?"

"It would have been wise—or perhaps kind is a better word. She's getting along now and doesn't have many years left in which to run the town. I guess it would be rather hard to break the habits of a lifetime."

"Well, it won't hurt me any to go and see her," agreed Geniel, "so I'm glad to go if it will make her happy. I'm curious to see her home any-

wav."

She dropped in at the mansion the next afternoon on her way home from school. The house was indeed worth seeing, with its high beamed ceilings and polished woodwork. While the furniture dated back half a century or so, it was of the very finest and still in excellent taste.

HER hostess was dressed in a purple velvet gown and her iron gray hair was piled high upon her head. It gave her the appearance of being an extremely tall woman, although actually she was only an inch or two taller than Geniel.

"It was very kind of you to come and see an old lady," said Miss Blayney graciously.

"It is my pleasure, I am sure,"

replied Geniel, determined that it should be just that.

"I hear that you are promoting the establishment of a library for the school," she went on, getting to

the point at once.

"I am doing what I can in a very limited way," Geniel answered smiling. "I was fortunate enough to have a rather large number of books given to me when I was home at Christmas. It seemed like a windfall at the time. Now I am not so sure, it seems to have brought all kinds of problems. We have to find a way to bring the books here —and that's just the beginning. We also have to find some place to put them after they arrive. We do need them rather badly, however, and the students and parents are working hard on a bazaar to raise some monev for a start."

"Very commendable, I'm sure," said Miss Blayney rather stiffly.

"If you have any suggestions for us, I'm sure that we would appreciate it very much," said Geniel seriously.

"Thank you, I'll think it over. Now you must let me give you a cup of hot chocolate. It stays very cold, even for this time of the year."

Under the spell of hospitality both relaxed somewhat, but there was still a feeling of tension. Geniel knew that she hadn't been completely forgiven for past offenses, such as missing the formal dinner and changing the act in the pageant to suit herself. And now, to crown it all, she had dared to start a very ambitious project without at least consulting the lady. She was not sorry when it was time to leave.

"I guess that Miss Blayney and I simply aren't what you would call

kindred souls," she remarked at the dinner table. "She wished us well in our undertaking, but all the time I had a feeling that she'd gain some sort of satisfaction if we failed. I daresay that I am doing the lady a great injustice."

"To some extent," agreed Christine. "Basically, I'm quite sure that she has the welfare of the community at heart."

"The fly in the ointment, of course," observed Marva, "is that she didn't start the business herself."

"So, now you tell me," shrugged Geniel. "We'll have to muddle along as best we can. We and the other 2,399 inhabitants of Blayney."

Johnny had offered to help put up the booths in the hall. "The wonderful thing about taking a correspondence course," he said, "is that nobody checks up on you until examination time. You can even leave assignments until almost the last day, thinking there will still be time to get them in. Then you have to break your neck—or flunk."

"I don't care to have either on my conscience," declared Geniel. "We'll get someone else to do it."

"No you won't. I'm just trying to salve my own conscience for past lapses. Anyway, the booths are already built, and I can get the older boys to help set them up."

The plans went merrily on with the "Books for Blayney" idea gathering more momentum every day. Geniel bought the corn to send home with the youngsters, along with a recipe for the popcorn balls. Half of them she planned to do herself the day before the bazaar, but she wanted the children to feel that they had a full share in the activities.

THE booths were put up on Saturday, the week before the bazaar was to be held because the boys had that day free in which to work. Geniel dropped over to see how they were getting along and was enthusiastic. "This will be a fun night, even without the money-raising angle," she remarked to Mr. Layton. "I think that bazaars are a circus—or the nearest thing to one."

"And it's fine to have a project where all the students can work together," he added. "It makes it doubly worthwhile."

On Tuesday, five of her students were out of school because of illness. "There's quite a bit of flu around," remarked Mrs. Willett. "I hope that it doesn't cut into your crowd too much. We don't want any leftover apple pies."

"When they're yours!" exclaimed Marva. "Don't talk nonsense."

"It sounds like good sense to me," said Geniel, more than a little worried. "Maybe I'd better cut down on the number of popcorn balls I planned to make. If we have any left over it will do away with all the profit."

Geniel became more and more alarmed as additional students dropped out on each succeeding day. On Thursday the blow fell. There were to be no more public gatherings of any sort until the wave was over.

"Isn't that just my luck!" Geniel wailed despondently.

"Well, don't feel too bad," Christine tried to console her. "It is only postponed for awhile. Anything that was made, outside of food, will

LOVE IS ENOUGH 405

keep all right, and you can always have the affair some other time."

"It just won't be the same," replied Geniel. "You can't generate enthusiasm like that a second time. Anyway, I'm very much afraid that we can't."

"Could be," agreed Marva. "But you'll just have to look on the bright side and think of all the corn you don't have to pop and all the sticky balls you don't have to make. Now you try and brighten my day by telling me what I'm going to do with all the white elephants my darlings have collected. Have a parade, I guess."

Geniel was thoughtful for a moment. "It just goes to show. I should have let Miss Blayney start it. Then I'm sure it would have been a howling success. I daresay we would even have escaped the

flu."

Within two weeks the ban on public gatherings was lifted, but Geniel didn't have the heart to start over again right away. "I'll have to let some of the scars heal first," she said. "I simply haven't the nerve to ask everyone to do all that work again. And, if I did, it might bring on another epidemic."

She forgot much of her disappointment in preparations for a Lincoln birthday ball, which was to be an evening of square dancing held in the ward recreation hall. She was especially happy because Jeff had invited her to go as his partner. Although they had been out together several times in groups, it was the first time he had asked her for a real date.

"We'll need some cotton dresses," said Marva, who always had her choice of three or four partners.

"I'm going to have a red and white check. It will suit my personality, don't you think? And I'll trim it with rows of white rickrack braid."

"Anything that is bright and gay will suit your personality," smiled Geniel. "Now, what shall I choose?"

"Hmm, not purple. How about a lovely daffodil yellow?"

THE girls made their own dresses, and both decided the other had done an expert job. Geniel didn't know when she had been so excited about a party. "I guess it's because I feel so young in this whirly dress," she remarked, as she came downstairs, all ready to go. "Do you think I look much too young and giddy for a schoolteacher? Especially a third grade schoolteacher?"

"I don't know what the grade has to do with it," remarked Christine, "but I'm sure you don't look a day too young. I mean, not any younger than you feel. You are both

charming."

"Thank you, Ma'am," Geniel replied, feeling a momentary pang that Christine was also not young and charming enough to join them

for an evening of fun.

Garth Dalton, Marva's partner for the dance, arrived soon, and they sat in the living room waiting for Jeff to arrive so that they could all go over together. When a bell rang, it wasn't the door, however, but the phone.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," Jeff said, "but I can't make it for awhile. One of my heifers—quite a valuable animal—is sick, and I'll have to stay and dose her up until I know she is all right. I'll try to see you later."

Geniel came slowly back into the living room. "Did you ever get stood

up for a cow?" she asked not smil-

ing, "a sick cow?"

The others couldn't help laughing. "Sure, that's common practice around here," replied Marva. "It doesn't have to be a cow. A sheep or any animal that costs over twenty-five dollars will do. Come on and go over with us. There'll be plenty of partners for you. If not, they'll fill in the sets with girls."

"Yes, do," urged Mrs. Willett. "I'll send Jeff over when he comes."

Geniel was about to reply, "Don't bother" to that suggestion, but it seemed to be rather a small gesture. Anyway, the chances were that he would be spending the evening out in the barn dancing to a bovine tune.

She was still hesitating when Marva brought out her coat and Garth helped her to slip it on. Then he took one girl by each arm and started out.

A reel was in progress when they came into the hall, and the sprightly music helped to drive out Geniel's feelings of disappointment and an-

noyance.

By the time they had checked their wraps, another dance had started. She began to make her way to a seat on the sidelines, but her hand was grasped by a young lad, whose name she didn't know, but whom she had seen in church. "Come on and get in," he cried. "They change partners every time, so you won't be stuck long with me."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind," she

laughed.

They joined the circle and, after one phase of the dance, moved on in opposite directions.

As Marva had promised, there

were enough partners to keep her engaged for most of the evening, and she had a far better time than she had anticipated.

It was nearly eleven when she glanced at the doorway and saw Jeff standing there. At first she thought that she would pretend that she hadn't seen him, then she decided that was altogether too childish and as she passed close enough she smiled at him.

He joined her at the end of the dance. "Well, I made it—finally," he said. "Have you had fun?"

"Loads of it, thank you. How's the cow?"

"Better, thank you," he replied. Then they both grinned widely.

One of the few waltzes of the evening was being played, and he led her to the floor. "I can't tell you how sorry I am," he began.

"Then don't try," she smiled, and the last of her resentment seemed

to melt away.

"It's one of the hazards — the unpleasantness of trying to run a farm. Crops fail — animals die on you — people decide they don't want what you have been struggling to raise. . . ."

"But you still think it's worthwhile?"

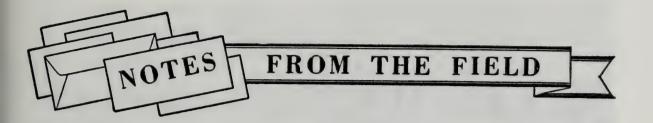
"I still think it's the only life for me. I guess I'm just contrary. I could have stayed on at Ames and taught, or have taken a county agent's job. In either case, I could have arrived at this dance on time."

"It didn't matter, really," Geniel

said

"Thanks again." There was a brief pause, and he added, "I hope that was meant as a compliment."

(To be continued)



### General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Madge G. Parks

## SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), RICHFIELD FIRST WARD BAZAAR December 1960

Left to right: Mattie Dickinson, Second Counselor; Velda Barney, President;

Roene White, First Counselor; Florence Blackwell, Secretary.

Madge G. Parks, President, Sevier Stake Relief Society, reports: "This ward had a most outstanding bazaar. Many articles of fine workmanship were exhibited and sold. The bazaar was in the form of a social, with the whole ward participating. An excellent turkey dinner was prepared by the Relief Society members and 462 persons were served. Some of the items sold were thirty-six pairs of embroidered pillow cases, twelve sets of dish towels, twelve boys' shirts, thirty aprons, seven large sofa pillows, twelve pairs knitted wool house slippers, four corduroy pillows, four foam rubber pillows, nine baby blankets, twenty-five felt Christmas stockings, ten rugs, twelve large, candy-filled decorated cans, four bathrobes, six pair of pajamas, and a large assortment of stuffed dolls and animals, doll clothes, novelty gifts, and many other beautiful and useful gifts. The sisters of the ward were all helpful in making the affair a success."



Photograph submitted by Enid Miller

SAN DIEGO EAST STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 5, 1961

The chorister, Ruth Judd, is seated center front (in dark dress); organist Enid Bassett is next to Sister Judd on the left; Enid Miller, President, San Diego East Stake Relief Society, is on the other side of Sister Judd, at the right.



Photograph submitted by Betty Bean

PIKES PEAK STAKE (COLORADO) RELIEF SOCIETY STAKE BOARD

Front row, seated, left to right: Verda Maddox, chorister; Abigail Martinez, social science class leader; Betty Bean, President; Lee Oma Nielson, Work Director Counselor; Dorothy Newton, Magazine representative; Marjorie Griffiths, work meeting leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Virginia Marshall, organist; Bertha Fox, Secretary-Treasurer; Eula Mae Herrin, Education Counselor; Ione Butterbaugh, theology class leader; Winifred Cardon, literature class leader; June Porter, visiting teacher message leader.

Sister Bean reports: "Pikes Peak was the name unanimously voted for the 301st stake of Zion, organized September 4, 1960, under the direction of Elders Marion G. Romney and LeGrand Richards. In December 1960 a full twelve-member board for Relief Society was completed. Each member is well qualified for the position she holds, and when we have an assignment to fulfill, each one accomplishes her part willingly. We served lunch at our stake conference March 6th to nearly 300 people, and it was a successful venture. We have held four stake leadership meetings and are thrilled with the attendance and co-operation we have received from each ward and

branch. Our stake is quite spread out, with some sisters traveling as far as 110 miles to attend stake meetings, and we are grateful for the fine spirit expressed by them. At our November leadership meeting we decorated a table with a Christmas theme and served light refreshments.

"The picture was taken at a stake board meeting on February 13, 1961. The draperies in the background were made by the original Pueblo Ward, of which all but

one of the stake board were members."



Photograph submitted by Dora P. Webb

BOUNTIFUL NORTH STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL TENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY COMPLETES SUCCESSFUL QUILT-MAKING PROJECT

Front row, seated, left to right: Harriet P. Richardson, Second Counselor; Mildred A. Van Uitert, President; Marjorie S. Zesiger, First Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Isobel Elliott; Alice C. Sedgwick; Ada D. Norberg;

Rhea M. Okelberry; Janice D. Calton, Secretary-Treasurer.

Dora P. Webb, President, Bountiful North Stake Relief Society, reports: "In April 1960, the Bountiful Tenth Ward Relief Society was given a building fund assignment for October 1960. The Relief Society presidency asked each pair of visiting teachers to make a quilt of any size and kind they chose, with the help of the women living in their respective districts. The women responded one hundred per cent, with much enthusiasm, donating their money, ideas, and work. Soon the project was moving along, and by October there were twenty-six beautiful quilts ready. The women were all assisted by the presidency and a special quilt committee consisting of Alice C. Sedgwick, Ada D. Norberg, Isobel Elliott, and Rhea M. Okelberry. The building fund function was in the form of a dinner, furnished, cooked, and served by the Relief Society women, and the quilts were sold during the evening. We feel the event was very successful, as over \$5,000 was cleared for the building fund. There was \$3,500 taken in on the sale of quilts alone. Another project was also accomplished through this united effort, because every woman in the ward was given an opportunity to learn the art of making quilts."



Photograph submitted by Wilma J. Croshaw

GRIDLEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA), GRASS VALLEY WARD FASHION SHOW June 3, 1960

Front row, seated on the step, left to right: Karren and Vicki Harris; Lisa and Peggy Monahan; Kaye Kochever.

Standing on the floor at the left, left to right: Pamila York; Rose Patterson; Lorese

York.

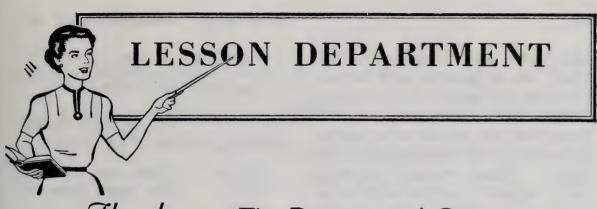
Standing on the floor at the right, left to right: Lucille Tefertiller and daughter Debbie; Esther Perry.

Standing in the back row at the left: Naomi Monahan.

Mothers and daughters standing on the steps, left to right, reading down: Beverly Stratton and daughters Susan and Sharon; Linda and Karen Hook (in square design dresses); Wilma Pollard and daughters Terri and Cheryl; Elaine Brooksby and daughters Sherril and Peggy; Ada Raymond and daughter Marjorie Leonard, and grand-daughter Carolyn Frost; Erma Peart and daughter Darlene; Norma Karenkamm, holding bag made in work meeting.

Wilma J. Croshaw, President, Gridley Stake Relief Society, reports: "This fashion show was given as the closing social under the direction of Myrtle Staley, work meeting leader. The dresses were modeled and the type of material, price, and the amount of time required for making the dresses were given in order to try to inspire the young mothers to sew more for themselves and for their children. Mother and daughter and

sister dresses were featured."



## Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1961-62

Elder Roy W. Doxey

THE revelations for study this year in the Doctrine and Covenants were received during the four-month period of March through June, 1831. The Church had been formally organized for only one year. People had come into the kingdom from many quarters, principally from Ohio and the Eastern States. fundamental principles of the gospel, consisting of faith, repentance, baptism of water and of the Spirit, had been received by these converts. The doctrines and practices of the Church had not yet been revealed as we have them today. It was necessary at this early period that the converts should receive instructions on how to remain faithful members of the kingdom of God.

Satan's efforts are to gather as many as possible into his camp. If the members of the Church of Jesus Christ can be induced to depart from their covenant relationship with God, the Evil One has gained his purpose. Circumstances arose in 1831 where Satan's influence was manifest to the extent that a number succumbed fully to his desires. Others wavered in their allegiance to truth but only temporarily and finally endured to the end. But how should the members

of the kingdom fortify themselves against the darts of the Adversary? Specific counsel is given in the revelations for study this year to answer this question. As each lesson is presented, it would be well to point out the concern of the Lord for his children in providing ways in which they might remain true to the "iron rod" (I Nephi 15:23-24).

The final lesson studied last year was about the gifts of the Holy Chost and the purpose for which the Lord gave these gifts to his people—that they might not be deceived. In other words, keys against deception with counsel on the ways to maintain the faith were willingly provided for the benefit of all the saints. The principles studied this year in the revelations are of current use. This is one of the values to be obtained from the study of The Doctrine and Covenants — it is here for the present value of the saints.

The first revelation for study concerns the appointment of John Whitmer to be Church Historian and Recorder. He filled an office that has continued to be an important part of the Church organization. There is also a great need for families to maintain records. The

next lesson introduces us to the beliefs of a peculiar sect whose teachings ran counter to the restored gospel. Missionaries sent to this group had the benefit of a revelation setting forth the doctrines to be These revealed teachings have a definite place in our lives as guides to salvation. "Be not deceived" is the key expression for the members of the Church in Joseph Smith's day and also our own. The teachings of men and doctrines of devils are as numerous today, if not more so, than at the beginning of dispensation. A safeguard against this type of deception is close adherence to what the Lord has revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith and his successors.

Another lesson develops the truth that the earlier a person accepts the Lord and follows his counsel, the greater will be his blessings. In another lesson one learns some ways by which one may endure to the

end.

An opportunity is afforded this year to study the biography of a talented convert who made a great contribution to the work of the Lord. Many lessons are learned from the revelation directed to him and also from his life.

In concluding the series this year, we learn more about the law of consecration in the problems of one branch of the Church. Through this revelation we learn the way to true happiness.

The 1961-62 series of lessons have been given the following titles and

objectives:

Lesson 33 — Records Are Important (D & C 47).

Objective: To point out the necessity for record keeping in the Church, the development of the Church Historian's Office, and to encourage the keeping of records within families.

Lesson 34 — The Mission to the "Shaking Quakers" (D & C 49).

Objective: To learn some important truths as a guide against being deceived.

Lesson 35—"Be Not Deceived" (D & C 50).

Objective: To learn that there are ways to detect false spirit manifestations.

Lesson 36 — Teach What "the Apostles and Prophets Have Written" (D & C 52).

Objective: To understand that security in this life and in the world to come is founded upon faith and obedience to the scriptures and the living prophets.

Lesson 37—"Those That Seek Me Early Shall Find Me" (Proverbs 8:17). (See D & C 48, 51, and 54.)

Objective: To realize that everyone is acceptable to the Lord through obedience to his commandments.

Lesson 38—Endure "Unto the End" (D & C 53 and 55).

Objective: To understand that constancy in living the commandments leads to eternal life.

Lesson 39—The Revelation to William W. Phelps (D & C 55).

Objective: To study the contribution of a talented Latter-day Saint who helped move the kingdom of God forward.

Lesson 40—Put the Kingdom of God First (D & C 56).

Objective: To emphasize the importance of taking up one's cross.

# Visiting Jeacher Messages—

## Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Messages for 1961-62

Christine H. Robinson

THE 1961-1962 Visiting Teacher Messages from The Doctrine and Covenants focus attention on certain fundamental character traits. These are the traits of honesty, charity, mercy, steadfastness, and faith, which we recognize as being important, but which we are sometimes prone to take for granted.

This year's "Truths to Live By" concentrate renewed emphasis on these basic character traits and give us an opportunity to increase our understanding of their importance. Furthermore, they help us to visualize how we can build these fundamental qualities into our lives and into the lives of our children. For example, these messages point out that in order to be truly honest we must practice absolute integrity not only in the big things, but also in the seeming trifles of everyday liv-They tell us that genuine charity consists of giving of ourselves and of our substance unselfishly and without any thought of worldly reward. They emphasize that mercy is a Christ-like quality which, if practiced, can bring great happiness both to ourselves and to others.

These truths describe steadfastness as a quality loved by the Lord. They point out that faith is a motivating, spiritual power which, if it is to be effective in our lives, must be God-centered rather than selfcentered. These truths also point out that in order to draw near to our Father in heaven in prayer, we must have a humble and a contrite spirit. They further describe how the Lord has given us the example of his life and his gospel as a pattern for us to follow. They emphasize the fact that we must build our lives and our testimonies of the gospel upon the firm foundation of our own knowledge and good work, rather than upon the efforts and accomplishments of others.

These messages as found in The Doctrine and Covenants are like signposts on the highway of life. They point the way to rewarding and abundant living, if we will obey their instructions and heed their counsel.

President Heber J. Grant expressed this thought beautifully when he said, "We are the architects and builders of our lives, and if we fail to put our knowledge into actual practice . . . we are making a failure of life" (Conference Report, April 1939, page 18).

He further pointed out that "The Doctrine and Covenants is full of splendid things with which we ought to be familiar." Then he emphasized an important fact that we can read The Doctrine and Covenants through and through, and learn it by heart, and yet it won't benefit us unless we put into practice its

teachings. (See Improvement Era,

Vol. 48, page 585.)

This year, as in the past four years, each message is presented with an example which illustrates the living application of the truth found in The Doctrine and Covenants.

The 1961-1962 Visiting Teacher Messages and their objectives are as

follows:

Message 33—"He That Prayeth, Whose Spirit Is Contrite, the Same Is Accepted of Me . . ." (D & C 52:15).

Objective: To show the true meaning of prayer with a contrite spirit.

Message 34—"I Will Give Unto You a Pattern in All Things" (D & C 52:14).

> Objective: To emphasize the fact that the Savior, through his life and through his gospel, has set the pattern for us to follow.

Message 35—"Remember in All Things the Poor and the Needy, the Sick and the Afflicted" (D & C 52:40).

Objective: To describe the nature of genuine charity.

Message 36—"One Man Shall Not Build Upon Another's Foundation" (D & C 52:33).

Objective: To emphasize the fact that we can build solid foundations only upon our own efforts and accomplishments.

Message 37—"And Let Every Man Deal Honestly" (D & C 51:9).

Objective: To show that honesty is the foundation of individual and universal character.

Message 38—"According to Men's Faith It Shall Be Done Unto Them" (D & C 52:20).

Objective: To show the remarkable power and blessings of faith.

Message 39—"I Will Be Merciful Unto You" (D & C 50:16).

Objective: To demonstrate the Christlike nature of true mercy.

Message 40—"Continue in Steadfastness" (D & C 49:23).

Objective: To show that steadfastness is one of our most important character traits.

# Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

Preview of Discussions for 1961-1962

Elaine Anderson Cannon

WE pass through this world but once, and it behooves us all to lift ourselves to our highest level of spirituality, intelligence, morality, gentility, and refinement.

To make this experience of living abundant and satisfying, we must

not be content with half measures. Because the success of this life determines our status in the future one, we should be rightly concerned with these matters. Our very relationship with God is dependent upon our relationship with others of

his children. Our self-respect, our inner needs, our recognitions and our opportunities for serving and accepting service from others, our example setting, and our guidance of those under our realm of responsibility, all are influenced by our willingness to put forth the effort to like and to be liked.

Here, then, is one of the great rewards of this life — to get along harmoniously with other people. Thus the noblest aims of men are not frustrated because of petty personal problems, and the simplest associations may become sweet and memorable experiences.

Since the beginning of history, prophets and philosophers have concerned themselves with instructing mankind in the art of human relationships. Never has there been a time when thoughtfulness for others has not been considered a valued personal trait. The key to all social interchange, to personal popularity, to effective community life, to happy family associations, and to ideal government, is ". . . whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them . . ." (Mt. 7:12). This is the basis of all moral and ethical thinking and behaving.

Looking, acting, thinking in a way which will influence people favorably toward you and bring pleasure to them is most desirable. It is important that women realize their very special role in fostering love for one's fellow men, of setting a proper example in appearance and consideration for others, of creating an element of security in the home, making the most of that which they have, and echoing the loveliest in their local customs and culture.

The purpose of this year's course

of study is to point out the challenges and rewards of self-improvement, and the confidence and poise which can come with knowledge of proper behavior under various social situations. Through emotional, social, and spiritual maturity, we may learn to get along with others and achieve an inner peace that results from dealing with one's fellow men pleasantly and effectively. From this accomplishment there follows the additional reward of knowing we are thus serving our Father in heaven.

This discussion course is planned with the hope that it will place this achievement within the grasp of all of our sisters; that practicing the rules of the project of happy group relationships will be pleasant and profitable to Relief Society members and their families.

The 1961-62 series of discussions have been given the following titles and objectives:

#### Discussion 1—Manners Matter

Objective: To show that good manners are fundamental in establishing harmonious relationships with our fellow beings.

#### Discussion 2—Just for Example

Objective: To show that the example of a considerate woman is reflected in the lives of her family.

# Discussion 3—Being a Good Neighbor

Objective: To show that we serve our Father in heaven better and are happier if we obey the commandment "... whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them ..." (Mt. 7:12).

#### Discussion 4—Courtesy in Church

Objective: To emphasize that we honor our Father in heaven when we practice and encourage respect for others in Church, and for the edifices themselves.

#### Discussion 5—Public Performance

Objective: To remind that anonymity is no excuse for poor behavior, and that a true test of one's character is evidenced in one's treatment of public servants and property.

# Discussion 6—The True Spirit of Hospitality

Objective: To point out that the development of the art of being a good

hostess and an ideal guest is a woman's responsibility, and that the pleasures derived therefrom are her special privileges.

# Discussion 7—Attitudes Make the Difference

Objective: To show that good manners spring from good thoughts and that a woman is her most charming when she is being thoughtful.

#### Discussion 8—Hello and Goodbye

Objective: To encourage the development of one's best behavior.

## Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

(Textbook: America's Literature by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York.

Preview of Lessons for 1961-62

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

THE romantic spirit and philosophy dominated America's institutions, culture, and literature up to the outbreak of the Civil War (1861). Young America's imaginative enthusiasms and idealistic crusades and hopes were not original with her, nor were they unique, as the original patterns were brought from "Mother Europe." But in the journey to this wider expanse of earth, and as to the minds and hearts of those who dwelt thereon, the traditional values and patterns were not only transported to the new country, but they were translated as well. From our vantage point of the objectivity which a hundred years gives, we are helped to realize that nineteenth-century American romanticism was no more a mere

carbon copy of European originals than it was entirely free of European influences.

It is our immediate concern to define, study, and absorb the movement which stirred the stretching, sprawling giant of newborn America into the action which finally resulted in the "irrepressible conflict" (Civil War) which prefaced permanent unity and maturity. That movement was romanticism, which is complex. It is European American, a shining idealism and exaggerated inward fear, a melancholy of death, and music of the rural, peaceful heart. It is the indignant hatred of any abuse or degradation of humankind. It is also a refusal to become embroiled in reform or turmoil, while an idealLESSON DEPARTMENT 417

ized past or a non-earthly beauty entices one seemingly to soar above mortal travail. It is escape from increasing pressures and complexities of the age into an imagined inward self whose hidden sins and terrors become more real for the modern reader than either the writer or the world out of which such conflicts came. It is security and peace, at hearthside, seaside, home. But the list is too long—it is the total ways of feeling, thinking, remembering, and hoping which were America's imaginative identity and which are truly a rich legacy.

Those men and their works which give us access to this tradition, both as it developed and as it continues to live have been organized into the following lessons for our year's

study:

Lesson 25 — Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter

Objective: To gain further insight into the American past and the human heart through a sympathetic reading of Hawthorne's masterpiece.

Lesson 26 — John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

Objective: To enter more fully into the nineteenth century by blending together Whittier's three voices as a Reformer, Quaker, and a New Englander. Lesson 27 — Whittier, Lover of New England

Objective: To study and appreciate Whittier's strong feelings toward place and time as revealed in his writings.

Lesson 28 — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, American Poet (1807-1882)

Objective: To renew acquaintance with Longfellow, America's best-loved and best-known poet.

Lesson 29 — The Cosmopolitan Longfellow

Objective: To free Longfellow from the easy judgments pronounced upon him by time, that we may properly evaluate his poetry.

Lesson 30 — James Russell Lowell (1819-1891)

Objective: To acknowledge Lowell as a representative symbol of mid-century American values and culture.

Lesson 31 — Edgar Allan Poe — The Pathos of His Life and Poetry (1809-1849)

Objective: To review Poe's life that we may more truly read his works.

Lesson 32 — Edgar Allan Poe — Artist of Word and Sentence

Objective: To see in Poe's writings an attempt to attain perfection in literary craftsmanship and to recognize his art as an escape from his own conflicts.

# Social Science—The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

Preview of Lessons for 1961-62

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

Course objective: To realize the importance of woman in the plan of salvation, through the full significance of her role in the family as a mother, companion, and covenanted partner in "subduing the earth" and attaining exaltation.

TO students of the social order, the family is the basic unit and largely the determining factor in a healthy, happy, and enduring society. The ups and downs of civilization have been related by these students to the variation in strength and stability of the family as a unit.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints places special importance upon family life. The Church is fully aware of the sociological importance expressed above. It re-emphasizes this importance, and goes much further by pointing out that happiness here is only one phase of family existence. It maintains and testifies to the world that the family is eternal, that the authority by which temple marriages are performed has the power to bind on earth and in heaven.

In order to qualify for such a marriage, one must translate into actions the principles of the gospel, emphasizing the law of chastity and the permanency and sacredness of the marriage covenant.

The major roles of the family are played by people of equal responsibility for the success, welfare, and advancement of all members. The gospel places direct responsibility upon the parents for teaching correct principles and for setting the

proper examples for the children to follow.

Much has been said and written about the men of the Church and their responsibility for the family. This year in our social science lessons we shall look at the place of woman and her responsibility in the home and in the program of the Church.

Scripturally, man is not without the woman in the sight of God, and exaltation in the highest order of the celestial kingdom of God cannot be attained without success in the marriage covenant. Therefore, we will consider in the first two lessons the eminence of the woman's position in the gospel of Jesus Christ, together with the equality she enjoys in the basic teachings and practices.

No one can enjoy eminence in our society without qualifying in terms of successful achievement. Possibly, the most worthy for this recognition are they who love their fellow men and devote their lives to service. In the third, fourth, and fifth lessons we will consider service as the mission of motherhood. No phase of life requires so much in patience, determination, selflessness, and complete dedication as true motherhood. In turn, nothing undertaken by human beings offers

greater rewards in terms of successful achievement than the mother who offers to society well-rounded, responsible, and achieving sons and daughters.

Society in general and the Church in particular depend upon the effectiveness of the family unit for the progress and fulfillment of the

great destiny of man.

In lessons six and seven we shall examine woman's influence in and contribution to the functioning of the Church program. Besides being a homemaker and companion to her husband and family members, she exerts a great influence on the activity of the Priesthood and in the realization of the objectives of the gospel.

The Priesthood leadership has expressed great confidence in women of the Church. They have recognized their mental ability, given expression to their creativeness, and encouraged them to increase their influence with their husbands and sons in the carrying out of their

Priesthood responsibilities.

The underlying objective of these lessons is to stimulate the women of the Church more fully to recognize their importance in the successful operation of the program of the Church, and to offer a challenge to improve their abilities so they can more effectively carry out their equal responsibilities in making the Latter-day Saint homes more distinctive in terms of what they produce.

THE EMINENCE OF WOMAN Lesson 1 — The Scripture and Woman's Place

Objective: To help the women of the

Church more fully to realize their divinely ordained position.

Lesson 2 — Full Equality in the Gospel Plan

Objective: To discover the true significance of unity in the marriage covenant.

SERVICE — THE MISSION OF MOTHERHOOD

Lesson 3 — Motherhood, the Highest Type of Service

Objective: To realize the implied obligation and the responsibility of motherhood.

Lesson 4 — Homemaking, a Creative Calling

Objective: To emphasize the importance of creating an environment of physical, intellectual, and spiritual beauty in the home.

Lesson 5 — Homemaking, a Creative Calling (Continued)

Objective: To help women realize the necessity of continued personal development.

WOMEN AND CHURCH ACTIVITY

Lesson 6 — How Women Share in the Blessings of the Priesthood

Objective: To increase our understanding of the way in which women participate in the blessings of the Priesthood.

Lesson 7 — Fulness of Life and Exaltation

Objective: To stress the importance of obedience to law in attaining the blessing of exaltation and to summarize woman's place in the gospel plan.

### Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year two new writers are represented among the authors of the lessons and introduced to readers of the Magazine. Biographical sketches of Elder Ariel S. Ballif, author of the social science lessons, and Mrs. Elaine Anderson Cannon, author of the work meeting discussions, follow:

ARIEL Smith Ballif was born in Logan, Utah, December 1, 1901, the son of John Lyman and Emma Smith Ballif. He married the former Artemesia (Arta) Romney, and is the father of five children.

His life-long service in the Church has included fifteen years of service in YMMIA, president of the elders' quorum, one of the seven presidents of his Seventies quorum. He has served also as bishop, high councilman, and stake president. Twice he has been called to serve in the New Zealand Mission. His first mission was spent as principal of the Maori Agricultural College. His most recent service in the mission field was as president of the New Zealand Mission during the building and dedication of the temple, and just prior to the division of the mission and organization of the first stake there. He is presently serving as patriarch of the East Provo Stake and has been called to work in the Salt Lake Temple, officiating in the sealing ordinances.

He graduated from Brigham Young University with the Bachelor degree and received his Doctor of Philosophy degree from the University of Southern California.

He taught in high school and

seminary before finishing his graduate study and before joining the faculty of Brigham Young University. At B. Y. U. he has served as chairman of the department of sociology and dean of the Summer School. He is listed in Who's Who in America, and is a member of the Academy of Arts and Science, Alpha Kappa Delta, and Phi Kappa Phi. He is a member of the board of directors for the Utah Conference of Social Work, and is serving as a member of the Governor's Committee on Aging for Utah, and the Utah State Detention Standards Committee. He is also an elected member of the Provo City Council.

ELAINE Anderson Cannon, a daughter of Aldon J. and Minnie E. Anderson, was born and educated in Salt Lake City. She graduated from the University of Utah with a degree in sociology and a career well on its way in journalism, for she was already Society and Women's Editor of the Deseret News.

Elaine married D. James Cannon, Tourist and Publicity Director for the State of Utah, in March 1943. Brother Cannon has been a bishop of Highland View, Monument Park Fifth, and Monument Park Tenth wards. They are the parents of two sons and four daughters.

For many years Sister Cannon has been a feature writer and has conducted her own column for teens in the Deseret News. She has also written for Church publications, MIA manuals, and has been a regional writer for Better Homes and Gar-

dens, as well as writing articles for other national magazines. The magazine Seventeen awarded her a oneof-a-kind citation for outstanding

work for youth.

She was a delegate to the Mid-Century White House Conference on Youth. She has been an instructor for the Brigham Young University Extension Division. For two years she had her own television show on KSL-TV. At the present time, Elaine is associated with the Improvement Era as an editor of the new Youth Section.

Her Church activities have included teaching and executive positions in all the women's auxiliary organizations. In Relief Society, she has been a ward theology class leader, visiting teacher message leader, and has served as a visiting teacher for many years.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see:

Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons, *The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1957, page 410.

Christine H. Robinson, author of the visiting teacher messages, June 1957, page 412.

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, author of the literature lessons, July 1949, page 471.

### Life

Catherine Bowles

The wheel of life turns slowly, Grinds out the sorrows and tears. Essence of happiness lingers That quiets our longings and fears. When love, wisdom, turn the wheel Then come blessings rich and real.

### SACRED MUSIC FOR THREE PART LADIES CHORUSES

COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER—Madsen
GOSPEL GIVES UNBOUNDED STRENGTH—Schreiner
GO YE FORTH WITH MY WORD—Madsen
IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS—Madsen25
INCLINE YOUR EAR—Wilkes25
IN THY FORM—Madsen
LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT FOR JOY—Stephens
LORD, GOD OF OUR FATHERS—Elgar
LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER— Verdi
LORD, WE DEDICATE THIS HOUSE TO THEE—Madsen20
OPEN OUR EYES—Macfarlane .25
THE 23rd PSALM—Schubert25
Music Sent on Approval

Use this advertisement as your order blank
DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah
Please send the music indicated above.

On Approval Charge
Money Enclosed

Name
Address
City & State



Salt Lake City 11, Utah

#### Earth-Borne

Marjorie C. Reay

You're such a sleek and handsome bird, Streamlined of wing and body feather. With practiced eye, you scan the scene And swoop and dive in graceful pirouette.

For us who watch in envy great,

Such freedom-marked, ballet precision,

The heart keeps crying out to you in vain,

Oh, sea gull, would that I could fly and fly

And loose these fetters that keep me here

Earth-borne.

# BEAUTIFUL HANDY DURABLE

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### To a Granddaughter

Christie Lund Coles

Child, you are all gold and light, Your eyes are stolen bits of night;

Your smile is morning, captured in Two dimples and a heart-shaped chin.

Your dainty, fairy footsteps run Delicately as the mottled sun;

Your hands are graceful as the wind, Or butterflies, bright, yellow-twinned.

Child, you are all light and gold, All of summer caught and retold.

### "Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right"

Celia Luce

"GREAT be the glory of those who do right," we sing in church. That line may call up pictures of mansions in heaven.

But doesn't that line apply just as well to folks here on earth? I know folks who shine with an inner glow of goodness that could almost be called a glory. Because they are looking for the good, they see it, and the world is a place of joy and wonder for them.

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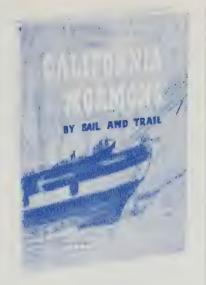
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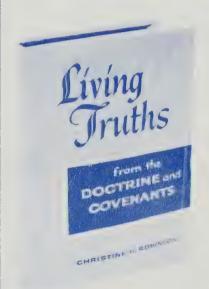
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## All Must Drink

#### Hazel Loomis

Who are these who water at the Bow, On feet as silent as a fawn And quiet as the falling snow?

Some come at dawn;
Some, with the evening star;
Some, with the full great bloom of sun.

Creatures of the air and wood Move as sunshine in the glade. All drink in peace — all unafraid.

Pray God, men, too, may know The gentle path of those who drink The cooling waters of the Bow.

The Bow River rises in the Canadian Rockies and is tributary to the Saskatchewan. The city of Calgary, home of many Latter-day Saints, is located on the Bow River.

The Cover: "This Is the Place" Monument, Salt Lake City, Utah

Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

Frontispiece: Bow River Valley, Alberta, Canada Photograph by Harold M. Lambert

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

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# From Near and Far

I love the Magazine. The covers are so beautiful and the April Magazine contained several articles that particularly appealed to me. "Kicking the Rock," by Celia Luce, and "On Second Thought," by Stella Hatch, gave me much pleasure. The Relief Society Conference address "Search for Knowledge and Understanding," by President Joseph Fielding Smith, was inspirational and gave a wonderful message. The story "Room for Jenny," by Dorothy S. Romney was really heart-touching.

—Lorraine Hatch
Boise, Idaho

I was particularly touched by Leslie Savage Clark's poem "Homecoming" and Marie Call Webb's "Idyll Moment" in the February 1961 issue of the Magazine. Our lovely Magazine inspires me to do my very best to live up to the ideals set for us as sisters in the Church.

—Judith Toone

Evanston, Illinois

How wonderfully blessed would be all the homes of the world, if they could be visited monthly by the spirit of our lovely Magazine. It uplifts us and supplies a spiritual need we all have. I feel that we should all take seriously the message of the poem "Set Your Kindred Free" (by Clara Lewis Jennings, May 1961).

—Mary D. Crowther

Malad, Idaho

I am a missionary in the Andes Mission, working now in Lima, Peru. My mother sends me The Relief Society Magazine, and I look forward to its coming each month. The short stories offer a pleasant diversion. My companion Lucile Hyer and I often read the stories to each other while we are cooking or mending. We have the wonderful opportunity of working with the Relief Society here in Lima. We have enjoyed reading and talking about "Orchids in the Snow" (serial by Rosa Lee Lloyd, concluded in December 1960), and now we are impatiently awaiting the next chapter of "Love Is Enough" by Mabel Harmer.

—Evelyn Darlington Lima, Peru I enjoy our Magazine very much, and I also enjoy the pictures on the covers, especially the February 1961 picture of the volcanic eruption (Kilauea Crater, Mauna Loa, Hawaii). It was beautiful.

–Kinuyo Fukada Hilo, Hawaii

I always enjoy The Relief Society Magazine. I don't have the will power that some of the sisters have to lay the Magazine aside until the work is done. I find it the best excuse in the world to stop right then and sit down and at least get the editorial and one article read. I have usually read the entire Magazine by the end of the day, and always feel uplifted and exhilarated.

—Winnifred C. Jardine

Colorado Springs, Colorado

I enjoyed reading the May issue of The Relief Society Magazine, and I wish to compliment the author of "Lovingly Remembered," Frances C. Yost, on her heartwarming story. The poetry in the May Magazine is beautiful. The art of poetry lends sparkle to our thoughts.

—Mrs. Dana S. Benson Malad, Idaho

I especially look forward each month to the continued story "Love Is Enough" by Mabel Harmer. It was a thrill to read about the Singing Mothers' concert tour, by President Belle S. Spafford. As I toured Europe in 1955 with the Tabernacle Choir and attended the dedication of the Swiss temple, I know in a small way what a thrill it was for the Singing Mothers and how much good they must have done. "Spring Housecleaning," by Hattie B. Maughan (May 1961) was so well done and carried a special message for me, as we have so recently moved from Logan, Utah, and Sister Maughan was our Utah State University Stake president. I am going to place a copy of the poem "Set Your Kindred Free" (by Clara Lewis Jennings, May 1961) in our genealogy book. All of the poems, stories, and features in the Magazine are an inspiration to me.

-Nola Thomas Vance
Sidney, Nebraska

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication	of the Relief Society of T	he Church of J	esus Christ of Latter-day Saints RD
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VOL. 48	JULY	1961	NO. 7
Reminiscings "The Precious Words	Con SPECIAL	tents FEATURES	
A Lesson in Love			Betty Lou Martin 446 Patricia Ann Middleton 453 Mabel Harmer 458
From Noor and Fan	GENERAL	FEATURES	426
Sixty Years Ago Woman's Sphere Editorial: The Ripening of the Wheat Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities Birthday Congratulations			Ramona W. Cannon 438 Vesta P. Crawford 440 Hulda Parker 465 496
Chast Marana I W	FEATURES FO	OR THE HOME	Shirley Thulin 450
Esther Chloe Settle M Afterglow Things Pavlova Cake Recipes for a Picnic	akes Toys for Relief Soc	iety Bazaars	Nancy M. Armstrong 451  Elsie C. Carroll 455  Frances A. Katene 455  Winnifred Jardine 456  Celia Luce 464

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER Theology — Records Are Important — Roy W. Doxey 472
Visiting Teacher Messages — "He That Prayeth." — Christine H. Robinson 478
Work Meeting — Manners Matter — Elaine Anderson Cannon 479
Literature — Nathaniel Hawthorne — The Scarlet Letter — Briant S. Jacobs 481
Social Science — The Scripture and Woman's Place — Ariel S. Ballif 487

Social Science — The Scripture and Woman's Place POETRY

All Must Drink — Frontispiece Hazel Loomis 425

Magnolia Bloom Ethel Jacobson 436

High Summer Maude Rubin 437

Wind-Whispering Wood Melba S. Payne 441

New Choir Member Ouida Johns Pedersen 444

New Choir Member Eva Willes Wangsgaard 449

A Time to Dream Eva Willes Wangsgaard 449

Fair Moon Catherine Bowles 451

Time Is Now Rose Thomas Graham 464

Blue Rock Rose Thomas Graham 464

Forgotten Things Grace Barker Wilson 494

Song for Remembering Evelyn Fjeldsted 495 Life Bouquet Ida Liaine James 495 Song for Remembering Evelyn Fjeldsted 495

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# Reminiscings

Camilla Eyring Kimball

A man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor (Alexander Smith).

THE happy life is not ushered in at any age "to the sound of drums and trumpets." It grows upon us year by year, little by little, until at last, we realize we have it. You do not find the happy life; you make it. We are continually being reminded these days that material things do not bring happiness, and yet, if we look about us at the struggle being made to accumulate worldly possessions, we know that few of us will admit that the simple life may bring the greatest peace of mind and real happiness. Far too many homes are filled with anxiety and discontent because of the struggle to accumulate things.

There are advantages in having one's life span from the horse and buggy days to the jet age. only by contrast that we can fully appreciate. I find delight in reliving my childhood spent in the days when the family was self-sufficient, and the small community was one big family. Let me recount for you the activities of yesterday which will bring memories to many of you and may sound like another world to young women of the present generation. Our social science lessons in Relief Society the past two years were designed to help us to have a more mature sense of values. The mature woman does not hesitate to admit her age, we were taught; so I dare to recall the activities of my childhood which will definitely date me.

As I enjoy the modern conven-Page 428

iences which make housekeeping comparatively easy, I recall the wood-burning stove in our kitchen, sixty years ago, which called for the gathering of chips to start the fire, chopping the wood and filling the wood box. We are prone to accept the hot and cold water coming from taps as a matter of course, but in the "good old days," we often dipped the water from the irrigation ditch to do the washing, and a well or a pump in the back yard was the beginning of luxury. Hot water was provided from a "reservoir" on the back of the kitchen stove or from the tea kettle which always had a way of being empty when hot water was most needed. On Saturday afternoon, the wash boiler or extra kettles were placed on the stove to heat water for the weekly baths so that all the family would be clean for Sunday. The kitchen became the bathroom, and each member of the family had his turn for a scrubbing, sitting in the number-three tub.

Monday was always washday. Clothes were put to soak the night before. Father would build a fire in the back yard, where the tub of water, resting on a circle of rocks, was heated. The clothes were scrubbed on a washboard and then put in the tub of water on the fire to be boiled. It took me many years in later life to be sure clothes could really be sanitary, if they had not been boiled. Then came the rinsing, the bluing, and hanging on

the line to dry in the sun. What a fresh, clean smell clothes thus washed do have! It was a matter of pride to be the first in the neighborhood to have your white clothes hanging on the line. There was real competition, too, to see whose clothes were the whitest. If they were tattle-tale gray, everyone in the neighborhood knew it, as well as all the passers-by.

Ironing day followed on Tuesday. The flatirons were heated on the kitchen stove. Sometimes the smoke from the fire came through the cracks around the lids, so one must be sure to wipe the iron carefully before using it. As the iron cooled, it was exchanged for a hot one. Ironing was a long and tiring task, but what can be more satisfying than freshly ironed, starched petticoats, dresses, and shirts? It gives a real sense of accomplishment when it is well done.

A daily chore was cleaning and filling the coal-oil lamps. The wick must be carefully trimmed so that the flame would be straight across. Washing and polishing the lamp chimneys was the hardest job of all. Sometimes I tried to get by with wiping them out with paper, but this didn't often pass inspection, and someone was sure to complain if the light was dimmed when we sat down to read or study.

Fall housecleaning meant turning the house inside out. The homemade carpets in the parlor and bedrooms were untacked from the floors, hung on the clothesline and beaten vigorously to get out all the dust. The straw padding was gathered up in tubs, the floor carefully washed, and when it was dry, a fresh padding of straw was spread, the

carpets replaced, stretched, and tacked. How we loved to walk over the freshly-laid carpets and feel and hear the new straw crunch underfoot.

In food preparation, do you ever stop to think how many prepared things you buy from the store in cans, bottles, and packages? None of these was then available. Yeast for making bread we usually obtained from a neighbor. I would carry a cup of sugar or flour in a small bucket and, in exchange, receive a quart of yeast made with hops. It was delicious to drink, and I kept taking sips as I carried it home so that Mother often exclaimed that there was probably not enough left to raise the dough.

URING the summer there was the almost continuous task of bottling fruits, vegetables, and meat. Drying apricots, peaches, and corn took many more hours. A special delicacy was homemade hominy. In the fall when the corn was harvested. we would shell it from the cob. Mother soaked the wood ashes in water to leach out the lye. The corn was then soaked in the lye water until the hull could be rubbed Then came repeated washings to get every trace of the lye out. When the hominy was cooked and seasoned with butter, it was delicious.

The fall season brought another happy experience, a trip to the molasses mill for a candy pull. I remember one occasion especially well. It was getting late in the evening before the candy was done, so to hasten the process of cooling, we poured the boiling candy into a bucket of cold water to cool it

quickly so we could pull it. Each of us reached in for a handful. was a bit too eager and got my hand under the boiling syrup as it was poured out. I carried the blisters and then scars of a bad burn for a long time.

Milk was not delivered in bottles or purchased from the store in cartons. Herding the cows in the pasture during the summer months was healthy work for the children. Sometimes they weren't as careful as they should have been and a cow would bloat from eating alfalfa. This called for quick action on the part of farm boys who knew how to put a gag in her mouth or even to "stick" the cow if she was badly bloated. Morning and evening after the cows were milked, Mother strained the warm milk into broad flat pans and placed them in the pantry for the cream to rise. Churning the cream into butter was sometimes a seemingly endless task, if the cream was too cold or too warm. Washing the butter and molding it into pound molds completed a task which took real skill, if the product was to be of first class quality. Fresh churned buttermilk was a valued product of the churning. The pans of clabbered milk were made into mounds of cottage cheese, or sometimes just to put a little sugar on the clabber made a delicacy for some members of the family.

The smell of roasting bran and molasses stirred frequently as it browned in the oven, or left-over pieces of bread toasted a dark brown are another fond memory. were steeped with water, strained, and served for breakfast with cream and sugar, as we prepare Postum.

Making soap was another of

Mother's accomplishments. In the back yard was a huge brass kettle into which all the waste fat from the kitchen and pieces of suet from the butchered beef were placed with water and lye. These were boiled together to the right consistency, determined by testing. When the soap was cooled and hardened it was cut into squares and put on a board to cure. Soap purchased from the store was a special luxury and used only as a toilet article.

"Ready-made" clothes from the store were unknown to us. Underwear, petticoats, dresses, coats, and shirts were all fashioned by busy hands at home. Carefully washed flour sacks were made into petticoats and panties. Sometimes the name of the milling company wouldn't wash out so that we might be labeled across the back. Father's worn-out suits were carefully washed and turned to make trousers for the boys. There was always a basket of stockings to darn. This was something Mother was especially careful about. No one was ever allowed to wear stockings or clothes that needed mending.

MOTHER was skilled at knitting, and I can still hear the click of the knitting needles as she knitted stockings for the family. This was her recreation, for she could read as she knit. Hand-knit wool stockings were a great trial to me, for they made my legs itch unmercifully. Father, on the other hand, felt that he couldn't wear any socks except the wool ones Mother knitted. Besides the stockings, she knit many yards of beautiful lace for pillow slips and aprons.

Piecing and making quilts were

other never finished jobs. Mother took the wool which had been sheared and soaked and washed it. We children had the task of "picking" or loosening the matted fibers. Then Mother would card it into numerous small batts which she used for the filling of the quilts. When the quilt was ready on the frames, friends and relatives came for an all-day quilting bee. This was a real social occasion and a chance for a good visit.

ALL worn-out clothing was carefully washed, then torn or cut into short or long strips about an inch wide. These strips were sewed together in hit and miss color combinations and then wound into big balls. The balls were stored in the closet until enough accumulated to have a new rag carpet or smaller rugs woven on the hand loom.

Transportation was slow, but it was fun. There were always horses or burros to ride. Young people loved to go for hayrack rides in the moonlight, singing as they rode. Father had a span of extra fancy horses, and when we made the eighteen-mile journey in three hours to visit Grandmother, it was speed to talk about, quite as exciting as a jet plane ride today. And Grandma added another skill to those of my mother. She took the wheat straws and made beautiful braid which she sewed into hats for all the family.

As you know, there were no movies, TV, or radio or any commercial entertainment; but locally produced theatricals were most exciting. You knew the hero and villain personally, which added to the interest. Everyone who wished

to, had an opportunity to take part in the entertainment productions. Between acts there were songs, recitations, and instrumental musical selections. The weekly dances were a community activity, where young and old danced the quadrille, the schottische, and the Virginia reel together. What fun!

There were no hospitals, doctors, or registered nurses, so the health of the community was everyone's concern. The Relief Society sisters were real angels of mercy, caring for the sick and comforting the distressed. When there was a death, it was the Relief Society sisters who cared for the body, made the burial clothes, and dressed the corpse. The men made the coffin, and the sisters lined it carefully. The grave was dug by friends, and when the coffin was lowered, the friends carefully covered the grave, while everyone stayed to comfort the mourners. The sorrow of one was the sorrow of the entire community.

I am grateful for the wonderful modern conveniences and for all the exciting developments modern science has brought us. But I know they do not automatically bring happiness. There were some advantages in the busy, self-sufficient days of yesteryear. Some of that simple life can be recaptured with family camping trips or visits to rural areas. Such experiences should help us to re-evaluate and remind us that we should not take our luxuries for granted nor consider them all-important. Happiness is achieved in individuals, not by flights to the moon or Mars, but in the satisfaction of mature adjustment to life as we find it.

Thanks in old age . . . for precious ever-lingering memories (Walt Whitman).

### The Missing Ingredient

Pansye H. Powell

A T four o'clock Miss Fannie placed the last jar of cherry preserves on the cellar shelf and stood back contentedly to survey the results of the hard work she had been doing for two days. There they were, lined up neatly in a row all to themselves — twenty pint jars of what she hoped would be the best cherry preserves put up that year in Clinton County.

Her hope was based upon experience. For thirty years Miss Fannie Himes had taken the blue ribbon at the Clinton County Fair for the unsurpassed tastiness of her cherry She had experimented preserves. with recipes, finding none that produced results entirely to her liking, adding to and taking away from the original ingredients, until, finally, she had developed a recipe that never failed to win her plaudits from the judges. The slightly tart, uncloying sweetness of her red cherry preserves had no equal, so the critics had said

To Miss Fannie this yearly tribute to her cooking ability was life's greatest achievement. She looked forward to it all during the long dull winter when, sometimes for weeks together, she was marooned in her farmhouse, connected to the rest of her world by only the telephone, and that, too, at times made useless by heavy sleet that froze on the wires.

Working around in her spotlessly clean home, she would pause to look out across the snow-covered lawn to her orchard, where the cherry trees stood silently enduring the on-

slaught of cold weather. She knew they would live through it, they always had, but she suffered with them as the winds rattled their branches together and even broke off some of the precious twigs that would have borne crimson cargo. She dreamed in those long cold months of the coming spring, when the carefully pruned trees would break into bloom, every blossom a promise of greater bounty to come. To Miss Fannie, at seventy-five, the annual burgeoning of her cherry trees held spiritual significance; it was uplifting and moving, but she admitted privately and pridefully, it promised earthly glory, too.

Now, down in her cool cellar, she looked carefully at each jar and moved a few that were not exactly in line with the others. Everything Miss Fannie did was always done neatly and with care. The cellar bin for her potatoes was kept as clean as her kitchen cupboard shelves. Her apple bin still sheltered a few of last year's Jonathans, each wrapped in its protective paper covering. The shelves above the bins held her store of home-canned tomatoes, green beans, spinach, peaches, and pears, and even some jars of meat. had some relish left, too; but an unusually confining winter had caused her to use much of her available store of fruit and vegetables, so now she was planning how to replenish The cherry preserves had been her first product of this year's crops, and they were beautiful, indeed.

"Miss Fannie!" A voice called from the yard above her.

year after year.

She knew the voice. Carol Watkins was her closest neighbor, the young city-bred wife whom Ronnie Watkins had met at the university and brought home to share his life on the farm he had inherited from his parents. Miss Fannie had known Ronnie all his life, so she had been prepared to like his wife, and she did like her, although Carol's home economics training at times had caused her and Miss Fannie to see things in different lights.

Miss Fannie called out cordially: "I'm in the cellar, Carol. Come on down here."

A moment later a pretty girl of twenty in a freshly ironed pink gingham dress came down the steps, walking carefully so as not to drop the pint jar she was carrying.

"I brought you a sample of my cherry preserves," she announced. "Of course, they are not nearly so good as yours are, but I'd like you to try them."

"Why, thanks, Carol." Miss Fannie spoke sincerely, for she appreciated the way Carol was always thinking of her and doing little things to please her. "I'll tell you what let's do. It's about time for a snack, isn't it? Let's go up to the kitchen and I'll make us a cup of Postum and I'll try your preserves right now while you're here."

Miss Fannie gave a last maternal look at the row of cherry preserves and then led the way up the stairs. She shut the cellar door carefully behind her, then conducted Carol through the back porch to the cheerful kitchen that still smelled of hot preserves.

"You sit down over there by the

table," she said, "while I heat some water in a jiffy."

She busied herself about the stove, while Carol sat at the table. Miss Fannie went on talking as she got out a loaf of homemade bread and a dish of rich yellow butter molded in a rectangle.

"I'll serve you some of my cherry preserves," she said. "I always keep some that are left over from the canning, for just such occasions as this."

"I'd love to taste your preserves," Carol said delightedly. "Ronnie has told me how delicious they are, and how you have won the county fair prize for so many years."

"Practice — that's all," Miss Fannie replied. "Make preserves as many years as I have, and 'most anybody ought to win a prize."

"I'm not so sure about that," Carol laughed. "They say you've got the secret ingredient that makes all other people's cherries seem insipid in contrast. Mine will probably taste the same way."

Miss Fannie spread a clean white cloth on the table and placed two of her best plates on it.

"Now," she said to Carol, "you get the silver and napkins and the cups and saucers and we're about ready."

While Carol carried out her instructions, Miss Fannie took two identical small glass dishes from the cupboard and emptied some of her own preserves into one and some of Carol's into the other. Then she set the preserves on the table, Carol's at one place and her own at the other.

While Miss Fannie went to the stove to pour the water, Carol finished making the table ready, moving the glass dishes as she did so to make room for the cups and saucers at each place. In returning the glass dishes to their former position, she inadvertently placed them in reverse order, so that now Miss Fannie was being served her own preserves.

"Now, are we all ready?" Miss Fannie beamed over her cup of

Postum.

She sat down at her place and they bowed their heads in prayer. Miss Fannie buttered a piece of bread and spread it with the preserves that were by her plate. As she tasted the first bite of the bread, a strange look came over her face. She looked at the two glass dishes, but discovered that the preserves in the two dishes were identical in color. Carol, who had not tasted the preserves yet, was unaware that Miss Fannie was disturbed.

SURELY, Miss Fannie thought, surely, Carol hadn't made these preserves. Why, they are every bit as good as mine! Could a girl just out of school do what it took me almost forty years to learn to do?

By this time Carol had prepared a piece of bread for herself and was eating it. She smiled suddenly. "How do you like my preserves, Miss Fannie?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

Miss Fannie answered at once, "These are very good, Carol. They're

every bit as good as mine."

Carol laughed gaily. "They are yours, Miss Fannie! I guess I must have changed the places when I was setting the table. Here, you try some of mine, now. I'll bet you won't think mine are every bit as good as yours."

Carol handed Miss Fanny the dish containing her own preserves

and watched anxiously as Miss Fannie spread some of the cherries on a piece of bread and tasted them with the air of a connoisseur; then, as Miss Fannie smiled at her, she sat back in her chair and awaited the verdict.

"They are very nice," Miss Fannie

said sincerely.

"But they aren't quite the way they ought to be," Carol declared. "I'll never be content until they are. I'll keep trying, though. If I could make cherry preserves like yours, I'd really think I was a good cook. There are things a person can't learn out of a book about cooking, I know. It takes experience and sometimes just a little thing to make the difference between something really good and something just so-so. Don't you think that's right?"

"I do think it is true," Miss Fannie answered. "I tried for a long time to find just the right length of time to cook my preserves, and the right proportion of sugar and cherries. Even now, sometimes, I

do not do them just right."

"They taste just right to me," Carol declared," and I hope you win the blue ribbon again this year. You truly deserve it. Now, I think I'd better be getting on home. Ronnie wanted supper early so he could go to a Farm Bureau meeting tonight. If you'll excuse me, Miss Fannie, I'll run along now."

And Carol was gone, a flash of pink out the door and past the kitchen window. Miss Fannie heard her car start up and listened as the sound died out down the lane.

SITTING alone at the table, Miss Fannie thought back over Carol's visit. Somehow she felt as though something had gone wrong, and she was vaguely dissatisfied with herself as she reconstructed the conversation she had had with Carol. Miss Fannie was a very honest person, with others and with herself. When she remembered what she had thought when she first tasted the preserves and believed them to be Carol's, she knew she had allowed herself to feel envy, for only a second, indeed, but it had been in her mind. Now she brought herself to task sharply.

OF all the people who knew Miss Fannie — and she was known by everyone who lived within a radius of twenty miles of the home where she had lived all her life - no one would ever have suspected her of being proud. She was loved for her generosity, her benevolence, her fairness, and her honesty. No one could look at Miss Fannie's fresh rosy cheeks, her plump figure, her clear blue eyes, and feel that behind this facade there lurked one little fault. No one knew better than Miss Fannie herself what her failing was. Now, as she sat alone in her kitchen with the sound of the car retreating down the lane, Miss Fannie once more faced her weakness acknowledged that pride in her achievement had intervened between her and what secretly she knew she ought to do — share with Carol the knowledge she had gained over so many years.

Why, she demanded of herself, shouldn't a younger woman be able to produce cherry preserves like hers? Did everything in the world have to come the hard way, as her special ability had? Wasn't it why people struggled and worked that

they might pass on to others their knowledge and make life easier for them? She knew, now that she thought over the conversation, that Carol had wanted her to say what was wrong with the preserves that Carol had brought her. And she had said nothing, selfishly hoarding her knowledge, not realizing, really.

Miss Fannie knew what it would mean if she did share her knowledge with Carol. The tempting picture of the exhibit at the County Fair was often in her mind: the judges examining so carefully each jar; the blue ribbon; the exclamations of her friends and of people who didn't even know her; the priceless moments of the only real distinction she had ever had - she who had quit school when she was fourteen to take care of her sick mother; who remained at home after her mother's death to manage her father's household; who never had a chance to go to college to learn to do things the easy way - all to be cast aside to allow someone younger to place in the competition.

There was another little voice that spoke to Fannie, sometimes, when she least expected it. Now it made itself heard again: "Fannie, just how long do you expect to be in this business? You're seventy-five, Fannie, and there comes a day when your work should let up, you know. Isn't it about time to let someone younger take over?"

Of course, Carol was the most logical person in the world to pick up where Miss Fannie would let go. Carol's preserves were good; with a little extra coaching she should be able to duplicate Miss Fannie's achievement, especially if Miss Fannie did the coaching.

The little voice was trying again. "You're seventy-five, Fannie. Time to retire, isn't it? Time to share your greatest achievement? Why don't you try, Fannie? Isn't it selfish to want all the honor for yourself?"

The nagging little voice kept on, and the one word that echoed and re-echoed in Miss Fannie's mind was

selfish, selfish, selfish.

"I won't be selfish," she heard herself saying. "I'll call Carol right now and tell her to come over."

Immediately she found herself at the telephone, dialing her nearest neighbor's number. Ronnie answered. Miss Fannie didn't ask for Carol, but spoke quickly to Ronnie.

"Ronnie, this is Miss Fannie. Is Carol going with you to the Farm

Bureau meeting tonight?"

"Why, no, I believe not. It's just a committee meeting for some men."

"Then you bring her over here to stay with me while you're gone. You tell her I said it's very important that she come, and I don't want no for an answer. You bring her, Ronnie, will you?"

"I sure will, Miss Fannie, I sure will."

Miss Fannie hung up the receiver with a strange feeling of having come to either the end of something or the beginning, and she wasn't sure which. Maybe, she thought, it's both — the end of my prize-winning days and the beginning of Carol's.

Carol arrived at seven-thirty. She and Miss Fannie had a long session, during which Carol took copious notes and after which she kissed Miss Fannie goodbye heartily.

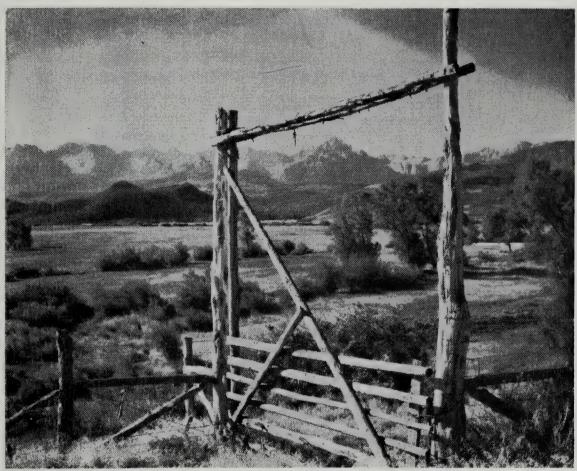
Miss Fannie walked slowly up her stairs that night. The day had been a hard one and she needed rest. Though her body was tired, her mind was clear, her conscience free. In fact, she felt whole, as though that part of her character which had been missing had suddenly popped into its place and now she was the kind of person that she ought to be.

Her evening prayer was one of gratitude that all this should be so. "Amen," she said at the end of her prayer — and then she repeated softly and with deep conviction, "Amen!"

### Magnolia Bloom

Ethel Jacobson

Who carved the moon
Into this sculptured shell,
This opulent
And pearl-petaled bell,
And hung it from
The brooding bough of night
To chime there
In its own hushed lunar light?



Don Knight

SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS NEAR RIDGEWAY, COLORADO

### High Summer

#### Maude Rubin

She climbs these icy peaks like a mountaineer,
Taking the steepest trails in easy stages;
Stopping to pluck snow-lilies — or to hear
First call of grouse, a pine-squirrel's chattered rages;
Picking her careful steps through grama grass,
She touches lichens with a bloom of rust;
And in each snow-packed crevice of the pass,
She flings anemones with lavish trust
That winter's had its day! Though pasque-flower buds
May need their furry coats, though sun's deceiving
Kiss may change to wolf-wind episodes,
We hug this bright illusion. . . . Not for grieving,
This blue enchantment! Although no early-comer,
Welcome her, welcome her . . . cherish this brief, high summer!

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, July 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women OF ALL NATIONS'

DAUGHTERS OF THE PIONEERS: . . . the Gospel is so broad, so beautiful that its wings fold themselves lovingly about every child of earth. . . . There is, then, a higher standard. That of Christ. If any among you would be great, let him be least and the servant of all. . . . Help for the weak, succor for the poor, aid to the struggling and peace for the tried and tempted. . . . To be known for loving humility, for patient endurance, for constant helpfulness! To frown upon sin and deceit, to discourage vanity, extravagance, highmindedness and all other worldliness. . . .

#### A CENTURY POEM, 1901

While Pacific waters murmur, The century comes to me; Be careful of your blessings, In the homes of people free, 'Neath the grand old mountain shadows, We slumbered ere the morn. No voice had round us thundered. "The century is born! . . ." —Emily B. Spencer

—Susa Young Gates

ABOUT ART: There is nowadays a great deal of talk about art, and it is an understood fact that art enters into many things in life besides pictures. Recently some facts about art were given at the farewell meeting of Sorosis in New York City. . . . One lady . . . said the whole art of life is to learn real things from shams; to learn how to strip the husks away and get at the kernel; how to absorb that kernel in our own lives; transform its energy by our own individuality in the expression of ourselves in terms of work and conduct. . . .

#### -Selected

THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH: . . . to prolong human life is one of the principles taught by our Prophet Joseph Smith and others of our wise men, and in order to do so one must obey the laws of nature, the higher laws taught by revelation to the Latter-day Saints. Very few people really abide by the regulations they know to be advantageous to life and health, but promise themselves, perchance, bye and bye . . . they will examine their own accounts, not financially, but generally, and compare them with what the Lord has said in the revelations given in the latter days, and see if they compare well with the written instructions, and take care of the bodies given them, and seek by all legitimate means to preserve their health and strength, that they may not come under condemnation for not taking care of their mortal bodies.

—Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN SOUTH SANPETE: President Alvira L. Cox made opening remarks, reminded the sisters . . . of the necessity of cultivating faith. . . . Sister Julia C. Howe, of Salt Lake City . . . dwelt on the importance of the mission of the teachers. . . . Spoke of the necessity of teachers seeking Divine aid, that



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. LOUISE SEVIER GID-DINGS CURREY, of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, mother of six children and "champion of all neglected children," was chosen American Mother of the Year for 1961, at the Conference of Mothers in New York City, in May. Mrs. Currey is noted for her efforts to improve juvenile court conditions, working especially for the separation of neglected and dependent children from delinquents.

MRS. NETTIE JANE BARBER WILCOX, seventy-nine, of Kaysville, is Utah's Mother of the Year for 1961. Left a widow at the age of thirty-seven, she reared seven children, of whom six survive, and also two grandsons. They are intelligent, well mannered and useful members of their communities. Her aim was to build character in her own children and in the thousands of young people who ate at her famous high-school "Beanery" for twenty-seven years, where they enjoyed her homemade chili, meat pies, and soup, and frequently sought her advice as a bonus. Active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Mrs. Wilcox is also a member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She is noted for her beautiful handiwork and for her success at raising flowers and plants.

MRS. REVA BECK BOSONE, formerly a judge in Salt Lake City, has been appointed by President Kennedy as Judicial Officer of the United States Post Office Department. Prior to the appointment, she was Legal Counsel for the Safety and Compensation Subcommittee of the House Labor Committee.

FOUR hundred five women received M.D. degrees last year, according to Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, Executive Vice-President of the American Medical Association. He reported that there are now more than 13,000 women doctors in the United States; but the Association hopes that there will be far more women doctors. The present number is only five and one-half per cent of the physicians in the country.

MRS. AMELIA D. EVERETT, Oakland, California, a Latterday Saint, has recently completed a research study of the ship Brooklyn, which sailed from New York City, February 4, 1846, for San Francisco, with over two hundred Latter-day Saints aboard. The ship passed through the Golden Gate July 31, 1846. Part of Mrs. Everett's scholarly monograph has been printed in the California Historical Society Quarterly.

### The Ripening of the Wheat

NOW, in July, as the summer comes to its fulfillment and turns toward the time of golden days, many wheat fields in Northern Hemisphere begin change in color from deep green to shades of living gold. All beautiful, in furrowed lands, the wheat fields ripple on the plains, in the wide valleys, and along the shining reaches of those acres that lie between the shadows of the mountains and the vast and level lowlands. Watered by recurrent rain, irrigated by silver furrows, or reclaimed from the wilderness, the wheat fields lift their spears of plenty.

When the wind ruffles the waves of wheat, there seems to be a pervading music that moves in a harmony of sound. For wheat is an ancient grain which has provided food for many people and many na-

tions.

In the valleys of the western mountains, the pioneers turned the sagebrush sod and diverted the living water to their early fields. And the wheat grew tall and beautiful. In those arid places where no streams were found, the dry land wheat flourished as an answer to need and work and prayer. A man looking upon a field of yellow wheat is a picture long treasured by those who know that wheat to many is life and bread and fulfillment. A woman gleaning along the edge of a field, gathering golden wheat heads into

her apron, is a view from the past to be remembered as long as children's hands reach for bread, as long as there is hunger in the world.

Of special significance to Relief Society women everywhere is the story of wheat, its gleaning and its saving for a time of need — symbolic of deeds of charity. "The granaries of the Lord must be filled to overflowing," the pioneer women declared, and with the strength of their faith, they gleaned in the fields, their purpose as beautiful as that which motivated Ruth in the olden field of Boaz.

Many women had made their individual gleanings and their storage of the golden grain before President Brigham Young, in 1876, directed the pioneer women, "I want to give you a mission . . . I want you to save the grain." Bins were made, granaries were built, barrels were filled with grain. The women raised wheat, harvested wheat, and stored the grain against a time of hunger. By the autumn of 1877, more than ten thousand bushels had been stored — and that was only the beginning. In the years that followed, much of the wheat was distributed to the poor, and later, during World War I, Relief Society wheat was sold to the United States Government. Funds from the Wheat Trust still provide the precious grain against a day of need.

It is in harmony with a heritage

EDITORIAL 441

of thrift and charity that the sheaf of wheat and the golden grain have become a symbol for the sisterhood. Bound sheaves of wheat adorn the granite wall between the upper and the lower windows of the Relief Society Building. A border of wheat surrounds the representation of the members of the first Relief Society on the Centennial plate — 1842-1942. A similar border of great beauty appears upon the plate made in honor of the dedication of the Relief Society Building in 1956 the lovely plate upon which are etched the photographs of the nine General Presidents of Relief Society. The seal of Relief Society bears the symbol of the wheat.

To all in the sisterhood, the wheat has become prayer and promise — seed and grain — dream and

fulfillment — symbol and strength.

For some women the golden grain has a special meaning. A thousand bushels of wheat grew on a western "dry farm" in the first year of tillage in an arid upland. Other crops followed, but some years the fields were moving billows of dust, and only withered stalks murmured in the wind. Then there came a time of ample harvest, when a father and his daughter stood and looked at the golden fields leaning up against the cedared hills, and the father said, "There is your college education." They stood there, misty-eyed and still, before the wonder of it. The wheat became halls of learning, poetry, music, drama, art, science, history, religion. The wheat became praise and rejoicing.

-V.P.C.

### Wind-Whispering Wood

Melba S. Payne

We were there in early morning, In a bleak wind-whispering wood. With springtime in her prelude, And so grateful that we could Stand where Joseph knelt to pray, And where the Savior stood On a greener, brighter morning In that wind-whispering wood.

Hand in hand together,
We said our morning prayer
To ask his care and guidance
While we traveled on from there.
A peaceful moment's magic
Embraced us where we stood,
Refreshed in faith — and humble, too,
In that wind-whispering wood.

### "The Precious Words"

May C. Hammond

Assistant Professor of Education, Brigham Young University

He ate and drank the precious words, His spirit grew robust; He knew no more that he was poor, Nor that his fame was dust.

He danced along the dingy days, And this bequest of wings Was but a book. What liberty A loosened spirit brings!

Emily Dickinson
From The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson
Little, Brown & Company, Publishers
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In today's world of television, radio, and the wealth of modern inventions, we are tempted to ask ourselves if reading, as a form of entertainment and leisure-time enjoyment, has not been completely outmoded. In many places, at the turn of a switch, children are able to find any kind of entertainment that meets their taste or the mood of the moment, and with little or no effort on their part.

The case for reading, however, is not quite as hopeless as it would seem to be. Surveys show that to-day's children read more than at any time in the past. More children's books are sold and more hours are spent in reading. This may not mean that children read more in the home. The schools are more conscious of the need for reading, and most school libraries are more generously stocked than ever before.

Children need books today perhaps more than at any other period in history. They need good books to combat, if possible, the blood and violence, the banal and the vulgar, and the false philosophy of glitter and glamor to which so many of them are exposed for many hours each day.

Why do children read? Children read to lose themselves. A child will lose himself in a book that takes him into far places, to distant corners of his own country, or to faraway places in other lands. A book may take him into the past and make history come alive for him. In fact, books can give children the key to

great minds of all ages.

Children read to lose themselves, but they also read to find themselves. Books help them to "try on life for size" — to experience life vicariously with a character within the pages of a book. The child faces with this book character joy or sorrow, or meets with him the daily problems of living. He is savoring life as other people live it. He sees "the wonder of brave human hearts which dare the impossible, fall or suffer only to rise and sing again." He is acquiring meanings and values and is gaining an understanding of himself and of other people. is important during his growing As James Stevens so aptly expresses it, "What the heart knows

today the head will understand tomorrow."

Children's purposes, first of all, are entertainment and enjoyment. Every child should have a chance to choose according to his own special needs and tastes. The parent or teacher who attempts to give guidance should show the greatest respect for the child's judgment. It does no good to press a child into reading a book just because it is good for him. Robert Lawson says that against such practices, a child might stage a sitdown strike or a policy of non-co-operation.

This does not mean that an adult is helpless in the matter of guidance. Children trust the judgment of an adult who has proved himself worthy. Often a brief comment, "This book looks like fun," or "Here is something you might enjoy," will be all that is necessary. Sometimes a brief introduction from one who has read the book is valuable. Librarians can offer good help, and teachers are becoming more and more familiar with good books.

Walter de la Mare, an English poet, tells us that only the very best of anything is good enough for children. When he writes, whether it is poetry or prose, we may be sure that children are getting the very best.

A good book should have an adequate theme and a strong, vigorous plot. The characters should be real flesh and blood individuals who are doers and who achieve their worthy goals. The style should be so absorbing that it will carry the child on to the conclusion with a feeling of satisfaction and delight.

Elizabeth Nesbitt says, "Literature is nonexistent without the twin qualities of beauty of idea and beauty of expression." In many of the fine books for children we find both these "twin qualities."

All children read some books which are of doubtful value, but at the same time, if they are developing a solid foundation of real, worthwhile literature, we have nothing to fear.

Let us help children to find the best. Let us give them books that will make them weep and books that will shake them with laughter — books "that will give them goose flesh and glimpses of glory." Let us give them wisdom and beauty — "the precious words."

#### BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR AGE GROUP TEN YEARS OLD TO TEEN AGE

CLARK, ANN NOLAN: Little Navajo Bluebird, Viking Press, New York.

The great love this little Navajo girl has for her home and family and for the old ways of life is beautifully portrayed.

CLARK, ANN NOLAN: Santiago, Viking Press, New York.

Santiago's adventures take the reader into the cities and the forests of Guatemala until he finally finds his place in the sun. The story is told with great beauty of style and is fraught with wisdom.

COBLENTZ, CATHERINE CATE: The Blue Cat of Casteltown, Longmans, Green, and Company, New York.

The blue cat is like a knight on a quest, the quest of "beauty, peace, and content."

This is a beautifully written book for reading aloud.

- DeJong, Meindert: The Wheel on the School, Harper and Brothers, New York.

  On the tiny island of Shora, in Holland, the project of six school children unites the village in an experience of co-operation.
- Estes, Eleanor: The Moffats, Harcourt, Brace, and Company, New York.

  The troubles and the joys of a family tied together by love and affection make the books of the Moffat series very enjoyable reading. There are three books in the series.
- FORBES, ESTHER: Johnny Tremain, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

  Through this fine story of a young silversmith apprentice, the author paints a vivid picture of the beginning days of the American Revolution. One of the finest junior novels.
- Grahame, Kenneth: The Wind in the Willows, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. There are beauty and joy, poetry and nonsense combined in this great English masterpiece. Those who love it read it again and again.
- Henry, Marguerite: King of the Wind, Rand McNally Company, Chicago.

  The story of the famous Godalphin Arabian who sired a line of thoroughbreds from which Man O'War descended.
- Krumgold, Joseph: Onion John, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

  This story of the age-old conflict between father and son is told with humor and compassion.
- Spears, Elizabeth George: The Witch of Blackbird Pond, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

  This is the story of a high-spirited girl whose rebellion against bigotry and injustice culminates in a terrifying witch hunt.
- Sperry, Armstrong: Call It Courage, The Macmillan Company, New York.

  This is the story of Mafatu, the boy who was afraid. How he finally proved that he had conquered his fear, makes a satisfactory ending to a fine adventure story.
- STREET, JAMES: Goodbye My Lady, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

  This is a beautiful and moving tale of a dog, a boy, and an old man. It is fiction at its finest and best.
- WHITE, E. B.: Charlotte's Web, Harper and Brothers, New York.

  Only E. B. White could create such delightful nonsense as this story of Wilber (a pig) and his dear friend Charlotte (a spider). Excellent reading for the whole family.

### New Choir Member

Ouida Johns Pedersen

The meadow larks announce with fluid note
The day's arrival. Every summer throat
Of bird in tree, or perched on city wire,
Mocks the morning sunrise with the fire
Of singing. Though earthbound here and kinned to silence, I
Tentatively lift my voice . . . and trv.

### "It Was Easy, My Child"

Mabel Law Atkinson

"GRANNY, how could you leave the comfort and beauty of your home and gardens in England and push a handcart all the way across the plains to build a new home in a desolate valley?" Lynette's youthful face registered incredulity.

"It was easy, my child," Granny answered simply, "for I was as young as you at the time, and I had my John, and we both loved the Lord and desired more than anything else to do his will." Her smile was tender as she continued, "And I had the miracle of life beneath my heart."

"How beautifully you say it, Granny; but surely you got discouraged when the sun beat hot upon your head and your feet were blistered. What did you do then? Or didn't you ever feel discouraged?"

"Yes, my dear. At times there were shadows, but always John and I would work the magic to bring the sunshine again. I remember the time I was so weary that I felt I could not take another step, when John placed me on the cart and pulled us both. Soon my heart was singing, and I was refreshed and insisted that I get down, and I was able to go on."

"And Grandpa, Granny? What did you do when he got discouraged and tired? Surely you couldn't car-

ry him?"

"No, Lynette, I couldn't, but I could lift his burden by smiling through my tears and speaking the words of love and praise and appreciation I felt in my heart and which he loved to hear, the words so dear to one who loves deeply. A tender kiss on his thin cheek and

a caress and the words, 'I know, John . . . I know . . .' and the smile would return to his parched lips, his step would quicken and he would say, 'It's all right, Jeanie, I can make it.'"

"But what if both of you got discouraged at the same time? Did that ever happen?"

"Yes, many times. And when it did, we looked around to see someone whose burdens were greater than ours and helped bear his load. I remember the gratitude of the young girl-mother whom we cheered in every little way we could when she lost her baby. As we thought of her little one buried beside the trail, we felt we were blessed indeed and rich. When Aunt Martha, as we called her, became too ill to walk and her husband was too old and tired to pull her added weight in his cart, John and I put her in ours and we found our burden was lifted, and found ourselves singing as we went on our journey."

"But, Granny," Lynette's voice was reverent and almost a whisper, "Grandpa died on the long trek. Surely, you faltered then, going on alone?"

Granny's voice was low and gentle but serenely sure as she answered, "I kept on doing as John and I had done together. Often as I wiped the dust and tears from children's faces, I thought of my own little one to be born in God's valley from which we would never be driven." She paused a moment then went on softly, "And I did not go on alone, my dear. You see the spirit of the Lord was with me all the way."

### A Very Special Place

Betty Lou Martin

THE car moved up the wide stretch of road and then, turning off the main thoroughfare, headed upward, steadily rising above the city. The mountains appeared large and luminous, and the homes were outlined in the distance, making a colorful patchworkquilt effect.

Donna Arnold breathed a sigh. "Oh, Chris, it is truly beautiful up here. In fact, I believe that this is the most beautiful city in the

world."

Chris Arnold smiled at his wife. "I agree that it is beautiful, Donna, but I think you are unusually fond of it because it is going to be your new home."

"No, dear, I've always been enchanted by it, even as a child when I used to come here to visit. It has such wide and beautiful streets and such a clean appearance, as if it had

just been freshly scrubbed."

"We should be coming to the house that the real estate agency told us about. Sam Cooper said it should be just what we're looking for," Chris commented, as he maneuvered the car expertly up the hill.

"I am truly excited about moving here, although I will miss our friends and relatives at home. Just think, dear, a brand new home, in a beautiful city, and you with a promotion in your job. Isn't it wonderful?" Donna could not hide her enthusiasm.

"Yes, we are very fortunate. I will be glad to get things settled here quickly so we can bring the children."

"I just couldn't see taking them out of school until we were more settled. We'll probably have quite a time trying to unspoil them after they have been with your folks," Donna added smiling.

Chris grinned. "I know, dear, but with your folks living here in the city now, it will be interesting to see just whose folks do the best job

of spoiling them."

"I guess that grandparents feel that it is their privilege to spoil them. I don't know, though. It is plenty hard on the parents."

"I think this is the house." Chris

motioned to his wife.

He stopped in front of a rambling, red-brick house. Donna was the first one out of the car, and Christried to keep up with her as she hurried up the walk.

"Oh, Chris, it is even more beautiful than Mr. Cooper described it to us. Hurry, dear, I can't wait to see it."

Donna stood on the porch waiting for her husband to unlock the door. When they entered the house, they were both awed by its spaciousness and the good taste shown in its decorating.

"I can't imagine anyone ever wanting to sell this house, Chris. Whoever lived here before certainly took good care of it," Donna said as they went from room to room investigating each segment of the house.

The rumpus room boasted a door leading directly to the patio which faced the west overlooking the entire valley.

EVENING was just falling over the city. Here and there in the distance a light flickered on. A gentle breeze stirred Donna's blonde hair, and the fresh air brought out the color in her cheeks. Her blue eyes twinkled happily as she took hold of Chris' hand and gently squeezed it. He looked down at his wife knowingly. There wasn't any need to speak. As they stood there on the patio with the valley stretching before them, they both knew that this was the home they had dreamed of and planned for ever since they had been married.

Donna was filled with plans and dreams for their future, and she chattered constantly about them on their ride back to the city. Chris listened, amused at his wife, but he, too, had to admit that he was just

as happy as Donna.

"I am sure that we will be able to swing it with my new promotion, without living beyond our means," Chris told Donna. "I'll talk to Sam Cooper, and tell him to hold the

house for us. All right?"

"All right," Donna nodded, and she could just visualize their three children, Mike nine, Cathy six, and Judy two, romping happily on the patio while she and Chris sat back contentedly watching them.

The contract was drawn up for the house, and Chris and Donna planned to leave the next day to bring their children and belongings

to their new home.

That evening, while Donna was discussing her plans for decorating the house with her mother, the telephone rang. Her father answered and then beckoned to Chris. He talked for a few minutes in a low voice and then appeared in the doorway. His shoulders seemed somewhat bent, and his usually pleasant face was grave. He looked older and more tired than Donna could ever remember.

"That was Mom on the phone..." Chris began to speak.

Donna gasped. "The children, they're all right. . . ?"

"Yes, they're fine," Chris comforted his wife, "but it's Dad; he's had a heart attack. I think that we had better leave for home tonight."

"Yes, of course; oh, poor Dad," Donna said anxiously. "Do they

give him any hope?"

"Yes." Chris' voice shook with emotion. "But the Doctor said he must be very, very careful and get his rest. He will be a long time recuperating, and we will have to be very patient with him. He's been so active all of his life." Chris frowned, trying not to show his fear.

A sleepy little town greeted Donna and Chris as they pulled into Rosetown in the early morning hours. They went directly to the hospital and found Chris' mother by the bedside of her husband.

Chris led his mother outside of his father's room. "Mom, you look worn out. Let Donna take you home. There isn't anything that you can do here right now. You'll need all the rest you can get."

"I know it, but I hate to leave. He's been so sick, but he does seem a little better now." Mrs. Arnold

spoke with effort.

"I'll stay here, and if there is any change, I'll call you." Chris' heart ached as he watched the weary figure walk slowly down the hallway, leaning slightly on Donna for support as she walked.

In the days that ensued it was touch and go for Chris' father, but, finally, the doctor informed them that the worst was over, and Chris' father had successfully passed the crisis.

Once again Chris and Donna began to go ahead with their plans for moving. Chris was due in the city in a week, and they had a great deal of business to attend to before they could leave Rosetown.

It was on one of his frequent visits to his parents' home that Chris noticed how his mother had been cutting down on little necessities; first it had been little items of food for herself, then trying to save on electricity.

Chris pulled his Mother to one side and looked her sternly in the eyes. "Mom, you and Dad are managing all right financially, aren't

you?" he asked bluntly.

Mrs. Arnold could not meet her son's gaze as she spoke. "Of course, we are. You know that I naturally have to be more cautious, and now that your father won't be working for some time, I think that I should take precautions now."

Chris thought back over the years that his folks had helped him and Donna get on their feet. There had been Donna's unexpected illness that had taken all of their savings. Then there was the time that they had wanted a vacation trip and couldn't afford it themselves, items for the children, and countless other times, much too numerous to mention. He and Donna had never asked for money, but his folks had always seemed to sense their need. They could never begin to pay back all that they owed his folks. Somehow, with the years, the amount had grown out of hand. When he had refused their help, they always appeared to be hurt and had said, "You are our only child, Chris. If we can't have the pleasure of helping you and your family out a little, what good are we?"

CHRIS thought it over carefully that night on his drive back to Donna and the children. Consequently, the rest of the evening was marred by the thoughts of his folks and the countless things they had given up for his comfort and his family's comfort.

Donna broke the silence that had been plaguing Chris. "I know there is something wrong, Chris. Ever since you have come back, you have hardly spoken a word. What is it, dear? Dad is all right, isn't he?"

Chris explained to Donna the thoughts that were going through his mind. After he had finished talking, Donna was silent. She put the children to bed, and then joined Chris in the living room.

"I've been thinking about your folks, Chris." Donna stood before her husband, solemn and intent. "It is our duty and responsibility as their family to help them out."

Chris looked up startled. "Donna, I want to very much, but you have your heart set on the new house. We just can't swing the house and help out Mom and Dad, too."

Donna sat down on the couch beside Chris. "Chris, if you had had the heart attack and your folks were planning to buy a new house, just what do you think their choice would be? I'll tell you, dear, there just wouldn't be a choice. They would, as they have always done, devote themselves to helping us. I

think that we should do the same thing. Here's our chance to do as we've been taught, and to show them how much we love them."

"Then you won't mind giving up the house?" Chris felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

"Of course, I would have loved the house, but we'll just have to look for something smaller in a cheaper neighborhood. In the meantime, we'll stay with my folks until we can find something suitable."

Chris and Donna found a smaller house in the city nearer to Chris' work, and Donna worked diligently to get it in order. She planned the colors for each of the rooms with loving care, and the smell of fresh paint and clean curtains was apparent throughout the house.

They never again mentioned the house that they had planned to buy somewhere up on the mountainside. They were too happy and contented in the knowledge that they were being a son and daughter to Chris' mother and father. Maybe sometime in the distant future they might buy a house up on the mountainside, but they had grown very fond of their cozy little bungalow that was situated in the heart of the city, and it held a very special place in their hearts. They knew they would never exchange the joy of serving loved ones for a house of brick and stone.

### Byways

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I like the narrow winding lanes
That somehow missed our modern gains.
They twist through trees and quiet-hilled
Come out where May sunflowers gild
The slopes with petaled gold, knee-deep.
I like to watch the placid sheep
Whose time-free herder sits and thinks,
His tall room carpeted in pinks.
Where a pheasant cock's bright hues recall
A rainbow in a waterfall.
I hope that always there will be
This path back to serenity.

### Sheets Masquerade Well

Shirley Thulin

I F you are looking for a smart and inexpensive way to decorate your home, consider the charm and versatility of using colored sheets.

This may be a new idea to you, but not to interior decorators. For a long time they have been using the untold talents of sheets for creating handsome decorative effects.

Open a double bed size sheet before you, view the enormous expanse of seamless fabric. You soon realize the time and work saved in making draperies. There is no piecing, not a seam, and the sides and bottom need no hemming.

All you do is tear the sheet lengthwise, and you have a generous pair of draperies for almost any regular-size window. The wide hem can be utilized for a heading, with simple gathers. Professional pinch pleats can be made by using ready-made self-pleater which retains its stiffness after laundering. This pleater can be bought by the yard at most drapery departments.

Be sure to allow for shrinkage in length in all your measurements. If you use your pinking shears, it will save endless hours of sewing, especially for hems. You merely pink the edges, turn them up to the desired length, and stitch. No turnovers are necessary on sheets.

An endless variety of decorative effects can be created by combining other materials with colored sheets. Make matching curtains and bedspreads by using self-ruffles or white eyelet embroidery ruffling on sheets. Use wide bands of contrasting rickrack, several rows of colored bias tape, appliques cut from chintz or, for dramatic contrast, use five-inch bands of any patterned trimming.

In a double-bed size colored sheet, which costs approximately three to five dollars, you get around seven square yards of thirty-six-inch good quality washable material. With three double-bed size sheets, you can completely decorate a bedroom. This includes enough material to make a flounced spread for a single bed, a pillow sham, a pair of window drapes, tiebacks, and valance, and a full skirt for a vanity table.

### A Time to Dream

Maude O. Cook

The shimmering heat waves rise and fall Above the ripening grain;
The drowsy drone of bees is heard Around the dusty plain.

The idle breeze is whispering,
With tones that lull to rest,
As a mother soothes her little babe
To sleep upon her breast.

Is there a better time to dream,
With nature all in tune —
As fleecy clouds go drifting by
On a lazy afternoon?



# Esther Chloe Settle Makes Joys for Relief Society Bazaars

ESTHER Chloe Settle, Houston, Texas, is a specialist in making dolls and toy animals. She designs her own patterns for making the dolls and their clothes. The bodies are made of strong Indian head or ticking material, and the eyes and mouths are made of felt and attached to the faces with embroidery stitching. A good quality cotton batting is used for the stuffing, which is so neatly and carefully done that the dolls and toys are very natural looking. Sister Settle has made hundreds of dolls and toys and has donated many of them for sale in Relief Society bazaars.

Esther Chloe Settle joined the Church twenty-five years ago, and was a member of Relief Society before joining the Church. She served as a branch counselor for many years while she was living in Arkansas. Sister Settle's daughter Joyce painted the tigers in the pictures above in the background, and also painted the lovely landscape of the Texas Bluebonnets which was a gift to the Relief Society Building in Salt Lake

City.

Well known and well loved by the Relief Society sisters of her community and by her many friends and neighbors, Sister Settle has found that her hobby has been useful and has brought much joy to many people, including the children who have been recipients of these unusually sturdy and attractive toys.

### Fair Moon

Catherine Bowles

Fair moon, shine on loved ones tonight, Bring love, peace to their tired hearts; Blessed faith to their weary souls. Give them courage to do the right, Let thy brightness shine from afar On my children wherever they are.



Paul's Photo

#### UPPER KILLARNEY LAKE, COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND

# Afterglow

Nancy M. Armstrong

THE colorful pink afterglow sparkled like frosted jewels on the snowy east mountains, left there by the last rays of the setting sun.

Many experiences in life leave just such a rich, warm afterglow: the happiness of friendship, the bliss of achievement long striven for, a favorite book many times reread, the memory of one much loved though long departed, days amid the awesome beauty of God's creations, moments of real understanding shared with one's husband.

The deep enduring values of life — love of home — love of family — love of friends — love of God — cast a roseate afterglow that permeates the whole of living.

### A Lesson in Love

#### Patricia Ann Middleton

THERE are times when I cannot help recalling the line of an amusing old song, "Life gets teejous, don't it?" Sometimes it can. And it was on a cloudy summer day that I particularly

thought so.

After missing a bus from town back to campus, causing me to miss a class, I stood and waited for fifteen minutes at the bus stop, grumbling from beneath my load of books and packages, squinting against the bright haze, and wishing impatiently that the weather would make up its mind. Finally, the bus screeched to a stop and I got on, thinking how life was filled with so many little frustrations. One of the side seats at the front of the bus was vacant. so I plopped down on the sticky leather, feeling equally hot and sticky. Sitting across from me was a sweet-faced lady with graying hair, whose sparkling smile took me completely by surprise.

A sober-faced matron boarded the bus at the next corner and sat down beside the smiling woman. The little lady leaned forward and placed a

gentle hand on her knee.

"How are you, today?" she beamed. The woman jerked her head around to face her, with a surprised look. With a "Do-I-know-you?" question on her face, she returned the greeting with some uncertainty, "Fine, thank you." The little lady's face brightened even more, and she settled back in her seat.

"Isn't this a lovely day?" she said.

I folded my raincoat across my knees, wondering what our Pollyanna would think to say next. And I noticed a couple of amused listeners turn heads in her direction. But while the lady talked to fellow passengers in her pleasant, vibrant voice, a few sober expressions were soon replaced by friendly smiles. Suddenly, it became a lovely day!

The matron got off at the next stop and another got on and took the empty seat beside the cheerful

lady.

"Hello," came the pleasant greeting once more. "Isn't this a lovely day?" This time, our sprightly spreader of good will was answered with a grateful, "Oh, yes. I suppose we could use a shower. But I think it's beginning to clear up, now."

The front seat passengers did not leave the bus without a warm smile from the little lady, and they, in turn, nodded a pleasant goodbye.

I, too, felt compelled to smile at her when I got off the bus, and I fell in step with a woman with a heavy load of groceries. Her brows were knitted, her face was strained, and she was staring fixedly over the top of her grocery sacks. I shifted my books and packages to one arm. She was puffing under her load, and I felt a surge of good will.

"Here, let me take one of those to the corner for you," I said, relieving her of the largest bag before she could answer. She looked at

me with wide eyes.

"Why, thank you very much! I didn't think I'd make it! You see

... I have a heart condition ... it makes me so short-winded. But I had to get to the store before lunch ... no one home but me ... my husband is out of town this week."

I walked two blocks out of my way, and set the grocery bag down just inside her door. She thanked me profusely.

I took stock of myself as I walked home. Why the sudden change? Earlier that day I had felt that everything had gone wrong. I felt small and alone, wishing that someone would come along and pat me on the back, and say, "Pat, you're pretty great!" But the little lady, in her kindly way, had said more. Somewhere in the back of my head, a thought escaped into my consciousness. It did not enter quietly, as most thoughts do, but settled with a loud crash, and banged the door loudly on my mood: If you devote your time and efforts to making people happy, it will rub off onto you. Where had it come from? Surely, I had heard or read it somewhere. If I, too, could spend part of each day making others feel glad that I had crossed their path; if I could devote my time to unselfish giving, there would be no time left to worry about receiving! For, if I could live this principle of love, it would give me that big slice of satisfaction I needed every day.

I was on my own street now; home was two blocks away. Crossing our street, I bounded across the little patch of lawn between the curb and the sidewalk, missing the walkway. I passed the old man who lived next door, bent over his sparse bed of flowers, digging in the dirt with his spade. And I was about to turn up the walk to our apartment, when a sharp voice assailed me from behind.

"Young lady! Those aren't the sands of time you just sank your feet into!"

My heart began to pound a little, as the angry voice continued to lecture. "I've worked all afternoon on that little patch of ground, trying to restore the grass that's been trampled. That was newly seeded lawn you just walked on!" The look he shot me gave me to understand that I was not only a young whippersnapper who did not respect the rights of others, but a foolish co-ed to boot. I managed a repentant smile.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't know it belonged to you."

"Well, it doesn't," he softened a little. "It belongs to the city, but I like to keep things growing," taking in, with a sweep of his arm, his flower beds, the well-kept lawn, and neatly pruned shrubs.

"I'm really sorry," I said, smiling. "And I won't be so thoughtless again." Strolling over to his flowers I began commenting on his hard work. He grinned and continued to scoop dirt around his plants. He gave me a friendly nod as I turned to go. It must have been contagious, for I said, without thinking, "Isn't it a lovely day?"

### Things

#### Elsie C. Carroll

I opened the little box of keepsakes. As I picked up the lace collar my mother's living fingers had made from finest thread, and traced the lovely rosebud pattern and exquisite edge, the impact of the poet's words brought blinding tears:

Things have a terrible permanence
When people die.
—Aline Kilmer, from "Things."

It did seem terrible that the lace was here. My mother was gone, and in my heart was an aching void. But to look at and touch the beautiful thing she had made for me, seemed to bring her very close. I could see her dear form in the old rocking chair, her face wrinkled by the cares and burdens of many years, but strong and calm and sweet because of sacrifice and service and love — of life lived at its best.

And gradually what had seemed the terrible permanence of that piece of lace, became a blessed link to keep me close to her. Its permanence was but assurance of a far transcending permanence of the mind that held the lacy pattern while the fingers wrought it from the thread; of the love that prompted her to make it just for me.

There is no terror in the eternal permanence of creativeness and love of mind and spirit.

As I placed the precious keepsake back and closed the box, lines from another poet came to me:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness. . . .
—John Keats, from "Endymion."

#### PAVLOVA CAKE

#### Frances A. Katene

geg whitestsp. vinegar

1 tsp. vanilla 34 c. sugar

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add vinegar and vanilla and mix well. Do not beat further. Add sugar and gently fold into mixture with a knife or rubber plate scraper.

Prepare a flat oven tray by placing on it two sheets of wax paper previously moistened under a cold tap. Have the paper well moistened but not too wet. Pile meringue mixture onto tray in resemblance of shape of plate to be used for serving. Do not flatten mixture to size, as it flattens out in the baking. Bake in a slow oven 250-300°F for 1-1½ hours.

To serve: Turn cake upside down onto plate and peel off paper. About one hour before serving time spread thickly with whipped cream sweetened to taste. If desired, decorate with strawberries and raspberries. Other suggestions: peaches, pineapple, bananas, chopped nuts, tiny chocolate decorettes.

Uncreamed pavlovas may be kept a week or so provided they are not enclosed in a container of any kind.

### Recipes for a Picnic

#### Winnifred Jardine

THOSE who believe strongly in happy family life, enjoy picnics more than anyone! For a picnic always promises a good time. The prepared food is tucked safely in hampers and baskets, giving Mom a chance to relax, the family is tucked safely in the car, all going the same direction at the same time (not easily accomplished), hearts are carefree in the exhilarating out-of-doors.

In fact, if the food is free of hard work, then the family will feel like a picnic often. Have it in the mountains, on the lake shore, in the woods, by the sand dunes, in your own back yard, or even on the tailgate of the station wagon, but do have

picnics often!

Our menu for a palatable picnic is built around the tastiest fried chicken ever made — crispy and golden brown and piqued with the good flavor of Parmesan cheese. To go with it is a macaroni salad that is lifted out of the ordinary by a flavorful dressing of one's own making.

Raw vegetable relishes are a tasty way to good nourishment, and we suggest cutting carrots, celery, cucumbers, green peppers, and tender zucchini squash into crisp sticks and serving them with a favorite cheese or sour cream dip. Along with them, serve tiny cherry tomatoes that have been scooped out and stuffed with a seasoned cream cheese.

For dessert how about fresh fruit — apples, plums, peaches, grapes, bananas — washed and chilled and piled high in a basket or bucket? Serve along with the fruit,

old-fashioned date-filled cookies made an easy new-fashioned way.

Pink lemonade, mixed quickly from frozen concentrate, is an easy beverage, and chocolate mints add a final taste treat.

#### **OLD-FASHIONED PICNIC**

#### PARMESAN FRIED CHICKEN

Best Macaroni Salad Ripe Olives Assorted Breads, Bu

Assorted Breads, Butter Easy Filled Cookies Vegetable Sticks, Dip Stuffed Cherry Tomatoes Fresh Fruit Chocolate Mints

Pink Lemonade

#### PARMESAN FRIED CHICKEN

1 3-lb. fryer, cut up

½ c. flour

1 tsp. paprika

¾ tsp. salt

dash pepper

ı egg, beaten

2 tbsp. water

% c. fine dry bread crumbs% c. grated Parmesan cheese

% c. grated Parmesan chees % c. butter or margarine

shortening

Combine flour, paprika, salt, and pepper in paper sack. Drop washed and dried pieces of chicken into flour and coat thoroughly, then dip chicken pieces into water and egg that have been beaten together; roll in combined bread crumbs and cheese. If there's time, let dry on cake rack for 30 minutes. In hot butter (to which extra shortening may be added, if needed) saute chicken, uncovered, until golden on all sides, using tongs to turn. Lower heat; cook, uncovered, turning occasionally, for 30 to 45 minutes, or until tender and brown. Drain thoroughly and chill until time to serve. Makes 4 servings.

Page 456

#### BEST MACARONI SALAD

4 c. cooked small elbow macaroni
(2 c. or ½ lb., uncooked)

1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/2 c. diced celery
1/2 c. green onions and tops, chopped
1/4 c. chopped pimiento

1/3 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/2 to 2/3 c. modified mayonnaise
1/3 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/2 to 2/3 c. modified mayonnaise
1/3 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/2 to 2/3 c. modified mayonnaise
1/4 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/4 to 2/3 c. modified mayonnaise
1/5 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/5 to 2/3 c. modified mayonnaise
1/6 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/4 to 2/3 c. modified mayonnaise
1/6 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/4 to 2/3 c. modified mayonnaise
1/6 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/5 to 2/3 c. modified mayonnaise
1/6 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
1/6 c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
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Cook macaroni according to package directions, stirring frequently with fork to keep pieces separated. Drain, rinse with warm water, drain thoroughly. Stir in French dressing and chill. Add celery, green onion, pimiento, pickle, cheese, and stir in mayonnaise. Season to taste. Hard-cooked eggs or chilled cooked peas may be added, if desired. Spoon into salad bowl lined with crisp salad greens, sprinkle with paprika, and cover with foil or plastic paper until time to serve. Makes 6 servings.

#### MODIFIED MAYONNAISE

Put egg, sugar, seasonings, vinegar, and salad oil in mixing bowl, but do not stir. Make a paste by mixing cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up. Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with egg beater until well blended. Cool before serving. Excellent for potato salad and slaw, as well as macaroni salad. Makes 1 pint.

#### CHEESE DIP FOR VEGETABLE STICKS

2 c. creamed cottage cheese
1½ tsp. onion juice
2 tsp. worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. paprika
2 to % c. light cream

To cottage cheese add onion juice, Worcestershire sauce, and paprika. Blend well with beater or blender. Thin with cream to desired consistency. Add salt to taste. Makes about 2½ cups. Serve with crisp raw vegetable sticks.

#### EASY FILLED COOKIES

date filling (see below)

1 tsp. vanilla

1 c. soft shortening

2 c. brown sugar (packed)

3 tsp. salt

4 tsp. salt

1 tsp. soda

Mix thoroughly shortening, brown sugar, and eggs. Stir in water and vanilla. Sift together and stir in flour, salt, soda, and cinnamon. Drop 1 tsp. of dough onto ungreased baking sheet. Place ½ tsp. date filling on top of dough, then cover with another ½ tsp. dough. Keep cookies at least 2 inches apart to allow for spreading. Bake at 375° for 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes 5 to 6 dozen cookies.

Date Filling: In a saucepan combine 2 c. chopped dates (½ lb. pitted), ¾ c. sugar, and ¾ c. water. Cook together slowly, stirring constantly until thickened. Add ½ c. chopped nuts, if desired.

# Love Is Enough

CHAPTER 7

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, a schoolteacher from Denver, Colorado, takes a position at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who works for the forest service. These friends are quite different from Ernest Wood, Geniel's friend who owns a shoe store in Denver. Geniel and her fellow schoolteachers plan a bazaar for raising funds for the school library, but their plans are shattered when the flu breaks out and the school is closed down.

THAT is so rare as a day in February — when it's a holiday?" chirped Marva, as she came to the breakfast table on the morning of the 22nd.

"A holiday in any other month," replied Christine. "You, schoolteacher, should know by now that some men are born great, some men achieve greatness, and others are born in February."

"Yes, but we don't get holidays for any but the Father of our Country. I, for one, am going to celebrate by washing my hair and sitting by the fire with a good book. How

about you, Geniel?"

"Your program sounds marvelous, but it isn't for me. I've a committee meeting this morning, and this afternoon I have half a dozen letters to write and I should turn up the hems on a couple of dresses. With a little bit of luck and some fast action, I may be able to join you at the fireside about 8:30 P.M."

"Slave!" shrugged Marva. "Not even Lincoln could have liberated vou."

Geniel was just leaving for the committee meeting when Johnny showed up at the front door. "How about some skiing this afternoon?" he asked. "It will be great with the sun shining on the snow."

"Well," she hesitated, "I'm not very good at it, and I had some work planned. Lots of it, in fact."

"You don't have to be good — at skiing. There are bunny slopes for the novices, and work will always wait. You just might not have me around much longer to put light and diversion into your life. You'd better take advantage of your opportunities while you can."

"What do you mean?" she asked, interest sparking her face. "Are you getting your money? I mean, are things working out so that you can

go away to school now?"

"It looks as if a settlement might come soon. Don't you think we ought to get out and celebrate?"

"I do, indeed," she agreed vigor-"What are hems and letters compared to a celebration? Especially a celebration on skis. Have you made any definite plans where you will go to school? I can recommend Colorado, in case you're undecided. The skiing is real good, too."

"And the girls are real pretty," he added admiringly. "Are you going to be there next year? I'll have to decide soon. I may even be able to get in for the spring quarter. How about three this afternoon for the ski slopes?"

"Three will be fine," she nodded.
"I'll try to wind up a couple of my

chores by then."

She left the house for her committee appointment, walking lightly over the packed snow. She was so glad for Johnny! He was such a grand lad. He'd go a long way in his chosen field, and the field was wide open for engineering these days — or so she had heard.

Geniel hesitated at the corner as to which route she should take, since there was a choice, and turned left on a sidewalk that was more open than the other. Later, she was thankful that she turned her footsteps in the direction of the Blayney mansion. She was just a few feet away from the front walk when the Duchess herself came out of the door. A moment later she had slipped on the steps and fallen in a crumpled heap.

Geniel rushed forward. "Are you hurt?" she asked anxiously, trying to help the prostrate woman to her

feet.

Miss Blayney gave a gasp of pain and fell back again. "Yes, I am. You'll have to get some help."

GENIEL looked around. There wasn't a soul in sight. She went in the house, grabbed a blanket, and threw it over Miss Blayney. Then she ran next door for help. Fortunately, the owner of the house was home. He came with a young son and between them they carried the injured woman into her house. Geniel picked up the phone at once and called a doctor. It was some time before he arrived, but Miss Blayney kept up a stoical silence,

although it was easy to see she was

in a great deal of pain.

After he had made his examination the doctor said cheerfully, "Well, young lady, you're in luck this time. There are no bones broken. Just some badly wrenched muscles and bruises. You'll know where you lit, all right, for a few days. Do you have someone you can call to come in and look after you?"

"Oh, I daresay there are any number of people I might call," she answered. "We could try Mrs. Stewart. She sometimes does some

cleaning for me."

"Fine. I'll call her myself. And you can stay until she gets here, I

hope?" he said to Geniel.

"Yes, of course. I was due at a meeting, but I'll give them a call. They can get along all right without me."

"Good. I'll send Mrs. Stewart over — or someone else, if she can't come. And I'll drop in again tonight. All you have to do now is take it easy until you straighten out again. It's high time you did."

When he had left, Miss Blayney sighed and said, "It's hard to grow old. Especially when one has been as active as I have. I guess I kind of thought I could cheat old age by trying to keep up my same pace, but there's no need to try and fool myself."

"Growing old is one of the facts of life that we all have to accept," said Geniel. "But, I must say that you have done it very gracefully. And that, after all, is the important

thing."

"It's hard to let go of activities that have meant so much to me during a lifetime." Miss Blayney closed her eyes for a moment and then went on, "I have a sister in California who has been urging me to come down there and live with her. I suppose that I ought to go now before I take another fall and really break some bones."

"You have no one here at all?

No close relatives, I mean?"

"No one. The Blayneys were a small family, and they have all left. My own people lived in Kansas. But most of my life has been here. I have really loved this town and this house."

Geniel looked around at the large, handsome room. The house had been solidly built and would doubtless last another hundred years. "What would you do with it if you moved away?" she asked.

"That's part of my problem. No one realizes what this place means to me. I couldn't sell it, even if I wanted to do so. It would be too big for almost anyone to keep up. I have thought some of turning it over to the town for a cultural center."

Bells began ringing in Geniel's head. She mustn't seem too anxious — or too pleased. She remembered that the bazaar might have been a success if the idea had come first from Miss Blayney.

Carefully she chose her words. "Then I suppose you would include a reading room. Maybe there would be a place to house my poor, homeless books." She smiled as if it were merely a childish suggestion.

"Yes, of course," was the quick "In fact, the whole lower floor might be used for a library."

"The Blayney Library," said Geniel quietly. "It sounds fine."

"Or maybe The Blayney Memor-

ial Library. That is a bit more euphonious. Of course, I have a good many books of my own. It would make a good start."

GENIEL said nothing more. She was afraid that the elderly woman had already talked more than her strength allowed. She wondered, also, if the pain-easing shot the doctor had given was causing her to think less clearly. She certainly hoped that the conversation would be clear in Miss Blayney's mind on future days.

Mrs. Stewart arrived just before noon, and Geniel hurried back home

again.

She arrived just as the others were

sitting down to lunch.

"That must have been quite a lengthy meeting," said Christine.

"And a strange one," replied Geniel. "I spent the morning with my friend Miss Blayney — and I do mean my friend."

"The plot thickens," remarked Marva, raising her eyebrows. "Let's hope it doesn't curdle. Do tell us

about it."

"With the greatest of pleasure. Just as I reached her premises she came out of the front door and slipped on the steps. The neighbors and I carried her into the house and called a doctor. Later, she told me that she might move to California and turn the house over to the town for a cultural center."

"Including — let me be the first to guess — a library!" exclaimed Marva.

The Blayney Memorial "Right. Library. And it was her own idea almost. I used just a bit of mental telepathy and auto-suggestion, or what have you."

"It sounds wonderful!" exclaimed Christine.

"She has just a few bruises and wrenched muscles, no breaks, fortunately. If there had been, the doctor would have whisked her off to a hospital, and I wouldn't have had a chance to talk with her. Of course, as it is, one or the other of us may have been dreaming. We'll have to see what we can do to get it down in black and white and all legal."

"After all, it's perfectly logical," agreed Marva. "She couldn't do much else with the house. And think of having the Blayney Memorial Library for all future generations to enjoy. Mr. Franklin is a lawyer. We must get him to make a friendly

call as soon as possible."

When Johnny arrived with skis early in the afternoon, Geniel met him wreathed in smiles. "This is going to be a double celebration," she beamed. "Just wait until you hear my good news."

The sun shone brightly on the stretches of snow that covered the countryside, free from any smoke or grime. "I'll have wings today," she said. "Skis are just a secondary

addition."

"Good." He nodded as if in great relief. "Then I won't have to worry about any possible spills. You can even take the high runs."

"Perhaps. We'll have to try out my wings first and see just how good they are. What little skiing I have done was back in my college days. Ernest doesn't go in for sports much."

The name had slipped out. She hadn't really intended to bring him

into the conversation.

Johnny was thoughtful for a mo-

ment. "That's your boy friend back home, isn't it?" he said.

She nodded.

"Are you going to marry him?"
"We aren't engaged," she answered quickly.

"That's good."

She didn't ask him what was so good about it. That might be pursuing the matter much too far.

WHEN they reached the hills they found mostly youngsters on the slopes. He fastened on her skis, and they climbed up to a starting place.

"It's too bad we don't have a ski lift," he said. "If we find that your wings are strong enough we can hop over to Sun Valley some day."

"It sounds wonderful," she replied enthusiastically. "Maybe if I worked real hard I could manage before the end of the season."

They started down, and she made it without undue trouble. It was great fun to be rushing down the glistening hill, even if it was on one of the so-called bunny slopes. It was always fun to be with Johnny, she reflected. There was never a dull moment, to use a very satisfactory cliche.

"That was pretty good," he commented approvingly. "This next trip we go up a bit farther."

She was really pleased to discover that she could do so well, after the little amount she had actually skied—and that some time ago. Even when Johnny suggested that she quit before she had incapacitated herself, she insisted upon taking one more run. The sun had disappeared in a red mantle before she finally gave up.

"You'll pay for this tomorrow, my

girl," warned Johnny sternly. "And don't come yelling to me for ointment. I told you to quit six runs back."

"I know. And if I can't wiggle a single muscle tomorrow, it will still have been worthwhile. Maybe we can come out again next Saturday."

Johnny was helping her off with the skis when they noticed a lone little figure coming down the slope. "Hey, Sonny," Johnny called, "how come you're here all alone? Didn't you come with anyone else?"

The lad nodded. "Yes, my brother. But he wanted to go home a while back and I didn't. So he left

me."

"I had that same trouble," remarked Johnny. "Only in this case I had the transportation, so I was safe. Hop in and we'll take you home. It will be mighty cold here in a few minutes."

The boy climbed in without

further urging.

"What's your name and where do

you live?" Johnny asked.

"Pete Edmunds. You turn north on the second road down."

They turned off on a narrow road and drove a couple of miles before they came to the farmhouse.

"It would have been dark before you got home," said Johnny, "and I'll bet you have a cow to milk."

"Yep. Three of them," replied

the boy casually.

"You just thought this was a holiday."

"It was."

"Hm. I'll bet the cows don't know that." Johnny made the statement as if it might have been debatable. "That's the worst of being a farmer, the work goes on every day of the week, regardless. Are you going to be a farmer when you

grow up?"

"Naw." This was clearly not in the least debatable. "I'm going to be an airplane pilot. I've got six planes built now. You want to see them?"

"Sure," answered Johnny, as if he had been waiting months for just this opportunity.

"But it must be nearly dinner

time," Geniel protested mildly.

"That's all right. If they have a phone, you can give Mrs. Willett a call and she'll warm up the beans again for you when you get home. It isn't every day we get a chance to see six airplanes."

Mrs. Edmunds was very much surprised and, for a moment, apparently not too overjoyed to have unexpected company. However, she made them welcome and tried to hustle Pete out with his milking pail.

"But I have to show them my planes. That's what they came in

for," he argued.

"You're already late," she reminded him. "You'd better get to your chores or you may not have a chance to go skiing again in a hurry. Your Dad was just about ready to go after you. They'll wait to see your planes."

GENIEL was trying to figure out how long it would take to milk three cows, and when they might reasonably hope to be on their way again, when Mrs. Edmunds said, "You'll stay to supper, of course. It's so seldom we have anyone out here in the wintertime."

"But, I'm really not very presentable in these ski togs," Geniel protested rather weakly. "Oh, dear! As if that mattered! You look just beautiful to me. I'll set on the extra places while they are finishing the chores, and whip up a pudding."

"Very well," agreed Geniel. "Only I'm afraid we are putting you to a

lot of trouble."

"Not at all. A couple extra doesn't mean a thing on a farm, as

far as work goes."

They talked for the next half hour while Mrs. Edmunds bustled back and forth from her kitchen coal range to the big table on the other side of the room. By the time the boys and Mr. Edmunds came in from the barn, Geniel was so hungry that almost anything in the guise of food would have tasted wonderful. As it was, the corned venison, mashed potatoes, home-canned corn, and string beans made a real banquet.

Afterwards, she insisted upon helping to clear the table while Johnny looked over Pete's planes.

"Your boy tells us he is going to be a pilot," she remarked. "That's

quite a far cry from a farm."

"Yes," replied the mother. "He's been crazy about planes ever since he could talk. He claims he can tell which make of plane is up in the air when one flies over. Well, it's all right with me, if he still feels that way when he grows up. And I guess he will. I wouldn't ever urge any of my children to stay on a farm. It's too hard work for what you get out of it."

"And yet there are many who wouldn't think of living any other way," observed Geniel. "Jeff Bur-

rows, for instance."

"Yes, that's right," she agreed. "Well, it's everybody to his own notion. Lots of men like it. I don't

know as there are many women who do."

By the time the planes had been duly admired and discussed, Geniel was very tired and rather anxious to get home. As they rode along in the frosty night, she thought of the home they had just left and the people who lived there.

"In spite of what Mrs. Edmunds says, there must be lots of advantages for farm life — even for a

woman," she said.

"Name one," challenged Johnny.
"Peace, serenity, security — there

are three for you."

"I'd trade all the serenity and security in the world for the excitement and thrill of constructing something big like a dam or a bridge," he replied. "Even if I had just a small part in the work."

"Yes, I believe you would. Well, people are different, fortunately."

Johnny left her at the door, and when she went inside she found Mrs. Willett, Christine, Marva, and Jeff seated in the living room playing a game of scrabble. They looked so comfortable and contented that Geniel felt a momentary pang of resentment, which she knew to be entirely unreasonable.

"What five-letter word starting with K means where in the dickens have you been?" asked Marva. "Don't tell us you stayed up on the

mountain until now?"

"We've been looking at Pete Edmunds' airplanes," Geniel replied, "at least Johnny has. I listened to his mother expound the joys of farm life."

"Such as . . . ?" asked Jeff.

"Such as solitude and serenity." Geniel neglected to explain that this was her own interpretation. "There's dinner out on the stove," said Mrs. Willett. "I'll give you my place here as soon as you've eaten."

"Thanks, we ate — abundantly, at the Edmunds. I'll go up and limber in a hot bath while I can still move."

She climbed the stairs, and after her bath put on a warm robe. She brought out writing materials and began a letter. After the first few lines she changed the robe for a pretty red woolen dress, and started down again. Mrs. Willett, she remembered, got sleepy after nine. Someone really ought to take her place at the game.

(To be concluded)

### Time Is Now

Rose Thomas Graham

Time to the very young is now.
There is no past, no future;
The little chap lives now.
His morning bath is now, his kiss is now,
And all he knows of noon is now.

Today I heard uncertain steps climb up and up,
Then run along the hall.
A gentle tap.
"Come in," I called.
He did, but only smiled.
"I'm glad you came," I said.
He turned and ran.
I called, "Come again sometime."
Half way down the stairs he stopped, climbed back,
And, coming to my door, he said
"I comed again sometime."
Time to the young is now.

### My Way or My Happiness

Celia Luce

WHICH is more important, that I have my way, or that I have my happiness? Happiness comes, not through selfish gratification of desire, but through loving service to others.



#### General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

#### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Velma H. Peterson

#### PALOMAR STAKE (CALIFORNIA) FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Front row, seated, left to right: Florence N. Shaffer, Education Counselor; Velma H. Pcterson, President; Leah P. Sowby, Work Director Counselor; Grace E. Thornton, Secretary-Treasurer.

Standing, left to right: Clara L. Tenney, literature class leader; Helen B. Brown, social science class leader; Virginia B. Lindsey, theology class leader; Ella J. Robertson, visiting teacher message leader; Elizabeth G. Wahlen, *Magazine* representative; Marcia M. Going, organist.

The chorister Afton Todd was absent when the picture was taken.

Sister Peterson reports: "Palomar Stake was organized on November 6, 1960, from what had previously been the South Coast District of the California Mission. These sisters were on the district board and continued on as the first stake board of Relief Society. The picture was taken at a visiting teacher social on April 20, 1961, in Fallbrook, California."



Photograph submitted by Vera Crockett

HAYWARD STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT INTERSTAKE CONFERENCE, March 5, 1961

Vera Crockett, President, Hayward Stake Relief Society, stands in the first row, sixteenth from the left; Dorothy Brown, Education Counselor, stands second from the left in the first row.

Eva Newton, Work Director Counselor, stands fourth from the right in the back row; Delia Bates, organist, stands fourteenth from the left in the first row, and Sue

Hickenlooper, chorister, stands in the first row, fifteenth from the left.

Sister Crockett reports: "Many hours were spent in practicing for this conference, and the singing was praised by all who heard it. We were very thrilled with the response of our women, and especially with the efforts of our wonderful chorister Sue Hickenlooper. She is a talented musician and a willing worker. We are very fortunate to have her on our board."



Photograph submitted by Ivy W. Richins

BOUNTIFUL STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE, February 17, 1961

Front row, seated, left to right: Hannah Jane Harrison; Emma Garrett; Minnie Bishop.

Back row, standing, left to right: Agnes Gibbs; Bertha Hardy.

Ivy W. Richins, President, Bountiful Stake Relief Society reports: "Rose Burning-

ham and Amanda Porter, who were ill at the time the picture was taken, are not in the picture. These seven sisters have each served over fifty years as a visiting teacher. They were honored at the visiting teacher convention and presented with beautiful corsages. Thirty-six other sisters were honored for twenty years of service. A very uplifting and spiritual meeting was enjoyed, with William H. Walsh of the General Church Welfare Committee as guest speaker."



Photograph submitted by Beatrice S. McConkie

### UINTAH STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF SERVICE

Front row, seated, left to right: Ivie Manwaring; Myrtle Collier; Rebecca Stewart; Laura Evans.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mary Hatch; Violet Goodrich; Pearl Richens; Effie Powell.

Beatrice S. McConkie, President, Uintah Stake Relief Society, reports: "These sisters were honored for over thirty-five years of service as visiting teachers during our visiting teacher convention held February 24, 1961. Sister Stewart first served as a visiting teacher when she was fourteen years of age. Corsages were presented to twenty other visiting teachers, in recognition of their outstanding achievements. Cards listing 'My Duty and Privilege as a Visiting Teacher' were presented to each visiting teacher present. Certificates were also awarded for one hundred per cent visiting teaching during 1960 to the Davis, Naples, Vernal Second, and Vernal Fourth Wards.

"During the program, a special tribute 'The Key' was given by Milda Jones, stake visiting teacher message leader. Also, a skit entitled 'Visiting Teaching Yesterday and Today' was presented. The convention was an inspiration to all who were present. We feel that we have been greatly blessed in our Relief Society work during the past year, and wish to express to the General Board our appreciation for the wonderful help which

has been given to us."



Photograph submitted by Maude H. Ludlow

### PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR MANY OCCASIONS

Front row, seated, left to right: Maude H. Ludlow, President, Palmyra Stake Relief Society; Dale B. White, Second Counselor; chorister Nellie Larsen; organist Verda Tuckett.

President Ludlow reports: "These dear Singing Mothers from ten wards in our stake are in demand on many occasions for their beautiful singing. During the past year they have participated in two stake conferences, monthly leadership meetings, funerals, and for our stake Relief Society social honoring our Magazine representatives on February 16, 1961. We love them for their unselfish service and the joy they bring into our lives with their lovely music."



Photograph submitted by Evelyn P. Henriksen

OLYMPUS STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 26, 1961

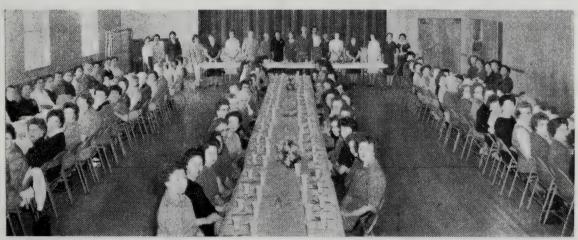
Joyce H. Timmerman, organist, stands second from the left in the second row; Iola J. Peterson, chorister, first on the left in the first row; Evelyn P. Henriksen, President, Olympus Stake Relief Society, fifth from the right in the first row; Verna Lou C. Gledhill, First Counselor, seventh from the right in the back row; Thora W. King, Secretary-Treasurer, second from the right in the back row.

Sister Henriksen reports: "Each spring our Singing Mothers chorus has been asked to present the music for our stake quarterly conference. We are especially pleased to

have this opportunity. Our chorus has approximately seventy members, with each of the nine wards in the stake being represented. Two weeks before this picture was taken we were saddened by the death of our beloved Second Counselor Lydia S. Russell, but we felt it a great honor to furnish the music for her funeral.

"Each of the ward Singing Mothers choruses presents the music upon other special occasions which arise during the year. We are especially grateful to our mothers for the time they unselfishly give to bring joy and spirituality to the hearts of others

through their beautiful singing.'



Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

### DENVER WEST STAKE (COLORADO) VISITING TEACHER CONVENTION AND LUNCHEON, March 29, 1961

Standing at the head table (top center), left to right: Virginia Lee, stake literature class leader; Carol Barnard, social science class leader; Rolene Williams, theology class leader; Phyllis Hoer, Boulder Ward Magazine representative; Buena Scott, Denver Sixth Ward Magazine representative; Donna Johnson, Denver Fifth Ward Magazine representative; Lilly Williams, Denver Second Ward Magazine representative; Mollie Richardson, First Counselor, Denver West Stake Relief Society; Della H. Teeter, President, Denver West Stake Relief Society; Elder Raymond R. Barnes, President, Denver West Stake; Joan McKay; Lynwood Russell, Secretary-Treasurer, Denver West Stake; Ester Parberry, Magazine representative, Golden Ward; Betty Palmer, Magazine representative, Denver Seventh Ward; Ada Jones, stake work meeting leader; Leorial Hadley, stake visiting teacher message leader.

President Teeter reports: "The Denver West Stake Relief Society Visiting Teacher Convention and Luncheon was held March 29, 1961. The Golden and Denver Ninth Wards Singing Mothers furnished the music. Stake President R. Raymond Barnes and Stake Relief Society President Della H. Teeter addressed the convention. Leorial Hadley, stake visiting teacher message leader, introduced the summer messages. Luncheon was served to 152 by the stake board, with table decorations by Ada Jones, stake work meeting leader. At the luncheon, felt book covers were presented by President Barnes to stake and ward Magazine representatives in honor of their attaining the Maga-

zine honor roll, with 105 per cent. All the wards achieved the honor roll."

ORANGE COUNTY STAKE (CALIFORNIA) PORTRAYS SPECIAL PRESENTATIONS "OUT OF THE BOOK" IN HONOR OF THE BIRTHDAY OF RELIEF SOCIETY, March 17, 1961

"The Orange County Stake Relief Society celebrated the 119th birthday of Relief Society," reports President Mary S. Grasteit, "with a beautifully arranged entertain-

ment on Friday evening, March 17th, in the Fullerton chapel.

"President Mary S. Grasteit and her Counselors Ruth M. Bell and Minnie S. Pressett were in charge of the program. The presentation reviewed and displayed the year's work, with each department presenting an act of the play 'Out of the Book,' directed by Lorna Rapier, stake theology class leader. 'Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age — Our Prophets Speak' was directed by Neva Johnson, stake social science class leader; and 'This I Remember' was directed by Helen West, stake literature class leader.

"A forty-voice Singing Mothers chorus, under the direction of Venna Black, stake chorister, and accompanied by Jane Gudmundsen, stake organist, presented 'The Heavens Are Telling,' 'The Lord Is My Light,' 'No Man Is an Island,' and other numbers. The inspirational program was followed by a social hour, with refreshments, enjoyed by the Relief Society women of the stake, their husbands, and friends."



Photograph submitted by Nellie R. Mecham

UTAH STAKE (UTAH) RECENTLY APPOINTED RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY, February 26, 1961

Front row, left to right: Florence T. Britsch, Work Director Counselor; Nellie R. Mecham, President.

Back row, left to right: Edna H. Williams, Education Counselor; Louise H. Cardall, Secretary-Treasurer.



Photograph submitted by Ruth W. Palmer

FLACSTAFF STAKE (ARIZONA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, January 1961

Ruth W. Palmer, President, Flagstaff Stake Relief Society, reports: "Over forty Singing Mothers, from eight wards and branches, participated in the chorus. It was fun singing together, and some of the sisters came from over one hundred miles to participate. Our stake chorister was Naomi Kuhn (wearing flower), and her daughter-in-law Dennie Kuhn accompanied. Because of the scattered condition in our stake, it is difficult for the mothers to participate as much as they would like to. Many of our wards and branches have their own Singing Mothers groups. We are asked to furnish the music for one quarterly conference a year, which is a wonderful opportunity."

### Blue Rock

Mabel Jones Gabbott

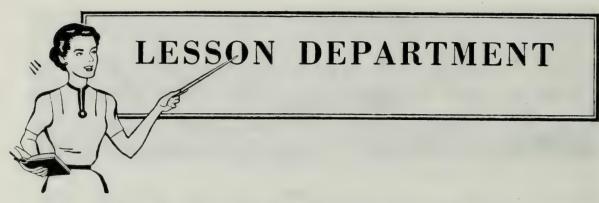
Half way up the hillside was a flat blue rock, Here we paused in climbing to rest and talk . . .

Of how the narrow railway tied a silver bow Around our little valley; how the fields below

Plowed, or newly planted, or rich in harvest board, Made the valley table a king-size checkerboard,

How the little houses, chimneyed snug and warm, Circled all completely, standing arm in arm;

Sometimes we looked inward, and read each other's heart; Then, we walked down the hillside, lingering, loath to part.



## Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 33 — Records Are Important

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 47)
For Tuesday, October 3, 1961

Objective: To point out the necessity for record keeping in the Church, the development of the Church Historian's Office, and to encourage the keeping of records within families.

Background

A commandment that a record should be kept was given during the meeting in which six brethren met formally to organize the Church on April 6, 1830. (See D & C 21:1.) When Oliver Cowdery met the Prophet Joseph Smith for the first time in April 1829, he began to assist the Prophet as his scribe in the translation of The Book of Mormon. (See D & C, Section 6.) As the companion of Joseph Smith in this work, Oliver Cowdery acted as the Church Historian and Recorder. When Section 47 was received in Kirtland, Ohio, on March 8, 1831, appointing John Whitmer, son of Peter Whitmer, Sr., as Church Historian, Oliver Cowdery's assignment ended.

John Whitmer

John Whitmer received many wonderful privileges and opportunities to become one of the truly great men of this dispensation. In addition to his call as Church Historian, he was the subject of a number of revelations — Sections 15, 26, 30, 69, 70. Some of his responsibilities in the Church were to assist in presiding over the Church in Missouri, to serve as a missionary, to help the Prophet in the compilation of the revelations in the Book of Commandments, and to assist Oliver Cowdery in superintending the printing of them.

Probably the most important responsibility placed upon him was the call as one of the eight witnesses of The Book of Mormon. With his brethren, he testified that he had seen the plates. Although John Whitmer failed to live up to his high calling, he never denied his testimony. (See D & C Commentary, page 75.)

John Whitmer, Church Historian The call of John Whitmer as Church Historian is an example of a fulfilled desire to receive the call by revelation.

. . . John Whitmer, according to his own representations, said he would rather not keep the Church history, but observed —"The will of the Lord be done, and if He desires it, I wish that He would manifest it through Joseph the Seer" (D.H.C. I:166, footnote).

In the revelation he is informed of his appointment and his responsibility as historian. (Read D & C 47:3-4.) Within the year following receipt of this revelation, John Whitmer was instructed to accompany Oliver Cowdery to Independence, Missouri, and the revelations compiled as A Book of Commandments should be printed. In that revelation, the duties of Brother Whitmer as historian are given.

(Read D & C 69:3, 7-8.)
The history of the Church written by John Whitmer was only "a mere sketch of the things that transpired." His total work consisted of eighty-five pages which included many of the revelations given while he was in office. During the period when many brethren became disaffected, he was in the Presidency of the Church in Missouri. The members of the Church in that area did not sustain him and his associates in the Presidency. Although the presiding brethren demanded that he deliver the history of the Church to the presiding brethren, he refused. Years after his death, a copy of the history was obtained by the Church.

#### Church Historian's Office

The Historian's Office became recognized as a distinct part of the Church organization in 1843, when

Willard Richards Church Historian and General Church Recorder. Since that time the official title of Church Historian and Recorder has been used by each person succeeding him. The present Historian and Recorder is President Joseph Fielding Smith, also President of the Council of the Twelve. The first Assistant Church Historian was Elder Wilford Woodruff who received this office in October 1856. Elders A. William Lund and Preston Nibley occupy this position today.

In an article about the Church Historian's Office written by Elder A. William Lund, from which the above information was obtained, the following appears as the purpose of this office:

It is the aim of this office to gather all books, pamphlets, tracts, newspapers, records, etc., published by the Church and those written by members of the Church; those books pertaining to Western History, especially when dealing with the Mormons; also books written by non-Mormons which are friendly in their nature and those written by anti-Mormons. We have also in the Historian's Office hundreds of early records of the missions, and since 1907 all the records of births, baptisms, ordinations, deaths, and excommunications which have taken place in the Church (Improvement Era, November 1956, pp. 853-854).

Section 123 of The Doctrine and Covenants given March 1839, is a revelation setting forth the need for the saints to assemble all anti-Mormon literature. The position of the Church Historian is one of great importance. (Read D & C Commentary, page 279.)

Historical Accuracy Essential

In harmony with the desire of the Prophet to record facts relating to his life and the history of the Church that men might know the truth, these words from the Church Historian and Recorder should give us an appreciation of the place of the Church in the world.

In regard to the recording of history, the thing that is most important is accuracy. If history is not accurate, it is harmful. It has been said that history is what historians declare it shall be and many historians write with that thought in mind. Of course this is a deplorable situation, which we cannot help. You take history written 50 years ago by some writers of the North in relation to the Civil War [in the United States] and compare it with the writings of someone from the Southern States and you will find a vast difference. . . .

The most important history in the world is the history of our Church and it is the most accurate history in the world. It must be so. It is the most important to us because that history contains the hand dealings of God direct to us through revelation as it has come in the Doctrine and Covenants, in The Book of Mormon, and in any revelation that comes to us through the servants of the Lord for our guidance. . . . In our history if there are mistakes we can say as did Moroni in The Book of Mormon, "They are the mistakes of men" (Elder Joseph Fielding Smith: "History and History Recorders," Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine, Vol. 16, April 1925, pp. 53-55; 58-59).

Is it not reasonable and consistent with our knowledge of the purpose of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as the only true Church on the earth that our history is the most accurate? Certainly the Lord would inspire his servants and help them make accurate records where it is necessary that the Church be a standard and a light for the world, as prophesied. (See D & C 115:5.) The prayers of the Church membership are for the upbuilding

of Zion upon the earth, a necessary part of which is the keeping of records which will redound to the blessing of the people of the world who will be attracted to the gospel. The words of Wilford Woodruff, on September 15, 1856, in dedicating the Church Historian's Office building, located on the site of the present Medical Arts Building in Salt Lake City, express the desire of the faithful member of the Church:

And by virtue of the Holy Priesthood vested in us, in the name of Jesus Christ, we do dedicate it and consecrate it unto the Lord our God, and we set it apart that it may contain holy records of the Church and Kingdom of God, and we ask in the name of Jesus Christ that it may be sanctified and holy unto Thy name, and we pray that we may be inspired by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost while acting as Historians or clerks for the Church, and may we keep a true and faithful record and history of Thy Church and Kingdom and Thy servants, and may it be kept in that way and manner that it may be acceptable unto Thee, O Lord, and unto Thy servants, the presidency of Thy Church. . . .

And we ask Thee to bless us and prosper us in all things, and we pray that Thou wilt bring to our remembrance all things which are necessary to the writing of this history. And that papers and documents and all things necessary may be brought to us, to enable us to compile a right, useful and proper history (Improvement Era, November, 1956, pp. 795, 853).

#### Instructions to the Twelve

Among the instructions given by the Prophet to the Twelve Apostles after their appointment on February 14, 1835, was the necessity of keeping a record of their official acts. The Prophet Joseph Smith expressed sorrow over the fact that decisions reached on doctrine and duties relating to the kingdom of God had not always been recorded. Consequent-

ly, "We cannot bear record to the Church and to the world of the great and glorious manifestations which have been made to us with that degree of power and authority we otherwise could, if we now had these things to publish abroad." He then proceeded to instruct the Twelve to keep a record of their proceedings, declaring it to be of infinite worth and that it would be a feast to their souls. These records would also be a means of protection against the Adversary because neglect in this regard would bring about the withdrawal of the Spirit of God (D.H.C. II:199).

#### Our Acts Are Recorded

The Prophet Joseph Smith said that "Our acts are recorded, and at a future day they will be laid before us" (D.H.C. II:26). In a letter written to the Church concerning salvation for the dead, and after quoting Revelation 20:12, Prophet wrote:

You will discover in this quotation that the books were opened; and another book was opened, which was the book of life; but the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works; consequently, the books spoken of must be the books which contained the record of their works, and refer to the records which are kept on the earth. And the book which was the book of life is the record which is kept in heaven; the principle agreeing precisely with the doctrine which is commanded you in the revelation contained in the letter which I wrote to you previous to my leaving my place [D & C Section 127] — that in all your recordings it may be recorded in heaven (D & C 128:7).

#### The Book of the Law of the Lord

Imbued with the need to keep records, the Prophet kept a record called The Book of the Law of the Lord in which he wrote the names of those who were true to the Lord and also to himself as the Lord's anointed. Concerning one of these persons he referred to him as "A faithful man in Israel; therefore his name shall never be forgotten" (D.H.C. V:125). To be thought of and to be worthy of such a comment would be the wish of all who have a testimony of the truth re-

stored in this dispensation.

Joseph Smith's journal or diary is the accurate history of this dispensation from the beginning to the end of the Prophet's life. It is known as the History of the Church, and the Documentary History of the Church, consisting of six volumes. The seventh volume covers the period immediately following the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith to the sustaining of President Brigham Young and his counselors as the First Presidency on October 8, 1848. This vote ratified the action of the general conference held on the Iowa side of the Missouri River on December 27, 1847.

#### The Value of Journals or Diaries

Not only did the Council of the Twelve keep minutes of their official acts as a body, but many maintained journals of their personal activities. Many of these journals, together with those kept by others of the brethren, have been extremely important in giving information about their missionary labors, pioneer activities, and other aspects of our history. The number of these brethren runs into a very large number. Among these was Wilford Woodruff who assisted in bringing many wonderful happenings during and after President Joseph Smith's life to the attention of the Church. From this passage one will realize the way in which he was able to perform this function:

There is one subject I wish to speak upon and that is the keeping of a journal with respect to the dealings of God with us. I have many times thought the Ouorum of the Twelve and others considered me rather enthusiastic upon this subject; but when the Prophet Joseph organized the Quorum of the Twelve, he counseled them to keep a history of their lives, and gave his reasons why they should do so. I have had this spirit and calling upon me since I first entered this Church. I made a record from the first sermon I heard, and from that day until now I have kept a daily journal. Whenever I heard Joseph Smith preach, teach, or prophesy, I always felt it my duty to write it; I felt uneasy and could not eat, drink, or sleep until I did write; and my mind has been so exercised upon this subject that when I heard Joseph Smith teach and had no pencil or paper, I would go home and sit down and write the whole sermon, almost word for word and sentence by sentence as it was delivered, and when I had written it it was taken from me, I remembered it no more. This was the gift of God to me. ....

Another reason I was moved upon to write in the early days was that nearly all the historians appointed in those times apostatized and took the journals away with them (Matthias F. Cowley, Wilford Woodruff, pp. 476-477).

In 1856, a large number of missionaries received instructions from Elders Wilford Woodruff and Parley P. Pratt on the necessity of keeping an accurate record of their labors. The journals were to be full, correct, and proper.

Many important reasons for keeping an accurate record of important events in one's life are provided in this advice given in 1849 by Elder Orson Pratt to the members of the British Mission.

If every elder had, during the last nineteen years, kept a faithful record of all that he had seen, heard, and felt of the goodness, wisdom and power of God, the Church would now have been in possession of many thousand volumes, containing much important and useful information. How many thousands have been miraculously healed in this Church, and yet no one has recorded the circumstances. this right? Should these miraculous manifestations of the power of God be forgotten and pass into oblivion? Should the knowledge of these things slumber in the hearts of those who witnessed them, and extend no further than their own verbal reports will carry them? . . . We should keep a record because Jesus has commanded it. We should keep a record because the same will benefit us and the generations of our children after us. We should keep a record because it will furnish many important items for the general history of the Church which would otherwise be lost (Millennial Star 11:152).

It is probably unnecessary for everyone to keep a daily journal, but it is necessary that one keep a record of important activities and events in one's life. We might raise this point, if I had kept a record of the Lord's blessings to me in faith-promoting experiences, etc., I might leave to my children a permanent record which would impress and create in them a desire to live the gospel and to assist them to be strong Latter-day Saints.

The private journals kept by our progenitors are important as a part of the general history of the Church. With this in mind President Joseph Fielding Smith said at a general conference:

... Moreover, there are many important private journals scattered about which we would like to obtain for preservation and for historical purposes. We discover that when these are left in the keeping of the descendants of the pioneers, they frequently are lost, or lose their value by the time they reach the third or fourth gen-

eration, and are thrown away. If they are given to us we will file them away where they will be preserved (Conference Report, April 1934, page 20).

Genealogical Records

Subsequent lessons will deal with the great subject of salvation for the dead, including genealogical research as a part of that material. We should at this time, however, be mindful of the need to give encouragement to each member of the family in keeping books of remembrance, life histories, genealogical pedigrees, and the maintenance of interest in genealogical research and temple activity, where possible.

Summary

Section 47 of The Doctrine and Covenants is the revelation appointing John Whitmer as Church Historian. This brother had many opportunities to remain faithful to the high callings which came to him in the Church, but he failed in keeping the faith, notwithstanding he never denied his testimony of The Book of Mormon. Later, in 1843, the Church Historian's Office became a part of the Church organization and serves today as the repository of the vital statistics and history of the Church. The history of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints is intended to be an accurate history because it was and is prepared by brethren who have the Spirit of the Lord to guide them in their important duties. From the

beginning of this dispensation the commandment has been given that the Latter-day Saints are to be a record-keeping people to benefit themselves as individuals and also to present to the world the truths of the dispensation of the fulness of times. The necessity of making accurate records in other dispensations of the gospel has been noted in this lesson. The value of life histories prepared by the individual in contributing to the general history of the Church has also been noted. The preparation of genealogical records is of extreme importance as a part of every Latterday Saint's responsibility. The faithful Latter-day Saint accepts the Lord's will as contained in the scriptures, and accepts the obligation to participate in its varied activities. This faithfulness will bring joy and satisfaction to the participant and to his family.

#### **Questions for Discussion**

1. In what Church callings did John Whitmer serve? What is his relationship to The Book of Mormon?

2. What are the purposes of the Church Historian's Office? Which one of these purposes seems to be the most important?

3. Under what circumstances should a

person keep a journal or diary?

4. What advice does the Church Historian's Office give regarding pioneer journals?

5. What kind of genealogical records should be kept by members of the Church?

## Visiting Jeacher Messages—

### Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 33 - "He That Prayeth, Whose Spirit Is Contrite, the Same Is Accepted of Me . . . " (D & C 52:15).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, October 3, 1961

Objective: To show the true meaning of prayer with a contrite spirit.

PRAYER is truly "the soul's sincere desire." Probably no other motivating force is as universally present in the spirit of man as is the desire to draw near to our Father in heaven and to seek his divine comfort and help.

Even those of us who make a habit of prayer often feel that we lack the knowledge of how to draw near to our Heavenly Father, so that we are sure he will hear and answer the pleadings of our hearts. Like the disciples of old, many of us cry out, "Lord, teach us to pray"

(Luke 11:1).

The Lord has answered this plea many times and in many ways. In our modern scripture (see D & C 52:15), he tells us specifically what to do if our prayers are to be acceptable unto him. He admonishes us to come to him with a contrite spirit. But, we say, what does he mean by a contrite spirit? The answer is given in many places throughout the scriptures. For example, through his prophet Jeremiah, the Lord spoke these words: "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13). To Solomon the Lord said, "If my people . . . shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then

will I hear from heaven" (II Chron. 7:14). The Book of Mormon prophet Alma tells us "... acknowledge your unworthiness before God at all times" (Alma 38:14), and, in The Doctrine and Covenants 88:63, the Lord instructs us, "Draw near unto me and I will draw near unto you; seek me diligently and ye shall find me. . . ."

From these scriptures we learn that in order to pray with a contrite spirit, we must search for the Lord with all our hearts and with complete humility. We must draw near to the Lord if we expect him to draw near to us, and we must seek him with sincerity and dili-Furthermore, we must acknowledge our weaknesses and faults before the Lord in full repent-

To pray with contriteness we must cleanse our hearts and souls of such human weaknesses as envy, jealousy, malice, and strife. We cannot draw near to our Father in heaven if we are angry with our neighbor or if we have a feeling of hatred in our hearts. We must search our souls for our imperfections and shortcomings, acknowledging them freely before the Lord and asking for his mercy and for-giveness. This does not mean that we should dwell unnecessarily on

our weaknesses; rather, we should make our prayers constructive and cast our burdens at the feet of the Lord, knowing that an all-wise Father knows our shortcomings, and the sincerity of our desire to correct them. Someone has said that, "When the soul has laid down its faults at the feet of God, it feels as though it had wings."

One of the classic examples in scripture of how to pray with a contrite spirit is told by the Savior in the parable of the Pharisee and the publican. The Pharisee prayed, "... I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers. . . . I fast twice in the

week, I give tithes of all that I possess." The publican, "standing afar off," offered his prayer in only seven simple words, in abject humility. He pleaded "God be merciful to me a sinner." The Savior said that this was the type of prayer which was acceptable to him. (See Luke 18:11-13.)

It is the sincerity, earnestness, and contriteness of our hearts that count when we pray, and not the multiplying of words, or the repeating of trite phrases. Let us remember the Lord has said, "I know thy heart, and have heard thy prayers . . ." (D & C 112:11).

# Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 1 — Manners Matter

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, October 10, 1961

Objective: To show that good manners are fundamental in establishing harmonious relationships with our fellow beings.

I N the matter of manners . . . they matter!

Manners are our social security. They are the "open sesame" to friends and fun, to satisfying experiences, and worthwhile achievement. They are the saving grace in the complexities of family living. They are the very thing about our way of life which makes us a civilized people.

Our manners silently say that we are alert and aware, thoughtful and considerate, that we respect ourselves as well as others, that we are

responsible and responsive, and that we are entirely pleasant to be around.

Or they may suggest the exact opposite.

In the matter of manners, how do YOU do?

This is indeed a question we each should ask ourselves. Being typical human beings, we undoubtedly note the need for some improvement. Our next step should be to set about on a program of self-improvement, not only in the matter of manners,

social behavior, and in our dealings with others, but in our appearance and our personality as well.

For our own happiness this study is important. There are at least three other main reasons why such a program of improvement is worth the effort.

1. We are a Church with lay leaders, teachers, and participants. In this type of organization, it behooves us all to excel in the art of proper human relationships. How many of our programs in the Church are hindered because of hurt feelings, misunderstandings, improper considerations, offensive behavior, and poor example?

2. We have the eyes of the world upon us as a Church. We have often been termed a "peculiar people." But if it should be used because some among us show lack of culture, or good taste, or insufficient respect for self or others, the term would not be complimentary. By good example we can attract many people to the Church and influence others favorably.

3. We are the women in the Church, and our example of gentleness and modesty is communicated from our homes into the lives of our children and into our Church and social activities.

Good behavior demands a certain willingness to discipline oneself for the sake of others. It is putting their comfort before our own. Observing definite rules, as well as simply being considerate, has great value also. It gives conformity and orderliness to social situations. In any interplay among human beings, where there is a difference of opinion, personalities, and activities, it is only logical to have some regulations for behavior. They serve as a kind of traffic semaphore. They give us a feeling of security because we know what to do when acquainted with the established rules of living with others.

Good manners, good taste, indi-

cate our respect or lack of it for the dignity of man, the worth of the human soul. Because we are members of the true Church of Jesus Christ, we should try to be superior people in all respects, not the least being our dealings with other children of God. Behavior doesn't depend upon material things or external tools. It depends upon us. It is, in the final consideration, so much a reflection of our character, that, good or bad, it shows us for what we truly are.

A woman never feels so feminine as when a man is being a gentleman. A woman feels rightful pride when she witnesses her son or husband, her brother or her father, perform an act of consideration and thoughtfulness. A woman can and should inspire proper behavior. She can also instruct her sons, for by her very nature and the experiences she constantly encounters, it is she who can advise and remind of the social amenities so vitally important in social interplay.

Skill in social behavior fosters good public relations, saves embarrassing moments, protects reputations, guards against misunderstandings, increases efficiency, creates a mood for spirituality, encourages understanding, improves personality.

A woman should allow a man (this, incidentally, includes her husband) every opportunity to do things for her, such as carrying her packages (not her personal handbag, however) opening doors (as they approach the door she should step to one side so that he can reach the knob), helping her with her coat (she hands it to him rather than struggling with it herself). Family night rehearsals in the art of helping

one in and out of a coat could prove beneficial. If she drops something in the presence of a man, she doesn't try to beat him to the floor to retrieve it. If she has already climbed from the car, before he can get around to help her, he can't very well open the door for her. In ordinary situations, she should wait until he comes. If he momentarily forgets, he will soon notice she isn't beside him and come back for her! At which point she should smile her sweetest and thank him sincerely an act which should follow each of the thoughtful things he does for her.

Both young men and young women stand when a much older man or woman enters the room. This is to show respect. A young man also stands when any woman, except a child, comes into his presence.

So in the matter of manners — they matter, not as a simple performance of rules, but as a motivation from thoughts which mark us as being well-bred, a good Christian, a beloved and loving soul.

## Questions for Discussion

- 1. Why is it worthwhile to learn the basic rules of etiquette?
- 2. How are good behavior and religion related?
- 3. Is it consistent for one to be an active Church member and disregard proper behavior patterns?
- 4. Discuss some of the ways women can encourage men in social graces.
- 5. Consider the statement: "It is as wrong to take offense easily as to give it."

## Literature - America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 25 — Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: America's Literature, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 189, 190, 304, 305)

For Tuesday, October 17, 1961

Objective: To gain further insight into the American past and the human heart through a sympathetic reading of Hawthorne's masterpiece.

HAWTHORNE was America's first truly great literary artist. Clashings of opinions about his works began among his contemporaries and today have grown more voluminous and penetrating. Longfellow, his college chum and lifelong friend, could not read him. Emerson, his twin heir to the Puritan past, found his books to be "good for nothing," while Whitman found in him "a morbid streak to which I can never accommodate myself."

Edgar Allan Poe, who is often said to share with Hawthorne the honor of developing the new literary form, the short story, pioneered by Washington Irving, advised him to "mend his pen, and get a bottle of visible ink." Yet Poe always respected Hawthorne's meticulous craftsmanship and acknowledged him to be a "genius of a very lofty order."

Regarding Hawthorne in highest esteem, the great American novelist Henry James wrote that "no one has had just his vision of life, and no one has had a literary form that more successfully expressed his vision." Anthony Trollope, Hawthorne's favorite novelist, said that his "weird tales are not manufactured, but something indigenous,

something inescapably there," and T. S. Eliot grants him "the firmness, the true, hard coldness of the genuine artist." But it remains for his fellow-genius and soul-searcher, Herman Melville, to praise him in the most intense tones of poetic fervor:

This Hawthorne has dropped germinous seeds into my soul. He expands and deepens down, the more I contemplate him. . . . His wild witch voice rings through me. . . . He is immeasurably deeper than the plummet of the mere critic. For it is not the brain that can test such a man; it is only the heart. You cannot come to know greatness by inspecting it, there is no glimpse to be caught of it, except by intuition. . . . So now, my countrymen, as an excellent author of your own flesh and blood, whom better can I commend to you than Nathaniel Hawthorne? The smell of young beeches and hemlocks is upon him; your own broad prairies are in his soul; and if you travel away inland into his deep and noble nature, you will hear the far roar of his Niagara. Give not over to future generations the glad duty of acknowledging him for what he is . . . and by confessing his genius you thereby confess others; you brace the whole brotherhood. For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round.

A review of the preceding lesson on Hawthorne (May 1960) will help sketch the frame out of which this most autobiographical of artists re-created his own searchings of the human heart into his haunting tales, but the full majesty of his accomplishment is best experienced in his novel The Scarlet Letter.

#### American Classic

After being employed three drab years in the Salem Custom House, Hawthorne was ousted from his position by the Whigs who had won the election. Driven by strong creative drives long ignored, Hawthorne at once began writing furiously on his new book. He soon became entirely possessed by it, yet constantly concerned that it was too somber and that it was far too historical to appeal to his contemporaries. On February 3, 1850, he finished it, and that evening read the final chapters to his patient Sophia, most eager to observe its effect upon her. Years later he recalled how his emotions were so strong as he first attempted to share his creation that "my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm." As for Sophia, the combined power of Hawthorne's voice while reading his greatest book "broke her heart and sent her to bed with a grievous headache, which I look upon as a triumphant success," Hawthorne observed.

Three days after publication, 1500 copies had been sold, and on a trip to Boston, Sophia heard of little else. A new edition was immediately called for. Surely a Mrs. Gardiner from Maine spoke for many readers when she told Sophia, "As a tragic poem it has never been surpassed and hardly equalled."

When, in 1882, Professor John Nichol of the University of Glasgow published in England the first significant evaluation of American literature, he defined *The Scarlet Letter* as "the most profound, the boldest, the most riveting analytical romance of our tongue, in our century."

In 1957, in his book Hawthorne's Tragic Vision, Roy R. Male considered it "the most intensely moving and most beautifully composed work in American fiction." His opinion

LESSON DEPARTMENT 483

is substantiated by the appearance of dozens of critical books on Hawthorne in the past decade, as well as by the fact that, currently, eight publishing houses have paper-back editions of *The Scarlet Letter* in print, or more than twice the number for any other American book no longer protected by copyright.

Hawthorne, Moral Symbolist

Hawthorne's evaluation of Shakespeare might, with complete justice, be applied to his own best work, for it, too, contains "surface beneath surface, to an immeasurable depth." Just as in Hamlet, the novel's complex inter-relationship between its characters and the superbly contrived plot enable the dedicated reader to find new depths of wisdom and power within its pages each time he rereads them. As for the new reader, the magnetic power of the novel becomes manifest almost instantly and continues unabated to the end.

While, in a sense, such power pleased Hawthorne, it also frightened him, particularly since the book, as finally written, was by no means the book he wanted to write. Even while carried along on the crest of his own rather mysterious creative energy, he strove to make the novel sunnier and less gloomy, but in vain. His next attempt to enliven its somber morbidity was the addition of The Custom House, an introductory chapter which gave vent to his own personal feelings about historic Salem and the evils of political patronage, but which, aside from sketching a plausible historic frame out of which the manuscript of the novel might have come, had little direct bearing on the novel itself. In a final desperate attempt to protect the reader from its full impact, he decided to publish it serially in a magazine, but his publishers believed too strongly both in Hawthorne's gift and in *The Scarlet Letter* itself and, reluctantly, he agreed to its appearance in book form.

So beautifully is The Scarlet Letter constructed, with every word contributing to make stronger Hawthorne's central intent, that those reading it for the first time "just for the story," are from its first page swept onward toward an amplified realization of the moral theme: "Be true! Be true! Be true!" Hawthorne is concerned with the effects of mortal sins, not with any one sin in isolation, such as adultery, which had been committed long before the book begins. He is concerned with depicting the subtle inter-relating effects of sins, one strong effect having been caused by adultery, of which Pearl is the living symbol. His method is most effective when it is indirect, symbolic, paradoxical. It is through using such devices that the conflicting dual nature of man is given artistic embodiment.

#### The Scarlet Letter

The story of The Scarlet Letter is laid in mid-seventeenth-century Boston, a setting most compatible to Hawthorne's imagination, saturated as he was with years of reading in New England history, and well aware of his own identity within the dominating Puritan tradition. Though he carefully arranged his events to conform to a map of seventeenth-century Boston, used such historically veritable persons as Mistress Hibbens, Governor Belling-

ham, and Reverend Wilson as minor characters, and based the use of a scarlet letter as a form of punishment on an actual law to that effect passed in the Plymouth Colony in 1636, Hawthorne's real concern is morals rather than manners.

The plot centers about the scaffold, where a series of tableaux are enacted, interspersed with significant dialogues and revelations of characters' thoughts and fears. First Hester appears on the scaffold to account to society for her crime and to defend her lover's identity. She recognizes in the audience, Chillingworth, her long-absent husband, supposedly lost at sea, and agrees to keep his identity secret.

The next major event on the scaffold is "The Minister's Vigil." Tormented by Chillingworth's insinuating probings, Dimmesdale mounts the scaffold under cloak of night with intent to enact the proclamation of his true identity, which he dares not do in the daylight. When Hester and Pearl pass by on their way home from nursing an ill person, Arthur Dimmesdale asks them to stand by him on the scaffold, thus acknowledging his tie with them for the first time.

Realizing his desperate need for her, Hester meets him in the forest and rouses him to strength and hope with the possibility of their running away to begin life anew. Liberated from his self-imposed duplicity and refreshed at the possibility of regaining some degree of personal integrity, Dimmesdale stays up all night writing his great election sermon. Yet, as he comes to himself, he realizes the futility of attempted escape, writes a new sermon, the most inspirational he has ever delivered, after which he once more mounts the scaffold to declare his true relationship to Hester and Pearl. Dying in some degree of peace, with a clear conscience, Dimmesdale escapes the evil hold of Chillingworth as well as his own false illusion of being able to overcome concealed sin by running away from it.

Within the year, Chillingworth dies, bequeathing a considerable amount of property to little Pearl, making her the richest heiress in the New World. Years later, Hester takes her daughter to Europe. Later, Pearl marries well and evidences appreciation for the struggle of her mother by the love and kindness Pearl bestows upon her. Sometime afterward, Hester returns to Puritan Salem, to spend her remaining years where she had fought and won her inward battle.

In this novel few things or persons are as they appear; surface reality is not true reality. Such surface symbols as the scarlet letter itself, or the letter "A" seen in the heavens by Dimmesdale, do not have great significance. But when we witness Dimmesdale's interpreting the meteoric "A" as a sign sent to remind him of his own concealed adultery, we realize his self-concern and his isolation from the comforting companionship of either God or fellow-human.

The outward symbol achieves its power only when seen within Dimmesdale. Likewise, the novel is justly named, not because of the letter itself, but because of the various, often conflicting, symbolic values given the letter at one time by different people who live in its presence.

For example, when Hester first

emerges from the aged prison to stand before the populace with her fatherless child in her arms and with the scarlet letter of shame on her breast, what does the letter symbolize? To Hester, as to all, it stands for acknowledged sin, a fact which she never denies nor asks others to forget. It also represents her love for Dimmesdale, an affirming force so strong and sustaining within her, in contrast to the uncongenial, somewhat forced relationship she had known with her selfish, intellectually proud scholar husband, that Hester wore the letter proudly. To Chillingworth it symbolized not his domination of a lovely young girl so that she married him, even while he was fully aware that she did not love him, but that Hester had found someone whom she could love, whom he would detect and destroy out of jealousy and revenge. Dimmesdale it symbolized a love formerly felt which had been replaced by his great love for the prestige and respect of the members of his congregation. This feeling was coupled with the consuming fear of the degrading shame and scorn with which he would be branded if ever Hester revealed his identity.

To the Governor and the Reverend Wilson, the scarlet letter was an outward symbol of private sin which must be confessed publicly so that the welfare of the state and of Hester's soul would not be endangered. To some of the older, less confident wives in the market place, the scarlet letter represented a dangerous leniency, as they felt it should have been burned into Hester's flesh or else she should have been killed as a restraining example

on others who might be tempted to stray from virtue. To others nearer her own age and circumstance, this exquisitely wrought example of superb needlework had no real significance; to Hester, every thrust of the sharp needle in her finger as she fashioned it, had left its eternally unhealed wound on her heart.

Which is the "true" reading of the symbol? Hawthorne, skilled craftsman in the techniques of ambiguity, never specifies which; he creates all the above possibilities, then leaves the reader to consider and evaluate them as he chooses.

Nor is Hawthorne content merely to make the reader aware of the varied meanings the letter holds at any one moment; he further complicates it into more nearly resembling the complex relationships of actuality by showing how its symbolic meaning changes with the passing years. Little Pearl, "herself a symbol," becomes both her mother's greatest curse and blessing, for alternately, she forces her mother to account for the letter as being good or evil; then, suddenly, she refuses to give Hester love or obedience until Hester replaces on her breast the removed symbol of her sin. Constantly her beloved Pearl asks Hester, "What the letter mean, Mother? — and why dost thou wear it? - and why does the minister keep his hand over his heart?"

One moment Pearl stands apart from her mother, to pelt the familiar letter with sticks and leaves; the next moment she kisses it, even while rubbing off the unwelcome kisses of Reverend Dimmesdale, who never feels comfortable in her presence. For him, in his self-disparaging envy and weak hypocrisy, Hester's letter has become a token of pride:

Of penitence, there has been none! Else, I should long ago have thrown off these garments of mock holiness, and have shown myself to mankind as they will see me at the judgment-seat. Happy are you, Hester, that wear the scarlet letter openly upon your bosom! Mine burns in secret! Thou little knowest what a relief it is, after the torment of a seven years' cheat, to look into an eye that recognizes me for what I am! ..." (Chapter XVII — "The Pastor and His Parishioner").

But though the letter has avenged Chillingworth and has brought upon Hester and her child the scorn and isolation of the community, which Hester feels is deserved, gradually it becomes apparent that "the scarlet letter has not done its office." Tirelessly working to bring comfort and solace to others who have sinned, Hester's endless works of understanding and mercy win her the love of her neighbors, and for some, at least, the "A" comes to symbolize Angel. It is Dimmesdale who suffers most from the pains of isolation — from his congregation, since they accept him as he appears rather than as he is; from Hester and their child. since their presence is one of integrity and strength which makes his cowardly weakness more despicable; and from his own conscience, since he knows what he should have done, and what he must do. Yet it is not until the very end that his soul-searing inner conflict resolves itself into motion, so that he may, at least, die in peace.

It is Chillingworth, however, who destroys himself. Once a man of conscience and intellectual integrity, his lust for revenge turns his scientific and intellectual skills into cruel,

biting probes which, under the guise of friendship and concern, he buries in the unsuspecting Dimmesdale's heart until Chillingworth is on the verge of possessing entire domination of the minister's soul. Thus, having "violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart," through his passionate attempt to satisfy his own injured pride and his mania for revenge, Chillingworth makes himself into a fiend, entirely isolated from any saving tie to wife, profession, society, or God. He becomes evil itself.

Hawthorne's Deep Duality

In our previous lesson, the double quality of Hawthorne's own life was defined and exemplified, a double quality which appeared in many of his short stories, but never with such moving power as found in The Scarlet Letter. Although this book is so perfectly balanced that it is debatable whether the main character is Hester or Dimmesdale, many paradoxical or opposing forces intensify this balance, both within characters as well as between them. For example, is it not paradoxical that Hester, who resigned herself to accepting the consequences of breaking one law, redeemed herself through obeying another, and that her constant adherence to kindness and integrity were enforced by little Pearl, herself the result of moral law-breaking?

It is ironical that Reverend Dimmesdale, who knew that spiritual truth is the greatest reward of mortality, should, until the very end of his life, choose to live a lie; and that the deeper he searched his own soul as he came more and more under Chillingworth's power, the

more convincing and inspirational became his sermons against sin, and the stronger became his congregation's love and respect for him. And is it not paradoxical that Hester, a warm and loving person, should live alone save for the elfish whims of scorn or affection she received from Pearl, yet in her loneliness and suffering she achieved strength and supremacy; while Dimmesdale, living in isolation by his own choice, and having within himself a far keener sensitivity to the importance of the spiritual realities of life and their nearness to him, should, in his loneliness, wither away?

Often Hawthorne employs the companion tool of ambiguity as a means of sharpening his effect of duality in statements, as, "this might be pride, but was so like humility." At the end of chapter ten, as in the scene of Dimmesdale's self-revelation, just what was on his breast? Hawthorne never dulls the reader's imagination by telling him specifically.

Hawthorne feared that The Scarlet Letter was too gloomy and somber ever to become popular; he feared that as a writer he would soon be forgotten; he feared that he was provincial and old-fashioned. None of his fears has been justified by the passage of time. Conversely, his intense earnestness, the deep seriousness of his creative imagination which extends "surface beneath surface, to an immeasurable depth"; his effortless combining of the simplicity of greatness with the complexities of mortality, his insight into a new way of feeling and creating which has come to uniquely American — in all these we find various facets of Hawthorne's greatness and of his indispensability to those who would live more profoundly in the realms of the spirit and the heart.

## Thoughts for Discussion

1. What factors contribute to Hester's moral and spiritual growth?

2. What caused Dimmesdale to deteriorate morally in view of his religious sensitivity?

3. What effect did Chillingworth's attitude have upon Dimmesdale, Hester, and, finally, upon himself?

4. How are the moral lessons of The Scarlet Letter related to the principle of repentance?

## Social Science—The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

THE EMINENCE OF WOMAN

## Lesson 1 — The Scripture and Woman's Place

"... neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man ..."
(I Cor. 11:11).

#### Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Tuesday, October 24, 1961

Objective: To help the women of the Church more fully to realize their divinely ordained position.

## From the Beginning

1. Subduing the Earth a Joint Responsibility

IN the beginning God created not only the earth, bodies of water, plants, fishes, fowls, and every living thing upon the earth, but also man, his prize creation. Let us look carefully at the wording in Genesis 1:27-28:

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over. . . . [Italics added]

This, you will note, is a joint command to "multiply," and "have dominion over." Earlier, in the 26th verse of the same chapter, the Lord says ". . . and let them have dominion over. . . ."

In the Pearl of Great Price the reference is similar (Moses 2:26-28):

. . Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and it was so. And I, God, said: Let them have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And I, God, created man in mine own image, in the image of mine Only Begotten created I him; male and female created I them. And I, God, blessed them, and said unto them: Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

There are repeated references to the plural pronoun "them" when speaking of the work of subduing the earth and having dominion over it. Obviously, this work is a joint project, a unified responsibility for the Lord's great program for this world.

## 2. The Priesthood Divinely Committed to Man

There is order in the Lord's house and there is perfection in his organization. The power to act in the name of God, to establish his program and to perform the ordinances required, is the commission of his power to man. Therefore, while the direction to subdue the earth and to people it was a joint one, the authority, the leadership, and the responsibility for this creative power were given to the man with the understanding

That the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness (D & C 121:36).

If the man and the woman are one in the sight of God, then in the marriage situation there is no separation of the blessings and benefits that come from the power of the Priesthood.

Adam was the first to hold the Priesthood of God on this earth. In the fifth chapter of Moses, 58th and 59th verses, we read:

And thus the Gospel began to be preached, from the beginning, being declared by holy angels sent forth from the presence of God, and by his own voice, and by the gift of the Holy Ghost.

And thus all things were confirmed unto Adam, by an holy ordinance, and the Gospel preached, and a decree sent forth, that it should be in the world, until the end thereof; and thus it was. Amen.

Adam hearkened unto the voice of God and taught his children, calling them to repentance. More than that, he conferred upon his sons the Priesthood. In modern revelation (D & C 107:41), we are informed concerning the Melchizedek Priesthood, "This order was instituted in the days of Adam, and came down by lineage. . . ."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

It is recognized, then, that God ordained that man should be given the Priesthood. It is also recognized by the same token that God commanded "them" to fulfill the purpose for which this world was created. But woman's eminence is really attained in her responsibility and assignment as the mother of men. As the mother of men she exerts the first major influence on the child through her physical responsibility of building the body. Then the child is cradled in her arms, nurtured by her love, and stimulated by her intellect. In this close primary relationship, she it is who builds in the child respect for law and order, a true recognition of respect, honor, and obedience to the father as the head of the house.

As the scriptures point out, Adam taught his children; Noah taught his children; and the references continue to multiply the number of these instances. However, it is not difficult to recognize the mother's influence where the father's teachings were successful. Where a mother fails in this task, a father's effectiveness is seriously curtailed.

## Women and the Teachings of Christ

In the first place, Jesus was born of Mary. She was his mother. She gave him love and cared for him in babyhood. She taught him obedience and provided discipline that guided his footsteps to his later achievements.

In answer to the Pharisee's question, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" Jesus presented, possibly, his strongest teachings as to the place of women in God's creation.

... Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder (Mt. 19:4-6).

489

In this discussion of divorce Jesus raises the standing of women to a new high. Geikie in his book Life and Words of Christ, Vol. II, page 349, as quoted in Talmage's Jesus the Christ, page 484, in explaining Christ's statement relative to putting away one's wife, points out that:

. . . This statement was of far deeper moment than the mere silencing of malignant spies. It was designed to set forth for all ages the law of His New Kingdom in the supreme matter of family life. It swept away for ever from His Society the conception of woman as a mere toy or slave of man, and based true relations of the sexes on the eternal foundation of truth, right, honor, and love. To ennoble the House and the Family by raising woman to her true position was essential to the future stability of His Kingdom, as one of purity and spiritual worth. By making marriage indissoluble, He proclaimed the equal rights of woman and man within the limits of the family, and, in this, gave their character of nobility to the mothers of the world. For her nobler position in the Christian era, compared with that granted her in antiquity, woman is indebted to Jesus Christ.

Throughout his ministry Christ defended women. He protected them from wicked accusers and showed compassion upon them in their suffering. When Mary and Martha were in deep sorrow at their brother's death, he called Lazarus forth from the tomb and restored him to his family. As he watched the funeral procession of the wid-

ow's son and observed the anguish of her soul, he commanded the young man to arise, and restored him in full health to his mother.

His great esteem for women is evidenced more specifically at the time of the crucifixion. While the accounts mention only John the Beloved of the Twelve being present, there were a number of sorrowing women, among them his mother. As he watched her sorrowing, he spoke to John, commending his mother's care into the hands of this faithful apostle. In the hour of his greatest physical pain and, at the moment of achieving his glorification, he thought of his mother and her welfare.

Following his death and burial, the first to behold Christ were the women. The apostles hesitated, but the women accepted him as Christ.

## Women in Modern Revelation

As the details of the gospel were revealed to the Prophet Joseph, the magnitude of its implications was a cause for awe and wonderment at the wisdom of God. The Doctrine and Covenants clearly and specifically sets forth the duties and responsibilities of Priesthood bearers, the sacredness of Priesthood calling, and the obligation involved in being a commissioned representative of God upon the earth.

However, it is made equally clear in The Doctrine and Covenants that marriage is ordained of God and, without the successful observance of the eternal covenant of marriage, one cannot attain the highest degree in the celestial kingdom and the full glory of the Priesthood. This places woman in the same place of eminence God had given her in the beginning with Adam.

As early as 1842, the Prophet Joseph organized the Relief Society in recognition of the importance of women in the program of the Church. In this move he revived the standing of women in the world. The Prophet's revelations began a positive movement toward restoring women to their proper place beside the Priesthood bearers. In Adam's day she was a covenanted partner in subduing the earth and in multiplying and replenishing it.

The woman's organization had far-reaching implications. It was not only to give her expression in the areas of her superb qualifications of assuaging pain and suffering and providing sympathetic understanding, but it was to provide women with an intellectual stimulation, growth, and expression. As the "mother of men" she must provide the stimulation necessary to assure the development of the children of men to their proper place as the spiritual offspring of God.

In the sixth meeting of Relief Society, held April 28, 1842, the Prophet reviewed many of the exceptional qualities of women and then said:

You will receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood which God has established, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide and direct the affairs of the Church in this last dispensation; and I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads (D.H.C. IV:607).

Parents' Responsibility to Children

In specific revelation the Lord has charged the parents, not mother or father, but the parents to see that their children are informed upon the basic principles of salvation and In verses 25 to 28 in exaltation. Section 68 of The Doctrine and Covenants, this combined responsibility is clearly stated. The reference is to children before they are eight years of age. This becomes more important when we realize that a person cannot become a member of the Church "unless he has arrived unto the years of accountability before God, and is capable of repentance" (D & C 20:71).

In regard to this joint responsibility we must keep in mind that:

... the worth of souls is great in the sight of God . . . if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father! And now, if your joy will be great with one soul that you have brought unto me into the kingdom of my Father, how great will be your joy if you should bring many souls unto me (D & C 18:10; 15-16)!

We can assume, with confidence, that each member of our family is equally important in the sight of God and that the promise referred to above pertains to the successful parents as well as to the successful missionary. Parents will not obtain the blessing by giving physical existence only to the spirit children of our Father. Their joy and glory will be achieved by bringing their children to a full understanding of the Lord's way of life, thus preparing or disciplining them to make right decisions, and to be worthy of his blessings.

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From modern revelation, then, we learn of the significance of woman in the plan of the gospel. Her place is still by the side of her husband in the discharge of his responsibility in his Priesthood calling. His kingdom and glory in this life and eternally are closely knit with his success in family life. The wife, therefore, must be a realistic partner in his success.

In the 131st Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, verses 1 to 4, the Lord said:

In the celestial glory there are three heavens or degrees; And in order to obtain the highest, a man must enter into this order of the priesthood [meaning the new and everlasting covenant of marriage]; And if he does not, he cannot obtain it. He may enter into the other, but that is the end of his kingdom; he cannot have an increase.

While this quotation does not mention women, yet marriage can have only one reference, and it implies, without question, to the importance of the wife as a partner in man's success in the full responsibility of his Priesthood. This is again emphasized in the 132d Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, verse 4:

For behold, I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my glory.

This strong statement is repeated even more emphatically in the 6th verse of the same section.

Surely marriage is ordained of God. In fact, it is vital to the fulfilling of the plan of life and salvation. The fulness of the Priesthood can only be attained through suc-

cessful temple marriage. This places woman in a most eminent position; a position of honor, glory, and vital importance. And with all this is the responsibility of being a successful partner. Where much is given much is expected.

## Thoughts for Discussion

1. Does the use of the term "man" in the story of the creation have an implied meaning? If so what is the implication?

2. What is the significance of the following scripture, ". . . neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman

without the man, in the Lord" (I Cor. 11:11)?

3. What place does the scripture give

women?

4. What specific responsibility is given to women in the plan of creation?

5. Is the exaltation of man and woman a separate or a conjoint achievement?

6. If woman shares in the glory man attains in fulfilling his Priesthood responsibilities, has she responsibility in his failure?

References:

Genesis, Chapter 1.

The Book of Moses, Pearl of Great Price, Chapters 1-6.

The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 18, 68, 107, and 131.

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## Forgotten Things

Grace Barker Wilson

I had forgotten that the hills Rise tall against the morning sky, And how the early sunshine spills Its gold on trails once traveled by;

The aspen near the kitchen door, The rocky slope we used to climb; Rain pools to wade, caves to explore, Erased by transitory time.

How soft the pussy willows grew Along the little rivulet.
Time was so beautiful and new I wonder how I could forget.

## Life Bouquet

Ida Elaine James

Little half-promises, Bloom for me! Achieve a color, Whatever it be.

Thrust up from the darkness, Sure is the root, And bright the challenge For crushing foot.

Some shall be thornberries Pricking them red, So, sharing together, Life's pain I have shed.

Sing, thoughts, for color, For beauty's release From despair, the black iris, To whiteness of peace.

Forget me, the poet.

Keep the bright words I say
In a rainbow-glowing
Lifetime bouquet.

## Song for Remembering

Evelyn Fjeldsted

A whistled song and a symphony, Brought music on the evening breeze. The whistled measures, glad and free, Flew up and down in changing keys.

Enchanted rhythm seemed to call;
The leaves like symbols clapped and swayed,
And as a calm fell over all,
The little song began to fade.

Strains of violins on moonlight rays, Came softly through the dark of night, And deeper tones sustained the praise To summer's interlude in flight.

The symphony too soon was gone. In memory the song lives on.

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# Living Truths from the Doctrine & Covenants

## Christine Hinckley Robinson

These living truths, based on selected quotations from modern-day revelations, were originally prepared as Relief Society Visiting Teacher Messages. Many of them have been amplified; all of them may be read individually and used as guideposts to daily living. They embrace universal subjects: faith, love, brotherhood, humility, patience, prayer, service, trust, thankfulness, work, and other topics of inspiration. These "gems" for quiet, reflective reading are written by one who loves life and people.

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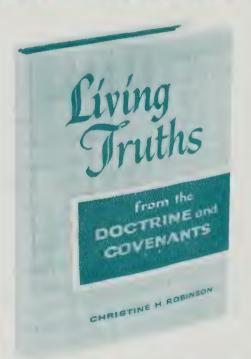


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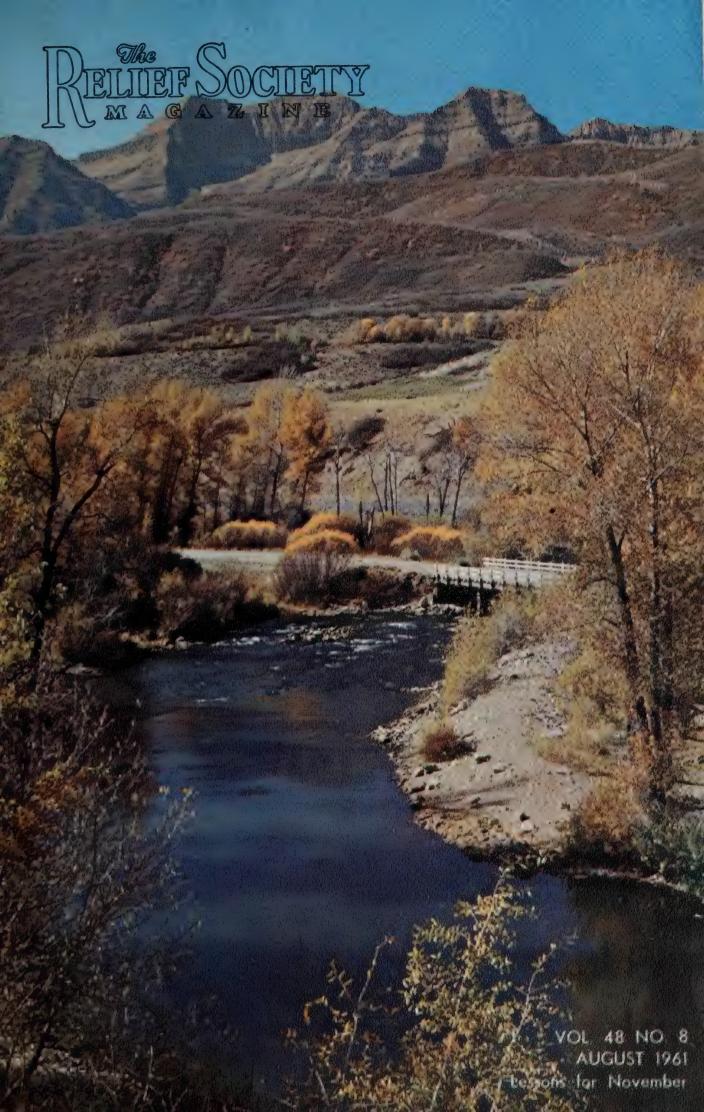
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## Brief Interim

#### Alberta H. Christensen

There is no tumult now, for summer falls
On lane and meadow like a muted song.
Only a brief surrendering to peace—
To flowering stem, to cadences of sound,
Soft as a chanting bee, clear as the cry
Of a startled quail in the myrtle leaves.

Only a sense of oneness with the earth — With trellised vine, the daisy-whitened hill; With transient shadow-lace where beauty weaves A web of dream in grasses warm with sun. Only a new awareness of the sky, Its nimbus cloud repeated in the stream.

Brief interim, serene and blossom-frail,
Mantle with petals every scar of grief;
Be the heart's wanted rest, its weld of faith
Against the winter night — the orphaned leaf.

The Cover: Provo River, Utah, With Mount Timpanogos in the Background

Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

Frontispiece: Summertime in Vermont

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## From Near and Far

The Relief Society Magazine is wonderful. I truly love to read every word in it. Everything gives me uplifting thoughts, whether it be spiritual, through the wonderful lessons, stories, and poems, or the practical advice on everyday living. I very much enjoyed the "International Singing Mothers Concert Tour" (by President Belle S. Spafford, in May). The Magazine speaks to the mothers in the Lord's Church and helps them in their special duties. And what does it mean for me, a young girl? It strengthens my testimony that the Relief Society is truly an inspired organization that helps me to keep my thoughts clean and influences my daily actions for the better.

—Hildegard Teuscher Hamburg, Germany

We here in our branch and district treasure the knowledge we have of the gospel, but are ever eager to learn more from day to day. Personally, I find The Relief Society Magazine a treasure chest of delightful reading. The lessons given through the medium of the Magazine are a sheer joy. I am a registered nurse still practicing my profession. Nevertheless, I do think the nursing course as given in the Magazine (1960-61) is excellent. What a wealth of information these lessons contain for every housewife and mother — and father, too, for I know several fathers who read The Relief Society Magazine with extreme interest.

—Frances A. Katene
Porirua, New Zealand

For quite awhile I have been receiving copies of The Relief Society Magazine from my dear friend Mrs. F. Flicks of Raymond, Alberta, Canada. I have been very interested in these Magazines, especially in the poetry. I can assure you I have found comfort in the readings, as I live alone, and the different messages seem to have been particularly sent to me to give me courage to carry on. These messages travel far.

—Mrs. S. A. Thornton Salford Lancaster, England I would like a subscription to our wonderful Magazine entered in the name of my daughter Mrs. Marcia White. She is celebrating her first wedding anniversary this month, and I can't think of anything finer to give her than a subscription to the Magazine. My own dear mother gave me my first subscription twenty-three years ago, the first year I was married. I would like to make it a family tradition. I especially enjoy the lovely covers in color, and I always read the poetry first. I enjoyed the frontispiece poem in the April issue "Too Swift the Curve," by Eva Willes Wangsgaard. It is delightful.

–Mrs. MaDonna N. Lemon Roosevelt, Utah

During a grief and pain-filled period three years ago, a very dear friend Mrs. Arthur Martin of Salina, Utah, started sending me The Relief Society Magazine. It was very new and strange to me. At first, the little stories and beautiful cover designs attracted my interest — then the recipes and sewing sections. Each time I picked up the Magazine I found new and varied things of interest. I began reading the lessons, trying to understand them, but, without a reference book to use as a guide, I was a bit lost. Finally, the past summer, two elders from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to my door. I obtained The Book of Mor-Since then the lessons in the Magazine have become more clarified. I have read The Book of Mormon from cover to cover and am still enjoying The Relief Society Magazine.

—Mrs. Wallace Jaka
Ottawa, Illinois

Our ward has a wonderful mother, Mrs. Frances Kolarik. She doesn't know me very well, and yet she has given me a subscription to The Relief Society Magazine as a gift for two years. Now this little Magazine gives me uplift and comfort in my spiritual life. It also gives me faith in the future and in the spirit of our home.

Terttu Voskressensky
Los Angeles, California

## THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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VOL. 48	AUGU	ST 1961	NO. 8
	Con	tents	
	SDECIAL	FFATIIRFS	
White House Conference Making Good Things La	on Agingst		Marba C. Josephson 500 Belle S. Spafford 504 Lydia H. Fielding 517 Fredrika Clinch 531
Because of the Word-Ch	FIC:	TION	
His Lasting LoveLove Is Enough—Chapte	er 8—(Conclusion)	**************************************	Frances C. Yost 514 Mabel Harmer 533
From Near and Far	GENERAL	FEATURES	498
Woman's Sphere Editorial: "Go to the Hou Notes From the Field:	use of Prayer Upo Relief Society Activitie	on My Holy Day''	S18 Ramona W. Cannon 519 Louise W. Madsen 520 Hulda Parker 539
Birthday Congratulations	S	****************************	568
Science and the Jelly G	ilass les Are Decorative an Adversity''	d Useful	va Willes Wangsgaard 522 Pauline L. Jensen 527 Alice Morrey Bailey 528 Shirley Thulin 530 532 Caroline Eyring Miner 567
Theology—The Mission to		R NOVEMBER	Pay W Dayer 546
Visiting Teacher Messag Things'	es—"I Will Give Unto	You a Pattern in	All  Christine H. Robinson 552  Caine Anderson Cannon 553
Visual Lesson Packet	di Whittier, Commone	r	Ariel S. Ballif 560
	POF	TRY	
Long Autumn Day			Alberta H. Christensen 497 Mabel Law Atkinson 507 Linnie Fisher Robinson 513
A Glimpse of Grace	rust	******************************	Mabel Jones Gabbott 521
Conversion	80000000000000000000000000000000000000		Hazel Loomis 538 Pauline M. Bell 551 Evelyn Darlington 565
Hollyhock Dolls	# 64 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7	0 · 0 · 0 · 0 · 0 · 0 · 0 · 0 · 0 · 0 ·	Vesta N. Fairbairn 565
WIGHTING TIOUT			Rose Thomas Graham 566 Evelyn Fjeldsted 567 Marilyn Young 568
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			Page 499

# Hugh B. Brown—of The First Presidency

Marba C. Josephson

Associate Managing Editor, The Improvement Era

O the Church generally and to non-Church members, the name and person of President Hugh B. Brown have come to signify greatness. This greatness is not alone from his striking personality but also from his greatness of character which shines from him, even in repose, and fairly blinds those who see him in action. He is a silvery tongued orator, who has the advantage of being a clear, direct thinker, one who lets his heart as well as his brain direct what he says. President Brown himself wrote: "Men live best when they neither deny themselves the verdict of the head nor the intimations of the heart, but seek a working harmony of both."

His life of activity in the Church has been long and noteworthy. From the time he filled a mission to Great Britain in 1904 to 1906, he has been kept busy in Church assignments. He served as bishop's counselor, high councilman, counselor in a stake presidency, stake president in both Lethbridge (Canada) and Granite (Salt Lake City) Stakes, and as British Mission president from 1937 to 1940 and again from 1942 to 1946. Concurrently he served from 1942 to 1946 as coordinator for the Latter-day Saint servicemen. Following his return from Great Britain in 1946, President Brown became a member of the faculty at Brigham Young University, where he taught until 1950. In 1953 Elder Brown was selected an Assistant to the Twelve. On April 6, 1958, he was called to the Council of the Twelve. He is rounding out his Church service as a member of the First Presidency, to which exalted position he was appointed June 22, 1961.

A born administrator, a real executive, he became noted for the organization and execution of his assignments. All learned to revere him and to love him.

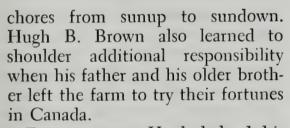
Like Nephi of old, President Brown can say he "was born of goodly parents. . . ." They did not have riches as the world counts them, but they had wealth of the spirit, which they imparted in rich abundance to their fourteen children, all of whom lived to maturity.

Hugh B. Brown's mother was Lydia J. Brown, daughter of James S. Brown of Mormon Battalion fame. She expected much of her children, gave them her full confidence, and was usually rewarded by their devotion and their exemplary conduct.

Born on Redwood Road near 39th South, Salt Lake City, Utah, young Hugh early learned the value of hard work. The second son and the fifth child of the family, he knew what it was to rise early to pick fruit, milk cows, and do farm



PRESIDENT HUGH B. BROWN



For two years Hugh helped his mother and the younger family members direct the work on the farm. Then the family journeved to Canada to join the father and older brother. It was probably during this time that Hugh felt particularly close to his mother—a relationship that persisted throughout the years until her death, June 3, 1935. He has stated on many occasions that she was the greatest character he has ever known. And surely she must have been-to bear fourteen children—the last one in Canada under all the rigors of a strenuous pioneer life. His father also was a man to be admired: diligent, faithful, hard working. He was a patriarch of Granite Stake when he



ZINA YOUNG CARD BROWN Wife of President Brown

passed away on February 1, 1936, at the home of his son Hugh in Salt Lake City.

In his own family life, President Brown has striven to cement what God joined in the Salt Lake Temple, June 17, 1908, when he took as his wife Zina Young Card, the sweetheart of his youth. To their home came six lovely daughters and two handsome sons. President Brown's devotion to his wife as well as to his parents set the example to his family to "Honour thy father and thy mother. . . ."

In 1958 when Brother and Sister Brown were to tour the European Mission, their joy extended to include three of their daughters who accompanied them. As his daughter Mary Firmage stated, it was a highlight of their lives—not only to travel with their parents, not only to see the countries of Europe, but also to see the devotion of their

father and mother and experience the tenderness with which they treated each other after fifty years of marriage. But this trip was nothing new-so far as travel was concerned. Zola Hodson, another daughter, states: "We children have such happy memories of the family trips together. They were not hurried, for we enjoyed everything as we went along. I remember one day we saw a huge turtle in the road as we were traveling, and Daddy stopped and picked it up, made a crate for it, and carried it with us on the rest of the trip."

President Brown and his wife Zina have practiced the art of courtship throughout their married life. On special occasions such as on Zina's birthday or Mother's Day, President Brown will place on a breakfast tray a single rose—red roses are his favorite for his sweetheart — and will carry it to Zina's bed-a token of his undying love. The first rose of his garden has always been for his wife. And the wife of his youth, the light of his life, has rewarded him with encouragement in the face of discouragement, with faith in his abilities, and with complete devotion in her service to him. She stands at the door to blow a farewell kiss to him as he leaves for his duties of the day, and he always turns to "catch it." She takes extra time to "primp" a little before his return.

Home evenings were made much of in the Brown household, according to Zola. Singing around the piano, faith-promoting stories, and the fun of being together as a family made home nights long to be remembered. When the gas was turned low in the grate, the family would beg their father for a story. And he would point out the dogs and cats and witches racing across the low flames as he spun his tales. Often he would say, "This reminds me of the time the purple cow got caught on the point of the new moon," and they would be off again.

FOR one who had such keen concern for his family when they were young, he has heeded the advice he has given others: "In-laws get off the boat" (Hugh B. Brown, You and Your Marriage, 138). He is still equally concerned. but his advice is given in such a manner that, as his daughter Mary said, "You would think it was your own conclusion that was reached." which, of course, it is. That is the kind of leader President Brown has always been — in Church assignments as well as in his family relationships—gently but knowingly leading others to reach their own conclusions.

There was one occasion that was particularly difficult for him because Brother Brown had foresight and knew the outcome from the beginning. His namesake, Hugh, told his father at the outbreak of World War II that he felt he should go back to England, where he had served a mission, and join the Royal Air Force to help protect the people whom he had learned to love. With a full heart, President Brown recognized his son's choice and gave him a father's blessing. He knew at the time that Hugh was going to his death, which occurred in 1942.

A family man, President Brown has also been a public man: a

teacher, an officer in the Canadian army, an attorney both in Canada and in the United States. In these positions he has worked closely with people. And they have been stirred by "his great spiritual strength, his knowledge of, love for, and closeness to our Heavenly Father, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost," as his secretary of over seven years states. In every calling which he has occupied he has lived up to the convictions which he developed as a lad, encouraged by his father and mother to be a true Latter-day Saint.

Since his call to the leading councils of the Church, October 4, 1953, President Brown's offices have been open to those who have sought help, particularly in their marital relations. He has continued to be in constant demand for marriage counseling. His great heart and mind will continue to bless the distressed in all situations following his appointment as a member of the First Presidency. He has always recognized the human equation—and will continue to do so.

This brief tribute to President Brown could not end without mentioning one of the characteristics that has endeared him to the thousands who have been blessed with knowing him: It is his unfailing sense of humor. It has probably helped him keep on an even keel when things have been darkest. With a twinkle in the eye and a smile on the lip, he has coined maxims that all would be better for knowing:

"Snap judgment, like a bear trap, may catch the one who baits it."

"Life is a journey, not a camp."

"It is no use trying to shine your lamp if you do not take time to fill it."

"The quality of one's intelligence may be related to his sense of humor."

"A used mind is one item that has more value than a new."

"Some of us do not need a bushel to hide our light; a thimble would suffice."

"Opportunity is always within the reach of the arm of preparation."

One of his aphorisms that President Brown lives by, is to "Take on mental nourishment every day." As a young law student, even then with a family to support, he arose at four o'clock in the morning to study; this has been his practice ever since—if he cannot get time during the day to stretch his mind with reading, he will use any hour of the twenty-four. He knows the value of study and reflects this value in all of his dealings in life.

## White House Conference on Aging

President Belle S. Spafford

IN January 1961, the first White House Conference on Aging was called by the President of the United States in accordance with the provisions of the law passed by Congress in 1958. The law provided that the Conference should be planned and conducted by the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare with the assistance of other departments and agencies represented on the Federal Council on Aging.

The purpose of the Conference was "to formulate recommendations for immediate action in improving and developing programs to permit the country to take advantage of the experience and skills of the older persons in our population, to create conditions which will better enable them to meet their needs, and to

further research on aging."

The legislative Act providing for the Conference gave the following information: "The number of persons forty-five years of age and older in our population has increased from approximately thirteen and one-half million in 1900 to forty-nine and one-half million in 1957; and the number sixty-five years of age and over from approximately three million in 1900 to almost fifteen million at the present time, and is expected to reach twenty-one million by 1975." The Act further stated that:

... outmoded practices in the employment and compulsory premature retirement of middle-aged and older persons are depriving the economy of their much

needed experience, skill, and energy and, simultaneously, depriving many middle-aged and older persons of opportunity for gainful employment and an adequate standard of living. Many older persons do not have adequate financial resources to maintain themselves and their families as independent and self-respecting members of their communities, to obtain the medical and rehabilitation services required to permit them to function as healthy, useful members of society, and to permit them to enjoy the normal, human, social contacts.

Reference was made to our failure to provide adequate housing for elderly persons at costs which can be met by them, thus forcing many older persons to live under conditions in which they cannot maintain decency and health, or continue to participate in the organized life of the community. Mention was made of the lack of suitable facilities and opportunities in which middle-aged persons can learn how to prepare for the later years of life, learn new vocational skills, and develop and pursue avocational and recreational interests. This is driving many of our older persons into retirement shock, premature physical mental deterioration, and loneliness and isolation, it was stated, causing an unnecessary drain on the health of our manpower.

In order to prevent the additional years of life, given to us by our scientific development and abundant economy, from becoming a prolonged period of dying, the statement was made that "we must step up research on physical, psychological, and sociological factors

in aging and in diseases common among middle-aged and older persons." We may expect the average length of life and the number of older people to increase still further. We must, therefore

. . . proceed with all possible speed to correct unfavorable conditions and to create a social, economic, and health climate which will permit our middle-aged and older people to continue to lead proud and independent lives which will restore and rehabilitate many of them to useful and dignified positions among their neighbors which will enhance the vigor and vitality of the communities and our total economy; and which will prevent further aggravation of their problems with resulting increased social, financial, and medical burdens.

IN planning for the Conference, the Honorable Arthur S. Fleming, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, appointed a national advisory committee of approximately 150 persons selected from many parts of the Nation, who were knowledgeable on problems of the aged and on programs related to the adequate care of the aged. committee was to determine matters to be considered at the Conference, as well as Conference procedures. The Honorable Robert W. Kean was named chairman of the committee. Members of this committee, assigned to subcommittees, met periodically for a period of more than one year in preparation for the Conference.

Since it was recognized that most problems can best be solved by action at the state and local levels, each of the fifty states of the Union held, prior to the national Conference, a state conference on aging. These state conferences aimed to gather factual material related to the aging; they defined issues; they formulated recommendations for meeting needs which were submitted to the White House Conference chairman.

The plans for the White House Conference called for the holding of nine separate sections, each to deal with a special aspect of aging, as follows: Section 1—Population Trends and Social and Economic Implications: Section 2—Health and Medical Care; Section 3—Social Services; Section 4—Housing; Section 5-Education; Section 6-The Role and Training of Professional Personnel; Section 7—Free-Time Recreation, Voluntary Activities: Services, Citizen Participation; Section 8—Religion; Section 9—Medical and Biological Research in Gerentology.

Each of the above listed sections conducted an orientation session followed by work groups. In the work groups the recommendations of the respective states were carefully reviewed, discussed, and out of the discussions carefully formulated recommendations were made for presentation to the Conference for adoption. A statement of policy was also prepared by each section.

Approximately 2,700 delegates attended the Conference. There were 1,747 representatives of fifty-three states and territories; 695 representatives of 308 national organizations; 150 advisory committee members; 111 consultants. The delegates represented a very good cross-section of American life. Throughout the Conference there was the fullest and most democratic airing of opinion. Secretary Fleming, in

referring to this, said: "This is America at its best."

Space allotted for this article does not allow for a detailed report on all the extensive recommendations of the Conference. A few statements selected from the vast number of recommendations, policy statements, and addresses given in plenary sessions may indicate the scope of the discussions and a few of the views with regard to how the problems of the aging may be met.

#### Health and Medical Benefits

The Conference approved tying health and medical benefits to Social Security. A minority report was included, however. This aspect of the care of the aged was perhaps the most hotly debated of all matters considered.

#### Rehabilitation

Rehabilitation was referred to as the greatest hope for those afflicted with, and disabled by, chronic and degenerative conditions until such time as specific means are found to prevent and cure them. It was stated that rehabilitation programs must be dynamic and total, designed to meet the physical, emotional, social, and vocational needs of the chronically ill and disabled. It was the opinion that vocational rehabilitation services throughout the Nation must be improved and expanded so that older disabled persons may maintain or regain their ability to work and secure suitable employment. It was also felt that qualified teachers must be provided and well-structured units concerned with the teaching or rehabilitation principles need to be established or expanded in schools of medicine, dentistry, nursing, and departments of psychology, education, and other related disciplines, both on the graduate and undergraduate levels. Persons with practical knowledge were felt to be extremely useful in supplementing the services of professional workers in rehabilitation programs.

## Age Retirement Programs

A flexible age retirement plan based on individual productive capacity was favored over the practice of industry with regard to following an arbitrary, compulsory retirement age for employees.

## Voluntary Services

The life of the Senior Citizen as an individual or in the group is filled with opportunity for voluntary service to public and private projects and interests. In the general pattern of social change affecting the aging, voluntary services of all types assume increasing positions of importance.

## The Family and the Aging

The maintenance of strong family ties is fundamental to the dignity of aging persons. Every effort should be made to strengthen and increase understanding among the generations and the development of a sense of responsibility on the part of all members of the family whether they are living together or not. "If grandparents, parents, and children knew their proper roles in the family — and kept them —there would be little need for the vast number of social programs that keep cropping up," a Philadelphia psychiatrist said.

#### Social Services

In planning for the aging, high priority should be given to services which will enable persons to continue to live in their own homes, or will make it possible for them to return to their families or to independent living when feasible. Communities should provide social services, such as home nursing, homemaker, and social welfare services.

#### Leisure Activities

"Intelligent attitudes toward the importance and values of meaningful leisure for enriched living at every age must be fostered, so that the aged who withdraw from the work force may retire to, not from, life."

The question has been asked as to what will be the outcome of this great Conference. Certainly, it

should have aroused the Nation to the seriousness of the problems of aging. It is hoped that it will be a launching platform for new, strengthened, and expanded programs. It defined new goals and made recommendations on how to attain them. It clarified majority opinion of the states on matters related to aging. It should serve as a basis for further study. It is hoped by those who were responsible for the conference that the specific recommendations made at the Conference will be put into action by the states, communities, the Federal Government, private organizations, and the older people themselves, all to the end that the everincreasing number of our aging citizens may enjoy happy, productive lives as long as it is humanly possible for them to do so.

[President Spafford served as a member of the National Advisory Committee to the White House Conference on Aging. — Ed.]

## Even in Silence

Mabel Law Atkinson

Loneliness is an old man alone—
Long past fourscore, the venerable ancient
Lived in the silence of solitude,
Forty years of loneliness,
Forty years since he had placed his Marie
To rest beneath the great pine she loved,
Under whose sheltering arms
The two had often sat together
In the quietude of companionship.
Compassion stirred the apathetic embers of my heart:
Kindled, I visited him.

"Lonely?" He echoed my question—
His eyes lifted to mine were like April violets
Beneath the blossom-white snow of his hair;
And his voice held the lyrics of a little river
Released from the boundaries of winter—
"No, my dear, not lonely,
For I companion with great men, kings and prophets—
Today the psalmist David has comforted me."

## Because of the Word

CHAPTER ONE

Hazel M. Thomson

THE brightness of the oaks and maples tried vainly to cheer Ruth Ann Barker as she completed her farm chores. Her eyes looked often toward Boston, a day's journey to the east, where living had become very gracious in the early eighteen hundreds. It vexed her that her father insisted on remaining in the Naumkeg Valley which was practically the same as living on the frontier.

There were no Indians, that was true, but the land itself had proved almost as hostile. The back-breaking work had taken its toll. Many times Ruth Ann had blamed it for

her mother's early death.

"I know nothing but farming," her father always answered to her pleas. "I could not earn a living in Boston."

"We could get along. Uncle

John would help us."

"I would not like to depend on John or anyone for help. I will

help myself."

"I could work. I'm a good cook. Someone would let me help them as a domestic." But Ruth Ann knew his answers even before he spoke.

"When your mother and I came here from England, Ruth Ann, it was to get land of our own. My people had always lived on land owned by the Crown. Even if we had ever been able to, we could not buy it. Now, for the first time, I can till my own ground."

Ruth Ann had seen him so many

times sift the dirt through his fingers as if it were more precious than gold, then lift it to his nose and take a long breath.

"The city squeezes me in, Ruth. One day there, and I'm ready to come back where there is plenty of

room and good fresh air."

Air! That there was. Even when filled with odors of the barnyard,

there was plenty of air.

"The land, Ruth," her father would say, "it's in my blood to work the land. When you're born to the land, there's no trying to get away from it. It'll be there in you, too, once you get over this foolishness about the city."

Ruth must have heard this at least half a hundred times. Now, as he repeated it, her resentment

grew.

"Give the pigs some extra corn these days," he said, the problem solved for him, getting back to the business at hand. "They're near ready for market. Want all the weight I can get on them."

Ruth Ann stripped the corn from the stalks angrily, feeling the sting on her hands where the sharp leaves cut the skin. She gathered an armful and tossed it toward the trough in the corner of the pen, letting it sink into the mire, not caring.

By that evening, Ruth Ann had made up her mind. Cousin Claire Mayhew had invited her to Boston for the beginning of the social season, and she was going. Her father had urged her to accept when the invitation came. Ruth Ann knew he felt that she came back from a visit to Boston a little more contented, at least for a time. She did want to go, yet she hesitated leaving her father alone.

IT was Victor Hall's visit that had finally caused her to make up her mind. He had asked Ruth Ann, for the second time, to marry him. It wasn't that she didn't like Vic. She did, very much. Maybe she even loved him; yet his rough, broken fingernails, the callouses on his hands, and the prospect of facing life on land that he was just now clearing, was more than she could stand.

Preparing for bed, Ruth Ann kept reminding herself how nice it would be to go to a dance again with a partner in formal dress. Clothes meant so little to Vic. Buckskin or homespun, it didn't matter. Either was plenty good enough just so it wore well. Anyway, Vic would rather read than dance. He was like her father about his land and books. Ruth wondered which they enioved most.

Land means more to Vic than smooth hands, or clean clothes, or — yes, thought Ruth Ann, more than I do. Well, I am going to Boston. I'm not ready to start living in a cabin in the wilderness where the work is never done. It's never done here on our farm, where the land is all cleared and cultivated. I don't know what it would be like on his, with the land still covered with underbrush and trees, but I'm not too anxious to find out.

The next few days were busy ones for Ruth. She cleaned the little

house thoroughly and did much extra baking so the cupboard would be well-stocked, at least for the first part of her visit. Food didn't worry her father. A bowl of bread and milk suited him fine, day after day, for his evening meal.

Then there were her clothes to get ready. She knew they did not compare with Claire's, but her own dark beauty reflected back from the mir-

ror was reassuring to her.

She had a bad moment the day before she left. She had fed the chickens and was returning to the house when she noticed her father coming across the field at full speed on a horse. As she watched, she realized the horse was out of control. She put her hand to her throat, stifling a scream as she watched him trying to pull the horse to a stop. He had been trying to break that colt all summer, and it had thrown him once. It jumped the creek at a gallop and temporarily broke its stride. Relieved, she watched him brought to a halt before the corral bars.

"Father!" she cried. "What a scare you gave me! Are you all

right?"

"Of course, Daughter," he answered, sliding slowly from the horse's back and patting the heaving sides.

"Why don't you trade that wild thing off before you do get hurt? Maybe Vic could tame him."

"Vic would be only too glad of the chance. No, this is a real horse. Nobody is getting this horse away from me. He hardly bucks when I get on anymore. A big hawk flew up and scared him. That's all that was the matter this time."

She went back to the house, a

vague sense of uneasiness hanging over her, yet she well knew the futility of arguing with her father.

RUTH planned on leaving without seeing Vic again. When she answered the door that evening to find him there, looking tall and handsome and bronzed from his life in the outdoors, she almost weakened. There was a certain strength about Vic, and she found herself telling him of her concern for her father and the colt.

"Can't you do something, Vic? I almost hate to go, worrying about

him riding that animal."

"I've already tried, Ruth Ann. I even offered to break the colt for him but he seems to think I am trying to get the horse for myself, and just want to train it to my liking. I will keep an eye on him every day for you."

"That's kind of you, Vic," answered Ruth. She felt uneasy, not wanting him to mention marriage tonight on the eve of her departure. Vic seemed to sense her mood, and spoke of other things until he arose

to leave.

"How long will you be gone, Ruth?" he asked.

"A few weeks. I don't know

exactly."

"I want to get some more land cleared and get some fall plowing done. I will not be writing, but I'll be waiting when you get back. Have

a good time, Ruth."

He made no move to touch her. She watched as he placed his tall hat on his blond hair, bleached lighter by the sun, and stepped off the porch. He swung lightly to his saddle and was off at a gallop toward the one room he had built

where his land touched her father's on the west.

BOSTON was full of interesting people and things to do. Claire's gaiety was contagious, and the two spent wonderful days to-

gether.

Ruth found Claire's kind of life appealing. The two girls would sleep late and breakfast together. They had lunch wherever the hour or the mood caught them. Dinner in the evening was always a beautiful affair, with candlelight gleaming on china and silver. Ruth mentally compared it with supper in the kitchen at home and falling into bed, completely exhausted from the day's labor.

"You must come with me to the dressmaker's today, Ruth," announced Claire one morning. "The opening ball is next week, and just see these bolts of material Papa just brought from the ship that came

in from England."

"Really, Claire, I can't have you

giving me new clothes."

"But I insist. Besides, Papa says I must see that you have a new dress for the ball. I told him how difficult it is to get a new dress where you live, and he says I must urge you to take as many of mine home with you as you will."

Ruth Ann looked at the blue material that Claire had chosen. That would have been her first choice, but, of course, it was Claire's privilege to take the color she wanted.

"The red, I guess," said Ruth

Ann.

"Good choice," said Claire, taking the bolt of material from the stack. "You'll be devastating in red, with your fair skin and dark hair. Now let's be off to Mrs. Palfrey's and discuss styles and patterns."

Mrs. Palfrey ran a little dressmaking establishment in the center of the city. Ruth was awed by the many beautiful dresses already in progress.

"I hope I can get them finished in time," Mrs. Palfrey said to Claire, "but it seems as if everyone in town wants a dress for this same occas-

ion."

"I do hope she gets them done in time," said Claire on the way home. "Quinton will be back in town and

I must look my best."

When they returned for fittings Ruth felt a little timid about wearing the red dress. Somehow it didn't seem like her — the image that she saw in the large oval-shaped mirror at Mrs. Palfrey's shop. She noticed Claire looking at her closely, but was unable to read the other's thoughts. Not until the day before the ball, when the dresses arrived, did she find out what was in Claire's mind.

"It is the red dress I should have," said Claire, looking at Ruth Ann, as she tried the dress on. "Oh, Ruth, it means so much to me to look just right for this ball. If I don't make an impression on Quinton soon I'm afraid I'm never going to."

"Both dresses are really yours," said Ruth. "You shall wear the one

vou choose."

"No, they are not," answered Claire. "Papa gave the one to you, just as he gave one to me. But I like yours the best. Would you mind awfully trading with me?"

"Of course not," said Ruth, inwardly happy at getting the one she would have chosen in the first place. After all, she told herself, if she

could help Claire in any way with this romance that meant so much to her, she was more than willing to do so.

Ruth was right in her choice of colors. When the night of the ball arrived she knew she had never looked better. The dress suited her exactly.

THE large ballroom in the south wing of Claire's home was shining from the lights of the crystal chandeliers and filled with people by the time Claire brought Quinton to introduce him to Ruth. One look at Claire's face, and Ruth knew at once who he was. His hair and eyes were as dark as her own, and he was easily the most handsome man she had ever seen. Almost unconsciously, she glanced at his well-manicured hand as he took her own. She flushed a deep red as he continued to hold her hand.

"So this is the country cousin."
"This is Ruth Ann, Quinton. She

knows very few of the guests. Since I shall be busy much of the evening,

you must take care of her."

"She will not have one lonely moment," asserted Quinton, taking Ruth's arm possessively. "Where shall we begin, at the punch bowl or on the dance floor?"

"I'll leave her in your hands, Quinton. I must get back to my guests." Claire smiled a brief smile

and was gone.

Ruth loved to dance, and she found herself being led through the waltzes and quadrilles by an expert. She changed partners many times during the evening, but found herself looking forward to another and another dance with Quinton.

Ruth noticed the earnest conver-

sation between Quinton and Claire as they danced together. She thought they looked more like two people with a weighty problem to settle than a couple in love.

It was near midnight when Quinton returned to her side and suggested to Ruth that they have a drink. "I'll get some punch," he said, "and we can walk out on the terrace."

"I'm really not tired. I could dance and dance tonight," answered Ruth Ann.

His eyes caught hers and held them. She forced herself to look away. He guided her to the punch bowl and then toward the open French doors. Ruth Ann could feel Claire's eyes upon them.

"COME," he said. "There's something magic about a harvest moon. Oh, I like any old moon, even right down to the last little sliver, but this one tonight is filling the world, just as my life has suddenly been filled."

"Mr. Palmer, you forget that we are friends of a few minutes, or at the most of an hour or two," said Ruth Ann, moving away from him

and sipping the drink.

"Hours, minutes, or years," he answered, moving closer, "what do they matter? I needed only one glance to know what you are going to mean to me. You felt it, too. I saw it in your eyes. I'm not a stranger you met just tonight, am I? Am I?" He turned her face to meet his. "I think we've known each other always. We just need a little time to remember. Will you go with me, Ruth Ann, to the next ball on Friday night?"

"But Claire. . . ."

"Claire and I have been good friends for a long time. How good, I never really knew until she brought me you, tonight. She will probably welcome the chance to go dancing with someone else, just as I will. Say you will go, Ruth."

"I couldn't. After all, I am her guest. I can't walk off with

her. . . ."

"Her what? We're friends and that's all. There is nothing serious between us. I have already told her that I was going to ask you."

Ruth Ann turned to see Claire standing in the light of the doorway. "It was warm inside," Ruth said apologetically, as she moved

past Claire.

"Yes," said Claire, looking at her closely. "The guests are leaving. I thought you would want to bid

them good night."

"You did me a real favor tonight, Claire, introducing me to this lovely lady. I've asked her to go with me Friday night to the Milverton ball."

"I will not be here," Ruth Ann spoke quickly. "You see, I must

leave for home tomorrow."

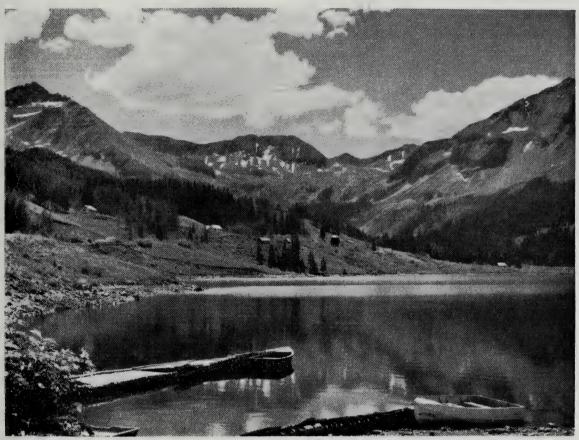
She took Claire's arm and they walked together to the guests who were putting on wraps as they prepared to leave. There was no chance for Quinton to say more until he bent low over Ruth's hand.

"I don't know where home is," he said softly, "but I'll find it."

"I'm sorry, Claire," Ruth said after the last of the guests had gone and they climbed the long stairway.

"It's all right, Ruth. I've loved him for so long, and yet, somehow, I have never quite trusted him. Even though I may regret it, I still love him."

(To be continued)



Don Knight

TROUT LAKE, COLORADO

### Long Autumn Day

Linnie Fisher Robinson

Time is arrested this long autumn day
Among these hills where sunlight pours its gold,
Amid wide opulence of bush and tree
Whose leaves vie with the berries they enfold;
And pine cones drop, beneath each scented tree
On cushioned beds, the treasured summer wealth;
While I sit silently upon the stream's green bank,
Losing my vagrant heart to autumn stealth.

For I was hungry for this season's tide,
Forgotten beauty storms my heart anew—
This purple haze that drifts up mountain ledge
Wraps all in grandeur for my starving view—
A culmination of the pageant nature,
And I am fed and so restored to stature.

### His Lasting Love

#### Frances C. Yost

Y young, newly acquired husband came into the house one midmorning and said, "Trena, get your coat and come with me to an auction out on the Ben Jones farm."

"But, Tom," I protested, "we can't afford to buy anything!"

"Doesn't cost anything to 1

"Doesn't cost anything to look. We won't be long."

Time was the only thing I had plenty of, as my Tom was in the field from early morning until late at night. "Well, I guess I can." I changed to a fresh house dress, combed my hair and put on lipstick.

"Better put a scarf on your hair," Tom said, as he helped me into my

iacket.

I was from the city, and farm life seemed full of the unexpected. As we rode along, Tom was whistling "Springtime in the Rockies." Now that I was on my way, I wondered as to the logic of my coming.

"Tom, are you sure I won't be out of place? If it's an auction of farm machinery, it will be just for men."

"Everyone will be there. It's a good chance for you to get acquainted."

As we neared the Ben Jones farm where the auction was to take place, cars were parked closely on either side of the graveled road. People were milling over the ranch. The men congregated around the machinery to be sold in the barnyard, while the women waited on the grass in front of the little ranch house.

The men would gather in clusters

around a certain piece of machinery and silently speculate on its worth. Few comments were voiced, lest the machinery be skyrocketed in selling. The women near the house paid little attention to the household items to be sold. Some were busy watching toddlers and keeping them out of mischief, while they visited and waited for their men.

Tom introduced me to Hannah Higley, the first woman he saw. Then, leaving me with her, he joined the men out by the farm machinery. Hannah Higley's farm joined the Ben Jones place, she told me. We all went into the house and soon she seated herself in the center of the group on an upturned apple box. What was Hannah saying?

"You can see the house is log, couple of rooms is all. Ben Jones built this house more than sixty years ago for his bride. Ben was young then, about twenty. Did most of the work of building the house alone. It was a labor of love, you might say; but when it came to chinking up the logs, Mirentha Copley insisted on helping. She was Ben's betrothed.

"Pretty as a picture, Mirentha Copley was. But Ben never called her Mirentha. He said it was too long and somehow never suited her. There's her picture. He kept it close to his side all these years. Ben Jones had lovely little nicknames for Mirentha.

"Well, those two chinked up this little house together, and Mirentha made the red-checked curtains for HIS LASTING LOVE 515

the kitchen windows, and for the bedroom she crocheted lace ones, mind you. Imagine spending all that time on handmade curtains for an old log house!"

HANNAH Higley paused, then continued, "You can see the curtains still hanging at the window if you don't believe me. It's a wonder they still hang together. But, as I was saying, as soon as the house was ready for living, Ben and Mirentha were married, and moved into their home.

"I can almost hear them talking over the breakfast table. Mirentha probably said, 'Petunias are the lovingest little flowers, Ben. I wish you would build some window boxes and we could plant petunias.'

"And he would answer ever so sweetly, 'Guess that wouldn't be much trouble, Petty, you tell me how you want them, and I'll make them quick as scat."

A wave of interest swept through the crowd of women sitting on boxes and chairs.

"Well, Ben Jones made those window boxes, and, as you can see, they're still at the windows. Mirentha planted and tended those petunias as if they were her own little children. All the good, leftover water from the house was poured lovingly over the flowers in the window boxes. Those two were as happy as any lovebirds you ever saw. In the summertime the flower boxes were outside, and in the winter those ever-thriving petunias laughed at the cold weather from the inside. Though, of course, I'm too young to have known Mirentha personally, Ben Jones and his bride must have made the cutest couple. But their happiness was not for long. Mirentha developed some sort of sickness and died quite suddenly.

"From that day forward something died in Ben Jones. He lived within himself until folks said he was queer, but he lived to a ripe old age. When he died last week, he was past eighty. He had the finest machinery and the finest barns. He had electricity and a radio out in the barn where the cows were, but in the house, till the day he died, he used that coal-oil lamp there with the painted roses on it.

"Folks said that if he had married again he would have lived a normal life. Yes, old Ben Jones was strange, all right, there's no doubt about it." Hannah Higley spoke softly.

I had listened as attentively as the others to Hannah Higley's story, and somehow it seemed very sad. Perhaps it was because I was a little new bride myself. I walked into the bedroom. Yes, the lace curtains were hanging at the windows as Hannah had said.

Just then the auctioneer shouted, "Ladies and Gentlemen!" I walked outside again. By now the men had gathered in the yard, also. Among the crowd was a smartly dressed couple. I inquired who they were.

"Why that's Rutherford Jones and his wife Margo. They flew out from the East to dispose of his brother's property, take the proceeds, and return to their home as soon as possible," Hannah said.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will commence the auction with the household goods." He held up a stack of dishes. "These are relics, if not antiques. Who will make a bid on them? Five . . . ten . . . twenty-five . . . a dollar . . . one twenty-five . . . once . . . twice . . . sold to the lady in the pink dress, for a dollar and a quarter."

"That's Florence Roswell," Hannah whispered to me. "She has a lot of children washing dishes. They

won't last long at her place."

The auctioneer held up two old patchwork quilts "Do I hear a bid? Two dollars . . . three . . . four . . . Sold to the lady with the red umbrella, for four dollars for the pair!"

"That's Freda Bench," Hannah said. "You'll like her. She'll copy the pattern of those quilts and make new ones for the house and use

those in the bunkhouse."

"Here's a sewing machine good as new. The deceased Mrs. Jones has been dead sixty years, and the machine has never been touched since. Of course it isn't an electric machine, it's a treadle, but in fine condition. This machine cost a hundred dollars, probably, when new. I'll let it go for five. I'll let it go for five. Who'll offer me five dollars?"

"I will." That timid little voice that had popped up was mine. I needed a sewing machine very much. I didn't mind having a treadle.

"Sold to the pretty lady with the

flowered scarf on her head."

Everyone was looking at me now, and Tom was coming over to where

I was. He was digging in his pocket for the five-dollar bill. We had planned to stop at the grocery store on the way home. I probably had a good scolding coming. What would he say to me?

"You did all right, Trena." I looked up at Tom, and he was smil-

ing proudly.

Someone murmured, "She'll get a lot of good out of that machine when she starts sewing for little ones."

I looked about and everyone was smiling approvingly at me. It was as if they were saying they admired my good judgment and thriftiness. I knew, then, that I had made friends with all the farm folks in the valley.

There weren't many more house-hold goods. The coal-oil lamp, with the red roses, sold at a rather fancy antique price. A crocheted table-cloth, yellowed with age, a bed and dresser of solid oak, and a big ward-robe were all disposed of. Then the auctioneer motioned for the crowd to follow him to the barnvard, where the fine modern machinery would be auctioned.

I took Tom's arm and trailed along with them. If I was going to be a farmer's wife, I should learn all I could about machinery. But my mind was on Ben Jones, the owner of the farm. He had set such a fine example for all of us, with his lasting love.

### Making Good Things Last

#### Lydia H. Fielding

WHEN I was a small child, store candy was a real treat. We children would anxiously await mother's return from her infrequent trips into town. We would rush out to the buggy and help carry the purchases into the house, peering cautiously for a certain little brown paper sack, but not until mother had removed her wraps and unpinned her hat did she bring forth from some mysterious corner the object for which we had been watching.

From it she took nice, long sticks of red and white striped peppermint candy or brownish sticks of hoarhound, or sometimes red, cloveflavored sticks. She gave us each one with the admonition, "Now don't eat it up in a hurry, and make it last, for, remember, when it is gone there will be no more."

Splendid advice! But, oh, it tasted so good that sometimes one of us would forget and eat ours hurriedly. Then we would enviously watch the others as they slowly nibbled or sucked theirs down to the last delicious morsel.

Years passed, and with them came a certain maturity that enabled us to realize that some things in life are more enjoyable if taken slowly, such as enjoying the beauties of nature, reading an inspiring poem, eating a delicious meal, cultivating a friendship, or absorbing a wonderful new idea.

But I am still a child when it comes to *The Relief Society Magazine*. As the first of the month draws near, I eagerly await the day the mail brings a certain little colorful *Magazine*. I settle myself comfortably on the couch and admire the artistic cover. Then I scan through its pages noting the titles of articles, stories, and lessons, and look at the pictures. I assure myself how very interesting it is going to be.

I declare I'll read it slowly this time, read a little each day and make it last longer. I will just read the poetry now, then go finish my morning work. (I always read the poetry first.) That done, I idly thumb through the pages again. The continued story catches my eye. I wonder what happens this time? The first thing I know I am reading at the end, "To be continued."

This article by Sister Spafford looks timely. . . . This story surely must be interesting. . . . I wonder if there is anyone in this picture I know?

The clock strikes twelve! My goodness, it is time for lunch! Well, anyway, I have nearly finished the Magazine, and it was so very good, worthwhile, and interesting. Each number is better than the last, but, oh, I wish I had made it last longer. Now I must wait a whole month for more.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, August 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

PRESIDENT SNOW'S ADDRESS TO RELIEF SOCIETY (given at Saltair, July 9, 1901); I will venture to say that the best wives and mothers and the most efficient housekeepers among us are members of the Relief Society, and I would advise the brethren to encourage their wives to join the society. . . for it would be a good thing to have the influence of this organization in every home. I ask you, my sisters, in your visits to the homes of the Latter-day Saints to carry this influence wherever you go. The Lord has clearly shown to you the nature of your relationship to Him and what is expected of you as wives and mothers. Teach these things to those whom you visit, especially to the young ladies. . . .

-President Lorenzo Snow

KANSAS RELIEF SOCIETY: Thursday, June 13, 1901... the sisters of the Kansas City branch and Sister Levinia Preator, of Independence, Mo., met according to appointment by the mission presidency to organize a Relief Society... President James G. Duffin spoke at length on the object of the meeting and briefly referred to the history of this important and beneficial organization. A number of the sisters present expressed themselves as being heartily in sympathy with the movement ... of seeing a branch of the society in this section of the Lord's vineyard prosper and flourish. Sister Estella A. Milligan ... was appointed as president ... with Sister Kate Brown ... and Louisa Preator as first and second counselors...

-Estella Milligan

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY PARTY: Tuesday, July 30, 1901, a very pleasant lawn party was given on the beautiful grounds at the Cannon farm, by Gen. John Q. Cannon and wife for their daughter Louise, to about forty or fifty of her young friends. The place was prettily decorated in honor of the festive occasion, and Chinese lanterns hung from the balcony in the vines and among the trees gave the place a gala appearance. . . .

How beautiful is youth, how bright it gleams With its illusions, aspirations, dreams, Book of beginning, story without end, Each maid a heroine and each man a friend.

-Editorial

THOUGHTS ON MISSIONARY WORK: President Lyman, late of the European Mission, has in all soberness declared "that the lady missionary is no longer an experiment, but an unqualified success." In the early dawn of the twentieth century this fact has been demonstrated to the world. What will the future unfold? . . . Broad avenues, today unexplored, will open for her earnest efforts to teach the principles of purity and truth. The new century, ablaze with light for all the world, will see her crowned, seated on the throne secured by her long devotion . . . by intellectual development, and heart and soul expansion. . . .

—Lydia D. Alder

PRESIDENT ZINA D. H. YOUNG: In a letter recently received from Canada we learn of the good health and enjoyment of our beloved President, Sister Zina D. H. Young, who is visiting there with her daughter and family, and we are sure all the Saints everywhere . . . wish her strength and vigor . . . to accomplish all her heart desires in the great mission to which she has been called and set apart. . . .



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

JACQUELINE BOUVIER KEN-NEDY accompanied her husband, President John F. Kennedy, on his diplomatic missions to confer with heads of state in Canada, Paris, and Vienna. Mark Drouin, Canadian Senate Speaker, said of Mrs. Kennedy, ". . . Her charm, beauty, vivacity, and grace of mind have captured our hearts." Her reception in France, in England, and in Vienna was equally enthusiastic.

A drienne: the Life of the Marquise de La Fayette, by Andre Maurois (McGraw-Hill, New York) narrates many events not previously known in the life of this courageous woman who risked her life and endured many years of imprisonment for the sake of her husband, whose life was many times threatened during the French Revolution. Adrienne is described as a woman whose "flexibility and resilience, whose intelligence, tact, and unself-ish commonsense made her 'the last resort' of her family."

A UGUSTA STEVENSON has written a delightful story of the life of Abraham Lincoln's mother titled Nancy Hanks, Kentucky Girl, published by Bobbs-Merrill, New York. Dying at thirty-five, when Abe was nine, she was thereafter known as "the Madonna of the backwoods."

KATHERINE WORSLEY, a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, on June second, wed Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, cousin of Queen Elizabeth II, at historic York Minster Cathedral in York, England. Most of Europe's royalty attended, and it is estimated that twenty-five million European and British spectators watched the ceremony on television. It was the first royal wedding ceremony in the medieval cathedral since 1328.

MRS. MARIE A. STUMB, after an automobile accident ended her budding career in voice and ballet, turned to the business world for a new occupation. She is now among the nation's top ten women underwriting more than a million dollars worth of life insurance annually. She analyzes the business affairs of doctors, businessmen, and corporation executives, sometimes in the highest of income brackets, and gives expert advice. She is also a specialist on estate and tax matters.

ELIZABETH BENSON is Dean of Women at Gallaudet College, in Washington, D. C. This is the world's only college for the deaf. In June, it held its ninety-seventh commencement exercises.

# "Go to the House of Prayer . . . Upon My Holy Day"

A MONG the commandments given by our Heavenly Father to his children for their guidance is one requiring attendance at sacrament meeting. "And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy

day" (D & C 59:9).

Is there any true Latter-day Saint who would not like to keep himself more "unspotted from the world"? Is there any father and mother who would not like his or her sons and daughters to keep themselves "unspotted from the world?" Only the constant influence of the Spirit of the Lord keeps one from seeking only worldly goals, from accepting worldly standards of conduct, and from losing touch with the heavenly.

President Brigham Young has said regarding attendance at sacrament

meeting:

I say to the brethren and sisters, in the name of the Lord, it is our duty and it is required of us, by our Father in Heaven, by the spirit of our religion, by our covenants with God and each other, that we observe the ordinances of the house of God, and especially on the Sabbath day, to attend to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper (Discourses of Brigham Young, page 171).

When a prophet speaks "in the name of the Lord" he speaks with

the utmost solemnity and with the greatest authority. It is intended that the people hear and obey.

At another time he said: "Whether we are poor or rich, if we neglect our prayers and our sacrament meetings, we neglect the Spirit of the Lord, and a spirit of darkness comes over us" (*Ibid.*, page 170).

For those who seek joyous living, every effort must be made to avoid this spirit of darkness and to live constantly in the light of truth. How quickly the powers of darkness can cloud one's mind if allowed to do so, and how much more easily they can be restrained, if one is fortified with frequent experiences in renewing covenants and refilling one's spiritual reservoir.

One of the most sacred Christian ordinances, and as necessary to our salvation as any other ordinance, is partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Latter-day Saints are blessed with the opportunity of coming together, as a general rule, weekly for this purpose. By this act one bears witness to the Lord, his angels, and one's brethren and sisters, that he does remember the Savior's death for him and his gift of salvation and eternal life.

Thoughtful participation in this ordinance is a blessed reminder of one's covenants with the Heavenly Father, his promises to us — con-

EDITORIAL 521

tingent upon the keeping of his laws—and ours to him in virtuous living. We are admonished to impress the sacredness of this important ordinance upon our children, to remember the obligations to keep his commandments that we place upon ourselves as we voice our "amen" to the sacrament prayers.

Another blessing derived from attendance at sacrament meeting comes from the promise given by the Lord to his disciples as he taught them and answered their questions concerning the kingdom of heaven. He gave them the assurance of his being with them when they gathered together to learn and to teach the gospel. "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Mt. 18:20).

What great comfort and soul satisfaction comes from placing one-self in the situation described, "gathered together in my name." Who can afford to lose this contact with the Spirit of the Lord? If Latter-day Saints would heed this promise and examine the assurance it gives, they could not stay away from sacrament meeting. They would attend with their families to be where he is.

There is just one way to test the

value of attendance at meetings and that is to attend them. If one has the true Sabbath attitude, he will respond to the testimony of the speakers, however humble, and his spiritual nature will be stirred. The edifying feeling of companionship with brothers and sisters, and in raising hearts and voices together in worship remains to affect activities during the week to follow. It enables a rededication to living righteously.

No one is entirely happy seeking these blessings alone. The spiritual experience of worshipping together as a family leaves a lasting impression upon each member. The true spirit of brotherhood is felt and cherished. At no time is there a greater feeling of being one with others as in this act of gathering together as commanded.

"The Lord is not pleased with people who know these things and do them not" (President Joseph F. Smith). No Latter-day Saint can plead ignorance of the commandment to attend sacrament meeting, as it is so frequently brought to their attention by the General Authorities. Let us heed the commandment, develop a beautiful Sabbath attitude, "be an example of the believers," and "go to the house of prayer... upon my holy day."

-L. W. M.

### Down the Lanes of August

Mabel Jones Gabbott

The goldenrod is yellow as the sun high overhead, And the apples in the orchard are turned a redder red, The bees have drained the clover to fill their honey-trust, And down the lanes of August boys go barefoot in the dust. The corn is ripe for eating and the pumpkin's orange gold, The best days are about us, with summer getting old.



Plotting Your Perennials

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Janet Knowles

ORIENTAL POPPIES

PERENNIALS are a triple asset to any garden, adding an air of permanence to the pattern, requiring less water than annuals, and providing cut flowers to glorify everyday living and special occasions. Except for irises, peonies, and spring-blooming bulbs very few perennials need to be planted in the fall. Especially is this true in areas where plants are obtainable from the nurseries safely started in various-sized containers. Severe weather and drouth in winter are great hazards to establishing root growth.

In planning the perennial garden, here are some pointers to successful results:

Be aware of quality — it takes no more care, water, or fertilizers to grow a high quality plant than it does to grow a nondescript one. Garden-club plant trading is a beautiful custom, if you really know what you are getting. But you have gained nothing and lost valuable time, if the plant turns out to be

so ordinary that you will replace it soon with a rarer variety. Most plants are sold and catalogued by individual names.

#### Peonies

It doesn't pay to plant a peony listed less than "9" quality. Among my favorites are: LaCygne (French for "The Swan") which, as its name implies, is a pure white, very firm and plump, with a faint aura of yellow at the heart when first open; Teresa is a pale pink equally firm and full, and Mons. Jules Elie and Solange are very satisfactory in the pink and white varieties However, there are some lovely red peonies and some gorgeous single-blooming varieties which make excellent cut flowers and showy garden plants

#### **Irises**

The varieties of irises are legion and new hybrids appear every year. If you wish to have the latest thing in irises, you pay high prices for new varieties But some of the earlier hybrids are so beautiful that I doubt if any others will ever excel them in any way but in novelty. For instance, the Mohr family hybrids the "incomparable" El Mohr, a rose-violet bloom, very ruffled, grows on tall, firm stems; William Mohr, a paler flower, stands and falls ruffled lavender, with dark veinings, slender, but firm, stems and daintier, narrower foliage; Ohr Mohr, is similar to El Mohr, but dark purple in hue; Lady Mohr is beige; Grace Mohr is pink and less large Then there are the and ruffled. superb white varieties like Snow Flurry and Iceland. The golden ones are exquisite, California Gold, a prolific bloomer, Treasure Island, with a tongue of ivory running down the middle of each fall, and others equally attractive.

#### Delphiniums and Primroses

Delphiniums and primroses may be planted successfully in autumn, but in heavy, cold soils, spring

planting is preferable.

Delphiniums are immensely tall plants, with long racemes of bloom, and so must be planned for backrow planting. Primroses are bedding and border plants, and the short, heavy-leafed varieties require much shade and plenty of water. They multiply rapidly and can be redivided almost every spring.

Young seedlings of delphiniums and primroses are recommended because it takes a year or two for older clumps to get adjusted, and in the meantime blooms are inferior. Young seedlings will produce show specimens the first season under favorable circumstances and will

continue blooming grandly for several years. However, I have found both of these species to be susceptible to both red spiders and fungi. So I recommend a close watch and spraying at the first sign of yellowing, wilting, or dehydration.

#### Oriental Poppies

Oriental poppies may be planted in the autumn. These are obtainable in white, pink, salmon pink, flag red, raspberry red, and Ming orange. They are very deep rooters and seldom transplant well unless bought well-started in containers. They cannot be dug and divided as most perennials are handled. They are bought through a nurseryman or a catalogue and come to you as small sections of root. They may be successfully from which are purchased from the same sources, but are, of course, a year later in producing.



Don Knight
SCROLL BORDERED IRIS



Ward Linton

TULIP GARDEN

Bulbs

Autumn is the time for bulbs — tulips in infinite variety, hyacinths, daffodils, narcissi, squills, snowdrops, crocuses, and all our old friends. But here are some rarer plantings you may enjoy.

Anemones—There are many different kinds of anemones varying greatly in appearance from the early spring, ground-hugging species, with their delicate rayed flowers, to the large-flowered florist types and the tall-blooming Japanese windflower. You will find these in bulb dealers' or perennial specialists' lists.

A. blanda astrocoerules (ingrami) is the deepest blue form of this dainty, yet beautifully hardy, Gre-

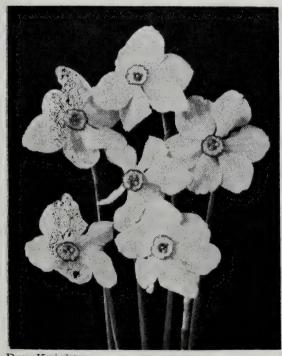
cian windflower which blooms in early spring when the first warmth of March or April sun caresses the ground above the bulbs. Small starry flowers, each made up of many rays of daisy-like petals, appear in quantity above the low, thricecut and pointed-leafed foliage which forms a lovely background for the brilliant blossoms which last for weeks. In early autumn set the tiny, fat, bulbous tubers two inches deep in humus-filled, yet gritty soil, in a choice section of the rock garden or border, where they will receive light shade in summer but plenty of sun in spring to open up the flowers.

Larger, later, and more showy anemones may be planted deep, six to eight inches apart, in sunny borders, but they will need winter mulch for protection. These re-

semble poppies in bloom.

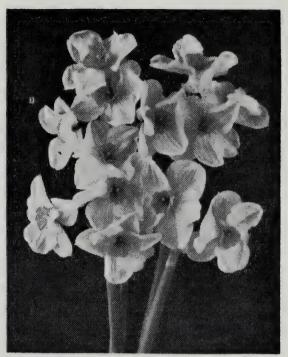
Chionodoxa (glory-of-the-snow) bloom in great sheets of blue just as the snow is melting away. They are native to Asia Minor and so are quite hardy. A few hundred will give a good start, as they seed themselves readily, increase also from off-shoots, choosing their own favorite spots and spreading rapidly. Set the small, pear-shaped bulbs three inches deep and one inch apart for early effectiveness, lovely "patches of sky."

C. luciliae is the usual form, with six to twelve flowers to a stem, four inches tall, with three or four broadly linear leaves appearing at the same time. There is a white form and a pink one and a slightly earlier blooming type, C. sardensis, with somewhat smaller, true gentian-blue flowers and a very small, scarcely noticeable, white center.



Don Knight

POETICA NARCISSUS



Don Knight

#### YELLOW NARCISSUS

Eranthis (winter aconites) will often pop their little golden, globular buds out of the ground before the snow is all gone, in February, or earlier in some sections and some seasons. If it turns cold again, they just seem to stand still until the next warm sunny day urges them forward. Even in very cold sections they will be up by mid-March, usually the earliest of the spring seekers. They team well with snowdrops. Actually, these relatives of the buttercups are perennials, with tuberous roots which put them in the bulbous category. They resent being out of the ground any length of time, so order early and plant them promptly on arrival. If the shriveled looking tiny tubers seem dry, cover them with moist sand or peat moss overnight to help them plump up, then plant them immediately. Set them two inches to three inches deep, three to four inches apart, in colonies, in loose,

friable soil containing some leaf mold to keep it slightly moist and cool.

In plotting your perennials: First —be aware of quality as mentioned above, second — be aware of color.

Great orange poppies blooming beside rose-colored peonies detract from rather than add to the effect. On the other hand, regal lilies, purple clematis, and great white fringed Shasta daisies bloom simultaneously. Planted in such a way as to have the lilies bank the clematis on a fence, and the great white daisies repeating the white below, the arrangement is a soul-uplifting sight.

In a garden where perennial phlox, with their pastel loveliness of color, are the keynote, harsh reds and yellows are out of place. Pale ivory daisies, with marguerite-like foliage, minarda, with pastel maroons and purples, and lythrum, with its rich pinks, are lovely additions. And the many Shasta daisies in their purity of white are always good.

My phlox are planted between

two rows of peonies, and so add their color to the rich green of the foliage. They make enduring neighbors, since phlox want their roots shaded and peonies require plenty of sun.

Third — be aware of balance. Tall-growing, tall-blooming plants in the background, followed by medium talls, and fronted with low-growing, generous blooming petunias for ground cover make satisfactory borders. Then watch for symmetry from side to side.

Fourth—be aware of pattern. Plan your garden first roughly on graph paper, with a center of interest, simplicity of pattern, and avoid the clutter of extra circles and cut-outs. A few varieties well-planned produce a better effect than too much and too many. Be sure to leave unplanted and ready, the spaces where perennials needing spring planting can be placed quickly and easily, and you will need only to weed, water, and enjoy the rest of the season. The weeding is negligible if you uproot weeds consistently as soon as they appear. That way there is never any multiplication.

### A Glimpse of Grace

Ethel Jacobson

Child, there is a world of wonder
In your eyes,
Of magic and of merriment,
And grave surprise.
Fathomless as the blue of calm
And sunlit seas,
Limpid as the arching heaven's
Immensities.
All the world's ills might heal with no more
Than the grace
Radiant in your gaze, and blossoming
In your face.

### Grant Them Hilltops

#### Pauline L. Jensen

THE wedding reception was over. The bride and the groom had departed amid a rain of rice, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic spoon-on-pan music from the small ones in the neighborhood. The thing that had been uppermost in our hearts and our minds for weeks was now over. The last guest had taken leave, and an unfamiliar stillness had settled down upon the house.

We, the parents of the bride, eased ourselves wearily into comfortable chairs, and looked around. The tables in the sunroom were heaped with gifts. From the end of one table, ribbons cascaded in bright streamers, waving fitfully as the slight breeze caught them. Silver pitchers gleamed brightly against the honey maple of the hutch. A candle flickered gently. Remnants of wedding cake spilled across the silver tray, and rice dotted the rugs. Chairs, awry, gave evidence of the confusion that now was ended.

There was the sound of muted thunder in the distance. The father of the bride slumped wearily in his chair, and a look of sadness settled over his kindly features. The years that had welded our lives together had also brought us the power to divine each other's thoughts. He's thinking, now she is gone. I felt a lump rise in my throat.

I thought of the years that this home had housed her physical presence, and how every word, thought, and plan had included her. In a few days the movers would come, and, within a matter of hours, the material things that bespoke her presence would be removed, and there would be little left that bore her imprint, but her picture on the wall, the memory of her gay laugh, and running footsteps on the stairs. The rest, her music, her books, her pictures, and the foolish little things, such as the china animal collection, and the furry cats upon her bed, would all be gone.

Suddenly, my thoughts turned backwards, through the many, but oh, so short years, and I saw the young edition of the father of the bride kneeling beside me, as we said our vows. I thought of all that had transpired within the years that followed. What devious ways had brought us to this hour. What joys and heartaches, what peace and turmoil we had met along the way. The valleys we had walked; the hilltops we had climbed together! And, I thought, with gratefulness, that the hilltops had outnumbered all the others.

Our daughter and her husband would walk that selfsame way. The roads would be a little different, but they, too, would have their valleys and their hilltops. They would have their sun and shadows; but they would walk, as we had done, the road together for eternity.

Involuntarily, the words came, from my heart. "Please grant, I pray, that in this marriage, too, the hilltops may outnumber all the others!"

### Science and the Jelly Glass

Alice Morrey Bailey

LONG before Pasteur's experiments in the 1860's with his "soups" and his sterile bottles, housewives learned that fruits packed away in sugar, honey, or molasses would "keep." Some still living remember the pioneer treat of fishing in a crock for a "pickled peach" at the hungry end of a school day. As then, today's jams, jellies, preserves, conserves, and marmalades lend ruby, emerald, and amber brightness to every meal.

Housewives discovered that some fruits, more than others, have ability to "jell," and scientists tell us this is because of the varied pectin content. The making of jams and jellies, first an entirely home industry, moved into commercial production, where it gained the exact knowledge

of scientific research. This benefits rather than replaces home canning projects by furnishing such helps as prepared pectin and recipes with exact proportions and such careful directions that the most inexperienced cook can expertly prepare colorful and tasty home-cooked products.

The yield is more than twice as many glasses with the use of pectin, the fruits are less concentrated with sugar, and more fruit-flavored to most people. Lemon juice, suggested in most recipes using prepared pectin, cuts the too-sweet taste, prevents discoloring, and often complements the natural fruit flavor. No longer is jelly making an all-day task of stirring over a hot stove, but can be done in a few minutes.

#### BLACK CURRANT PRESERVES

Stem and wash 4 quarts fully ripe black currants. Add 1 cup water and simmer gently, covered, for 10 minutes. Measure:

5 c. fruit 1 pkg. or bottle prepared pectin 7 c. sugar (measured separately in dry dish)

Combine fruit and pectin, stir well, measure sugar for use at the proper moment. Bring fruit-pectin mixture to boil over hottest fire available, stirring constantly. Add sugar and bring to full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil exactly 4 minutes. Remove from fire, stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes. Seal and cap in jars, cans, or jelly glasses.

Marmalade originally was made only of quince and sugar, more lately of citrus fruits. The term "marmalade" is sometimes improperly applied to non-citrus fruit jams.

#### ORANGE MARMALADE

6 medium-sized oranges (2 lbs. sliced) 6 c. water ½ c. lemon juice
1 package or bottle pectin
9½ level c. sugar
(measured ready for use)

Cut oranges in very thin wheels with very sharp knife or slicer. Discard large flat

peel ends. Sliced fruit should weigh 2 pounds.

Combine sliced fruit, water, and lemon juice in 8-quart kettle and bring to quick boil. Boil gently for 1 hour (uncovered) or until tender. Measure cooked material, and add water if necessary to total exactly 7 level cups. Combine with pectin and bring to full boil, stirring constantly. Add sugar and stir gently until it has reached a full rolling boil. Boil exactly 4 minutes. Remove from fire. Skim and stir by turns for 5 minutes before sealing in jars or cans.

Conserve is a combination of 2 or more fruits and nuts.

#### APRICOT CONSERVE

1 large orange, ground fine

1 1/4 c. water

4 tbsp. lemon juice 6½ c. sieved apricots

with orange mixture

1 pkg. or bottle pectin

8½ level c. sugar

1 c. blanched almonds, skinned and ground

(Pits from the "sweet-pit" apricots, or walnuts may be substituted.)

Wash and pit apricots, crush thoroughly, and add the water. Simmer 15 minutes. Press through a coarse sieve. Simmer orange, 1½ cups water, and lemon juice together 15 minutes, covered. Combine apricot and orange mixtures; measure 6½ cups of this combined mixture into a large sauce pan. Add pectin, nut meats, and stir well. Bring to a boil, add sugar, bring back to a full rolling boil. Boil hard 4 minutes. Watch carefully, as it burns easily. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

Make jam the same way, except without the nut meats.

The imaginative housewife can find ingredients to fill her jelly glasses the year round because of modern methods of refrigerated transportation, canned fruits, some exotic fruits from distant lands, and frozen fruits which make out-of-season combinations possible. Try raspberries with crabapple. Besides a new taste treat, the jelly is assured a clear red color.

#### RASPBERRY AND CRABAPPLE JELLY

4 lbs. crabapples (fully ripe)

3 c. water

1 lb. red raspberries

1 pkg. or bottle pectin

Wash and remove blossom and stem ends from apples. Do not peel. Cut in small pieces; add 3 cups water and simmer 10 minutes. Simmer raspberries separately, if they are frozen and contain sugar; if not, combine with apples to simmer. Strain through cloth or jelly bag. Measure 4 level cups juice and add pectin. Bring to boil; add sugar (and raspberry juice if simmered separately), making 4 level cups juice, and bring rapidly to rolling boil. Boil exactly two minutes. Remove from fire, skim carefully, pour into glasses and seal.

Once in a season, to remind yourself how housewives have been aided by science, combine a picnic with a wild-berry gathering excursion for such fruits as elderberry or chokecherry from the mountains, huckleberry, or other available wild berries. This will be an enjoyable experience, unless you dwell on the fact that grandmother had to forage in this fashion for much of her fruit, and cook it without the aid of science.



### Make a Play Pal

Shirley Thulin

THEN the children troop off to school this fall, leaving some little one home alone, "Floppy Flossie" makes a wonderful playtime pal.
This lovable, button-eyed, long-legged doll can stand as tall as your own moppet,

and provide hours of fun and companionship. She can exchange dresses with your own

little girl.

One of the advantages of homemade toys, of course, is that you can pick your own fabric, trimmings, and stuffing, with washday uppermost in mind. The body may be stuffed with old rags or worn nylon stockings, or slips. Shredded foam rubber, which is also washable, could be used.

The fabric covering may be discarded sheeting or muslin. That mop of curls is

just that . . . a floor mop picked up at the dime store.

"Flossie" takes about three hours to make, and costs the price of the mop. She goes in your automatic washer as easily as your daughter goes in a bathtub - perhaps easier.

Here's how to make her:

1. If you want the doll to be the same size as your child, stand the youngster up against a large sheet of white shelf paper or newspaper, tacked to the wall. Have the child hold out her arms from her body a little way, and stand with her legs slightly apart. Now trace around her. You could have her lie on the floor on the paper, if you desire. This will give you a general pattern. The legs and arms and head go on the doll separately, not all in one piece.

If you are making the doll for a grandchild and have no one handy to use for a pattern, you can just make a large rectangle and both legs and arms from straight tubular shapes. Use a plate or bowl which approximates the head size and draw a

circle around it to make the head pattern.

- 2. Using the above pattern, cut one piece of material for front and one for the back of the doll, being sure to allow for deep seams.
- 3. Now sew up one side of the body, and part of the other side, leaving an opening just large enough to stuff. Sew legs and arms, leaving them open at the part to be joined to the body. Stuff them partly before attaching to the body, then stuff

MAKE A PLAY PAL 531

solid and stitch in place. If you want to paint the features on the face with textile paints, do it before stuffing. Big button eyes are more appealing, however. Sew them on after stuffing. If you embroider the features on, be sure to use washable yarn. Buy a small mop and sew it on the head for hair. You can use yarn, but this takes quite a bit.

- 4. Dress the doll in one of your own child's discarded outfits, and don't overlook your small son! He would love a male version of "Flossie." Just dress the doll in his polo shirt and jeans, or in a pair of his pajamas.
- 6. To wash in an automatic machine, fold the doll and put her in a mesh laundry bag. Let it agitate for just a few minutes in rich, active suds. She can be dried in a dryer, or flopped over the clothesline.

### The Glory of Light

#### Fredrika Clinch

IT was the evening of the 15th of March. I stood gazing at the mist that hung on the mountain peaks. I watched the sunset color spread throughout the sky. The storm clouds that had started to gather were full of color. The light gradually faded into darkness. The wind started to blow, and the trees trembled in the darkness and the lightning danced across the sky, followed by the sound of thunder. There came one loud clap of thunder and the rain poured. The howling wind screamed in the darkness to the tune of the rain that beat against the house. It seemed as if the world was made up of thunder, lightning, wind, and darkness.

To calm my nerves, I decided to read, and then the lights went out. Now I was in complete darkness without electricity to ease the darkness. Hearing the storm rage, fear moved in. I could not move freely in the house because I kept stumbling into things. I crept into bed, but couldn't sleep. I lay there tense, staring into the darkness. The longer

I lay there the more fear crept in.

Then I remembered I had forgotten to pray. I got out of bed and knelt to pray. After praying for God to give me strength so I would no longer fear the storm, I quoted, "I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

For a long time afterward it seemed as if the dark fury of the elements would never pass, but I had no fear. Then there came the calm. The wind subsided and the rain stopped, and there was a peaceful stillness. The blackness of the night started to fade into daylight. When I pulled up the shade, I saw the sky filled with delicate colors from the rising sun. The leaves that had whipped about in last night's storm rustled gently in the morning breeze. The birds were singing a welcome to the rising sun. I also rejoiced in the returning of the light and for a peaceful world after last night's storm.

I don't know how long I stood there, taking in the beauty and peace before I sank on my knees and bowed my head and thanked God for the

wonderful day . . . "I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. . . ."



Julia Lottie Bach's Hobbies Are Decorative and useful

JULIA Lottie Brim Bach, Oakley, Idaho, makes quilts from her own designs and does the quilting herself. The patchwork quilt (at the left) is Mrs. Bach's original design and is called "The Sunburst." Another of her designs (not shown in the picture) is called "The Road to the World's Fair." One of her most unique pieces of handwork is a floral map of the United States (upper right). The map is made of sateen, and the flowers are embroidered in full color to represent each State of the Union. Mrs. Bach has made many decorative pillows, some of them in her own designs. Also, she makes braided and hooked rugs, crochets, and embroiders. She is a devoted student of the scriptures and commits many passages to memory. She has memorized many poems and readings, and has a rich and varied repertoire of recitations.

Mrs. Bach is mother to six, grandmother to six, and great-grandmother to twelve. She is active in the Church and attends Sunday School regularly and goes to Relief Society meetings whenever transportation is available for her attendance. She has a "large and lovely" circle of dear friends whom she remembers with gifts of handwork.

# Love Is Enough

Chapter 8—(Conclusion)

Mabel Harmer

TENIEL made almost daily T calls upon Miss Blavney while she was recovering from the fall. Together, they talked over plans for the library. The parlor was to be left just as it was, to be used for cultural meetings of any groups. The dining room, on the opposite side, would be the main checking out room of the library, with additional book-shelf space in the original library room of the house itself.

The school board had rented a truck to go over to Denver and pick up the books from Geniel's home. Also, they had an appropriate sign made to be placed above the front entrance.

"You have no idea what this will mean to the children of this town," Geniel remarked to Miss Blayney one afternoon. "Some of them are simply starved for good books."

"I think perhaps I do," she replied. "I used to read everything I could get my hands on when I was a child, and it wasn't very much. I always went through the school reader the first week I had it. Then I was bored for the rest of the term. I even read old almanacs."

Thank goodness, thought Geniel. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so sympathetic to this cause.

By the time she was completely well again, Miss Blayney had perfected her plans for moving to California. Geniel had rather hoped that she would leave before they took over the rooms for the library, but that was asking too much. Miss Blayney had to oversee operations, help select a librarian, and preside over a formal opening.

The mothers of the PTA served punch and cookies, and it was a

highly successful affair.

"I've never seen Miss Blayney quite so much in her element in all the years I've been here," observed Christine. "In fact, she was having such a good time that I shouldn't be surprised to see her stay on for good."

"She is keeping the upstair rooms intact for her lifetime just in case she does get homesick and wants to return. We can't blame her for that. It's sometimes hard for older people to adjust to a new place and way of living," Geniel added.

Miss Blayney seemed to be very much afraid of just that but, after considerable hesitation, she finally departed for California to give the new life a try, at least.

"Spring was the wrong time for her to leave here," said Marva dubiously. "But she may just love it down there. We can hope so, at any rate."

"It really doesn't matter too much if she does come back," said Geniel. "We don't have any use for those upstair rooms so far, anyway. And maybe she'd pay the heating and light bills if she was there."

"That's the girl!" cheered Marva. "If there isn't a silver lining, you grab some scraps and make one."

THEY were just sitting down to dinner when Johnny came bursting in without even waiting for anyone to answer his knock. He promptly pulled up a chair and joined them at the table. "Hi, Ellie!" he called. "Bring on an extra plate. This is practically your last chance to have me honor your board."

"Your money has come!" said Geniel, beaming. "Good for you!"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And now you are leaving for school," added Christine.

"No, Ma'am."

"You're not!" Marva practically shouted. "Why not? I thought that you had been waiting for this most of your short adult life."

"Take it easy, little one," he countered. "So I have. But some-

thing else has come up."

"There wasn't as much money in the estate as you had hoped?" Chris-

tine suggested quietly.

"Wrong. There was more. That's what makes the difference. If there had been just what we expected, it would have taken care of Mom and I would have been free to work my way in school. But there was more. So now there is enough for me to go on a mission first, before I get all tangled up in books."

"Oh, Johnny, how perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Marva. Then she paused for a moment and added seriously, "What a shame you aren't engaged! Look what an opportunity it would be for someone to write

you a 'Dear John' letter."

"True," he agreed. "But, then, a fellow can't have everything."

"Where would you like to go?" asked Christine.

"To Japan and Tahiti and Finland."

"Come now, make up your mind," said Marva. "In your own words, a fellow can't have everything."

"Seriously, then, it doesn't matter much. I have a sort of yen to go to Denmark because my grandfather came from there. But, since I don't speak the language, that wouldn't make much difference."

"You'll do well anywhere you go," declared Geniel, "and we're all very happy for you."

"Thanks. I knew you would be."

"I know one thing," declared Marva. "This old town certainly won't be the same with you and Miss Blayney gone. I've a good notion to pull out myself. Maybe I could get a job up in Alaska. How about you, Geniel? The contracts will be coming out in a week or so."

"I haven't decided. It isn't a good idea to change too often, as you know. And I'd like to see the library get a good start."

"On the other hand, it isn't a good idea to stay too long either, as I have," said Christine. "It's so easy to get into a rut."

"But you've made such a nice rut," said Johnny. "I, for one, am glad that I had a chance to travel along with you in it."

"Thanks," smiled Christine, "that's one of the compensations — to see boys like you that are so full of mischief turn out to be the very foundations of society."

LATER that night, Geniel, thinking of Christine's words, remembered that the compensation of helping students make good hadn't been enough. That she had missed having boys of her own because the love that had been offered hadn't

LOVE IS ENOUGH 535

seemed romantic enough at the time.

What about the teaching contracts that would be out soon? Should she stay here for another year — or would it be wiser to go back home again? On the whole, Geniel felt that she wanted to stay, either for the library or just because it was the thing she ought to do.

The long white envelope from the school board came a few days later, together with the weekly letters from home and from Ernest. She opened the home letter first. There was the usual chatty news, and she began to think with pleasure of the time, just a couple of months from now, when she would be sharing in their daily pleasures.

Ernest's letter had special news. "I have managed to raise the money for a second store out in one of the better suburb areas," he wrote. "It will be a struggle to keep up with it for the next few years, but with care and reasonable good luck, I am sure that I can make a go of it."

She put the letter down thought-fully. It didn't take any second sight to read between the lines. For the next few years Ernest's plans would include nothing beyond paying for the store. After that — well, he was ambitious. He would start buying other stores. He really ought to have a heart to heart talk with Christine, she mused. She'd tell him that money wasn't everything. But he probably wouldn't believe her anyway.

She opened the letter from the board last and quickly signed the contract. It was no sudden notion brought on by Ernest's letter. She knew in her heart that she had intended all the time to return to Blavney.

She answered the three in reverse. After addressing an envelope to the school board, she wrote a brief letter to Ernest congratulating him on his successful business venture. Last she wrote a long letter to the folks at home, giving them the intimate details of her own past week, as she had received theirs.

SHE was a little surprised at her lightness of heart. Within the past week she had lost two beaux—of a sort. At least she and Johnny had been very good friends. And she had to admit that the idea had occurred to her—in her subconsciousness at any rate—that she might have been willing to teach school and help him get a degree. He was such fun to be with.

Well, when he came back, some other girl could decide that. Two years wasn't a very long time. It would be much longer than that, she was rather sure, before Ernest would decide that he could afford to take on the responsibility of a family.

The next morning, Saturday, was a lovely spring day. Geniel awoke, feeling that it was wonderful merely to be alive. It was a day one should have spent working in the garden, clearing away the dead leaves to see green shoots pushing through, and violets here and there acclaiming the April day.

"Since I have no garden, I'll take a walk," she decided. Most certainly such a morning couldn't be wasted indoors. She would take her letters to the post office and, after that, go anywhere there was a path. Any path would be pleasant. "Anybody for a walk?" she asked the other two girls. "I'm out to revel in the spring sunshine."

"Sorry, I have papers to correct," answered Christine. "You should have invited me before I made this assignment."

MARVA merely shrugged. "Who, me? I have washing, ironing, mending, and six other chores to do. On top of that, I have a new magazine to read."

"On top of that, you're just not the type fully to appreciate the beauties of a lovely spring day. All right, I'll go by myself," Geniel said.

She walked down to the post office and had started up another street, when a car drew up to the curb. "Are you going some place, lady, and could I give you a lift?" Her heart missed a couple of beats as she recognized Jeff's voice.

"To tell the truth," she answered in some confusion, "I wasn't going anywhere in particular. I am merely taking a springtime walk, so I hardly need a lift."

"It sounds lovely. Shall I get out and walk with you, or will you get in and ride with me?"

"Aren't you going any place, either?"

"By George, I guess I am, come to think of it. I have to go out to a ranch about five miles from here on a bit of business. You would sure be a big help if you could decide to come along."

Geniel laughed. "Why not? What I mostly craved anyway was to get outdoors. I suppose that I can see a lot more of it this way."

She stepped into the car and drew a deep breath. "Isn't it won-

derful just to smell spring? Is April always so lovely here?"

"I'm afraid not. And it's very deceptive. About every other year we can count on a blizzard — just about the time we have new lambs to worry about. We've been known to get a heavy snowfall in May."

Geniel shrugged. "That happens almost anywhere. You should see the beauties we get in Colorado sometimes. I've seen lilac bushes in full bloom almost bent to the ground under the snow. But that has nothing to do with today."

"You're entirely right," he agreed. "It's spring and April is bursting out all over."

People were working out in the fields and in the gardens as they drove along. Young colts frisked by the side of their mothers in the meadows. Dandelions lifted saffron velvet crowns along the side of the road. Not a hint of clouds dared invade the blue of this April day.

As they turned up the lane to the Rebholtz ranch, Geniel's soaring spirits took a sudden drop. There were unpainted barns and sheds leaning against each other, as if making a feeble effort to remain standing at all. Pieces of discarded farm machinery were scattered here and there, and a flock of chickens wandered about the doorway.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Does the place have to look like this? I mean, is the owner ill, or something?"

Jeff shrugged. "No. Just a bit on the shiftless side. He's a good enough fellow."

He stopped the car and got out. "You might as well sit here and enjoy the scenery," he suggested

with a faint smile. "I may be only a few minutes."

He went into the house. Geniel was trying her best to ignore the scenery when three tow-headed youngsters came out of the barn. Each was carrying a very small lamb. They came over to the car and beamed at her.

"Hello," she smiled back at them.

"Are those your lambs?"

They nodded. The eldest, a boy of about eight, said, "We have a calf, too. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, of course," answered Geniel quickly. As she followed the trio around the old barn and threaded her way through the debris of the yard, she was grateful that she had put on walking shoes. Otherwise, the calf would have had to be brought to her.

When they reached the pen, the three looked up at her for her approval. "It's a real darling," she agreed. "You're very lucky to have

such a beautiful calf."

"We have some baby pigs, too," volunteered boy number two. "We

can see them next."

"Thank you," she replied. "But I think that I ought to go back to the house. Mr. Burrows may have seen your father by now and be ready to leave."

Eight-year-old shook his head.

"He can't. Dad's in town."

"Oh, that's too bad," she said.
"But if your father isn't home I'm

sure he'll be ready to leave."

"Dad had to take Jimmy in to the doctor," volunteered the littlest tow-head happily. "He was trying to ride Mexie and broke his arm."

Geniel went back as fast as she could find her way. Jeff was out

on the porch tinkering with the washing machine. Mrs. Rebholtz came to the door and was introduced.

"I was right in the middle of my washing," she explained, "and the machine broke. I have to finish my wash or the children won't have anything to wear to Sunday School tomorrow. Will you come in and sit down?"

Geniel was hesitating when Jeff said, "I think this will do now. We'll give it a try and be on our way." He turned on the power, and the machine hummed satisfactorily.

"Thank you so much!" exclaimed Mrs. Rebholtz. "The water would have been cold by the time Jim got back. Maybe you'd like to wait?"

"You're entirely welcome for the service. And we won't wait today.

I'll try to drop by again."

Geniel turned to the children. "And thank you very much for showing me your calf."

"You could still see the pigs,"

suggested one boy hopefully.

For a moment Jeff looked at Geniel with a wicked gleam in his eyes. Then he said, "Some other time, boys. We're in a bit of a hurry now."

As they drove away, she said, "I expect that your business wasn't entirely to do with the broken machine?"

"No, not exactly," he answered with a short chuckle. "I came out to collect some money from the sale of a heifer. He asked me to come today. It's always like this. If it isn't a broken arm, it's a vital piece of machinery that has given up the ghost. So I might as well forget it. That's quite a picture of farm life

you get out there. I'm going to show you another one."

He drove off a side road and stopped at the bottom of a small cove. Before them was an orchard of plum trees in full bloom. Beyond were fields showing the first green tints of spring. At the crest of the hill red barns contrasted with a white farmhouse.

"I wanted you to see that the rural picture isn't always so dismal," said Jeff.

"Oh, but I know! I think that your place is lovely," she exclaimed.

"It isn't so bad," he agreed. "Of course, I don't happen to have a plum orchard in full bloom at the moment. But just remember this one sometime when you are married to your rich merchant."

"Oh, but I'm not going to marry

him!"

"You're not?" His tone conveyed many emotions — surprise, joy, hope.

"No. You see, he isn't rich enough yet to satisfy his ambitions, and I guess that I just don't love him enough to wait until he is."

"Geniel!" His arm slipped around her shoulder. "Then, there is a chance for me?"

"Oh, yes!" There was a world of happiness in her answer.

His arms tightened. "You've seen some of the rugged angles of farm life. You know that there isn't always an orchard of plum trees. But I love you very much."

"And I love you very much," she replied, lifting her lips for his first kiss.

Yes, it was true there would be hard work and some loneliness and perhaps not a great deal of money. Perhaps, also, as Christine had said, "Love isn't everything." But this she knew for a surety, love is enough.

### Handcart Boy

Hazel Loomis

He walked with morning in his eyes As sprig-leaf green he came, His lowly cart toward western skies Turns golden with his name.

Man's will and faith, yet but a boy, Eager as a bird in flight, As sparrow wings with boundless joy, Zion's dream, in him, rose bright.

How sure the tread his bare feet made — So tender-young, so willow-light. Taut muscles strained on uphill grade As song healed pain at night.

Along the path, he walked I come With thoughts to fill the bounds of day. Press softly rose, bend low wild plum, His handcart passed this way!



#### General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

#### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Nora L. A. Lefrandt

#### HOLLAND STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION

Front row, seated, left to right: Christine Bals, organist; Hendrina W. Sont, visiting teacher message leader; Eleonora van der Put, chorister.

Second row, kneeling, left to right: Wya Gaster, social science class leader; Fawn

W. Volker, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society, a visitor.

Standing, left to right: Johanna S. Frolich, Work Director Counselor; Geertruida E. van Wisee, theology class leader; Louis F. C. Frolich, High Council Advisor; Counselor Louise W. Madsen of the General Board of Relief Society; Nora L. A. Lefrandt, President, Holland Stake Relief Society; Elizabeth B. Overduin, Education Counselor; Johanna van Leeuwen, Secretary-Treasurer; Wilhelmina T. Paay, work meeting leader;

Johanna F. Verburg, literature class leader.

Sister Lefrandt reports: "Attending the first Relief Society Conference in the newly organized Holland Stake in the Hague was really an experience. We were so thankful to have help and instructions from Sister Louise W. Madsen, Second Counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society. Some sisters traveled hours and hours by train to attend this convention. It was an upbuilding and inspiring meeting and helped the sisters grow up in stake work and make them stake-minded. We are looking forward to the stake Relief Society Convention next year."



Photograph submitted by Leona Hansen

SAN JOAQUIN STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE IN STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA, April 1961.

The chorister LaFrancis Carpenter is seated in the front row at the right (in dark dress).

The three sisters standing at the right, back of Sister Carpenter, are, left to right: Former President Wanda Stebbins and Counselors Frona Johnson and Leona Hansen.

Leona Hansen is the new president of San Joaquin Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Rose L. Moscon

### TOOELE STAKE (UTAH), TOOELE VALLEY NURSING HOME RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED March 8, 1961

Front row, seated, left to right: Henrietta Neilson; Josephine Sagers; Bertha Perkins; Amelia Sadler; Myrtle Grantham; Katherine Knaus; Delis Peterson; Elizabeth Johnson; Emma Campbell, group leader; Emma Orchard; Isabelle DeLaMare; Mae Pitt.

Back row, standing, left to right: Nellie Gordon; Eliza Zentner, Tooele First Ward theology class leader; Christine Sorenson, Secretary and assistant group leader; Bernice Adamson, Tooele First Ward chorister; Katie Peterson, Secretary, Tooele First Ward Relief Society; Mary Young, First Counselor, Tooele First Ward Relief Society; Susie Grisell; Edith Kroff, President, Tooele First Ward Relief Society; Mable Miller; Muriel Bush, Second Counselor, Tooele First Ward Relief Society; Ruby Smith, Tooele Stake

Work Director Counselor; Rose Moscon, President, Tooele Stake Relief Society; Helen

Dunlavy, Nursing Home employee; Dorothy Miles, Nursing Home employee.

Sister Moscon reports: "Organizing the Relief Society brings back to these sisters the things they valued and cherished in their lives before it became necessary for them to be placed in the Nursing Home. We felt the great joy of service, to give encouragement, to impart love, to build self-confidence, and to bring hope to their hearts. Above all, we need contact with these devoted members to stimulate courage, faith, and hope in us."



Photograph submitted by Edith K. Lyman

### FLORIDA MISSION, LIVE OAK BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY Organized January 15, 1961

Seated, left to right: Orene Mills, Second Counselor; Ruby Poole, President; Florence Milton, First Counselor; Elaine Mills, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mildred Voyles; Agnes Dickman; Charlotte

Ammons; Lora Mae Dval; Mildred Phillips.

Edith K. Lyman, President, Florida Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Relief Society was organized in the Live Oak Branch, Live Oak, Florida, on January 15, 1961. The first meeting was held at the home of Mattie Voyles, February 2, 1961, at which time the theology lesson was presented. There were ten sisters present. Since that time there has been attendance of almost one hundred per cent. There is one hundred per cent Magazine subscriptions. All the lessons are being presented each month in a very commendable manner. Work meetings are especially interesting, with all the sisters participating in handwork, making pillowcases, aprons, tea towels, and scarves. It is planned to sell these articles through local stores, the proceeds to be turned over to the building fund. The meetings are held in the homes of the branch members. The sisters of Live Oak love the Relief Society, and its organization has been instrumental in creating a unity in the branch never before felt. Mildred Phillips, with her husband W. Harry Phillips, of Portland Stake, has been laboring as a missionary in the Live Oak Branch since December 1, 1960."



Photograph submitted by Nell Marie Benson

### PALO ALTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), PALO ALTO WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Front row, seated, left to right: Gwen Connell, present President; Leah Martin; Charlotte Hansen, appointed in 1924; Beulah Widstein; Myra Thulin.

Back row, standing, left to right: Opal Millar; Alice Allen; Mary Peery; Ruth Hales;

Gussie Smith; Leila Gates; Vivian Anderson; Ivy Pearson.

Nell Marie Benson, President, Palo Alto Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Palo Alto Ward was organized in 1924 and has had thirteen ward presidents, all of them are still living and active in Relief Society and other Church organizations."



Photograph submitted by Gladys P. Wayment

### NORTH WEBER STAKE (UTAH) CLOSING SOCIAL HONORS WARD OFFICERS AND CLASS LEADERS, May 27, 1961

Standing at the left, stake board members: Drusilla M. Lee, chorister; Evelyn J. Pedersen, social science class leader; Dorothy H. Holmes, Secretary-Treasurer; Nellie Opheikens, Magazine representative; Voletta B. Blanch, organist; Afton Qualls, visiting teacher message leader; Bertha M. Hadley, work meeting leader; Gladys H. Sorensen, First Counselor; Gladys P. Wayment, President; Inez C. Farr, Second Counselor.

Seated at the table at the left, left to right: Elda Thompson, wife of President Harold Thompson, First Counselor, North Weber Stake; Sister Smith; President Thomas O. Smith, North Weber Stake; Sister Walsh; Elder William M. Walsh of the General Church Welfare Office; President Maurice Berrett, Second Counselor, North Weber Stake; Sister Berrett.

Sister Wayment reports: "At the conclusion of the season we plan a special activity in the North Weber Stake Relief Society. Last year a visiting teacher con-

vention was held, and the film 'Unto the Least of These' was presented. Also, a very successful fashion show and handwork display ended our season's activities. This year the closing social on May 27, 1961, was in the form of a lovely luncheon honoring all the ward officers and class leaders in our stake. Elder Walsh of the General Church Welfare Office was the guest speaker. Sister Walsh accompanied him. The members of the stake presidency and their wives were also guests. The event was an enjoyable one for all who attended, and the inspirational message which Elder Walsh left with us ended our year on a happy note."



Photograph submitted by Emma A. Hanks

### GULF STATES MISSION, ODESSA (TEXAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES POPPY QUILT AND PURSES, October 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Viola Lee; Karma Jordan; Alyne Fuller; Mary Jane Wilson and baby Dennis Wilson.

Second row, seated left to right: Marie Chesser; Avanell Darrington; Virginia Wofford; Ola Mae Jones.

Standing at the right, left to right: Susie Stubbs; Ferne Bingham; Klovia Crawford; Celestia Rees.

At the back, holding the quilt: Thed Huber, left, and Ginny Mize, right.

Emma A. Hanks, former President, Gulf States Mission Relief Society, reports: "A special project, started in March 1960, has been weaving and selling purses for funds for a new chapel in course of construction. From March 11, 1960 through December 1960, the sisters have made a profit of \$1690.20 from approximately 710 purses and flowers. From their 'poppy quilt,' aprons, and rummage sales, they raised another \$398.81, making over \$2,000 raised by the Relief Society sisters for the building fund."

Marie C. Richards is the new president of the Gulf States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Genieve M. James

WALNUT CREEK STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, May 1961

Front row, beginning with person on left of first seat, left to right: Nola Myrl Christensen, chorister; Elaine Jensen, First Counselor; Genieve M. James, President; Shirley Moore, organist.



Photograph submitted by Thelma B. Dansie

#### EAST MILL CREEK STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR MANY OCCASIONS

Chorister Bonnie Winterton (wearing print dress) stands seventh from the left in the front row, and organist Elizabeth T. Morgan stands eighth.

Thelma B. Dansie, President, East Mill Creek Relief Society, reports: "Each of our seven wards has a Singing Mothers chorus. The members are encouraged to compose music, as well as to perform. On April 16, 1961, they joined as a stake chorus and presented the music for the afternoon session of our stake quarterly conference, as they have at other times. They have also furnished special numbers for many other occasions, such as ward conferences, ward welfare and building banquets, special programs, and regular Relief Society meetings. The women appreciate these privileges to sing and feel it is a wonderful opportunity to develop their talents, as well as to perform a service."



Photograph submitted by Ida M. Sorensen

#### BRAZILIAN SOUTH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE, March 16-17, 1961

Representatives of branch Relief Societies which achieved one hundred per cent visiting teaching in January and February 1961 (the sisters are holding copies of the Relief Society publication of the Brazilian South Mission), left to right: Elacy Siqueira, Port Uniao; Herta Rau, Ipomeia; Leny Belanca, Porto Alegre Third Branch; Dirce Mulinar, Curitiba Second Branch; Mafalda Domaredzki, Curitiba First Branch; Yvonne Samways, Ponta Grossa; Aida Ebelt, Porto Alegre First Branch; Etelca Koch, Joinville Branch; Elida Cavalheiro, Porto Alegre Second Branch; Margarida Larsen, Londrina Branch.

Ida M. Sorenson, President, Brazilian South Mission Relief Society, reports: "We have just completed another annual Relief Society leadership conference, and we are bursting with pride and joy, as we reflect on the success of the event. Every branch Relief Society in the mission was represented, and more than sixty sisters participated.

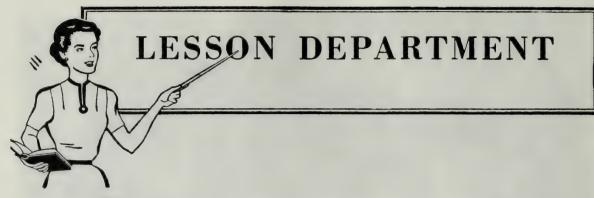
"Departmental instructions were received, and special demonstrations were presented by outstanding teachers in the mission. Each branch sent samples of their finest handwork to be displayed in a special exposition, and these articles were sold at the close of the conference. Work meeting demonstrations included the making of artificial flowers, textile painting, a variety of practical plastic household items, patterns for stuffed toys, and especially interesting was a demonstration by Etelca Koch, of the Joinville Branch, who showed the sisters how to make German streudel.

"An hour of good music was enjoyed, directed by the music leader of the mission. The sisters were enthused and happy to learn 'A New Day Dawned,' which was translated into Portuguese. They were pleased with the lovely melody and the special message it carries to members of Relief Society.

'A special feature of the conference was an original play written by Aline Seigrist emphasizing the value of the visiting teacher program. Sister Siegrist was one of the first members of Relief Society in Brazil, and the play impressed everyone with the

importance of this program.

"On the night of March 17th we celebrated the 119th Anniversary of Relief Society, with an appropriate program and entertainment. Many of the sisters had an opportunity to bear testimony of the value of Relief Society in their lives — and it was truly inspiring to note their progress during the past year and to hear them express their gratitude for membership in this great sisterhood."



# Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 34 — The Mission to the "Shaking Quakers"

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 49) For Tuesday, November 7, 1961

Objective: To learn some important truths as a guide against being deceived.

NE of the most interesting revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants forms the basis for this lesson. Its interest lies primarily in the background out of which it was received by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Interest is not its only value, for it provides the Latter-day Saint with knowledge concerning (a) some teachings held by an unusual sect; (b) some very important doctrinal teachings which are fundamental in the fulness of the gospel; and (c) two prophecies which are in the process of fulfillment.

Leman Copley, Convert

In the Prophet Joseph Smith's journal, it is recorded that: "At about this time (March 1831) came Leman Copley, one of the sect called Shaking Quakers, and embraced the fulness of the everlasting Gospel, apparently honest-hearted, but still retaining the idea that the Shakers were right in some partic-

ulars of their faith. In order to have a more perfect understanding on the subject . . ." the Prophet inquired of the Lord and received this revelation. (See D.H.C. I:167.)

Ann Lee and the "Shakers" Origin

To appreciate fully the teachings received in Section 49 of The Doctrine and Covenants, some knowledge of the origin and beliefs of the "Shakers," whose correct name was "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," is necessary.

At the beginning of the 18th century (1706), a group of religionists from France went to England and were known there as the French Prophets. James Wardley, a tailor, and his wife Jane, who were seceders from Quakerism came under their influence. In 1747 the Wardleys founded a society in Manchester and began to preach. They declared that Christ was soon to return to reign on the earth, and that he

would come in the form of a woman. The society increased in numbers although suffering much from persecution. One of their converts was Ann Lee. She was born February 29, 1736, the daughter of a blacksmith, and was married to a blacksmith at an early age. She gave birth to four children who died in infancy. In 1758 she was converted by Jane Wardley and also began to preach. Among her claimed revelations was one regarding the nature of God described in this manner: "The duality of Deity, God both Father and Mother; one in essence — one God, not two; but God who possesses two natures, the masculine and the feminine, each distinct in function vet one in being, co-equal in Deity." This belief is the basis for the later claim that Ann Lee became the incarnation of the Christ Spirit.

Because of persecution and lack of progress in making converts, Ann Lee and eight of her followers decided to go to America. Arriving there in 1774, they established themselves at Watervliet near Albany. New York. Ann Lee saw two other Shaker communities founded before her death in 1784. The period of greatest growth of this sect was between 1792 and 1835. At one time they numbered nearly 5,000. The sect no longer exists. (See Anna White and Leila S. Tavlor, "Shakerism, Its Meaning and Message," Encyclopedia Americana (1949) Vol. 24, page 642.)

Gospel Doctrine Emphasized

Although Section 49 was given at the time for the principal benefit of the missionaries who were to labor with this people, the "Shakers," it should be kept in mind that this

revelation is just as important for us today as for the members of the Church in the time of the Prophet

Joseph Smith.

After the call of Sidney Rigdon, Parley P. Pratt, and Leman Coplev to labor with this sect, the Lord declared that "I am God, and have sent mine Only Begotten Son into the world for the redemption of the world, and have decreed that he that receiveth him shall be saved, and he that receiveth him not shall be damned" (verse 5). Is it not required of all men that they should repent; otherwise, they shall be damned? Regardless of the group, it is the same message — acceptance of the Christ through the means appointed. But what is that way? Specifically directed to the "Shakers," the revelation stated that they were to have faith in Christ, repent of their sins, obtain a remission of sins by baptism, and then receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands (D & C 49:11-14).

The ordinances of water and spirit baptism, as taught in this revelation and by the apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2:37-38), were not practiced by the "Shakers." They did believe, however, that "every soul must work out its own salvation by practicing the self-denials of Jesus, aided by baptisms of the Holv Spirit of Christ, an influx of the saving power of the Divine Creator" (Shakerism, Its Meaning and Message, page 259). Water baptism to them was unnecessary as a means of

salvation.

The manifestation of the Spirit upon them was claimed in their worship as they sang and danced (Ibid., page 329).

This sect also claimed the gifts of

the Spirit. It is known as the modern parent of spiritualism, which received its impetus from the Fox Sisters near Rochester, New York, in the year 1844.

In order that none might be deceived into accepting self-claimed Christs or Messiahs, the Lord definitely makes known that his Only Begotten Son has come into the world, "And they have done unto the Son of Man even as they listed; and he has taken his power on the right hand of his glory, and now reigneth in the heavens, and will reign till he descends on the earth to put all enemies under his feet, which time is nigh at hand . . ." (Section 49:6).

In view of the claim that Ann Lee was the incarnation of Christ, there was to be a clear understanding on the part of everyone that the true Messiah was not on the earth at that time, but it was known that his coming was not far distant.

There have been many who have claimed that they are the Christ who has come the second time. claims are false, for the scriptures denote that the Savior's final coming will be attended by great disturbances of nature and the destruction of the wicked. (See D & C 101: 23-24.) As indicated in Lesson 30 (Relief Society Magazine, March 1960), Jesus Christ will come to his saints first, then to the Jewish people assembled in the Holy Land, and, finally, to the world at large (Lesson 31, Relief Society Magazine, April 1960). Notice in this passage how specific the Lord is concerning the claims of the "Shaking Quakers" and also of those who profess themselves to be the Messiah:

And again, verily I say unto you, that the Son of Man cometh not in the form of a woman, neither of a man traveling on the earth (Section 49:22).

The Savior will not come to the earth traveling as a man, but he will come to the temples erected to receive him. This was prophesied by the Old Testament prophet Malachi, who predicted that in the last days the Lord "shall suddenly come to his temple." (See Malachi 3:1-3; also Lesson 8, Relief Society Magazine, February 1958, for further information.) Temples are houses of the Lord where holy ordinances are performed for the living and the dead and the presence of the Lord is felt by his Spirit (D & C 97:15-17). In addition, it is a place "for the most High to dwell therein" (D & C 124:27). In 1863, President Brigham Young voiced this thought:

... We build temples because there is not a house on the face of the whole earth that has been reared to God's name, which will in any wise compare with his character, and that he can consistently call his house. There are places on the earth where the Lord can come and dwell, if he pleases. They may be found on the tops of high mountains, or in some cavern or places where sinful man has never marked the soil with his polluted feet. He requires his servants to build Him a house that He can come to, and where He can make known His will (Journal of Discourses, 10:252).

Revelation 49 continues to explain that when the Christ comes in his second appearance to the world, the saints should look forth for the earth to tremble and the valleys to be exalted as the mountains are made low (D & C 49:23).

The second coming of Christ will usher in the millennium, a period of peace and righteousness when the

LESSON DEPARTMENT 549

work of salvation for the living and the dead will be increased. The reign of Christ will then commence, and there shall be no laws in force except his laws, but, at the time of his coming, great changes will come to the earth in the establishing of paradisiacal conditions. (See Articles of Faith, number 10.) The millennium will not begin until the Savior comes to establish his government upon the earth. Implicit in the "Shaker" belief about Ann Lee was the idea that the millennium had begun.

Marriage Is Ordained of God

The "Shakers" maintained, theologically, that the highest type of Christian life was celibacy. All people will not live a life of continence, but, they claimed, "they that marry, or in any relation propagate the children of the world, serve the world, and therefore do not serve Christ; they bring forth the appropriate fruit of the world, and are therefore of the world, and abide in it. To the married, Ann Lee would plainly say: "You must forsake the marriage of the flesh or you cannot be married to the Lamb, or have any share in the resurrection of Christ, for those who are counted worthy to have any part in the resurrection of Christ neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like unto the angels" (White and Taylor, Shakerism, Its Meaning and Message, pp. 41-42).

On the contrary, it has been revealed to Latter-day Saints that marriage is a divinely established institution by which the faithful followers of the Christ will be enabled to receive eternal life. Anyone who teaches that a life of celibacy is in accordance with the Lord's will

stands condemned before him. Notice how explicit the latter-day revelation explains (1) that marriage is ordained of God; and (2) that it is the means by which the earth answers the purpose of its creation. (Read D & C 49:15-17.)

It is important to notice that this revelation confirms what was made known to Abraham and Moses relative to the plan of salvation. (See Abraham 3:22-28; Moses 4:1-4.) The pre-existent sons and daughters of God were to be given an opportunity for an earth-life in which they would be able to work out their salvation with the means provided by the Father. President Joseph Fielding Smith made this comment on these particular verses:

... The Lord informs us that this earth was designed, before its foundations were formed, for the abode of the spirits who kept their first estate, and all such must come here and receive their tabernacles of flesh and bones, and this is according to the number, or measure, of man according to his creation before the world was made. (Compare Deut. 32:8-9). It is the duty of mankind, in lawful and holy wedlock, to multiply according to the commandments given to Adam and Eve and later to Noah, until every spirit appointed to receive a body in this world has had that privilege. Those who teach celibacy and look upon marriage as sinful are in opposition to the word and commandment of the Lord. Such a doctrine is from an evil source and is intended to defeat the plan of redemption and the bringing into the world the spirits who kept their first estate. Satan, in every way that he can and with all his power, endeavors to defeat the work of the Lord. It is his purpose to destroy the souls of men and if he can prevent them from having bodies by teaching men and women that marriage is unrighteous and sinful, or that they should not after they are married bring children into the world, he thinks he will accomplish his purpose. All who hearken to these evil whisperings and practice this evil will stand

condemned before the throne of God (Church History and Modern Revelation, Melchizedek Priesthood Quorum Study for the year 1947, Vol. I, pp. 209-210).

Relative to the health of the "Shakers," a book published in 1859 is quoted by an encyclopedia as saying that they abstained from alcoholic liquors and tobacco, and that their diet did not include flesh-meat or fish (Encyclopedia Americana, (1957 ed, Vol. 24, page 642).

The Lord revealed that meat is good for man, and he that forbids to abstain from meats is not of God.

(See D & C 49: 18-19.)

In a later revelation, it is made known that meat is to be used spar-

ingly. (See Ibid., 89:12-13.)

Although the Lord has provided the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and grains for the use of man (see Section 49:20), it is sinful for man to kill animals for the sake of killing: "And wo be unto man that sheddeth blood or that wasteth flesh and hath no need" (Section 49:21). A wise comment is found on this passage in the Doctrine and Covenants Commentary. (Read page 286.)

It is a grievous sin in the sight of God to kill merely for sport. Such a thing shows a weakness in the spiritual character of the individual. We cannot restore life when it is taken, and all creatures have the right to enjoy life and happiness on the earth where the Lord has placed them. Only for food, and then sparingly, should flesh be eaten, for all life is from God and is eternal (Church History and Modern Revelation, Vol. I, page 210).

Two Prophecies

In order that the "Shaking Quakers" might know what would occur on this continent before the Lord's second coming, these two prophecies were given:

But before the great day of the Lord shall come, Jacob shall flourish in the wilderness, and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose. Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains, and shall be assembled together in the place which I have appointed (D & C 49:24-25).

Do these two predictions have value beyond their application to the "Shakers"? Decidedly so; for these prophecies demonstrate the prophetic powers of the Prophet Joseph Smith. (See D & C Commentary, page 287.)

Prophecies Fulfilled

Concerning the Indians flourishing and blossoming as the rose, we learn that by 1955, it was estimated that the number of Indians in North America was several times greater than in 1907. It should also be of interest to learn that the number of Indians living within the present confines of the United States at the beginning of the 15th century is estimated at 400,000. Because of disease and displacement this number was greatly decreased until the Indian was called the "Vanishing American." Since 1920, however, the Indians have increased in number until, today, there are more than it is estimated existed at the time of the discovery of America.

Rocky Mountain Prophecy

As early as 1830 the Lord indicated in a revelation that "Zion shall rejoice upon the hills and flourish" (D & C 35:24). This prediction is another reference to the saints residing in the Rocky Mountains. "And this was at a time when the Rocky Mountain region was almost unknown to the people in the Eastern States" (Doctrine and Covenants Commentary, page 189).

Ten years passed away and the Lord inspired the Prophet Joseph Smith to speak more clearly about the future of the saints "upon the hills" and of their rejoicing "upon the mountains." On August 6, 1842, Joseph Smith wrote:

I prophesied that the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains, many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease, and some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains (D.H.C. V, page 85).

All of this prophecy has been fulfilled in the sufferings and tribulations of the saints, including the apostasies of those who could not endure to the end. Significant in the fulfillment of this prophecy is the fact that the saints have prospered and become a mighty people in the western part of the United States.

### Truth Will Prevail

In closing this revelation, the missionaries are informed that if they will repent and labor diligently, they shall not be confounded, for the Lord will be with them. D & C 49:26-28.) John Whitmer remarks upon this incident:

The above-named brethren went and proclaimed [the Gospel] according to the revelation given them, but the Shakers hearkened not to their words and received not the Gospel at that time, for they are bound in tradition and priestcraft; and thus they are led away with foolish and vain imaginations (John Whitmer's History of the Church, ms. page 20) (D.H.C. 1:169).

Because these "vain imaginations" were not true, they could not prevail. The prophecies contained in this revelation continue to be fulfilled and will prevail.

### Questions for Discussion

1. Of what value can this lesson (Sec-

tion 49) be to you?
2. Who was Leman Copley? Who was Ann Lee? What was the connection between these two persons and the "Shaking Quakers"?

3. What doctrine of the "Shaking Quakers" concerning Ann Lee is declared

false by Section 49?

4. What does Section 49 teach regarding the earth and the purpose of marriage?

5. Two prophecies are made in Section 49. (a) What are the prophecies and their fulfillment? (b) What are the elements of the Rocky Mountain prophecy and its bearing upon Section 49?

### Joo Swift the Time

Pauline M. Bell

Night weighs my eyes; I cannot see the day. Too swiftly did I walk my life away, Doing a multitude of things so small. I heard the Master's kindly, urgent call, Calling me forth to do things greater far. I know it now. Is it too late-too late? Will light once more my dreary road unwind? My soul can see, but oh, my eyes were blind.

# Visiting Jeacher Messages—

### Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 34 — "I Will Give Unto You a Pattern in All Things" (D & C 52:14).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, November 7, 1961

Objective: To emphasize the fact that the Savior, through his life and through his gospel, has set the pattern for us to follow.

ONE of the beautiful characteristics of our Lord and Savior's gospel is that he requires nothing of us which he himself has not done. He has told us, "Behold I am the light; I have set an example for you" (3 Nephi 18:16). Throughout his ministry, he pleaded with his disciples and with us to "Come follow me."

Before he began preaching the gospel he was baptized "to fulfill all righteousness" (Mt. 3:15). He set the pattern in resisting temptation when he submitted himself to the sorest temptations in which Satan offered him food, great worldly power, and immense riches. To all of these the Savior's reply was, "Get thee hence, Satan" (Mt. 4:10).

During his ministry the Savior set the pattern in perfection, humility, love, faith, service, prayer, sacrifice, steadfastness, mercy, forgiveness, and all of the character traits which have come to be known as Christian virtues.

There are many beautiful passages in the scriptures in which these virtues are exemplified and taught; for example, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Mt. 5:48).

In respect to perfection, we can-

not hope to be as perfect in all things as our Father in heaven, yet, this ideal must be attainable, otherwise the Savior would not have so commanded us. We are approaching perfection as long as we are striving toward it. We can be perfect in many things in our lives, such as in fasting and in many other ways.

In respect to prayer the Savior set the pattern, "As I have prayed among you even so shall ye pray..." (3 Nephi 18:16). He instructed us to pray often and gave us the Lord's prayer as the ideal pattern.

On love, which was probably the central pattern of the Savior's life, he said to his apostles, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love" (John 15:9). The Lord said that our love should be all-comprehensive; not only should we love those who love us, but also we should love our enemies. (See Mt. 5:44.)

Every pattern of virtuous and purposeful living was exemplified and taught by the Savior. His gospel and the example he set have brought comfort and hope, strength and purpose to all who will accept and apply his teachings. The pattern he set has caused countless inLESSON DEPARTMENT 553

dividuals to live more Christ-like lives. For example, the story is told of a Christian missionary who was working with the natives of Africa. He told them about Jesus Christ and of the life of love and service he lived here upon the earth. One of the natives said, "He is not dead. I know him well." The missionary could not convince the native that Christ had lived long ago. The native insisted that he was still living in a neighboring village. When the missionary made further inquiries he learned about a young man who had

dedicated his life to helping the natives. He was caring for the sick, helping those who were poor, and was demonstrating in practice the Savior's teachings.

What comfort and strength, assurance and conviction, the pattern—the Savior's gospel—provides for us. If we will come and follow him, our lives will be opened wide for service, accomplishment, and happiness. The Savior and his gospel have set the pattern. Come, let us follow him.

# Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

### Discussion 2 — Just for Example

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, November 14, 1961

Objective: To show that the example of a considerate woman is reflected in the lives of her family.

"HOMES," suggests President David O. McKay, "should be little outposts of heaven."

Seldom do we find homes of perfect peace in this life. However, by employing certain regulations and considerations, the friction natural when various personalities live closely under one roof can be considerably lessened. Through proper knowledge and usage of appropriate social graces, the whole experience of family life can be much more "heavenly."

In our moments of wildest imaginings it would be difficult to find anything heavenly about a disorderly laid table surrounded by family members hunched over their plates, attacking the meal in complete disregard or consideration for each other.

Though the rules of etiquette, as such, may be relaxed in the informality of home, the spirit of good manners should not be, for here is the training ground, the practice court, for the game of life.

Women are the matriarchal spirits in the homes in which they live. The refining influence of a gentle, thoughtful woman can be easily recognized even on the most remote frontier, or under the most adverse circumstances. The opposite is equally true. Our homes will be

as lovely, our family as loving, as we care to put forth the effort to make them so.

Regardless of how relaxed the world may become with regard to certain basic behavior patterns, or in spite of the fact that neighbors may do things a bit differently, when it comes to true Christian living, we must teach our families to do that which is right, and considerate. We should remember that it isn't always possible or necessary to explain why to children, but simply to teach them to do things as part of their family pattern. "In our home this is how we do it."

The pattern of the patriarchal order in Latter-day Saint homes is observed when children are taught respect for parents, older people, and those in authority over them. It is urged that at mealtime the father or head of the house be the one who should call upon some member of the family to return thanks for the food.

A wise mother will plan the mealtime duties in such a way that she can be seated with the family, at least for a time, allowing husband or son to perform the important ritual of helping her to be seated. Such an example of helpfulness should be exhibited before the younger members of the family, not because mother couldn't sit down by herself, but because they love to honor her for being the lady that she is. It is more likely, then, that if the occasion arises, the missionary son will remember to assist the mission president's wife, or woman investigator to be seated if he has already seen and practiced this kind act at home with mother or sister. If this has not been the custom in

the home to this point, perhaps mother can get the co-operation of the father to set an example by

talking to him privately.

Eating should be more than satisfying hunger. It should be an art, a refining, pleasant experience for all of the family. Stimulating conversation should be deliberately encouraged and unpleasant subjects or complaints should be consciously avoided. Table appointments, however simple, should be clean, orderly, and as attractive as possible. There are, of course, definite rules about which utensils to use with each type of food. Because these rules may vary from country to country, they should be studied by the sisters for proper usage in their locality.

However, the amenities of dining which hold true everywhere should be carefully observed by all, not because they are rules, but because they make dining a delightful ex-

perience for all.

1. Do not talk with food in the mouth.

2. Use the corner of the napkin (serviette) frequently to keep the mouth

3. Do not eat with elbows on the table. 4. Take small bites, slowly, cutting them off the serving of the food as they are

eaten.

5. Avoid offensive food noises, such as

"slurping" soup.

6. Use a fork and not the fingers for as much of the food as possible, even fried chicken, fried shrimps, and French fried potatoes (chips).

7. Use only one hand at a time when eating "finger food."

8. Do not reach for food. If it is placed

on the table, ask to have it passed.

9. If necessary to leave the table before the conclusion of the meal, excuse yourself to the host or hostess and express thanks for the lovely meal.

10. When you are a guest at a dinner, if a food is served to you which you do not enjoy, eat what you can and leave the rest on the plate without explanation. If it is offered to you, it is always better to take a small helping and eat it to be polite to the hostess. If you cannot, simply say, "No, thank you."

### **Questions for Discussion**

1. How can the idea of improved social graces be most effectively taught to one's family? Family Night? Suggestion boxes?

A "state of the family" message given each month by a different family member, perhaps?

2. What areas of social improvement and consideration can your families work on most profitably?

3. How can families be inspired to improve social graces, or their experiences extended to practice them — frequent guests for dinner (even a neighbor's child) and occasional excursions to dine out?

### Literature - America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 26 - John Greenleaf Whittier, Commoner (1807-1892)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: America's Literature, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes Dryden Press, New York, pp. 400-413)

For Tuesday, November 21, 1961

Objective: To enter more fully into the nineteenth century by blending together Whittier's three voices, as a Reformer, Quaker, and a New Englander.

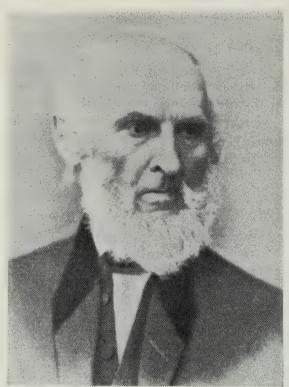
ALTHOUGH not one of the greatest American authors, Whittier, next to Longfellow, was the most popular nineteenth century poet, and today remains one of the most-quoted, best-loved spokesmen for the "Party of Security." (See Lesson 17, Relief Society Magazine, July 1960, page 485.) "Barefoot Boy," "Schooldays," "Maud Muller" and "Barbara Frietchie" lie almost as near the American collective heart and memory as do "America" and apple pie - and by most definers and defenders of the contemporary American conscience, they are held to be as old-fashioned, overly worn, and trite. But in this parallel praising and disparaging of Whittier by his modern American heirs, time has accentuated the differences. Whittier must always represent different things to different people. Somewhere between these extremes lies

the moderate course of approach and appreciation which, in our present study of Whittier, it may be well to follow.

For those who wish to learn more about the United States and the spirit of man, Whittier deserves a sympathetic reading and hearing. This study may best be achieved by attempting to become his contemporaries. And the best approach to such a view is to read representative poems from the three major phases of his life and works. But before we experience these contrasting voices of Whittier, we should first of all relate them to each other within the unifying frame of his life.

#### Whittier's Life-Pattern

Born in 1807, John Greenleaf was one of three children belonging to farming folk who, since 1647, had tilled the same family soil and had



A Perry Picture
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

never worked for anyone else or done anything else. Thus, in his origins as throughout his eighty-five years, he was both of the people as well as for them. Although turning the good family earth, milking, and chopping, and sowing and reaping were always tedious to the frail, spare young lad, nevertheless, from his farming as from his cobbling years, he absorbed the idiom and texture and belief of rural New England stock. His father, a Ouaker, deeply read theologian and sternly religious man, allowed himself to be deprived of his son's labor for but two semesters while Greenleaf attended Haverhill Academy, where a perceptive teacher introduced him to the two most virile literary influences of his life: "Bobbie" Burns and John Milton.

Soon Greenleaf began writing all over his slate the dancing rhymes and rhythms which raced through

his mind, but though his classmates were amused, his father frowned his disapproval, since "Poetry will not bring him bread." Nevertheless, young John Greenleaf began publishing numerous poems in local newspapers and in periodicals edited by William Lloyd Garrison, who was the nucleus of the abolitionists. (See text, page 184.) In 1831, the year after Whittier's father died. Garrison founded the Liberator, the leading journal of radical abolition and reform for thirty-four years. He persuaded the promising young Greenleaf to forsake both political aspirations and his career as pioneer recorder of his beloved New England's legend and local color to give his life to the unselfish and unpopular moral idealisms of the abolitionist movement.

Newly disappointed in love, but spurred on by the fervent support of his mother and sister Elizabeth, who, to their deaths, believed both in the power of his talents and in the holy rightness of his cause, Whittier soon became the most militant and powerful literary advocate for the abolitionists in the Nation. Four times during the 1830's he was mobbed, once barely escaping with his life.

During the passing decades, this crusading Quaker gradually became more listened to than sneered at, and increasing numbers of wealthy and socially prominent women and men joined with the original laboring class founders in making the fight against slavery too large an issue to be ignored by either side. Yet, in the years immediately preceding the Civil War, as the success of his intense crusade became more apparently inevitable, Whittier grad-

ually severed his ties with the movement. As an orthodox Quaker he had always opposed war and bloodshed, yet the great national carnage soon to follow ironically brought about the fulfillment of his abolitionist hopes. He wrote twenty-four poems and hymns on war themes, one of which was framed in thousands of northern homes as well as in the room where Lincoln's cabinet met.

When the Atlantic Monthly was established in 1857, Whittier was invited to the original chartering dinner along with the great literary men of the day (whom he felt looked down on him because of his humble origin). For the next twelve years he was a principal Atlantic contributor of religious poems and those dealing with the happier aspects of the New England countryside. His fame increased gradually, but when "Snow-Bound" appeared in 1866, its immediate success netted him \$10,000 and, to his death, he remained widely read and well loved.

Never having married, Whittier retired to Haverhill, Amesbury, and, finally, to his lovely estate named Oak Knoll in Danvers, Massachusetts. All his adult life he had had severe chest and head pains which kept him from reading or writing for more than short intervals at a time and prevented him from attending almost all public gatherings. Yet he was never morose nor selfpitying, but, to the end, took pride in his dress and appearance, in his friends who came in droves to see him, and in the success of his writings, which he re-edited not long before his death. Scorched by early poverty, he lived frugally and wisely, leaving an estate of over \$125,000. When he died, in 1892, he was buried at Amesbury, the sole survivor of his immediate family.

#### Whittier the Reformer

Bearer of Freedom's holy light,
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,
The foe of all which pains the sight,
Or wounds the generous ear of God!
—"Democracy"

Thus Whittier defined Democracy which, coupled with his deep religious faith, provided the motivation for his lifelong crusades to improve humanity. Well aware of human frailty, he still believed that Democracy brings man nearer truth and justice than he can be otherwise, and also that "What avail great talents if they be not devoted to goodness?" Realizing from firsthand knowledge that "we should as soon expect to find piety in his Satanic Generalship as independence in a country newspaper Editor," he used the periodicals of abolition as mediums through which he attacked the evils of his day. Long before he met Garrison he was instrumental in forming a Temperance Society in Haverhill, and, in 1828, wrote "The Drunkard to His Bottle" for the Haverhill Gazette, the second periodical in the Nation to advocate total abstinence. He wrote fiery poems praising the great revolutionary heroes of the century wherever they arose: in Britain, France, Italy, Greece, Finland, and Brazil. Completely repudiating the pattern of the past, he believed in the destiny of his own young Nation, but when she invaded Mexico, he felt the French Reign of Terror no worse than "the slaughter of women and children in the bombardment of Vera Cruz."

One reason this earlier Whittier has been forgotten is that all, save his later poems, are too impassioned and controversial to be taught in public schools. For example, in such poems as "For Righteousness' Sake," he attacks both commercialism and "so-called" religion:

The age is dull and mean. Men creep, Not walk; with blood too pale and tame To pay the debt they owe to shame;

Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want; Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep

Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

—(Lines Inscribed to Friends Under Arrest for Treason Against the Slave Power)

Likewise, in "Moloch in State Street" and "Official Piety," he indicts the pillars of society for using influence and piety as cloaks for theft, crime, and systematic exploitation of the lower classes.

But it was as a pioneer abolitionist that he found his true niche as crusading idealist. His fondest memories centered about his unselfish years of wielding his fiery pen that the Negro might be free. "I am a man and not a verse-maker," he wrote in 1883; he was more proud of having signed the first Declaration of Sentiments at the first convention of the Anti-Slavery Society than of any book he ever wrote. Despite his great personal sacrifice for "the cause" in years of underpaid overwork, loss of friends, literary career, and political future, he could still write as follows:

For myself Abolition has been its own "exceeding great reward." It has repaid every sacrifice of time, of money, of reputation, of health, of ease, with the answer of a good conscience, and the happiness which grows out of benevolent exertions for the welfare of others. It has led me

to examine myself. It has given me the acquaintance of some of the noblest and best of men and women. It owes me nothing.

When, in later years, he was asked which one poem he would choose to be remembered by, he mused for a time, then answered, "The Reformer," too long to quote in entirety:

All grim and soiled and brown with tan, I saw a Strong One, in his wrath, Smiting the godless shrines of man Along his path. . . .

Fraud from his secret chambers fled Before the sunlight bursting in: Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head To drown the din. . . .

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad.—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still. . . .

Save possibly for Harriet Beecher Stowe, Whittier wielded as great an influence as any one person in preparing the United States for a war based on moral and religious issues. While this power is exemplified in part in the Garrison and Kansas poems in our text, others deserve mention, particularly "The Moral Warfare," written in 1838, "Massachusetts to Virginia," written in 1843, and "Laus Deo" (Praise Be to God), written in 1865 at the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery.

"Laus Deo" and "Ichabod," two of Whittier's best poems, approach perfection as they express high moral indignation and serene spiritual peace in the idiom and imagery of LESSON DEPARTMENT 559

the Bible which Whittier knew and loved best of all American poets. Indeed, while their subject is still slavery, their treatment and tone tend to make them better examples Whittier's religious poems. which we shall next consider. "Ichabod," meaning "inglorious," was penned in 1850. The majesty of this poem is never broken by vindictive thrust or rhetorical excess, but sustains both the dignity and awesome power of Whittier's moral intensity. (See "Ichabod," text, page 402, for this poem.)

Religious Poetry

Probably the dominant shaping force in Whittier's life and poetry was his Ouakerism, with its concept of the Inner Light, or God's presence within each of us. He was throughout his life an orthodox Quaker, both in eighteenth-century dress and in belief. He felt that those who listened to "the melody of the mind — the music and the eloquence of thought" which came from God were blessed by him with the "calm beauty of an ordered life" and "the silence of eternity interpreted by love." Never strongly concerned with theology or sectarianism, Whittier spent his life attempting to bring to his fellow men his own sense of high human dignity and idealism which should predominate in all our relationships with the needy and helpless. He was taught at his mother's knee that

All is of God that is, and is to be; And God is good.

Likewise, he believed that nature is visible proof of God's order and symmetry; that nature itself is a constant prayer to God, just as through our own prayers and meditation we may always have access to his spirit. It is this inward spirit of peace which radiates from Whittier as he embodies his emotion and vision in his religious poems. The reading of the Bible was a constant practice in their Quaker home, and as a boy he could tell the story of each book in the Bible, and throughout his life, could quote a great part of it. Thus the Biblical influence is strong not only in "Laus Deo," but in many of his other poems.

In his speech and correspondence Whittier always used the pronoun thee rather than you; likewise, January was first-month as Sunday was first-day. Such unassuming Quaker simplicity seems as much a part of the essential Whittier as of the religious pattern which he accepted in complete peace and loyalty.

The Quaker form of worship becomes more understandable and beautiful after we read a few lines from his long poem "The Meeting," in which he explains to a visitor why worshipping in an unadorned, silent church is particularly satisfying to him:

God should be most where man is least: So, where is neither church nor priest, And never rag of form or creed To clothe the nakedness of need,— Where farmer-folk in silence meet,-I turn my bell-unsummoned feet; I lay the critic's glass aside, I tread upon my lettered pride, And, lowest-seated, testify To the oneness of humanity; Confess the universal want, And share whatever Heaven may grant. He findeth not who seeks his own, The soul is lost that's saved alone. Not on one favored forehead fell Of old the fire-tongued miracle, But flamed o'er all the thronging host The baptism of the Holy Ghost; Heart answers heart; in one desire

The blending lines of prayer aspire; 'Where, in my name, meet two or three,' Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!' . . . So, to the calmly gathered thought The innermost of truth is taught, The mystery dimly understood, That love of God is love of good. . . .

Perhaps one of the loveliest hymns Whittier ever wrote is contained within "The Brewing of Soma" (text, page 413), written in 1872. In effortless simplicity his lines create without flaw a fitting container and communicant for the steady, large religious emotions of humility, love, peace, and unselfishness which characterize both the Ouaker Whittier and the age of belief and affirmation for which he wrote. (If time permits, read aloud the last six stanzas of "The Brewing of Soma").

### Thoughts for Discussion

1. Do you feel Whittier to be a typical American writer of his day? In what ways?

2. Aside from content, do you feel Whittier's religious poems to be of better poetic quality than his abolitionist poems? Why so?

### Visual Lesson Packet Available for Literature Course

Appropriate visual aids can be of great assistance to a class leader. If wisely used, they can enrich the lesson material by adding interest, strengthening a point, and clarifying an idea. They also can be used effectively in introducing or concluding a lesson.

A picture kit of carefully planned visual aids for the 1961-62 literature lessons may be obtained after September 1, from the Audio-Visual Aids Department, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, price \$3.85 (not obtainable from Relief Society General Board).

This packet contains an aid for each lesson of the year:

- 1. Large portraits (11"x14") of Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe.
- 2. Small oval portraits of these same writers for the literature map.
- 3. Illustration of characters in Hawthorne's The Scarlett Letter. 4. New England winter landscape for Whittier's "Snow-Bound."
- 5. Two outline maps to be used with the lesson on Longfellow.
- 6. A painting of the home of Edgar Allen Poe at Fordham, New York.

### Social Science—The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

#### THE EMINENCE OF WOMAN

### Lesson 2 — Full Equality in the Gospel Plan

"Woman has been placed by the side of man - not behind him - not in front of him" (Elder John A. Widtsoe).

#### Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Tuesday, November 28, 1961

Objective: To discover the true significance of unity in the marriage covenant.

**PROM** the review of the scriptures gave to woman a place of exceptionin Lesson 1, we have observed al eminence. The importance of the that in the plan of creation God responsibility given her compleLESSON DEPARTMENT 561

ments the assignment given to man. Together, and only together, can the full realization of the destiny of the

human family be achieved.

Therefore, equality referred to in the above title has important implications and needs to be clearly defined. Equality means the character or condition of being equal. Equal is defined as exactly the same in measure, quantity, number, or degree. The definition in Webster's dictionary goes on to say: "like in value, quality, status or position; evenly balanced or proportioned; having competent power, abilities, or means."

Equal in Opportunities, Rights, and Privileges

1. Man Is the Head of the Family

by Priesthood Designation.

In our previous discussion we found that God gave the Priesthood to Adam, thus designating him as his mouthpiece upon the earth. At the same time, Adam's companion, Eve, was designated as the mother of men. This set up a balance and a division of responsibility which provided a base for sound family organization. The Priesthood, operating on the principles of love and sympathetic understanding, has for its purpose the caring for the temporal, intellectual, and spiritual welfare of each member of the family. The mother, because of her strategic position, is the moving force in the accomplishment of this purpose.

Man has held the position of head of the family throughout the ages. Much of the time he has not justified this position in terms of respect, consideration, and appreciation for his companion and the children in his family. In fact, at times he has exercised unrighteous dominion over them.

In the gospel plan the Priesthood bearer has the responsibility of being the head of the family. The blessings and respect that this position merits can be justified only as the man honors his Priesthood and recognizes the value and significance of his co-partner and of each member of his family by providing them with full opportunity for growth and development. This is the equality referred to; this is the blessing of the gospel plan.

2. Woman Has a Major Role in the Home.

In order for the man to realize full promise of success in his administration of the home, it is necessary to place a vital responsibility in the hands of his wife. She plays a major role in the home, having under her care and vigilance each member. While babies are not clay and cannot be molded as such, yet they are most susceptible to the stimulation they receive in association with others. Mother's constant contact in feeding, comforting, cleaning, training, and encouraging youngster, places the mark of her influence and character upon the child throughout its life. This stimulation is not only on the physical but mental and spiritual stimulations come from every act, every decision, and almost every thought that takes place in the home.

The family's success necessitates team action, unity of purpose, and a full recognition of the value and quality of both mother and father. They can be equal in the influence they exert on their children, if they recognize the importance of each other's position. The point to be noted is the evenly balanced status of father and mother.

3. Blessings of the Priesthood Are

Joint Values

The equality referred to above has no thought of competitive position of mother and father, but rather an emphasis upon the effectiveness of their combined efforts. In everything they do there can be beneficial reflections to each other and to the family members. Where the man is effective in his calling in the Priesthood he brings into the home the light of revelation and inspiration for solving problems for individual members and for the family as a unit. This blessing is shared by the mother whose prime interest is the welfare of the children and the success of this joint venture with her husband.

Whatever is done by Priesthood authority in the home must reflect to the benefit and elevation of the father and mother. Dr. John A. Widtsoe makes the following observation:

Woman does not hold the Priesthood, but she is a partaker of the blessings of the Priesthood. That is, the man holds the Priesthood, performs the priestly duties of the Church, but his wife enjoys with him every other privilege derived from the possession of the Priesthood. This is made clear, as an example, in the Temple service of the Church. The ordinances of the Temple are distinctly of Priesthood character, yet women have access to all of them, and the highest blessings of the Temple are conferred only upon a man and his wife jointly (John A. Widtsoe, Program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, page 79).

In the function of his priestly office in the Church, in whatever

capacity, the wife enjoys the blessings of a successful partner in the work of the Lord. These blessings come to her from her help and encouragement given to her husband in the fulfillment of his responsibility. In failure or success she shares in his calling.

The work of the Priesthood is to overcome evil, stimulate righteousness, and establish the kingdom of God upon the earth. So in this basic unit, the family, they (the man and the woman) are developing a substantial element in the building

of the kingdom.

### Family Organization

1. Head of the House

The "head of the house," implies many responsibilities, among them the providing of the necessities of life, comforts, love and consideration, wisdom, counsel, and leader-

ship.

Even with the finite mind of man. it is possible for us to observe the infinite wisdom of God in setting up the family pattern. The mother love is nearest to the love of God of any expression upon this earth. This was so designed to protect and secure the spirit children of our Father, for each one is precious in his sight. The true love of man for his wife should reach its greatest heights in the bearing of his children. His duty and expression of love come in providing security, protection, and freedom from fears for his family.

In the scriptures we read of the man caring for his flocks, fishing, and tilling the soil. This was true in Adam's time and throughout the testaments. In society, generally, it has been accepted that the man is the provider. God made man physically strong so that he could earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. In modern revelation, Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 83:2, 4:

Women have claim on their husbands for their maintenance, until their husbands are taken; and if they are not found transgressors they shall have fellowship in the church. . . . All children have claim upon their parents for their maintenance until they are of age.

Parents are not only responsible for providing "bread," but The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 68:25-28, tells us they must teach the children, before they arrive at eight years of age, to be able to understand the meaning of repentance, to have faith in Christ, and to know the purpose of baptism, or the sins of the children will be upon the

heads of the parents.

The foundation of the Priesthood power or authority is love. Love demands thoughtful consideration of others, plus the responsibility for their well-being and individual expression. The head of the family, then, in our society, must be able to justify his calling in the Priesthood by his thoughtful and loving direction, and through counsel and patience with each member of the family. It is again repeated that his measure of success in his calling, both as a father and as an elder in Israel, is largely in the success he attains with the members of his own family.

2. Woman — Childbearer and Rearer of Children, Managing Director of the Household.

In some cultures of the world women have had to do heavy manual work. There are places where women feel that to be equal with men they must participate in the full program of men's activity. such a society the bearing of children is of secondary importance. As soon as the baby is born it is placed in a nursery where things are clean and free from destructive bacteria. Proper food, sunshine, and warm clothing are provided. The mother then is free to return to her industrial job; but the main ingredients for human development, character building, and the proper stimulation of personality are lost. That is, mother love and care are not present. No amount of technical equipment or trained skill can successfully substitute for the mother love which is not constantly present through the years of growing up.

Woman's great mission and responsibility have been and continue to be the bearing of children and providing the little bundles of possibilities with the continual care, training, and stimulation that only a mother's love can supply. It is true that mother has much to do physically in operating her home. But in making her home, there is a different relationship for her with her family, a different orientation than when working as a man's equal on the industrial production line.

The very nature of her physical make-up puts her in a different category than man. Her biological abilities to nurture and give birth to children, place her in a position of distinctive difference from, and yet dependence upon, her mate. This same ability gives her a unique position in the family. Yet neither the man nor the woman is complete without the other.

The mother becomes the managing director of the home, not by inheritance nor by custom, but by sheer necessity. Rearing a family involves selection and preparation of food; the adequate care of the living quarters, and the direction and regulation of the goings and comings of the members in the household. Mother must administer wisely the income of the home to make it cover the daily expenses as well as provide a reserve to meet the inevitable emergencies. She is, in the truest sense, the managing director of the successful home.

3. Partnership

Once again we must repeat the important idea that the home and family are a joint venture. Neither father nor mother detracts from the importance of the other. They are not contesting nor vying for status higher than the other. They work together with talents, qualifications, and abilities that complement each other.

The Family, a Co-operative

Enterprise

We have been emphasizing the fact that the family is the result of the united efforts of people who are equal in the sense of being "evenly balanced or proportioned; having competent powers, abilities or means." Surely the varied responsibilities of the father and mother evidence again the wisdom of God.

# 1. Co-Partners With God in Child Creation

There is a divinely ordained division of labor and responsibility in maintaining, stimulating, and protecting the family unit. God, himself, is a co-partner in the family unit in that he created the spirits of the children of men. He entrusted

them to the earthly parents for the growth and development of earth life. He wants these children back in his kingdom, to dwell in his presence. They are all precious in his sight. Therefore, he has given every assistance possible to set up an effective family unit, in order that each child may have the needed help for its development and direction back to his presence. In this arrangement the obligation and responsibility of father and mother never end, short of the accomplishment of the Lord's plan.

Summary

As a summary of the lessons on the "Eminence of Woman," may we point out that, like man, woman is a creation of God. She was given as a helpmate of man in a partnership responsibility for subduing and populating the earth. She is the mother of men; the mother of the human family. Only with her can man obtain the highest exaltation in the celestial kingdom. Truly, she is the leading lady in the drama of She holds equal responsibilities for the accomplishment of the purpose of life "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

Woman's eminence in the program of the Church cannot be questioned. She is not a silent partner, not a puppet, but an equal partner with equal responsibilities for the success of the program.

### Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the difference between the terms equal and equality?

2. Does equality in marriage imply equal responsibilities for the success or failure of the marriage?

3. In what ways are the blessings of the

Priesthood of joint value?

4. How can love, respect, honor, and obedience be given equally to father and

mother by the children?

5. Is a home with children a sufficient challenge in achievement to justify the dedication of the mother's life to rearing her children? Give evidence to support your answer.

6. What evidence can you give of the importance of unity in the success of

family life?

References: Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 83 and 68; Priesthood and Church Government, John A. Widtsoe, Chapter 7.

### Conversion

Evelyn Darlington

They said that I might know as he, When reading in the Holy Book, He found the scripture in St. James — If you lack wisdom, ask of God In faith and prayer.

They said that I might know as he, When on that still spring morn, He sought the quiet grove to pray. If there is aught that you would know, Ask then of God in prayer.

They said that I might know as he, When he beheld the light descend, And spoke to God and to his Son — If you lack wisdom, ask of God In faith and prayer.

They said that I might know as he, So in the quiet of my room I knelt beside my bed to pray. I felt another Presence there.

I felt his Spirit touch my soul. And then I knew — I knew as he — If there is ought that you would know Ask then of God in prayer.

If you lack wisdom, ask of God In faith and prayer.

### Mountain Meditation

Vesta N. Fairbairn

All day, battalions of silent clouds Across the smogless blue Parade with silver banners flying, To what far rendezvous?

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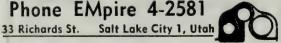
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### Hollyhock Dolls

Christie Lund Coles

She came to the door just now. Wide-eyed and eager; fair As only a little girl Can ever be; her hair

Color of sun, her eyes Part of the flower-blue sky: Her voice, tremulous, asking, "Would you care . . . care to buy

A hollyhock doll I made?" With reminiscent ache. I saw the ruffled dress, Like a doll I used to make.

I reached for the clothespin stem. Beneath the pollened flower, I saw myself a child, and more, My daughter in a summer hour.

"Yes, yes. I will buy the doll." She saw my tears, not guessing, I Had been given more this summer day Than a dozen coins could buy.

### First Formal

Rose Thomas Graham

In silk as soft as owl wings, This maiden, debonair, Is waiting the approval Of her dress, her shoes, her hair.

Grandpa beholds an angel, Dad, a grown up lady doll. "Just a baby," mother whispers, As the bell rings down the hall,

Jack sees the fairy princess He is taking to the ball.

### "Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity"

Caroline Eyring Miner

I picked the last of the raspberries today, the last stragglers. They were slower than the others to ripen, but they didn't give up the good fight. They completed their task. These strays are riper and sweeter than the average; quality is often a result of struggle.

While weeding the garden, I noticed that weeds that have been broken off, thicken and become hardier than ever. I was disgusted for they had to be cut off again, but they were really making the

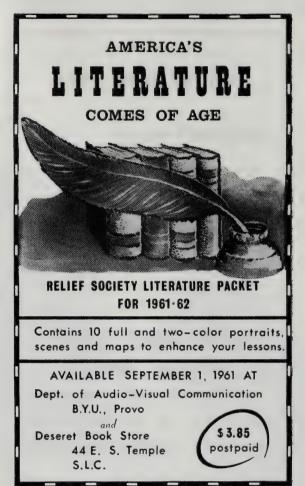
best of a bad deal for them.

With great difficulty, this year, I climbed Mount Timpanogos with the annual hikers. I was older and heavier than most, but, accepting my limitations, I made it to the top. Along the way I stopped frequently, but the rests gave me opportunity to enjoy the sights — the blue and pink flowers growing together and lining the blue stream of glacier water flowing down the canyon, the fading of the light, the gradual flushing of the eastern sky as the sun came up. I'm sure no one enjoyed more frequent drinks of good cold water dropping from the ledges in cascades along the way. I took some wonderful slides of columbines and wild roses that will delight me when I can no longer make it along the trail.

### Morning Hour

Evelyn Fjeldsted

If we journeyed afar,
Where could we find
The ineffable peace
That so gently can bind
Life's injuries all,
As the still morning hour,
When hope is again,
A light in its tower?



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### **Iranquility**

Marilyn Young

When in my solitude I find
The battle is hard fought
To oust from this finite mind
All earthly thoughts with worry fraught,
I turn to God with hopeful heart
And, oh, what tranquility fills my breast
As hurts and failures cease to smart
And I am given peace and rest.

Such peace as I am able to attain
With my own feeble stumblings here,
I would not, could not claim
Without his helping hand forever near.
He lifts me from the abysmal depth
To a place in this life's lease
Where loving and giving are my breath,
And at last within me flows eternal peace.

### Birthday Congratulations

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#### One Hundred

Mrs. Georgienne Goddard Walters Big Lake, Minnesota

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Page 568

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### His Is the Glory

#### Lela Foster Morris

Fading splendor of the sinking sun,
Purple dusk, and the pale moon declare his glory,
Grandeur of all the earth and sky is his,
Mauve clouds at dawn, earth-scented winds that blow
Fleets of white sails adrift in boundless blue;
The distant snow-capped range in veils of mist,
Deep-toned, rolling echo of the mountain storm,
And the thunder of mighty waters in the plunging cataract.

He is omnipotence and infinite wisdom, Yet love is manifest in all his work. He showers refreshing rain and sunshine on the land, On rippling fields of grain and teeming orchards, On gently sloping hills with carpeting of flowers. The valleys of the earth are abundant and rich in his bounty.

What wonders he has brought forth, great and small, The vast curtains of the night are shining with his jewels, And in the morning rainbow-tinted dewdrops Are fragile gems shimmering on the wild rose.

Gentle are his melodies; song of the south wind in the pines, Whispering raindrops on the cabin roof, Sparkling notes of the meadow lark, sweet and wild, Happy laughter of a child. All beauty is his.

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## From Near and Far

I was quite thrilled with the article "Reminiscing" by Camilla Eyring Kimball in the July issue of the Magazine. I, too, lived in those good old days, and it brought back many memories. This was my life all over again. My mother was the daughter of a pioneer family, Aroet L. Hale of Grantsville, Utah. She passed to the great beyond in Emmett, Idaho, in 1942.

—Joseph W. Hunter Redding, California

I appreciate the lovely thought of receiving a year's subscription to The Relief Society Magazine through the goodness of Mrs. Grace Jones, Henefer, Utah. To date, I have received three copies and find the reading matter very good and interesting, including the recipes. The Magazine covers are really beautiful — in fact, they would be ideal for framing. I am not a member of your lovely Church, but, in all sincerity, you have wonderful members who attend it. Thank you for a really lovely Magazine.

—Mrs. M. Noonan
Brisbane, Australia

Just recently being converted to this wonderful faith, I enjoy Relief Society, also the Magazine. The covers are so colorful and the contents very interesting. The lessons on theology, visiting teaching, home nursing, literature, are all educational. We look forward to trying the cooking recipes.

—Helen M. Parker

728 Seward Avenue
East Liverpool, Ohio

I would like to say how very much I enjoy The Relief Society Magazine. It is my favorite Magazine and very helpful and inspirational. I especially enjoyed the poems and the story from the contest in the January issue.

—Mrs. Gwendolyn Jacobson Elsinore, Utah

The July issue of the Magazine is a splendid one. The stories and poems are fine, and the article "Reminiscing" by Camilla Eyring Kimball was read with enjoyment. The editorial "The Ripening of the Wheat" [Vesta P. Crawford] held a special interest for me, as the early years of my married life were spent on a dry farm, where wheat was all important. We knew the anxiety of watching, hoping, praying for a crop. We have thrilled with joy as the tiny green blades first appeared. We know the gratitude felt as the grain developed and the heads bowed with their precious weight. We, too, have known pride and gratitude that the wheat made possible college degrees for our children.

—Maude O. Cook
Tremonton, Utah

Today I received the Magazine for July, and I was delighted with it. I found time to view all of the illustrations and to read the descriptive matter of each. I consider it a privilege and an honor, and I do appreciate receiving such a lovely Magazine, with an outstanding cover, short stories, lessons, recipes, and poetry. They are all such a help to me, and I do enjoy them all.

—Amy B. DeLoney

Manteca, California

Just a note from a man for a change. Recently I spent a happy afternoon reading the July issue of The Relief Society Magazine from cover to cover. As a husband and father, I am grateful for the ideals taught the women and girls in the Church through this Magazine. The stories, contrary to popular literature, movies, etc., place the correct values of love, selfsacrifice, and service above the passions of greed, violence, anger, and personal ambition. Thank you for the inspiration and moral armor you furnish us men, especially through building virtuous, kind, and unselfish women for us to try to be worthy of, both as husbands and as fathers.

> —David G. Berbert Ventura, California

### THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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### Contents

#### SPECIAL FEATURES

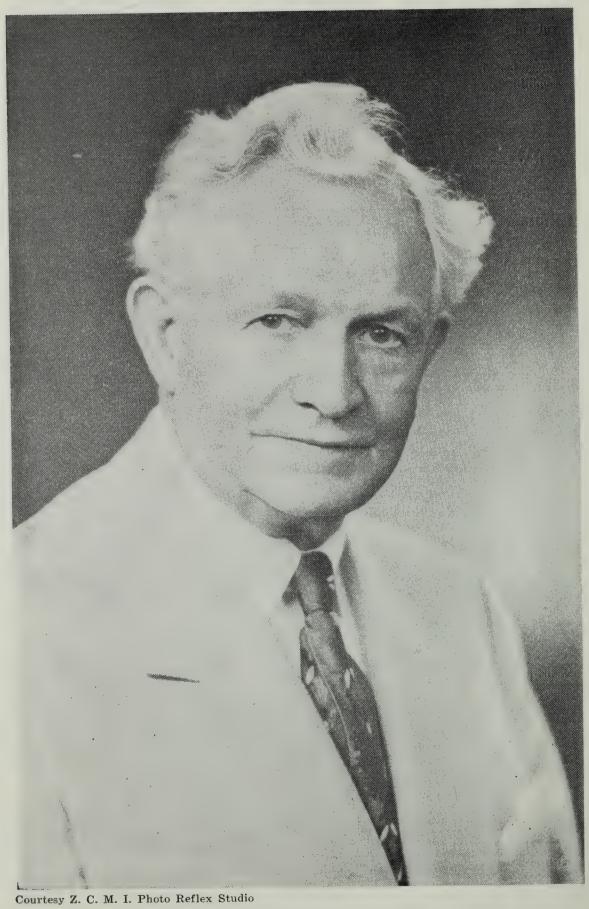
President and Prophet — Birthday Congratulations to President David O. McKay					
	Vesta P. Crawford 5/3				
Shall We Sing? The Key to Compatible Color Schemes Is Careful Selection	Florence Jepperson Madsen 574				
	Marian Cornwall 581				
FICTION					
Living Off the Road	Frances C. Yost 5//				
The Intruders A Parable for Polly	Maude Proctor 604				
A Story to Tell	Harriet DeSpain 607				
A Story to Tell  Because of the Word — Chapter 2	Hazel M. Thomson 611				
GENERAL FEATURES					
From Near and Far	570				
Sixty Years Ago	Ramona W Cannon 587				
Editorial: Prudent Livina	Marianne C. Sharp 588				
Notes to the Field: The Annual General Relief Society Confer	ence 590				
Extra Copies of 1960 Relief Society Magazin	nes				
Available for Binding	590				
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities	Hulda Parker 615				
Birthday Congratulations	640				
Let's Learn to Quilt FEATURES FOR THE HOME	Hells D Vaddington 501				
Casseroles	Mahel Harmer 600				
A Golden Golden Wedding Day	Linnia Figher Robinson 602				
Margaret Ann Meng Makes Unique Hexagonal Rugs	610				
Honesty, by Pauline M. Bell, 585; Gracious Acceptance, by I	Nancy M. Armstrong, 589; Fruit				
Margaret Ann Meng Makes Unique Hexagonal Rugs Honesty, by Pauline M. Bell, 585; Gracious Acceptance, by I Salad, by Edna Lind Cole, 601; A Change of Pace, by Janet V Marion Elison, 610; Weed Seeds, by Celia Luce, 637; The	W. Breeze, 604; Ine Message, by				
n. nich. pan					
Theology — "Be Not Deceived"  Visiting Teacher Messages — "Remember in All Things the Po					
Visiting Toggher Magagages "Permember in All Things the De	Roy W. Doxey 622				
visiting reacher Messages — Remember in All Things the Po	Christina H Robinson 628				
Work Meeting — Being a Good Neighbor	Elgine Anderson Cannon 629				
Literature — Whittier, Lover of New England	Briant S. Jacobs 631				
POETRY					
His Is the Glory — Frontispiece ———————————————————————————————————	Lela Foster Morris 569				
Heard a Mother Singing, by Illa Mae Richardson 589. The	Forming Fruit by Marioria R				
Heard a Mother Singing, by Illa Mae Richardson, 589; The Newton, 594; Futility, by Iris W. Schow, 599; Copied Handi	work, by Evelyn Fieldsted, 606:				
Autumn Noon, by Maude Rubin, 602; Sound in the Valley, by	Hazel Loomis, 606; Pathways, by				
Autumn Noon, by Maude Rubin, 602; Sound in the Valley, by Leslie Savage Clark, 609; Wind-Lightened Bough Mabel 1	Law Atkinson, 636; Nocturne, by				
Elsie McKinnon Strachan, 636; On the Stair, by Mabel Jones N. Fairbairn, 638; Youth Was a Shield, by Christie Lund Cole	Canhott hall Autumn hy Vesta				
	55, 000.				

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PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

### President and Prophet

# (To President David O. McKay on His Eighty-Eighth Birthday) September 8, 1961

"... to proclaim the everlasting gospel, by the Spirit of the living God, from people to people, and from land to land... whose mission is appointed unto them to go forth" (D & C 68:1-2).

I saw him walk toward the temple on a morning Green with summer, the gray spires rifted On the blue air, and the valley, circled by mountains, Lovely as a promised garden in the wilderness.

And I thought of our rejoicing that this prophet Lives among us, and that multitudes have heard His voice lifted in truth and testament, Proclaiming the restoration and the ancient word.

How far he has traveled in journeys abroad,
Bringing to remembrance the faithful among men —
In distant latitudes and islands of the sea,
Testifying of the record brought to earth again.

His words shall be treasured up in years to come, And in this hour we speak our gratitude and praise Of him anointed as the mouthpiece for our Lord — Civing the long and fruitful seasons of his days

And counseling the youthful ones who yet shall go
In later times unto the lands that still await
The fulness of the everlasting gospel —
The trumpet sound of those who make the pathway straight.

-Vesta P. Crawford

# Shall We Sing?

Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

HEN and where did you first hear these words, "Shall we sing?" Think back, if you will, to your early childhood days. Was it in Primary, in Religion Class, or in an elementary Sunday School class? Wherever it was, do you remember how eagerly all the children responded with a positive and animated "Yes." Then, immediately, followed a flood of suggested songs, and soon all were happily singing a favorite one.

We are born with certain talents, traits, and inclinations which should be recognized in early life and appreciated, guided, and trained. Of these, singing, dancing, speaking, and drawing are among the first to be manifested. In childhood these talents are expressed spontaneously, with simplicity, and without apparent anxiety, self-consciousness, or restraint.

In adult life, often, similar urges to express talents are felt, but, because of seeming limitations, or environmental restrictions, they are frequently ignored or stifled. inhibitions we sometimes accept are merely imaginary; even so, they tend to limit and retard progress. Therefore, we should quickly rid ourselves of these, and in their stead reach out and grasp every possible opportunity that affords outlets for self-expression and development of talents. Congregational singing, ensemble playing, oratory, choir and choral singing, and private instruction in the arts are excellent outlets for this purpose.

There is one sure means to the fullest joy of music — participation. Great happiness may come to those who only listen, but, to people who can also perform, a new and greater world is revealed. Through activity in music, through first-hand experience, comes a deeper penetration in listening . . . (ERIC CLARKE: Music in Everyday Life).

We should always continue to draw from our store of uncultivated talents those which, with development, will bring the most enrichment to our lives. This naturally requires a strong personal desire to achieve, a willingness to work, to study, to increase in self-confidence, perseverance, patience, and to grow in implicit faith. If such a program as this were adopted and followed we would eventually hear fewer expressions such as: "I have no talent," "I can't even draw a straight line," "I have no voice," "I can't sing."

Singing dates back to the creation of the earth. We read in Job 38:4, 7:

Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? . . . When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

And evidently it was a custom of the Savior and his disciples to unite in singing, for, on the occasion of their last sacrament together, they sang:

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives (Mark 14:26).

CONGREGATIONAL singing is the foundation of choral singing. It is not so unlike the spontaneous group singing that has, through our youthful years, been a delightful part of social gatherings, home evenings, and outings. However, congregational singing is done in a formal meeting where people gather for the sole purpose of worshiping the Lord and of being instructed. Thus, the particular songs for congregations to sing are the hymns, the texts of which are appropriate for the occasion, and which will inspire reverence and devotional response from the audience.

Regardless of age, quality of voice, or how inexperienced the singer, the hymns are of such a nature that they can easily be learned and sung by the entire congregation. This conclusion is substantiated by George P. Upton in his book, Woman in Music:

One need not think of singing only through the professional channel, but think of it also as a medium of expression that belongs to everybody. The human voice is the greatest musical instrument known to man and is a gift from God. Its cultivation both in speech and song should ever be the urgent desire of every human being.

Many benefits are derived from congregational singing. Faith and testimonies are strengthened, and valuable truths and philosophies are learned.

President Heber J. Grant in his book Gospel Standards, wrote:

I am confident that the hymns of Zion, when sung with the proper spirit, bring a peaceful and heavenly influence into our homes, and also aid in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

... Sing with the Spirit of God. Love the words that you sing.

In hymns we have the words of inspired writers combined with music that enhances and amplifies the word messages. They can be sung repeatedly without ever losing

their meaning and vitality.

In many churches throughout Christendom the hymns are sung in unison. The music is written in very moderate keys, which makes it possible for both high and low voices to sing the melody with ease. When there is no choir nor choir conductor in attendance, the singing is led by the vigorous accompaniment of the organ.

In Latter-day Saint congregations the hymns are regularly conducted and are generally sung in parts. The reason for this is perhaps twofold: First of all, many of our hymn-tunes are written in keys too high for low voices to sing the melody line, and secondly, there is a natural inclination for singers to add the harmony parts to enrich the melody. Through this arrangement the altos and basses can sing the parts best suited to their voices. The part-singing of a congregation of mixed voices is choral-like and is interesting and satisfying.

CONGREGATIONAL singing in the Relief Society organizations, especially in the small ones, tends more towards unison singing, with occasional notes added by an alto voice. The larger organizations sing hymns in two and often three-part harmony. The songs in the back of the hymn book, arranged for three-part women's voices, are very beautiful and effective when sung either by a small or a large group.

Congregational singing occupies an important place in Relief Society. It is an activity in which all the sisters can participate and experience a feeling of friendliness and devotion. The singing of a hymn creates a spiritual atmosphere for that which is to follow. In the words of the Psalmist:

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation (Psalm 111:1).

As has also been said, the hymns are sermons; they inspire faith and courage; they point the way to a better and more useful life. The hymns stimulate love, harmony, and peace. They are a means of communication with our Heavenly Father. This is implied in the following revelation:

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

From the yearly list of hymns suggested by the Church Music Committee new ones are to be learned. Time for the practice of these hymns is scheduled for the literature and social science meetings. Although the allotted time for each practice is but ten minutes, still, if careful planning is done in advance, much can be accomplished and enjoyed even in this short period.

Now that the year's work of Relief Society is about to begin, the music leaders should formulate their program of activities and be prepared for the work of the season.

A few suggestions for the planning and preparation for this phase of the program are here listed. The conductor and accompanist should practice together and learn hymns thoroughly before presenting them.

- 1. Have hymn books already in hands of sisters.
- 2. When possible, write page of practice hymn in advance on blackboard.
- 3. If page has to be announced, do it quickly and loud enough to be easily heard.

4. Conduct with baton and use correct and vitalized baton patterns.

5. Introduce new hymn by playing it through with ample volume and in right

6. Spend no time playing a familiar

hymn through.

7. Give kernel thought of word mesage.

- 8. Learn to play hymns in lower keys, when needed.
- 9. Encourage all sisters to join in singing the hymns.
- 10. Approach the hymn practice with faith and humility, unafraid, and with a spirit of enthusiasm and happiness.

WOMEN, being refined and spiritual by nature, have within their souls an appreciation and love for music, whether or not it has ever found expression. They also possess the talent of word interpretation. Again, we are drawn to the words of George P. Upton:

It only remains, in tracing the influence of woman upon music, to consider her as its interpreter, mainly through the medium of the voice. . . All the elements which woman has in her nature — love, pathos, passion, poetry, and religion — combine to perfect her song, and give fitting expression to the ideas of the masters.

Shall we sing? Let the affirmative answer to this question ring in clear, vibrant tones throughout the years, and may we ever echo these words with David the Psalmist: "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being (Psalm 104:33).

### Living Off the Road

Frances C. Yost

ARJORIE Sorenson peered out of her window, and let her eyes follow along the little old lane that led from their home to the country road. She gritted her teeth, and for the umpteenth time wished that their house was situated on the road. Why couldn't the people who built the house have put it where it should be? The Daytons, across the way, were lucky. Their house was situated on the road.

It was inconvenient to live off the road. In the spring and fall the lane was mired with mud. Sometimes callers walked down the lane rather than take the risk of getting stuck. And the ruts that followed a rainstorm were little Grand Canvons. Then in the summer the dust from the lane was something again. It reminded Marjorie of the sands of the Sahara Desert. Winter was the worst season of all. Drifts piled high, and they were snowed in frequently, until the snowplow came to their rescue. Sometimes they had to use the one-horse open sleigh, that was kept for that very purpose. Others, traveling in cars, would pass them in the winter, and wave and smile. Not only was it inconvenient, Marjorie thought, but it was downright embarrassing.

Marjorie looked over at the Dayton house and made a mental comparison. The Dayton yard wasn't nearly as well-kept. Pete, she had to admit, was good about mowing the lawn every five days. And, with modesty she admitted, too, that her

flowerbed arrangements were prettier than those of the Daytons. Both houses could stand a new coat of paint, that was for sure. The Dayton house wasn't nearly as roomy, nor did it have the possibilities of remodeling that hers and Pete's house had. But even so she would trade houses square across any day of the year. For only one reason—the Dayton house was on the road, where a house belonged.

Marjorie shut her eyelids tightly to block out the picture of that little lane she hated. Memory swept over Marjorie and carried her to the very day Pete had brought her here as a bride. They had come in on the train early in the morning. Pete had gone East to get her after her year of teaching school was completed.

Pete had written and told her a lot about the house they would share. It was big and roomy, he said. He told how the cottonwoods reared themselves in gnarled splendor, and the breeze spoke sibilantly in their shimmering leaves. He had told her how the upstairs hall was dim and shadowy and sort of musty with unuse. Yes, Pete had been honest about the house. But Marjorie, listening, had painted her own picture from his words, and the picture was more beautiful than the actual home. As she listened to him, she had thought how beautiful and full of trembling promise her life would be. But, even so, she could overlook all disappointment about the farm home, if Pete had

prepared her for the worst — living off the road. He had failed to mention the little old lane that led up to the house.

THAT first day Pete took Marjorie through the entire house, upstairs to all the empty bedrooms waiting to be filled with a growing family, and down to the basement waiting for jars of fruits, vegetables, and pickles. She could remember his very words:

"It's not a palace with alabaster halls and velvet tapestry, but with you here, it will be home, and very,

very beautiful."

Beautiful, was just what Marjorie intended to make it, a home they would cherish. The first thing that had to be done was to get the house moved out to the road. It would be like moving a mountain, and she would have to have the faith the size of a mustard seed, but it could be done if she could only move Pete to move the house. She had decided she might as well bring it up that very morning at the breakfast table.

"Pete . . ." Marjorie had smiled a conniving smile, one that should melt even the hardest man. "Pete, if you had a couple of neighbors bring their tractors, and if you acquired some big poles from the telephone company or someplace, and if you hoisted the house on rollers, why it just wouldn't be any trick at all to haul the house out to the road." Marjorie smiled again, the kind of smile that should nudge his heart.

Pete looked up from his scrambled eggs and sausage. Even when he was sitting, Pete was tall and bony. His eyes were warm, though, and kind. His eyes were warm when he answered her, but his mouth had a straight-lipped appearance. She hadn't realized it before, but now she knew Pete was a slow, stubborn man. It might even take faith the size of three mustard seeds to move Pete to move the house. What was he saving?

"Marjorie, this house would fall to pieces if we tried to move it. If it stays where it was built on this fine foundation, it will be here to welcome our great-grandchildren. Does it bother you so much, living

off the road?"

"Yes, it does bother me, Pete. It is not only an inconvenience, but it

is downright embarrassing."

"Perhaps you get embarrassed about the wrong things." Pete finished his breakfast and put on his hat to leave for the fields. As he closed the door quietly he said: "So long, Marj."

Marjorie rushed to the door, opened it briskly and shouted: "And

don't call me Marj!"

"Okeh, Marj." Pete started

whistling.

Marjorie shut the door, this time less briskly. She dropped into a chair and sighed. It was as if the bleakness of November had crowded summer right out of the room.

MARJORIE and Pete didn't mention the fact that she hated living off the road after that, but it was warp and woof of their days. Sometimes it seemed that the very location of the house made them sit opposite each other as stones.

Time passed, and with the family coming along, the rooms, one by one, were used, even before Marjorie was able to redecorate them. Yes, the house was roomy, and it

was well built and warm, and they were comfortable. Marjorie admitted she was thankful and contented, but she wasn't satisfied, and never would be as long as she lived off the road.

Then one day, like a bolt of lightning, a bolt of lightning hit the big red barn. Before anything could be done about putting the fire out, the barn was nothing but a black mass of ashes. People came from far and wide to see the damage and express their regrets. Marjorie thanked them for their interest, but deep in her heart she was glad. Surely this losing the barn was a blessing in disguise. This was the chance she had waited for. What was Pete saying?

"Marj, guess we'll just have to build a new barn. The horses and cows and sheep have to have a place away from the cold before winter sets in. Should we build of cinder

brick?"

"Pete," Marjorie used the sweetest of smiles. "Pete, what do you think of using the cinder brick to build a house out on the road, and using this big old house for a barn?"

"Marj, I'd like nothing better than to build you the dream home you desire out on the road, but this house would never make a barn." Pete sometimes blundered, but he could also speak from the heart more winningly than anyone. He continued, "The horses and cows would go through the floor the first thing. It just isn't barn material, and that's that."

And that was that. Marjorie knew Pete was right, much as she hated to admit it. Marjorie thought of the faith she had exercised through the years to no avail. She had made a herculean struggle, and all for naught. She sighed. "I guess I better put on the potatoes for supper."

As the years passed, Marjorie learned to tip the scale of value in life, shape her outlook, define her goals. There were lots more important things, she realized, as the vears went by, than where the house stood. It wasn't the situation of a house that made it a home. It was how the people lived within its walls; the affection they manifested for each other; the manners they developed; the knowledge they acquired to fit them for life; and the love they stored in their hearts. She had a family to rear, and an example to set, and what if the house was back from the road?

THEN one day Pete walked through the door. His shoulders were a little higher and a smile wanting to burst through, for everything about him was electric. Marjorie knew he had something exciting to tell her, but it wasn't Pete's way to burst forth wih anything in a hurry.

Sweat beaded his face, or was it excitement showing through? How long would she have to wait? Marjorie had learned patience through the years.

"Marj."

Long ago she had stopped objecting to her beautiful name being chopped off short, for the way Pete laid out the four letters was like jewels encased with love.

"Marj." He repeated her name reverently, as if he were in church.

"Yes, Pete."

"Darndest thing happened today.
A fellow came through from the

Federal Roads Commission. They're going to run a Federal highway through here. They wanted this nick of land where the lane is. They offered me a nice price. Fact is, it wasn't an offer. They take the land, pay for it, and it's a matter of take it or leave it, as far as the money goes. Well, I took it . . . so . . . the Federal highway will run right past our house! Work begins immediately."

Marjorie's mouth popped open. Perhaps later it would shut, and she would be able to open it again and shout with joy. Right now, it just wanted to gape with astonishment. What was Pete saying?

"Marj, I figure that we can use the money to remodel the house the way you've always wanted. You haven't had a chance to put that interior decorator taste of yours to work before. Looks as if you can start anytime now."

Pete leaned to kiss her. A surge of the old excitement she used to feel at his touch rose in her veins. She couldn't remember of ever being happy in just this way before!

# Golden Days

Annie Atkin Tanner

These are the golden days, With stubble standing in the resting fields, Which earlier were filled with weighted sheaves. It is the time when nature's golden banners Sway gently on the silver aspen trees.

These are the golden days,
When golden sunsets light the evening sky,
And goldenrods push proudly up through minted lane,
Where only yesterday wild roses bloomed,
And washed pink faces in the May-day rain.

These are the mellow days, When sunflowers wave a last farewell To travelers along the homeward highway, And black-eyed Susans lean their pretty heads, On fences old and gray.

These are the golden days, When night comes early and the harvest moon Beams down on happy children playing. It is the time when stars along the Milky Way Seem brighter as earth whispers, "These are the golden days."

# The Key to Compatible Color Schemes Is Careful Selection

Marian Cornwall

ICTURE in vour mind's eye the atmosphere of these colors — cool, calm, restful grotto blue, emerald green, iceberg blue; warm, vivid, exciting hot pink, firehouse red, wild poppy, "vistaful" canyon beige, horizon blue, Mediterranean pink, Nile green; fragrant spice brown; regal royal blue, and purple — beautiful colors surrounding us! And today we can capture the delight of color in our homes. Intense true color need not fade. Delicate, fragile tints are scrubbable. Colors that harmonize are readily available because manufacturers coordinate their colors and give us a wide variety of choice. But herein lies the key to the magic ingredient that makes your home individually yours. That key is selection.

Many suggestions and ideas, even formulas for color schemes, are evident from time to time, and all have some merit. Often, however, strict adherence to any mechanized scheme or the following too closely of any current trend results in a "packaged" look, lacking in individuality.

Currently popular is the trend toward beige carpet, off-white walls, off-white textured draperies, and walnut Scandinavian furniture with bright-colored upholstery. Accessories are often sake cups or colored glass with splashes of abstract art on the walls. This formula is very at-

tractive, but is becoming so common that everyone's decorating scheme looks alike.

A few years back the scheme that became common was the Sherwood green wall, the rose-colored sculptured leaf pattern carpet, beautiful printed floral drapery, and Matelassé covered sofa. Each one of these individual items in the two schemes listed above is good in and of itself and in other combinations than those mentioned above. Certainly, Scandinavian walnut furniture is here to stay and has a place in a variety of modern settings. There was surely nothing wrong with the pale yellow nylon Matelassé that I saw the other day, although it was not accompanied by the usual leaf pattern carpet and floral drapery. Most of the furnishings available on the market today can be and are used — but must be used with discretion and imagination.

DO not abandon the old, simply because the new is different. Remember that today's designers are trying to contribute ideas to solve basic functions, and the resulting design may be appropriate to your taste, but again it may not. Have you, for instance, in the last few years, looked for a lamp table? Most of the contemporary tables you will see will be very low because the arms of most modern chairs are

Miss Cornwall planned the decorating of the Relief Society Building and selected the furnishings and appointments.

low, and the lamps used today are very tall. Therefore, the function of reading by good light is accomplished in a pleasing way, but remember, it is only one way. It is still very correct to have higher

tables and not-so-tall lamps.

How, then, with constantly changing trends and varying popularity of colors, can we do what is best for our individual homes? Your taste in color will vary from time to time, and, fortunately in this day and age, we can do parts of rooms over easily. A new paint color will change the appearance of a room completely and even contribute to a current trend. A TV room that has a lime green carpet, a coral sofa, lime green draperies, and mahogany furniture will seem completely revitalized when the brown walls are painted white. A dining room having a rosecolored carpet, upholstery in olive green, with olive green wallpaper, scarcely seems the same room with pale pink walls and rose-red upholsterv.

When selecting a color, remember to take into consideration the color in a variety of textures such as wood, brick, stone, or other building materials. These are definitely part of the over-all effect of a color scheme. Visualize in your mind a situation involving a pink kitchen with natural wood cabinets. wood tone is on the orange side, use a pink with a peach tone with it. But, if you wish to use a truer pink, then the effect is better if a browntoned wood finish or light, bleached finish is used.

Balance, or amounts of different colors to be used, is an important factor in achieving a harmonious effect. WE'VE had a few hints — now let us develop the plan with some suggestions as we walk (still in our mind's eye) from room to room of our composite house.

Your front door. Through this portal pass the most important people in the world — your family, your friends. A front door should be handsome. Whether painted white, red, or stained in a wood tone — make it look right.

An entry is a fortunate architectural feature. If your house has one, make it warm and inviting. Make it reflect the charm and mood of the rest of the house. A nicely framed mirror generally looks good and is a fine accessory to have in the foyer because of its functional use. Some handsome framed pictures or wall hangings will immediately carry your taste and cultured interests. Select them for reasons of worth as well as size and color.

Your living room should be just that — a room that provides good living. There should be comfort as well as aesthetic appeal. There should be deep lounge chairs where a good book can be read, and there should be higher "easy to get out of" chairs for those who need that consideration. A way of life should be discernible, as well as a taste in furnishings. One's own innate ability may determine this taste, or it may be determined by the knowledge one picks up from travel, cultural environment, or study and observation. Many means are available whereby improvement in ultican be developed. Professional help should serve to develop characteristics and personality, individual expressions and desires, and these should be discernible. Talents or hobbies may effectively be in evidence.

A living room color scheme should be put together by using colors you like, the selection schooled by the knowledge of what would be best after taking into consideration the room's exposure to sunlight, its architecture, size, period of furnishings, and the personal appeal of things that are available to you. Large areas of warm, vibrant colors — reds, pinks, oranges — may become too intense if used in sunny rooms. Turquoise, blue, and green in large areas may be too cool in a room that never sees the sun. Pastels make a room seem larger. colors make a room more cozy.

Rooms with a strong, traditional architecture are most effective if treated in a manner that acknowledges an appropriate usage of color to the architectural period. Every era when a style of furniture was developed had its own color palette. It seems best to plan within this area. Visualize 18th Century mahogany furniture and fabrics of a silken texture in colors of sage or celadon green, salmon pink, pale grayed-blue, and light ivory. This is representative of the 18th Century period.

Early American furniture in maple, on the other hand, can best be expressed by brown, orange-rust, gold, and olive green. Departures from traditional usage in color and variations that are sometimes exquisitely startling are not usually well-executed by the novice. A great deal of "know-how" should be obtained in order to create these pleasing ex-

ceptions. It is this increasing ability on the part of the homeowner, gained by an intellectual awareness, that is making our homes as delightfully individual as they are. Study in this field would cover color in all phases, as well as art principles such as line, form, pattern, texture, proportion, scale, balance, and light. Remember — taste is based on knowledge!

Dining areas, if part of the living room, can be decorated as extensions of the living room scheme, thereby giving the effect of spaciousness. When the area is separated either by walls or a room divider, then the dining room becomes a lovely place for accent color. A living room with a gold carpet, amber white walls, and emerald green upholstery on two chairs makes a lovely transition to a dining room with the same gold carpet, pale clear yellow walls, a fresh yellow and white print for upholstery colors and drapery, a tier table or planter filled with green plants, and an Italian white iron This color scheme light fixture. would work equally well with contemporary walnut furniture, French Provincial fruitwood, or 18th Century mahogany. The color scheme described is monochromatic, with green as an accent color. An analogous scheme might have the dining room done with the same gold carpet, pale yellow leaf-green walls, and grass-green velvet upholstery. A complimentary color scheme might have the same gold carpet and amber white walls, with drapery and upholstery in purple and white stripe. The light fixture might be brass with amethyst crystal pendants.

THE criterion in a kitchen is to have efficiency which results from careful planning. Many studies in research have been conducted and the findings printed time and again which tell us where appliances and work counters and storage areas should be in relationship to each other, and careful regard to these suggestions will save countless steps and conserve energy. Beyond adherence to these factors, the kitchen may be made to look like anything you desire. It may be clinical in its appearance, or it may be a cozy second living room, with easy chairs, carpet, and TV. It may have wood cabinets, metal cabinets, or a combination of both. It may incorporate any kind of color palette white, pale tints, or strong hues. It may have an "out of sight" storage for all accessories, or it may charmingly display containers on counters or on open shelves for handy use. Think your problem through. Solve your needs efficiently and introduce your own personality. I once saw a second sink introduced in a kitchen, with an area for flower arranging, and the sink had the most interesting and attractive old brass spigot. Above the sink, was a shelf hung with brass chains where beautiful flower containers were displayed when not in use.

A bedroom can be large, small, modern, traditional; it may be a sleeping room, a dressing room, a second living room, a hobby room. These elements are for you to decide. Again, think! Something other than a typical bedroom suite of furniture may be best for the room. Use the same careful thought

in selecting fabrics. A bedspread might be made of upholstery material and would be most attractive and serviceable in a blue-green color combination. Or consider the pink, red, orange color range, or beige, ochre, and black blend. On the other hand, there are embroidered organdies or delicate eyelet fabrics, and the many, many lovely textures — smooth and nubby — practical, and not so practical, that run the gamut in between.

An extra dividend in the decoration of a bedroom would be to use some idea to express a mood or theme in addition to that of a pleasing color scheme. Consider the effect of a quaint "Grandma Moses" type room with poster bed, primitive (pure hues) colors, bandbox striped paper, needletuft rug or carpet, and appropriate pictures. Or consider a bedroom created to have an Hawaiian lanai effect. A low, large bed with no headboard but many cushions of bright color, bamboo or rattan furniture, wicker lamp shades, cool colors, leaf prints — all give the "island" feeling.

An "Empire Campaign" inspired room creates an entirely different effect with bold striped wallpaper in colors of cinnamon, white, and black, and awning spears of black iron holding up a canopy of whitefringed black felt over the windows. The furniture would be ebonystained and the carpet sand colored. A "Campaign" chair of brass with black leather would contrast with the cinnamon-colored bedspread. The imagination can run rampant with one idea after another. These ideas can be translated into something feasible and pleasing to all

occupants of the room.

There are many other rooms of the house not mentioned specifically — family rooms, recreation rooms, children's rooms, bathrooms. To develop unusual color schemes in these rooms proceed in the same way as in the rooms mentioned. Find out everything that is available to you in the way of furnishings and ideas, and then determine what is best for you. We have walked through the house — our imaginary house — and given it a brief analysis. We can see how interest is developed in each room. We hope there will be consistency and good transition in the scheme. Now I trust you are honestly thinking of color on your own terms — with your own interests and preferences in mind. This is a colorful world we live in. Have courage and go ahead. Good luck!

# After the Storm

Dorothy J. Roberts

Not in a tempest will the seed rise, The blossom soar. Not in the stinging lash of hurricane Will a green sword strike Against the earth's dark tomb. No bayonet Of tears shall wound The side of winter-grief and spring appear. Oh, not while these Prepare the field, strengthen the storm-bent heart, Shall buds unfurl And sustenance be fraught on the air. . . . But I recall No spring has ever failed, nor fall refused The patient vine, The seed deluged, the green blade's patient thrust After the storm.

# Honesty

HONESTY with oneself is the first step in progress. Desire to progress is the first step to wisdom. Righteousness begins in small things, made more perfect by constant striving. —Pauline M. Bell

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, September 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

FROM THE SOCIETY ISLANDS: There is a grandeur in the sound of the sea which seems to soothe the soul when some one would intrude. It bears witness of the Creator's works. . . . This morning I rose before the day dawned and went to walk upon the beach. The moon was shining with the most resplendent brightness. There was the very stillness of death around me. All the dwellings were fast locked in slumber, the tide had just receded far on the reef, scarcely a breeze to be felt. The atmosphere was calm as the sweet breath of autumn, but, oh, so solemn! I gazed over the mighty ocean towards that land so far away. . . . I felt that secret prayer was . . . congenial to . . . that little world in the midst of the mighty ocean. I revolved in my mind the self-denial of my whole life, and said, "If my Heavenly Father is pleased with the little good I have done, all my sorrows will be forgotten."

-Mrs. Addison Pratt

#### DAYS AND DEEDS THAT LIVE

We might make others free
Of grief, if we would speak,
And whisper something joyous
Unto the sad, the weak;
The heart oft grows aweary,
Is ready nigh to break,
Yet we withhold a blessing,
Some soul would gladly take. . . .
—Zina Elizabeth Walker

WOMAN POSTMASTER: Senorita Ysabel Maria De Los Rica is the first woman postmaster in Cuba. She now holds a commission to handle the mail at Gibra.

—Selected

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCES: President Jane S. Richards, accompanied by Sister Emily S. Richards, attended the Relief Society conference at Pleasant Grove. . . . Sisters Lydia D. Alder and Harriet Ann Badger went to Deseret to attend the Relief Society conference of Millard Stake. . . . President M. I. Horne and Sister Elizabeth J. Stevenson attended the Bear Lake Stake Relief Society conference, and other meetings in that locality. . . .

-News Note

KENTUCKY VISITORS ENTERTAINED: The visit of Kentucky editors with their friends, including wives, sisters, daughters, cousins and aunts, was a very pleasant affair. The genial and courteous Southern woman is always greatly appreciated in the West. . . . Everything that the Utah press could do to add to the enjoyment of the "thoroughbred" Kentuckians was arranged for, a reception at the Kenyon, recital at the Tabernacle, trip to Saltair, were among the enjoyable features.

-News Note



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

JUDGE LORNA LOCKWOOD, born of a pioneer family in Arizona, was recently Douglas, National Affairs Chairman, and was later elected State Supreme Court Justice in Arizona. She is the first woman in the United States to be elected to a State's highest court. She is also the first woman to receive the University of Arizona's annual Alumni Achievement Award. Judge Lockwood is deeply beloved for her ability, her incorruptibility, and her great concern for the welfare of citizens, especially children.

THE charming wife of Japanese Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda accompanied her husband on his recent diplomatic visit to Washington, D.C., thus creating a precedent. Traditionally, traveling Japanese political leaders leave their wives at home. President and Mrs. Kennedy, ex-President and Mrs. Eisenhower, and Prime Minister and Mrs. Ikeda lunched together at the White House.

DR. ALICE MARION ROB-ERTSON, well-known American cellist and member of the Music Department of the University of Utah, is one of forty-three cellists from twelve countries who have been accepted as competitors in the Third Pablo Casals International Cello Competition to be held in Israel in September 1961. As a "performing student," in the Casals Master Class held in Berkeley, California, last year, Miss Robertson appeared on the twenty-six lesson series presented on television. She is the daughter of Dr. Leroy J. Robertson, eminent composer.

MRS. EVA WILLES WANGS-GAARD, a Latter-day Saint and frequent contributor to The Relief Society Magazine, recently received a signal honor from The Lyric, America's oldest independently printed "little" all-poetry maga-At its fortieth-birthday celebration, the periodical presented to twenty American poets, among them, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, a citation for "serving the cause of traditional poetry long and well." On the list were such famous names as Margaret Widdemer and Jean Starr Untermeyer.

RUTH ST. DENIS, known as "the First Lady of the American Dance," is still interested and active in her profession at the age of eighty-four. She still composes dance routines, teaches, lectures, and in July 1961, performed at the Jacob's Pillar Dance Festival, which was founded by her husband Ted Shawn.

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## Prudent Living

"The prudent man looketh well to his going" (Proverbs 14:15).

A wise mother trains her children not only in household arts and how to work, but she also teaches them to be prudent in the value of money and how to husband available resources.

An example is recalled of a family who were traveling across the American Continent on a vacation. Both parents belonged to families having wealth for some generations, and they had been taught to be prudent. One was impressed by the adult behavior of the children — four boys and a girl. As one visited with them one found that the trip was not only for pleasure but also for training the children. Each child had his particular assignment. The oldest boy saw that the car was serviced and kept track of the expense. The second boy dusted the outside of the car each night; the third cleaned the inside of the car; the fourth saw that the bags were carried in the motels and packed back in the car each day; the daughter was responsible for seeing that nothing was left behind anywhere. They made up a happy family, learning to evaluate the work they were doing and growing closer as they served each other.

The attitude and actions of a Latter-day Saint mother are prime influences in the lives of her children. If a mother strives for the newest car, the newest appliances, and a house in a new neighborhood, she is placing her values on the newest and latest. It tends to make children expect the newest in their world and may create a dissatisfied child rather than one who is taught prudence and real values.

Recently, in speaking of a luxurious item of clothing, one woman pointed to another and said: "She has plenty of money to buy a beautiful one, but she says she doesn't want to wear what her sisters can't afford."

This may seem to many an extreme attitude, but how many heartaches and how much embarrassment would be spared the less affluent if more prudence were exercised.

Quite early in Nephite history, Benjamin warned the Nephites of their sin of pride:

And the hand of providence hath smiled upon you most pleasingly, that you have obtained many riches; and because some of you have obtained more abundantly than that of your brethren ye are lifted up in the pride of your hearts, and wear stiff necks and high heads because of the costliness of your apparel . . . (Jacob 2:13).

If one would set an example of prudent living, one must recognize values. The Lord requires a humble heart and a contrite spirit. Prudence is an attribute which pertains to these.

With the great missionary program spreading over the earth, with

**EDITORIAL** 589

chapels to be built, temples to be erected, the poor to be cared for, now is the time to heed the proverb "A prudent man looketh well to his going," to the end that the Latterday Saint mother will weigh her de-

sires and purchase prudently to permit also the purchase of things of eternal worth, both tangible and intangible.

-M. C. S.

## I Heard a Mother Singing

Illa Mae Richardson

I heard a mother singing, And the sound of her voice dried the tears of a child. I heard a mother singing, And her song brought new light wherever she smiled.

Hymns of praise to her Maker, words of faith to her God; Thanks for life with its beauties, for paths she has trod. Songs of love for her homeland, hope of peace for the nations; Dreams of life everlasting for all God's creations.

Oh, that all might be singers Our hearts to take wing! Only blessings would follow if life were to sing!

Yes, I heard a mother singing Singing songs from her heart, and I knew As long as we have Singing Mothers Our lives will be beautiful, too.

# Gracious Acceptance

Nancy M. Armstrong

LTHOUGH "It is more blessed to give than to receive," blessed also is the receiver who accepts generously the offering of another's overflowing heart.

Giving, whether of gifts or of oneself, is its own reward. But the receiver can enhance the giver's joy by accepting graciously.

Have you ever burst someone's bubble of happiness by saying, "Oh, you shouldn't

have gone to all that trouble," or "How will I ever repay you?"

True, an opportunity to return that particular individual's munificence may never come, but many opportunities will come to do a thoughtful deed or say an encouraging word to someone else. A lovely chain of kindliness can thus be formed. And it's all in the family, for are we not all children of the same Father?

With practice, the art of gracious acceptance can be acquired, and grateful recogni-

tion of another's liberality is ample recompense.



# **Notes**TO THE FIELD

# The Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE Annual General Relief Society Conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 27th and 28th, 1961. The general session will be held on Wednesday, September 27th, from 2 to 4 p.m. in the Tabernacle. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents ask their bishops to announce in the wards the general session of the conference to which the general public is invited. Attendance at the Officers Meeting on Wednesday morning, September 27, from 10 to 12 in the Tabernacle, and the departmental meetings to be held Thursday morning and Thursday afternoon, September 28, is limited to stake board members and mission officers. A reception to which stake board members and mission officers are invited will be held on Wednesday evening, September 27, from 7 to 10 in The Relief Society Building.

# Extra Copies of 1960 Relief Society Magazine Available for Binding

SETS of the twelve issues of The Relief Society Magazine for 1960 are available, for a limited time, at the offices of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The price for the twelve issues is \$2 postpaid. If it is desired to have the Magazines bound by the Deseret News Press (see advertisement on page 638 of this issue of the Magazine), the set of 1960 Magazines will be sent, if so directed, to the Deseret News Press. A separate payment for binding the Magazines is to be sent to the Deseret News Press. The payment for binding must be received by them before the Magazines will be bound. A yearly index will be bound in at no extra cost.

## Let's Learn to Quilt

Holly B. Keddington

SOME of the most beautiful quilting in existence has been done by Relief Society women, but unless more people learn to quilt, this very gratifying and beautiful art may be lost.

Quilting is a relaxing and satisfying hobby. Young and old can enjoy working at it. Anyone who can hold a needle and stitch a short even stitch can learn to quilt. But why start a beginner on a large and sometimes heavy, bulky quilt? The beginner likes to see the completion of the article in a short time and, often, a quilt is put away to be worked on a month later. How much better it would be to complete small articles first, and after the stitches have become even and it is easy to follow the designated pattern, a larger article will be fun and not so difficult.

I remember the first article I completed myself. I was offered help, which I declined, and told my sister and neighbor I'd like to do this quilting all alone. Then I would be able to see all of my stitches, and if they were good or bad, it was my work. I found I learned much by this method and then I felt able to quilt with the regular quilters.

The stitchery in quilting should be beautiful and even, with just enough padding between the marked top of the article and the back or lining to produce a puffy effect. Small articles can be made on embroidery hoops or on a small homemade wooden frame bolted together at the corners.

The patterns for these small articles are chalked or penciled lightly but accurately and distinctly on the top, which is the right side of the fabric when this top is placed on the frame. The lining is first placed on the frame, right side down, then the filling, dacron batting, or whatever is to be used, is placed evenly and to the extreme edges of the material. Then the marked top is placed right side up and all three pinned or tacked securely to the frame. Your imagination can run rampant with ideas for design — original, from coloring books, intricate heirloom patterns, or a combination of any of these. The thread for stitching can match or contrast the material used, just please yourself, there is no set rule. Maybe one of these originals of yours will become an heirloom in the future.

Needles for quilting are called "quilting" or "betweens," and size "7" is a good size for most work. Use "quilting" or heavy-duty thread. The heavy-duty thread is available in more colors than the regular quilting thread. Always use a thimble.

THE yardage for making quilted pillows, knitting bags, and pictures is carried in the drapery departments of the stores where draperies are sold. Sometime you will be able to pick up samples or remnants at a fraction of the original price. The salesperson can usually direct you to what is avail-

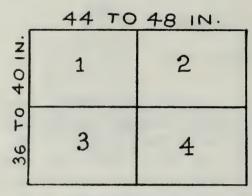


Illustration No. 1

Diagram showing how material for four pictures may be placed on the quilting frame, and four pictures quilted at once.

able so you won't have to look through vast bolts of material.

Contrasting bits of material may be used to improvise figures from coloring books to use for knee patches on creepers, and on pockets and collars for children's clothes. I know these can be quilted on the sewing machine much quicker, but we are learning the art of hand quilting and the little extra time it takes will be good practice.

The lining for quilting pictures and any article which does not have the back exposed can be made of any soft material (we used old sheets). This is first tacked to the frame, then the very thin layer of dacron batting is laid evenly over the lining and out to the extreme edge. Lay the patterned material over this and fasten securely with thumbtacks or pins. The work must be quite firm as a sway-backed arrangement is difficult to work on.

After quilting pictures one at a time on small frames, we found that a group project was more enjoyable and fun. Though it took us longer to complete, the hours we worked



Photograph by Ralph Clark

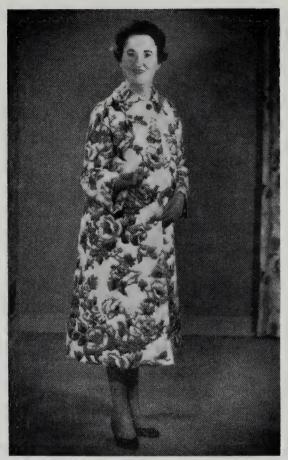
Illustration No. 2
A QUILTED PICTURE OF "WILLIAMSBURG" framed and ready for hanging.

together were well spent. Four pictures were placed on the frames and quilted at the same time by buying two repeats of the same pattern and enough material for two patterns in the width. (See Illustration No. 1.) Grandma Moses prints of "Springtime on the Farm" and "Williamstown" have been our favorites. There are some beautiful seascapes and floral prints which look like paintings when framed. For children's rooms, buy animal and bird prints.

Illustration No. 2 of "Williamstown" was completed in a few hours one afternoon. Then we decided there should be more detail, so we worked the next afternoon on details, and the finished work was well worth our effort. The pictures are framed without glass, but a coating of plastic is sprayed on at the time of framing to help protect the picture from soil. May I suggest that a good, appropriate frame be used, as the frame should enhance and not detract from the work.

Illustration No. 3 is a lounging robe of figured sateen quilted around the gay flowers of the print. This wasn't as difficult to do as it may appear. It would be a very appropriate and beautiful addition to a trousseau. The paper pattern, trimmed to the cutting line, is laid on a large flat surface on the material, then marked with pencil all Mark all around the pattern. notches and sewing helps. make marks three-fourths inches inside of the other lines for the seam lines. On our patterned material we matched the pattern on the fronts and upper part of the sleeves.

The lining was sheath lining which was first tacked to the frame.



Photograph by Ralph Clark
Illustration No. 3

A QUILTED LOUNGING ROBE IN
GAY-FLOWERED PRINT
Model: Mabel Rennie

We used regular full-sized quilting frames for the length of the material and child-sized quilting frames for the width. The dacron was then placed evenly and quite thinly over the lining. The marked top was then placed. This must also be firmly tacked on the frame for easy quilting. A quilted pattern could also be worked on plain material. Be sure to mark the pattern on the material the same as for patterned material. You don't want to quilt where there is no need.

The cutting is not done until the whole piece is finished. Sew shoulder, side, and sleeve seams, cut the

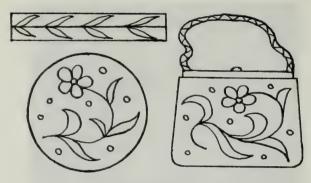


Illustration No. 4
PILLBOX HAT
with band, and matching bag

dacron and patterned material back to one half inch from the seam; the lining material is then fell-seamed by hand. The remainder of the sewing is done as directed. Buy a pattern one size larger than needed, as quilting takes up some extra material.

There are so many small articles to be made more beautiful by quilting, for example, a tiny pill-box hat and evening bag (Illustration No. 4) to wear to those nice places. Some of the larger articles would be a quilted headboard for a bed, with matching cornices over the windows. Use quilted padding on a quaint upholstered chair for the luxurious look. You may think of many more places to use quilting, and in a few years let us hope people will be saying, "Isn't it wonderful that quilting has never lost its versatility?" And don't forget to let us know about your new ideas for quilting. Happy stitching!

# The Forming Fruit

Marjorie B. Newton

Sydney Stake, March 27, 1960 — March 27, 1961

Now autumn comes again in this our land, Though still the trees are green and gay the flowers, Nor have they changed their raiment since We lived those brief and hallowed hours.

Our first year passed! Four seasons full Since Zion's fingers touched our tropic shore And planted here a sturdy living stake To root and grow and flourish evermore.

A year today! Like autumn's rising flocks Our hearts with joy and yearning soared on high, And swift as bird-flight spanned the waiting years Our earthbound, sin-weak bodies could not fly.

But now we've taken measure of our task And pray for strength to earn our heart's desire: That autumn day might come when golden sun Will shine upon a lofty temple spire.

# The Intruders

Betty Lou Martin

THE fresh, early morning-air swept throughout the house as Linda Stone stood in the open doorway watching her two children leave for school. With a sigh of relief, she turned and walked slowly into the living room. inspected the room, and then began straightening the sofa pillows and placing them carefully back in order. After she had finished vacuuming and dusting, Linda stood back and surveyed her work. A look of satisfaction appeared upon her slightly tense face, and the frown that she usually wore upon it seemed to soften somewhat.

Linda Stone was really a very attractive woman, with honey-colored blonde hair and sky-blue eyes set in a clear but slightly pale skin. Everyone said that the children resembled her, with their curly blonde hair and blue eyes, just a shade darker than her own. Her husband Jess was dark and rugged in appearance with a hint of mischievousness twinkling in his brown eyes.

Linda had decided a long time

ago that opposites must attract, because she and Jess were certainly different in every respect. Jess was good-natured and easy-going. His home was his castle, meant to be lived in to the fullest. However, Linda was somewhat shy and retiring and such an exacting housekeeper that she could very easily qualify as being a fanatic. She couldn't stand it if the least amount of dirt found its way to her carpet. In the early spring when muddy weather

predominated, she was constantly

cleaning and warning the children to be more careful about wiping their feet before they entered the house. When company came to the house to visit the Stones, Linda found herself on edge until they had gone. The minute that they would leave the house, she would begin straightening the pillows and sofa cushions or cleaning up the mud that someone had obviously tracked upon the carpet.

Jess Stone tried not to show any irritation at this attitude of his wife. Although she might be too exacting in her housekeeping, she was a wonderful wife to him and mother to their children.

Vickie and Randy Stone walked slowly up the walk leading to their home. Although Randy was eleven and Vickie nine, they were very close and loyal to one another. They enjoyed each other's company more than that of other children in the neighborhood; however, they still had many friends and seemed to be popular with the other children on the block.

Linda heard the children enter the house, and once again she braced herself. She found herself on the offensive toward her own children. It wasn't that she didn't love them a great deal, but she just couldn't seem to adjust to their careless little habits. She had finally given up in despair at the untidiness of their rooms. She had constantly chided them about leaving their things lying around in their rooms, as well as in the other parts of the house, and the more that she seemed to call their attention to it, the more they seemed to displease her. Finally, she had told them that if they must leave their things lying around they would have to keep them in their own rooms. Since that time Linda found that it had been much easier to keep the house in order, for the children no longer came into the living room to draw or paint. They would usually retire to their rooms after they had their dinner.

One night after they had finished the dinner dishes, Jess commented, "Why don't the children join us in the living room any more? They always go straight to their rooms and stay there the remainder of the evening."

"Why, I imagine that they have their things in their rooms, and they don't want to bring them out here, Jess."

Jess was thoughtful for a minute. "It seems to me that they could spend a little time with us. We're supposed to be a family, you know."

"Sometimes they like to be alone after being around so many people all day," Linda replied, trying to compensate for the guilty feeling that she was experiencing.

"Well, I'm around people all day at the office, and I still like to have my family around me when I come home," Jess retaliated.

Linda smiled. "It just so happens, my dear husband, that you are an extrovert, and the children seem to be more like their mother, on the introvert side."

"Nonsense, they have lots of friends and are just as talkative as their father." Jess was not to be outdone. THE next morning at the break-fast table, Vickie shyly cleared her throat before she spoke to her mother. "Mother, could I have a party for Annette before she and her family move? They are leaving just as soon as school is out. All the others in the neighborhood have had parties, and I'm the only one that hasn't." Vickie's eyes seemed to plead with Linda.

Linda thought of all the children in the neighborhood tracking inside the house. She could just see herself rushing around, frantically wiping up first punch that had been spilled on the carpet, then cake crumbs and frosting. She could visualize herself, as well as the house, in shambles before the party was over.

"We'll see, dear," she told her young daughter. "If the weather is good enough, and you can have it outside, I see no reason why we can't have the children over."

"But, Mother, I'd tell them all to be very careful and not spill anything. I always go into their houses, but they never can come into ours."

"Yes, and I've seen the way some of their furniture looks, too. It appears as if they live on it. If they act that way in their own homes, they won't have any respect for other people's possessions."

Vickie did not attempt to reply to her mother, but kept her eyes downcast, apparently concentrating upon her breakfast.

The morning household chores done, Linda reached for the morning paper and had just sat back to relax when the telephone rang. "INDA," the voice on the telephone came through forcefully. "I just got into town. Your
father had to go away on business,
so I thought that I would spend a
few days with you. I didn't have
time to write and let you know that
I was coming."

"Mother," Linda replied. "This certainly is a surprise. A very nice

one, I might add."

"I know that I should have called you before, dear, but you know how I am. I just got ready and came," Mrs. Higgins said nonchalantly.

"You know that you are welcome any time, Mother." Linda paused.

"Where are you now?"

"I'm at the bus station. They're

just getting my luggage now."

"Fine, Mom. Now you stay put and I'll be right down after you," Linda said.

"Fine, dear," Mrs. Higgins answered. "I'm so anxious to see you

and Jess and the children."

Linda prepared a light luncheon for her mother and herself, and then sat back leisurely to enjoy her mother. There was something about Mrs. Higgins that always put her at ease. Linda had always maintained that Jess was so much like her mother in disposition that he seemed more like her own son.

"You look simply wonderful, Mother. As always, may I add," Linda complimented Mrs. Higgins, as she gazed at the woman's beautiful silver-gray hair and soft-textured

skin.

"Thank you, Linda. Actually, I never felt better. Your father isn't pushing himself so much lately. I think that he has finally learned how to relax. We seem to enjoy life more now than we ever have."

"Daddy always did push himself too hard, Mother." Linda was thoughtful. "I really worry about him."

"Yes, and you have his disposition, too." Mrs. Higgins looked at her daughter. "Now, that's enough about the Higgins family. How about the Stones? Is everything going along all right, Linda?" Mrs. Higgins narrowed her gaze at her daughter.

"Oh, yes, everything is just fine here. The children have grown so much that you will hardly recognize them, Mother. Honestly, I can't seem to keep Randy in shoes, he grows out of them so fast. Naturally, I'm prejudiced, but I think that Vickie grows prettier every day."

"You look a little tired, Linda. Are you sure that you are feeling all right? You always were too much of a fusser in your own home for your own good." Mrs. Higgins always spoke with sincerity and honesty.

Linda was slightly annoyed at her mother's accurate surveillance. "Now, Mom, let's not talk about me. I'm a very dull subject."

When Randy and Vickie arrived home from school, they were very pleased, as they always were when their Grandmother Higgins came to visit. They chattered away constantly about their school work, their teachers, and their friends.

That night at dinner Jess laughingly remarked, "Now wait a minute. Your Grandmother will be here for a few days. Save a few things to tell her. You've told her more in a few hours than we usually find out from you all week."

Linda smiled as she noticed that Jess talked with the same amount of consistency and enthusiasm as the children. However, Grandmother Higgins seemed to enjoy every minute of it.

"Where have the children gone?" Mrs. Higgins remarked after they had retired to the living room.

"Oh, they usually go to their rooms after dinner, Mother. They like to draw and paint, and sometimes they have some lessons to finish."

"Can't they come out here and be a little more sociable while they are at it?" Mrs. Higgins laughed. "The place is too quiet for my blood. I like a little noise around."

Jess looked up from his easy chair, where he was engrossed in the evening paper. Although he didn't speak, his expression seemed to agree with Mrs. Higgins' conclusion.

"I think that I'll go in and visit the children before they go to bed. I can see you, my daughter, all day, but the children are away at school a good part of the time."

AFTER Mrs. Higgins had left the room, Linda and Jess were silent. Linda felt uneasy, and for the first time in her life that she could remember, she was considerably irritated by her mother's attitude. She wasn't used to having her position challenged in her own household. Her family had always accepted her rules and had never criticized her authority.

The next morning, as the children left, Mrs. Higgins said to Vickie and Randy as she gently kissed them on the cheek and handed them their lunches, "Have a good day at school, children. We'll miss you."

"They are really sweet children,

Mom," Linda said, sharing her mother's moment of tranquility.

Mrs. Higgins didn't attempt to reply to Linda. Instead, she walked about the kitchen, gazing around as she walked. "You certainly are a wonderful housekeeper, Linda."

"Thank you," Linda said, wondering what her mother would say next. She could always tell when she was about to make a statement by that faraway look in her eyes.

Mrs. Higgins sat down at the breakfast table facing her daughter. "I had quite a talk last night with Randy and Vickie. They are truly intelligent and sensitive children, Linda. You and Jess are so fortunate to have them. So often people want children, and they can't have them. It just makes your heart ache. There is so much sadness in this world that we should surely appreciate our blessings."

"I know it, Mother." Linda was

thoughtful.

"Linda, why don't we let Vickie have the party for her little friends while I am here? It would be such fun to help with a party for children again. She told me about it last night."

LINDA wondered when her mother would get to the point. She was definitely working up to something. "I would, Mom, but the weather isn't good enough yet, and I don't want to have the party inside. You know how messy children are."

"Yes, I do. Your brothers and sisters were messy, and you were just as messy as they were, Linda, although it's unbelievable to look at you now." Mrs. Higgins leaned over the table closer to Linda. "You know, Linda, we had a good home.

THE INTRUDERS 599

We lived in it, and we enjoyed it and each other. It wasn't as elaborate as your home. However, we were clean and neat, but not to the point where it was an obsession with us. Why your children are afraid to move in their own home, and I'm surprised that Jess would allow it. I always knew him to be a man who wanted to enjoy his home and family. As it is, you both are afraid to move."

"Oh, Mother, it isn't that bad." Linda tried to uphold herself.

"Yes, it is. When you get to the point where you quit living for fear of getting something soiled, then things have certainly gone too far. Why this isn't a warm and loving home. It is more a house where people come and go, a stopping off place until they will find something better. Mark my word, those children are already drawing away from you."

Linda felt tears come to her eyes. "I didn't realize. . . ."

"My dear, I'm only telling you this, because I want to help you. I'm not trying to meddle in your affairs. Those three people are very dear. They're your family and should be treated as such, not as if they were intruders in your well-run household." Mrs. Higgins got up from her chair and went over to her daughter. Gently she laid her

hand upon her shoulder. "Think about it, dear. Now shall we get these dishes done?"

The remainder of the day Linda thought a great deal about what her mother had said, and she realized that she had lost a lot of her closeness to her children. She only hoped that it wasn't too late to win them back to her. Jess, too, had seemed lately to be a little distant toward her. She resolved from that moment to act differently.

That evening Linda could hardly wait to tell Vickie that they would have her party right away. Happily, the entire family planned for the event, and when the time finally arrived, Grandmother Higgins was just as excited as the rest of the fam-The children were served punch, ice cream, and cookies in the living room, and Linda marveled as she noted that not one child spilled his punch. The only person who broke the perfect record was Linda, when she tipped a glass slightly as she was about to hand it to her mother.

Mrs. Higgins smiled knowingly, and as she glanced around the room, it seemed to have taken on an entirely new personality. In fact, the whole house radiated warmth and aliveness. The intruders were gone, and now a happy, contented family dwelt within its walls.

## **Futility**

Iris W. Schow

Futile as trying to recapture spring, Or gluing fallen petals to the rose, Is self-delusive dwelling on the past Until the present lifts her wings and goes.

### Casseroles

#### Mabel Harmer

Casseroles can be a real boon to the busy hostess. In addition to being delicious, they can be prepared ahead of time, so that the last hour before serving can be spent in another way than frying chops. They are no less welcome for the family dinner when Mother wants to prepare something a little special — or ahead of time.

Sea food or chicken are the favorite basic ingredients, and there is an almost endless variety of recipes. Here is a rather simple and inexpen-

sive casserole using tuna:

#### Tuna Loaf With Celery — Olive Sauce

2 cans tuna
1 c. soft bread crumbs
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
3 tbsp. chopped pimento
2 eggs
1 c. evaporated milk

2 tbsp. melted butter

Mix together and put into a well-buttered casserole. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes. Serve with the following sauce:

1 can celery soup, ¼ c. evaporated milk, ¼ c. sliced olives.

If you want to serve a real party dish that can be made very easily try:

#### QUICK SHRIMP CURRY

1 c. chopped onion
2 tbsp. butter
2 cans frozen shrimp soup
2 c. dairy sour cream
1 tsp. curry powder
2 c. shrimps
3 c. cooked rice

Cook the onion in butter. Add the soup and stir until smooth. Add the cream and curry. Add the shrimp and heat. Serve over the rice with a sprinkle of paprika and sprigs of parsley. Garnish with any or all of the following: Chopped salted peanuts, hard-boiled eggs, chutney, kumquat preserves. Makes 8 servings.

#### SEA-FOOD SUPREME

1 can crab meat, drained, boned, and
flaked
1 c. whipping cream
1 c. chopped water cress
1 can shrimps
2 tbsp. Italian style salad dressing
(oil and vinegar)
2 tsp. paprika
1 can frozen cream of shrimp soup

Marinate the crab meat and shrimps in salad dressing 1 hour.

Heat soup and cream over low heat, stirring often until soup melts; stir in the

crab-shrimp mixture.

Layer with chopped water cress into a buttered baking dish. Top with mixture of bread crumbs, Parmesan cheese, and paprika. Bake in slow oven (300°) about 30 minutes. Serves six.

My favorite chicken casserole is the "Carolina," and is easily made in spite of the rather long list of ingredients.

#### CAROLINA CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 4-lb. chicken

½ c. chopped onion

½ c. chopped green pepper

1 tsp. salt

1 12-oz. pkg. noodles

½ c. chopped pimento

1 c. ripe olives sliced

1 ½ c. grated cheese

½ c. diced ham

1 3-oz. can browned mushrooms

½ tsp. celery salt

1 c. frozen peas

Cook the chicken a day ahead. Leave it whole, cover with boiling water, add celery leaves, a bay leaf, a slice of onion, and salt. When the chicken is tender, remove and cool. Chill the stock and skim off the fat.

When you are ready to prepare your casserole, cook the chopped onion and green pepper in some of the chicken fat. Measure the stock and add enough water to make 7 cups of liquid. Heat to boiling, add salt and noodles and cook until tender. Do not drain. Cut the chicken into small pieces and add all the remaining ingredients except peas. Season to taste. Put into buttered casserole and bake one hour at 325°. Stir in peas the last 20 minutes. Serves 8 to 10.

## Fruit Salad

#### Edna Lind Cole

1 large banana, minced

½ c. crushed pineapple ½ c. yellow peaches (fresh, frozen, dried,

or canned)

1 tbsp. lemon juice dash of salt

½ c. sugar (or less)

½ c.cheese, grated ¼ c. carrots, grated

1 pkg. lemon flavored gelatin

2 c. boiling water

Blend fruits, lemon juice, salt, and sugar. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. When cold blend in fruit mixture, cheese, and carrots. Pour into refrigerator tray. four generous servings. Will keep for days

## A Change of Pace

Janet W. Breeze

EVER tried tomato soup for breakfast? Used as a beverage, it really warms the tummy on a cold, cold morning. Serve it with open-faced BROILED cheese sandwiches for a protein treat that's a welcome change from cereal and eggs.

Feeding a child in bed? Present him with finger foods served in colored paper

cups in a muffin tin and watch that appetite perk up. Use an old clock as a medicine

reminder and set hands to hour of next dose.

Want the family to learn some scriptures? Tape a new quotation each week to the bathroom mirror. They'll each read them once, at any rate.



Photograph by Harold M. Lambert

#### AUTUMN ON THE PLAINS

### Autumn Noon

Maude Rubin

The pond is shrunken, its reed-pipes dry, Its blackbird chorus still.

The field is stubble, ankle high,
And over the bread-loaf hill

The sun hangs ripe as a yellow pear.

The breath of timothy rides the air

From high in its steep-roofed haymow where,
Moveless, the weathercock's metal stare

Surveys this bronze tranquility. . . .

One velvet bee

Goes bumbling by,
Dressed for some fall fiesta,

Stirring the indolent gold of noon

Where pond and sun and dragonfly soon

Will drowse in a brief siesta.

# A Golden, Golden Wedding Day

#### Linnie Fisher Robinson

Tam certain that mother's golden wedding was not more beautiful or lovely than many many others, although it held a day of wonderful surprises and never-to-be-forgotten moments — but these things are expected after fifty years of happily wedded life, and especially so when there are many children and grand-Then, of course, there were numerous friends and crowds of relatives — all well-wishers. My parents' home and grounds were full of people who came and went all day and far into the evening. These things are present at most golden weddings, but there was one thing that was probably different, and it is of that I write.

Mother had been a Primary teacher for some forty odd years. She had held other positions in the ward and stake. She had been called with father to do special missionary work in a small neighboring town, but she had never stopped teaching Primary. There were boys from Trekker age on up in the ward and surrounding wards who loved mother and whose children loved her because mother dearly loved them. Many honors came to her through this source. As an example, I remember when she was nearing seventy her name was put on the queen contest list by the Aaronic Priesthood for a fund-raising carnival for their ward house. Mother won against a bevy of lovelies, and when we went to see her crowned queen, we couldn't get within a block of the grounds.

Her golden wedding day was in

late April, and on that particular dav the hills above the town were covered with daffodils. Because they are gold in color, I suppose the children thought they would be appropriate for a golden wedding. Many fine plants and exquisite bouquets had been brought to honor mother and father that day, so much so that all places that could be gracefully used had been used when the daffodils began to arrive. At first we put the bouquets in tall glass tumblers in the large and deep window sills mother's living room, dining room, and study. When everything was filled we put them in mother's tin milk pans that she had not used for years. We put the bunches together until the pans were filled, and then we put the pans on the front porches until they were filled, and then we began to look for other containers for the back hall. . . . But the gold rubbed off on all of us, and the words of the poet Wordsworth lived for us - "ten thousand ... daffodils ... flash upon the inward eye."

The wonder in mother's face at the honor given warmed our hearts and father's, too, and remains ours to keep. April never comes nor goes that it does not bring to me the almost incredible happenings of that day. I recall, too, the children who brought the flowers and the shy pleased pride in their faces as they handed them to us at the door and then insisted on leaving immediately, never dreaming of the magnitude and permanence of the thing they

did.

## A Parable for Polly

#### Maude Proctor

T is an odd thing about Marge. She says she never, never, gives advice to her daughter or her daughter-in-law, even when they ask for it, on how to rear children.

"How in the world do you manage?" I asked her one day as we sat on the back porch shelling peas. "I never can keep my mouth closed,

when I should.

Marge laughed a little. "I never was known for my restraint!" she

protested.

We visited and enjoyed the warm summer sunshine for half an hour or so, before Polly came, Marge's son's wife, plodding along the dusty road with a discouraged droop to her shoulders.

"Sit down and rest a bit," Marge told her, "it's going to be a scorcher, isn't it?"

"Yes," Polly said, with a sigh, "but the heat wouldn't be so bad, if the children would just behave."

"What are the little darlings doing now?" Marge asked, a little too

gaily, it seemed to me.

"It's Kent. You know how he is always slipping out of doing his chores and talking good-natured Mort into doing them. I've tried everything I can think of to break him of it, and I'm so afraid that if he does not change soon the habit will be the ruination of him and Mort, too."

I nodded in agreement, but Marge sat there with a faraway sort of smile on her face and spoke softly as if she had not heard a word.

"You remember my sister Lila?" she began. "She was a pretty girl and smart in school, too, but she was always putting on airs and showing off in front of the other girls. One day she was on the way home from school with a group of her friends when they passed me and my pals. We had stopped for a game of hopscotch, and it was a perfect opportunity for Sis to show off.

"Here, take these home with you," she demanded, dropping her

books on the sidewalk.

"You are going right home," I protested, "why can't you take them?"

"I'm busy. You take them home," Lila said emphatically.

"Oh, all right, but don't leave the

books right there in our way."

Lila condescended to move the books about a foot so that we could continue our game, and went on with her friends.

When I got home my mother asked me what kind of a day I'd had, and I told her, got a hug, and started for the kitchen to get a cookie when I remembered those pesky books. I slammed out the back door and Mother called me back.

"Where are you going?" wanted to know.

When I told her, she said, "Leave them there."

"But Sis said to bring them," I answered as if her word was law.

"Never mind. I'll take care of it," Mother murmured in her sweet, mild way.

So I forgot the whole thing.

Next morning Sis asked me where her books were.

Page 604

"Goodness, I don't know!" I said blankly.

Mother looked squarely at her. "Where did you leave them, dear?"

Sis turned an uncomfortable red and muttered something, intending to retrieve them on the way to school.

You should have seen the sodden, glutinous mess they were. Someone had turned the water down the little irrigation ditch in the early morning hours, and the books had been right in the middle of a shallow furrow. Sis tried to see what she could salvage from the gooey pages and dripped red and blue all over her new dress in a stain that never washed out, and she ran home with tears streaming down her face.

Mother comforted her, but never once said, "That's what you get for

imposing on others!"

There was not enough money in our family those days for a second set of books, so the remaining few weeks of school Lila spent studying after classes from the teacher's books or with a friend who would share study time. Her pride suffered.

"I just know I won't pass," she would sigh in despair nearly every night as we snuggled down in bed after prayers. Of course, she did pass, but you can bet she never asked me to do any unnecessary waiting on her again. All I had to

do was say "Book."

Polly, Marge, and I laughed a little and remarked about what a responsible person Lila is now, and what a delightful family she has. Polly and I walked to her gate together when we left and had a nice chat. She was in much better spirits as she waved goodbye, and walked

briskly around the lilac bush toward her back door.

The next morning Polly's Mort was disconsolately tossing pebbles about, when I went out to see if there was any mail in my box.

"What's the matter, Mort, don't you have to watch the water today?" I could see that the small ditch we all use to put water on our lawns and kitchen gardens was full to brimming over.

"No, it's Kent's turn, and Mom

said I wasn't to touch it.'

"Well, Kent had better get at it, hadn't he?" I was already turning to a continued story in my favorite magazine as I went back to the walk.

BY midafternoon the road was flooded. When that happens in our town and people complain, a fine is automatic, and the family responsible has to clean up any damage to the neighbors' property.

The view from my window next morning was one of industry. Polly was setting out little chrysanthemum plants, and there was Kent working like a trooper on the results of yes-

terday's flood.

"Hi, you busy people," I called, and ambled over to pass the time of day. Polly said that Mort had already gone on a hike and that the family was pleased with Kent's new job. "He has a paper route," she said proudly.

"Paper boys make quite a bit." I smiled as Kent looked up. "You will be our richest citizen in no

time."

He kicked at a clod and answered with dejection bending him over like an old man, "Ah, I'll have to pay my debts — that darn water fine — and by that time I'll need a

new bike and . . ." his voice faltered and stopped as he turned to pick up his shovel.

I looked a question at Polly, but she paid no attention and started to discuss the party that night. Thus reminded, I hurried home to make the pies I had promised to take.

While I was rolling out the pie crust I suddenly saw the whole thing. That Marge! Telling stories instead of saying things straight out!

The party was a big success, to judge by the crowd, and in one corner Marge sat surrounded by admiring friends, as usual.

A knowing look came into my eyes just as Marge turned, and our glances met. She smiled and winked at me, knowing that I had discovered her method of giving advice, but that I would keep her secret safely tucked away in a warm corner of my heart.

# Sound in the Valley

Hazel Loomis

In this vast land where there is time, I'll find a mountain high to climb.
Aloft, I'll sit there all day long,
And with my flute I'll play a song.
I'll hear the throbbing flute-notes spill
From cliff to cliff and down the hill,
Breaking silence in the land —
And die there trembling . . . in the sand.

## Copied Handiwork

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Near an outer window-sill,
A rose unfolded silently.
Radiant with the sun it seemed,
A harbor of tranquility.
Within the window's glow,
Flower petals, crisp and bright,
Were fashioned into whorls,
Without perfume in morning flight.

But serrate leaf and calyx bud, Tall with quiet dignity, Are deftly copied handiwork, Simulating rose reality.

## A Story to Tell

#### Harriet DeSpain

ARS stood in the lane, in front of the house, and even in the barnyard. Many of the Murphy family had come to claim some special thing, precious to their memories, before the bulldozers moved in to wreck the old family homestead.

Aunt Kate stood in the yard in the rear and watched two husky men stagger out of the kitchen door with a huge, massive table. Its great weight propelled and hurried their steps, and they gladly brought it to rest under the old apple tree. Uncle Dave lingered a moment to say, "I truly believe, Kate, if all the food that has been on this table was here at once, it would reach to heaven."

Kate smiled in shared amusement, but her thoughts sobered and grew reminiscent. How much this old table had contributed to so many lives. Yes, food to sustain their bodies. It had heard thanks given and blessings asked, ethical lessons learned, and advice given, plans made, and the results discussed in either joy or disappointment. It had borne the burden of school books, and the weight of the Bible on Saturday nights. It had heard laughter and the sound of tears. Three generations of Murphys had surely left their secrets within its ancient scars.

Grandpa William Murphy had chosen well a table as sturdy and strong and as far-reaching as himself. It was brought home, proudly, to replace the old pine one his father had made. Grandma Agatha had promptly covered the big neat table with a bright red and white checkered tablecloth to preserve its fine polished surface.

At first her plate, placed opposite Grandpa's at the foot of the table. seemed far away, but soon little John's plate was placed near hers and then William Jr.'s, and in quick succession, Mary's and Jane's to fill up the space along one side. The table was pulled out into the room, and then came Tom's plate and Nellie's Agnes' and Wee and Davie's to fill up the other side. Great platters of meat and huge bowls of potatoes, gravy, vegetables, and puddings and pies were passed from stove to table in constant, daily round.

There came one sad day when little Agnes' plate was taken away, never to be replaced, and, for a time, the food was dry and tasteless in Agatha's mouth.

More table leaves were put in to expand the table, as shoulders broadened and boys and girls grew tall. Then, one by one, a plate was removed, as each child left the parental roof, until only John's remained, when Grandpa's and Grandma's were no longer there.

JOHN brought his diminutive bride, Emily, to grace the table in the place opposite his. The happy, busy years brought six more plates to line the sides, and once more the table became the center of interest for a large family. Emily, a mistress of gracious living, replaced the old checkered cloths with white ones, and flowers often adorned the

center of the table. Good manners were insisted upon, and an attempt at cultured conversation was introduced daily. Each morning when the family gathered for breakfast, the chairs were turned with their backs to the table and each person knelt at his place in family prayer, and, as they grew to maturity, they knew the sacredness of family prayer.

One morning Emily was too ill to take her place, and anxiety was a living presence. A week later John lovingly carried her to the table to sit with them once more, but soon her plate was no longer put upon the table. Kate's slight form looked pitifully small as she attempted to

fill her mother's chair.

One day David brought his "girl" home from church, and a plate was placed beside his own. Another Sunday, and Kate shyly included a plate for her favored suitor, and laughter, plans, and teasing again made merry.

After a time John brought home "Aunt Dagmar" to take Emily's place opposite his own. Dagmar had laughing eyes, merry ways, and sympathetic ears. Her table was less formal but a happy one. In an incredibly short time a bench had to be installed permanently behind the table, and, one by one, a graduated row of tow-headed children perched there to drum their little heels against its wooden sides. Danish idioms began to find their way into the family conversation, and the food had a definite and delicious Danish flavor. Soon all six leaves expanded the table, and the proper time never seemed to come to remove them. On Thanksgiving day, when all the married children came

home, the table had to be set twice, not to mention the return in the evening for snacks. John presided over these festive occasions, a veritable patriarch, happy and content.

NUMEROUS events that had centered around the crowded into Kate's mind: there was that never-to-be-forgotten "last dinner" for Gus before he went to war. and Dagmar visibly choked over her food. Once the doctor had used the table on which to set little Billy's broken leg. She could still recall the beauty of the heap of shells Robert had emptied there upon his return from a mission to Samoa. The table had been the receptacle for her own various emotions. She seemed to see a little girl with her head buried in her arms upon the table, sobbing in childish disappointment or feel the irritation that possessed her with the raucous laughter of her teen-aged brothers.

The table had sustained so many uses: etchings of dreams of new houses, barns, or even landscaping; dress patterns were laid upon the table and cut, later to be made into clothes; the family gathered there in the evenings or on rainy days to play games or to read, with Dagmar always near by with her mending.

As the years passed the plates began to be removed once more, never to be there again except for special and well-loved guests. High chairs were brought down from the attic for the grandchildren on whom Dagmar lavished all the petting and cuddling she had had no time to give her own. Elbows pressed hard into the table top as adults drew close together in serious and muted

A STORY TO TELL 609

conversation. The table had heard some words of anger and of shame, it is true, but happiness and joy had always predominated.

Out under the apple tree Kate's hand pressed lovingly over the table top, smoothing the beautiful rich patina made by their very flesh and hands. Her eyes burned with the difficult tears of the very old. It was so painful to have the table destroyed and taken out of their lives. Inanimate it might be, but it was endowed with so much living. How far-reaching had been the lessons learned there, forming charac-

ters they had acquired to face the world and to leave their influence.

She thought, whimsically, there should be a place for this old soldier to come honorably to rest.

Kate became aware of her coltish grandson, Ronnie, awkwardly hoverering about her and brought her attention to him as he said with his most engaging grin, "Do you think, Grandma, anyone would mind if I took this old table and made me some bookshelves? Solid oak, you know, elbow rubbed!"

Kate's throat contracted with emotion, but she managed, "Bless you, Ron."

# Pathways to the Lord

Leslie Savage Clark

Always some trail of beauty leads
Across the day to him:
A spider web, dew-diamonded,
Ferns by a pool's blue rim,
A child's gay laugh, an old man's smile,
A spire against the sky,
And the valor of folk who walk with grief
With heads erect and high.

These are the paths he marks for us, With stars and moonlit foam, With glimpses of faith and tenderness To lead one's spirit home.



Margaret Ann Meng Makes Unique Hexagonal Rugs

MARGARET Ann Meng, Archer, Idaho, enjoys making unique hexagonal-shaped rugs. They are crocheted of rug yarn and are decorated with a wide looped fringe. In some rugs the fringe picks up the color used in the center of the rug, and in others, the fringe is made of several of the colors used in the body of the rug. These rugs lie flat, wear well, and may be made in colors and designs which harmonize with the furnishings in any room of the house.

Mrs. Meng also makes lovely crocheted articles, including bedspreads and tablecloths, and she is an expert quilter. Her life has been filled with hard work, and with

happiness, with many daily tasks, and with interesting hobbies.

She "settled" as a pioneer in Lyman, Idaho, in 1883. Later, she became the first Relief Society secretary in Archer Ward, and, afterwards, was first counselor. She was trained as a midwife, and traveled many long miles side-saddle, to care for her patients. She is mother to eight children and has 104 descendants, including seven great-greatgrandchildren. Throughout the Rexburg Valley, and in the neighboring settlements of Archer, Thornton, and Lyman, Mrs. Meng is greatly loved for her years of kind and loving service.

## The Message

Marion Ellison

T fell to earth in a blaze of color with a streak of red and gold and brown. It lay still for a moment then fluttered gaily to a newer spot and settled slowly down. It struggled feebly, then sank gently and remained where it was — the very last leaf on the tree had fallen, and I could rake the leaves before the winter snows came.

# Because of the Word

#### CHAPTER 2

#### Hazel M. Thomson

Synopsis: Ruth Ann Barker, who lives, in the early 1830's, with her widowed father, a farmer in the Naumkeg Valley of New England, dislikes farm life and cannot decide to marry Victor Hall, a neighboring farmer. Ruth Ann goes to Boston to visit her cousin Claire Mayhew, and meets Quinton Palmer, a suitor of Claire's, who declares that he has fallen in love with Ruth at their first meeting.

THE air was strained between the two girls as Ruth Ann prepared to leave the next morning. On the long ride home in the coach, she had time to think of many things she could have done.

She could have refused to dance all those dances, but he was such a wonderful dancer. She realized she could hardly have protested enough to have him pay any attention to it. His way of presuming to get what he desired was a little disquieting.

She could have insisted on staying near Claire, or perhaps she could and should have stayed at home in the first place.

She arrived home late in the afternoon, to find the work both inside and out had piled up during her absence. Coming up the walk, she noticed the gardens, both flowers and vegetables, were already touched by frost. Inside, her father had done little, except make his bed and keep the dishes washed up.

Ruth worked quickly and straightened and scrubbed. It was growing dark and her father still hadn't appeared. He often worked late if he thought he could finish a job that night. She still wasn't too concerned when she heard a step on the porch. She opened the door hurriedly to find, not her father, but Vic standing there. Instinctively, she put a hand to her hair, knowing it was disarranged, but the look on his face made her forget her own appearance.

"Ruth Ann! I didn't know you were back until I saw the lamp was lighted. May I come in?"

"Yes, of course," said Ruth Ann. "Vic, something's wrong. What is it?"

"It's your father, Ruth," said Vic gently. "The colt threw him and his head struck a stone. I found him and carried him into my cabin. He's dead, Ruth Ann."

The room reeled before her eyes, and Vic caught her arm and led her to a chair. Her father, dead! It was impossible, yet Vic said so, Vic who would never tell an untruth. Vic said her father wasn't coming home. She stared woodenly at him.

"Ruth Ann! Do you know what I said? Did you hear me?" Vic took her by the shoulders, shaking her lightly.

All her pent-up distaste for farm life surged over her. What had it ever been except hard and disagreeable, and now it had taken not only one but both her parents. Then the tears came and she sobbed out her heartbreak in Vic's arms.

CLAIRE came for the funeral, but nothing was said about Ouin-Ruth refused Claire's invitation to return to Boston with her, feeling it best that she get used to being alone in familiar surroundings. Vic got Mrs. Walker, a widow from the village, who went from place to place where her services were needed, to come and stay with Ruth. It proved to be a good arrangement. Mrs. Walker was cheerful and refused to let Ruth brood over her sadness. Vic came almost every night to cut wood for her fires, do other chores, talk, if Ruth felt like it, or just sit with her before the fireplace.

His looks and actions told her that he had not forgotten his proposal, but she was grateful that for the time being he did not refer to it. His only concern now was for her, and she had never known a person so thoughtful of another. He seemed to sense her mood almost before

she realized it herself.

A heavy snowstorm came just a few days before Christmas, and Ruth Ann was surprised to have a morning visitor from Boston. It was Quinton, arriving by sleigh, and looking more handsome than she remembered.

"Ruth Ann! It took longer than I had planned, but I warned you I would come."

"What a nice surprise!" said Ruth, "but how did you get here this time of day? You must have been driving most of the night."

Quinton laughed. "No, not really. I had work to do nearby and arrived in the village too late to find you last evening. How are you, Ruth? Claire told me about your father. I had planned to come earlier, but thought perhaps I had better wait for awhile after your trouble."

Ruth Ann mentally compared his words with Vic's attitude. Vic simply assumed there were things that needed doing and did them. "Oh, I'm sorry," apologized Ruth.

"Come in by the fire. You must be

cold after your drive."

"Not at all. It's a delightful day for driving. That's one reason I dare ask you this. Come back to Boston with me for the holidays, will you, Ruth? I told Claire I was going to ask you. I've told her lots of things since the night I met you. She understands and asked me to bring you."

To Ruth Ann, Christmas was a time to be dreaded this year, a thing that must be endured somehow. Parties and dancing still seemed out of keeping with her feelings about

her father.

"Not now, Quinton. Perhaps later I will come."

"Ruth," he pleaded earnestly, "you've been stuck out here so long alone the city would be good for

"I'm not alone," she answered. "There are many friends who have

been very kind."

 $\mathrm{R}^{\mathrm{UTH}}$  felt again a compelling force about this man and was glad when Mrs. Walker insisted on bringing in a lunch and serving them before the fire. Ruth enjoyed his conversation and found herself laughing for the first time in many

"There. You see. I am good for you. I think that is the first you've laughed in weeks. Will you come with me, Ruth Ann?" He put his hand over hers on the table and held

it tight.

"Please, Ruth. I am not in the habit of begging, but I can't get you out of my mind. Even in court you crowd my thoughts and mix up my arguments. Ruth. . . ."

He stopped as he followed her startled eyes to the doorway. Mrs. Walker had brought Vic into the room. Ruth, seeing him, pulled her

hand away quickly.

"I'm sorry," said Vic. "Mrs. Walker, you didn't tell me Ruth had a caller."

"You didn't ask. You said, 'Is she home?' and I said 'Yes,' and here she is," answered Mrs. Walker, returning to the kitchen.

Ruth felt at a disadvantage in front of Vic and felt angered at him as the cause of it, but her voice was steady.

"Mr. Palmer, Mr. Hall." She refused to meet Vic's eyes, knowing he was truly apologetic for placing her in this position of embarrassment. The two men nodded, their eyes intent on each other for a long moment, as though taking the others measure and intentions in one searching glance.

"I met Mr. Palmer at Claire's last fall," explained Ruth, wondering at herself for thinking it necessary that she explain to Vic, her anger seething within her. "He has come to take me to Boston for the holidays. I'm not certain just when I will be back. Help Mrs. Walker look after the place while I'm away, will you Vic?"

Her own words puzzled Ruth Ann. Why was she treating Vic in this manner? As for looking after things, hadn't Vic been doing just that ever since the day of the funeral?

Ruth caught a glimpse of the hurt in Vic's eyes as he answered evenly, "Of course. Have a good holiday, Ruth. I brought your Christmas gift." He placed a small package in her hand. "Good-bye." He nodded to Quinton and was gone. Suddenly the room seemed bare and chilly. Ruth stared after him. Quinton's words aroused her.

"I will not try to figure out why you changed your mind, Ruth Ann. That you did is plenty good enough for me. Get packed and let's be on our way before you change it again."

The trip to Boston by sleigh was enjoyable for Ruth. Behind Quinton's fast, high-stepping pair of grays, with bells jingling merrily, the miles fell away. They had almost reached the city before Ruth remembered the present she had for Vic, still in her bureau drawer.

THE present was a new book that had been passed among several families in the village. Mrs. Walker, knowing Vic's love for reading, had brought it to the house, and Ruth had persuaded her to wait until Christmas before giving it to him.

"I'm not giving it to Vic," Mrs. Walker had said. "You are."

"But it is your book."

"He will appreciate it a lot more from you than he will from me. I haven't read it myself, but I've heard a lot of talk about it in different places where I've been working. They do say it is a most interesting story. Something about the Indians. I just figured Vic would like a good Indian story." "Vic would like any good story," Ruth Ann had answered.

Funny how little it took to keep Vic happy. No need for gay parties and fancy-dress balls for him. A little lamplight and a good book, that was all that was necessary. Oh, well, thought Ruth Ann, determined to put Vic out of her mind, she could still give him the book when she returned.

The holidays in Boston were a continual round of parties and dances, sweet music, and pretty clothes. Quinton was in constant attendance. Claire seemed not to mind. She never lacked for partners and was her usual gay self. Ruth Ann decided that if Claire were suffering any pangs about Quinton, she was keeping them extremely well covered.

Ruth saved the blue dress for Christmas Eve, just as she did the opening of Vic's present. Alone in her bedroom, she opened the tiny package, to find a single blue stone hanging from a tiny gold chain. It finished the dress perfectly, and seemed to give her a feeling of security and comfort, such as she found only in Vic's presence. In some strange, unexplainable way she seemed to feel a lessening of the loneliness she felt this season in the absence of her father.

She went downstairs and met Quinton in the great library of Claire's spacious home to await the dancing that was to begin in the ballroom.

"How beautiful you are tonight," he said, leading her to the divan before the blazing fire. "I have something for you, Ruth Ann. I want you to wear it to the dance tonight."

"You shouldn't have bothered,

Quinton. I have nothing to . . . ."
"You have nothing to give me?
Is that what you were going to say?
You have yourself. Ruth, I do want
you to marry me. I think you have
known it since the first moment we

met."

He opened the box he took from his pocket and held it toward her. Inside Ruth saw the most beautiful string of pearls she had ever seen.

"Quinton! They are priceless!"

"So are you, my dear," he said, taking them from the box and fastening them around her neck.

He took her in his arms and kissed her once. She drew back, shaken at his touch.

"Here," he said, removing the little chain and handing the blue pendant to her. "You won't need this little bauble tonight. You'll be wearing something worthy of

your beauty."

In the mirror Ruth looked at the pearls, emblematic of all that Quinton offered her. Then her eyes fell to the small pendant in her hand. Vic's face rose before her as she had last seen it, hurt, yet kind in his own disappointment. For the first time in her life she felt a longing for the farm.

Slowly she unclasped the pearls and handed them back to Quinton, feeling their beauty and richness as she did so. He pleaded, thinking it might help to give him some hold on her, the beginning of a promise, but Ruth Ann was firm in her refusal as she refastened the golden chain about her throat.

"Keep them, Quinton, until I have time to think, a month, two months, away from you. When I have decided, only then would it be right for me to wear the pearls."

(To be continued)



#### General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

#### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Mona H. Brown

#### TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY FAIR April 28, 1961

Seated at the table, left to right, Work Director Counselors and their wards: Alice Briggs, Fourth Ward; Vera Rosencrantz, Castleford Ward; Della Ghan, Eighth Ward.

Standing, left to right: Marie Hess, Filer Ward; Nelda Tadlock, Sixth Ward; Deone Roberts, Second Ward; Fern Rose, Murtaugh Ward; Ludema Davis, First Ward; Donna Christensen, Fifth Ward; Mary Cheney, stake work meeting leader; Marvel Craner, Buhl Second Ward; Lillian Henstock, Hollister; Sara Meyer, Buhl First Ward; Betty Ostler, Twin Falls Third Ward.

Sister Brown reports: "A Relief Society Fair was held following our leadership meeting on April 28, 1961. Each ward exhibited articles made by its members and gave away recipes and samples of food. Hundreds of beautiful articles were on display, which was open to the public. The stake board served refreshments from a table which carried out the Hawaiian theme, with flowers flown from Hawaii for the occasion. Each board member wore a muu muu and a lei to add to the effect. It was an enjoyable occasion, with more than 500 women attending."



Photograph submitted by Edna A. Beal

GLENDALE STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 19, 1961

Edna A. Beal, President, Glendale Stake Relief Society, stands sixth from the right in the front row; Corinne McGuire, the chorister, stands seventh; Jo Ann Udall, accompanist, is seated left at the piano.

Sister Beal reports: "This group was honored by being invited to sing at our stake quarterly conference, March 19, 1961. This conference inaugurated the use of our new Glendale Stake Center. These sisters performed before 1800 people, the largest attendance in the history of our stake. We are very proud of these faithful women who give their time so generously, meeting once a week for practice. They are now rehearsing for a musical to be given for the benefit of our new stake center. Sister Jo Ann Udall appears in the picture as accompanist. We are particularly proud of this sister, as she stepped in when sickness prevented our regular accompanist Pearline Goddard from continuing."



Photograph submitted by Evelyn N. Binns

RICHLAND STAKE (WASHINGTON) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, May 1961

Seated, in front, at the right, left to right: Jeanette C. Bell, Education Counselor; Evelyn N. Binns, President; Edna H. Reynolds, Work Director Counselor.

Standing in front of the microphone: Leona Stinson, chorister; second from Sister Stinson's right: Arlene Beecher, organist.

Evelyn N. Binns, President, Richland Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Richland Stake Singing Mothers have had a very successful year. The Singing Mothers have furnished music for leadership meetings, visiting teacher convention, and our Relief Society convention. At May quarterly conference, the stake Singing Mothers, with a membership of seventy-eight voices, sang 'Hold Thou My Hand' and 'O Come, Thou King of Kings.' As a special number, the three Richland wards, under the direction of Margaret Bosch, sang 'O Come, Ye Blessed of My Father.' The organist for the Richland group was Hazel Haynie."



Photograph submitted by Myrl S. Stewart

## RIVERDALE STAKE (UTAH) TWENTY-SECOND WARD COMPLETES TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING

Front row, seated on the floor, left to right: Ardella Johnson, President; Norrinne Fowers, First Counselor; Thelma Ferguson, Second Counselor; Helen Christiansen, Secretary-Treasurer.

Second row, seated, left to right: Annie Hayes; Edna Clark; Martha Van Braak; Margaret Reyns; Eva Bateman; Elva Bowman; Lottie Payton; Connie Nielsen; Louisa Ensign; Hester L. Stone.

Third row, seated, left to right: Emma Schmidt; Reka Vlannderen; Blanche Martin; Cora Gale; Bernice Brown; Luella Dustin; Emily Wilson; Anna Cole; Esther Mitchell.

Back row, standing, left to right: Olive Wilson; Catherine Souter; Ada Nielsen; Elsie Godfrey; Cora Stoddard; Virginia Jensen; Lois Blair; Grace Adderly; Mary Burgess; Madolin Jensen; Thelma Ketcham; Alice Liddell; Lilly J. Cliff; Almeda Montgomery; Zella Jones; Edith Empey.

Myrl S. Stewart, President, Riverdale Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Twenty-second ward was organized in 1936. Ever since the ward was organized the sisters have achieved one hundred per cent in visiting teaching. An attractive planter was given to the Twenty-second Ward Relief Society by the stake at the visiting teacher convention to honor these sisters for their one hundred per cent visiting teaching."

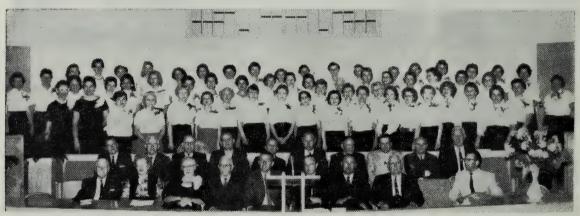


Photograph submitted by Margaret Jones

#### WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, April 16, 1961

Neldon Oborn, accompanist on the organ, is seated at the left on the front row; the chorister Cleone Jones is seated at the right on the front row; First Counselor Vera Leyland is seated on her right.

Second Counselor Elsabeth Hansen stands third from the left in the back row; organist Sarah Stolworthy who played the piano accompaniment, stands second from the right in the back row; President Margaret Jones stands at the right in the back row.



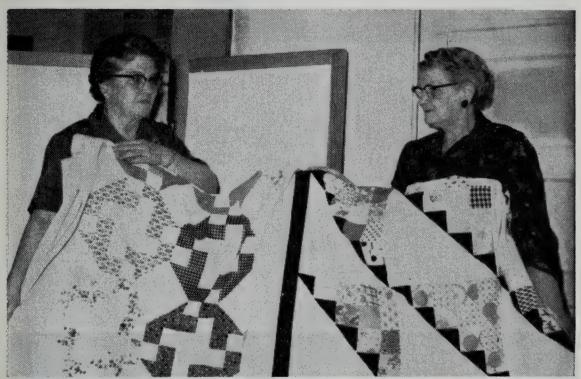
Photograph submitted by Millicent Winsor

PHOENIX NORTH STAKE (ARIZONA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 1961

Seated in the front row, left to right: James R. Price, President, Arizona Temple; LaPriel Smith, wife of Stake President Rudgar G. Smith; Jessie Evans Smith, wife of President Joseph Fielding Smith; President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve; Rudgar G. Smith, President Phoenix North Stake; Don Ostlund, First Counselor; Carl C. Jacobsen, Second Counselor; Paul Lenie, Clerk.

Seated in the second row are members of the Phoenix North Stake High Council. Third row, standing at the left (in dark dresses): Veoma Stallings, stake Relief Society organist; Ethelyn Eagar, stake chorister.

Millicent Winsor, President, Phoenix North Stake Relief Society, reports: "At the time this picture was taken, Sister Ida M. Steele, our stake Relief Society President, had been released, and the work was being carried on by the two counselors and the board. The work done by our Singing Mothers is most outstanding. They sang at both sessions of stake conference. Sister Jessie Evans Smith was our guest soloist. She sang 'He That Hath Clean Hands' and 'The Temple by the River.' The Singing Mothers sang two special numbers: 'My Redeemer Lives' and 'Our Heritage.' This last song was written by Emella Hall of Snowflake Stake, especially for Relief Society. By special request, the same two songs were sung by the stake Singing Mothers at our April convention."



Photograph submitted by Edith E. Baddley

## BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH) BRIGHAM CITY TENTH WARD CONDUCTS QUILT MAKING CONTEST

Team captains, Annie Stoker, left, and Ruth Pierce, right.

Edith E. Baddley, President, Box Elder Stake Relief Society, reports: "The sisters of the Brigham City Tenth Ward, Box Elder Stake, 'squared off' recently in an old-fashioned quilt making contest under the direction of Merle Grover, work meeting leader. Sister Grover and the Relief Society presidency, Helen Bunnell, Carol Walker, and Fay Laney, thought up the contest in an effort to renew interest in quilt making among the younger women of the ward. The ward was divided into two camps and the battle was on. Annie Stoker, assisted by Marva Cook and Relda McGregor, asked forty-three women to each make a quilt block. They chose a pinwheel pattern of many colors for their entries. Ruth Pierce, aided by Ann Bennett and Jerry Nelson, picked triangular blocks outlined in black and bordered in pink, for their efforts. Thirty-six sisters made blocks for this quilt. Each group had thirty days to complete the work. Stake work meeting leader Yvonne Hansen was named judge. She called the contest a draw. All who took part agreed that the contest was fun, but their work is only half finished, for the quilts must now be quilted.

"We feel that the work meetings in our stake are outstanding, and this contest by the Tenth Ward is but representative of the many activities engaged in by our

sisters."



Photograph submitted by Wanda L. Gull

## SANDY STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR SPECIAL MEETING, February 4, 1961

Front row, standing (in dark dresses), left to right: Wanda L. Gull, President, Sandy Stake Relief Society; Beverly M. Brown, chorister.

Second row, standing at the left (in dark dress): Roxie N. Rich, organist. Standing at the left, in the front row, holding violin: Maridon Nielsen.

Sister Gull reports: "On February 4, 1961, the Singing Mothers presented three lovely numbers in a special meeting. Approximately one hundred mothers participated, and they expect to participate in the stake conference in June and also for the Relief Society convention in August. We are proud of our Singing Mothers and are inspired at all times by their lovely music."



Photograph submitted by Ethel B. Whiting

## PUGET SOUND STAKE (WASHINGTON) FIRST VISITING TEACHER CONVENTION, May 22, 1961

Front row, seated, left to right, beginning fifth from the left: Helen Hannigan, literature class leader; Lenna Petersen, work meeting leader; Narlynn Dickson, social science class leader; Selena F. Burbidge, Work Director Counselor; Ethel B. Whiting, President; K. Louise Huntamer, Education Counselor; Catherine Masters, theology class leader; Dr. Mary Catherine Baldwin, instructor for the course "Caring for the Sick in the Home"; High Councilman Roy S. McKinnon is seated at the right in the front row.

Sister Whiting reports: The first visiting teacher convention of the Puget Sound Stake Relief Society was held May 22, 1961, in the new Puget Sound Stake Center. There are twelve units in this stake at present. A very fine program was presented, consisting of talks, musical numbers, and a special toast to the visiting teachers, after

which three skits and a lovely reading on visiting teaching were given — 'Messengers of Love and Service' and 'The Improper and Proper Way to Do Visiting Teaching.'

"Fine program booklets had been made, which included the special messages for the summer months visiting teaching. Each booklet held a pink carnation for the visiting teacher. Following the program, pictures of the group were taken and refreshments were served. We are certainly enjoying our opportunities in Relief Society and have a growing testimony of Relief Society work."



Photograph submitted by Vida E. Manning

#### BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, May 21, 1961

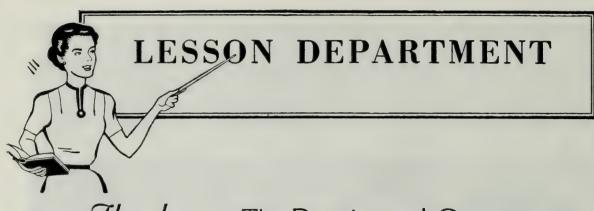
Left to right: Kenna Smith, youngest visiting teacher; Vida E. Manning, President,

Bear River Stake Relief Society; Mary Andrus, oldest visiting teacher.

Sister Manning reports: "The youngest visiting teacher in the Bear River Stake is Kenna Smith, twenty-three. She is the mother of two small children, and she has been a visiting teacher for one year. The oldest visiting teacher in the stake is Mary Wride Andrus, eighty-five years young. She was born in Provo, Utah, and spent her girlhood there. She is very proud of the fact that she lived as a neighbor to Sister Florence J. Madsen (of the General Board of Relief Society) and her family. She has been a diligent visiting teacher for many years, and sets an excellent example of consistently doing her teaching every month the morning following the visiting teacher meeting. She has a handicap, but she wears it like a crown. She spreads cheer and inspiration wherever she goes. She has served as a visiting teacher for many years and has held positions in the Church all her life.

"The visiting teacher convention was held May 21, 1961. The feature of the day was the three demonstrations of visiting teaching which were given at the Annual General Relief Society Conference in 1960. The demonstrations were presented by East Garland, Fielding, and Belmont Wards. The music was furnished by the Belmont Ward Singing Mothers and a special women's trio. Red roses and small books were presented to the honored visiting teachers and homemade candy was served to all in attendance. For the first six months of this year (1961) the Bear River Stake has

achieved a one hundred per cent visiting teaching record."



## Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 35 – "Be Not Deceived" Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: Doctrine and Covenants, Section 50) For Tuesday, December 5, 1961

Objective: To learn that there are ways to detect false spirit manifestations.

THE text for this lesson, Section 50, is one of the many informative and interesting revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants. It is different from many of the Sections because of the relationship of its various ideas to the central thememen and women may know how to detect evil powers.

Although this revelation was given because of a condition which arose in some branches of the Church during Joseph Smith's time, it is as applicable today as then. (Read verse one.)

As pointed out by the Lord, the instructions in this revelation are "words of wisdom." From what source is one to seek the counsel of the Lord? In another revelation, we are instructed to "teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom..." (D & C 88:118). These are the books of scripture which contain the truths that guide one to salvation. Is it not the admonition of the Lord that we should live by

every word that proceedeth forth from his mouth? (*Ibid.*, 84:44).

As indicated in verse two of our text, there are "many spirits which are false spirits, which have gone forth in the earth, deceiving the world."

## Historical Background

What would be the reason for a revelation which, in the introduction, points out that there are many spirits in the world seeking to de-The elders of the Church ceive? for whom this revelation was given, were also reminded that "... Satan hath sought to deceive you, that he might overthrow you." In what way did the Adversary attempt to deceive? The Lord says, "Behold, I, the Lord, have looked upon you, and have seen abominations in the church that profess my name" (D & C 50:3-4). Here is what Elder Parley P. Pratt, one of those addressed in this revelation, said concerning this condition in some branches of the Church near Kirtland, Ohio:

As I went forth among the different branches, some very strange spiritual operations were manifested, which were disgusting, rather than edifying. Some persons would seem to swoon away, and make unseemly gestures, and be drawn or disfigured in their countenances. Others would fall into ecstacies, and be drawn into contortions, cramp, fits, etc. Others would seem to have visions and revelations, which were not edifying, and which were not congenial to the doctrine and spirit of the gospel. In short, a false and lying spirit seemed to be creeping into the Church.

All these things were new and strange to me, and had originated in the Church during our absence, and previous to the arrival of President Joseph Smith from New York (Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt, page 61, 1950 edition).

## Joseph Smith and Revelations

With Elder John Murdock and several other elders, Brother Pratt asked the Prophet to inquire of the Lord concerning these manifestations. In relating what happened when this revelation (Section 50) was received by the Prophet, there is available to us an account of the way in which Joseph Smith received some of the revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants. Following prayer, the Prophet dictated this revelation in the presence of these elders in this way:

(Each sentence was uttered slowly and very distinctly, and with a pause between each, sufficiently long for it to be recorded, by an ordinary writer, in long hand.

This was the manner in which all his written revelations were dictated and written. There was never any hesitation, reviewing, or reading back, in order to keep the run of the subject; neither did any of these communications undergo revisions, interlinings, or corrections. As he dictated them so they stood, so far as I have witnessed; and I was present to witness the dictation of several communications of

several pages each. . . .) (Ibid., page 62).

In commenting upon the above testimony, Elder B. H. Roberts writes as follows:

. . . This statement of Elder Pratt's is true in a general way, and valuable as a description of the manner in which revelations were dictated by the Prophet; and needs modifying only to the extent of saying that some of the early revelations first published in the "Book of Commandments," in 1833, were revised by the Prophet himself in the way of correcting errors made by the scribes and publishers; and some additional clauses were inserted to throw increased light upon the subjects treated in the revelations, and paragraphs added, to make the principles or instructions apply to officers not in the Church at the time some of the earlier revelations were given . . . (D.H.C. I:173. footnote).

#### Satan's Attacks

In all dispensations of the gospel, Satan has attempted to thwart the purposes of the Lord for man. He has spread false teachings, overcome many by spurious gifts to stimulate the genuine, and thus has weakened faith in truth and shipwrecked many souls by his deceptions. In the period of the meridian dispensation, Satan's efforts were successful in bringing about a general apostasy of the Church. His efforts to do this in the fulness of times will not succeed according to the word of the Lord (see Daniel 2; D & C 65:2); but there have been and there probably will be many who will succumb to his attacks.

In order to insure the continuance of the kingdom of God in this last dispensation, the saints have been informed through revelation to the Prophet that there are ways to detect the deceiver. Key Against Deception

To the elders addressed in this revelation (Section 50), and for any who are seeking for a standard against deception, the Lord made known an important truth:

And that which doth not edify is not of God, and is darkness. That which is of God is light; and he that receiveth light, and continueth in God, receiveth more light; and that light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day (D & C 50:23-24).

To edify means to improve morally and spiritually. Advancement upward is the planned purpose of God for his spirit children. Through the various stages of man's eternal journey, it is the Father's plan to develop his children. In terms of the salvation of his children, the Father's work is to bring about their exaltation. But there is only one way in which this can be accomplished. It is that man will accept Jesus Christ as his Savior. No other way is possible. Therefore, those principles, teachings, and works which do not conform to the Master's gospel will not accomplish the exaltation of man. It is he who endures to the end that will be saved. Nephi understood by revelation that all salvation revolves around the Christ. (See 2 Nephi 31:14, 16, 20, 21.)

Having a true understanding of the gospel of Jesus Christ, man knows that the path to exaltation or eternal life is observance of the commandments of God. Whenever the scriptures speak of salvation in the kingdom of God, they emphasize the necessity of following the example of Jesus. If the instructions received do not make a person better in terms of his attainment of salvation, then they are not from God. When one understands his own position in the eternal plan of the Father as a child of God, he then is capable of receiving more light and truth through strict obedience to the principles of progression. Again, all ideas, theories, commandments which are not in accordance with the teachings of Christ do not give the edification necessary to achieve the eternal life.

Jesus Christ is the light, the truth, which is to be held up before the world. It is his atonement, his works, his example, that will make possible the greatest blessing to man - eternal life. Jesus, as the resurrected Son of God, said to the Nephites: "Therefore, hold up your light that it may shine unto the world. Behold I am the light which ye shall hold up — that which ye have seen me do. Behold ye see that I have prayed unto the Father, and ye all have witnessed" (3 Nephi 18:24). "... Behold I am the light; I have set an example for you" (Ibid., 18:16).

We follow the Savior's example when we live the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is declared to be light. (See D & C 45:28-29; 14:9-10.) Men and women are truly edified when they follow the truth — the gospel of Jesus Christ. The beginning of this progression to the fulness of truth comes with the remission of sins through repentance and the atonement of Jesus. The continued blessings of forgiveness result by keeping the commandments. (See Mosiah 4:26-27.)

LESSON DEPARTMENT 625

#### Blessed Are the Faithful

Only to the faithful who endure to the end seeking for perfection will the greatest blessings come. (See D & C 14:7.) "But blessed are they who are faithful and endure, whether in life or in death, for they shall inherit eternal life" (Ibid., 50:5). The fight against the Adversary must continue unabated by striving to overcome all of the barriers to one's salvation.

#### Wo Unto the Deceivers

The condition which existed in some branches of the Church around Kirtland resulted, in part, because of the actions of some of the members.

. . . there are hypocrites among you, who have deceived some, which has given the adversary power; but behold such shall be reclaimed (*Ibid.*, 50:7).

Who is the hypocrite? He is a pretender — one who feigns right-eousness, goodness, and virtue, but his profession is not demonstrated in living the gospel. This class is particularly susceptible to being overcome by the world. Those who have been deceived by the hypocrite, however, "shall be reclaimed."

But the hypocrites shall be detected and shall be cut off, either in life or in death, even as I will . . . (*Ibid.*, 50:8).

Those who seek to deceive, and remain unrepentant, will be revealed. They will leave the truth, and darkness will ensue. If detected in this life, they are subject to being cut off from the Church. But if they are not known in this life, by their actions they have cut them-

selves off from the Spirit of the Lord.

... and wo unto them who are cut off from my church, for the same are overcome of the world (*Ibid.*, 50:8).

Who is it that remains faithful? Those who walk in the light, treasuring up the Lord's word. It is those who will not be deceived. (See Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 1:35.) But when men and women follow the counsel of those who are not the legal administrators in the kingdom, and who do not walk in the light of the revelations of the Lord, they are overcome of the world. (See D & C 50:6-9.)

## The Spirit of Christ

Every man receives the light of Christ or Holy Spirit by which he may be led into truth. He receives of that Spirit in order that he may distinguish between good and evil. Mormon, the Nephite prophet, declared, "For behold, the Spirit of Christ is given to every man, that he may know good from evil . . ." (Moroni 7:16).

#### The Lord Reasons

After recognizing the source of deception in branches of the Church, the revelation continues to admonish the elders in their responsibilities as teachers of the gospel. In order that they might understand their calling and true position, the Lord posed a series of questions to these elders. (See D & C 50:10-12.) The lessons to be learned are sometimes put in question form because this method of teaching carries its own point without the necessity of further explanation. Here is the

first question: "unto what were ye ordained?" The answer sets forth the calling of these elders: "To preach my gospel by the Spirit, even the Comforter which was sent forth to teach the truth" (verse 14). But what happened to these elders? They received "spirits which ye [they] could not understand, and received them to be of God. . . . " But the Lord asks, "in this are ye justified?" Is this question answered in the "Behold ve shall anrevelation? swer this question yourselves; nevertheless, I will be merciful unto you; he that is weak among you hereafter shall be made strong" (verse 16).

Although reprimanding these elders for their inability to understand the real source of these false manifestations, they were to be made strong by the key given them in this revelation. It is: "And that which doth not edify is not of God, and is darkness" (verse 23). In verses 17 through 21, the elders are instructed by questions and answers that they may know the important truth that it is by the Spirit of truth one may know the things of God. Therefore, in the words of the revelation: "... he that preacheth and he that receiveth, understand one another, and both are edified and rejoice together" (verse 22). Understanding one another depends upon the receptivity of the Holy Ghost by both speaker and hearer. principle was expressed by Nephi in his parting testimony to us of this generation. (See 2 Nephi 33:1-2.)

## "Ask . . . and It Shall Be Done"

He who serves as a preacher of truth, being ordained of God and sent forth, is to be respected in his

calling as he becomes the servant of all. (See Mt. 20:26-28.) He is, by his faith, the possessor of all things, for all things are subject to him as the Father through his Son Iesus Christ wills it be done. But no one may exercise such powers except as "he be purified and cleansed from all sin." Then, "ye shall ask whatsoever you will in the name of Jesus and it shall be done." As it was among the Nephites (see Jacob 4:6-7), so it is in this dispensation: But know this, it shall be given you what you shall ask; as ye are appointed to the head, the spirits shall be subject unto you." (See D & C 50:25-30.)

## A Second Key Against Deception

If he who has been ordained and cleansed from sin sees a spirit manifest which is not understood by him, sincere prayer should be offered to obtain knowledge concerning that spirit. (See D & C 50:31-32.) But in what way would one proclaim against such a spirit? Certainly not in pride and boasting, or in taking unto oneself the honor, but in gratitude to God for the blessing of discernment (*Ibid.* 50:33-34).

The necessity for prayer by those who seek further enlightenment from our Father is well expressed by the Prophet Nephi. (See 2 Nephi 32:4, 8, 9.)

Summary

What did this revelation do for the Church and its members at this early period (1831)? It gave to the elders a lesson in their responsibilities as servants of the Lord. It prevented the Church from being divided into factions in following false LESSON DEPARTMENT 627

spirits. By detecting evil influences through keys given by the Lord, the members had a means of being protected from false manifestations.

## Present Application

What does this revelation mean to this generation, over 130 years later?

President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve has given us counsel in some of the matters contained in this revelation, as follows:

The nearer we approach God, the better we endeavor to keep His commandments, the more we will search to know His will as it has been revealed, the less likely it will be for us to be led astray by every wind of doctrine, by these false spirits that lie in wait to deceive, and by the spirits of men. . . . We will be protected, and we will have the power to understand, to segregate truth from error, we will walk in the light and we will not be deceived. . . . I want to tell you there is much error in this world that is passed off as truth, and it behooves every man of us to seek God, and . . . [to] draw near unto Him, and the nearer we draw unto Him, and the more we seek to do His will the more light we shall receive and the less shall be the danger of our deception (Conference Report, April 1940, pp. 98-99).

But what of those who do not follow the counsel to draw near to the Lord?

Now the man who is dilatory, the man who is unfaithful, the man who is not willing to keep the commandments of the Lord in all things lays himself open to deception because the Spirit of the Lord is not with him to lead and direct him and show him the way of truth and righteousness, and therefore some error comes along and he absorbs it because he cannot understand and realize the difference between truth and error (*Ibid*, page 99).

#### Instructions to Certain Elders

The last ten verses of Section 50 consist of instructions (counsel) to Joseph Wakefield, Parley P. Pratt, John Corrill, and Edward Partridge. The first three brethren are assigned to labor in the Lord's vineyard, while Brother Partridge is told that he should not restrain Brother Corrill from his appointed calling. (See verses 37-39.) Important truths were made known to these brethren in verses 40-42.

All of us are to live by faith in this life, being submissive to the Lord's will, as little children. We may increase in faith and knowledge and thereby be able to grow in the light of truth until that "light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day" (verse 24).

## The Prophet Joseph Smith said:

... Faith comes by hearing the word of God. If a man has not faith enough to do one thing, he may have faith to do another: if he cannot remove a mountain, he may heal the sick. Where faith is there will be some of the fruits: all gifts and power which were sent from heaven, were poured out on the heads of those who had faith (D.H.C. V:355).

#### The Guarantee

The revelation closes with the promises of the Father to all those who remain faithful.

And the Father and I are one. I am in the Father and the Father in me; and inasmuch as ye have received me, ye are in me and I in you. Wherefore, I am in your midst, and I am the good shepherd, and the stone of Israel. He that buildeth upon this rock shall never fall. And the day cometh that you shall hear my voice and see me, and know that I am. Watch, therefore, that ye may be ready. Even so. Amen (D & C 50:43-46).

## Questions for Discussion

1. In terms of individual salvation, what is the most important thing for a person to do in life?

2. Who is a hypocrite, and what will

happen to him?

3. What assistance is given to every man that he may be able to judge righteously?

4. In what way does The Book of Mormon (2 Nephi 33:1-2) assist one to under-

stand that it is by the Holy Spirit that truth is known? (See D & C 52:17-23.)

5. What is the second key against deception?

6. Give the value of this revelation (Section 50) for the members of the Church in 1831 and in 1961.

7. What counsel does President Joseph Fielding Smith give for the way to help keep us from being deceived?

## Visiting Jeacher Messages—

## Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 35 — "Remember in All Things the Poor and the Needy, the Sick and the Afflicted" (D & C 52:40).

#### Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, December 5, 1961

Objective: To describe the nature of genuine charity.

OUR great Relief Society organization was founded on the divine concept of charity. At the second meeting of Relief Society, the Prophet Joseph Smith said that the "object [of the society] is the relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan . . . [the sisters] will pour in oil . . . to the wounded heart of the distressed; they will dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice" (D.H.C. IV:567).

It was on the basis of this instruction that Relief Society adopted as its slogan "Charity Never Faileth."

The organization itself is living up to its instruction and heritage, but are we as individuals known for our "acts of benevolence and kindness"? Does this message, as contained in The Doctrine and Covenants 52:40, apply to us?

Genuine charity of the type the Lord expects of us, must be completely unselfish. We must give of ourselves and of our substance in love, with no thought of worldly recompense. The good we do must be done for the love of doing it, with only the welfare of others in mind. Jesus gave us the pattern for true charity when he said "... when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee ... let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" (Mt. 6:2-3).

One of the beautiful stories in literature which dramatizes the nature of sincere charity, is that told by Henry Van Dyke in "The Mansion." This is the story of John Weightman who, according to his own definition, was a "self-made" man of high principles who patterned his life according to approved rules. He gave generously of his wealth to those in need, always making sure that his gifts were easily identified and would bring him the best in return. One Christmas Eve, as he read the scripture "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth,' he drifted into sleep. Soon he found himself in a strange land. Here he was with a small group of people seeking their homes in this celestial The material for these mansions consisted of all the good deeds done while the individuals were upon the earth, the comfort they brought, the strength and love they had bestowed upon the suffering. Each mansion differed in size and shape according to the amount of material sent. Finally, the group came to a tiny hut, built of scraps and discarded fragments of other buildings. When John Weightman was told this was his mansion, he asked how it could be that such a pitifully small house had been built for him, when all his life he had done good. To which the wise gatekeeper replied that all of those good deeds were carefully recorded on earth where they would add to the

man's credit. He had received his reward on earth. Then the gate-keeper asked, "Would you be paid twice?"

Certainly, to perform our charity with no thought of reward or approbation here is the key to genuine and effective giving. None of us should expect to be rewarded twice.

Moreover, we are mistaken if we assume that only those who have substantial possessions can be charitable, for we can give genuinely of ourselves, regardless of the size or nature of our gifts. The important thing is our attitude. We can supply much with our hearts of what we lack in our hands.

At this Christmastime and throughout our lives, let us practice genuine charity by letting unselfishness, "kindness, charity and love" crown our works.

## Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

## Discussion 3 — Being a Good Neighbor

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, December 12, 1961

Objective: To show that we serve our Father in Heaven better and are happier, if we obey the commandment "... whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them ..." (Mt. 7:12).

As we move beyond the home circle, close associates are our neighbors. The value of politeness to them cannot be overestimated, for this is the pattern for peace.

Can we expect world peace when we cannot maintain it in our own small world? As a strong body of spiritual women, we Relief Society sisters should live peaceably with those around us. We should be exemplary in all of our dealings with our neighbors for the sake of our

own happiness, their enjoyment of associating with us, and for missionary possibilities. We will then be attempting to obey the great commandment of loving our neighbors as ourselves. We should strive for thoughtful treatment of others, teamed with self-discipline, rather than keeping the rules for rules' sake.

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

---Anon.

With this little verse as our guide,

we will consider areas where kindness might be put into use in our own neighborly relations. Is it kind to let misunderstandings run on from day to day, week to week, and year after year? Is it thoughtful to allow personal pride to stand in the way of seeking forgiveness? Whom does delayed forgiveness injure most? Do we care less for each other than we do for the dubious honor of being right? If we are right, then we can afford to be humbly right. If we are wrong, humility and love can make things right.

Is it either Christian or polite to go into our neighbor's home to help in time of sickness and then criticize her housekeeping behind her back? Is it Christian or polite to ignore the newcomer at church, to neglect to say a word of appreciation to the teacher, the chairman of the banquet, the speaker of the meeting, when opportunity arises? Is it exemplary of our Heavenly Father's teachings to criticize efforts of others, or to refuse to participate further in a program or activity when something isn't done our way?

Things to Avoid

1. Criticizing or belittling in any way a neighbor's beliefs (political or religious), her methods of cleaning, gardening, rearing her family, managing her money.

2. Giving advice on personal matters. Listen, sympathize, console, and, perhaps, suggest, but very cautiously, even when asked to do so.

3. Borrowing. When necessary to do so, be quick to return the article borrowed.

4. Walking in without being invited, no matter how friendly you may be.

5. Gossiping, even though there may be proof of the circumstance.

6. Breaking a confidence.

7. Allowing our pets to run in our

neighbors' yards.

8. Prying. If neighbors want us to know their financial or personal business, they will tell us voluntarily.

9. Inflicting our problems on our neigh-

10. Doing anything unusual which would prove disturbing or unpleasant, such as building a trash fire when there are clothes drying on a line in the neighborhood; cutting the lawn with a noisy lawn mower in the early morning; entertaining outside until inconsiderately late at night; permitting trash to blow onto the neighbors' property or otherwise become offensive to them; allowing our sprinklers to spray into cars, or house windows, or onto drying clothes.

#### Marks of a Good Neighbor

A good neighbor is extremely anxious to:

1. Visit a newcomer in the neighborhood. A friendly greeting of welcome and an invitation to allow us to help as needed with shopping facilities, etc., and an invitation to attend Relief Society with us are thoughtful actions.

2. Show loyalty to a neighbor. Support her in her efforts when it is possible. Offer assistance with baby tending, to watch the house and grounds during vacations, etc.

3. Instruct one's children to respect

other people's yards and property.
4. Forgive and forget. Be willing to rectify errors, to show warmth and love increasingly, following difficulty or tension between you.

In the words of Abraham Lincoln, let us strive to improve our relationships with our neighbors: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." Let us harbor no grudges or resentments, plant no ill seed, spread no unhappiness, pray for our neighbor's welfare and understanding, and also for strength and wisdom to do unto others as we would be done by.

## Questions for Discussion

- 1. How did Christ define a good neighbor?
- 2. What are positive ways of being a good neighbor?

3. In what ways can we go the extra mile to be better than just a "good neighbor," but a very special, lovable one?

## Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

#### Lesson 27 - Whittier, Lover of New England

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: America's Literature, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 400-413)

For Tuesday, December 19, 1961

Objective: To study and appreciate Whittier's strong feelings toward place and time as revealed in his writings.

ALTHOUGH Whittier freely gave more than thirty years of his maturity to defending his moral and political principles, throughout his entire life he was actively engaged in sharing in print his sustaining love for the way of life symbolized by his home State of Massachusetts. This place, to which he was so completely tied, was representative of the three other loves of his life: his family, his country, and his religion. The three homes which he knew — Haverhill, Amesbury, Oak Knoll - were never merely soil, wood, grass, and stone; rather than location they became emotion. It was this deep emotional attachment which gave to all his writings his characteristic stamp of simplicity, sincerity, and radiating optimism, giving unity to his works as to his life. And it was this same attachment for place and all it symbolized which predominated his last thirty years of popularity and success. Yet this strong sense of place had been a strong drive in his writings from his earliest published writings on.

While still in his twenties, Whittier wrote to a friend:

I would have fame with me now, or not at all. I would not choose between a nettle or a rose to grow over my grave.

If I am worthy of fame, I would ask it now, — now in the springtime of my years; when I might share its smile with the friends whom I love, and by whom I am loved in return. But who would ask a niche in that temple where the dead alone are crowned?

His first attempt to achieve fame was through writing of rural New England as he knew it and as it had been. Despite his aching head and painful chest, he wrote with a tremendous energy, producing almost one-third of his total number of poems before he was twenty-five, and producing over forty volumes of verse and prose in his lifetime. Many of his early tales were concerned with Indian massacres, battles, and heroes. In October 1830, when he was twenty-three, he published a poem, "New England," in which he sang of her moral and physical beauty, pledged himself to celebrate New England in all his writings, and promised to dedicate whatever fame he achieved to her glory.

The following year his first book appeared, Legends of New England, significant because it was one of the first books to look back with fond remembrance to events and patterns of the immediately local scene, in contrast to Irving's fantasies and Cooper's romantic adventures.

Although Whittier wrote much,



A Perry Picture

#### WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

was appreciated and widely read, he was aware of his poetic limitations, especially when he compared himself to the great Puritan poet, John Milton whom he so much admired. Yet, like Milton, he too fought with zeal against tyranny and in behalf of human freedom. In the Proem [Introduction] to his collected poems of 1847, he expresses this thought:

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope
to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were
my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong Nor mighty Milton's gift divine, Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song, Still with a love as deep and strong As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

He wrote poems praising the beauties of nature and relating them to Indian legends of the past; he described the French and the English in brutal warfare, honored those who first settled Nantucket, and censured those who persecuted the staunch Quakers, who were the zealous dissenting minority in New England from the mid-seventeenth century on.

## Margaret Smith's Journal

In 1833 Whittier had given up poetry for the cause of the abolitionists, yet he kept alive his interest in New England and her past, as exemplified in Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal, a book published in 1849. This long account was supposedly written by a girl who came to Massachusetts in 1687 for one year and kept an account of her visit. Smoothly written, the book re-creates the Puritan past in terms

of Whittier's own love of nature and Ouakerism. More significantly, it predicts the interest in local place and event in which Whittier later excelled, and which in turn, pointed the way for the Local Color writers of the 1880's and 1890's. The Journal tells of dangerous Quaker enthusiasts being whipped for breaking into Puritan meetings to cry them all to repentance; of selling Indians to slave ships, and of appeasing local chiefs by giving them whiskey; of unexplained knockings and benches floating about the room, and of midnight voices summoning seamen to come ashore and dance about a fire which next morning could never have existed. An excerpt dated September 30, 1678, expresses Whittier's lyric love of nature's beauty, which he found lamentably lacking in the Puritan past.

But I must needs speak of the color of the woods, which did greatly amaze me, as unlike anything I had ever seen in old England. As far as mine eyes could look, the mighty wilderness, under the bright westerly sun, and stirred by a gentle wind, did seem like a garden in its season of flowering; green, dark and light, orange, pale yellow and crimson leaves, mingling and interweaving their various hues, in a manner truly wonderful to behold. . . . These colors did remind me of the stains of the windows of old churches, and of rich tapestry. . . . I gazed until my eyes grew weary, and a sense of the wonderful beauty of the visible creation, and of God's great goodness to the children of men therein, did rest upon me, and I said in mine heart, with one of old: "O Lord! how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all, and the earth is full of riches" (Complete Works of John Greenleaf Whittier, published by Houghton - Mifflin 1892, Vol. I, pp. 61-62).

That Whittier was constantly aware of the contemporary scene,

and eager to keep his pen trimmed and active, is to be found in his account of a Mormon meeting which he casually wandered into in 1847. Favorably impressed, as the following excerpts show, he was at the same time aware of the fervor and dedication exhibited.

Another speaker, a stout black-browed "son of thunder" gave an interesting account of his experiences. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had "but three cents in his pocket" when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and hunger: alone in a strange land; with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down and I prayed in earnest faith, 'Lord, give me this day my daily bread.' Oh, I tell ye, I prayed with a good appetite; and I rose up, and was moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came I said to him, 'I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, from America. I am starving will you give me some food?' 'Why, bless you, yes,' said the man, 'sit down and eat as much as you please.' And I did sit down at his table, blessed by God: but, my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness."

In listening to these modern prophets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling; they minister to a universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the gospel in the apostolic time with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for the signs of divine power; the faith, overcoming all things, which opened the prison doors of the apostles, gave them power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of the living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scripture that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first confessor of

Christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of divine power (Living Age, 1847, Vol. 15, pp. 461-462).

#### The Classic Whittier

Those poems of Whittier's which are best known portray those values which in Whittier's own life were best loved: heroism of ordinary people, unselfish charity toward the weak and oppressed, peace in nature as in the home, and the constant awareness of God's goodness and "Skipper Ireimmediate presence. son's Ride" catches in its rhythms the rude vigor of outraged wives needlessly robbed of their loved ones; yet on the instant they can pity the object of their scorn. (See text, page 403.)

Yet nearer Whittier's heart, and countless numbers of his readers' is his "Barefoot Boy," a lightsome hymn of praise to the sweet peace of innocence in nature:

Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan! With thy turned-up pantaloons, And thy merry whistled tunes. With thy red lip, redder still Kissed by strawberries on the hill; With the sunshine on thy face, Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace From my heart I give thee joy,— I was once a barefoot boy! . . . Let the million-dollared ride! Barefoot, trudging at his side, Thou hast more than he can buy In the reach of ear and eve.-Outward sunshine, inward joy: Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

#### Snow-Bound

The best poem Whittier ever wrote was acknowledged as such by the great popular acclaim which it

received upon publication, in 1866. Written in midsummer, it gave solace to a war-torn, bereaved nation. Within its lines Whittier achieves near-perfection as he recalls a beautiful, tender home life all the more poignant to Whittier since the recent death of his sister Elizabeth. his lifelong companion and disciple. For readers of his own day "Snow-Bound" evidently filled a universal need by offering itself as sanctuary against newly emerging currents of conflict and tension more severe than they had heretofore been called upon to endure; for succeeding generations, it has caught within its cameo-precise, yet starkly simple scenes, the essential spirit of Whittier which otherwise is available to us only in the portrait and personality of Whittier himself. Were a compilation of the great nature classics of American literature to be made, "Snow-Bound" would take its rightful place next to "Walden" by Thoreau, "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain, and "Birches," by Robert Frost. "Snow-Bound" gives continuity and personal depth to that great emotion of inness and security found briefly in Dickens' "Christmas Carol." The poem as given below should be read in groups, and aloud.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,

That checked, mid-vein, the circling race Of life-blood in the sharpened face, The coming of the snow-storm told. The wind blew east; we heard the roar Of ocean on his wintry shore. And felt the strong pulse throbbing there Beat with low rhythm our inland air. . . . .

Shut in from all the world without, We sat the clean-winged hearth about, Content to let the north-wind roar In baffled rage at pane and door, While the red logs before us beat The frost-line back with tropic heat; And ever, when a louder blast Shook beam and rafter as it passed, The merrier up its roaring draught The great throat of the chimney laughed, The house-dog on his paws outspread Laid to the fire his drowsy head, The cat's dark silhouette on the wall A couchant tiger's seemed to fall; And, for the winter fireside meet, Between the andirons' straddling feet, The mug of cider simmered slow, The apples sputtered in a row, And, close at hand, the basket stood With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still. . . .

Next morn we wakened with the shout Of merry voices high and clear; And saw the teamsters drawing near To break the drifted highways out. Down the long hillside treading slow We saw the half-buried oxen go, Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,
rolled,

Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between

Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed. From every barn a team afoot, At every house a new recruit, Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law, Haply the watchful young men saw Sweet doorway pictures of the curls And curious eyes of merry girls, Lifting their hands in mock defence Against the snow-ball's compliments, And reading in each missive tost The charm with Eden never lost. . . .

And dear and early friends — the few Who yet remain — shall pause to view These Flemish pictures of old days; Sit with me by the homestead hearth, And stretch the hands of memory forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze And thanks untraced to lips unknown Shall greet me like the odors blown From unseen meadows newly mown, Or lilies floating in some pond, Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond; The traveller owns the grateful sense Of sweetness near, he knows not whence, And, pausing, takes with forehead bare The benediction of the air.

## Thoughts for Discussion

- 1. Do you feel Whittier's sense of place is a local New England feeling or a universal one?
- 2. How, in your opinion, did Whittier achieve integrity between his personal life and beliefs and his poetry?

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## SOCIAL SCIENCE The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

## Wind-Lightened Bough

Mabel Law Atkinson

Spring, and the slumbrous I was stirred— The tree in full-bloom flower Spiralling, dancing petals down, Awoke the fruit-bud hour.

Summer, fulfilling, sang in me— Heavily laden, the bough— Ripened, mature for giving, was I. (What of the fruitage now?)

Muted my song in the wind's wild shrill — Lightened the bough and tossed: Only one withering apple clings — Storm-maimed, I wait the frost.

Mendicant-forlorn, the tree — Poignantly sweet my sorrow, If in the ripened wind-reaped fruit Is seed for tomorrow.

## Nocturne

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

You, with the midnight grin, Mommy's not coming in. Sleep, darling, sleep!

You, in your boudoir pink—Gabby as a bobolink, Mommy has brought you a drink, Sleep, darling, sleep!

Pillow your tousled head Down near your rumpled spread— New words will keep! Mommy has gone to bed. Sleep, darling . . . sleep.

## Weed Seeds

Celia Luce

EACH year I work to keep the weeds out of my garden, but each year they come up again to plague me.

It seems hard to tell where all the weed seeds come from. I like to blame someone else for them. I like to think they floated down the irrigation ditch or were blown in from a vacant lot.

If I am honest with myself, I must admit that most of the seeds came from weeds grown in my garden. A few dandelion and wild lettuce seeds do ride into my garden on the wind. A few seeds float down the irrigation ditch. But, if I look in the far corners of my garden, I find plenty of weeds growing seeds.

I also like to think that I am not responsible for my troubles. I just have bad luck. Someone else is responsible. But, if I am honest, I must take most of the responsibility. Perhaps I am ill because I didn't follow the rules of health. The ill will I get from others may be the result of my own thoughtlessness or carelessness. I may lack friends because I am too lazy to make friends.

Perhaps I am just making little troubles into big ones.

If I follow carefully the plan for life laid out by God, I will find that many of my troubles could be avoided. And I will find the help needed to bear the others and grow through them.

## On the Stair

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Had I looked for beauty, I had not found it there, Elusive as the shadow On the narrow stair:

But I looked for love, And beauty met me where The turning framed your eagerness, The sun lit up your hair. in fingertip total
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## The One-Room Schoolhouse

Alice R. Rich

IN quiet confidence one-room school house, you have stood as a symbol of faith and loyalty since first your doors were opened for classwork. Your length of days has spanned the time since dauntless pioneers pushed back the wilderness and brought the waste places into needed productiveness. Within your four plain walls, sweet dreams have flowered and boys and girls have grown tall and fair, fired with ambition and desire to move ahead and add their strength and uplift to the onward march of progress, at home and far beyond the narrow boundaries of the little town.

Today, you are a far cry from the modern school in architecture, lighting, heat, and in general efficiency, but what you lacked in these you make up in a closeness of purpose and a sincere desire to help.

As I recall the days when I warmed myself at the old black stove, sat at the high wooden desks, wrote on my slate and memorized the multiplication tables, a feeling of gratitude comes to me and enfolds me like a warming shawl; again I feel the security and love that was mine in your friendly atmosphere.

Today, although your doors are closed and the village children are transported to larger centers of learning, neither time nor change can dim nor alter the warmth, the trust, and neighborliness that holds my roots so deeply planted there. Tender and enduring are my memories of you, dear, outmoded, one-room country school.

## Autumn

Vesta N. Fairbairn

Winding
River canyons
Where birch and aspen grow
Become gold ribbons to gift tie
The earth.

## Youth Was a Shield

Christie Lund Coles

Our youth was a shield of joy
That covered
Us from our elders' doubt and fear;
We walked in a magic world
Discovered
By children long ago
And most everywhere.

We ran by the sandy creek bed And tasted Summer pearmaine apples, sweet-sharp Against the deliberate tongue. We wasted And plundered time, yet our days Were strung like a harp.

A strange enchantment touched our days, And will for children, here, always.



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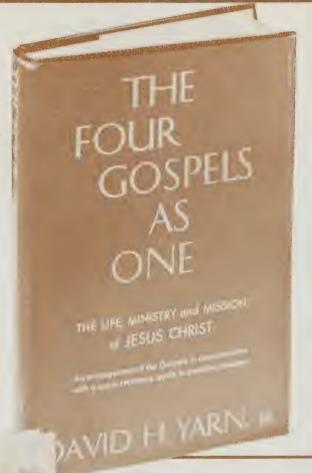
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## Adagio

#### Dorothy J. Roberts

We walk the golden islands of the leaves
Where summer gives its glory to the frost,
Stirring the spicy scent with lingering step
Until the last gold continent is crossed.

The sea of grass between is flecked with gold, The wind-strewn memory of another year. Beneath the mountains tipped with amethyst, Peace hovers, dove-like, in the atmosphere.

This hush of autumn calms the racing pulse;
These lifted hills refute the hurricane,
As ankle-deep we share the given gold
Which decks the sea of grass and lines the lane.

The Cover: Autumn in American Fork Canyon, Utah

Photograph by Hal Rumel

Frontispiece: San Juan Mountains, Colorado

Photograph by Don Knight

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

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## From Near and Far

I have been receiving The Relief Society Magazine over the last twelve months and have enjoyed each copy very much. Having only joined the Church in September 1060, I was thrilled to find that all the magazines of the Church provide adequate covering on many subjects - theology, social work, home, recreation, general interest, culture — as well as wide geographical interest of events in and out of the Church. Being a nurse, my time is very limited for attending meetings, but with the help of our Relief Society Magazine I am kept in contact with the restored Church. I take my copy with me when I go on nursing duty, and being such a handy size, I can read it at odd moments during the night.

—Ann McCall

Melbourne, Australia

We love our Relief Society Magazine, and know it is one of the loveliest ties that bind our hearts in human love. A few years ago I had the Magazine sent to our local library, and the librarian tells me that there is a waiting list now of women who read our Magazine each month. I think this is a wonderful way to help nonmembers become acquainted with our Relief Society work and the Church program for womanhood.

—Flo Cole
Dewey, Oklahoma

We love our Magazine, and we have a slogan in Huntington Park Stake "read the Relief Society Magazine in every Latterday Saint home." We are trying diligently to make this a reality.

Laura R. Shimp
 President
 Huntington Park Stake
 Relief Society

I especially appreciate the writings of Frances Yost. She is from my hometown, and I have the deepest admiration for her, both as a person and as a writer.

—Jo Beth Bradley
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Receiving the Magazine each month and reading it is a pleasant experience. I have just read "Reminiscings" (by Camilla Eyring Kimball, July 1961). It was indeed a joyful experience, reliving old and awakened memories of my childhood. Playing on crusted snow was such fun, and, later in my life, going to a dance on a crisp winter night in a sleigh being drawn by two spirited horses with bells on. There will always be innocent and harmless fun and pleasures for all ages, if we but look for them.

—Minnie J. Williams
Pocatello, Idaho

The poem "My House," written by Vesta Ball Ward (June 1958) has hung, framed, in my kitchens (moving twice) since it was published in our wonderful Magazine. It has given me a much sweeter attitude toward housework. I can never repay Mrs. Ward for what these few lines have done for me and my family.

—Judith Jardine
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I compliment you on the very choice material in The Relief Society Magazine. The covers are so beautiful. The stories are sweet and clean, and the poetry is lovely. The lesson material is current and inspiring and such a help to us in these times. The old saying "Good things come in small packages" is certainly true — The Relief Society Magazine is indeed a gem.

—Edna C. Knight Cedar City, Utah

I read The Relief Society Magazine from cover to cover, many times with tears running down my cheeks, for the beautiful thoughts and divine inspiration I find therein. Being a young mother of five precious daughters and the devoted and grateful wife of the second counselor in our bishopric, I know I can always find peace and rest in the priceless pages of the Magazine.

—Lorna Stokes

Tremonton, Utah

## THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication	of the Relief Society of ' RELIEF SOCIETY	The Church of ]	esus Christ	t of Latter-day Sc	ints
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VOL. 48	ОСТО	BER 1961		NO.	10
The Last Days of Pre Songs for Singing Ma	SPECIAL sident Brigham Youngthers	ntents FEATURES	Florence	Preston Nibley Jepperson Madsen	644 660
Commencement for M Aunt Mattie's Retirem	iss Rowseent List	TION	Kl-	Mabel Harmer	651 663
From Near and Far	GENERAL				642
Sixty Years Ago Woman's Sphere Editorial: On Obedience Notes to the Field: Talking Rook Records of Relief			Ro M	amona W. Cannon arianne C. Sharp	656 657 658
pirinaay Congratulat	ns Available for the Sight: Relief Society Activities ions			Hulda Parker	659 679 712
Lunches That Lure Y	our Child to Eat		Hazel	Sowards Cannon	665 669
Marguerite Wallace Petersen — Portrait Artist			******************	Shirley Thulin	670

## Today Pauline Marie Bell 678 Sunshine Is Where You Find It Cleo Jones Johnson 710

LESSONS FOR JANUARY Theology — Teach What "the Apostles and Prophets Have Written" Visiting Teacher Messages — "One Man Shall Not Build Upon Another's
Foundation" — Christine H. Robinson 693
Work Meeting — Courtesy in Church — Elaine Anderson Cannon 694
Literature — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's Poet — Briant S. Jacobs 697
Social Science — Motherhood, the Highest Type of Service — Ariel S. Ballif 703

Adagio — Frontispiece Dorothy J. Roberts 641

Adagio — Frontispiece Grace Barker Wilson 659

I Listen for Your Word Lael W. Hill 662

Valediction Evelyn H. Hughes 664

First Steps Donna Swain 668

Before the Party Maude Rubin 672

Faith Vesta N. Fairbairn 678

Hope Catherine B. Bowles 685

October Day Ramona R. Munford 709

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## The Last Days of President Brigham Young

PART I

Preston Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

Annual Conference of the Church, held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, on October 8, 1876, President Brigham Young announced that the next General Conference, due to convene on April 6, 1877, "would be held in the Temple at St. George" (J. H., October 8, 1876).

The St. George Temple was nearing completion, and the President planned to spend the winter there supervising the work. He, no doubt, felt that it would be stimulating to

the saints to see the new building and meet within its walls.

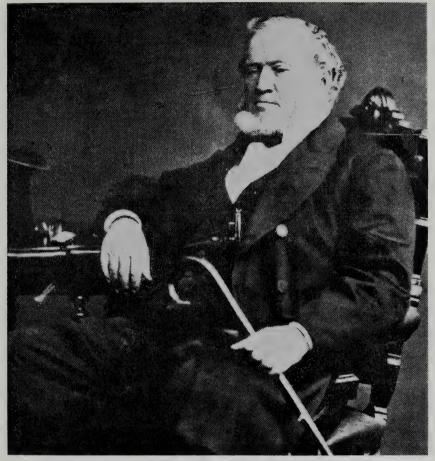
On November 1, 1877, President Young, accompanied by a number of Church officials, departed from Salt Lake City, by train, for York, in Juab County. At York, which was the end of the railroad line, they continued the journey with horses and carriages, for eight days, until they reached St. George on November 9th, a distance of approximately 340 miles southwest of Salt Lake.

On his arrival, the President moved into his new home — a home



Photograph Courtesy of the Church Historian's Office

THE LION HOUSE
As it appeared about the time of Brigham Young's death



Photograph by C. R. Savage

BRIGHAM YOUNG
Photograph taken on his seventy-fifth birthday

which stands to this day and is viewed by many tourists who travel through the southern country.

The work on the temple was progressing in a satisfactory manner. On January 1, 1877, the President called the saints together, and the lower part of the building was dedicated "for ordinance work." On that occasion he said:

I will say a few encouraging things to the Latter-day Saints. We that are here are enjoying a privilege, that we have no knowledge of any other people enjoying since the days of Adam — to have a Temple completed, wherein all the ordinances of the House of God can be bestowed upon His people. . . . All the angels in Heaven are looking at this little handful of people and stimulating them to the salvation of the human family (J. H., January 1, 1877).

By April 1, 1877, the "finishing work" in the temple had been so far completed that the great building was ready for dedication. Members of the Church began to arrive in St. George from all directions. My own dear father, Charles W. Nibley, then twenty-eight years of age, made his way from Logan City, in northern Utah, to St. George, to attend this dedicatory service. Many times I have discussed the events of that occasion with him.

Meetings were held for three days and at the opening session the President bore a powerful testimony to the Saints:



Photograph Courtesy of the Church Historian's Office

## THE ST. GEORGE TEMPLE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION 1876-1877

Site Dedicated November 9, 1871

Temple Dedicated April 6, 1877

I would like to say a great deal during this Conference, to the Latter-day Saints, but I shall be able to talk but little, and therefore when I do speak I wish you to listen, and this I believe you will do. . . .

listen, and this I believe you will do. . . . We have no business here other than to build up and establish the Zion of our God. . . .

This is the work of God, that marvelous work and a wonder, referred to by ancient men of God, who saw it in its incipiency, as a stone cut out of the mountain without hands, but which rolled and gathered strength and magnitude, until it filled the whole earth. We will continue to grow, to increase and spread abroad, and the powers of earth and hell combined cannot hinder it. All who are found opposing God and his people will be swept away, and their names forgotten in the earth. And as the Prophets Joseph and Hyrum were murdered, and as they massacred our

brethren and sisters in Missouri, so they would have served us years and years ago, if they had had the power to do so. But the Lord Almighty has said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," and hence we are spared to carry on his work. We are in His hands; the nations of the earth are in His hands; He rules in the midst of the armies of Heaven, and executes His pleasure on the earth; the hearts of all living are in his hands, and He turns them as the rivers of water are turned (J. H., April 6, 1877).

A<sup>T</sup> the concluding session, the President left his blessings with the people.

God bless you. I pray my Father in Heaven to bless my brethren, the Apostles, the High Priests, the Seventies, the Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons. I pray

God to bless you, my brethren and sisters, who have come here to give us sweet melody, and I feel to bless every one of the good and honest in heart, all over the earth, and pray that they may receive the truth in their hearts and be gathered with Israel. I ask my Heavenly Father to grant all that has been asked by my brethren in these meetings, and that he will let his spirit rest upon this house, that his angels may visit, and his spirit rest upon those who shall come into this house to labor for themselves or for their dead. . . . I feel to bless every one of you, and I do it by virtue of the authority which is in me, and in the name of Jesus Christ. (J. H., April 8, 1877).

He also referred to the condition of his health.

As to my health, I feel many times that I could not live an hour longer, but I mean to live just as long as I can. I know not how soon the messenger will call for me, but I calculate to die in the harness (J. H., April 6, 1877).

President Young was now nearing his seventy-sixth birthday, and he felt the weight of his years. But there were so many things that he wanted to do; he had to crowd them into the remaining months of his life. He told the brethren that on his return trip to Salt Lake City, he wanted to stop at Manti and dedicate a site for a temple there.

The President and party left St. George on April 16, 1877, and traveling leisurely, they reached Manti on the 24th. The next day they ascended the hill north and east of the city and dedicated the site for the Manti Temple. The President knelt upon the ground as he offered the prayer. Here is one paragraph, revealing his fervent words and the deep feelings of his heart.

We ask thee Holy Father to receive our thanks, and to accept of us at this time, that what we do and say may come up before the Lord as an acceptable offering.

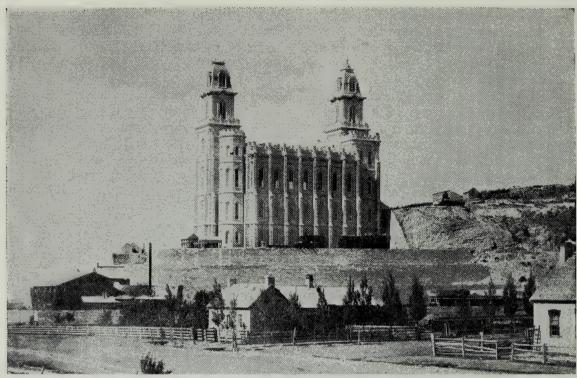
We dedicate to thee this ground on which we now are, which has been chosen for Temple purposes. We dedicate the mountain itself and the valley round about, to the name and service of the Lord. . . . We also dedicate unto thee the habitations of thy people, that they may be the sanctuaries of peace and happiness. But especially do we dedicate unto thee this ground, on the southeast corner of which we now kneel, for the purpose of building a Temple to thy most holy name, and we ask that it may be made holy, that the rock and the soil and every part and portion of it may be sanctified for this purpose (J. H., April 25, 1877).

The President did not propose to pay wages to anyone in the building of the Manti Temple. After the dedicatory prayer he explained this to the people who were present.

We intend building this Temple for ourselves, and we are abundantly able to do it; therefore no man need come here to work, expecting wages for his services. The neighboring settlements will send their men, and they can be changed whenever, and as often as desirable; and they can get credit on Labor Tithing or Donation Account for their services, and we expect them to work until this Temple is completed, without asking for wages. It is not in keeping with the character of Saints to make the building of Temples a matter of merchandise (J. H., April 25, 1877).

Leaving Manti immediately after the dedication of the temple site, the President and party drove to Nephi. The following day they continued on to York in Juab County, and from there they journeyed by rail to Salt Lake City. The President had been absent from the headquarters of the Church a little more than five months.

THE principal work which President Young now planned for the remainder of the spring and summer was to set in order the



Photograph Courtesy of the Church Historian's Office

THE MANTI TEMPLE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION Note the pioneer homes and fences, the young Lombardy poplars, and the terraced hill.

Site Dedicated April 25, 1877

Temple Dedicated May 21, 1888

stakes of Zion and see that all were working harmoniously together. Therefore, important conferences, one after another, were called. The first was held in Salt Lake City on May 12th and 13th, in the new Tabernacle. One week later on May 10th and 20th, an organization of Cache Stake at Logan was effected, with Moses Thatcher as president, and William B. Preston and Milton D. Hammond as counselors. On May 24th a special conference was called at Ogden, and the city was divided into four wards. Also, Weber outlying settlements of County were all completely organized under their respective bishoprics. All this was done under the immediate supervision and direction of President Young, now approaching his seventy-sixth birthday.

In writing to Joseph F. Smith in England, under date of June 6th, the President reported as follows:

Since you left we have organized stakes in Cache, Weber and Utah Counties, and next Saturday we hope to be in Brigham City, and the next weeks following at Farmington and Tooele. We shall then most probably go down into Sanpete County and so continue until we have organized the Latter-day Saints throughout these valleys, so that all can be known and looked after (M. S. 39, page 444).

Again, in a letter to Elder Joseph F. Smith, under date of July 12th, he reported that:

With a few of the brethren I started on June 29th to visit the Saints in Juab and Sanpete Counties, and returned on the 10th inst. We had a very enjoyable trip, though the weather was exceedingly hot and the roads excessively dusty. In both counties we organized stakes of Zion, Elder George Teasdale of Salt Lake City being sustained as the president of Juab Stake, and Bishop Canute Peterson of Sanpete County. We found a good spirit prevailing and are well satisfied with our labors during our absence (M. S. 39, page 524).

On July 24, 1877, thousands of Sunday School children gathered in the new Tabernacle at Salt Lake City to participate in a pioneer celebration. Among others, President Young addressed them and gave them a splendid recital of the pioneer journey.

Exactly thirty years today, myself, with others, came out of what we named Emigration Canyon. We crossed the Big and Little Mountains, and came down into the valley about three quarters of a mile south of this. We located and we looked about and finally we came and camped between the two forks of City Creek, one of which ran southwest and the other west. Here we planted our standard, on this Temple Block and the one above it; here we pitched our camps and determined that we would stop and settle.

Children, we are the Pioneers of this country, with one exception, west of the Mississippi river; we established the first printing press in every state from here to the Pacific Ocean, and we were the first to establish libraries, and the first to establish good schools; we were the first to plant our orchards, and to improve the desert country, making it like the Garden of Eden (J. H., July 24, 1877).

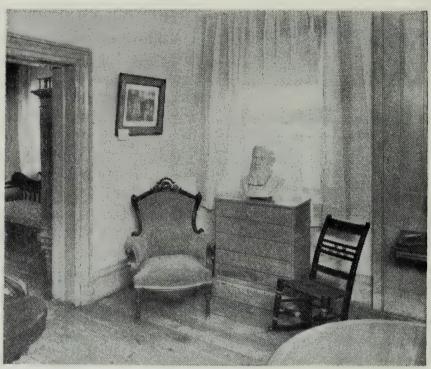
On Sunday, August 19th, the President was in attendance at a conference in Brigham City, where "under a large bowery," he addressed a congregation of "at least two thousand five hundred people." The Box Elder Stake was organized, with Oliver G. Snow as president and Elijah Box and Isaac Smith as counselors. On Monday, President Young and the visiting brethren returned by train to Salt Lake City.

THROUGHOUT the Thursday following, while working in his office, the President complained of a feeling of nausea. At eleven o'clock at night, on retiring, he was seized with a severe attack of "cholera morbus" which continued until five o'clock in the morning, when, to relieve his suffering, a mild opiate was administered by Dr. F. D. Benedict and Dr. Seymour B. Young, who had been called to his bedside during the night.

All day Friday he was in considerable pain, "but endured it cheerfully, and occasionally made humorous remarks when he saw those about him inclined to be troubled." On Saturday afternoon "inflammation of the bowels" set in. He slept fitfully during the night and frequently moaned in his sleep. When asked if he suffered great pain, he replied, "No, I don't know that I do."

On Sunday and Monday he seemed to revive somewhat, "being frequently administered to by some of his brethren," but on Monday evening he sank into a comatose condition, from which it was difficult to arouse him. At four o'clock Tuesday morning, "he sank down in bed, apparently lifeless." Artificial respiration was immediately resorted to, and "hot poultices were placed over the heart to stimulate action." For nine consecutive hours artificial respiration was continued. At that time he seemed greatly revived and spoke to those around him, saying he felt better and wished to rest.

On Wednesday, August 29th, it was apparent to anxious watchers at his bedside, that the end was near. His last words, as he gazed fixedly



Don Busath for Hal Rumel

#### ROOM IN THE LION HOUSE

Showing the corner of the room in which Brigham Young died, as it is furnished today, with authentic pioneer furniture.

past four o'clock in the afternoon,

upwards were, "Joseph, Joseph, Jo- his breathing ceased, his great heart seph," as though he communed with was stilled. The mortal life of one his beloved Prophet. At one minute of God's noblest sons had come to an end.

Note: Part II will appear in a future issue of The Relief Society Magazine.

O just as well as you know how in all things, never allowing yourself to commit an act unless the Spirit of God within you justifies you in doing it. And if you live every day of your lives according to the best light and understanding you possess, glorifying God, our Heavenly Father, just as far as your knowledge extends, I will promise you eternal life in the kingdom of God. This is saying a great deal, it is a very important discourse embodied in a few words . . . if you live according to that light within you, you will be of one heart and one mind; your interests and labors will be one, and you will take hold with all the power God has given you to consummate this great and glorious work committed to our charge. . . . Consequently it becomes us to be patient, trusting in God and the promises he has made unto us . . . (Journal of Discourses 19, pp. 220-221, from an address delivered at Richfield, Utah, April 22, 1877, by President Brigham Young).

## Commencement for Miss Rowse

Mabel Harmer

as she faced her advisory class of English 14. If her lips trembled slightly and there was a mist in her eyes, she hoped it would go unnoticed. Teen-age boys and girls couldn't be expected to have much understanding or sympathy for the feelings of a school-teacher who was meeting her class for the last time. The last time, not only for this year, but for all succeeding years. In another month Lennie would be sixty-five.

She noticed Slim Weller casting a look of veiled admiration at the blond curly head of Allie Speakman. Slim must also be among the very few who were sorry that it was the end of high school days. Now he would no longer have the privilege of worshipping the object of his affections even from across a classroom.

She glanced at Miriam Ellsworth — thirty pounds overweight and probably dateless even for the commencement dance. Lennie, who could count the dates of her own girlhood on her fingers, felt a pang of sympathy for the luckless girl.

In the seat behind her was brilliant and unpredictable Shelby Johns, his dark eyes moody, his hair ruffled. Tomorrow, at his father's insistence, he would enter the family hardware business, turning down a scholarship at State University.

What could she say in her final ten-minute talk that would help them to solve some of these problems? That would help others, whose problems were their own secrets? Would they even listen to anything she might say, in their eagerness to escape from the school-room to the freedom and gladness of a June day?

She had to try — as she had tried on the last day of every year when she had stood before her graduating class for the final goodbyes.

She gave them — as she had done with some variations in the past — a bit of philosophy she had gleaned in the years of her teaching. How much of it was her own and how much she had learned from others she didn't quite know by now.

"Young people," she began, "you have now come to one of the most important crossroads of your entire life. The course you take after you leave here will largely determine what your future will be. Never be satisfied with the middle road. Strive always for the high. Let your imagination run away with you and then follow — if it is good."

She paused for an instant. Pete Wilson was drumming softly on his desk and looking out of the window. Others seemed to be listening with varying degrees of politeness and interest, knowing that the talk couldn't last too long. No doubt one or two were saying to themselves, "All right, Miss Mouse. . . let's get out of here. School's over."

It had been inevitable, she knew, that the name Rowse would become Mouse, although she had actually heard it only once — when she came unexpectedly upon three boys whom she had just failed.

The name went too well with her appearance to be passed by — her gray hair pulled back into a bun and her usual sober clothing. She didn't resent it. It was part of the ups and downs of teaching. She would accept that, or any other part of the job, if she could just stay on. So far, she had hardly allowed herself to think of what the empty days ahead might mean.

SHE went on, "Each one of you has possibilities that can lift you to heights beyond which you may only dream. Never for one minute let the idea creep in that you don't count for much. You can count for a lot, if you will just believe in yourself. Remember that you, and you alone, are responsible for what you do with your life. You can mold and shape it any way you desire by your own will."

Shelby was looking at her almost resentfully as if to say, "What do you know about it? What would you do with a dad like mine? Talk is cheap and easy."

All right, she would tell him. "A good life, a useful life — happiness — none of these is the result of luck. Men do not drift into high places by chance. The average successful citizen who has made a good job of himself has looked at life as his opportunity."

She paused again and smiled at them. "That's all, boys and girls. You are free to go now. You are free to do anything you wish."

She opened her desk and had started to clear it out when Etta

Froisland, one of the younger English teachers, came in.

"Well, Lennie," she said, perching on top of a student desk, "the grind is over for a few months. Over for good for lucky you. By the way, do you know if anyone has spoken for this room? I'd like to have it, if I may."

Lennie's throat became foolishly and unaccountably tight. She couldn't help wishing that Etta had

waited just a little longer.

"It hasn't been assigned — as far as I know," Lennie tried to answer naturally. "It really is a very pleasant and comfortable room, here on the east side. It doesn't get hot in autumn and late spring so that the students grow drowsy and restless."

"Then I need it as much, or more, than anyone. I'll ask Hirsch right away." She walked over to the window and looked out on the lawn where students sat about in groups, talking and signing their yearbooks. "Have you made any plans for the summer?" she went on.

Lennie shook her head. "No, not especially. I haven't thought much about it yet. I'll putter in the garden some. My rosebushes need spraying right this day. I'll do a lot of reading and visit my sisters in Boulder for a week or so."

"It sounds lovely and restful," said Etta, turning again from the window. "I have to go to summer school — as usual. There isn't even a week's grace in between. Well, I'll see you at the reception tonight."

"Yes," Lennie answered indifferently, at Etta's retreating back.

The idea of the reception brought no great amount of joyous anticipation. It was the annual affair given by the board of education for retiring teachers. There were half a dozen this year, some happy at the release from a lifetime spent in the schoolroom, others, no doubt, like herself, a bit fearful and bewildered at being suddenly cut loose from all association with young people.

She bent over her desk again and looked up as another visitor entered. This one was a stranger — a very distinguished looking gentleman, hatless, and with a shock of white hair. She stood up uncertainly in response to his very warm smile.

THERE was a certain look of familiarity about him. She must have seen his picture in the newspapers sometime recently. To her utter surprise — almost consternation — he bent down and kissed her cheek.

"Pinky — Elmer Hughes!" she exclaimed. "Why, I just can't believe it."

"Because my red hair has turned white," he laughed. "It's quite an improvement — don't you think?"

"I'm not sure," she countered, struggling to regain her composure. "I rather liked the looks of that redheaded rascal who kept my class in something of a turmoil."

"There must have been an appeal of some kind or you would never have bothered with me as long and hard as you did. You made rather a good job of it, you know."

He sat down on a seat in front of the first desk as Lennie sank down into her desk chair.

"I'm afraid that I can't claim very much credit," she said, "or else a hundred other boys would also have become college presidents. You're here to give the address to the graduates at the university, of course. I've been looking forward to hearing it."

"Good. I hope that I shan't disappoint you. To make sure that you hear me, I've come to ask a favor."

"A favor — of me?" Lennie looked puzzled.

"Yes. There's a banquet before the exercises. My wife couldn't make the trip. She isn't very well. I'd like you to accompany me."

From Lennie's expression he might just as well have suggested a trip to China. "Oh, but I couldn't," she gasped. "I couldn't possibly."

"Why not?" he smiled.

"The Governor will be there. And all the board of regents. I — why I'd be awfully out of place," Lennie answered in genuine distress.

"Nonsense. Why would you? You're as smart as any of them. Smarter than some. You've no idea how, or why some people get appointed on a board of regents. At least, that's been my experience."

"But surely there is someone else who would be more suitable." Lennie was almost pleading. "Someone who has, well — at least a degree of glamour. Someone who . . ." she paused, wondering if he remembered that at times she had been rather fittingly referred to as "Miss Mouse."

"There isn't another soul," he said with distinct finality. "It has to be you, or I'll have to slip in there alone and have no one to talk with that I care a pin about. Besides, I have to find out whatever became of June Edwards and some of the rest of them. I'll call for you at six-thirty. Do you still live over on Linden Street?"

"Yes, I'm still in the same little old house. It's been over forty years now. I'm retiring from teaching this year. Maybe I'll get around to doing more with the place. I guess I'll manage to keep busy."

If she didn't sound entirely convincing, he didn't seem to notice. "There'll be no question of that with you," he nodded. "I'll wander around the halls a bit and then I'll be off. You can't imagine how I've looked forward to coming back here."

He left and Lennie sat staring ahead. What in the world had she been thinking of? The very idea of promising to go to that banquet. Well, she'd done it now. She'd have to get a nice hair-do and buy a new dress. She couldn't let Pinky down. Dr. Hughes, that is. He didn't really seem to be the same boy at all. It didn't seem as if any of this could be really happening.

LENNIE gathered up the rest of her things quickly now — there was no more dawdling, and fled from the school building without one single backward, nostalgic

glance.

At home she called the beauty shop for an appointment and then left for town. What kind of a dress should she buy? She really hadn't the least idea. It must not be too fancy. That wouldn't do at all. But it must be smart enough so that Dr. Hughes wouldn't be embarrassed by her appearance.

She went to the Ripley department store where an old friend, Rose Matheson, was a saleslady. "I want something very special," she said. "Not too extreme, of course, but smart and good looking. For once, the price is no object. Just see if you can't transform me into a moth that is first cousin to a butterfly."

"That will be a pleasure — and not nearly so hard as you seem to think," smiled Rose. "It's for the reception I suppose?"

"Yes — and for later wear, too,"

replied Lennie.

They finally decided upon a navy blue print which seemed just gay enough for any occasion.

At the beauty shop Lennie agreed to a faint blue rinse for her gray

hair, and a manicure.

She hardly knew herself when she was dressed for the reception. She hoped that the other teachers wouldn't be too startled by her

changed appearance.

The affair turned out to be very pleasant. Several of her fellow teachers complimented her on her lovely dress, and the superintendent gravely remarked, "I'm not at all sure that your retirement is in order, Miss Rowse. I think perhaps that we had better have another look at your birth certificate."

She went home excited, happy, and quite confident. But on the next day that confidence waned steadily. A dozen times she thought of phoning Elmer and telling him that she couldn't go. But she never did. At six o'clock she was dressed in the new blue print and ready to go.

He drove up in an elegant, bright green car. At any rate, she thought, that was typical of the Pinky she used to know. He was always sure to have the brightest and best of

everything.

The banquet was in the Pioneer Room of the Union Building. There they were greeted by President Adamson and his wife. If they were surprised to see Lennie, they gave no indication. Both of them were most cordial. She knew some of the regents and their wives also. In fact, a couple of them had been former students. She had never met the Governor and wondered how Elmer would explain her presence. He said quite simply and naturally, "Miss Rowse, Governor Larkin. An old friend of mine here in Rockport."

At dinner he entertained her with stories of his school and told her about his two boys, one an educator like himself and the other a successful lawyer.

Altogether, he put her so entirely at ease that she felt as if she had never enjoyed any occasion so much in all of her life. In fact, there had never been any occasion that could compare with this one. Once she looked down the long table and told herself, "Yes, it's you, Lennie Rowse. Sitting down to a commencement banquet with the Governor and the President of the university and the guest speaker."

LATER they went on to the Field House where the exercises were to be held. Dr. Hughes, of course, had to walk in the procession but he gave her a ticket to the reserved seat section and said, "I'll meet you there afterwards."

The exercises started with the band playing the march. Lennie had been many times before. In fact, she usually came to see which of her former students were being graduated, what were their chosen fields and who, if any, were receiving honors. Always there had been someone to make her proud and happy. Never before had she been so thrilled as she was tonight.

She waited eagerly for Elmer's address. He began with reminiscences of his school life in the home Then he said, "When I town. came to one of the crossroads of my school life — graduation from high school — I was sorely tempted to give up all thoughts of any further education and take up flying. Nothing mattered so much at the time as that I should take a plane up into the wide blue yonder. But a wise teacher said to me, 'You can take the middle road and be satisfied with mediocrity, if you wish. You may even find an easy road to security. Or you may find new fields to conquer. The choice is entirely up to you.' "

Lennie straightened up with a jolt. Why, he was using her old commencement talk. The one she had given to each graduating class for the past four decades. But there was a difference. He seemed to be directing it right at her.

Was she indeed at a crossroads and about to settle down — maybe slump was a better word — into mediocrity? Indeed, she was. All these years she had been advising others. Now it had come home.

Mediocrity indeed! Most certainly she would not. Gardening and housework were all well enough for anyone who was too old for anything else. But not for her. She'd start to learn Russian. Maybe she'd take a trip to Alaska. She'd do volunteer work for the less fortunate.

Churchill hadn't quit public life until he was nearly eighty-five. Twenty years older than she. And look at Grandma Moses! Commencement was ahead. Commencement for Miss Rowse.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, October 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL SERVICES FOR PRESIDENT ZINA D. H. YOUNG: The funeral services for our beloved Mother in Israel and General President of the Relief Society, Mrs. Zina D. H. Young . . . were held September 1, at 10 a.m. . . . Mrs. Jane S. Richards, first counselor to Aunt Zina . . . said she had known Aunt Zina between fifty and sixty years and in her there was no variation. The kingdom of God was always first with her. . . . Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith was the next speaker. She met Aunt Zina in 1840. . . . The two friends had been like sisters ever since. . . . She asked those present to continue the labor of love. To visit the sick and afflicted and comfort those who are cast down. . . . Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells . . . rejoiced over the glorious life of the departed. . . . "I mourn for Sister Zina and I cannot help it. No woman was ever greater beloved than Sister Zina . . . ."

—Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN BEAR LAKE STAKE: The annual conference of the Relief Society of Bear Lake Stake convened in the Ovid (Idaho) meeting house. . . . Sister E. J. Stevenson of the General Board of Relief Society addressed the conference . . . on the magnanimity of the Relief Society work. . . . The Prophet Joseph Smith said every virtuous woman in the Church should have her name enrolled in the Relief Society . . . The mission of the teachers of the Relief Society is a very important one. They should seek God for His Spirit, for the spirit of discernment that they may know that which is most needed in each home. . . .

#### SUNSHINE FROM ABOVE

The sunshine streams upon my soul,
Which opens to its welcome ray;
It thrills me through, it lights the whole
As doth the sun the summer's day.

My soul exults, responsive sings,
As if to burst the bands I feel;
My morning song with music rings,
My even song hath richer peal!

THE NATION IN MOURNING: "The President (William McKinley) is fatally wounded. . . ." The telegram received in this city (September 6, 1901) . . . plunged the whole community into deep sorrow and mourning. . . . Mrs. McKinley had borne up bravely from the first . . . as our Father tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, so He in His infinite mercy gave to the sorrowing wife grace equal to the trying hour. . . . when at last he bade his loved ones farewell his words were characteristic of the divinity that made him great among men. "Good bye all, good bye, it is God's way, His will be done." The heart of the nation is bowed in grief and in mourning, and prayers from the many thousands are being offered continuously to heaven for the immediate friends, that they may have strength and courage. . . . A good man has gone, a great man has fallen, the people mourn but they must also strive to carry out the measures and policy that will preserve the country, so famed for true liberty. . . .

- Editorial



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

HARPER LEE, of Monroeville, Alabama, has received the 1960 Pulitzer Prize for her autobiographical novel, To Kill a Mocking-bird (Lippincott). The book has already been translated into ten languages. In the story two children learn to appreciate "the dignity of human life." Her father, Amasa Lee, is the real-life model of the hero, Atticus Finch.

MRS. MARIE A. STUMB, after an automobile accident ended her budding career in voice and ballet, turned to the business world for a new occupation. She is now among the nation's top ten women underwriting more than a million dollars worth of life insurance annually. She analyzes the business affairs of doctors, businessmen, and corporation executives, sometimes in the highest of income brackets, and gives expert advice. She is also a specialist on estate and tax matters.

MRS. DAVID DONALD is working with her husband, professor of history at Princeton University, in editing the diary of Charles Francis Adams, son and grandson of our American Presidents Adams. This diary was not available to research until 1954. It was kept meticulously from the eighteen twenties down to 1880.

HELEN HAYES, America's first lady of the theater, and June Havoc, Helen Menken, Barbara Barrie, with nine-year-old Rona Gale (in the role of the blind child, Helen Keller), were the leading women in the American National Theater and Academy experiment sponsored by the United States Government, to give other nations some familiarity with America's culture.

MRS. OLIVER (ESTHER) PETERSON, a former Utah schoolteacher and a graduate of Brigham Young University, has been named by President Kennedy an Assistant Secretary of Labor, a newly created post. Her specific responsibility will be director of the Labor Department's Women's Bu-She will direct the Bureau and assist Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg in making department policies. Mrs. Peterson is at present director of the Labor Department's Women's Bureau.

CROWN PRINCESS MICH-IKO of Japan, and her partner, at the annual palace tennis tournament in Tokyo, won first place. Her husband, Crown Prince Akihito, led the applause.

### On Obedience

Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams (I Samuel 15:22).

FROM the beginning of time, Heavenly Father has taught his earthly children the necessity for obedience. Obedience to law is exemplified in all creation. In this day the Lord revealed:

... he hath given a law unto all things, by which they move in their times and their seasons:

And their courses are fixed, even the courses of the heavens and the earth, which comprehend the earth and all the planets (D & C 88:42-43).

Strength and stability come to man as he sees all creation obedient to law — the earth, the immutable heavens, and animal creations.

It is natural for man to cling to an orderly existence dependent upon the great principle of obedience. Man has been given the commandment to be obedient unto the Lord, and woman has been commanded to be obedient unto her husband in righteousness. A well-ordered, peaceful, joyful home — a home seeking to establish itself upon celestial principles, rests upon obedience to these two commandments. mother teaches obedience to her children not only by precept but by the example she sets them in obedience to her husband. The lack of obedience to parental authority is a crying evil of this day, and a mother can do much to train her children to be obedient. The righteous father who bears the Priesthood has the blessings of the Priesthood to share with his family through their obedience — blessings eternal in their nature leading to exaltation hereafter.

A wife should delight to render obedience to her husband, and be guided by the light of the Priesthood. She becomes a true helpmeet to him as she encourages, comforts, sustains, honors, and obeys him.

Many times at Relief Society conventions, stake presidents do not speak to the Relief Society officers on Relief Society work itself, but they exhort the members to sustain their husbands and support them in fulfilling their Priesthood callings. They are, perhaps unknowingly, carrying out the words of the Prophet Joseph which he gave to the Relief Society one hundred nineteen years ago, "Let this Society teach women how to behave towards their husbands. . . ."

Basic to a Relief Society member's progress in the gospel is obedience to her husband in righteousness. Blessed above all other women are those who have husbands who are bearers of the Priesthood and whom they may obey. As they set their

EDITORIAL 659

feet upon the glorious path of obedience, they will progress as they bend their wills and desires to conform to the words of Samuel, who declared to Saul, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

-M.C.S.



# **Notes**TO THE FIELD

# Jalking Book Records of Relief Society Lessons Available for the Sightless

THE Society for the Aid of the Sightless has prepared the Relief Society study courses for October 1961 to May 1962 on talking book records. These courses include the visiting teacher messages; theology; work meeting discussions; literature; and social science. The recordings will be sent free to any blind person desiring them; they have been prepared for the use of the blind only. Requests should be sent to the Society for the Aid of the Sightless, 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

### Barbara

Grace Barker Wilson

For Barbara the world was born today. This bright leaf was created just for her And fell with timely purpose on her way. Above her shining head she hears the whirr Of birds, and sees one light upon a bough And cock his little eye as to inquire What brings her out so early, and just how Does she regard him in his gay attire.

The chestnuts and the acorns, one by one, She carefully piles underneath a tree For squirrels to find. Across the morning sun A wide-winged butterfly floats leisurely. Here is the joy of life. No shadows mar This day of hers from sunrise to a star.

### Songs for Singing Mothers

#### Dr. Florence J. Madsen Member, General Board of Relief Society

THIS list of two-part sacred and secular songs will be found helpful in regions where the Singing Mothers choruses are small or where singers have had little or no experience in part-singing.

The sopranos have less difficulty in learning their parts than do the altos. Their melody is generally more tuneful and pronounced than that of the altos. We recommend, therefore, part rehearsals for the singers when they are learning new songs. This develops confidence in the singers and also guarantees a more balanced and satisfying rendition of a song.

(E)—Easy

(M)—Medium

(D)—Difficult

#### TWO-PART SACRED SONGS

Title	Composer	Publisher
O Savior of the World (E)	Goss	B. F. Wood
How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings (M)	Liddle	Boosey and Hawkes
God So Loved the World (M)	Stainer-Mueller	Carl Fischer
I Walked Today Where Jesus		
Walked (É)	O'Hara	G. Schirmer
Beautiful Savior (E)	Griffeth	Belwin
Let the Mountains Shout for		
Joy (M)	Stephens-Scholin	Belwin
Beside Still Waters (E)	Hamblin	Boosey and Hawkes
The Lord Bless You and		·
Keep You (M)	Lutkin	Carl Fischer
The Lord Is My Shepherd (M)	Smart	Presser
O Love of God (E)	Pike	Schroeder
Thanks Be to God (E)	Dickson	Boosey and Hawkes
Seek Ye the Lord (M)	Roberts-Deis	G. Schirmer
The Twenty-Third Psalm (M)	Malotte	G. Schirmer
Prayer Perfect (E)	Riley-Stenson	Sam Fox
Bless This House (E)	Brahe	Boosey and Hawkes
God Shall Wipe Away		
All Tears (M)	Roma	Witmark and Sons
Peace I Leave With You (E)	Roberts	G. Schirmer
O Little Hills of Nazareth		
(Christmas) (E)	O'Hara	Witmark and Sons
God Is Ever Beside Me (M)	De Rose	Robbins Music Corporation
Teach Me, O Lord (E)	Hamblen	Chappell
Come, We That Love the Lord (E)	Barnes	Willis Music Company
You'll Never Walk Alone (E)	Rogers	Williamson Music Co.

#### TWO-PART SECULAR SONGS

The Little Old Garden (E)	Lockton-Hewitt	Sam Fox
In the Heart of the Hills (E)	Kerr-Lee	Sam Fox
Homing (M)	Del Riego	Chappell
My Johann (E)	Grieg	G. Schirmer

Page 660

Sibelius B. F. Wood Dear Land of Home (E) Giannina Mia (from "The Firefly") (M) G. Schirmer Friml Deep in My Heart, Dear (M) Romberg Harmes Your Land and My Land (M) Romberg Harmes Neapolitan Nights (M) Sam Fox Kerr-Zamecnik

#### THREE-PART SACRED SONGS

God of All Nature (D) Tschaikowsky-Summy-Birchard Co. Remick Send Forth Thy Spirit (M) Schuetky-Swift Pro Art The Birthday of a King (E) Neidlinger-Dawson Pro Art Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light (M) Bach-Fletcher Pro Art F. Jepperson O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go (hymn anthem) (M) Madsen Belwin How Happy All They (M) Mendelssohn G. Schirmer How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings (M) Liddle Boosey and Hawkes Witmark and Sons Oh, Little Hills of Nazareth (E) O'Hara The Infant Jesus (Christmas) (É) I. Fischer and Brothers Yon The Lord Bless You and Keep You (E) Carl Fischer Lutkin Bach-Wilson Glory to God (D) Ricordi Lord, God of Our Fathers (M) Carl Fischer Elgar-Armbruster Handel-Krones Come Unto Him (M) Belwin Lord, Hear Our Prayer (D) Verdi-Huguelet Carl Fischer Grant Me, Dear Lord, Deep Peace Huntzinger of Mind (D) Stickles Neidlinger-Marzo The Silent Sea (D) G. Schirmer Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring (M) Bach-Treharne G. Schirmer My Creed (E) Garrett-Clark Remick Music Company Sheep and Lambs May Safely Graze (D) Bach-Treharne G. Schirmer G. Schirmer Voices of the Sky (Christmas) (D) Matthews The Gospel Gives Unbounded J. Christian Company Schreiner Salt Lake City, Utah Strength

#### THREE-PART SECULAR SONGS

The Snow (with two violins		
and piano) (D)	Elgar	Boston Music Company
Let Not Your Song End (D)	Cain	Flammer
A Song Remembered (M)	Coates	Chappell
Linden Lea (D)	Vaughan-Williams	Boosey and Hawkes
The Charm of Spring (M)	Clarke	Chappell
If My Song Had Wings (E)	Hahn-Stickles	Chappell
Rain in October (M-D)	Rowley	Boosey and Hawkes
Such Lovely Things (M)	North	Boosey and Hawkes
I Have a Bonnet Trimmed		·
With Blue (E)	Hughes	Boosey and Hawkes
Spinning Chorus (from opera	9	·
"Flying Dutchman") (D)	Wagner-Schmidt	G. Schirmer
An Old Violin (M)	Fisher-Samuelson	Boosey and Hawkes
The Little Old Garden (E)	Lockton-Hewitt	Sam Fox
Giannina Mia (From "The		
Firefly") (M)	Romberg	G. Schirmer

<sup>\*</sup>Most of these songs can be purchased from or ordered by the music stores advertising in The Relief Society Magazine, or from local music stores in your locality.



Leland Van Wagoner

AUTUMN ROAD IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH

# I Listen for Your Word

Lael W. Hill

Small sound, when near, smothers the distant shout; Who walks in fields of crickets hears no storm. So, when you bring to me one murmured thought, I lose the world's great thunder of alarm.

And some light sounds, though far, pierce loudest roar; Above the storm one gold lark-note is flung — And through the tumult of a world's despair, I listen for your word, serene and strong.

### Aunt Mattie's Retirement List

Klea Evans Worsley

ALL my young life Aunt Mattie and Uncle Stan lived next door. and the field-stone walk was worn smooth with the many trips both families made back and forth. Mama died when I was seven, and my sister Jenny, who was twelve, and Curtis, who was ten, told Papa that we could get along, if Aunt Mattie helped out occasionally. He took us at our word and we managed somehow, with Aunt Mattie as our consultant from one to twenty times per day. Everyone in our small town said she had energy enough for ten women her size. We could never understand how she could take care of her own family of eight, be a mother substitute for us, head the ward Relief Society, nurse all the ailing children, bake fluffy angel food cakes for the Church bazaars, and continue the dozen other activities she managed. The amazing thing was that she seemed to do it with unhurried ease.

One evening when Papa had to work late, we three joined Aunt Mattie's brood on the rolling back lawn for a game of Run Sheep Run. As we grew tired, we found ourselves clustering around her Boston rocker on the back porch where she was mending a pile of long black stockings. She was forty-two then, and, already, two of her children were married. Somehow, the subject of retirement came up, and we asked Aunt Mattie what she was going to do with her spare time when all of us were married and

scattered around the county. She said she had been giving some thought to this herself, and had decided that in the back of the big blue notebook where she kept the household accounts she was going to start a "Retirement List." This would list all the interesting things she wanted to do when she had more time. I remember that we discussed such hobbies as china painting, travel, home study classes in literature, and Aunt Mattie said that one thing she would do for sure was to write the family history.

Each year or so after this we would hear about some new hobby that Aunt Mattie said she was adding to her Retirement List. In turn, each of us married and moved away from the two clapboard houses side by side, but Aunt Mattie went on her busy way, without ever seeming to stop for breath. Whenever we returned for a visit, we noticed a few new wrinkles around her warm smile, but she didn't seem to change much otherwise.

The year before her youngest graduated from college, Uncle Stan died. Everyone offered her a home, but she said that nowadays fifty-nine was just the prime of life, and she still had too many things to do to think of slowing down. Her cakes still enhanced the tables of the bazaars, her flowers found their way to the bedside of sick friends, and her zest for living and doing the ordinary things of our small town didn't diminish in the least. It seemed almost unbelievable when

we received the news that she had died suddenly of a heart attack, and even more unbelievable that she was seventy-nine.

While going through her things after the funeral, we found the old blue account book, and, for the first time in many years, remembered the "Retirement List." Turning the yellowed pages at the back, we found it in her neat, precise hand-

writing. It was a long list and held the promise of challenging and, sometimes, even exciting activities. The curious thing about the "Retirement List" was that Aunt Mattie had never retired, and the nearest she ever came to any of the interesting hobbies was one page of the family history, which she had started fifteen years before.

### Valediction

Evelyn H. Hughes

Doubt not, beloved, the justice of God's way,
Though here beside the trail we two must part.
Oh, keep your faith serene, no trust betray —
No bitterness breed rancor in your heart.
Think not my journey futile ending here,
As westward all the wagons rumble past.
Each one gives his own gift. Remember, dear,
Beyond this waning hour our love shall last.
Only this mortal clay interred shall know
A rendezvous with darkness and its dread,
While winged, triumphant, my spirit shall go
Upward, where wait the deathless dead.
Oh, hand in hand, beloved, our journey won,
I shall go with you and our infant son!

### The Poet

#### Ida Isaacson

Some feet were set to tread the imaginative paths of poetry. An inner, ceaseless questing urges one on. It climbs into the mind, dominating emotion, and will not be forsaken until its fledgling filaments attach themselves to verdant soil and begin to grow.

## Lunches That Lure Your Child to Eat

#### Hazel Sowards Cannon

THE school clock indicated eleven forty-five. The golden sunshine of Indian summer shone on Randy's thatch of unruly hair and accentuated the red freckles which stood out in base relief.

"Randy, you look tired," observed

his teacher kindly.

"Oh, I'll be fine once I get some good lunch under my belt." He flashed a toothy grin. "You know, my Mom's lunches really pack a wallop."

Calling all mothers! Make your child's lunch do just that — "pack

a wallop."

The dictionary refers to "wallop" as that which "... carries a dynamic, explosive blow...." You, the homemaker, can prepare lunches which "deliver the punch" which become your child's stamina, his sparkle, his morale, and his strength to meet life. An appealing, nutritious lunch is conducive to concentration and academic progress; it makes the noon period fun and relaxing, and brings definite aesthetic values. The lunch you prepare is sort of a symbol of security between the home and the child; the lunch you prepare tells Randy many things and should impart a warm, satisfying feeling.

A challenge? Yes, of course, but one to be met with ingenuity and

intelligence.

That you attack the school lunch problem with positive thinking is a basic concept and even precedes "know how" skills. Let your family catch your spirit and enthusiasm in subtle little ways. Make trying new foods, new flavors, new food combinations an exciting adventure. Put your own personality into that little meal in a sack. Just because it hasn't been done doesn't mean you can't do it. If a food spells added nutrition, has eye appeal or flavor zest, and packs well, try it! Carrot strips tucked in a lunch were unheard of thirty years ago. Young people are usually quick to accept our ideas and, unfortunately, our prejudices.

Since lunch habits are a factor in vigorous and happy living, a knowledge of foods and advance planning are important. Mothers say they plan best when they themselves are hungry. Keep lists of each child's favorite luncheon foods and refer to them as you plan for the week, keeping your plan flexible, of course. Planning shouldn't consume more than fifteen minutes per week, and you will be amazed at the results of jotting these midday meals on paper — they are meals, not snacks. Lunches will not only perk up in nutritive value, but will often prove more economical. Be ever on the alert to glamorize the old standbys, but don't shrink from trying new ones. Homemaking magazines, newspapers, commercial folders, almost everywhere one looks, there are stimulating ideas.

Let us consider a general pattern for a packed lunch, and then the homemaker can supplement it as she desires.

#### Pattern for a Packed Lunch

1. Protein-rich food (usually made into a sandwich)

This should be the mainstay of the lunch, as cheese, meat, fish, fowl, eggs, and peanut butter. Nutritionists reaffirm constantly that these foods are essential in building and maintaining the body, are high in satiety value, and form the basis for hearty meal-in-the-hand lunches. jelly sandwich is a poor substitute for a protein-filled one.

2. Bread and butter

The scriptures tell us that ". . . all grain is good for the food of man. . . ." When little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper he must not have explored the limitless possibilities of the "staff of life," or more than "white bread and butter" would have comprised his breadstuff. Be sure white bread is enriched, and try pumpernickel, pungent rye, with or without caraway seeds, cracked wheat, whole-wheat, oatmeal, sour dough, cinnamon roll, French, raisin, and others. Occasionally, include quick breads, some of which may double for dessert, such as nut, date, or other dried fruit, cheese, herb, fruit mix, corn, banana, or orange. Don't forget to use leftover muffins, frankfurter and hamburger buns, biscuits, and English muffins. Various crackers and cheeses have an affinity for each other and prove to be inviting lunch tidbits. If you are not accustomed to baking your own bread, do so once in awhile; the full wheaty flavor of each buttered slice will be an unforgettable experience for your family.

3. Crisp vegetables
The "vegetable kingdom," teeming with minerals and vitamins, resplendent with color, and important for texture appeal should accompany each school lunch. Be fastidious about their preparation. Some vegetables that pack well are: lettuce chunks, strips of celery, cucumber, green pepper, tender zucchini squash, and carrots, tiny cauliflower segments, turnip slices, and cherry tomatoes.

4. Fresh fruit in season

Good cooks have long realized that for a school lunch few culinary triumphs surpass luscious, sun-ripened fruit. Occasionally, if possible, include canned, cooked, or frozen fruit in small containers; incorporate dried fruit in sandwiches.

5. One-half pint of milk

Our most nearly perfect food should appear on each school child's midday menu; he will have a difficult time getting his daily quota of calcium without it. Have him bring a thermos or buy milk at school. Some children dislike waiting in long lines to buy milk. Work through your school administration or PTA to expedite this vital service.

6. Hot Food

If feasible, include one hot dish. Especially in winter, a hot dish can be most comforting. A widemouthed thermos makes possible the carrying of a variety of hot foods, or it may be possible to buy one hot dish at the school to supplement the sack lunch at a cost which

is not prohibitive.

Finally, how can you give that lunch a "lift" and make the period a happy one? The perfect answer is a lunch box "sur-The "surprise" might be a favorite cookie, a choice fruit, or a food presented in different or whimsical fashion. Make sweets more than "empty" or "lone wolf" calories. An oatmeal cookie, for example, combines nutritious oatmeal with carbohydrate calories.

General Suggestions

To make your work easier, organize one drawer or part of a shelf for lunch-box supplies, such as waxed paper (colored adds variety) and sandwich bags, heavy paper cups with lids, clean paper sacks, small jars, with good lids (wide-mouth preferably), paper, wooden, or plastic spoons and forks, paper napkins, aluminum foil to hold food flavors in, used bread wrappers and plastic bags.

Little things are important. Butter should be of proper consistency and

spread to the edges of bread.

For those "rush" weeks, freeze sandwiches separately in moisture-proof, vaporproof paper. Try freezing small cans of applesauce; they will be just right for eating at lunch time.

Much confusion can be avoided by writing your child's name on his lunch

Several very thin slices of roast meat in a sandwich are better than one thick

Material for sandwich fillings should contrast in color, texture, and flavor.

In making sandwiches, have fillings ready before starting to assemble. Line up slices in pairs, so that sandwich will If making a number of sandwiches, try to acquire some productionline techniques.

Vary the cutting of the sandwich when feasible; cut in four triangles, four squares, This appeals to young children

especially.

Try not to repeat the same sandwich two days in a row.

Wrap cookies, bottoms together, placing two in a package for a good fit.

Bake cupcakes in paper-lined cups to keep moist longer; insert toothpicks in icing to prevent waxed paper from stick-

Tuck in various types of cheese cubes

for added nutrition and flavor.

Borrow a trick from the party chefs. When meats or cheeses are used in sandwiches, flavor or season the butter first with a subtle accent of chives, mustard, horse-radish, lemon or lime juice, or herbs.

Buttering bread and letting the butter

harden will prevent soggy bread.

Omit rich or highly seasoned foods which may create thirst or drowsiness.

Finally, pack lunch carefully in order that items will not be jostled, bruised, or upset. Place heavier foods on bottom of lunch container.

HISTORY tells us that even before the Earl of Sandwich began fashion of serving meat between hearty pieces bread, sandwiches were undoubtedly known by other names. The sandwich is one of our most versatile foods and may appear in many guises. It is fun and exciting to introduce your lunch-toters to new kinds, and to practice thrift by concocting savory fillings from just what is in the refrigerator.

Some Sandwich Combinations

Peanut Butter

Combine with chopped cooked, dried truit, such as prunes.

Combine with raw, unpeeled apple or raisin bread.

Spread on bread, add small amount crisp bacon and pickle relish.

Combine with chopped dates or figs

and lemon juice.

Add grated raw carrot, chopped raisins, or celery.

Add chopped nut meats and honey.

Spread peanut butter on one slice of bread and any of the following on the second slice: applesauce, apple butter, minced cooked or canned ham, cream cheese, jam or jelly.

#### Cheese

Make a variety of cheese spreads by combining 1 pound grated cheddar-type process cheese with 1 tall can evaporated milk over hot water, stirring constantly just until cheese melts. Divide mixture and season each part differently with chopped olives, pickle relish, minced chives, caraway seeds, etc.

Combine cream cheese with grated, well-drained cucumber and onion salt or

onion juice.

Spread cream cheese on raisin or fruit breads.

Spread cream cheese on bread, add chopped dried, cooked, or fresh fruit.

Spread Swiss cheese slices with pickle

Spread blue or Roquefort cheese on whole-wheat bread, add chopped crisp bacon and chili sauce.

Combine grated cheddar-type cheese, dried beef, and chili sauce.

Combine cottage cheese, well-drained, with chopped dried, cooked, or fresh fruit.

Mix mashed hard-cooked eggs with prepared mustard and salad dressing.

Mix chopped hard-cooked eggs with grated raw carrot and salad dressing.

Mix chopped hard-cooked eggs with sliced ripe olives and salad dressing.

Use hard-cooked egg slices and slices of

firm tomato, salt, and pepper.

Extend chicken and other meats with hard-cooked egg, chopped celery, onion juice, and salad dressing.

Fish

Combine mashed shrimp, cream cheese, and onion juice.

Combine tuna, well-drained crushed pineapple, chopped celery, and salad dressing.

Combine tuna fish, chopped unpeeled apple, lemon juice, and salad dressing.

Combine salmon, chopped cucumber, onion juice, and salad dressing. Combine any leftover baked fish with celery, lemon juice, and salad dressing.

#### Miscellaneous

Combine ground leftover cooked ham with cubed celery, prepared mustard, pickle relish, and salad dressing.

Mix chopped olives, nuts, and salad

dressing.

Mix chopped avocado, hard-cooked eggs, lemon juice, and salad dressing.

Combine chopped or sliced avocado

with lemon and onion juice.

Mash baked beans and season with cat-

Use sliced poultry with well-drained cranberry sauce or cranberry jelly.

Use sliced tongue and well-drained coleslaw.

#### Lunch-Box Surprises

A carrot or celery stick strung with pitted ripe olives, "kebab" style.

A small sheaf of celery strips encased in

a large ring of carrot.

A slice or two cut from a dill pickle which has been hollowed out and stuffed with soft cheese.

Plain "store cookies" put together as a tiny sandwich with a favorite filling, frosting, or softened sweet chocolate. For elementary school children use animal crackers and put two like animals together.

Stuffed dates or prunes.

A small package of raisins or raisin clusters.

A small popcorn or cereal ball.

Cereal bars or frying pan variety cookies. Cereal mixes and nuts, buttered and seasoned.

Small paper cup of confections, such as tiny candies and nuts. Occasionally, when time permits, make a cutout sandwich. Use one slice of white bread and one of whole-wheat as nearly the same size as possible. The cutout may be any design from an autumn leaf to the little Red Hen. Use a cookie cutter or cut around a cardboard design. Place the white bread figure in the opening of the dark bread, the dark bread figure in the opening of the white bread. Proceed as usual with the sandwich, leaving it whole, of course. Seasonal cutouts are festive and amusing.

"Back in the days of the Table Round when a fashionable fellow wanted the answer to some important question, he strapped on his broadsword and buckler and took himself off on a quest." In our modern day quest for better school lunches, let us arm ourselves with knowledge plus action, "irresistible forces." Let us, in the vernacular of Randy, "pack a wallop" in that packed lunch.

### First Steps

#### Donna Swain

He came toward me, his tiny hands outstretched To catch the sun's last errant beams that shimmered on the wall, His eyes, twin pansy stars, sought mine To gain a needed courage, lest he fall.

So fresh from heaven, that still around him clings
An eternal glow — and now
The lingering rays through golden prism
Create a shining halo round his brow.
First steps — to chart and guide them is my sacred trust;
To mould and shape them to their destiny.
God grant that I may give him wonted strength
Along the path into eternity.



### Marguerite Wallace Petersen-Portrait Artist

FOR many years Marguerite Wallace Petersen, Salt Lake City, Utah, taught in the organizations of the Church. She appreciated the enrichment Relief Society offered. The gospel has always been the motivating force in her life. But, since arthritis has crippled her more and more, these past several years, she has been confined to her home. Her eyes, too, have been weakened by her affliction, and so she has been limited in her enjoyment of her fine library.

Through these confining hours, she has turned to one of her latent gifts. She had always loved art, so she took constructive steps to develop her talent and, without assistance, she has taught herself to sketch portraits. How she can hold and guide the

colored crayons she uses for her paintings surprises everyone who sees her work.

One of her first pictures was of President Belle S. Spafford. A portrait of the late Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve is also noteworthy. She has sketched some excellent portraits of her kin with outstanding excellence. Her portraits of little children are also beautifully done.

Marguerite was born in Granger, Utah, a daughter of Josiah Davis Wallace and Ann Elizabeth Bertoch, Utah pioneers. She was married to Charles J. A. Petersen, December 24, 1940, in the Salt Lake Temple. It was only four years after her marriage that she became a victim of arthritis. Her courage and faith have been unfaltering.

### A Prayer for the Mellow Years

Nancy M. Armstrong

LET me keep so busy with plans for today and preparations for tomorrow's eternal life that there will be no turning back to bygone yesterdays, except to profit by their mistakes.

### No Trick at All to Make a Costume

Shirley Thulin

IT'S no trick at all to treat your child to a new costume. Goblins, witches, and ghosts aplenty will soon be roaming the streets in search of their annual treat, if you make it for Halloween. How about your own little "spook"? If he needs a new costume this year, you can stitch one up in no time at all.

If a child has grown out of his costume, or if he wants to make a change, decide together how he wants to be dressed. Now, go in search of suitable fabric, keeping

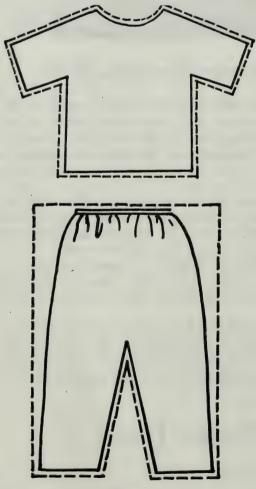


Figure 1

Basic Pajama Pattern
Cut pattern on dotted line

these points in mind: The fabric should be easy to sew on so that it doesn't take too much time; cotton fabrics are easy to sew, and they come in bright, plain colors. There are some materials which have been treated to make them reasonably fireproof, and, if obtainable, these should be preferred.

#### Animal Costumes

Here are some costumes you may want to consider: For the tiny tot from about two to four, a black cat or other animal. These costumes can be cut easily by using the child's pajamas for a guide (Figure 1). Cut a newspaper pattern first. Cut it quite a bit larger than the child really needs, then he can wear his coat under his costume, if the weather is cold.

Use material of a suitable color. For a cat, black; for a lion, yellow. Now, make a suitable tail with a little wire pushed in along with the stuffing to hold the tail's shape. Be sure to stitch the tail on well.

A hood, fashioned with the proper type ears, is easy to make if you just cut a large circle and drape it over the child's head (Figure 2). Now, mark with chalk where his face is (Figure 3), and then take the circle



Figure 2
Drape over the head



Figure 3
Mark hole for face

off to cut a hole large enough for the child's face to be uncovered. Bind the hole with bias tape.

Now, measure where the child's neck comes to and top stitch some single-fold bias all around so that a drawstring can be put through (Figure 4).



Figure 4
Bias tape for drawstring

Storybook Characters

Storybook characters and "foreign country" costumes are favorites of little girls. A simple dress pattern, made with the skirt a little longer, becomes a Bopeep, Queen of Hearts, or other nursery rhyme costume with the simple addition of a laced weskit, heart trim, or other embellishment to represent the character she has chosen.

Make a hat to match from a round piece of light cardboard covered with the same material. Heavy buckram or pellon may be used.

All-Purpose Costume

There is also the "magic" costume, which fits both boys and girls from size three to thirteen. It can be adapted to any character or theme. There are only three seams

to stitch, two, if you make a skirt costume instead of pants. It, too, is roomy enough to fit over the child's coat.

To make: use inexpensive remnants from your local fabric store, pieces in your scrap bag, or a worn, colored bed sheet.

Cut a "T" shape (Figure 5), long enough to extend from the child's shoulders to his ankles and twice as wide as the child. Work on the top fold of the fabric to cut an eightinch semicircle hole for the neck, with an eight-inch slit for a seam down the front or the back of the costume.

Join the underarm and side seams. Turn under a small hem on each sleeve. If you are making pants, cut and stitch the pant seams, first measuring the child for a comfortable fit from his shoulders to his crotch. Turn under the skirt or pants about an inch for a hem.

Either at this point, or before sewing, you can tint the fabric if it is not the desired color.

To adapt the basic costume for a "clown," run a drawstring through the sleeves and the pant hems for a balloon effect. Then make eight

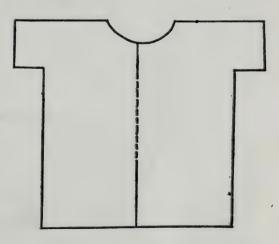


Figure 5
Basic Pattern for Many Costumes

pompons of yarn or ribbon. Put one on each sleeve and pantaloon, and add four down the front of the costume. Make a large comical paper hat with pompons to complete the clown effect.

For a fairy princess costume, add tinsel-covered cardboard wings, held on with a bent coat hanger. An old lace curtain or table runner makes a

perfect veil for a bride.

If your youngster wants to be a ghost, cover his head with a bag or a pillowcase, cutting holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth. Add a pair of your old white gloves to cover his hands and complete the illusion.

Little boys who want to be pirates or spacemen can be outfitted easily, too. The pirate's sleeves and trousers can be cut short and ragged. Tie a bandanna on his head and give him a jar ring to hang from one ear for an earring. For a spaceman, tie a short apron around the shoulders for a cape. A kitchen colander makes a fine helmet.

So have fun! You can be a sorcerer, changing your children into anything they want to be.

### Before the Party

Maude Rubin

Tonight the house has a special look — The breathlessness of waiting.
Each tablecloth, each well-worn book,
Each flower anticipating
Its chance to welcome.
Each lamp diffuses a mellower light;
The patina of pleasure
Shines from each polished spoon tonight;
Each pillow is plumped for leisure . . .
Then a sudden step upon the walk
Opens the door to smiles and talk!

### Resolutions

RESOLUTIONS are the coin of our possibilities. Resolutions made and kept are proof of strength of character, nobility, and inner greatness. —Pauline M. Bell

# Because of the Word

CHAPTER 3

#### Hazel M. Thomson

Synopsis: Ruth Ann Barker, who lives, in the early 1830's, with her widowed father, a farmer in the Naumkeg Valley of New England, dislikes farm life and cannot decide to marry Victor Hall, a neighboring farmer. While Ruth Ann is in Boston visiting her cousin Claire Mayhew, she meets Quinton Palmer, a suitor of Claire's who declares that he has fallen in love with Ruth at their first meeting. The night Ruth Ann returns home, her father is thrown from a horse and killed. Victor helps her look after the farm, and a few days before Christmas, Quinton arrives for a visit and Ruth goes back with Quinton to Claire's home in Boston for the holidays.

URING the remainder of her visit in Boston, Ruth managed to spend very little time alone with Quinton. Knowing he was puzzled and angered at her actions, yet she contrived to give him no opportunity for repeating his proposal. She knew she must leave Boston soon, and yet she hesitated to return to Naumkeg. She felt if she were to make a fair decision it must be in the presence of neither Quinton nor Vic.

And then Ruth remembered Aunt Marintha's invitation on the day of the funeral. Ruth had never been to New York State, and, suddenly, the idea appealed to her. She wrote to Mrs. Walker, telling her she was welcome to stay on at the little house whenever it was convenient for her to do so between different places of employment. Mrs. Walker was always in demand, if anyone in the village was taken sick.

Ruth wrote a note also to Vic. She refrained from sending her aunt's address since she had already refused to confide her plans to Quinton. She told Vic only that she would not return until early spring and asked him to continue taking care of her cows and other animals, promising to make a settlement for his labor when she arrived.

She did not feel that she was imposing on Vic. He could not clear more of his land in the winter, and he had no animals of his own yet to care for except his team of horses which she knew he would run in with hers. He had only his cabin on his place, and she knew he had enjoyed working around the barns and sheds with her father.

Her funds were at a low ebb, but she hesitated mentioning this to Vic. She found she had barely enough to pay for her passage to her aunt's home. She bade Quinton and Claire goodbye shortly after the new year and was on her way, by coach, when the snow was not too deep, and by sled if it was.

Palmyra was a sleepy little farming village, after Boston, but there was nothing sleepy about Aunt Marintha. Her talkativeness was a sharp contrast to her sister who had been Ruth's mother. Perhaps it was because her aunt had been a widow for a number of years and living alone made her eager for companionship. At any rate, by the

second or third day Ruth felt she knew everyone Aunt Marintha did and something of the history of the whole community. The Smith family, Aunt Marintha dwelt on at some length.

"Joseph Smith? Guess you folks down in Naumkeg haven't heard of him yet. You will. Poor, the Smiths are. Seems to me if he really had got his hands on some gold plates he could have put them to more practical use than claiming to write a book from them."

"He wrote a book from gold plates?" asked Ruth, more interested than usual in Aunt Marintha's detailed narratives.

"He claimed to. Of course not many ever got to see the plates, not even Joseph's wife, Emma, so the story goes. Here, you dry and I'll wash this time," said Aunt Marintha, handing the dish towel to Ruth.

"What lovely china you have," said Ruth, shining the plate and placing it carefully in the cupboard. "I want nice dishes like this when I get married."

"When you get married? Is it going to be soon?"

RUTH blushed. "No! That is — I don't know. I didn't mean that. I just mean it's so nice to have a beautiful table setting for every meal."

"Just as well find yourself a man with some means, Ruth. I used to feel sorry for your mother, out there practically on the frontier, though goodness knows she never felt sorry for herself, not as long as your Pa was somewhere around. But I say there's no use living like pioneers

in this day and age. Why right in

Manchester there're a library, a woolen mill, a flour mill, a paper mill, and a blast furnace, all within a few miles of us. And in Canandaigua, just twelve miles south, they even have paved sidewalks, where your dress doesn't drag in the dust or mud. I must take you down there and show you sometime while you are here. There's not really much to see here in Palmyra."

One thing about her, thought Ruth, she can wash dishes just as fast as she can talk.

But Aunt Marintha's story wasn't finished. She continued as she took another towel and helped Ruth dry the silverware, "Plenty of strangers have flocked in here, just to try to dig up that hill where the gold plates were found."

"Why would they want to?" asked Ruth.

"Why? Because young Joseph claimed to have gotten the plates out of the side of the hill. That's why. Of course nobody else ever found any gold there, and it's sort of strange when you think of it, that the Smith family would be the one to find gold plates. Why I remember when they first came here, Vermont I think it was they came from, and they had very little to bring with them. They did happen to get here in a most unlikely time. Just after the survey for the Erie Canal, and Palmyra was right on the survey route. Land went sky high. There were no squatter rights in and around here then. Mr. Smith had to have the cash to pay the installments on his land.

"Lucy, the wife of the father of Joseph Smith and mother of the young one, opened a shop for a time, helping out. Sold boiled eggs, gingerbread, cakes, root beer; sold anything that she could to get a little money and help out a little.

"I remember that time well. It's really what put Sam and me on easy pickings. Without that canal going through, we never would have gotten that kind of money for all that land Sam owned. Though Sam didn't live to enjoy it, rest his soul, it's come in mighty handy to me."

THE dishes done, Ruth and Aunt Marintha went into the parlor and picked up the quilting blocks both were working on.

"What a beautiful quilt this will make," said Ruth, admiring the floral design in the center, as she held her piece up.

"Wears well, too," said Aunt Marintha, threading her needle. "Now, as I was saying, there was mostly trouble, seemed like, in store for the Smiths. They lost one son, Alvin, and a fine young man he was, too. Used to help me some after Sam went.

"I do remember one bit of luck for them. It was the sugaring off time, and they tapped their maples just like the rest of us did. Together, they boiled down seven thousand pounds in one season of maple sugar makin'! I remember in particular because it won them the fifty-dollar bounty for top production in the county. The Smiths took a lot from people hereabouts, and I was glad to see them get an advantage for once."

"Took a lot? I don't understand."

"It was that young Joseph telling the ministers that their churches were wrong. Have to give him credit for daring, though I never took much stock in all his talking about visions and angels and such, or the book, either, for that matter."

"Where is young Joseph now?" Ruth asked, looking up from her sewing. "Does he still live here? And the book, you haven't even told me the name of it."

"No. there are none of them here now, moved out a few years ago, the Smiths and all the believers. Young Joseph did have a way with convincing people to believe what he said. That's why I wouldn't have been surprised if you had heard of Determined, he is, to gain supporters. It was Indiana, Ohio, or someplace out West there where they moved to. As for the book, I never did get around to reading it. I knew Joseph since he was a boy. Didn't hardly think he was educated enough to write a book. I've seen the book a time or two, It's called The Book of though. Mormon."

The Book of Mormon! Ruth's thoughts reverted with a thud to Vic and the present she still hadn't given him. A wave of loneliness and longing to see him swept over her, and for a time she felt an intense homesickness. That night she fastened the tiny gold chain about her wrist and slept with the blue pendant in her hand.

The days and weeks passed and Ruth became impatient to return home. When a break in the weather came in the middle of March, she told Aunt Marintha that she must be on the farm to see about getting the spring work done. Arrangements were made for Ruth to return to Naumkeg with a neighbor and his wife who were driving to Boston on business.

Ruth had not actually told Aunt Marintha about Quinton and Vic. She felt that she knew without asking which would be Aunt Marintha's choice, and there was an urge to make the decision herself without any pressure or influence. On the assumption that her beautiful niece would not be single much longer, Aunt Marintha had insisted on providing many beautiful articles for Ruth's trousseau. The two had spent long hours with embroidery and knitting needles, and crochet hooks, and Ruth's protests at her Aunt's generosity were overwhelmed in Aunt Marintha's satisfaction in doing so.

SPRING had arrived all along the way, and the wheels cut deep into the muddy road, but the trip home was made without accident. When the carriage drew up before her gate, Ruth had never seen her place look so well cared for. The house had even been newly painted. Mrs. Walker was on the steps as Ruth came up the walk.

"How nice everything looks," exclaimed Ruth. "You've certainly

been busy."

"Not me," said Mrs. Walker. "It's that Vic. He has spent every last minute he could spare over here. That is, up until the last week. He got the Johnson boy to do the chores until he gets back."

"Back?" Disappointment surged over her. She hadn't realized how much she had counted on Vic being here to welcome her. "Where has

he gone?" she asked.

"He's gone to Boston. Seems that some lawyer there found out that the books where his deed was recorded, as well as a lot of the other deeds to land near his, are missing. Guess they have been for a good many years, maybe since the days of the Revolution, but this lawyer planned to put the land up for public auction and make himself a pile of money. This place is mixed up in it right along with the others down the river. Vic has been working night and day to get all the copies of old deeds, have new surveys made, and all the evidence he could find."

"But that's dishonest," cried Ruth. "I hope Vic has all the information he needs and gets there in time!"

"Vic will do it, if it can be done. Here, let's bring those boxes in that you left out by the gate, with your trunk."

Inside, Mrs. Walker had kept the little house spotlessly clean. Again Ruth remarked how nice the house looked.

"Haven't had much else to do," said Mrs. Walker. "Folks in the village have stayed pretty well this winter. I haven't had much work. It was good to have a place to stay the rest of the time. Oh, there's a letter came a few days ago. Tempted, I was, to open it up and see if it needed answering, when I noticed the handwriting that just couldn't be a woman's, the return address that proved it, and the Boston postmark. All in all, I've been a bit impatient for you to return. No need to tell you where my sympathies lie."

Mrs. Walker took the letter from the mantle and handed it to Ruth. It was dated at Boston two weeks before, and in Quinton's bold handwriting. Ruth read; My Darling,

I cannot wait longer without writing you. I trust that you will not think me unduly impatient. After all, I have given you the two months you asked in which to make your decision.

My house (I should like to say our house) is almost finished. As I told you, it will be the finest in Boston. My greatest desire is to show it to you as the

future mistress of it.

My work in the court keeps me very busy and away a great deal of the time. However, things are easing up right at this time. Upon receipt of your letter, should it be the words I am hoping for, I shall come for you on the 30th, next. Claire sends her invitation to stay with her until after the wedding.

I will be watching the mails, with

highest hopes.

All my love, Quinton.

Ruth finished the letter then handed it to Mrs. Walker.

"Read it," she said. "It is just what you thought it was. Don't be surprised, though, if you find that my sympathies lie right where yours do." She smiled at Mrs. Walker and went to change her dress.

WHEN the next day and the next passed and still Vic didn't put in an appearance, Ruth saddled her horse and rode out to his place. She knew it was deserted as she rode up to his cabin. She tied her horse at the hitching post and went in. Of course it would be unlocked. Vic would feel that if anyone wanted to go in they needed something and the cabin had better be unlocked so they could get it.

Inside, it took only one quick glance to see that Vic had taken better care of her house than he had of his own. She had nearly fin-

ished straightening the room before she noticed the book. Mrs. Walker had given it to him, after all. It showed signs of much use, with many passages underlined. Curious, she opened the cover and read "To Vic from Ruth Ann. Christmas. 1834." It was printed, with an intent, Ruth knew, to cover the real identity of the writer. Ruth closed the book and left the cabin. was just about to mount her horse when she noticed someone riding toward her across Vic's field at a fast gallop. She knew both from the horse and the easy way he rode that it was Vic.

"Ruth Ann," he cried, pulling the horse to a stop, and jumping to the ground. "What a nice surprise! How have you been? Did you en-

joy your vacation?"

"Yes," said Ruth Ann, "and I've been fine. But tell me about the deeds. Mrs. Walker told me all about it, and the work you have done for my place as well as the rest of the people along the river. Did you get to Boston in time to get them recorded?"

"Just," said Vic, "another day and the auction would have been over. That's what I've been doing now, riding around spreading the good news, even before I came to welcome you home. I was headed that

wav now."

"Well then, welcome me in a proper manner," said Ruth Ann smiling, lifting her face for his kiss.

Vic kissed her lightly and then

caught her to him.

"Ruth Ann! Ruth Ann!" he said. "I was afraid I'd lost you. I've been the most miserable person in the world these last months."

Yet not too miserable to forget

himself in helping others, thought Ruth.

"I came home expecting you to be here to welcome me," she spoke quietly, "only to find you too busy to come. But it proved something for me, Vic." She took Quinton's letter from the pocket of her riding skirt. "I have worried about how to answer this, but after today I have no doubt. Would you answer it for me, Vic?"

Vic took the letter and read it through, then handed it back to her. "I think you had better do that," he said. "Personally, I've said enough to Palmer. You see, he was the lawyer I had to see in Boston."

Ruth looked at him sharply. "I wasn't going to tell you if you had made your decision in favor if him. But enough about Palmer. I have real news. Mrs. Walker gave me The Book of Mormon you had for me for Christmas. I've read it and reread it. I can never thank you enough for it, but I shall spend my life trying. The book is true, Ruth, every word. You must read it."

Ruth saw the look of earnestness on his face and heard the serious tone in his voice, as she answered, laughing, "You read your books, Vic. I have a wedding to prepare for."

(To be continued)

### Faith

Vesta N. Fairbairn

Beyond whatever clouds may limit sight I know there is infinity of skies, And in the darkest hours I know that night Is only where earth's moving shadow lies.

### Joday

Pauline Marie Bell

ARE we ever too old to learn? Never! Time offers great opportunities for progress. Those who achieve greatness do not stop.

We should always try, work, improve, endure. "Seek and ye shall find."

Even in the smallest of small things — your handwriting, could that be improved? Your voice, it could be like an old violin — and become sweeter through practice. The singing we wish to develop, a voice sweet, where hearts are touched to listen. We can go on and on, in our homemaking, in our ability to make friends.

Each today offers a challenge, each eventide a chance to take record of our words, deeds, accomplishments — that our requests to Deity may be granted, and our days prolonged, that we may rise to greater heights each today.



#### General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

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 January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

#### RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Cullen S. Peterson

SANTA ROSA STAKE (CALIFORNIA), VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, May 18, 1961

Front row, left to right: Agnes Gross Lors Pearson; Jennie Pearson; Grace McPeak; Mary Lehman; Toy Lund; Virginia Larson; Ella Allred, First Counselor; Cullen S. Peterson, President; Bertha Lund, Second Counselor.

Second row, left to right: Martha Byrne; Mary Young; Bertha Campbell; Virginia Wyatt; Verna Baldwin; Mamie McLean; Sarah Hixson; Katherine Poulter; Pat Kinney.

Back row, left to right: Sarah Peterson; Betty Johnson; Erma Williams; Alice Call; Jessie Slocum; Ila Beardall; Edris Hanna; Arlene Hamill; Lucille Ketker; Norene Deaver; Pauline Roe, Secretary-Treasurer; Fern Stockton; Philetta Howard; Lilly Birnie.

Sister Peterson reports: "These sisters were honored at a visiting teacher convention and luncheon, for having achieved an outstanding record as visiting teachers. These sisters were recognized as having the longest years of service, five consecutive years of over one hundred per cent, and one year of one hundred percent (1961). Corsages and special favors were presented to them for their many years of devoted service to Relief Society."



Photograph submitted by Matilda B. Gilbert

# FRANKLIN STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED FROM THIRTY TO SIXTY-THREE YEARS HONORED AT STAKE ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM, March 30, 1961

Matilda B. Gilbert, President, Franklin Stake Relief Society, reports: "At our stake anniversary program held March 30, 1961, we presented the visiting teacher dramatization 'Messengers of Love and Service,' and the theology dramatization 'Out of the Book.' Special tributes were given to visiting teachers with outstanding service and also to our elderly sisters.

"The thirty-six sisters (not including Sister Gilbert, seated first at the left) have served thirty to sixty-three years as visiting teachers. They were honored with a blue and gold badge with the number of years of service printed in gold. After the program. 250 sisters were served refreshments from a beautifully decorated table carrying out the Relief Society colors."



Photograph submitted by Julia S. Brown

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, SAN ANTONIO (TEXAS) THIRD BRANCH SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR ANNIVERSARY PARTY March 17, 1961

Front row, left to right: Agapita Vecerra; Eloise Ortega; Juanita Brown; Estefana Leyba; Leonor Ortiz, Second Counselor; Librada Gonzalez, President; Julia Rosales, Secretary-Treasurer; Maria Montoya; Raquel Enriquez; Rosa Fragosa.

Back row, left to right: Otilia Lomas; Maria Robledo; Beatriz Duarte; Graciela Valdez; Paulina Hinojosa; Sara Cuevas; Esperanza Jauregui; Damacia Arizola; Josefina Flores.

Julia S. Brown, President, Spanish American Mission Relief Society, reports that the Singing Mothers presented the selections: "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "The Lord Is My Shepherd"; and a special number, "Jesus Once of Humble Birth," rendered by Julia

Rosales and Mary Montova.

The beautiful birthday cake was decorated by Sara Cuevas. Librada Gonzales reviewed the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the story of the first Relief Society organization. Poems were recited by Leonor Ortiz, Beatrice Duarte, and Otilia Lomas. Estefana Flores gave a talk on Relief Society and its value in the lives of the women of the Church.

The Del Rio Branch Relief Society reported that over a period of about four years, 26,000 dozen tamales were made and sold to pay off the debt on their chapel.



Photograph submitted by Florence W. Jensen

SAN JOSE STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY "EASTER BASKET" SALE, April 1961

Left to right: Norma Overson, First Counselor; Margaret Rector, President; Jov Johnson, Second Counselor; Dorothy Ewing, Secretary-Treasurer; Drusilla Irwin, work

meeting leader.

Florence W. Jensen, President, San Jose Stake Relief Society, reports: "We have many young mothers in San Jose Stake, and we are trying to make our nurseries more desirable for the children. If our nurseries are better, we feel our attendance will im-

prove in all our wards.

"San Jose Second Ward had an 'Easter Basket' project so that they could buy some equipment for their nursery. The baskets were very attractive, with good candy and cute trimmings. They also made peek-a-boo Easter eggs, which had been demonstrated at one of our stake leadership meetings. They were very professional looking and helped the baskets to look attractive and sell readily. The project was most successful. The project was carried on during the last part of March and the first part of April 1961.'



Photograph submitted by Theo Garry

HAMILTON STAKE (NEW ZEALAND) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, June 25, 1961

Members of the stake board, front row, left to right: Lena Waerea, chorister; third, Phyllis Gallacher, literature class leader; fourth, Lucille Sanders, visiting teacher message leader; fifth, Mary Beal, theology class leader.

Center front: seated at left, Valma Wyatt, First Counselor; standing, center, Theo Garry, President; seated, Emeriania Pearson, Second Counselor; standing at the right, Awhitea Hiha, work meeting leader; second at right, Erma Horsecroft, Secretary-Treasurer; third, Naomi Carr, social science class leader; Ellen Blair, Magazine representative.



Photograph submitted by Alta Fuhriman

NAMPA STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT CONVENTION, April 21, 1961

Seated at the right, left to right: Mary Butler; LaRue Leslie.

Seated in aisle at the left: Bertha Campbell.

Second row, left to right: Esther Holliday; Gayle Hales; Emily Christensen; Mary Stevens; LaPreal Davenport; Melva Leavitt; Verda Johnston; Lorraine Wigand.

Third row, left to right: LaVerda Young; Louise Tobler; Freida Alder; Ressa Wood; Luzean Yorgason; Mary Waite; Mary Fuhriman Edgley; Bardella Rasmussen Preston.

Fourth row: Sybil Yorgason; Margaret Hook; Lola Hunter; Marion Mathewson, now President of Nyssa Stake Relief Society; Belle Fiet; Ruby Jordan; Manilla Dowdle; Beth Walker.

Fifth row: Audessa Wilcox; Wanda May; Charlotte Taylor; Ella Allen; Madge

Blue; NoRene Green; Diantha Pancheri; Mary Cook; Violet Nelson.

Sixth row: Agnes Bice, First Counselor, Nampa Stake Relief Society; Mable Strate, Nampa Stake visiting teacher message leader; Melba Reynolds, Second Counselor,

Nampa Stake Relief Society; Evelyn Raff; Elinor Fuhriman.

Alta Fuhriman, President, Nampa Stake Relief Society, reports: "This picture was taken at our visiting teacher convention, where we honored all ward Relief Society past presidents. Several came from out of town. One came a distance of 500 miles. were pleased with the attendance, but were especially happy because of the sweet spirit that was with us.'



Photograph submitted by Mary Stirk

EAST OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), THIRTY-FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES ROSE DESIGN QUILT

Seated in front, at the left: Lovenia Fullmer; Janet Driver; Cora Davis; at the

right: Olive Vandenburg; VaNeta Burnett.

Back row, standing, left to right: Marie Hutchens; Lula Graham; Madge Crawford; Itha Bieler; Louise Van Dyke; Norma Smith, President; Audrey Bonnell; Doris Stone; Anna Stephens; Roberta Allred.

Pearl Hussey and Norine Collins were absent when the picture was taken.

Mary Stirk, President, East Ogden Stake Relief Society, reports that 390 hours of work went into the making of this beautiful rose applique quilt which was presented to the retiring bishop C. Austin Seager, as a "thank you" for his nine years of service. "Along with the quilt was a book of names of all past and present ward members who had contributed to the project. The wholehearted and generous response enabled us to present this gift to the bishop who was retiring, and a check for \$400 to the present bishop Lowell M. Stone for the building fund. The presentation was made at the close of a ward banquet and a very impressive program depicting the birth and growth of the ward."



Photograph submitted by Avez B. Goodman

TUCSON STAKE (ARIZONA), TUCSON FOURTH WARD HANDICRAFT FAIR, December 2, 1960

Second Counselor and fair director Virginia Nelson displays some of the items made for the fair. Children in the picture, left to right, are: Jeffrey Reisner, son of the Tucson Fourth Ward Relief Society President Margaret C. Reisner; Nola Skousen, daughter of Beth Skousen, publicity chairman for the fair; Carol Nelson, daughter of

Virginia Nelson.

Avez M. Goodman, President, Tucson Stake Relief Society, reports that this handicraft fair was very successful: "We had in attendance many nonmembers and visitors from out of the city, as well as from other wards in Tucson Stake. A fried chicken dinner was served. We had movies for the children. There were many booths of beautiful handwork, including quilts, pillowcases, and tablecloths. The dolls in the picture were bought and then dressed by the sisters. The toys were all made by the sisters. The wreath and Christmas tree were made of nylon net. There were aprons, housecoats, pajamas, shirts, skirts, dresses, and baby clothes for sale. There was a fish pond, a candy booth, and a bakery counter, where cakes, pies, rolls, and cookies were sold. Almost every sister contributed something towards the fair, and most of them helped at some time during the evening. We were very happy with the financial, as well as with the spiritual success. Women are brought close together by working and sharing in a common cause.

"We have a nursery for the children under three years of age, and a 'Jack and Jill' school, run very much like a kindergarten by the mothers for pre-school children."



Photograph submitted by Marion H. Madsen

MIAMI STAKE (FLORIDA), MIAMI WARD PRESENTS PLAY "RELIEF SOCIETY, WHY?" March 18, 1961

Seated, in front, at the left: Marilyn Parrish and Beth Salter; standing, in front, at the right: Mary Strome.

Standing at the back: Lillian Hemrick; Nadine Smith; Ann Sorensen; Lillian Sea-

man; Audrey Horne; Belva Morris.

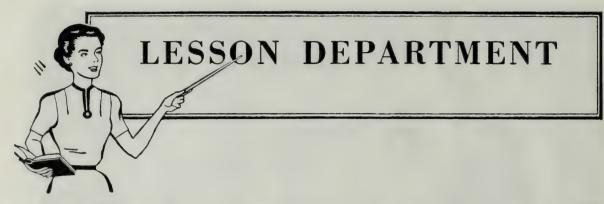
Marion H. Madsen, President, Miami Stake Relief Society, reports: "For the first time since its organization, in November 1960, the Miami Stake Relief Society officers called a special stake gathering of all Relief Society members of the stake for the celebration of the birthday of Relief Society. A work meeting was held in the morning, then a delicious luncheon was served, followed by a short program honoring the visiting teachers. Then came the presentation of the Relief Society film 'Unto the Least of These.' The large attendance was most gratifying. Sister Madsen and her counselors Ora Milne and Belva Morris sent personal invitations to every Relief Society sister in the stake. Some of the sisters traveled 162 miles from the Key West Branch to attend this gathering. The Miami Stake is 290 miles long, so many projects must be put into one day.

"A capable cast ably enacted the one-act play 'Relief Society, Why?' by Esther Olsen, to a large and appreciative audience. The play was directed by Audrey Horne."

# Hope

Catherine B. Bowles

It is eventide; the shadows fall.
Yet morning sun will shine for all;
When trials and sorrows fade away,
How beautiful the newborn day!
Lift up your eyes; the sun is bright —
God shares our burdens, makes them light.



# Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 36 — Teach What "the Apostles and Prophets Have Written"

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 52)

For Tuesday, January 2, 1962

Objective: To understand that security in this life and in the world to come is founded upon faith and obedience to the scriptures and the living prophets.

THE temporal and spiritual welfare of the saints was the concern of the Lord as revelations and commandments were given to his Prophet. It was most important that as people accepted the gospel, they should learn the necessity of maintaining faith in the scriptures (at that time the Bible and The Book of Mormon), and the revelations received by the Prophet Joseph Smith. The revelation upon which this lesson is written points out the need to have such faith.

Section 52 Background

Information regarding the Fourth General Conference, which convened in Kirtland, Ohio, assists us to understand the purposes for which Section 52 of The Doctrine and Covenants was given. The Church had been organized for only fourteen months, yet there were about two thousand persons in attendance at the conference which lasted for about three days, begin-

ning about the third of June 1831. In an earlier revelation (Section 44), the appointment for this conference was made, and the Spirit of the Lord was promised to be poured out upon the faithful who should meet on that occasion.

The literal fulfillment of this promise was received in many remarkable manifestations, including a number of prophecies. In the Prophet's journal it is recorded that "The Lord displayed His power to the most perfect satisfaction of the Saints" (D.H.C. I:175).

What were some of these occurrences which would call forth this evaluation of the general conference? "The man of sin was revealed, and the authority of the Melchizedek Priesthood was manifested. . . ." John Whitmer, Church Historian, wrote concerning this, as follows:

"Joseph Smith, Jun., prophesied the day previous that the man of sin would be revealed. While the Lord poured out His Spirit upon His servants, the devil took a notion to make known his power. He bound Harvey Whitlock and John Murdock so that they could not speak, and others were affected but the Lord showed to Joseph, the seer, the design of the thing; he commanded the devil in the name of Christ, and he departed, to our joy and comfort." (D.H.C. I, page 175, footnote).

The office of High Priest was conferred upon several brethren, this being the first time that this office was conferred in this dispensation. Among those ordained was Lyman Wight who prophesied:

. . . He said the coming of the Savior should be like the sun rising in the east, and will cover the whole earth. So with the coming of the Son of Man: yea, He will appear in His brightness and consume all [the wicked] before Him; and the hills will be laid low, and the valleys be exalted, and the crooked be made straight and the rough smooth. And some of my brethren shall suffer martyrdom for the sake of the religion of Jesus Christ, and seal their testimony of Jesus with their blood. He saw the heavens opened and the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the Father, making intercession for his brethren, the Saints. He said that God would work a work in these last days that tongue cannot express and the mind is not capable to conceive. The glory of the Lord shone around (D.H.C. I, page 176, footnote).

Another prophecy uttered by Joseph Smith at this time, 1831, concerned the activity of John the Revelator. According to the Church historian, John Whitmer, "The Spirit of the Lord fell upon Joseph in an unusual manner, and he prophesied that John the Revelator was then among the Ten Tribes of Israel who had been led away by Shalmaneser, the king of Assyria, to prepare them for their return from their long dispersion, to again possess the land of their fathers. He prophesied

many more things that I have not written" (D.H.C. I, page 176, footnote).

Thus ended a glorious general conference, the results of which were evaluated by the Prophet in this way:

It was clearly evident that the Lord gave us power in proportion to the work to be done, and strength according to the race set before us, and grace and help as our needs required. Great harmony prevailed; several were ordained; faith was strengthened; and humility, so necessary for the blessing of God to follow prayer, characterized the Saints.

The next day, as a kind of continuation of this great work of the last days, I received the following [Section 52] (D.H.C. 1:176-177).

Missionary Appointments

Following the general conference, the Lord called upon many elders to preach the gospel. A number of these were to proselyte in Ohio that the Church might be strengthened further in that area.

The names of many elders appear in Section 52 as these men are assigned to their missionary labors. Many of these brethren are well known in Church history and their lives make an interesting story. Others are little known today, but their efforts in building up the kingdom of God in their time could have been considerable. On the other hand, there were those who lost their place in the kingdom because they were overcome of the world.

Important Instructions

Important for our study are some of the instructions given to these missionaries since they are as valid today as when they were received. Outstanding in this regard are the following from Section 52:

(1) . . . preaching the word by the way, saying none other things than that which the prophets and apostles have written, and that which is taught them by the Comforter through the prayer of faith (verse 9). (Compare verse 36.)

(2) And behold, he that is faithful

(2) And behold, he that is faithful shall be made ruler over many things

(verse 13).

(3) The pattern against being deceived (verses 14-21).

#### Satan Deceives

Unto all the elders the Lord set forth a pattern by which the Church members might not be deceived, and thus the "spirits in all cases under the whole heaven" should be known.

This is the pattern certifying that Satan is a real being who seeks to deceive:

And again, I will give unto you a pattern in all things, that ye may not be deceived; for Satan is abroad in the land, and he goeth forth deceiving the nations (D & C 52:14).

# Who is accepted of the Lord?

Wherefore he that prayeth, whose spirit is contrite, the same is accepted of me if he obey mine ordinances.

He that speaketh, whose spirit is contrite, whose language is meek and edifieth, the same is of God if he obey mine ordinances (D & C 52:15, 16). [italics added]

In the early period of the Church there was a need, as there is today, for the members to distinguish between those who are acceptable to the Lord and those who are not. Here in plain language the key is given to make this distinction. Christian people believe in and practice prayer. In the lives of many there is the mark of sincerity and honesty regarding their everyday actions and beliefs. Only those,

however, who are sufficiently contrite, or humble enough to accept the truth as taught in the Lord's revelations through the Prophet Joseph Smith and his successors, and who obey the ordinances of water and Spirit baptism are acceptable to him. Regardless of how meek and edifying a person's language may be, he is still unacceptable to the Lord unless he obeys these ordinances.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, they who believe not on your words, and are not baptized in water in my name, for the remission of their sins, that they may receive the Holy Ghost, shall be damned, and shall not come into my Father's kingdom where my Father and I am (D & C 84:74).

There are many wonderful thoughts expressed by authors, teachers, clergymen, and other people who are not members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; but the Latter-day Saint must be prepared to distinguish between true and false teachings. The standard of judging such teachings is yet to be mentioned in this lesson.

The missionaries in the early history of the Church were prepared to inform the world that the Lord had restored the Church with its principles and ordinances as they were known anciently. These brethren were to go to the world to teach and not to be taught. (See D & C 43:15-16.)

Deceivers Among Us

The Prophet wrote that there were many false spirits abroad in the Christian and pagan world. He also said that there were some in our own Church who were possessed of this same spirit because ". . . it is made up of all those different sects

professing every variety of opinion, and having been under the influence of so many kinds of spirits, it is not to be wondered at if there should be found among us false spirits"

(D.H.C. IV:580).

Down through the decades men have attempted to govern the affairs of the Church by instructing or commanding the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator at the head of the Church and also the Twelve Apostles. As indicated, this began in the time of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as pointed out by Elder George A. Smith. (See D & C Commentary, page 200.)

More subtle ways have been and are used today by deceivers or perverters of the truth. The casting of doubt and even unbelief on the scriptures and that revelation is received by the leadership of the Church, are common ways in which these people try to undermine the Lord's work. The standard quoted above, "if he obey mine ordinances" (D & C 52:15-16), as applied to the member of the Church, is not limited to baptism and the other ordinances of the gospel. It also includes other decrees of God, including instructions and rules regarding conduct.

False Teachings Exposed

In 1946, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the First Presidency, told the people attending the April General Conference of false teachings which were being entertained by some members of the Church. Because of the need for members of the Church to be aware of these teachings and the authoritative way in which President Clark answered these claims, they are given here:

I have said on other occasions, and I repeat now that there are being taught amongst us, unfortunately, doctrines which are utterly destructive, not only of Jesus the Christ, but even of God himself, and we must be on our watch that neither we nor our children be influenced, debauched, or polluted by such doctrines.

Recently a man of education (he holds a high scholastic degree), a worthy member of the Church, sent me a statement of some of the teachings that now are somewhat mooted amongst some of our Latterday Saints—a few only, I trust. I am going to read this statement to you and make some comment upon the points as I proceed. There are some ten points.

I wish to say to you as earnestly as I may, that, as you will see when I have read them, if they shall attain credence amongst us, particularly amongst our young people, they will destroy our faith.

The first of these statements reads:

"1. God is not an anthropomorphic being," — that is, he does not have hands, or eyes, or feet, or ears, or a voice — "and not a personal God, nor a Living God."

I remember when Dr. Talmage used to say something not dissimilar from what I shall say, but he made an actual quote, as I recollect which I can only summarize after these many years. It went about this

way:

"Thrust God out of the back door, and he comes in at the front door as the First Great Cause. Thrust the First Great Cause out of the back door, and God enters the front door as a Great Force. Push him out as a Great Force, and he comes back in as a Great Intelligence."

No sane man who can think at all can deny in his heart the existence of God, the God of the Bible, and of the New Testament, and of modern revelation.

The next point:

"2. Man is a creature of the Universe and draws intelligence and ideas (inventions) from the Universe by being in harmony with it."

This statement is not only indefinite, but meaningless. It does, however, seem to postulate a Universe Intelligence, and thus we are back to our great concept of God.

"3. There is no such thing as supernatural experience among men—at any time in history. No revelation directly from God."

This denies all scripture. It denies all divine manifestations to man. It denies his goodness and his mercy and his love. It gives the lie to the commonest experience of man, recognized from the savage to the most highly civilized man; indeed, it gives the lie practically to our very existence.

"4. Jesus Christ was a revolutionary leader — but not divine."

This, of course, denies the divinity of Jesus. It falls squarely within the observation of John who declared, as I have already read:

"For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist." (II John 7.)

"5. Joseph Smith did not see God nor really experience any supernatural phenomena. He wrote the Book of Mormon without divine assistance. He also gave revelations to suit his purpose and the situation without divine assistance."

No man can honestly read the Book of Mormon and then say that this boy Prophet wrote it himself, and the most persistent search has failed to reveal that he stole the book. There is too much in the book to have been written by a boy whom his hostile critics brand as an ignoramus. And it should be said here, he had no opportunity for consulting either the little-known sources, which hostile critics have disinterred in trying to destroy him, or the more widely-known sources of which he probably had no knowledge whatever because they were inaccessible to him. No man of his age could have had in his mind, no matter how much he had studied, merely the allusions contained in the Book of Mormon to the holy scriptures, and all that we have of his that came from him when speaking or writing normally, gives not even a suggestion of his power to compose or to utter those great gems of majestic literature which are so plentifully found in the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants.

"6. The value of Mormonism is in its practice and in its system. Its origin need not be basic to one's belief in or acceptance of Mormonism for its value."

Many of us have heard this heresy before. No shallower view of Mormonism can be taken than is thus expressed. The achievements of our people, the growth of the Church, the people's endurance of hardship, misery, penury, persecution, and even martyrdom itself, would have been wholly impossible without the spirituality which lay behind and vitalized their whole lives. This people of ours had the Spirit of God to direct them. Take away from us that Spirit, take away the divinity which lies behind the gospel, and there is nothing left. Had our work not been divinely fathered, we would not have outlived our first ten years of life.

"7. The three-degrees-of-glory story is a myth."

That is, Paul was mistaken, the Prophet Joseph was mistaken, all who have thought and taught that glory might come to those who live righteously and die with a testimony, some of them as martyrs, were all mistaken and all they believed in was a myth. Such a concept destroys the teachings of the restored gospel. The words of Paul and the words of the Prophet Joseph were divinely inspired and are the eternal truth.

Here is another mean thrust:

"8. Temple work may occupy old people in pleasant pastime but it is absurd and foolish in its objectives."

Thus these antichrists would not only abandon the living but discard the dead, their ancestors and loved ones; nothing would be saved, indeed salvation would for no one be a reality. Every instinct of justice and mercy, every really rational con-

cept of man and his being cries out against any concept such as this. Temple work is part of the restored gospel.

"9. The belief that man might become as God is equally foolish."

This doctrine would, of course wipe out the great truth of eternal progression. It would thus cut off from man even the hope of advancement hereafter; it violates every concept of the future brought to us by the restored gospel.

"10. Practically every theological idea advanced by Joseph Smith can be found in some ancient religion or in some current beliefs contemporary with his time."

There is truth in the conception that the restored gospel does contain among its truths beliefs held by ancient religions and by modern ones. However, the Prophet Joseph never had the opportunity, never had the books, never had the time to search out from these sources all these various truths from the paganism and the Christianity of the past. It was not humanly possible for him to do so at his age and with the meager facilities at his command. But we know how it came to be that these partial truths were found in pagan teachings of pre-Christian eras: the gospel was on the earth from the time of Adam, and from then on down, there appeared here and there in the world, among this people and that, recollections of the doctrines and principles of the gospel as they were taught to Adam. Some of the truths of the gospel have always been on the earth (116 Annual Conference Report, April 1946, pp. 119-121).

The Standard of Judgment

This revelation (Section 52), in verses 9 and 36, establishes a standard which was to be used by the missionaries mentioned in this revelation. It is the same standard that has continued from the beginning and is in force today. The Lord said that these missionaries were to teach only that which the "prophets and

apostles have written, and that which is taught them by the Comforter through the prayer of faith."

Follow the Lord's Counsel

The scriptures are the basis for understanding our relationship to God, because they reveal the word of the Lord through his inspired prophets. His prophets today make known to the Latter-day Saints the will of the Lord and receive revelation for our guidance. The Prophet and President of The Church of Iesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the mouthpiece of God for the people who have made covenants with the Lord by baptism. Elder John A. Widtsoe wrote that the greatest or the most important prophet to us is the living prophet, because it is his responsibility to direct the people in solving the problems of the day by the inspiration of the Lord. Every prophet who has directed the Church in any generation has been the greatest prophet to that generation. The Latter-day Saint sustains the President of the Church in this way by accepting counsel from him and those who serve with him as prophets, seers, and revelators. (See The Improvement Era, November 1943, page 689.)

But how is the member of the Church to know the truth? It is by the power of the Holy Ghost. But who is entitled to this power? As this revelation points out, it is one who is humble (teachable, submissive to the Lord's will), prayerful, having faith in the Church Authorities, and remembering that in this life our principal concern should be to seek salvation through the gospel. This important fact was made known by the Lord when he said it was neces-

sary to walk uprightly before him. (See D & C 46:7.)

The Blessing of Obedience

We have now come to the third instruction given to the missionaries who were to teach the words "which the prophets and apostles have written" and that which is taught by "the Comforter through the prayer of faith." (See D & C 52:9, 14-21, 36.)

"And behold, he that is faithful shall be made ruler over many things" (*Ibid.*, verse 13). As one learns to rule himself, he grows in power, and the Lord places more responsibility upon him. (See also Alma 12:9-11; D & C 82:3.) This life is the time for testing and trial. He who is faithful in a few things will be made ruler over many. (See Luke 19:12-26.) The reward of the true disciple of Jesus is the blessing of godhood when all things will be subject to him.

Summary

Section 52 was received immediately following a general conference of the Church where great spiritual blessings were enjoyed by the faithful saints. In the main, this revelation was given that certain brethren might know of their assignments in the ministry, together with important instructions on how to detect the influences of the Adver-There was a pattern given which, if known, would be a means by which the missionaries and the members of the Church would be able to determine who is a true disciple of the Lord, and thus accept him as the Lord's representative. The standard of judgment is whether or not the person obeys the Lord's ordinances, which means the first principles of the gospel, and the rules and regulations which have been given for the guidance of the Church. Regardless of the language, meekness, and other virtues which impress people, God demands acceptance of his ordinances as the proof of faithfulness. One of the important tests to be applied to those who profess approval of the Lord is whether their teachings are from the writings of the apostles and prophets, both living and dead. The final testimony comes to the faithful Latter-day Saint through the Holy Ghost which bears witness to the truths spoken by the living The President of the Church is the revelator of the Lord and the person, who, under the power of the Holy Ghost, is authorized to determine the doctrine of the Church. His associates in the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve receive revelation for their callings as leaders of the Church, as do other officers in the kingdom of God.

# Questions for Discussion

- 1. How does a knowledge of what happened at the Fourth General Conference of the Church help you to understand the reason why the Lord gave Section 52?
- 2. What was known concerning the activities of John the Beloved at the time of this general conference in 1831?
- 3. According to this lesson, why would you believe that Satan is a personal being who seeks to deceive?
- 4. What is the pattern of judgment which the Lord says should be used to determine his true disciple?
- 5. Summarize this lesson by giving the three important instructions for the saints, as given in Section 52.

# Visiting Jeacher Messages—

# Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 36 — "One Man Shall Not Build Upon Another's Foundation" (D & C 52:33).

#### Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, January 2, 1962

Objective: To emphasize the fact that we can build solid foundations only upon our own efforts and accomplishments.

THE statement from The Doctrine and Covenants emphasizes the basic truth that the important things in life, such as character, faith, and a testimony of the gospel, are not inherited from others, neither can they be bought. They come to us only through our own efforts. It is true that wealth and material possessions and certain personality and character traits may be transferred from one generation to another, but the wisdom with which these possessions are utilized and developed must be self-learned.

Some of the most pathetic failures in history have come because individuals, with noble backgrounds and great potentialities, have mistakenly believed they could build on another's foundation and have neglected to build into their own lives those character qualities only upon which success and achievement come.

This is particularly true in the way we build our testimonies of the divinity of the gospel. Regardless of the faith of our fathers or of the strength and sturdiness of our families and associates, we cannot clothe ourselves with their testimonies. We must build, nourish, and sustain our own. All too often we may be mis-

led into thinking our testimony is strong, when, in fact, we are leaning heavily on the knowledge and testimony of someone else. This may be one of the basic causes for the inactivity of certain individuals who depend too much on the support and strength of others. If for any reason this support is withdrawn, then they find they are unable to stand on their own feet.

This emphasizes the importance of building testimonies on our own knowledge and personal convictions of the gospel, rather than on the lives and accomplishments of others. This may well be what Paul had in mind when he said, "... every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour" (I Cor. 3:8).

Character is another aspect of our individuality which must be built on our own personal foundation. Although good ancestry is a wonderful heritage and one which we should prize and cherish, yet, the only way we can fully take advantage of this inheritance is to take the good qualities passed on to us by our ancestors and make them function and expand in our own lives. Regardless of how fine our inheritance may be, if these qualities are allowed to lie dormant, they will

wither and die. We must build with the tools and materials which are given us.

> Each is given a bag of tools, A shapeless mass, A book of rules; And each must make, Ere life is flown, A stumbling-block Or a stepping-stone.

> > —R. L. Sharpe
> > —From "Stumbling-Block or Stepping-Stone"

Most of us remember the story about the wise master who, before he departed on an extended journey, called one of his servants to him to give him instructions regarding the construction of an important building. This building, he told the servant, was to be the home of a special friend, and so he wanted it built to exact specifications with the very best materials.

After the master had departed, the servant rationalized with himself that he could save money and effort, here and there, by violating the specifications by using shoddy materials in places where he thought the shortcomings could not be detected.

The house was finished. When the master returned he gave it to his servant who had built it, explaining that he was the special friend for whom this "special house was built."

Our characters and our lives will reflect the type of materials with which we build. Let us make sure the materials we use are only of the best so that we can build strong, sturdy foundations to support good, righteous lives.

# Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 4 — Courtesy in Church

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, January 9, 1962

Objective: To emphasize that we honor our Father in heaven when we practice and encourage respect for others in Church and for the edifices themselves.

BECAUSE of the constant and varied needs which our Church edifices serve, they receive hard wear under normal circumstances. Only when every member considerately co-operates to protect these buildings can their sacred influence be fully enjoyed. This respect for

churches and people is a visible component of reverence.

Children, as well as people of all ages, are welcomed to our Church services. Nearly every ward can point with pride to large families who attend meetings together and whose deportment reflects under-

LESSON DEPARTMENT 695

standing of the purpose of the service by being reverent and courteous; however, there is evidence that many are yet in the learning process of

acquiring these attributes.

The joy of understanding the "good news" of the gospel message and feeling the close relationship as brothers and sisters, characterize the Latter-day Saints as friendly. However, it behooves us to exercise caution lest this attitude beget noisy sociability to the extent that it becomes discourteous and irreverent.

Parental Responsibility

Courtesy in church is a lesson in living which should not be neglected. It can best be learned in the intimacy of the family circle, where each member can be instructed properly in his obligations and privileges. President McKay has said:

It has been truly said that reverence is the noblest state in which a man can live in the world. If that is true, then irreverent man has a crudeness about him that is repellent. . . .

Reverence and obedience to law should begin at home. Indeed, too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the responsibility of parents to teach their children reverence for God in all things sacred, and to honor and uphold the law. . . .

Disorder injures the child who makes it. He should learn that when he is in society there are certain things which he cannot do with impunity. He cannot trespass upon the rights of his associates (Gospel Ideals, pp. 224 and 225).

This important lesson should not be left for religious leaders on the scene, except under unusual circumstances when mischievous children are found in disturbing or destructive acts. Parents, to whom such an incident is reported, should co-operate with the leaders in helping the child to understand the seriousness of the error. A proper plan for restitution, if necessary, should be considered as much for the child's benefit as for his obligations to the Church.

Polite Promptness

It is distracting from reverence when people arrive late for Church services. It is courteous to make every effort to be in place before the prelude music begins. To avoid tardiness requires parental planning of home preparations for Church attendance, even on the day previous. Emergencies that occasionally make late arrival unavoidable are recognized, but to be habitually late bespeaks selfishness.

Helps for Children

If it is necessary to bring a little food or nursing bottle to Church, these foods should be handled with great care to prevent them from crumbling or spilling on the benches or on the floor. These areas should be checked by the parents before leaving the chapel to make sure that they are clear of litter.

Óbserving the following suggestions bespeaks thoughtful courtesy to other worshipers and contributes to teaching reverence to children:

1. If "quiet toys" are necessary, they should be limited to the unbreakable type that do not scratch, rattle, or jingle.

2. Use of crayons or pencils should be confined to the paper that parents may provide for the child.

3. Help the child to understand that draperies and curtains are "no no" items and should not be touched or pulled.

4. Little shoes with metal taps or trims that will scratch should be kept off the benches.

5. Hymn books are part of the necessary equipment for worship. They deserve equal care and protection with the furnishings.

Part of the preparation for the Sabbath day should be that of reminding little tots and teens of proper behavior in Church meet-

ings.

It is wise for parents with small children to sit near the aisle or close to the exit into the "cry-room" or hall, so that if it is necessary to take the child from the chapel, it may be done without disturbing a row of people. A disorderly child should be taken from the chapel at once, but not home, or else the child will learn it can go home if it disturbs. When a child is quiet he may be brought back into the chapel. Repeating this process as often as necessary will teach church behavior to the child.

The passing of the sacrament is a sacred period. Children can be helped to fold their hands during the prayer, and learn the sacredness of this ordinance if not allowed to play during the service.

Courtesy of Appreciation

Strangers attending Church services are generally welcomed by those appointed to do so at the entrance to the chapel, recognized in the classes which they attend, and introduced to the members. Following the service, they should be welcomed by members and made to feel a part of the group. Certainly in Relief Society this aspect of courtesy should not be overlooked.

Except for rare emergencies, it is

rude to leave religious services before the closing prayer has been offered. President McKay said:

Children should be impressed with the inappropriateness of confusion and disorder in a worshiping assembly, and should be made to realize that it is the height of rudeness to leave service before dismissal. Young people who ignore such proprieties are two hundred and fifty years behind the times. They should have lived in colonial days when just to make sure that they stayed out the service, young men were locked in their pews by their superiors (Conference Report, April 1937, page 30).

# When Church Representatives Come to You

When representatives of the ward (ward teachers, Relief Society visiting teachers, Magazine representatives, and others) come to the home, they should be treated with deference. Treat them as special guests, and turn off any television, record player, or radio that happens to be playing while these visitors are in the home. Family members should be taught by example to radiate warmth, friendliness, interest, and respect for the callings of these people who visit homes in the spirit of service.

# Questions for Discussion

1. Suggest ways and means parents may employ to teach children respect and care for the chapel and public property.

2. Discuss the question: How should a parent react when a Church officer or teacher corrects her child or informs the

parent of his misbehavior?

3. If children are observed running in the chapel halls or rooms, should one remind them to desist or just ignore them? How do you do?

# Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

## Lesson 28 - Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's Poet (1807-1882)

# Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: America's Literature by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 357-399)

For Tuesday, January 16, 1962

Objective: To renew acquaintance with Longfellow, America's best-loved and best-known poet.

FOR more than a hundred years
Longfellow has been the favorite poet of the United States. To
ignore or belittle him is to disparage
a national institution, while to understand and accept him for what
he is gives immediate and valid entrance into the national character.
This is not to claim that his poems

are great, but only loved.

Had the people been given the right to vote in the age when poetry was supreme, without question Longfellow would have been voted America's Poet Laureate. With few exceptions, whatever he wrote was immediately and widely read. One of his later books sold 15,000 copies the day it was published. The comprehensive view of his status is perhaps best given by his publisher, M. T. Fields:

Longfellow's currency in Europe is almost unparalleled. Twenty-four publishing houses in England have issued the whole or a part of his works. Many of his poems have been translated into Russian and Hebrew. "Evangeline" has been translated three times into German, and "Hiawatha" has not only gone into nearly all the modern languages but can be read in Latin. I have seen translations of all Longfellow's principal works in French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish. The Emperor of Brazil has himself translated and

published "Robert of Sicily," and in China they use a fan which has become tremendously popular on account of the "Psalm of Life" being printed on it. Professor Kneeland, who went to the national millenial celebration in Iceland, told me that when he was leaving, the people said to him: "Tell Longfellow that we love him; and tell him that Iceland knows him by heart" (Shepard, Odell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: Representative Selections, American Book Company, 1934, page 40).

Longfellow's only rival in England was Tennyson. Both Cambridge and Oxford bestowed honorary degrees upon him; his bust in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey is prominently placed, the only American to be so honored. After granting him private audience, in 1868, Queen Victoria noted in her journal her pleasure and surprise upon learning that his poems were known to the servants in the castle. which explained the excitement with which they concealed themselves along his pathway, that they might get a good look at him. "No other distinguished person has come here that has excited so peculiar an interest. Such poets wear a crown that is imperishable." And Longfellow received the same adulation at home. When a close friend recited the following lines from "The

Building of the Ship," Lincoln's face became wet with tears, and, after a long silence, he said, "It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that."

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, strong and great! Humanity with all its fears, With all the hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate! We know what Master laid thy keel, What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made each mast, and sail, and rope, What anvils rang, what hammers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Fear not each sudden sound and shock, 'Tis of the wave and not the rock; 'Tis but the flapping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock and tempest's roar, In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee!

For soft, flowing beauty, a skill at which Longfellow excels, read aloud:

I heard the trailing garments of the Night Sweep through her marble halls!

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light From the celestial walls!

—"Hymn to the Night"

"The Day Is Done" is a useful summary of Longfellow's lyrical gifts and his romantic yearnings for peace and security, just as "Psalm of Life" exemplifies the moralizing, affirming optimism which made him spokesman for an age of hope and belief.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village

Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me

That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day, Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

This poem contains dominant traits of Longfellow himself: it is smooth, gentle, warm with the love of family and the security of home; it affirms the simple, heartfelt truths as the source of life's goodness; its tones and rhythms are the beauty and peace which both Longfellow and his readers esteem.

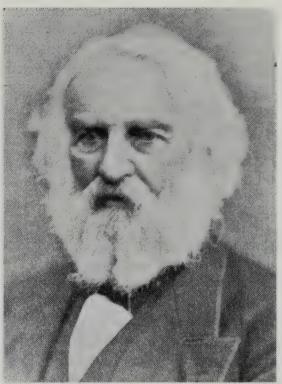
Longfellow, the Man
Henry was born February 27,
1807, in Portland, Massachusetts

LESSON DEPARTMENT 699

(later Maine), to a practical, influential lawyer father, who was a Harvard graduate, and a sensitive, gentle mother. Frequently Henry visited the seven-thousand-acre estate given his grandfather for his outstanding services during the Revolutionary War, and saw in this tie-wigged, knee-breeched old gentleman the security of family excellence, which his own father perpetuated and which Longfellow honored when he came into possession of Craigie House, the most luxurious mansion in all Cambridge.

After college, a trip to Europe for some years gave Longfellow a facility in some ten languages and a strong love for the medieval past, which dominated his imagination throughout his life. A trip to Europe to give him greater background for his position of Professor of Languages at Harvard, ended in tragedy when his wife died in Rotterdam, in 1836. He returned to Harvard where he taught effectively until 1854, when he resigned to give himself entirely to his poetry, since his college duties had become like "a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre." Seven years previous he had married Frances Appleton, whose wealthy merchant father had given them Craigie House as a wedding gift.

Theirs was an extremely happy marriage. Longfellow traveled from home only when such absence was unavoidable, so great a pain did separation cause them both. And both enjoyed the prestige and dignity which surrounded them in their home: lovely paintings, carpets, and furniture, servants in velvet coats, the best food, and elegant living. As Longfellow recorded in his journal, "I think it is exquisite to read



A Perry Picture

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

good novels in bed with wax lights and silver candlesticks — Disraeli's Vivian Grey, for example." Their three children brought them great joy, but it was his grandchildren in his eighteen years of loneliness who gave Longfellow the crowning happiness of his life.

While Longfellow inherited much wealth, he earned far more from his books, rarely less than \$20,000 a year and, sometimes, almost \$50,000. A most careful businessman, he kept meticulous records of all his affairs, managed his publishers to obtain most advantageous royalties from his world-wide publications, and invested his funds in sound and profitable enterprises.

Throughout his adult years Longfellow's eyes were so weak that he could read only in daylight, but his wife spent hours reading to him from the huge library which he used almost daily. "Evangeline" was written in a large scrawl on large pads without his ever seeing what he wrote. In later years his eyes became stronger, but the neuralgic pains which plagued him all his life never relented. Some days the waves of pain surging through his teeth and body were so severe that he could only suffer and wait for them to pass.

But the great pain which never passed until his death was the tragic death of his beloved Fanny, in 1861, after fourteen years of full companionship and love. Her billowy summer dress was blown into a lighted candle. Though Henry raced to her in answer to her screams and hugged her within his coat, her burns were fatal. His face was burned so severely that he could not shave and henceforth wore a full beard. Though but one or two of Longfellow's poems contain any personal reference, "The Cross of Snow" written eighteen years after her death, in his seventy-second year, is a sonnet of superior quality, and one of his best poems, though, unfortunately, but little known since he did not permit its publication during his lifetime. (See text, page 399.)

In the long, sleepless watches of the night, A gentle face — the face of one long dead —

Looks at me from the wall, where round its head

The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light. Here in this room she died; and soul more white

Never through martyrdom of fire was led To its repose; nor can in books be read The legend of a life more benedight. There is a mountain in the distant West, That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines Displays a cross of snow upon its side. Such is the cross I wear upon my breast

These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes

And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

During his years of grief, Longfellow did more translating in an attempt to keep himself occupied, his most notable work being Dante's "Divine Comedy." He wrote his last poem ten days before his death. His seventy-fifth birthday was honored in every schoolhouse in the country. Less than one month later, Longfellow died, on March 24, 1882.

#### Narrative Poems

Throughout Longfellow's life he read widely in medieval and other European literatures and histories. His reason? He liked it, both for the relaxation and the vicarious reality it brought him. Many foreign titles appear among his poems: "Divina Commedia" ("Divine Comedy"), "Vox Populi" ("Voice of the People"), "Morituri Salutamus" ("We About to Die Salute You"), "Haroun Al Raschid" (Caliph of Bagdad in Arabian Nights), "Michelangelo," and many others. But many of his poems which we know best are story-poems in which Longfellow's characteristic elements of sentiment and didacticism are strongly represented. Such are "The Birds of Killingworth," "King Robert of Sicily," "I Heard the Bells Christmas Day," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." In "Hiawatha" he attempted to catch the epic majesty of primitive Indian culture:

> By the shores of Gitche Gumee, By the shining Big-Sea-Water, Stood the wigwam of Nokomis. Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis....—(III, lines 64-67)

One figure defining the relationship of Hiawatha and Minnehaha is aptly drawn:

As unto the bow the cord is, So unto the man is woman, Though she bends him, she obeys him, Though she draws him, yet she follows, Useless each without the other. . . .

Perhaps his best-known short narrative poems are "The Village Blacksmith" and "Paul Revere's Ride," both having earned a place in many a schoolchild's heart — if not in American history:

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and
year...

The delight which this poem has yielded (written about the ride made by Paul Revere to warn the American colonists of the approach of the British in Boston preceding the American Revolutionary War), makes Revere's debt to the poet immeasurable. Here again is exemplified the poet's ability to create in the popular imagination a more vivid narrative of history than history itself offers.

Evangeline

Appearing in 1847, the same year as Tennyson's "The Princess" (and contrasting sharply with the actual contemporary emigration to Utah of the Mormon pioneers), "Evangeline" immediately became universally known and loved, since it appeared to be the long-anticipated "great American poem" by a native American about an American subject. Longfellow visited neither Nova Scotia nor the Mississippi Val-

ley, but drew upon travel books for his descriptions which are nonetheless the best lines in the poem.

The story of Evangeline deals with the deportation of some six thousand rural Frenchmen from Grand-Pré, in 1755, when they refused to take the oath of allegiance to England, even though Acadia had been given to England by France in a treaty more than forty years The final pathos of the poem is made possible only because of Longfellow's initial success in portraying the simple tranquility of Evangeline's home environment before her people were evicted, their homes burned, and they were rudely shoved into different ships bound for various ports:

the field, and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village

Columns of blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearts, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance. . . .

(text, page 365, lines 47-57).

Aloof to all young men's advances save those of Gabriel, Evangeline anticipates their marriage, which is interrupted by the harsh evacuation order. Gabriel and his father Basil

settle in Louisiana where, many, many years later, Evangeline finds Basil the day after Gabriel has left to hunt. Fruitlessly they search the Michigan woods, until, in despair, Evangeline becomes a nurse to the unfortunate and forgotten derelicts of Philadelphia. There she discovers the dying Gabriel who recognizes her but is too weak to pronounce her name before he dies. The aged but now grateful Evangeline soon joins him in death and, at last, the lovers are joined in nameless graves, while those few peasants who returned to Acadia

... by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deepvoiced, neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest. . . .

## Longfellow's Place in American Literature

Afternoon in February

For some modern readers Longfellow is too sentimental, artificial, and shallow even to be given a hear-

ing; for others he still speaks in beauty of inner peace, of life as it should be, of the ideal dream-reality which all mortals pursue yet never attain. Regardless of which feeling toward Longfellow one holds, or whether they blend into each other, his place in American literature is assured. Too many of us and our forebears have found pleasure and solace in his poetry for his lines ever to be forgotten, and while newer, more profound and somber voices may sing with more piercing power to a more somber, realistic world, still those who wish to know fully the truths of the American past and the human heart will return to him through time.

# Thoughts for Discussion

1. Relate Longfellow's background and personal life to his poetry.

2. Which of his poems do you like

best? Why?

3. Do you agree that he might be considered a valid spokesman for nineteenth-century America?

# List of Longfellow's Poems That Have Been Set to Music

POEMS

**COMPOSERS** 

1.	Afternoon in February	ITULLAH
2.	Alike Are Life and Death	Rinck
	(Taken from "Birds of Passage," Flight the	
	Fourth)	
3.	America (fugitive stanza)	Carey
	The Arrow and the Song	
	Bear a Lily in Thy Hand	
	Beware	
7.	The Bridge	Bliss
	Curfew	
9.	Death of Minnehaha	Converse
	(Taken from "The Famine" in "Hiawatha")	
10.	Decoration Day	Geyer
	Good Night! Good Night, Beloved	
	("Song" in "Spanish Student")	
12.	The Green Trees Whisper Low and Mild	Balfe

13. The Hemlock Tree	GERMAN AIR
14. Christmas Bells	
15. It Was Fifty Years Ago	HATTON
(Taken from "Birds of Passage" First Part	
from "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz,"	
May 28, 1857)	
	OLDS
16. January 17. The Open Window	Scott - Gatty
18. A Psalm of Life	Smart
19. The Rainy Day	Dempster
20. The Reaper and the Flowers	
21. The Ship of State	German air; also music by
(Taken from "The Building of the Ship"	unknown composer.
in "By the Seaside")	
22. Stars of the Summer Night	Balfe; Pease; Woodbury; also unknown composer
The Sun Is Bright	
23. The Sun Is Bright	CATE
24. To Stay at Home Is Best	CATE
Fifth)	
25. The Village Blacksmith	Weis
20. The Reaper and the Flowers	HATTON
27. Upsidee	
28. As Torrents in Summer	EDWARD ELGAR
29. Hiawatha's Wedding	
30. Forget-Me-Nots	
31. Life Is Real, Life Is Earnest	WILMOT
(30 and 31 found in American School Songs, I	Hope Publishing Company, Chicago,

Illinois, 1904.)

Note: Many of these songs may be purchased or ordered from the music stores

Note: Many of these songs may be purchased or ordered from the music stores advertising in The Relief Society Magazine. Also, consult your local music stores.

# Social Science—The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

Service, the Mission of Motherhood

# Lesson 3 - Motherhood, the Highest Type of Service

Objective: To realize the implied obligation and responsibility of motherhood. "Motherhood is the highest type of service which mortals know" (President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.).

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Tuesday, January 23, 1962

Childbearing — to Be Wellborn

"WOMAN should be intelligent
and pure because she is
the living life fountain from which

flows the stream of humanity" (President David O. McKay).

The mother in childbearing becomes the fountain of life. The

child is the miracle of life itself. At birth it becomes a living entity with the potential of transmitting life. The scientist in the laboratory can put together materials and keep them living, but he cannot give these materials the power to reproduce.

The joint responsibility of parenthood is to beget human life. To the mother is given the capacity to nurture, develop, and bring into this world the child — a spirit of God with an earthly body. The miracle of life and the sacredness of the ability to reproduce should be the subject for a constant lesson to be taught by mothers to children as they grow up.

The knowledge of the source of life and the full realization of the responsibility for the development of the capacities and the potentialities of the baby, together with the pain and suffering of childbearing, provide an important base for the love and concern of the mother for

the welfare of the child.

With a full knowledge of (1) the purpose of life; (2) the source of the spirit of the child; and (3) the responsibility of accounting to our Father in heaven for the children that are given to us, childbearing has a special significance, a sacredness that every man and woman must seriously consider.

In this lesson, being wellborn is concerned not only with mental and physical equipment, but also with a home and family where the parents are qualified to provide healthy stimulation to the growth and development of each child spiritually and intellectually. What a blessing it is to be able to live in an atmosphere of calm, peaceful relationships

between father and mother, plus the ability to meet adequately temporal needs of the members. All these things must be considered as being part of being wellborn.

1. The Importance of Selection

Possibly the most important decision that a man or woman makes in relationship to their own happiness, the happiness of their descendants, and the happiness and general welfare of society, is the choice of a mate. By this decision one determines the biology of the children, the spiritual environment in which they are to mature, and the intellectual atmosphere that will provide the stimulation to influence the development of the child's abilities and capacities.

Some young people try to settle these great problems in a moment of infatuation or high emotional This places a definite retension. sponsibility on parents, particularly upon mothers, constantly to encourage and train their children in the art of selection. This training begins, really, in the selection of the locality in which the family is to live. Your neighbors become a primary group for your children, providing them with intimate face-toface experiences. Such experiences are basic to effective learning. As these experiences continue, friendships are developed that become lasting and, frequently, provide the life partner of the child. Therefore, it is mother's duty to know her neighbors and to limit or encourage the association of her children according to her findings. It is much more difficult to break up a wellestablished association than to give direction to the selection of desirable companions in the first place.

LESSON DEPARTMENT 705

The interest and concern of parents in and about the associates of their children never end. Again, as always, mother carries the responsibility of knowing the companions of her children. Father cannot, under any condition, be freed from his part of this responsibility; but, mother, as the managing director of the home, must see the importance of her assignment and do something about it.

As the children grow, the selection of playmates and companions becomes more and more important. Inviting the acquaintances of their children into the home and being interested in their play, conversation, and personality expressions, can be a most revealing and enlightening experience and provide an excellent base for evaluation. Then, at the proper time, a suggesrecommendation tion or whom to continue to invite or go with can be presented with confidence and effectiveness. In the training for proper selection, as in all training, there cannot be dictatorial or commanding directions, but there can be patient, persistent training in values so that the child feels a confidence in his own decisions. These decisions must be his own. based on careful training, or he will falter when he is away from the advice and counsel of his parents.

# 2. Mental Health a Constant Obligation

A major concern in the selection of a mate is sound mental health. Mental health, like the health of the rest of the body, should have a vital place in the health program of every family. If the child grows up in a healthy mental environment, a major step has been taken in assuring his happiness and success in life.

Mental health comes easily to children who are happy and relaxed and who have wholesome relations with their associates, particularly their parents. The preservation of mental health begins at the birth of the child. It requires the same intelligent care that is given to the

physical health.

In plain and simple words, "mental health" in the home refers to an environment composed of stimulating, happy, wholesome relationships among all members of the household. There must be a feeling of security, understanding, justice, dependability, faith in the divine, and an abundance of love. This environment must be free from fear, worry, and conflict.

In conversation with a scholarly Chinese gentleman, who is an elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I asked how he accounted for the respect of children in his homeland. He quietly and sincerely answered "the dignity of parenthood." He went on to explain that the actions of the father and mother in the Chinese society were expected to be in keeping with the best tradition of their culture. It is noteworthy that the Chinese family in the United States has a very low rate of delinquency among the children.

There is considerable wisdom in the answer of Elder Tsun, "the dignity of the parents." This would eliminate such actions as loss of temper, shouting at children or each other in anger, and the quarreling of parents before the children or at any other time.

One very essential and effective

means of providing a good environment for mental health is through family prayer. Prayer brings the family together in humility, acknowledging blessings. It causes them to think seriously of each other and loved ones away from home.

Again, we are reminded of the service mother gives in providing the environment for good mental health in the home. The important point is that her children thus provided will look for similar developments in their friends and, it is hoped, in the selection of a mate. Thus a generation unborn will be somewhat assured of being wellborn.

# 3. Family Health Program

This will be a quick reference to health as a factor in good selection that the coming generations may be wellborn.

In reality, mental and physical health are so closely related that it is difficult to consider them separately. Good physical health and good mental health, in general, go

together.

The child must be taught to value good health and good health practices. This begins in the very early vears of his life. Cleanliness as a health practice begins with the baby's bath and can be taught as an essential quality of a desirable member of society. This, then, becomes an essential qualification for playmates or companions.

It is surprising how simply the teaching of cleanliness of body can be directed to the teaching of the cleanliness of mind. Cleanliness of body is a first step and can be learned in harmony with the cleanliness thought and action. of

Cleanliness of the home is also definitely connected with the effective teaching of cleanliness of body and mind. General good health is a product of cleanliness, and where people eat, sleep, and associate as intimately as they do in the home, cleanliness becomes im-

perative.

Training the child in the areas discussed thus far in this lesson, is the beginning of the environment of the families of tomorrow. Selection of the right mate is vital to this improvement. Mother's obligation is to do her best, with father's help, to develop the capacities of her children and help them establish good patterns of action. Then, by helping them to appreciate these patterns in others, she will be able to help them select companions with or better equal development. Through this process the quality of society will be raised, offering hope that the next generation will be wellborn.

# Child Development

## 1. The Never-Ending Need of Stimulation

Earlier in these lessons it has been stated that a newborn baby is a bundle of possibilities. When stimulated, the baby responds. Within the cycle of stimulation and response, development takes place. There is a continuous need for stimulation so that the possibilities of the child may be discovered and de-The quality of the stimulation has a direct bearing on the result produced.

Proper stimulation is the great challenge to the parents, in general, and to the mother in particular. She must have the patience, the perseverance, and the know-how to bring the tiny baby to a full expression of its talents and capabilities.

A mother's challenge really lies in the quality of her stimulation. She is obligated to develop her own talents and to bring to her aid every available assistance. Help can be found in reading material, in lecture series and leadership programs, and in special workshop and training courses for parenthood.

# 2. The Importance of Discipline of Body, Mind, and Spirit

Too many parents shrink from the term discipline. When the term "discipline" is used, they most generally think of punishment. Possibly because of unpleasant experiences with punishment in their own lives, they have rebelled against the use of the term in any sense. In the proper meaning of the word, discipline is as vital as sunshine to the growing child.

Discipline refers to teaching and instruction. It is that which is taught to pupils. It is the training which corrects, molds, strengthens, or perfects. It is a system of rules affecting conduct. It is the process by which one learns to use effectively his mental and physical powers.

Discipline is, therefore, closely related to goals and values. Goals and values are related to the mores (mores are people's ways which have a sacred moral significance); the ideals and the standards of our society. In The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the mores, ideals, or standards are the product of good living under the inspiration of divine principles.

The discipline of the body, therefore, has specific reference to the

training of the physical side of life to its perfection. The discipline of the mind is a most exciting adventure. It has to do with correcting, molding, strengthening, and perfecting the most phenomenal equipment of the human being. mind is a delicate instrument, sensitive to every stimulation that is brought to bear upon the nervous The mind is capable of systematic, orderly response. If the teaching is orderly, if the patterns of behavior are clearly defined from the beginning of the child's life, the child should become an orderly, responsible, and well-disciplined mem-Mother should of society. examine carefully the goals, values, or objectives for her children and begin the discipline on the day of birth.

The discipline of the spirit is a more refined phase of discipline. The spirit has a divine origin and is particularly sensitive to the revealed mind and will of God. Therefore, the discipline of the spirit is directly related to the religious atmosphere created by the parents in the home.

# 3. Obedience, a Positive Contribution to a Child's Development

In the discussion of discipline, one is led logically to the importance of obedience. The person who is most free is the one who knows the law and obeys it.

The chemist who knows the laws of chemistry can make an effective application of his knowledge only if he is obedient to those laws. To produce steel, plastic, medicine, or thousands of other things common to the modern chemist, he must

# SACRED MUSIC FOR LADIES CHORUSES

COME UNTO HIM "Messiah"—Handel
COME YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER—Madsen
GLORY TO GOD—Bach-Wilson .25
GOD OF ALL NATURE  —Tschaikowsky-Remick
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know the laws involved and follow them.

To live effectively with one's fellow men, one must know the rules governing group living and observe them. Obedience to the rules of behavior is characteristic of the well-disciplined member of society.

#### 4. Moral Values

A value is something of worth, something that rates in usefulness, the quality or fact of being excellent. Moral refers to conforming to an accepted standard of good, a sense of duty, and a recognition of right.

Moral values, then, are the product of the wisdom of time-tested behavior. In our day, moral values represent the best judgment of man in tune with the mind and will of God. There is and must be for us a divine tone to the moral values of our society. The moral values of every society remain because of the consistent and persistent effort of the members in that society to keep them. The home is the stronghold, the major line of defense in keeping the moral values of our society. The mothers and fathers must have a clear vision of these values and, by precept and example, teach them to their children.

If liberty and justice are valued highly by society, the home must provide the basic teachings supporting this value, if it is to remain. If baptism, temple marriage, or any other sacred ordinance of our Church are to continue as important moral values, the home must provide the basic teachings and practice that will assure their continuance. If the ideals and teachings of Christ are to be effective in the lives

of children and in their society, they must be taught as sacred and essential to the happiness and success of the individual.

Faith in God, love of fellow men, honesty, chastity, or any other of the desired virtues are encouraged by effective teaching, testing, and guiding the child to appreciate and practice the moral values of his society.

# Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the real significance of the term "being wellborn"?

2. How important to the family is the selection of the home location?

3. What is the relationship of mate selection to being wellborn?

4. How important are the concepts of discipline and obedience to the desirable member of society?

5. How can the moral values of our society be most effectively maintained?

References: The following articles by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr:

"Our Homes," Relief Society Magazine,

December 1940, pp. 801-810.

"Children in the Scriptures," Relief Society Magazine, December 1955, pp. 788-801.

# October Day

Ramona R. Munford

Silence — So profound, all nature Seems inanimate. No floating cloud To dim the burnished blue, No breath of breeze To stir dead leaves, Still clinging. No step to crush The bleaching grass Wrapped in golden warmth. The mountain sleeps. Silence — So intense, a sudden sound Would shatter it. Like breaking glass! A day for dreaming, For knowing God, For peace.

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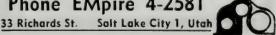
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# Sunshine Is Where You Find It

Cleo Jones Johnson

the radio announcer said, this morning, when reporting on the weather. And truly the wind is blowing a desperate gale. Dust picked up from the newly plowed earth clouds the sky and stifles the air. The sun, shining brightly somewhere, is deeply hidden from our view.

But I care not. I'm too busy remembering that pleased, satisfied look with which my husband sometimes blesses me, and gave me this morning before he left for work. I'm remembering the feeling that was mine yesterday when our eldest son played his first recital piece well, and I saw a beam in his eye which told me he knew now that effort wisely spent would bring its own reward.

I feel the moist kiss of a small daughter, who with arms about my neck, whispers, "I love you," then starts afresh on that never-ending task of dishes—dishes—dishes. And the laughter still bubbles, when I think of an impish look on the face of the one we call our Clown, as he rushed in from school and shared with all a bit of nonsense found that day in a Weekly Reader, something about eating peas with honey. And I am thankful for a joy he's found in life.

Oh, the wind can blow, and the dust hide the sun. I care not. My heart is full. I have peace, contentment. I find inside for me enough sunshine for all the day.



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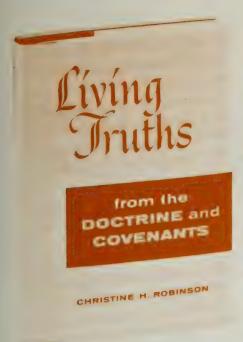
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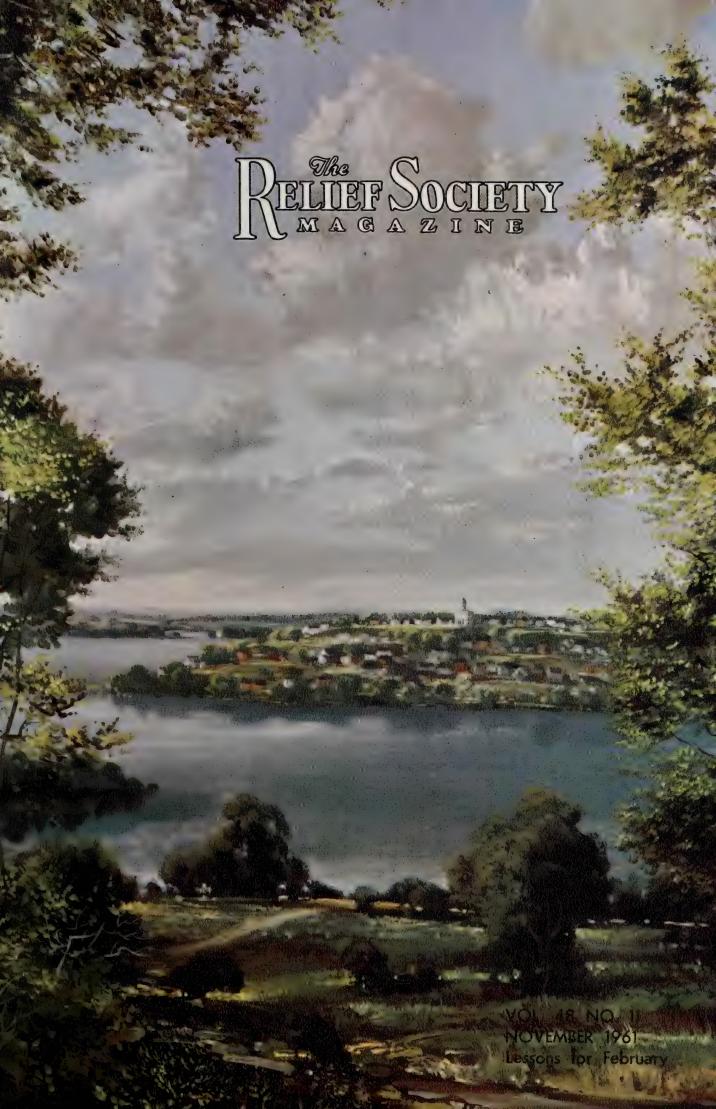
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# Silver Twilight

#### Mabel Law Atkinson

My sun still high was darkened. Spent with tears, I knew the blighting kiss of early frost.

Along a pathway shadowed by my fears
I held the hand of God till I had crossed
The bridge of hope to peace, and lifted up
My eyes to see the sun. . . . And now I sing
With clearer tones; drink from a star-filled cup
While beauty rims the shadows lingering.

Above the bronzing hills of truth, where still
I garner dreams, I see the first white star
That preludes night. Beyond the last high hill
The dawn will wake new dreams. My eyes afar,
With love about me like an accolade,
I walk the silver twilight unafraid.

The Cover: Nauvoo, Illinois, from a painting by Francis R. Magleby This painting hangs in the Relief Society Building,

Salt Lake City, Utah

Frontispiece: Half Dome, Yosemite National Park, California Photograph by Don Knight

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

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# From Near and Far

I want you all to know that I feel fine in Relief Society. I love our Magazines and read them from cover to cover. I was set apart as a visiting teacher for the first time in 1913, still am one, and it will be forty-nine years soon. I am seventy-nine years old and also cut blocks, sew them together, and make quilt tops for the Relief Society. The Magazine has wonderful lessons in all the departments. I may never see any of you, but I am here praying for you all . . . a pioneer member of the Northwestern States Mission.

—Mary E. Morris
Prineville, Oregon

May I express my appreciation for The Relief Society Magazine. It seems to get better all the time. I can certainly urge and recommend it to all of the sisters whom I meet in the mission field. Our missionaries use the Magazine very effectively in preaching the gospel.

President
Western States Mission
Relief Society
Denver, Colorado

The striking cover for the September (1961) issue of The Relief Society Magazine, showing Canyon de Chelly, Arizona (color transparency by Willard Luce), is a most beautiful combination of light and shadow that only an artist can emphasize, even in a photograph.

—Leona W. Rasmuson Logan, Utah

I would like to express my heartfelt thanks for The Relief Society Magazine. Four years ago my mother-in-law gave it to her five daughters for our birthdays, and has continued to subscribe for us each year. I always read the Magazine from cover to cover, and the messages and materials are priceless to me. It is wonderful to belong to Relief Society and I wish everyone could attend.

—Roene A. Dickinson
Panguitch, Utah

I did enjoy Camilla Eyring Kimball's "Reminiscings" in the July issue and "Let This Be Said" (June 1961) written for Sister McKay by Alberta H. Christensen. I receive much uplift from the wisdom and strength of Sister Sharp's editorial messages, and the delightful "worthwhileness" of Sister Madsen's editorials. Sister Crawford's editorial "The Ripening of the Wheat" (July) is really a lovely poem—with the father and daughter before the field of wheat.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

Each month I thoroughly enjoy every part of *The Relief Society Magazine*. To me, it touches every aspect of a woman's life, giving much to ponder and meditate upon, so much spiritual uplift, an insight into other lives which helps us to understand ourselves better, and encouragement for creativity.

—Mrs. Rosalie S. Christensen Brigham City, Utah

I wouldn't be without the inspiration of The Relief Society Magazine — such clean, wholesome, inspiring literature, and I love every bit of it. I read and reread it from cover to cover. For me, there really is no special department, unless it could be the lessons. They mean so much to me.

—Mrs. Thelma Neilson Price, Utah

I should like to take this opportunity to tell you what a help and a blessing the Magazine has been, as it comes into our home each month. So many of the stories have been such that they might well apply to our life here. The Magazine has been a constant source of inspiration in my task of homemaking. Each time a new issue arrives, the day does not end without a portion of the contents being read thoroughly.

—Mrs. Ileen Purcell Idaho Falls, Idaho

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

	SOUTE.	II GENER	IAL DO	עתאי	
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VOL. 48

#### NOVEMBER 1961

NO. 11

# Contents SPECIAL FEATURES Belle S. Spafford 716 Marianne C. Sharp 721

Relief Society — A Bulwark for Women Report and Official Instructions	Louise W. Madsen 724 Belle S. Spafford 726						
A Christmas to Remember	Betty Lou Martin 748 Hazel M. Thomson 754						
GENERAL FEATURES	714						
From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Woman's Sphere Editorial: "Thy Neighbour As Thyself" Birthday Congratulations	Ramona W. Cannon 739 Vesta P. Crawford 740						
Christmas Decorations Christmas Gifts Holiday Cookies Aprons for Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus First Snow in the Mountains Christmas Is Coming Bib Made From a Terry Towel	Melba Larson 734  Jean Ridges Jennings 742  Winnifred C. Jardine 746  Carol Daynes 747  Cynthia Hepburn Nuffer 752						
LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY							
Theology — "Those That Seek Me Early Shall Find Me" Visiting Teacher Message — "And Let Every Man Deal Honestly" Work Meeting — Public Performance Literature — The Cosmopolitan Longfellow Social Science — Homemaking, a Creative Calling	Christine H. Robinson 765 Elaine Anderson Cannon 767 Briant S. Jacobs 769						

### PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Silver Twilight Mabel Law Atkinson 713
November Afternoon Dorothy J. Roberts 723
I Lift My Eyes Gladys Hesser Burnham 725
Mountain Meadow at Dusk Vesta N. Fairbairn 733
Winter Morning Christie Lund Coles 737
Love Lantern in the Night Maude Rubin 741
The Valley Mabel Jones Gabbott 766
First Snow Patricia Robinson King 768
Hilltop Home Margaret Evelyn Singleton 780
Landscape Ida Elaine James 782

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# Home—the Place of Peace; the Shelter

President Belle S. Spafford

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 27, 1961]

In the Relief Society literature course for the coming year, we are told that the great poets impart wisdom, beautifully expressed with a minimum of words. Wordsworth has said, "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." So we find ourselves turning to the poets and using their words to express our own convictions.

Today I would like to draw upon the writings of one of the great poets of Scotland, Robert Burns. In his "Cotter's Saturday Night," he conveys with depth of feeling the peace and rest and rejuvenation, the contentment and happiness that abide within a well-ordered home. A few selected lines will serve to show you the characteristics of such a home as portrayed by the poet.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; The short'ning winter day is near a close; The miry beasts retreating frae the plough; The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;

The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes;—
This night his weekly moil is at an end —
Collects his spades, his mattacks, and
his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view Beneath the shelter of an aged tree. . . .

His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,

The lisping infant, prattling on his knee, Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil. . . .

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, womangrown,

In youth fu'bloom — love sparkling in her e'e —

Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,

Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,

To help her parents dear — if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet.

And each for others weelfare kindly speirs; The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet.

Each tells the uncos that he sees and hears. . . .

Their master's and their mistress's command

The younkers a' are warned to obey. . . .

"And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, Implore His counsel and assisting might; They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. . . ."

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food. . . .

The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face, They round the ingle (fireplace), form a circle wide.

The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace, The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride. . . .

The priest-like father reads the sacred page, How Abram was the friend of God on high; Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny. .

Then, kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal

The saint, the father, and the husband prays....

Then . . . all take off their sev'ral way; The youngling cottagers retire to rest. The parent-pair their secret homage pay, And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride, Would, in the way His wisdom sees the

For them and for their little ones provide; But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

WHEN I was a little girl, my mother often read this poem to me. I felt as if I knew the cotter and his children, and often wished that I might live in their home.

Certainly these lines present an inviting picture of a contented home. One feels the glow of warmth that rests over it and an assurance of the well-being of the family. We are led to say, "Would that all of our homes could possess its virtues and enjoy the attendant blessings." But we are reminded that this is a description of a Scottish peasant home in 1783 — a home located on the bleak Scottish moors more than 175 years ago. This was a time when the simple virtues characterized most homes. when the acquisition of material things beyond the ordinary needs of life did not engross the family members as it does today.

Tremendous changes have taken place in the world during these past 175 years. Their impact upon our homes has greatly modified them. Much that was sacred and traditional seems to have gone out, and new standards, different patterns of living, and expanding interests family members have taken over. This is causing concern among persons who would preserve the traditional function of the home and its place as our most basic social institution.

Effort is being made to analyze the changes and their effect upon the homes, and to develop ways of meeting them that will leave the home unimpaired in its ability to fulfill its obligations to family members and to society.

This past summer it was my privilege to serve as moderator of a panel titled "Changing Arizona," conducted as a part of the Town and Country Life Conference held under the auspices of the University of Arizona. This panel aimed to define some of the major changes that are taking place throughout the world. The discussion aimed at a better understanding of the significance of these changes upon family life with a view to helping toward a more intelligent approach to meeting the challenge presented.

Panel members were distinguished members of the faculty of the university, men of high standing in their respective fields and well qualified to deal with the subject at hand.

THE panel presentations and the discussions established the fact that the fast trend toward industrialization and urbanization, advances in science and education, the change in the status of women, the increasingly high standards of living, the new roles being assumed by government, and other factors are affecting our homes. It was pointed out that,

among the major effects, the home is becoming a consuming rather than a producing unit. Young people are reaching out, as never before, for more general education, as well as more specialized training, placing new demands upon the family. It was declared that we are losing sight of the fact that education is the function of the family as well as the school.

The physical aspects of the home are demanding more and more attention, we were told. The traditional roles of the mother as the homemaker, and the father as the breadwinner, have been greatly modified. In many of the homes today the father and mother are both wage earners and both house-keepers, deemed necessary to meet the social and economic conditions.

Children are being called upon to assume new responsibilities as compared with those assigned to children of past generations. All too many children now have too much unsupervised time, devoid of careful, parental planning and firm, wise guidance and direction.

Recreational and social activities within the home have largely been transferred to the outside.

It was recognized that new patterns of family life are emerging, difficult for many of us to understand. Nonetheless, it was felt that the effect on the home and family of our changing world has not all been bad. Rather it has been mostly good. It was the opinion that few of us would want to go back to the patterns of the past — to the coal stove, the days of no wonder drugs and the old-fashioned method of caring for the sick, to the narrow

boundaries of our local communities, denied our present great systems of communication and transportation whereby we become conversant with life far beyond our own dooryards.

The conclusions of the discussion were that the challenge before us is to be aware of the changes that are taking place, to recognize the strength of their impacts upon our homes, then gain a knowledge of the decision making processes and choose those values which are constant and which will preserve family solidarity and enable the home to fulfill its two primary functions. These are defined as follows:

1. To provide a place of refuge and security for family members.

2. To develop within the homes responsible citizens capable of taking their places in a rapidly changing world.

I T was of interest that no one so much as implied that the basic functions of the home had been altered by changing times and conditions, nor had the factors which contribute to family solidarity.

Sound as are the functions as defined by the Town and Country Life Conference, to Latter-day Saints they are not all-encompassing. In fact, they fail to take into account the greatest purpose as understood by Latter-day Saints, which is so to influence the lives of family members as to fit them for place in God's household, in God's family, in our heavenly and eternal home.

President J. Reuben Clark has defined the family's three great functions as follows:

First,—it must bring to its members such lives as will enable them to return to the inner circles of that celestial home from which they came,—a dwelling with

the Heavenly Father and Mother throughout the eternities.

Second, —it must so carry out its duties, rights, and functions as to enable it, in turn, to found a celestial home that shall in some eternity hereafter be equal in power, opportunity, and dignity with the celestial home from which we came and to which we shall return.

Third,—it must so live its life as to provide for the spirits yet waiting to come to this earth for their fleshly tabernacles, both bodies and minds that shall be healthy, for the spirits coming through them are the choice spirits, which have earned the right by their lives in their first estate, to come for their second estate, to the righteous homes — to the families of greatest worth, promise, and opportunity; and this family must provide for this spirit which it invites to come to its hearthstone, an environment that shall meet the strictest requirements righteousness (General Relief Society Conference Address delivered October 3, 1940, by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., entitled "Our Homes," published in The Relief Society Magazine, December 1940, page 808).

The fulfillment of these divine purposes, as outlined by President Clark, is not dependent upon things within our homes which yield to change, but rather to the exercise of the simple, constant virtues which brook no alteration, because they are founded upon eternal truths.

May I enumerate a few of the more important of these virtues, recognizing of course, that for Latter-day Saints the happiness of the home and its eternal well-being are most assured when the home is founded upon eternal marriage — eternal marriage that is understood, respected, and safeguarded.

WITHIN a good home there must be parental authority, righteously exercised. In the Latterday Saint home the father, holding the Holy Priesthood, is by divine

decree the head, or presiding officer. The mother is the homemaker, the teacher, the faithful, patient, daily guardian against evil and detrimental influences. In these positions of responsibility and trust, parents are to be respected.

Love must abide in a well-ordered home, fostered from the very beginning by joyous preparations for, and a happy welcome of each new life sent to it by the Father. The home protects love against destructive influences such as quarreling, bickering, fault-finding, selfishness. Love is nourished by happy, harmonious family relationships, by understanding and an appreciation of one for another, by unselfish consideration of one another, by thoughtful kindness and, at times of special need, by open, affectionate tenderness. President McKay has told us that in every good home there must be "fidelity" to love.

Discipline must characterize a home if it is to fulfill its divine destiny — discipline founded upon righteous principles, which become so rooted in family members as to bring out a willing self-discipline. No home devoid of discipline can be a truly good home.

There must be loyalty, unity, and a willingness to share in the home responsibilities. President McKay has said: "The first contributing factor to a happy home is the sublime virtue of loyalty, one of the noblest attributes of the human soul." And I am sure that we would all agree that unity is one of the foundation stones of strength. We know also that there are few things which enhance family life more than a willingness to share.

A love of the Lord, daily communion with him through individual and family prayer, obedience to his commandments are the great controlling safeguards. President McKay has told us that: "The Gospel of Peace should find its most fruitful effects in the homes of Church members."

NOW these virtues which I have enumerated were found, in large measure, in the cotter's home over a century ago. They were good then; they are equally good today; they will continue to be good. They will always contribute to the well-being of family members and to the stability of the home, enabling it, when disturbed from its condition of equilibrium, to master the forces which restore it to its original condition of strength, resolution of purpose, and constancy.

Ruskin has written impressively of the home and of the place of the wife in it as follows:

This is the true nature of home — it is the place of peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home: so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love, - so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, — shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea, — so far it vindicates the name, and fulfills the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless. . . .

So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise (Excerpt from Lecture II — "Lilies: of Queens' Gardens," from Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin — 1819-1900).

The women of the Church will find wisdom and treasures of knowledge, they will develop an innate goodness to help them in their divine calling as mothers and homemakers through active affiliation with Relief Society. Women who become active in Relief Society grow to love it. Their knowledge and skills increase, their testimonies of the gospel become firmly rooted. There develops within them a desire to help in the building of the kingdom of God on earth. This influence they carry into their homes and disseminate among the family members. The home then becomes enriched, a place where the Spirit of God may dwell, a home prepared to fulfill its divine destiny.

The primary concern of Latterday Saint women should not be with the impact of the changes that are taking place, except as we need to understand them to cope with them wisely. One poet has said, "To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion, all in one." So we must see clearly. Our primary concern, however, is that we shall firmly position ourselves in preserving the enduring, spiritual values which time and the prophets have taught us are unchangeable, and which are the guarantee of the stability of our homes, and the eternal well-being of our children. That the Lord may help us to this end, I sincerely pray.

# Relief Society Today Needs You

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 27, 1961]

Thas been over 119 years since the Prophet Joseph Smith organized Relief Society. Since then, conditions in the world have changed unbelievably. Just in the lifetime of many who are present today, adjustments to modernity have been phenomenal, and men are now probing beyond the earth in experience.

With these changes in the world, has the need for Relief Society changed, has it become outmoded? Let us consider words of President McKay. His life has spanned much of the change. His youth was lived under pioneer conditions, and today his wisdom gives us the answer as no one else can in the world.

In addressing Relief Society, President McKay declared:

The responsibility of the Relief Society is to aid the Priesthood in establishing the Kingdom of God, in relieving the suffering and giving succor to the poor, and in many ways to contribute to the peace and happiness of the world. In no one way can these high achievements be better realized than in excelling in the art of home building (Relief Society Magazine, January 1936, page 10).

In these words President McKay enumerates four areas in which Relief Society has responsibilities, not one of which is outmoded.

The first responsibility which President McKay lays upon Relief Society is "to aid the Priesthood in establishing the Kingdom of God." One means by which Relief Society fulfills this assignment is in giving service to the Welfare Plan as it has been adapted today to meet today's needs. Working under the direction of the Priesthood, Relief Society presidents visit sisters in the homes where there is need, but all members of Relief Society are expected to give service in sewing and canning. Relief Society also gives service in fund-raising activities for welfare, such as in cooking dinners. Countless hours of hard work are contributed willingly and cheerfully by Relief Society members in this field.

Another way in which Relief Society is aiding is in raising money for the erection of meetinghouses. Many times in visiting stakes we are told, "We want to do everything we can to help with our building program. We want a beautiful chapel for our children, and we are working hard to contribute." Upon our return, two or three years later, what joy

shines in the sisters' faces as we meet in a new building and with what

pride they show us around.

The second responsibility which President McKay outlines is "in relieving the suffering and giving succor to the poor." Have you ever spent a few days in two homes one in which the mother was not a member of Relief Society and one in which she was an active member? The world looks quite different from the two homes. There is time in the first home for a round of entertaining. After the family is cared for, the remaining time is reasonably free for pleasure and enjoyment. Then recall your visit in the Relief Society home. The entertaining is sandwiched in as the mother goes visiting teaching, calls on the sick, and attends her weekly meeting with you as a captive visitor. You overhear her promising an officer to give additional help after her guest has left. Her family also is cared for, but in addition, her days are filled to overflowing — and even some evening hours as she goes about doing good. Relief Society today relieves suffering and gives succor on a wellorganized, well-directed basis, with sisterly solicitude for the poor in worldly goods, the poor in spirituality, and the poor in health.

A third responsibility President McKay gave to Relief Society was "in many ways to contribute to the peace and happiness of the world." I feel that the public relations of Relief Society members, situated in over fifty countries of the world, are a force in contributing peace and happiness in the world. I believe our own President Spafford is the outstanding example in this

regard. She has visited many countries and, under the direction of the Priesthood, she has established and nurtured good relations with innumerable women outside Church. Her friendliness, astute judgment, and rectitude are recognized. If a woman does not, at first, meet President Spafford halfway, President Spafford does not withdraw, rather she intensifies her good will and wins the woman over, engendering and establishing peaceful, happy relationships. These opportunities have come to President Spafford through Relief Society. They come to every member of Relief Society as the work carries her among her fellows. While a member may not travel widely herself, others will travel to her. I wish each Relief Society member would emulate the example of President Spafford.

In concluding his statement, President McKay declared, "In no one way can these high achievements be better realized than in excelling in the art of home building." Sisters, no matter where or how far our Relief Society work extends, we always come back to the crucial, basic question, "Am I excelling in home building?" Note that President McKay did not housekeeping or homemaking, but home building - building a home which will develop into a celestial home.

Relief Society teaches and trains women to be home builders. It recognizes that a testimony of the gospel is the foundation, and it strengthens testimonies, teaches truth, trains a woman in homemaking skills, imparts wisdom to train her children — all to strengthen and fortify the member to be a home builder.

If we agree that Relief Society is still needed in the four areas that President McKay delineated, then may we ask the question, "What women are accomplishing this work which expands as the Church expands?" Where the work is so arduous, time-consuming, and vital to the well-being of Latter-day Saints, surely every Latter-day Saint woman is rendering her full assistance.

"Oh," says one, "but so many women are working today, they cannot attend the Relief Society meetings." That is a true statement and reveals a regrettable situation, for those sisters lose much priceless association with the sisterhood and individual progress gained through the wealth of knowledge and joy gained from attendance at the weekly meeting; but is Relief Society synonymous with the meetings, is it only at the weekly meetings that Relief Society aids the Priesthood in establishing the kingdom of God, in relieving the suffering and giving succor to the poor, in contributing to the peace and happiness of the world, in excelling in home building? Are all these things accomplished at the meetings? The answer is obviously no. Any employed sister can give service to Relief Society as her circumstances permit and make a real contribution to Relief Society — bringing eternal joy into her life through such service. She can grow closer to the sisterhood by reading The Relief Society Magazine and studying the lesson work.

As we visit in stakes, we are sometimes told, "So much is expected of Relief Society that many of the sisters won't join and some husbands don't want their wives working so hard."

Well, sisters, those who do not belong and actively support Relief Society, what is the reason for not joining the greatest woman's organization on the face of the earth, divinely inspired and called to serve the Priesthood of God? Perhaps some may answer, they haven't been invited. Here is an invitation to every nonmember, to the newest convert, and to every other virtuous woman. Work awaits you, earnest work. And joy awaits you, everlasting joy, here and hereafter. Joy that comes through serving under a motto, "Charity Never Faileth." Won't every sister accept the invitation?

## November Afternoon

Dorothy J. Roberts

Beauty leaves no land or heart Forsaken and bereft, But faith will find a remnant and Some sign of promise left.

# Relief Society—A Bulwark for Women

Counselor Louise W. Madsen

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 27, 1961]

recent issue of a prominent women's magazine contained a portfolio of paintings with delineating the suffrage-forwomen movement. The formal beginning of the movement took place in upstate Seneca Falls, New York, on Wednesday and Thursday, July 19 and 20, 1848. Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were the two chief leaders who arranged this noteworthy convention. The article states that by carriages and farm wagons, the first American suffragettes assembled, and that Mrs. Mott's husband had to preside, because no woman knew enough parliamentary procedure to preside.

More than six years before another group of women had met in a momentous meeting and heard the Prophet of the Lord state, "I now declare this society organized with president and counselors, etc., according to parliamentary usage. . . ." He taught them a form of parliamentary procedure for conducting meetings, which procedure is still characteristic of Relief Society meetings. "From that very hour on the Thursday afternoon of March 17, 1842, began the advancement in privileges, rights, and material comforts which women now enjoy" (A Centenary of Relief Society, page 14). From that very hour there existed a society to

which women could look for guidance, for uplift, in which they could give service, upon which they could depend to be well taught in various fields, and from which they could gain assurance and peace of mind. The society has not experienced the ups and downs and final dissolution that have come to most organizations which had their beginnings in those early days. It has not been driven nor wind-tossed, but has had the guidance of prophets of the Lord who have from time to time given instruction which they felt it should have.

It could well be imagined that in every generation someone had said words to the effect that "These are the times that try men's souls." Surely, there was never more truth in this statement than now. The people search for security and long for peace. Some think they can be found only in the acquisition of material things. Others think they can be found only in preparedness for great emergencies. Some think security can never be found.

But the Lord has given us this comforting assurance, "Therefore, fear not, little flock; do good; let earth and hell combine against you, for if ye are built upon my rock, they cannot prevail" (D & C 6:34). Relief Society is a guidepost to wom-

en in helping them direct their own lives so that they can cling to his rock.

Relief Society is a bulwark to the women in this time when godlessness is rampant in the world, when the disciples of evil are proclaiming their wicked doctrines and endeavoring to entice and convert to their way of life those who are unwary and who have not built upon the rock, nor learned to do good.

Disturbing news comes to us of the efforts made by some women in the world to infiltrate into established women's organizations in an attempt to gain leadership and unrighteous power over other women. How fortunate we are in Relief Society. Our officers are chosen by the power of the Priesthood, under the inspiration of our Father in heaven. No one can assume leadership in our organization but those who are called and set apart by those in authority. Relief Society women are safeguarded from false doctrine because those whom God has chosen, members of the Priesthood, approve the lessons. Every sister can rely completely upon Relief Society and can have absolute assurance that activity in this society is activity in righteousness. Nothing in the world gives peace in one's innermost heart and the sincere sense of well-being that living the gospel brings.

THE sisters of Relief Society have always been courageous women. The resources of courage spring from a basic philosophy of high ideals. Courageous people, as a rule, have faith, a firm conviction of the rightness of their cause, and a spirit of responsibility. They have purpose in their lives. The world needs courageous women, unafraid to live as the Lord would have them live, unafraid to stand firm against all evil, unafraid to fight for the right. The sisters of Relief Society will always be courageous women.

As the colors of a kaleidoscope constantly change with each tiny movement, and endless variations of pattern appear — so does the world appear to many who see only the changes and do not recognize the firm foundation of things that are changeless. There is constancy amid change. Constant are the laws of God, constant are his commandments, and ever constant his love for his children. Constant is the need for faith, for righteousness, and for serving God through service to his children. Constant are the goals and purposes of Relief Society, and constant it stands as a bulwark for the women who come under its influence.

## I Lift My Eyes

Gladys Hesser Burnham

I lift my eyes from sunset-shrouded hills, The last blaze fading into somber gray, Unto a brilliant, golden cloud Still hugging last of sun's bright ray, To know that just beyond our fading sight Is promise of a brighter day.

# Report and Official Instructions

President Belle S. Spafford

[Delivered at the Officers Meeting of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 27, 1961]

IT now becomes my privilege to present to you a brief report of the status of Relief Society at the close of 1960, as shown in the Annual Report, and also to present a few official instructions designed to help you better carry forward the work.

The year 1960 was one of growth, strength and vigor, expanding influence, and significant accomplishment for Relief Society.

Organizations and Reorganizations

At the close of 1960 there were 315 stake Relief Society organizations, an increase of twenty-six over the previous year. There were 2,881 ward organizations, an increase of 257. There were fifty-five missions, eight more than in 1959, with 1,791 branch societies, a decrease of thirty-five. This decrease was due to the transfer of a number of mission branches to stake organizations.

During 1960, there were sixty-one reorganizations in the stakes and sixteen in the missions. We acknowledge with appreciation the services of retired officers, at the same time extending to the sisters who are succeeding them a warm welcome into Relief Society's family of officers.

Membership

At the close of 1960 Relief Society had a total membership of 214,202, a gain of 10,450 over 1959. In the ten-year period since 1950 we have

gained over 87,500 members, or a sixty-nine per cent increase. These are impressive figures, but our work is by no means done. We are reaching only forty-nine per cent of our potential, eligible, Latter-day Saint women, and beyond this lies the great, almost untapped realm of women of good moral standing who are not Latter-day Saint women, but who, nonetheless, are eligible for membership in the Society. These women, once becoming members, often become referrals for missionary work, later to be baptized as members of the Church. Many times I have repeated a story told by Sister Blanche Stoddard: "A woman in San Diego, a member of one of the Protestant churches, joined Relief Society. Shortly thereafter she joined the Church. Her mother was shocked. 'Why did you ever join the Relief Society?' she asked, 'why didn't you join the Rebeccas?' Whereupon the sister replied, 'The Relief Society invited me, the Rebeccas did not."

The brethren are urging Relief Society's full co-operation in the missionary program of the Church. We may effectively aid by enlisting non Latter-day Saint women as Relief Society members; then, as they indicate a readiness, we may refer their names to the designated stake or mission officers for visits by the missionaries. Also, we may aid the missionary program by bringing

newly converted sisters into full activity in Relief Society. A slogan often used because of its truthfulness is "Use them or you'll lose them." So we urge Relief Society presidents to lift their sights and expand their membership goals to include good, non-Latter-day Saint women. Then extend your love and the arm of fellowship to these women and to the newly converted sisters. Place them in positions where they may learn the ways of the Church and its teachings through active participation in the program of the Society; where they may develop their leadership potential and contribute their talents and abilities to the advancement of the work. Thus, their testimonies of the gospel will grow and all will be blessed.

#### Attendance

The average attendance at regular meetings was thirty-six per cent, a slight decrease from 1959. While the General Board does not press you for high attendance figures, recognizing that mothers, particularly those with young children, and often our aged sisters, and employed members, may have valid reasons for non-attendance, we do appeal to you to be sensitive to the enrichment that comes into the life of a sister through regular attendance at the Relief Society meetings. Spare no effort to encourage and help the sisters to be in attendance as often as possible.

#### Nurseries

Many Relief Society organizations report that nurseries have had a beneficial effect upon attendance. Their use is growing in connection with regular ward meetings, leadership meetings, and even in connection with stake Relief Society conventions. Sister Mendenhall and I attended a convention in England where there was a nursery which contributed greatly to the general success of the convention.

An interesting report on the success of nurseries was submitted by the Phoenix Stake. I quote from it:

The wards in our stake which have followed the suggestion of the General Board in organizing nurseries have received great blessings. Nurseries have been well planned, and very interesting and profitable activities have been provided for the children who love to attend. Mothers have been organized to take turns in the nursery, thus eliminating most of the expense.

Several interesting incidents have occurred. One ward president called for a mother and her three children to take them to Relief Society. The mother was too ill to attend, but the children insisted on going. Upon arrival at the meeting house, the eldest child said, as she climbed out of the car "We are at the church now. Fold your arms and follow me." She led the children reverently but happily into the nursery.

One little daughter of a mother who was very irregular in attendance now insists on going each week to Relief Society. She keeps track of meeting day by the T.V. programs. The mother has now become a regular attendant.

Another inactive mother has been brought into activity by being asked to supervise the nursery and organize the mothers to take their turns in conducting

The wards testify to the benefits of nurseries in increasing attendance and in improving the order and the spirit of reverence in the meetings. Mothers appear to respond willingly in taking their turns in the nursery.

It is the observation of General Board members that Relief Society presidents are increasingly resourceful in working out plans that assure interesting and profitable activities for the children and which hold expenses to a minimum. The General Board encourages carefully planned and well conducted nurseries in connection with both stake and ward Relief Society meetings.

#### Missions

In June of this year, the General Presidency, by invitation of the First Presidency, had the choice privilege of meeting with the mission Relief Society presidents during the worldwide Mission Presidents Conference. This was a delightful and an illuminating experience. The presidents are enthusiastic over the work of Relief Society and its power to strengthen the work of the Church in the missions. There are now approximately 35,000 Relief Society members in the missions, with 1,791 branch organizations. Branch organizations are fast being developed so as to be able to follow the programs and procedures as recommended in the Handbook. Translations of the Handbook are now available in most of the foreign-speaking missions. The need of the sisters for Relief Society, the suitability of the program in meeting the needs, as well as the way in which it can be accommodated to facilities within the missions, was attested by many presidents.

At the Work Meeting Department, held in connection with this conference, there will be displayed tables of articles made by our sisters in a few foreign lands. A heartwarming note was attached to one of the articles sent from Malmo, Sweden. It reflects the spirit of the

sisters and their attitude toward Relief Society. The note reads:

Dear ones who take care of and display this little tablecloth:

Personally, we in the Relief Society of Malmo, think it is lovely. Malmo is the third largest town in Sweden and very beautiful with large parks and flower gardens in all convenient places. We have a very active Relief Society and a wonderful spirit prevailing during our meetings. And everyone comes there with joy and love of work, and a desire to do her best. No one wants to miss our wonderful lessons, which teach us so tremendously much and give us great stores of thoughts to take home with us.

This little tablecloth is sewed after a printed pattern and the work is done by Sister Betzy Nilsson. She has counted every stitch by degrees as she has been sewing it, which has been a pretty hard work and very time consuming. The time she has spent on this work has been about 150 hours. But everything we do for our Church we do with joy and enthusiasm.

Now I'm also sending sincere greetings from all the sisters in Malmo to all of you who are so far from us, and hope you will feel all our kindness and cordiality supplied through this letter. May the Lord bless you all.

### Compassionate Services

The figures on the compassionate services show an increase of approximately 10,000 visits to the sick and homebound, many of whom we know are our aged sisters. We appreciate the care being given to these sisters. Days Care of the Sick show a decline of approximately This is understandable in 5,000. view of the ever-growing trend toward hospitalization for the care of the sick. (At this point I wish to remind you of the Nurse Survey forms which you are requested to fill out annually, submitting a copy to the General Board not later than December 15. We urge that special

care be given to make sure that the information on these forms is complete, up to date, and accurate.)

For the first time we have a record of the number of hours given to other types of compassionate service, such as caring for children while a mother is hospitalized, or taking a sister to the doctor. There were 222,094 hours, or 27,761 eight-hour days given this type of service. This is a highly commendable record. I feel impelled to say that could we measure the love that has been generated by this service; the gratitude and comfort, the peace of mind, the well-being of children that it has brought to those who have been served; could we measure the soulgrowth, the character refinement, the joyous inner satisfaction that have come to those who have rendered the services; could we measure the favorable attitude it has created toward Relief Society, we would be overwhelmed with its magnitude. These values we know are beyond measurement. Without them the world would be a sorry place indeed, and Relief Society would lack one of its greatest life-giving elements.

#### Church Welfare

Our service in behalf of those among us who are in need does not end with the tender, loving ministrations known as the compassionate services. It is extended to the great Church Welfare Program. Last year approximately 55,000 sisters contributed more than 773,500 hours to welfare projects; 85,500 family visits were made by ward Relief Society presidents under the direction of their respective bishops—an increase of almost 1,000 over the previous year. Loyal support

has been given to the blanket project, and sisters have willingly accepted other special assignments, such as assisting with the health clinic for the Indian children enrolled in the Indian Student Program. Thus Relief Society is playing an important part in the building up of the Father's kingdom here on earth.

Visiting Teaching

Visiting teaching is one of the great assets of the Society in meeting its responsibilities to Latter-day Saint families. Visiting teacher figures for last year are heartening. There were over 93,000 visiting teachers who made over 3,700,000 visits, an increase over 1959 of more than 200,000 visits. This was an average of 8.56 visits annually to each Latter-day Saint family — a wonderful record, reflecting the energy with which presidents are promoting visiting teaching and the conversion of our sisters to the program.

Educational Program

I often think of the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith spoken at an early meeting of Relief Society in 1842, when he prophesied "... and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth."

From the beginning the Society has been educational in nature. Today Relief Society literally is a "school of learning" for its members; an institution whose educational program does not merely impart information and increase the knowledge of its members, but also builds faith and develops spirituality

— for all subjects are taught in the light of gospel truths. Today approximately 18,500 class leaders are engaged in teaching the courses of study. The quality of teaching is high. Stake class leaders are to be especially complimented for the excellence of their departmental sessions in the leadership meetings.

The courses of study for the forthcoming year will be considered in the departmental sessions of this conference.

Recording of Relief Society Lessons

Prepared for the Sightless

We are pleased to announce that the Society for the Aid of the Sightless, with the support and co-operation of the Presiding Bishop, has prepared the Relief Society study courses for 1961-62 on talking book records. These courses include theology, literature, and social science lessons, the work meeting discussions, and the visiting teacher messages. Recordings will be sent free to any sightless person desiring them. It should be noted that these records are for the use of the sightless only. Requests for them should be made to the Society for the Aid of the Sightless, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Work Meeting

Once again the work meeting was the second best attended meeting, which is indicative of the interest of the sisters in improving their homemaking and housekeeping practices. There were approximately 656,000 articles completed in this meeting, 478,000 of which were sewed articles. Variety of activity should enter into your planning for

work meeting. May I suggest that in your planning it is as essential to consider the summer meetings as those held at any other season.

We remind you also that the General Board maintains a Work Meeting Supplies Department on the mezzanine floor of the Mormon Handicraft Shop, 21 West South Temple. Relief Societies may purchase work meeting supplies at wholesale prices. This privilege is not granted to individuals. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Singing Mothers

This current year has been a glorious one for our Singing Mothers program. For the first time in the long, long history of Relief Society, singers residing in more than one country were brought together into a single choral group. This first international chorus, composed of 200 singers from England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and fifty-seven singers from Utah, was formed at the direction of the First Presidency. The chorus had as its conductor Sister Florence Jepperson Madsen, with Dr. Frank Asper as organist, and Zesta Geisler as pianist. It provided music for the dedication of the beautiful new Hyde Park Chapel in London, which was a distinct recognition of the Society by the First Presidency. It also gave a series of concerts in seven large cities of Great Britain, beginning with a concert in the Royal Albert Hall in London. As a choral effort the tour was eminently successful. As a missionary effort, which President Henry D. Moyle promised the sisters it would be, it was an impressive accomplishment. You have already heard this

morning the Utah group, augmented by a few of the English singers.

At the close of 1960, Relief Society had 3,052 Singing Mothers choruses, seventy-four fewer than the previous year. There were, however, approximately 49,500 singers as compared with approximately 46,000 in 1959; that is, we had about 3,000 more women singing in seventyfour fewer choruses. Let us maintain our choruses strong in both the number of choruses and in the number of singers.

At this time may I suggest to mothers the desirability of giving children music lessons. There seems to be a dearth of good organists for Church use in many areas. Organists cannot be trained for this important Church service overnight. They must begin their study in childhood. Mothers are the most important influence in bringing this about.

Relief Society Magazine

At the close of 1960, The Relief Society Magazine subscriptions totaled 171,002, an increase over 1959 of 8,196. There were 284 stakes and twenty missions on the Honor Roll. The South Los Angeles Stake again attained the highest percentage, 210 per cent, with the Western States Mission being highest among the mission organizations, with a percentage of 125 per cent.

The Magazine is an excellent medium whereby we may interest non-Latter-day Saint women in the organization with a view to enrolling them as members. In most wards the subscription potential is far in excess of the Relief Society membership.

A question has been referred to

the General Board as to whether Relief Society funds, as such, may be used to purchase Magazines for gifts to missionaries and others. The General Board's position is as follows:

The general funds of the local societies are acquired for the general operating expenses of the Society. Certain allowances are made in the Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society for their limited use in the purchase of gifts. The General Board feels that, in addition to those uses listed in the Handbook, the occasional use of general funds in making a gift of a Magazine subscription to a member who might be aged or homebound and unable to purchase her own, or to a sister newly converted to the Church as a means of acquainting her with the work of Relief Society, or to others who might be in need of considered attention by the Society, is justified. Further, it is the opinion of the General Board that the purchase of a Magazine subscription from Relief Society funds for an officer or a class leader, who otherwise could not have it, is justifiable. Where stake Relief Society presidents have felt that special activities might be engaged in, without hardship to the sisters, whereby funds could be acquired for giving gift subscriptions, and where the sisters participating are fully apprised of the purpose for which the funds are to be used, the General Board has not discouraged the activities. We are influenced in this by the proselyting value of the Relief Society Magazine, by the valuable use to which gift subscriptions are put by the missions, and by the steady flow of expressions of gratitude which reach us from mission presidents.

Sisters, we remind you that with the discontinuance by the First Presidency of the use of the fast Sunday evenings by the auxiliaries, except the Primary, ward Relief Society conferences will be held only as directed by the local Priesthood authorities, from whom directives. also, will be received as to the program to be followed. No programs

will be issued hereafter and no directions will be given by the General Board. No record will be made of ward Relief Society conferences in summary tables of the Ward Record Book or in the Annual Report, since these meetings will no longer be held at the direction, or under the supervision, of the General Board. Of course, where a ward Relief Society Conference is held in connection with a Relief Society meeting, minutes would be kept as a part of the minutes of that meeting.

#### Handbook of Instructions

The General Board contemplated issuing a revised edition of the Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society. The fast growth of our Relief Societies, with an increasing number of stakes in foreign lands, as well as other circumstances, have caused us to withhold the revision for the time being. We announce this, feeling that you who may have been holding off on the purchase of Handbooks in the hope that the revised edition would be ready soon, may now wish to obtain them.

### Relief Society Meeting Day

We call your attention to a change from the recommendation in the *Handbook*, page 75, related to the day and the hour for holding the regular ward Relief Society meetings. This recommendation has been modified by action of the General Board and is as follows.

The day and hour for holding the regular weekly ward meeting for the general membership may be set, in consultation with the bishop, on a day and at an hour most convenient for the greatest number of women within the ward or branch eligible for membership in the Society.

It is not required that this be uni-

form within all wards of the stake. The statement in the *Handbook* related to Sunday meetings remains the position of the Board.

Generally speaking, we note the funds of stake and local Relief Societies are adequate to meet the general operating expenses, with the possible exception of newly created stakes, particularly those in foreign countries. We suggest to presidents of these stakes a careful reading of the section on "Funds" in the Handbook, pages 111-114.

We note a growing tendency for Relief Societies to enter into arrangements with commercial institutions to promote their programs or products, with the Society receiving some financial compensation for so doing. We call your attention to the instructions in the *Handbook*, "Participation in Advertising Programs," page 108. Relative to this, I repeat instructions given in General Conference in 1949 as follows:

Relief Societies are occasionally approached by commercial institutions or by individuals for the purpose of having them sell their product on a commission Such an undertaking should be weighed carefully and the counsel of the Priesthood should be sought. Care must be exercised to make sure that Relief Society does not become a selling agent for a commercial institution, that it does not appear to be promoting one product over a similar one of another company, and that people or institutions are not solicited in the name of the society to the point where the society becomes subject to criticism.

We have recently had reports that Relief Societies are again being solicited by commercial companies to enter into contract with them to engage in the publication and distribution of a cookbook or calendar. Some of our Relief Societies have had unfortunate experiences with such projects, being bound by a contract to guarantee certain fees or payments to the company, or to solicit business houses in the name of Relief Society with the commercial company being the main beneficiary. We advise all ward Relief Societies not to sign any such contract without first consulting the stake Relief Society president who, in turn, is requested to refer the matter to the General Board.

### Conclusion

In conclusion, sisters, may I thank you, on behalf of the General Board,

for your devoted and capable service to Relief Society. Continue to build Relief Society by enlisting the support of the thousands of capable, gifted, virtuous women who should be active members. Build within these sisters a positive faith in the basic, eternal principles of life. Teach them the divine plan for their happiness and eternal well-being. Help them to live each day eagerly, courageously, and happily. Place on ever-higher planes the devoted services we were organized to carry on, and the Lord will bless your efforts. You have the love and confidence of the General Board in your responsible callings.

### Mountain Meadow at Dusk

Vesta Nickerson Fairbairn

Soundless, motionless, just at dusk
The mountain doe and we
Stood and stared across the meadow,
Across the tall wild grasses, through
The pines, as if to see
Who could outstare whom, or stand
Most still most long, the doe,
Alert and waiting, or we two, hand
In hand, and who would go.

Then we, the mountain trespassers,
Unused to being there,
Unused to silence, took one step,
One quiet step in the bending grass,
Another, toward the deer.
But the woodland doe turned graceful head
And bounded, not in fright,
Not in haste, but curious
No longer, out of sight.

### Christmas Decorations

#### Melba Larson

THE Christmas holidays that bring back the most pleasant memare those that happened ories during our childhood. Christmas was not for a day, but for days of much happiness, days of planning, a whole season of creativity. Mothers were sewing, making aprons, doll clothes, baking fruit cakes and cookies, and making decorations, while fathers were in the workshop making little surprises. Children were busy stringing popcorn and cranberries, making stars, chains, and birds out of paper for Christmas trees, for they, too, wanted to share in this wonderful occasion. It was a time for families to do things together.

Christmas decorations need not cost a great deal of money. If we take time, and with every hand making some of the trimmings, great enjoyment can be found. Keep your eyes open during the year and be aware of materials that you can use to help make your decorations. When you are in the mountains, gather pine cones and leaves; in the desert and plains, weeds, seed pods, foliage; near the rivers and swamps, cattails. Watch for foliage and pods in the neighborhood where you live. Many beautiful artificial materials are available in gift and florist shops, also in variety stores.

There should be harmony in your decorations, with contrast and variety playing an important part. By using straight pine needles and round Christmas balls, you get contrast. Red and green are contrasts

in color. A shiny red satin bow is a contrast for a prickly green holly wreath.

Take time in the planning of your decorations. Sketch out in rough, your general scheme. Then check with your stockpile of gatherings of the year to determine what you have to work with and then, if necessary, buy materials to complete your theme. Plan and shop early.

#### The Front Door

A beautifully decorated front door should be one of your first objectives in decorating at yuletide. It is a way to say "Merry Christmas" to friends and neighbors, and also to let the passerby know that Christmas is at your house. There are many ways to decorate the front door. Your plans should take into consideration the style of the house. Use your imagination to do something different, instead of the usual pine branches and cones. Try making a garland of gilded pine cones, locust tree pods, and magnolia leaves, a Della Robbia wreath, or a grouping of straw bells.

#### Inside the House

The decorations inside the house should begin with the mantel, if you have one. This can set the style of the room's decorations. The style of the mantel should determine whether you use heavy pine cones and branches or Della Robbia wreaths, with heavy fruits, nuts, pods, or delicate nylon net trees. If there are young children in the family, plan your decorations for

them, using felt stockings, Santas, reindeer, candy canes, and snow men. A similar or related piece could be made for a low table or chest in the same room.

#### The Christmas Table

The decoration on the Christmas table should harmonize with everything used on the table, and with the color scheme of the entire house. Table centerpieces that can be made well in advance and will keep all through the holidays are a wise choice for busy women. There are other focal points in the house where decorating can become very imaginative and interesting.

The following are suggested decorations that may help make your Christmas merry and full of cheer.

CENTERPIECE
Palm Leaves and Tiny Red Flowers

#### Materials Needed:

3 red candles (1 - 15", 2 - 10")

1½ doz. sprays of small artificial red
flowers

12 palm or cycas leaves (small size)

6 green chenille stems

1 piece green Styrofoam 8" x 6" x 2"

6 large balls — red

18 red Christmas balls (assorted sizes on stems)
glitter glue
diamond dust

Step 1. Anchor candles to styro with florist clay, use tallest in center.

Step 2. Push leaves into styro, short ones in front and back, and long ones at sides, and spray some of them from top side.

Step 3. Fill in with the sprays of the small flowers (should be about 6" long).

Step 4. Arrange the Christmas balls, using larger sizes on top and around the candles. Remove hooks; use a piece of chenille for a stem. Push chenille into styro and slip ball on chenille stem.



CENTERPIECE
Palm Leaves and Tiny Red Flowers

Step 5. Place the stemmed balls in arrangement, keeping the smallest for outer edge.

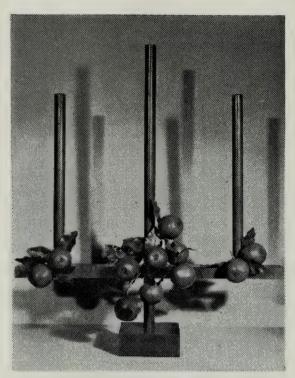
Step 6. When centerpiece is finished, spray all over with glitter glue and dust lightly with diamond dust.

This is a very pretty arrangement used on a low table where you look down on it and get the full benefit of the frosty look

Caution: Be sure to put this arrangement on a tray or piece of foil, as hot candle wax will go right through Styrofoam and would mar a lovely table top.

#### COOKIE TREE

A cookie tree is a fun thing to have in your kitchen at Christmas, loaded with cookies for your children or grandchildren. Make sugar or wreath cookies with holes in the center so they may be slipped on the poles of the tree. This can also be used for doughnuts. This is a project that the children can help make. Let the older boys or Father help with the woodwork. The older girls in the family could do the painting and decorating. Let the little children help make the cookies; the shapes may not be as perfect, but they will taste just as good, and the children will love doing it.



COOKIE TREE

#### Materials Needed:

Cut 2 pieces 1/2" doweling 12" long

1 piece ½" doweling 20" long

1 piece 1 ½ " x 1" x 16" long

1 piece 3½" square, 2" thick

Paint: fruit, berries, leaves for decorations.

Step 1. Drill a hole to fit the doweling through the center of the 16" board. Also drill a hole only half through 2" from either end.

Step 2. Drill a hole only ½" deep in the middle of the 3½" x 2" square board. Put wood glue in hole, set in the 20" dowel.

Step 3. Put glue around the drilled center hole of the  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 16" board and slip over the 20" to within 4" from the base of the  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " square.

Step 4. Glue the two 12" dowels into the partially drilled holes on the 16" board. Make sure all poles are straight and let glue dry.

Step 5. Paint green, black, or bright red. Trim with artificial fruit, berries, leaves, etc.

The cookie tree pictured is painted green and trimmed with bright red apples.

#### WHITE AND GOLD SLEIGH

THIS can be used for a centerpiece for a Christmas table, chest, or a low table.

#### Materials Needed:

I piece white Styrofoam—12" x 24" x 1"

1 straw sleigh

1. piece Styrofoam 4" x 6" x 2" or 2 or 3 small pieces to fill in sleigh

1 reindeer (white plastic) can be purchased at variety store. The reindeer come in straw, too, but they are quite expensive.

½ doz. small gold leaves

1 doz. large gold leaves1 string small gold beads

3 bunches gold balls, shaped like grapes 6 yards gold metallic ribbon ½" wide

4 white balls — these come pearlized and are very effective

6 gold balls on stems

6 white pipe cleaners (cut in 3" lengths) glitter glue or Wilhold glue diluted with water

diamond dust

Step 1. Spray or paint with glue, large (12" x 24") piece of Styrofoam. Glitter with diamond dust. Let dry thoroughly.

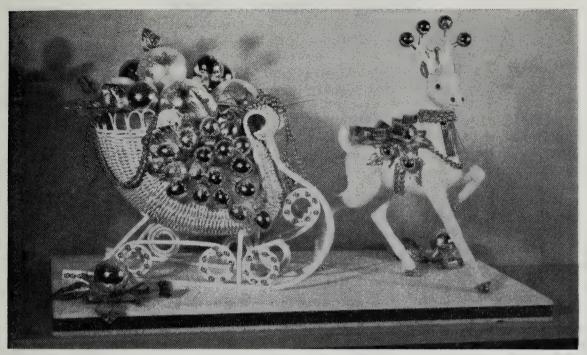
Step 2. Paint sleigh with white paint. Let dry. Spray or paint with glue and glitter with the diamond dust and dry.

Step 3. Spray or paint reindeer with glitter glue and dust. Let dry.

Step 4. Place piece 4" x 6" or small pieces of Styrofoam inside of sleigh.

Step 5. Start to decorate — placing one bunch of grapes at the opening on end of sleigh, letting them spray forward out of sleigh. Place other cluster of grapes on top of sleigh (anchor to Styrofoam with pipe cleaner) and fill in with the white (pearlized) balls and the gold balls on stems. Use large gold leaves to fill in around balls and cover up Styrofoam that is inside of sleigh. Cut string of small beads in half and knot together. Use one part to put in and around some of the balls on top of sleigh, letting some drape down the back of sleigh.

Step 6. Trim the deer. Make him a saddle of the small gold leaves, 3 on each



WHITE AND GOLD SLEIGH

side; also use remaining gold balls on stems, and glue on his back. Use gold beads on string and drape around as a harness and bridle. Trim his horns and hoofs with some beads. Make two 3looped bows of the gold ribbon and glue on top of his saddle.

Step 7. Make 2 bows and 2 sprays of

leaves and glue at opposite corners of Styrofoam.

Step 8. Glue hoofs of deer to Styrofoam. Secure sleigh with 3" piece of pipe cleaner pushed over the rudder of sleigh well into the Styrofoam. Place gold ribbon completely around edge of styro, gluing or securing with pins.

## Winter Morning

Christie Lund Coles

The winter sun is coming up Like a gold, blue-saucered cup;

And birds which did not go away, Are nagging at the brittle day

While kapok snow is falling from The trees which once held flower and plum; I think I'll bake a golden cake.

Though all the white, translucent puff Which clings to boughs, is flower enough

And jewels are resplendent, bright, Reflecting day's effulgent light.

This hour is beauty consummate:

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, November 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: This certifies that at the regular meeting of the Council of the Apostles, held in the Salt Lake Temple, this 17th day of October, 1901 . . . Joseph F. Smith was chosen and set apart as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

IN MEMORIAM — PRESIDENT LORENZO SNOW: . . . President Snow was indeed a very remarkable man, and his long life and eventful career emphasized those characteristics which were so conspicuous in his later manhood. . . . On the demise of President Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, then President of the Quorum of the Apostles, became by right of succession, President of the Church . . . September 13, 1898. . . . His life has been full of noble work well and faithfully performed. He was possessed of superior executive ability and . . . was a man of fine intellectuality, a vigorous writer, a student of classical literature all his life, fond of reading and passionately fond of music of the best quality, a patron of the fine arts and altogether a man of culture and refinement in its highest and best sense. His labors among the people since he became President of the Church have been incessant and arduous. . . .

#### AN EVENING PRAYER

Let not my heart on earthly things be bent,
Then, if Thy will denies them, I shall be content.
Let me remember that all mortals here
Are like myself in Thine own image dear;
Then in my dealings with them, Thou shalt see,
I'll do as I would have them do by me. . . .
—Adelaide Schmidt Wayland

LADIES' SEMI-MONTHLY MEETING: The Ladies' Semi-Monthly meeting was held in the 14th Ward hall . . . with President M. I. Horne presiding. . . . Counselor Elizabeth J. Stevenson said when she came into the room she thought, "O ye faithful ones!" There are always a few faithful. . . . We must abide by the golden rule, "Do to others as we wish to be done by," not be jealous, but be prepared to stand in holy places. . . . Sister R. R. Grant felt happy to meet with her sisters. . . . She had received a letter from her son H. J. Grant, that he was on ship board, was well and blessed of the Lord. . . .

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN HAWAII: Liliuokalani, formerly queen of Hawaii, recently celebrated her sixty-second birthday by giving several entertainments at which hundreds of natives and a few whites were present. Three hundred guests breakfasted with the deposed queen and then came a general reception. In the afternoon there was a great luau, or feast. . . . The food was served on mats on the ground, and the staple articles were poi and raw fish. . . .

-News Note

A DISPATCH FROM NORWAY: A dispatch from Christiana . . . says: "The privilege recently granted women to vote for, and sit in municipal councils in Norway is adding unusual interest to the approaching elections. . . ."

-News Note



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

FELISA RINCON DE GAU-TIER is the mayor of San Juan, Puerto Rico. A shrewd politician and a concerned, motherly woman, she works in behalf of city improvements and to meet the economic needs of the poverty-stricken. "We have to work here so that people will have reason to love, not hate," she says.

HELEN WOODWARD'S new book The Lady Persuaders (Ivan Obolensky, Inc., publisher) details the history of American women's magazines, with particular emphasis on Godey's Lady's Book (1836-1877) and Ladies Home Journal (1889 - ). Interesting comparisons are made between the early women's magazines and those of current publication.

SUSAN BALDWIN, eighteenyear-old amateur thespian from
Scarsdale, New York, who is studying to be a social worker, played the
part of Emily in Thornton Wilder's
Our Town in Amsterdam, Holland,
this past summer. She was one of
fifteen hundred young American
performers sent overseas by schools,
foundations, parents, and service
clubs, to break down barriers between Americans and other peoples.

Choral singers of Smith and Amherst Colleges, the Harvard Glee Club, the New York acting group, the California Robin Hood Band, and other organizations took seminars in the United States about the countries they were to visit, stayed in the homes of their hosts, and visited in Greece, the Orient, and Europe.

WOMEN do not marry for financial benefits nearly so often today as a century ago when women found it difficult to obtain employment, according to two University of Michigan sociologists who have made a long and extensive survey of American marriages. Reasons for marrying were listed in this order:

1. companionship; 2. the opportunity to have children; 3. understanding and emotional support; 4. love and affection; 5. financial benefits.

MARGARET E. KENNEDY, a partner in a Wall Street business firm, is an expert in giving advice to women on their financial problems. According to insurance actuaries, she says, the average widow will have many years in which she will have to manage her own financial affairs.

VOL. 48 NOVEMBER 1961 NO. 11

### "Thy Neighbour As Thyself"

Jesus answered . . . thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than these (Mark 12:29-31).

NEIGHBORS are those whose pathways cross, near at home or faraway. The wide neighborhood is the world, where women encounter the age-old problems and accept with gracious strength the responsibilities and privileges which our Heavenly Father has assigned to his daughters at home and on the far frontiers. The near neighborhood is the home and the homes of others in the small town, along a city street, in the ward, or in the community. It is in the near neighborhood where opportunities are most easily discovered, and where the field of service is within the realm of the ministering hands of women who may go from their own homes into the homes of others, taking with them blessed comfort and inspiration.

It may not be possible for us thus to enter largely into the needs of all our neighbors, but surely we can begin with those nearest to us by locale or acquaintance, and then by small beginnings, we can multiply our effective kindliness with the spirit and intent of our example.

Neighbors are those who share joy and sorrow, poverty and abundance. They are those who share material blessings and spiritual strength. The seasons of the year may be shared by neighbors in gifts of summer flowers and winter hearthside warmth. And the seasons of life can be richly shared by those who enter into the needs and longings and rejoicings of others. New babies can be shared, mothers and grandmothers can be shared. Young mothers in a neighborhood receive much comfort and convenience by sharing and grouping the care of children for each other in times of need. Blessed is the neighborhood which may call upon the seasoned wisdom of an older woman. Neighbors on many occasions find joyful participation in sharing work - in gardening and sewing, ironing and canning together. For them, not only work is shared, but the riches of companionship erase the ways of lone-

The Latter-day Saint woman is most abundantly blessed in her desire to be a good neighbor, for she has been instructed from the days of her youth to look upon the earth and earth life as spiritual and everlasting in their implications.

Wherefore, verily I say unto you that all things unto me are spiritual, and not at any time have I given unto you a law which was temporal; neither any man, nor the children of men . . . (D & C 29:34).

Not only is there an earthly enrichment from fellowship and sharing of ourselves with our neighbors,

EDITORIAL 741

but spiritual growth and enlightenment become our everlasting treasure. Thus the daily acts and words of neighborliness which should be our way of life are evidence and testimony of the realization of our earthly responsibilities, and, at the same time, they are a measure of the development of our eternal spirits. Like other gospel principles given for our direction in mortality and for our eventual salvation, the commandment to be neighbors takes its vitality from our present opportunities and projects them to a time when all the children of the Heavenly Father shall be one in purpose and shall be concerned with the spiritual advancement and salvation of the Father's family.

A Latter-day Saint woman, in addition to the more practical aspects of being a good neighbor, has the divine commission to be a missionary to her associates, a missionary in the sense that she will use her life pattern and her deeds of kindliness and charity as a means of making the gospel shine so resplendently in her neighborhood that others will see a

reflected light and wish to learn the source of its radiance.

A Latter-day Saint woman may invite her neighbor's children to attend Primary and Sunday School. She may invite the woman with whom she associates as a neighbor to go with her to Relief Society meetings. She may, upon occasion, ask one of her neighbors to help her with a Relief Society assignment. One sister who is now a devoted Relief Society member was first invited to a work meeting and was kindly requested to assist with the sewing. That was the beginning of interest — it was the beginning of membership in the Church, and of regular and joyful service in Relief Society. Another woman, trained in dramatic art and public speaking, was asked by a neighbor to read a number of poems for a literature lesson, and this woman, seeing a divinely organized group of sisters in their cultural and spiritual workshop, became one with them in the ward and in the world-wide sisterhood.

- V. P. C.

## Love Lantern in the Night

Maude Rubin

Not long did April's lantern swing Luminous in the west, Caught on its cloud of lilac scent Brighter than amethyst. . . . Yet that lantern has haloed the long green dusk Of September's waning light, Has silvered gray November's husk — Now a wick for this winter night.

## Christmas Gifts

### Jean Ridges Jennings

WITH Christmas just around the corner again, it's time to start making serious plans for gift giving. This year why not surprise the girls (both young and old) on your list with gifts you have made yourself?

Suggested here are a number of ideas for gifts that cover a wide range of usage. One of them may be

just what you are seeking.

#### Decorated Gloves

A gift that could add a touch of luxury to any woman's wardrobe at a nominal cost is a pair of beaded or embroidered gloves. When purchased in the stores, already decorated, they may be quite expensive. But by using a little ingenuity and pennies' worth of materials, you can surprise yourself with your own creations.

Start now to watch for specials in the glove departments of your local stores. Buy your favorite brand of good quality plain gloves in any color you wish. Then glamorize them to your heart's content with the addition of "baubles, bangles, and beads" or even embroidery.

Think up your own ideas for doing this or "borrow" suggestions from gloves you

see already trimmed.

Don't limit your decorating talents to ladies' gloves, but make your favorite tot or teenager happy with a pair of gloves or mittens that has been glamorized with yarn embroidery, a few beads, or some attractive applique.

Holiday Skirt

Is there a girl on your list to whom you would like to give something especially nice? This gift should please girls of all ages who

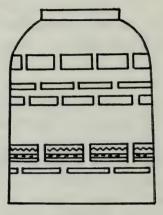


Figure 1
HOLIDAY SKIT

are young at heart — even "girl" grandmothers.

We suggest a festive skirt made of felt which began its career as a holiday skirt, but would be just as desirable for special occasions at almost any season of the year. This would be an ideal "at home" costume for the hostess who wants to dress importantly. Any teenager would be delighted to wear it to informal dances or special dates. Subteens, too, could enjoy having one for special occasions. A simplified version would be fun for tots.

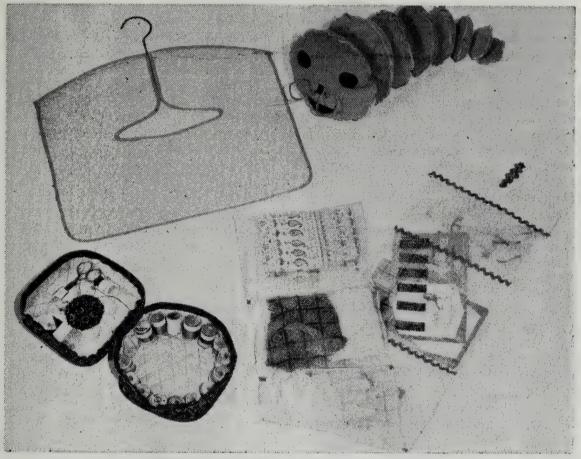
With a frilly or elaborate blouse, it could be as dressy as the occasion demanded. Teamed with a tailored blouse or conservative top, it becomes a more casual outfit.

This skirt is made of felt in two colors that blend or contrast agreeably. For a striking effect, combine gold with black; dark blue with light blue; black or navy with shocking pink; or for a real holiday look, red with green.

Since felt has no grain, the fabric can be used lengthwise or crosswise with the same effect. Felted fabrics need no seam finish. No hem is necessary on this skirt.

Page 742

CHRISTMAS GIFTS 743



QUICKLY MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Lower left: a sewing box; lower right: a long (26-inch) closet bag. Upper left: closet bag on wooden hanger; upper right: toy worm.

You won't need a pattern. Use the felt straight, making the skirt one and one half yards around the bottom. Gather the fullness at the waist onto the skirt band in even clusters at side fronts and side backs. There is only one seam and it should be in the back. Insert the zipper in the seam. The modified fulness in the stiff fabric makes a bell-shaped skirt which is new and attractive. Face the skirt band with grosgrain ribbon.

The unusual design and originality in the skirt come from the bands of contrasting felt that are woven through slits cut in the skirt (Figure 1). The number and spacing of the bands will depend on the length of the skirt being made. For added interest and novelty, sew ornamental braid and rickrack on one of the bands before lacing it through the skirt. Be sure the slits are spaced and cut evenly and accurately.

When buying fabric, remember that one length of 54-inch felt is all you need.

Buy as much as the length of the skirt, plus the waistband. For contrasting bands, you will need as much as the total width of all of the pieces inserted in the skirt.

Toy "Worm"

Here is a toy for the kiddies. Though it is called a worm, any resemblance to the real thing is quite coincidental. Tiny children love it, and it doubles as an ornament in the bedrooms of those a bit older.

Quick and easy to make, this toy needs just a little material — can even be made from scraps. Felt or corduroy makes nice "worms," and one-fourth yard of 36-inch fabric is sufficient. In addition, you will need cotton wadding for stuffing, two pipe cleaners for feelers, and a scrap of black for eyes, nose, and mouth.

Our little animal is made in eight sections, each one three-fourths inch smaller than the one in front of it, all stuffed to a soft plumpness. The largest is the head and is cut eight inches in diameter. The smallest makes the tail and is two and three-fourths inches in diameter. Each section is three-fourths inches smaller than the one in front of it and is made of two circles of material sewed together around the edges with plenty of cotton wadding stuffed between to make it very plump. Before stuffing, apply features to the largest circle as shown in Figure 2. Sew them on with zig-zag sewing machine stitch or blanket stitch by hand.

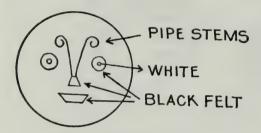


Figure 2
FACE OF WORM

When corduroy is used, blanket stitch or zigzag around the edges of all circle sections. In felt, pink all edges and sew circles together with a narrow seam allowance.

Attach each plump section to the one in front of it with a large snap that has been sewed to the exact center of the circle. Thus the worm will wriggle very provocatively.

### Closet Bags

Two easy-to-make closet bags can be had for just pennies and take but a few minutes to make. They are so useful that any woman or girl would welcome one for closet or bathroom.

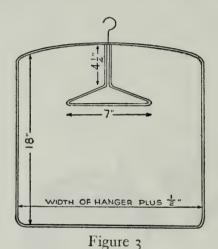
The first is made of heavy plastic and fits on a wooden hanger.

Buy only 18 inches of 36-inch wide plastic, three yards of bias tape, and one wooden hanger. Make the bag as shown in the diagram (Figure 3) with the top edge shaped to fit the hanger. Bind around the opening and then bind the

edges of front and back sections together. That is all — simple, isn't it?

Use it for dust cloths in the broom closet or for soiled things in a clothes closet or bathroom.

The other closet bag is a hold-all for small articles. Hanging in the clothes closet, it is ideal for hose, gloves, scarves,



CLOSET BAG WITH WOODEN
HANGER

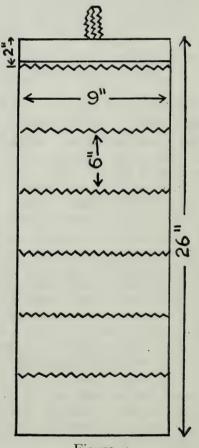


Figure 4
LONG CLOSET BAG

or what have you. In the bathroom it keeps track of combs, brushes, curlers, bobby pins, nets, shower caps, or count-

less other things.

Use light-weight plastic for this one and cut a strip nine inches by twenty-six inches. Cut six pockets that are nine inches wide (same as the basic strip) and six inches deep. Hem the top edge of each and trim with rickrack in any desired color. Starting at the bottom edge of the plastic strip, sew the unhemmed edge of pockets to plastic so that each one just meets the one above it (Figure 4). Sew a two-inch strip of cardboard into a casing at the top.

Now, hem both sides of the long strip (narrowly), catching in the edges of the pocket sections and thus securing them in

place.

Make a loop of rickrack and sew to center of the cardboard at the top to form a hanger.

Sewing Box

Another forethought for Christmas is a glamor sewing box, built around a zipper. You will find it easy to make and ideal either for travel or top dresser drawer. The one pictured is made of quilted cotton,

but in satin, taffeta, or brocade, it can double as a jewel case.

For this you will need:

yd. quilted, double-faced fabric36 inches wide

1 1/4 yds. elastic, 1/2 inch wide

zipper, 22 inches long

1½ yds. bias fold tape, matching or contrasting cotton wadding to stuff pincushion

fittings (spools of thread, thimble,

needles, tape, etc.)

For top and bottom sections, cut two six and one-fourth inch squares and round off corners. Top and bottom sections of sides are twenty-three inches long and one and one-fourth inches (top), one and one-half inches (bottom) wide. Pincushion is a two and one-half inch circle (Figure 5).

Mark lower side section with pins for spacing of spool holders: one inch from each end and every one and three-eighths inches between. Cut a thirty-two inch strip of elastic. Mark this with pins one inch from each end and every two inches between. Matching pins, attach elastic to lower side section. Stitch back and forth three times at each pin (Figure 6).

Join ends of each section (top and bot-

tom) with a flat fell seam.

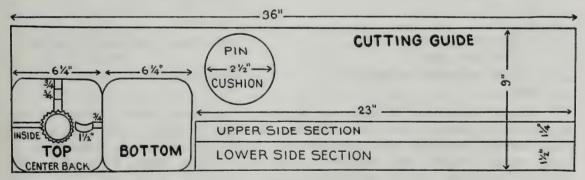


Figure 5
CUTTING GUIDE FOR SEWING BOX

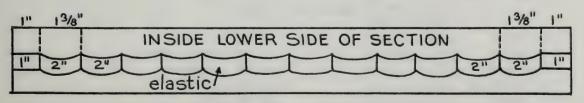


Figure 6
INSIDE SECTION OF BOTTOM OF SEWING BOX

Now, sew the zipper to the lower side section, right sides together, having metal ends meet at the seam. Attach other side of zipper tape to the upper section of the box. Press seam allowances away from the zipper and overcast zipper tape securely to side sections. Close the opening between ends of zipper by overcasting tape edges together.

Cut two elastic strips and sew to top as follows: one three-inch strip down to the center and one six and three-fourths inch strip across the center. Stitch as shown in Figure 5. Pink edges of two and one-half inch circle and sew to center of top section, as shown, with cotton wadding stuffing underneath.

Baste top of box to upper side section with insides facing and raw edges even. Bind raw edges together with bias. Join bottom of box to lower side section in the same manner.

Place fittings for the case in elastic holders as shown in the accompanying picture.

## Holiday Cookies

Winnifred C. Jardine

#### HONEY NUT COOKIE BALLS

1 c. butter

½ c. powdered sugar

2 tbsp. honey

2 1/4 c. sifted flour

¼ tsp. salt

1 tsp. vanilla

34 c. chopped walnuts.

Cream butter, powdered sugar, and honey together thoroughly. Add flour, salt, vanilla, and nuts. Mix with hands, if necessary, to blend well. Form into balls 1-inch in diameter and chill well. Place 2½ inches apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375°F. for 14 to 17 minutes. While still warm, roll in powdered sugar. Cool. Roll in powdered sugar again. Makes 4 dozen cookies.

#### HIDDEN TREASURE COOKIES

1 3/4 c. sifted flour

½ tsp. soda

¼ tsp. salt

½ c. shortening

½ c. granulated sugar

½ c. firmly packaged brown sugar

2 eggs

1/4 c. light cream 1 tsp. vanilla 3/4 c. coconut

1 6-oz. package semi-sweet chocolate chips

4½ dozen pitted dates (about)

Measure sifted flour, add soda and salt, and sift together 3 times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add flour, alternately with cream, in small amounts, beating well. Stir in coconut and chocolate chips. Drop a few dates at a time into batter and roll each date until it is completely coated with batter. Then lift out and place carefully on a greased baking sheet. Repeat until all dates and batter are used. Bake at 375° for about 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  dozen cookies.

#### RAISIN-NUT NIBBLES

1 c. water

2 c. raisins

1 tsp. soda

1 c. shortening

2 c. sugar

1 tsp. vanilla

3 eggs

4 c. sifted flour

i tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. cinnamon

½ tsp. nutmeg

½ tsp. salt

1 c. chopped nuts

CHRISTMAS GIFTS 747

Add water to raisins and simmer 5 minutes. Cool. Stir in soda. Cream together shortening and sugar until well blended. Add vanilla, eggs, and cooled raisin mixture. Sift flour with salt, baking powder, and spices. Add to shortening mixture, and blend. Stir in nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheet, allowing room for cookies to spread. Bake at 425°F. for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 6 dozen cookies.

### Aprons for Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus

Carol Daynes

CHRISTMAS aprons gaily trimmed to represent Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus will delight your children at Christmastime and give them endless opportunities for pantomime and play.



Mrs. Santa Claus Apron

Each square in the pattern represents two inches, but the apron can be made smaller or larger as desired.

Using a paper pattern which you can cut from the idea represented in the accompanying sketch, make the apron of red and white striped cotton material. The neckband and strings are made of one-inch twill cotton, the neckband being



MR. SANTA CLAUS

twenty-four inches long, and the strings for tying the apron about twenty inches each.

Patterns for the faces may be cut from a child's coloring book or from newspaper or magazine illustrations of Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus. Use felt, fabric, or iron-on materials for the faces. Fabric adhesive may be used for attaching felt or other material not already prepared for attaching.

#### Colors

Faces — pink
Hair — white
Eyes — black
Mouths — red
Holly — red and green
Lace — white
Beard — white
Cap — red and white
Nose — red pompon

### A Christmas to Remember

### Betty Lou Martin

snowflakes LUFFY, white danced merrily down from heaven, making the ground a mass of white. Julie Carroll smiled as she remembered her youngest son Scottie's description of the snow. "The ground is like one great big birthday cake, Mommy," he said, "with lots of fluffy, white frosting, and the lights in the houses are its candles."

How two boys can be so different, Julie surmised. Roger, nine, and the elder of the two Carroll children, To him, black was was a realist. black and white was white, with no deliberations. Scottie, on the other hand, was an incurable dreamer. He was also blessed with a sincere compassion and love for other people that reached beyond his six years. Often Julie was amazed at the wisdom and understanding that he showed for others.

Iulie went to the kitchen and began preparing dinner. Her thoughts were filled with the coming Christmas holiday. She, too, was an incurable dreamer, and her soul was full of love and good will that prevail during that season. If only we would open up our hearts and give our love all during the year instead of just during Christmas time, what a wonderful world this would be, she reasoned.

"Scottie, don't slam the door like that, honey," Julie called out. "Be sure that your feet are clean. I don't want you to track snow all over the linoleum."

"They're clean, Mommy," Scottie said, "but the dog's aren't."

"Oh, Scottie, I told you not to let him in the house. Teddy will just have to stay outside. Now, young man, would you mind telling me where you have been spending all of your time lately?"

"Just outside playing in snow." Scottie pulled an unco-operative Teddy by the collar and led

him toward the back door.

After dinner that night, Blair Carroll pulled on his overcoat and galoshes. "I've got to go over to old Mr. Wright's place. He just appointed me his lawyer today, and I have some legalities to go over with I don't know why he picked him. Personally, I would just as soon not have anything to do with him. I hear he is such a disagreeable old man."

"He sure is, Dad," Roger spoke "If any of us even go near his house, he comes out and hollers and screams at us."

"Now, Roger, you know very well that Mr. Wright is old, and he has been alone for many years. He likes his peace and quiet, and I don't want to hear you talk like that about him," Julie reprimanded her son.

It was a well-known fact that Mr. Wright was a man of means. It was also apparent that he carried on business transactions at his home, as men often went there to confer with him. Julie was, however, a little surprised that he should choose Blair as his lawyer.

"Christmas is next week, Mom," "When can we Roger spoke up. put our Christmas tree up?"

"We'll put it up just as soon as

Daddy has time to get it, dear." Julie was excited about Christmas, too. She was worse than the children. Blair always teased that her eyes lighted up more than a child's over Christmas, and she always teased back that everyone was a child at heart.

AFTER Scottie had said his prayers that night and was about to climb into bed, he put his arms around Julie's neck and looked into her eyes. "Mommy, we are all God's children aren't we?" he asked and Julie could see the seriousness in his deep blue eyes.

"Yes, we are, honey, everyone,

and God loves us all."

"Golly, I'm glad, Mommy," Scot-

tie said.

Julie detected a note of relief in Scottie's voice. There he goes again, Julie thought. I wonder whom he is

worrying about this time.

The next few days Julie was busy cleaning, helping the children get the Christmas tree trimmed, and trying to do some last minute shopping. The air was filled with the happy voices of the children, as they laughed and whispered about the presents that they had for Julie and Blair. Even Roger, the realist, was mysterious, but Scottie was so mysterious that Julie was almost concerned. He disappeared for periods of time and didn't come home until just before dinner. When they would question him about where he had been, he would only casually remark, "Just playing with Teddy."

The day before Christmas came in true tradition, with a soft flurry

of snow.

The house was aglow with Christmas, with gaily wrapped packages

under the beautifully decorated tree. The fragrant smell of the pine mixed with the warm odors of cookies and pies baking.

As Julie walked by the living room door, she caught sight of Scottie sitting on the floor in front of the Christmas tree. He was staring up

at it as if deep in thought.

"What are you thinking, Scottie?" Julie asked, as she kneeled down on the floor beside her son. She put her arm about his shoulders and turned his face toward her.

"Christmas is such a pretty time, Mommy. I just wish everyone could be happy." Scottie spoke soft-

lv.

"I know, darling. I was just wishing that same thing," Julie replied. "Christmas is the time when more than any other time, we need someone to love and someone who loves us. It is a time when no one should be alone."

"Gee, Mommy, I just don't want anyone in the whole world to be alone at Christmas." There were tears in Scottie's eyes. "It makes me feel so sad."

Julie felt the tears come to her own eyes. She hugged him to her. "You are such a sweet little boy, Scottie, and your father and I love you very much. Remember, dear, always to be as thoughtful and considerate as you are right now, and God will always be with you."

BLAIR arrived home early that night. "I'll build a fire in the fireplace while you're finishing dinner," he volunteered.

It was a tradition in the Carroll household that every Christmas Eve should be spent at home, gathered around the fire, toasting marshmallows and listening to Christmas music. Then just before it was time to retire, in the stillness of night, Blair would read from the Bible the story of the first Christmas, of that time long ago when Christ was born.

"Blair, call the children. Dinner is ready now," Julie called out.

Roger and Blair came and sat down at the table.

"Where is Scottie?" Julie in-

quired.

"I thought that he was in here with you," Blair answered. "Roger, don't you know where your brother is?"

"Golly, Dad, the last time that I saw him, he was in his room wrapping a present, but that was about an hour and a half ago," Roger replied.

Anxiety gripped Julie's heart. Where would a little boy go alone

on Christmas Eve?

"Now don't worry, Julie," Blair said, as he and Roger bundled up to go and look for Scottie. "Roger and I will find him in no time. You just stay here and wait."

"No, Blair. I'm going to help look for Scottie. I just can't stay

here and wait."

The air was refreshing as Julie trudged along through the snow. Somewhere in the night a Christmas carol rang out, "Oh, come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant." Now and again the laughter of a happy child was clearly audible. Julie continued on down the block, checking at each of the houses. They hadn't seen Scottie all evening, they said. "Scottie, Scottie," Julie called, hoping to hear him answer, "Here I am, Mommy," but there was only silence.

Julie paused directly in front of

Mr. Wright's house. She had checked everyone else in the neighborhood. If Blair and Roger hadn't had any more success than she, they would have to call the police.

Julie didn't know why she looked up, but her eyes caught sight of something in Mr. Wright's window. It was a star with blue lights on it and a miniature angel in the center. Why that is just like the decoration that I had last year for my window, Julie reasoned. I decided to use a different one this year. How odd, Mr. Wright has never been known to decorate for Christmas before.

JULIE tried the latch on the gate in front of Mr. Wright's house. It was open. She made her way up to the porch. It is a long shot, she surmised, but it is certainly worth a try. She rang the doorbell, and Mr. Wright, a short gray-haired man, with piercing dark eyes, answered the door.

"Mr. Wright, I'm sorry to bother you, especially on Christmas Eve, but I've lost my little boy, Scottie." Julie's voice trembled. "I don't suppose by chance that you have seen him?"

"You must be Mrs. Carroll." Mr. Wright actually smiled at Julie. "Come in, won't you. Scottie is here. I thought that you knew that he had been coming over here."

Julie followed Mr. Wright through the foyer, and then into the study, where Scottie sat before the

cheery fire.

Scottie looked up at his mother. "Hi, Mommy, I just came for a minute to bring Mr. Wright his Christmas present."

"Why didn't you tell me where you were going, darling? We've

been so worried about you." Julie hurried over to Scottie.

"I didn't think you would let me come, Mommy. Mr. Wright is my very best friend, and you said that people shouldn't be alone at Christmas. I didn't want my best friend to be alone on Christmas Eve." Scottie's little face was downcast. "I guess that you're going to scold me, Mommy."

Julie looked at Scottie and then at Mr. Wright. She realized then that Mr. Wright was not the disagreeable old man that everyone had made him out to be, but rather a lonely soul, with the need to be loved.

"It's all right, darling. I wouldn't scold you for anything, but I think that you had better come home now. Your Daddy and Roger are out looking for you, too. We'd better let them know that you are all right," Julie said gently.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Carroll. I wouldn't have caused you this concern for anything. Scottie and I have been friends since this fall. He has really been wonderful company to a lonely old man like me. I hope that you will let him continue to

come and see me."

"Of course he may, Mr. Wright," Julie answered sincerely.

"Oh, and Scottie, I have a present

for you," Mr. Wright said.

He went to the closet and brought out a large box wrapped in bright colors of red and green.

"Your Mommy will probably have to help you carry it home. It is for your brother, Roger, too."

"THANK you, Mr. Wright," Scottie said. "I hope that you will like what I gave to you. I made it myself."

"I'm sure I shall."

Scottie turned to Julie. "Mommy, can't I please stay for just a minute more. Mr. Wright and I were going to read the story of the birth of the little baby Jesus just like we always do at home." Scottie's eyes pleaded with Julie.

"Scottie, your Daddy will be worrying about us both by now. I have a better idea." Julie turned to Mr. Wright. "Mr. Wright, we are just about to have our dinner, and we would be honored if you would join us, then, afterward, we can all hear the story of the birth of Jesus together."

Mr. Wright hesitated, and there were tears in his eyes. "Mrs. Carroll, I'm just an old man, and I don't want to interrupt any family affair, especially not tonight."

"You won't be interrupting any family affair, Mr. Wright. We want you to come. Besides, it seems that Scottie has already taken you into our family, and you're a part of it, whether you want to be or not."

As Julie walked toward home with Mr. Wright and Scottie, she knew that this would be a Christmas that she would long remember, after her sons were grown up and gone. She knew, too, that she had been taught a lesson in unselfishness, love, and understanding, taught by her own little son. She had been so wrapped up in her own family affairs that it never occurred to her to look elsewhere, to reach out and help someone who was alone and lonely at Christmas.

Julie felt Scottie's small hand go into hers. It had stopped snowing now, and as she looked up toward heaven, one star shone more brightly than the others, and it seemed to Julie that its rays reached down from above and embraced Scottie.

### First Snow in the Mountains

#### Cynthia Hepburn Nuffer

S HE was an Easterner and not prepared for it. Even though everyone in the canyon had said that there was always snow in September, and although these past few nights she had had to get up sleepily in the dark for the extra quilt, still she felt a sense of doom as she looked out on that gray morning.

She hadn't expected to feel this way. Last winter had been very happy. She remembered all the pleasant things: the cozy fire in the stove, the soft, shining look the lamps had given the log walls, the salmon color of the frosted mountains at dawn.

All that morning as she went about her work, the snow fell unrelenting outside. Her husband was invigorated by it. The crisp air made him feel like working, he said. The children talked about it in happy, high voices. They decided that it was Christmas come early. And she, the one who was supposed to be sensitive, the poet in the family, felt only the coming burdens of cold feet and hands to warm, snowsuits to put on and take off, and shivering trips out to the shed for wood.

The house was chilly because the oil heater hadn't been connected, so she moved the baby's crib out in the kitchen by the stove and rearranged the rest of the room to use up the extra chairs the crib had displaced.

For lunch she and the boys had hot soup, drinking it quickly since it was cold at the table by the window. The boys went upstairs for their naps, and when the home was quiet, she lay down and slept under two heavy blankets.

When she awakened the snow had stopped and she could hear the dogs get up from the porch and stiffly stretch.

SOMEHOW she felt relieved and better. She wasn't sure why. Her mind was easy again, though, and she guessed almost indifferently, as one dismisses a mood, that she had just been tired and the rest had been all she needed.

Most of the snow melted in the night, and the next day it was warm enough to go out without a coat. None of the willows or grasses had been winter-killed. The day was gold and green until she looked up at the mountains and saw them glossy-white, still, like a giant photograph pasted on the sky.

She washed her sheets that afternoon and hung them out, luxuriating in the softness of the warm air. Then a small cold wind from the mountains knifed into her shoulders and she quickly went back to the shelter of the house.

In a few days all the snow was gone, but throughout the rest of the hazy, pine-velveted Indian summer, the memory of the first snow remained. It sharpened the shadows of the trees, shortened each sunwarmed day, and showed how important were the ways in which she filled those days. With the winter clothes and the extra quilts, she brought out her extra love, for at last she understood the meaning of the poignancy of autumn.

## Christmas Is Coming

Janet W. Breeze

CONE-SHAPED PAPER CUPS FOR CHRISTMAS TREE



SPARK your Christmas tree with something special. Let the children decorate white cone-shaped paper cups with Christmas seals. Make a string of yarn handle for the cup. Fill the cups with candy and hang on the tree as welcome surprises for tiny guests.

#### PLACE MAT MADE FROM OILCLOTH

MAKE some oilcloth place mats for children this way: Draw the outline of a pig or other easy animal on paper. Trace onto a pale checkered or plain oilcloth and cut out with pinking shears. Paint features on with a black embroidery pen. A curtain ring can be sewed on a pig's nose for a napkin holder.



SAVE those short, round peanut butter jars for many gifts. Remove paper from jar and paint lids with a good cover-up enamel.





For Mother, make a set of kitchen helpers by applying titles and designs on the jar with embroidery pens. Some embroidery pens have directions for oven baking to assure a lasting design, if washed.





For Father, make some work-bench bottles.





For Sister, make some dresser jars. Glue to them shell macaroni, beads, or anything decorative you may have to the lids before painting them a frosty pink, elegant gold, or snowy white.

For little Brother, make see-through containers for his most precious possessions.





## Because of the Word

#### CHAPTER 4

#### Hazel M. Thomson

Synopsis: Ruth Ann Barker, who lives in the early 1830's in the Naumkeg Valley of New England, dislikes farm life and cannot decide to marry Victor Hall, a neighboring farmer. While Ruth Ann is in Boston visiting her cousin Claire Mayhew, she meets Quinton Palmer, a lawyer and suitor of Claire's, who declares that he has fallen in love with Ruth at their first meeting. The night Ruth Ann returns home her father is thrown from a horse and killed. Victor helps her look after the farm, and she goes again to Boston for the holidays, and then to visit her Aunt Marintha in Palmyra, New York, where she hears about Joseph Smith and The Book of Mormon. On her return she promises to marry Vic who has defended some land suits against Quinton.

RUTH Ann gave very little thought to the book and Vic's preoccupation with it. In her plans for the wedding the days slipped by and she was happy in the knowledge of Vic's love. As for the book itself, she had seen him almost as involved in other reading material at one time or another. She found it reassuring to tell herself that his intense interest in this would soon be replaced by something different.

The spring days passed and early in June the marriage took place. For the summer months, at least, they moved into the two rooms of Vic's cabin. With the thought constantly in the back of her mind that someday they would have the house that she only dreamed about now, Ruth was blissfully happy.

The only shadow that was cast

during these first weeks was caused by the box that arrived from Boston, bearing Quinton's wedding gift. The note accompanying it was also a little disquieting.

Dear Ruth:

Claire tells me that you have moved out to Hall's cabin. When you get tired looking at those four walls, give a thought to me and to Boston. For the time being, I am still waiting. Beauty such as yours was never meant to be shown off doing chores on a frontier farm.

> As ever, Quinton.

Ruth tore the wrappings from the box and opened it. She drew a sharp breath. Inside was the most beautiful set of china she had ever seen. Vic looked at it for a long moment.

"Isn't this beautiful, Vic? How nice of Quinton to send it."

"Almost too beautiful, Ruth Ann," answered Vic quietly.

"Why, Vic, don't you like the dishes?"

"Of course I do, honey. The only thing, they may seem just a little out of place in our cabin."

"We won't always have a cabin, Vic. One day we will have the loveliest big house."

"It will take time and lots of hard work, Ruth Ann," he said, taking her in his arms, "I wish I could offer you all that you deserve."

"About Quinton? Claire is laying her plans again. She will make him a much better wife than I.

After all, I am just a farmer's daughter, not Boston society," Ruth Ann said.

THE second shadow to fall across Ruth's horizon was cast by two men she had never seen. Vic told her about them as soon as he met the missionaries.

"They are holding meetings in the village, Ruth, explaining their gospel and The Book of Mormon. I must go and hear them. I have so many questions to ask them. Would you go with me, Ruth?"

"Oh, Vic, I have too many things to do to fix up the cabin. This rug won't braid itself, and I want to finish that quilt as soon as I can. I'd rather stay here."

"I wish you would go, Ruth Ann. It means so much to me. I just can't help being interested in their

message."

"Of course you can't, Vic," she laughed. "You're interested in anyone who has anything to say. But please don't insist that I go to hear them."

"I've never left you here alone at night. Come with me as far as your place. You can stay with Mrs. Walker, then, until I get back."

"I can't take my work over there," answered Ruth. "Go along to your meeting," she said, kissing him. "Don't worry about me. I'll be fine."

She kept her voice light-hearted and gay, but knew from the look in his eyes that she had disappointed him.

Knowing that work was her best solution when she was troubled, Ruth began at once on the supper dishes. She filled the kettle over the fireplace with water, admiring the work Vic had done in building it. He had gathered the fireplace stones from his land, choosing them carefully. He had cut each one neatly in half, and placing one half on a side of the fireplace, he had put the other piece in a corresponding place on the other side. It was a real work of art when it was completed. Vic had a way with him in working with wood or stone.

"It's a gift, Vic. A real talent," Ruth had told him. "When you build our house it will have the most beautiful finishing work of any place

around.''

"I know it is a gift," Vic had answered modestly, "and you know, Ruth, if I had my choice of all the talents in the world, this is the one I would choose. I have no desire to be a great musician, painter, or anything of the like, but to make things of wood — that's the thing he did when he was here."

"He?" asked Ruth, puzzled.

"Jesus. I've always wondered what his masterpiece was, what was the most beautiful thing he ever made. I know just how the wood felt, smooth and good to his touch. Of course," Vic added, "his real masterpiece was his life and the pattern he set for the rest of us to follow."

Ruth Ann had known when she married Vic of his deep faith in God and of late she had sensed a change in him. It seemed to be a more personal kind of faith, as of now. Sometimes when he spoke of Jesus, it seemed that he was talking about a personal friend. She knew his attitude was in some way connected with his daily reading of The Book of Mormon, and it gave her a vague sense of uneasiness.

It was late when Vic returned to the cabin. Ruth knew it was well past midnight. To avoid any discussion or argument, she pretended to be asleep.

WHEN the blow fell, Ruth felt as if she had been expecting it, without actually knowing what it was to be. Vic had gone into the village three nights in a row. Through the intervening days, Ruth had forced herself to be civil, but she had made no attempt to break through the barrier they both felt growing between them.

Then, on the fourth morning, he put down his fork at the breakfast

table and looked at her.

"Ruth, I must tell you something. I'm going to be baptized and join the Mormons. They have the true gospel of Christ, with authority to teach and baptize, just as he did."

The words fell on Ruth's ears. She wasn't sure yet just what they

meant.

"Well," she said, "I guess you may as well join them. You're spending most of your time with

them anyway."

"You must understand, Ruth. It doesn't mean just becoming a member. It means moving to Kirtland, Ohio, and joining with the other Mormons there."

Ruth was stunned. "You can't mean it, Vic. Leave your land? Go farther west? Leave here when you're getting started so well? You've done so well in this little time. Next year we can build another room and..."

Ruth stopped. Looking across the table at Vic, she saw the muscles move along the line of his jaw. Vic was deadly serious. Ruth arose and

left the cabin, walking out to the edge of the clearing where she sat down on a fallen log.

Strange, she thought, that I am defending this place when at one time I so dreaded the thoughts of living here. Vic's words came back to her as she had heard them on the first night they had stood here together after their marriage.

"Virgin land, it is, Ruth," he had said. "It is mine and I must clear it myself. With God as my partner, I will grow the finest crops in the

country."

Ruth remembered again how proud she had been of his determination and strength. She disliked feeling that she had held him back, yet she knew that, without her, he would have pushed on to the edge of civilization. A new realization of his great love for her had been almost overwhelming.

ONLY now did it occur to Ruth what it must mean to Vic to go. This land had seemed almost a part of him. Surely the force that drew him away from it was strong.

She didn't know where Kirtland was, but it sounded as if it were a long way. There would be the task of trying to move her things by wagon, taking care of them through rain and mud, dirt and heat. Vic would have to find a buyer. Mrs. Walker had spoken only last week of wanting to buy Ruth's house and of a brother who wanted a farm.

She looked up as Vic sat beside her.

"I'm sorry, Ruth. I appreciate what I'm asking you to do, but I cannot live and do otherwise. This means more to me than my life. You don't want to hear it from me, but

if you would only listen to the missionaries, Ruth, I'm sure they could make you understand how I feel."

"I've seen it before, Vic, when a new idea almost took possession of you. It seems that this one has. How do you know you won't be over it by next week?"

"My whole life won't be long enough to help others to see and understand the truth as I do. I have to go. Will you come with me, Ruth?"

"Yes, Vic," answered Ruth. "Didn't I marry you for better or worse? I'm not at all sure which this is going to be, but I am not backing down on my bargain."

Ruth had seen Vic many times intent on his own purposes, but she had never seen him make plans with such urgency. She was glad that he delayed leaving until he had disposed of their property, yet a little dismayed that he would go without receiving payment. Although he had an agreement with Mrs. Walker to collect the payments and send them on to him, Ruth felt it a little impractical to leave without getting the money.

"I'm not really worried about getting paid for my place," Ruth told him. "Mrs. Walker and her brother both will pay as they can. But you sold to a total stranger. How you can leave your land in his hands with that small down payment, is more than I can see. What if he never pays the rest?"

"I have confidence in him, Ruth, and yet, somehow, it doesn't seem to matter really whether he does or not. The important thing for me right now is to get to Kirtland and to get there as fast as I can."

"It isn't like you, Vic, to do im-

pulsive things."

"I confess, Ruth, I don't understand it myself. There is a force that seems to be driving me, as if I were needed there. I know that sounds foolish, but I confess I am almost powerless to fight against it, and the strange thing is, I have no desire to do so."

VIC busied himself in seeing that the wagon, harnesses, and horses were ready and Ruth started the packing. She was taking her bedstead, though there was not room for much of their furniture. She had Vic help her wrap the few pieces in quilts and pieces of wagon covers to get the furniture there in as good condition as possible. The biggest problem was the set of china Quinton had sent for her wedding present.

"What can I wrap these in, Vic?" she asked. "I don't mind so much about my other dishes. But these,

they're all I have to. . . . "

Vic looked at her strangely. "All you have to remind you of the life you could have had. Ruth, I've been such a disappointment to you. Don't think I am unaware of it. Do you think about Boston a lot?"

"Of course not," Ruth replied quickly, turning away. "It is just that these are expensive dishes and I don't want to break them in moving. Sometime I will have a house

to match their beauty."

"I could take your old wooden trunk and fill it a layer at a time with oats, a layer of oats and a layer of dishes. I believe we can get the whole set to Kirtland that way, that is, if we can find enough pasturage at night for the horses and do not have to feed them the oats."

It amazed Ruth that her heart was so heavy in leaving the little cabin and her own farm that had often been a burden to her. As the miles fell away behind their wagon, her characteristically good nature rose, and she entered into the spirit of the trip, determined to enjoy it. Contrary to her fears, the weather was beautiful and the moon almost full for the first few nights out. As they sat around their campfire, listening to the sounds of the night and the contented munching of the horses, the strain between them vanished, and Ruth felt closer to Vic than she had for a number of days.

VIC tried, as he had many times, to tell her more about the beliefs of the Mormons but, as always, Ruth found herself changing the subject. One evening she inadvertently brought up the subject herself, when she mentioned her stay with her aunt in Palmyra.

"Palmyra?" cried Vic, completely startled. "I knew you had visited an aunt, but you never mentioned Palmyra. You actually stayed there all that time?" Vic turned to her and grasped her arms firmly. "Ruth,

did you see the hill?"

"Vic, you're hurting me," said Ruth, loosening herself from his

grip.

"Did you see it, Ruth? You've actually been there where the Prophet found the golden plates? Tell

me!"

"Cumorah? Yes, Aunt Marintha and I went out there several times. You know, people still come and try to find gold on it. The one side is quite broken up with digging." Ruth laughed. "We didn't bother to take our shovels along."

"Did you go to the grove, Ruth?"
"The what?"

"The grove. The place where the Father and the Son actually appeared to the boy, Joseph. Ruth, you must tell me. Did you stand on that ground, too? And if you did I fail to see how you can remain uninterested in the gospel message."

Ruth looked at the face she knew and loved so well, his eyes bright with concern. At times Vic almost frightened her by his intensity.

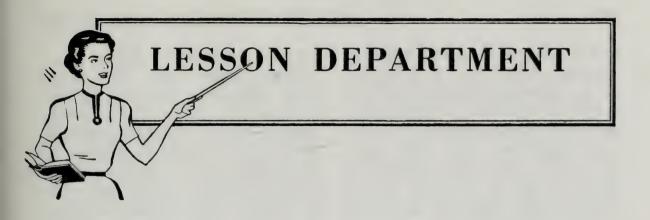
"No," answered Ruth. "Aunt Marintha didn't bother to take me there. She took a kind of joking interest in the story of finding the gold plates, but she said she didn't hold with stories about angels and visions and the like." She watched Vic's strong, handsome face so earnest in the firelight. "You say you can't understand how I can remain uninterested. Well, what I fail to see is how you can get so fired up over an Indian tale."

"Ruth, this book is much more than an Indian legend could be. It tells of Jesus in his resurrected, glorified body, appearing to the people right here on the American Continent. I treasure this truth above all the riches of the world. Why, I would not trade the knowledge I have found for the most beautiful farm in the country."

"Nor for me," said Ruth.

Vic moved close and took Ruth in his arms. "I could never give it up now. At last I have found men who truly have authority to minister in holy things. My hope is not to ever trade you for it, Ruth. but to share it with you."

(To be continued)



## Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 37 — "Those That Seek Me Early Shall Find Me" (Proverbs 8:17)

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 48 and 54)

For Tuesday, February 6, 1962

Objective: To realize that everyone is acceptable to the Lord through obedience to his commandments.

#### Introduction

**M**/ITH the great increase in Church membership in Ohio which was initiated by missionaries sent to the Lamanites, and with the prophesied movement of our people to the frontiers of the United States, as early as December 1830 the Lord commanded his people to gather to the Ohio Valley. D & C 37:3.) The promise of the "Law to the Church" was made at Kirtland, Ohio, at the beginning of 1831 (Ibid., 38:32). The revelation concerning James Covill (Ibid., Section 39) contained a promise to the saints that "Inasmuch as my people assemble themselves at the Ohio, I have kept in store a blessing such as is not known among the children of men, and it shall be poured forth upon their heads" (verse 15). Subsequent events revealed that this

promise was fulfilled in the wonderful endowment poured out upon the Church in the restoration of the keys of the Priesthood (*Ibid.*, Sec. 110). As the spirit of gathering took hold of the saints, they began to gather in Ohio in the spring of 1831, not long after the arrival of the Prophet Joseph Smith in Kirtland (*Ibid.*, Section 41). Because of this gathering, the people in Ohio were concerned as to where these immigrants would locate permanently and also as to how land would be obtained for them.

Section 48

As a result, the Lord made known his will to the Prophet as recorded in Section 48. The saints already settled in that area were to keep their land and not, at that time, move farther west, for the location

of the City of Zion had not been revealed. They were to save their money, however, that an inheritance might be obtained in Zion when they received the command to gather at that place. (See *Ibid.*, 48:1, 4, 5, 6.) In the meantime, as the members of the Church arrived from the East, the Ohio saints were to divide their lands with these newcomers. If this was not sufficient, other lands were to be purchased in nearby places. (See *Ibid.*, verses 2-3.)

#### Law of Consecration

According to Section 51, Bishop Edward Partridge was appointed to assign the saints to their lands and to organize them as commanded. Each person was to receive his portion according to his needs; that is, "every man equal according to his family, according to his circumstances and his wants and needs" (D & C 51:3).

The surplus above the family's needs was to be put into a storehouse for the use of the poor and needy of the Church under the direction of the bishop as the needs of the people demanded. In this way the law of consecration was partially put into practice as a preparation for the time when the City of Zion was to be built. The Colesville, New York, Branch of the Church moved to Thompson, Ohio, at this time, and the Lord extended to them the "privilege" of organizing under the United Order or the law of consecration. (See D & C 51:15.) As the Doctrine and Covenants Commentary points out, it was not a command, but some day the saints will be required to live the law of consecration (page 300).

Trouble at Thompson, Ohio

These saints from New York State, with some who were already in Thompson, Ohio, found themselves in difficulties because some of them did not keep the covenant of the United Order. As Elder B. H. Roberts observed, "It is difficult to determine with exactness in what the transgressions of the Saints at Thompson consisted; but it is evident that selfishness and rebellion were at the bottom of their trouble. and that Leman Copley and Ezra Thaver were immediately concerned in it" (D.H.C. I:180). Brother Roberts quotes Newel Knight's Journal that a man by the name of Copley had a considerable tract of land in Thompson which he offered to let the saints use in agreement with a contract drawn up for this purpose. Leman Copley, however, broke this agreement. Thereupon, Newel Knight represented the saints at Thompson in consulting the Prophet at Kirtland concerning these difficulties.

Section 54

From these circumstances the Lord, in answering the prayer of his Prophet for guidance, recognized the faithfulness of those who, in good faith, endeavored to live by the covenants which they had made. Among these was Newel Knight who was to keep the assignment already given to him. (See D & C 52:32.) As always, the faithful are promised blessings commensurate with their deeds; and so, those who kept the covenant at Thompson should "obtain mercy." (See D'& C 54:6; Doctrine and Covenants Commentary, pp. 315-316.)

On the other hand, the rebellious

— covenant-breakers in this case — were to know that "Wo to him by whom this offense cometh, for it had been better for him that he had been drowned in the depth of the sea" (D & C 54:5). This reminds one of the same truth uttered by Jesus concerning those who would offend his children. (See Luke 17:1-2.)

Newel Knight was informed in this revelation that "If your brethren desire to escape their enemies, let them repent of all their sins, and become truly humble before me and contrite" (D & C 54:3). In speaking of the enemies that the Latterday Saints should fear, President Joseph F. Smith has said:

For my part I do not fear the influence of our enemies from without, as I fear that of those from within. An open and avowed enemy, whom we may see and meet in an open field, is far less to be feared than a lurking, deceitful, treacherous enemy hidden within us, such as are many of the weaknesses of our fallen human nature, which are too often allowed to go unchecked, beclouding our minds, leading away our affections from God and his truth, until they sap the very foundations of our faith and debase us beyond the possibility or hope of redemption, either in this world or that to come. These are the enemies that we all have to battle with, they are the greatest that we have to contend with in the world, and the most difficult to conquer. They are the fruits of ignorance, generally arising out of unrebuked sin and evil in our own hearts. The labor that is upon us is to subdue our passions, conquer our inward foes, and see that our hearts are right in the sight of the Lord, that there is nothing calculated to grieve his Spirit and lead us away from the path of duty (Gospel Doctrine, 9th Edition, page 341).

It is a true principle that the way of happiness and escape from inward as well as outward enemies is by keeping the commandments. Full obedience to the Lord is in overcoming evil and living not as the world lives.

The saints at Thompson were to take their journey to Missouri "unto the borders of the Lamanites" where further instructions were to be received. (See D & C 54:7-8.)

Patience Enjoined

The members of this branch had come from Colesville, New York, and thus were numbered among the first to accept the gospel in this dispensation. These members had seen persecution as soon as the Church was organized. Attempts were made to prevent their joining the Church by a mob which tore up a dam which had been constructed to back up sufficient water to allow baptisms to be performed. Some of these people were also intimidated by mobs, but they continued obediently to assist the Prophet Joseph Smith with the temporal necessities of life, as commanded by the Lord. (See D & C 24:3-4.) Patience under temptation had been exercised by them in times past, as a part of the Christian's life.

Those who solve their problems and overcome tribulations and the enemies to their souls are to be rewarded with an "eternal weight of glory" — eternal life. (See D & C 63:66.)

Seek the Lord Early — Definition

The Lord revealed that "they who have sought me early shall find rest to their souls" (D & C 54:10). This truth implies at least two important thoughts. The person who has come to the Lord early in life, while yet in youth, is blessed in numerous

ways. He, however, who comes to the Master late in life, in mature adulthood, discovers that many opportunities for soul-growth have been missed. Nevertheless, salvation in the kingdom of God is available to all who seek the Lord and find him, whether at the beginning or toward the end of life's journey. What, then, is the difference, if all the faithful shall find the great blessings of eternal life or exaltation? Are there advantages in one's finding the Lord early?

Education for Time and Eternity

After all, what are the purposes of life as known to the Latter-day Saints? There are many purposes, but if we understand who we are, literal spirit children of God, the basis for the most important purpose is laid. We are here to be educated in the principles of truth that we may win the victory over the enemies of our goal to become as our Father and Jesus are. To the Nephites, the Redeemer "Therefore I would that ye should be perfect even as I, or your Father who is in heaven is perfect" (3 Nephi 12:48). In the words of President Joseph F. Smith, the accomplishment of this objective is paramount:

The important consideration is not how long we can live but how well we can learn the lesson of life, and discharge our duties and obligations to God and to one another. One of the main purposes of our existence is that we might conform to the image and likeness of him who sojourned in the flesh without blemish — immaculate, pure, and spotless! Christ came not only to atone for the sins of the world, but to set an example before all men and to establish the standard of God's perfection, of God's law, and of obedience to

the Father (Gospel Doctrine, 9th Edition, page 270).

In seeking for gospel understanding, we are educating ourselves for eternity, the most important part of our education. The need for education in secular pursuits is understood by all Latter-day Saints. All truth received in the educative process is intended to increase our ability to live the laws of God. The preparation made in school to earn a livelihood and the actual process of providing for oneself and family are an important part of working out one's salvation. The Lord has never given a solely temporal commandment to man, but all of his laws are spiritual. (See D & C 29:34-35.)

Latter-day Saints are not the only people who have emphasized the necessity to acquire an education beyond the average, but they certainly have stressed the need to receive as much as possible. The incentive for education arises out of Latter-day Saint theology. What does this have to do with the truth that he who seeks the Lord early will find rest to his soul?

Advantages of Seeking the Lord Early

It is a known fact that the young learn fast and are easily influenced. The Lord has called many of his servants when young, presumably that they might be more amenable to instruction. The call of Samuel, Israel's prophet (See I Sam., Chapter 3), and that of Joseph Smith are examples. The Spirit of the Lord does affect the lives of those older, but the inclination to investigate, to change beliefs, and to accept a new way of life are more difficult for the person who has become set in his

LESSON DEPARTMENT 763

ways. The hand of the Lord beckons all, young and old, alike. There should be no delay when the message comes. In our dispensation it has been revealed that one should "hearken unto my voice, lest death shall overtake you; in an hour when ye think not the summer shall be past, and the harvest ended, and your souls not saved" (D & C 45:2).

What are the advantages of seeking the Lord when young? Members of the Relief Society who have been reared in the Church, or who have become members when relatively young, may want to count their blessings because of this fact.

The Young Are Teachable

Childhood is a period of intensive accumulation of knowledge. child is trusting and must rely upon the parents to teach correct knowledge upon which true values are founded. The period of adolescence is one of thinking about the religious beliefs received earlier. The young person's concepts of God, of good and evil, while still influenced greatly by the type of guidance he has received, come in for wonderment and pondering. During all of these years, the young need guidance from wise parents imbued with the spirit of the gospel, and the impressions made through the years will remain to shape and mold character and eventually to bring that person back to a re-examination of true values, if he has departed from the path of righteousness. There is wisdom in the proverb: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6).

Habits and Attitudes

With the quality of being teachable, there is the important fact that habit and attitude patterns are established at the crucial period of character formation. The exposure of the child to home and Church auxiliary teachings in honesty, kindness, virtue, truthfulness, and other basic virtues is not to be underestimated as an advantage in successfully completing life's journey.

How important it is that habits be formed in keeping the divine guidance found in the Word of Wisdom (see D & C 89), in abstaining from the use of tobacco, alcohol, coffee, etc. How important is the practice — to make it a habit while in youth to attend Church meetings and to assume responsibilities of Church service in the Priesthood quorums for the boy and in the auxiliaries for both boy and girl. Learning to avoid temptation is an essential part of this process. The association of people who are endeavoring to do what is right contributes very much to assist the young and old in keeping the commandments of the Lord. Habits and attitudes can be changed, as amply demonstrated by thousands of converts to the Church yearly. But how many of us have heard some of these good people say, "Oh, if I had only known of the fulness of the gospel years What a difference it would have made in my life."

Summary

These points may be mentioned as some of the benefits derived from seeking the Lord early and, especially, in relationship to those people who have been under the guidance of honorable parents, of the auxiliary organizations of the Church, of teachers, and of the gifts of the Spirit. The young are teachable; they may form good habits and attitudes; have opportunities for personal development; for long service in the work of the Lord, and in the building of enough faith and power to meet the temptations and tribulations of life.

Lessons for Young and Old

What is the lesson for Relief Society members, both young and old? There is no better answer to this question than the message of the revelation we now are studying. It is:

And again, be patient in tribulation until I come; and, behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, and they who have sought me early shall find rest to their souls. Even so. Amen (D & C 54:10).

Another scripture from the revelations gives this truth:

He that seeketh me early shall find me, and shall not be forsaken (D & C 88:83).

The counsel is — begin now! There is no time but the present for young and old. The testimony of Jesus is the anchor of one's soul. A testimony can be the foundation to effect a mighty change in the heart. (See Alma, Chapter 5.)

Teach the youth of the Church especially in your homes, your sons and daughters and grandchildren. The testimony is a strong way to assist and help others. Faith-promoting experiences are also long remembered. Attendance at appointed Church meetings has its effect upon others as well as on oneself.

An example of such influence is told by President David O. McKay, as follows:

I shall never forget, as long as I live, the impression my mother gave me when she told the story of those two thousand sons who went to battle under the leadership of Helaman. Think of those boys. Hold them as a pattern, you priests, teachers, and deacons, yes, and high priests, seventies, and elders. If two thousand men in that ancient time could live such lives, two thousand, nay ten thousand and a hundred thousand, men can live it today. These were their principles, founded upon the principle of faith, inculcated into their hearts by their mothers, who taught them in their youth that if they prayed to God nothing doubting, their prayers would be answered. is their testimony; such was the result of their mothers' teachings, showing the influence of home on boys' laves. (Alma, Chapters 53-56); (Gospel Ideals, page 453).

For all, and especially those who have "fought the good fight," there remains the opportunity to enjoy the future in contemplation of a life well spent. Encouragement is given to continue in the enjoyment of a faith built upon the assurance that all shall come to judgment to be rewarded for their love of the Savior as demonstrated in their lives. The Lord will not forsake them, and they shall find "rest to their souls" — and partake of the fulness of his glory. (See D & C 84:24.)

The Final Message

The prophet Isaiah counseled the people of his generation, as follows:

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near (Isaiah 55:6).

#### Questions for Discussion

1. What were some of the conditions at Thompson, Ohio, which resulted in the

Lord giving Section 54?
2. According to President Joseph F. Smith, which enemies are to be feared most, those within the person or those who would inflict personal injury upon

3. What does it mean to be "patient in tribulation"?

4. Name some values for those who have built up a "spiritual reservoir" within themselves.

5. As brought out in this lesson and from your own thinking, what can the members of the Relief Society contribute to the welfare of young and old who are seeking the Lord early?

## Visiting Jeacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 37 — "And Let Every Man Deal Honestly" (D & C 51:9).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, February 6, 1962

Objective: To show that honesty is the foundation of individual and universal character.

WHAT an ideal place this world would be if all men followed the commandment, as found in the D & C 51:9, and dealt honestly one with another. If each individual and each nation could trust each other implicitly, there would be no more wars nor contention in the land. Neighbors would live peaceably and amicably together, for "One who is honest . . . is always disposed to act with careful regard for the rights of others, and will do nothing unworthy of his own inherent nobility of soul" (Fernald, Synonyms, page 230).

Most conscientious individuals think of themselves as being honest and, if their honesty were questioned, they would be offended. Why then, has the Lord given us this commandment? Is dishonesty a character weakness limited only to the so-called wicked?

Certainly, the general over-all pattern of our lives is built around honesty; however, when we examine all the different facets of the word. we begin to realize that strict and complete honesty is difficult to practice. It has been said that Diogenes, a well-known Greek philosopher, maintained that a strictly honest person was impossible to find. To illustrate his conviction. it was said: "He went about the streets of Corinth in broad daylight with a lighted lantern looking for an honest man."

Most of us exhibit honesty in our dealings with the big things in life. It is in the seeming trifles of daily living that our honesty is most seriously challenged. For example, these seeming trifles include the little untruths which, at the moment, seem unimportant, exaggerations that make things appear different from what they really are, little breaches of the law, stretching the truth when it seems convenient to do so. These are the types of seemingly unimportant dishonesties into which it is so easy for us to fall, yet we should remember, as someone has wisely said, "There is no such thing as a little dishonesty."

Honesty, like most virtues, is best learned at home. Parents must live honest lives if they want their children to live uprightly. Someone has said, "When a child who is punished for lying hears his parents successfully use a lie to evade a social commitment, he can only deduce that he was punished not for lying but for doing so ineptly; his resolve then, is to perfect himself in the art of lying."

Honesty, in its broadest sense, is more than just keeping the commandments, "Thou shalt not steal [and] Thou shalt not bear false witness." It embraces keeping our word and our promises. It involves putting our best self into our work, giving full service, and being strict in the fulfillment of all our engagements and obligations.

One of the encouraging aspects

of this commandment regarding honesty, is that all of us have a builtin detector, our conscience, which never fails unless it is allowed to become dulled.

The story is told of a young soldier stationed in the South Pacific islands who wanted to trade some cheap gadgets for some beautifully carved ivory. When the trade was completed, the native islander remarked, "Are you satisfied?"

"What do you mean?" asked the soldier. To which the islander replied, "Years ago a missionary came to these islands. He taught us to be true to 'the man within.' I am wondering if you are fully satisfied?"

"No," said the soldier, "I am not satisfied. Here are the ivory and the gadgets — take them both, and thank you for sharpening my conscience."

Since man has existed upon the earth, he has been exhorted both directly by the Lord and through his servants, the prophets, to walk uprightly and honestly. No principle of living is more important to our joy and satisfaction and to the establishment of a lasting society.

## The Valley

Mabel Jones Gabbott

By a purple heathered highland stream Faith took root and branched its dream Across the sea in wind-filled sails, To the mountain tops by schooner trails.

The desert waited with age-long thirst This grafted branch, which swelled and burst In blossomed brightness, valley-wide, With promised fruit. What can hide

The fulness of this harvest bowl, Garnered from roots, strong and whole?

## Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

#### HOW DO YOU DO?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

#### Discussion 5 — Public Performance

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, February 13, 1962

Objective: To remind that anonymity is no excuse for poor behavior, and that a true test of one's character is evidenced in one's treatment of public servants and property.

OUR public performance should be as inconspicuous as possible. Above all else, we should avoid doing those things which will draw attention to ourselves, branding us as conceited — desirous of impressing others at any price — or as thoughtless and uninformed. Soft pedaling "self" in public is a mark of courtesy, because such action is prompted by our first concern being for others.

This applies to our manner of dress and speaking and reacting to the forms of familiar etiquette in public. We should curb a loud voice, hilarious laughter, blocking doorways or sidewalks, discussing questionable or controversial matters, mentioning names or giving clues to identity, talking across anyone, or creating any kind of a scene. Speaking of one's personal problems, secret hopes, and private opinions in public, or within earshot of others, is extremely poor taste. By the same token, to discuss the affairs of another in a casual manner is almost unforgivable, since the person being discussed isn't even present to defend herself. One is never sure who might be listening, upon whose toes one might be mercilessly treading

when gossip, or even truth, is bantered about publicly.

Even in the more "intimate public" of our familiar neighborhoods, it is distasteful to have to see someone appearing in improper clothing (night clothes, sun clothes, untidy clothes) on the street side of her home. Calling names aloud is objectionable, also. It might be suggested that a whistle or bell or other impersonal means could be used as a signal for children to return home. If one wishes to converse with a neighbor across the way, one should walk over to speak to her rather than shout.

Putting others before self is the basis for good human relationships and, therefore, for personal happiness. To do the opposite builds antagonisms, misunderstandings, and fosters lack of respect.

Any behavior which involves others against their choice should be avoided. Conspicuous greetings or farewells or other displays of emotion, including anger or passion, should not be foisted on the public. If you bump into someone or cause an unintentional mishap, apologize and help as much as you can to make restitution. If you want

fresh air in a car or bus, ask those riding near you if it is agreeable to them for you to open the window.

An old axiom is, that in all one's relationships with those who are employed to give personal service, one must be more polite, more considerate, more careful than with This would include waitothers. clerks, beauty operators, resses. household help, paper boys, teachers, professional people, officers of the law, and other public officials. One is courteous if one shows politeness and patience when being served. If you are doing the serving in any way, the same reciprocal care should be given those upon whom you wait. One who serves well and willingly is most loved among men.

Your Character Is Showing

Thoughtless littering, abuse or careless misuse of public property are reprehensible. Observing most public places proves that there is definite need for improvement in appreciation and public behavior. As a people who profess to follow the ways of righteousness and considerate living, let us hope we aren't among the guilty in this respect!

Manners in public often require greater self-discipline than elsewhere, but this is a small price to pay for civilization, decency, and decorum. One doesn't push or step ahead of one's place in forming a queue for tickets, or for a table in a restaurant, or any service. One doesn't take unfair advantage of situations such as at a department store sale, a sample give-away counter at fairs, exhibits, or grocery stores. To an objective viewer, the grab and scramble for seats on public transportation vehicles may seem like a contest for the survival of the fittest. It is interesting to note how contagious a little quiet consideration is, however. A pleasant word to a grumpy bus driver, offering one's seat to an older or more heavily laden woman, allowing someone with fewer items to pass through the check stand first, are most appreciated actions.

Courtesy plays an important part in the safe driving of automobiles. Consequently, anything we can do as women to further more considerate driving among ourselves or our children, will be a worthy effort, indeed. Procedures of proper etiquette are like traffic semaphores—without them we collide with one another's feelings.

#### Questions for Discussion

- 1. Give examples of humble, sincere service inspiring respect and love.
  - 2. Is courtesy contagious?
- 3. On the whole, do we see more examples of courtesy or carelessness?
- 4. How do religious ideals influence our public behavior?

## First Snow

Patricia Robinson King

Snow on the gatepost, Snow on the street, White apparel On those we meet. The first snow of winter Cloaks all we see In transparent ermine And dignity.

## Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

#### Lesson 29 — The Cosmopolitan Longfellow

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: America's Literature, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 357-399)

For Tuesday, February 19, 1962

Objective: To free Longfellow from the easy judgments pronounced upon him by time, that we may properly evaluate his poetry.

**F**OR more than a hundred years Longfellow has been America's favorite poet, but from the standpoint of great literature, with its ability to probe deep into men's hearts and minds to move them mightily, he must be considered, at his best, a competent but minor poet. In one sense, even, he is not American, for though Americans love him, the real nucleus of his values is in Europe and in her past. As he wrote, in 1844, a full decade before he resigned his Harvard professorship to give himself to poetry, it was not to "American" poetry that he planned to dedicate his future:

I dislike as much as any one can the tone of English criticism in reference to our literature. But when you say, "It is a lamentable fact that as yet our country has taken no decided steps toward establishing a national literature," it seems to me that you are repeating one of the most fallacious assertions of the English critics. Upon this point I differ entirely from you. A national literature is the expression of national character and thought; and as our character and modes of thought do not differ essentially from those of England, our literature cannot. Vast forests, lakes and prairies cannot make great poets. They are but the scenery of the play. . . . I do not think a "Poet's Convention" would help the matter. In fact, the matter needs no helping.

In his novel, Kavanagh, published in 1849, five years later, Longfellow emphasized his belief in the virtues of a cosmopolitan concept of literature:

All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. . . . Nationality is good if not carried too far; still, I confess, it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. . . .

How could Longfellow feel otherwise? Aside from a side trip to Washington, D.C., the farthest west he ever traveled in his own country was to New York City, while he made three trips to Europe (remaining there for three years on his first one, during his most impressionable years). In 1843 he published a large, widely read anthology, The Poets and Poetry of Europe, which included many of his own translations from Portuguese, Italian, French, German, and Latin poets, and, in later years, he continued writing poems in several of the ten languages he had mastered in youth.



A Perry Picture

#### LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

The Warping Influence of Time

Perceptive Edgar Allan Poe was entirely justified in writing of Longfellow in 1842 that "didacticism is the prevalent tone of his song." Likewise, Margaret Fuller justly found in his poems "elegance, a love of the beautiful, and a fancy for what is large and manly, if not a full sympathy with it. His verse breathes at times much sweetness." But, in 1931, Howard Mumford Jones repeats the same easy generalization: 'Lucidity, gentleness, musicality these are the essential qualities of Longfellow's poetry," which, though largely true, is not entirely so. Rather, such a comment aptly illustrates the truth that often in haste we make easy generalizations about the past rather than redefining truth based upon a fresh re-valuation.

The Cambridge Edition of Longfellow's complete poetical works contains over 540 titles written over a time span of more than forty years, totaling almost 600 pages, without translations, nearly 700 pages including them. Many of the poems which popularly "are" Longfellow—"Hymn to the Night," "Psalm of Life," "Skeleton in Armor," "Wreck of the Hesperus," "Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior"— appeared in the three-year period between 1838-1841, during which time Longfellow's fame was established.

Obviously, much of Longfellow's poetry has been ignored by the popular audience, at least in our own time, and understandingly so, when we remember that his first poems became popular at once and have remained so; also, many of his later poems were sonnets, never a popular form with the wide public, while others dealt with subjects and tones more congenial to his own later patterns of taste and value. It is to these we now turn.

Poet of the Past

Though occasionally he wrote poems such as "Eliot's Oak" or 'Paul Revere's Ride," which are concerned with his country's historical past, the vast majority of his titles announce his concern with legends of historic events from numerous foreign lands. "Prometheus," "The Saga of King Olaf," "A Dutch Picture," "The Belfry of Bruges," and the beloved "King Robert of Sicily" are representative. Often, as in "Belisarius," he uses the historic

setting to frame his moral.

Longfellow's sonnets to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Keats stand today as some of America's best, as does his deceptively simple, smooth, yet poetically successful sonnet "Nature." Among his very best sonnets, comparable with "The Cross of Snow," are those he wrote as prefaces to sections of Dante's The Divine Comedy, which he translated in the years following his wife's tragic death, to keep himself occupied and balanced. The first and the sixth are particularly memorable as they create within themselves the greatness of peace and inspiration which Longfellow credits to Dante. (See text, pp. 396-397.) And such an excerpt as the following from his unfinished "Michael Angelo," for a brief moment, gives Longfellow a place in the first rank of our poetic tradition:

All things must have an end; the world

Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it. There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched

The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas

Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss; The forests and the fields slid off, and floated

Like wooded islands in the air. The dead Were hurled forth from their sepulchres; the living

Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead,-

All being dead; and the fair, shining cities Dropped out like jewels from a broken

Naught but the core of the great globe remained.

A skeleton of stone. And over it The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud, And then recoiled upon itself, and fell Back on the empty world, that with the weight

Reeled, staggered, righted, and then head-

long plunged

Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck By a great sea, throws off the waves at first On either side, then settles and goes down Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

Not often did Longfellow write so well, but, in such passages of noble majesty, he does full justice to his own youthful aspirations of becoming a poet, and does justice to the word poet itself.

#### Poet of the Present

False time's easy generalization would picture to us a Longfellow who was aloof and intentionally separated from the events of his day, as he lived in the luxury of Craigie House. It is true that he never affiliated with any of the political or social crusades of his day, nor did he bear arms during the Civil War (he was fifty-five at its outbreak). But he did write poems to William E. Channing, a leader of the anti-slavery movement, and to Charles Sumner, a leader of the Northern Republicans who opposed secession. In 1842 he published a slim book of poems on slavery, and a year later "The Arsenal at Springfield," with its plea for Christian peace to replace "the blast of War's great organ" which he saw in the "burnished arms" arranged in rows from floor to ceiling. In 1874, he penned "A Nameless Grave," which reassures us that Whitman and Melville were not alone in their protests against war's futility nor in their awareness of its impersonal irony and injustice:

"A soldier of the Union mustered out," Is the inscription on an unknown grave At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave, Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout Of battle, when the loud artillery drove Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.

Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn, When I remember thou hast given for me All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name, And I can give thee nothing in return.

Although Longfellow was predominately a gentleman who, in self-controlled calmness, avoided all controversy and believed that "to stay at home is best," still he was aware of contemporary issues other than the war, and wrote of them. His "Jewish Cemetery at Newport" quietly yet forcefully brings us to recognize the dilemma of those persecuted "Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind" who, amidst the bustle of Christian commerce and indifference, lie

Silent beside the never-silent waves, At rest in all this moving up and down! . . . They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,

Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire; Taught in the school of patience to endure The life of anguish and the death of fire.

In 1849, when he was forty-three, Longfellow wrote "The Singers," which accurately states his poetic theory:

God sent his Singers upon earth With songs of sadness and of mirth, That they might touch the hearts of men, And bring them back to heaven again. . . .

the three great gifts of the poet being "To charm, to strengthen, and to teach." Earlier, Longfellow had written that "the natural tendency of poetry is to give us correct moral impressions, and thereby advance the cause of truth." Surely, the moral insights which arose from within the poems he created endeared him to his age, even more than his ability to soothe and charm with his beautiful word-music. And while many moderns object to the excessive didacticism and sentimentality found in some of his poems, no one can deny the valid power of his humbling self-confession in "The Challenge," written during the depression of 1873 when many of his countrymen were in want. (Read aloud the last five verses from the text, page 398.)

The Poet in Time and Nature

The outward Longfellow, shining forth from his face and gentle manner as from his poems, gave expression only to his inner reality. Despite the tragedy of his wife's death and his own sustained body pains and near blindness, he found life to be good and sweet, but he also found that through the passing years his relation to reality and nature changed, and became heavily weighted with the mystery and awe of mortality. Yet even these qualities, as he reminds us in "The Poet," have reality only within our

selves, a theme more memorably put in "Moonlight":

All things are changed. . . .
The very ground beneath my feet
Is clothed with a diviner air;
While marble paves the silent street
And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies The common life of every day; Only the spirit glorifies With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind; We see but what we have the gift Of seeing; what we bring we find.

In his fine sonnet "The Sound of the Sea," he acknowledged sources of poetic power beyond and above man's control or mortality:

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.
So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control

Of things beyond our reason or control.

The mystery of poetic creation as it struggled within himself for expression always seemed to entice him, as shown in several of his poems. In "Mezzo Cammin" he confessed half his poetic life wasted; "The Broken Oar" tells how "Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee," before throwing aside his useless pen; in "The Wind Over the Chimney" and "The Tides" he reassures himself that striving is ample reward, and that his youthful poetic powers

have returned. Yet in 1879, when he was seventy-two, his "Jugurtha" reveals a nearly final indecision as to the values of the poetic life. The poem is based on words spoken by the defeated Numidian king, Jugurtha, as he enters the dungeons of his conqueror, the Roman general Marinus (Apollo is the Roman god of youth, beauty, poetry, and music):

How cold are thy baths, Apollo! Cried the African monarch, the splendid, As down to his death in the hollow Dark dungeons of Rome he descended, Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended; How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo! Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended, As the vision, that lured him to follow, With the mist and the darkness blended, And the dream of his life was ended; How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

Such an excellent poem creates from within itself a true poetic power and intensity rarely achieved in his works, an artistic accomplishment which might well have vanquished all his fears about the virtues of his poetry, could he have but seen his works objectively. This same beautiful simplicity of pure poetry is also to be found in "My Lost "Changed," Youth," "Nature," "Changed," "Aftermath," "The Cross of Snow," and "The Tide Rises," which in its cadenced beauty of stanza and image, and its serene awareness of nature's benevolent repetitions, makes one's awe toward life and death less sharp: (See text, pp. 398-399.)

The tide rises, the tide falls, The twilight darkens, the curlew calls; Along the sea-sands damp and brown The traveller hastens toward the town, And the tide rises, the tide falls. Darkness settles on roofs and walls, But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls; The little waves, with their soft, white hands.

Efface the footprints in the sands, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls

Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls; The day returns, but nevermore Returns the traveller to the shore, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

To return from this poem to Longfellow's "Footprints in the Sands of Time," as immortally stamped thereon by his "Psalm of Life," is to acknowledge how organic a process is life for those who continue to change and grow throughout mortality. The first poem was written when he was thirty-one, the second when he was seventy-two. Each has its own place and merit,

but only by a blending of the two can we know the entire man and place him justly within our own hearts as in the niche he has earned in the eyes of his countrymen and all those who honor the beauty of such reality as he loved and made.

#### Thoughts for Discussion

1. Do you feel that any great artist is great because of his nationalism or in spite of it? If Longfellow is to endure, do you feel it will be because of his appeal to universal or to American qualities? Discuss.

2. Do you feel that the time interval which separates us from Longfellow has abused or glorified his poetry?

3. Is his poetic theory exemplified in

any of his poems? in which?

4. For you, what is Longfellow's most valuable poetic quality? his least valuable? Which of his familiar poems do you like best and why?

# Social Science—The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

Service—The Mission of Motherhood

Lesson 4 — Homemaking, a Creative Calling

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Tuesday, February 27, 1962

Objective: To emphasize the importance of creating an environment of physical, intellectual, and spiritual beauty in the home.

"The experiences of childhood will remain undimmed on the walls of memory" (President David O. McKay).

I N his poem "There Was a Child Went Forth," Walt Whitman

There was a child went forth every day, And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became,

And that object became part of him for the day or a certain part of the day, Or for many years or stretching cycles of years. . . .

His own parents, he that had father'd him and she that had conceived him in her womb and birth'd him,

They gave this child more of themselves than that,

They gave him afterward every day, they became part of him.

LESSON DEPARTMENT 775

The ideal home is a combination of husband, wife, and children living in an atmosphere of physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth, with the sparkling qualities of humor and gaiety thrown in. The ideal home is a beautiful home; beauty is a proper setting for all that is good. It is an expression of a fertile mind persuaded by a creative urge to bring pleasure to the family.

The Physical Setting

Driving through the residential part of a city not so long ago, we passed a large, ornate house and someone said, "What a gorgeous house. It must have cost a lot of money." All occupants of the car agreed, mentally and audibly computing its worth. Miles and hours later we saw a small white cottage. Underneath the one front window was a large blue box filled with blooming daffodils. "What a charming house!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm. "How lovely!" the others said, and we smiled as we envisioned the family who lived there. "Someone imagination, someone is an artist," said the driver, noting the rows of pansies along the path . . . (Women's Corner, Arta Ballif, Te-Karere, page 340, October 1957).

## 1. Beauty and Loveliness, the Setting for Righteousness

Beauty is a quality or aggregate of qualities in a thing which gives pleasure to the senses or pleasurably exalts the mind or spirit. It is a particular grace, ornament, or excellence.

The beauty or absence of beauty in a home is fundamentally a reflection of the mother. Naturally, it is influenced by the personalities of all the family members. Every inch of the home and its surroundings contributes to the beauty of the place. The appearance of every plant, shrub, tree, blade of grass, piece of

furniture, curtain, or picture on the wall contributes to the effectiveness of the picture and has a determining influence on the excellence, comfort, or pleasurableness of the home. Nevertheless, Mother is the foundation artist, and the beauty achieved must be credited to her.

It is a difficult thing to be ugly in character when surrounded by beauty. It is almost impossible for a person to be hateful or mean while living in a home that is orderly, clean, warm, and inviting; where wholesome food is prepared and served with evidence of appreciation and with an expression of thanksgiving.

What makes or produces this excellence or pleasurably exalts the mind or spirit? It is a combination of color, material, and personality that is impelling. It is a feeling of comfort which imparts strength and hope and relieves mental distress. It is a harmonious, graceful blending of qualities which give pleasure to the senses. It is all of this expressed in a reverence which recognizes the goodness and power of the Divine.

#### 2. Imagination, Work, and Cleanliness, Essential Qualifications for Homemaking

These three ingredients, imagination, work, and cleanliness cost very little in money; yet they are essential, even priceless, in the development of a beautiful home. They can become the possessions of a willing and determined personality. The imagination of childhood is stimulated by stories and pictures of adventure. Stories and pictures are a means of stimulating the mind to the finding of new ways of doing.

They are a basic stimulation to the creation of new ideas.

There are many sources for the stimulation of the imagination of mothers today in magazines, lectures, and in just looking at the beautiful creations in stores, in homes of friends, and in the challenge of one's own problems. Shopping for ideas is more exciting than buying goods. Magazines can be purchased for nominal sums. They can be examined and studied in libraries. There never has been a time when more ideas for beautifying the home have been in circulation.

To secure the benefits of these requires work, not only physical work but mental as well. There was a little lady with a family of four children, a husband with an educational goal to reach, and very limited finances. He went to school and they rented an empty apartment. The lady had read every magazine available on the beauty of the home. She had looked at beautiful things in stores, in other homes, and in the advertisements. Her mind was constantly grasping the new ideas. When they moved into this flat the fun began. Boxes were available at no cost. Cheesecloth was purchased at small cost. The scrap material from a garment factory was secured at practically no charge. A sewing machine with a foot treadle was secured at a secondhand store for a very few dollars. Then the mother's imagination and organized effort transformed the empty flat, and these few materials, into a most beautiful home. It was equipped with useful, artistic, but handmade furnishings. This was not the end. Every day the fertile mind and imagination of this woman added something to the setting that added excellence and pleasurableness to the surroundings. Very important elements in the achievement were the work, mental and physical effort, and the cleanliness of this home. Soap and water were plentiful and used freely. The floors were bare but spotlessly clean, the curtains and covers fresh and pressed. The children and their clothes were a part of this daily program of cleanliness. It worked for her. It can work in any home.

#### The Intellectual Climate

## 1. Mother, the Guardian of the Mind

Literally, the statement in the above heading is true. From the first word taught to the new baby until he leaves the home, mother provides the major stimulation for his mind. At first she speaks words to him, hoping and persisting, until the baby repeats the words. Then she tells him stories and listens to the childish recounting of his ideas, correcting and repeating until he can give the essentials in proper re-She reads to him, lationship. acquainting him with the vast storehouse of wonderful things in books. She realizes great care must be used in selecting ideas and thoughts that will be the first possessions of his impressionable mind.

Mother and Father should be even more selective of what goes into the mind of the child than what he eats. The mental diet can be quite well controlled by carefully selecting the reading material that is brought into the home. Today, there are other great mediums of

LESSON DEPARTMENT 777

education and training, among them the television and radio. One or the other and often both are in the homes.

Radio and television have great potential for benefit to mankind. They can also be a source of serious infection to the mind of the child if they are not under constant examination. There are programs that children should not see or hear.

It is my humble opinion that we are reaching the saturation point with the "time filling entertainment." This type of television showing is dripping with murder, emphasizing the weakness of law enforcement agencies, glamorizing cleverness of criminals and overplaying the element of fear and sensuality. The films we would not take our children to see in a movie theatre invade the sanctity of our homes on television. Hour after hour murder stories are run off without restriction, not on one channel, but on most channels. This constant exposure to the undesirable will produce adverse reactions on the part of those who are constantly exposed to the suggestions ("A Look at Television, and Its Influence on Moral Strength and Stability," A paper by Ariel S. Ballif presented at the Utah State University Ninth Annual Management Development Conference, Friday, March 25, 1960).

Thus it is important that a neverending selectiveness be carried out in each home to protect the minds of the members of our families. There is much that is good presented on these great mediums of education, but it takes study and time to sift the wheat from the chaff.

## 2. The Charge of Proper Stimulation of the Mind

The world is full of valuable things to read, to see, and to hear, all of which are good for the developing mind. The important task and responsibility is selection. For

many years the mother is in the position to screen nearly every source of stimulation for her child. This is part of the plan. Mother's love and intelligence permit her to see the relationship of these early stimulations to the mind of the future citizen her child will become. In Proverbs 22:6 it says "Train up a child in the ways he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." In the 68th Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, verses 25-28, parents are admonished to teach their children the basic principles of the gospel before they are eight years of age. The child will learn something, why not give it the best? Left on its own to select during this young period, the child has nothing upon which to base a judgment of what is good. To the mother, the Church, and the school is intrusted the responsibility of providing the stimulation that will result in developing in the child a basic judgment that he may be able to choose the standards of morality and idealism sacred to his society.

#### 3. Time Is of the Essence

The babe of today is a man or woman tomorrow. Every moment of time is precious in his development. Life is exacting and demanding. Each child must be given all the help possible in order to realize his or her full potential. Childhood is the time of basic training. Properly started, this training will influence the child in the right direction through this life and throughout eternity.

We live in a busy world which tends to shorten the time we have together. Mother's baby of five years now goes to another source of

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stimulation. The extent of her influence is lessened with the beginning of this outside source of stimulation. Some mothers waste their time crying because they have such a few minutes with their children. Others, by careful planning, make more efficient use of the short time they have. In rearing children there is no time to waste.

The eternal nature of family life forces upon parents a keen sense of true values. Only those values that endure are important. The limitation of time demands thoughtful and prayerful consideration of every step in the growth and development of the intellectual climate of the home. Proper use of time in developing this desirable climate is a joint enterprise of father and mother.

## Developing a Spiritual Environment

As related in The Book of Mormon, 3d Nephi, Chapters 11 to 30, Jesus appeared to and instructed the righteous among the Nephites, those who were spared from the great destruction which marked the Savior's crucifixion. In instructing them on the proper spiritual environment, he taught them the order of prayer. He gave them the living example of love of God and love of fellow men. He taught them the real meaning of repentance and pointed out the value of forgiveness. He gave them a summary of his work upon the Eastern Continent by a review of the Sermon on the Mount.

His teaching was so effective that for 200 years the spiritual climate was such that the peace that passeth understanding ruled the hearts of

men. "And it came to pass . . . the people were all converted unto the Lord . . . and there were no contentions and disputations among them, and every man did deal justly one with another" (4th Nephi:2). The account goes on to say that "there were no envyings, nor strifes, nor tumults," nor any manner of wickedness, "and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God. There were no robbers, nor murderers, neither were there Lamanites, nor any manner of -ites; but they were in one, the children of Christ, and heirs to the kingdom of God" (4th Nephi: 16-17).

Here is the classic example of the gospel at work, the development of a spiritual environment as effective as the gospel plan intends. The ideal is for parents to put into action the teachings of the Savior. Parents should be the personification of the

gospel virtues.

Parents must be honest. Too often around the dinner table the fact of running through a stop sign without being caught or some similar infraction of the law is laughed at as clever. It is, in reality, encouraging dishonesty and disrespect for the law.

Possibly the most dynamic force expressed by the Savior in carrying out his mission on earth was love. Love of God dominated every act. He was totally unselfish in carrying out the program of God the Eternal Father. Every act gave evidence of his love for his fellow men.

With faith in God, and motivated by love, parents are still in need of developing a third and vital aspect of a spiritual environment. This is



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the medium of communication with the Father. Prayer truly is an expression of the yearnings of the soul. It is the means of tuning that spark of the Divine that is in all of the human family, to God our Eternal Father. that we may receive his wisdom and inspiration to help us toward the achievement of an ideal home.

The home is the place, and the parents, particularly the mother, are the responsible ones for creating the environment that insures the physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth of the children.

#### Thoughts for Discussion

1. How would you define beauty as it relates to the home?

2. What part does imagination play in

homemaking?

3. Place in order of their importance to a woman in homemaking, the following: ingenuity, work, imagination, wealth. Give reasons for your selection.

4. How can mothers protect their children from undesirable intellectual stimula-

tion?

5. How can you control the use of radio, television, and reading material as it concerns your children?

6. What is your obligation in regard to the mental development of your children?

7. What elements must be present in the lives of parents to develop a proper spiritual environment?

## Hilltop Home

Margaret Evelyn Singleton

"The view is beautiful," they say,
"But aren't you lonely, far away?
What about this hill at night,
With neighbors only winks of light?"

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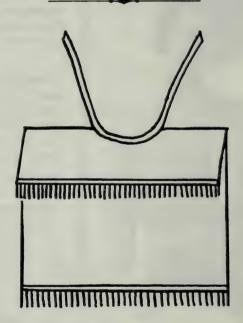
## Landscape

Ida Elaine James

Proudly she held it high: "See my landscape that I drawed," She exclaimed, pride in her eye, Expecting I'd be awed.

There was but a line Like fenceposts; I saw more — A child's faith, sweet and fine, A small friend to adore.

There is no art so lush. No colors so alive As from the magic brush — A gift from a child of five.



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Janet W. Breeze

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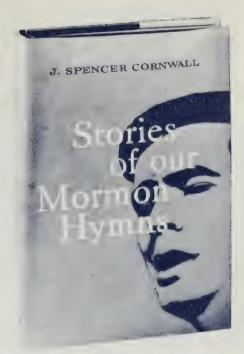
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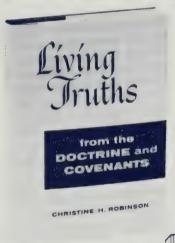


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Virgil H. Smith, Pres.	

# RELIEF SOCIETY

VOL. 48 NO. 12 Lessons for March DECEMBER



# In Joyful Trust

Iris W. Schow

Come from your fields, oh, shepherds, From your drowsy flocks of sheep; On this one night leave your vigil With the stars while others sleep.

For the heavens are filled with rapture, Hours prior to the morn, And an angel speaks to tell you That the infant Lord is born.

Come from your plains, oh, Wise Men; Leave your ancient scrolls and charts; Leave your ponderings and parchments For the knowledge faith imparts.

For a new star glows in splendor, Spotlighting the little town. And on David's ancient city Rests the seal of heaven's crown.

Come in witness to the glory Which the Father has unfurled Through an Infant's cry, and an angel's song, And a new star over the world.

The Cover: Virgin and Child, From a Painting by Carlo Dolci

Transparency by Camera Clix

Frontispiece: Sheep in Pasture, Wasatch Mountains, Utah Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Dereset News Press

## From Near and Far

I wish to congratulate you on the excellent quality of each issue of our Magazine. It is a continual source of inspiration to the sisters. The Relief Society Magazine has been bringing sunshine into my home for seven years. Thanks for so many nice stories, the beautiful pictures on the covers, the lessons, the cooking recipes, and the beautiful poems. The cover for the July Magazine, "This Is the Place Monument," is my favorite. I was there at the dedication. It was a most impressive occasion.

—Maude B. Reel

Los Angeles, California

I have been a member of Relief Society for over thirty years. I have learned how to quilt and how to do many useful things. I do so much enjoy the lessons and the stories and poetry in the Magazine. The October issue came this morning, and the autumn colors on the cover are beautiful.

—Angie Lavon Stone Pocatello, Idaho

Last night I studied the literature lesson in the July 1961 issue of The Relief Society Magazine, and today attended the class on it. Both were a beautiful experience. I re-read the poetry in the July issue and found it all most delicate, deep, and appealing. Since now there seem to be few places where such lovely poetry is printed, I want to let you know how much I enjoy and appreciate the Magazine.

—Dorothy J. Roberts
Salt Lake City, Utah

Please accept my appreciation for a wonderful Magazine. My family have enjoyed it very much. My thanks go to my sisters in Libby, Montana, for the wonderful opportunity to enjoy Relief Society and the Magazine. It was a source of great joy to me through several months of illness last year. I looked forward to each new issue and read every Magazine several times.

—Esther Eilertsen Libby, Montana

I simply can't let another month go by without letting you know of my appreciation for the Magazine. Since my grammar school days it has played a big part in my life — my mother read the stories to us then. I shall never forget one story in particular — "Grandma Jackson" — which was in the Magazine about 1947. We loved to read it over and over. Having been a member of Relief Society since my early 'teens, I have had close contact with the Magazine, and now, as a Magazine representative for our branch, I can truly say it is a joy, for it sells itself.

—Valeria M. Mitchell Athens, Alabama

The articles in the Magazine inspire me to live better each day and continually build upon my testimony, and thus the testimonies of my family are influenced. The lessons are giving me a rich and varied education and a text to teach and be taught by. I have served as president, secretary, visiting teacher, and class leader for the work meeting and literature class. Through these years the Magazine has been my companion and The reactions of women in the Church to a wide variety of experiences are brought out in the stories in such a way that I feel as if I were there. These women influence my reactions to my problems, my large family, my dear husband, and my Church.

Beth Milner Raynes

Menlo Park, California

I enjoy The Relief Society Magazine immensely and look forward to it every month. At times when I need help spiritually and mentally, and I read the Magazine, I am always inspired and life seems more worthwhile and gives me just the uplift that I need, and, at other times, when I need to be humbled, it does that, too. I think it is one of the best Magazines published anywhere.

—Mrs. Áleta Drew Orem, Utah

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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### Contents

#### SPECIAL FEATURES

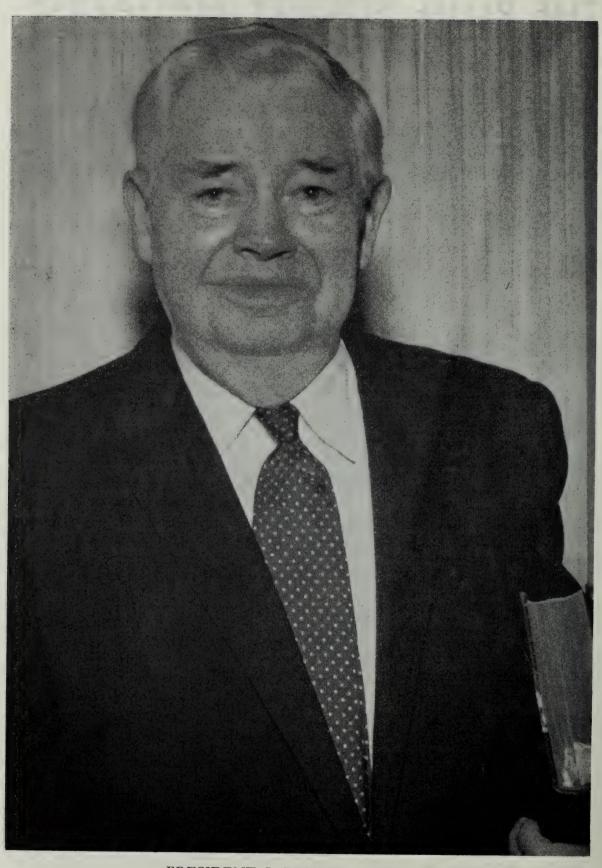
In Memoriam — President J. Reuben Clark, Jr	st Presidency	)4 99							
Boyd K. Packer Appointed Assistant to the Council of Relief Society — An Extension of the Home  The Relief Society Annual General Conference — 1961	il of the Twelve LeGrand Richards 80 the Twelve Dale T. Tingey 80 Hugh B. Brown 81 Hulda Parker 82	15 18 11 20							
Protect Your Family Against Tuberculosis	Franklin K. Brough 83	3							
"Oh, Little Town"  Because of the Word — Chapter 5		.9 .6							
GENERAL FEATURES									
From Near and Far Sixty Years Ago Woman's Sphere Editorial: The 131st Semi-Annual Church Conference Birthday Congratulations		22 23 24							
FEATURES FOR THE HOME									
What Is Christmas? The Gift Tree Holiday Table Wrapped Up to Please A Heart of Love	Nancy M. Armstrong 81 LaRue Rosell 82 June Feulner Krambule 83	0 26 34							
LESSONS FOR MARCH									
Theology — Endure "Unto the End"	Roy W. Doxey 84	1							
Them'' Work Meeting — The True Spirit of Hospitality Literature — James Russell Lowell Social Science — Homemaking, a Creative Calling (C	Elaine Anderson Cannon 84  Briant S. Jacobs 85	19 11							
In Joyful Trust — Frontispiece POETRY	Iris W Sahaw 79	25							
First Fall	Lela Foster Morris 79 Margery S. Stewart 79	93 97							
A Prayer for Christmas		. 5							

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PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

# In Memoriam— President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

1871 - 1961 MAN OF FAITH

President Hugh B. Brown
Of the First Presidency

THE request to write about a beloved brother and associate is accepted gratefully, though with hesitation. I'm grateful for the opportunity to draw attention to the sterling worth of a giant soul, but no writing or words could add luster to his illustrious life. His life is his eulogy. I hesitate because President Clark's stature was such that no single article, in fact, no biography could do him justice though it should be written by a modern Boswell.

His date and place of birth, his education, marriage and family life, his distinguished public career and devoted and efficient service in the Presidency of the Church were all noted and published when we celebrated his 90th birthday and later mourned his passing.

As we attempt to analyze and assess his sterling qualities and call attention to the threads of gold which lent a sheen to the pattern of his life, some basic characteristics seem to stand out from the many which might be noted. His steady course from childhood to four score and ten demonstrated what Longfellow noted: "How far the gulf stream of our youth may flow into the arctic regions of our lives."

FAITH: Faith was the rock foundation upon which his character was built from his earliest

childhood. His own faith, inspired and buttressed by that of his parents, saved his life on several occasions when he was but a child, and in later life his faith, coupled with the saving faith of others, wrought modern miracles. I quote from one of his General Conference talks:

As I think about faith, this principle of power, I am obliged to believe that it is an intelligent force. Of what kind, I do not know. But it is superior to and overrules all other forces of which we know. It is the principle, the force, by which the dead are restored to life.

His great faith and discriminating sense of values prompted him, without hesitation, to accept the call of President Heber J. Grant. To quote his law partner and Church associate, Albert E. Bowen: "His numerous influential and powerful friends in the East have found it difficult to understand his abandoning offers of lucrative association and worldly prominence for the relative obscurity of his position in the Church, with its absence of all chance for material emoluments — but President Clark does not look upon this as a sacrifice, neither does he pose as a martyr to the cause."

STAMINA: It has been said that stamina is what enables the thoroughbred to go the extra mile, to endure to the end. This quality

is a compound of faith, courage, determination, and self-confidence. He possessed all these to the N'th degree.

SENSE OF VALUES: His predecessor as an ambassador to Mexico, Dwight Morrow, a very wealthy man, said he had never met a man who was so completely unawed by money or those who possess it. We who were very close to him were often amazed at the clarity with which he saw straight through sham and pretense, how he remained aloof and impervious to the little arts and devices by which little men sought to ingratiate themselves. Again quoting Brother Bowen:

His powerful mind had a way of brushing aside all the overburden of superficiality or deceptive gilding and laying the basic issue bare at the roots. He knows, too, how ephemeral worldly honor and public plaudits are. He is not seduced by them away from the central purpose of his life.

SPIRITUALITY: While President Clark was an intensely practical man, and loved the good earth, he was always deeply spiritual. In fact, he believed all things to be spiritual, that all converge into one grand unity, that the material world in which we live is governed by spiritual forces, and that all experiences gained in the realm of truth are intended to be preparatory for what lies ahead. He placed at the disposal of the Church all his experiences, training, power. outstanding abilities. He disdained, in fact, despised, subterfuge, sham, insincerity, and pretense.

INDUSTRY: His associates, both in the Government office and in the Church, knew him to be one of

the hardest working men in public office. We who were privileged to see some of his work in the law office recall his taking off his coat, going into the library at 5:00 P.M., when the rest of the staff left for home, and finding him there when we returned for work the next morning. He thought nothing of an all-night search for cases and precedents. He was never satisfied until he had tapped all the facets of legal knowledge available on the case in hand. Among President Clark's distinguishing characteristics were an unusual capacity or an indomitable desire for work. He seemed to have a virile and irresistible energy.

HUMILITY: While much of his life was spent in high office, and while he was the subject of praise and adulation, the art of blandishment did not affect him. He was a truly educated man, but his education seemingly tended to emphasize to him the limitations of his knowledge as he glimpsed the vast unknown. His humility grew in large measure out of his lifelong study of the life of the Master, which life he consistently emulated.

At the time President Clark was sustained in the First Presidency, he made the following statement in General Conference:

I am deeply aware of and deeply grateful for the great honor that people have bestowed upon me. I am also aware that a responsibility equally great comes with that honor. May I say that just now I am thinking more about the responsibility than about the honor. Should any of you have hopes about my work in this high office to which I am called, I trust I shall not too much disappoint you. If any of you have misgivings, I can only say that your misgivings can hardly be greater than my own. I am keenly conscious of my own deficiency. I come late in life to a new work.

INTEGRITY: An incident will illustrate his honesty, integrity, and fidelity to high ideals, even when away from the Church and in high public office. He, of course, having been raised in the Church, had personal convictions about the use of liquor and tobacco. The prohibition law was in effect in the United States when he was ambassador to Mexico. He knew that the embassy, including the land it occupied, were strips of the United States Territory. He therefore made the public declaration that "while I am ambassador to Mexico, no alcoholic liquors will be served in the United States Embassy." This was long before he was called to the First Presidency. His rugged honesty, physical stamina, and capacity for work were due, in part, to his early life on the farm in Grantsville.

ONE may ask, "What did he leave to posterity in addition to his example of devoted service?" Any student of Church literature will find some of its richest volumes

written by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. If you read the little booklet, "To Them of the Last Wagon," you will be impressed, as some commentators were, a few of which we quote. "Soul stirring, imaginative tribute to all the unmentioned and unnoticed followers." "Gripping and inspiring recitals of the trials of Mormon pioneers." "Classical excellence was a source of unbounded pleasure. Fine Biblical style of feeling and of writing."

He also published a work known as "Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?" of which Dr. John A. Widtsoe wrote, "The Author, with great skill, has made the visit real to us who live far away from it in time, a real gift to Bible students." And another author said, "I am intrigued by the vividness of the narrative and awed by the completeness of the research."

No more scholarly work has been done on the New Testament gospels and Third Nephi than was done by President Clark in preparing, "Our Lord of The Gospels," and his radio series, later published in book form, "On the Way to Immortality and Eternal Life," is in a class by itself. Later he published a most valuable work on "Why the King James Version." He also published many treatises, analyses, and State documents while in the Department of State.

Indicative of the estimate in which his associates held him, may we quote a few tributes from distinguished associates. President Hoover said of him, "Never have our relations been lifted to so high a

point of confidence and co-operation, and there is no more important service in the whole of foreign relations with the United States." Henry L. Stimpson, Secretary of State, wrote: "Your distinguished service as an American Ambassador to Mexico has reflected signal credit upon our Department of State."

A lifetime friend, law partner, and associate in the General Authorities, Albert E. Bowen, wrote of President Clark as follows:

The personal endowment and qualities which have made possible his varied and distinguished achievements are perhaps three, with their corollaries: First, a vigorous and discriminating intellect. His is the rare power of penetrating through all confusing, superficial envelopments to the root and marrow of confronting prob-Second, a prodigious power of work, a constitution which seems able to respond to any demand that may be made upon it. Work is his vocation and his avocation, his pursuit and his pastime. Three, an uncompromising, undeviating honesty — intellectual and moral honesty. "Face the facts" is a characteristic expression of his. He spends no time in working upon schemes of deviation. Having been surrounded with abundant opportunity for graft and acquisition, he has come through without the smell of fire upon his garments. To him sham and pretense are an abomination.

Senator Philander C. Knox wrote of him:

I regard him as one of the soundest and most diligent lawyers of my acquaintance. He has specialized in international, commercial, and legal affairs, and, in my opinion, it would be difficult to secure the combination of sound judgment, natural aptitude, and special training that Mr. Clark possesses.

I regard his views and opinions on the vital questions involved equal to those of any man in America. In speaking in the

Senate today I shall put in the record an analysis of the treaty made by Major Clark with the observation that it displays the most thorough grasp of the intricate subjects involved, yet presented and made by a man possessing one of the ablest analytical minds I know.

Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, when Secretary of State, wrote to President Clark about some work he had done for the Department of State:

You brought to the task not only the great advantage of your ability and aptitude and your experience as a former solicitor of the department, but energy and sympathy with the objects we were trying to attain, which made your association with our work a matter of the utmost personal satisfaction on my part.

President Clark served under eight Presidents of the United States in the Department of State and as ambassador. He also served as counselor to three Presidents of the Church.

During forty-six years of his life, a gracious, lovely lady stood by his side. Her never-failing faith in him, her encouragement and self-sacrificing loyalty, sustained him through the lean years of their early life and she carried her full share of the load. Her beauty, poise, and queenly bearing refined the atmosphere of the distinguished international society in which they moved in later years.

They were parents of three lovely and highly gifted daughters and a worthy son.

Let us say of our esteemed colleague what Antony said of Brutus:

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand and say to all the world, "This was a man."



Josef Muench

### WINTER IN YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK CALIFORNIA

### Sacred Night

Lela Foster Morris

Chimes of distant bells are heard across the snow, Within, the grate fire fades, whispers, and burns low, Leaving the room to darkness and to me, Save for the gentle glow of Christmas tree, Whose lush low hanging branches loosely hold Perfume like frankincense and myrrh of old.

I surely feel a holy Presence here, On this most sacred night of all the year; It seems a benediction from above Fills this quiet home with reverence and love; In prayerful humility, I stand before the tree, Whose shining star commemorates our Lord's nativity.

In his name may we know lasting peace, From strife and war may all men win surcease; May righteousness and joy reign throughout the earth, All nations glorify the memory of his birth.

# Henry D. Moyle, First Counselor in The First Presidency

N October 12, 1961, President Henry Dinwoodey Moyle, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, was appointed, ordained, and set apart as First Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., on October 6, 1961.

President Moyle had served as Second Counselor in the First Presidency since June 14, 1959, at the time of the passing of President Stephen L Richards. At that time Elder Harold B. Lee wrote for The Relief Society Magazine: "President David O. McKay announced his new Second Counselor, Henry D. Moyle—which appointment, as the President explained, was inspired from the proper source—the Church realized that, literally, the Lord had put his hand upon the man needed for the work to be done..."

President Moyle, a leader of great spirituality, broad experience, and wise judgment, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, April 22, 1889, a son of James H. Moyle and Alice E. Dinwoodey, true representatives of the pioneer heritage. He was educated in Salt Lake City schools, received his bachelor of science degree from the University of Utah, a law degree from the University of Chicago, and did graduate work at the University of Freiburg. He served three years as a missionary in Germany and was a captain of infantry in the First World War. He was United States District Attorney

for Utah and was active in many business interests. For ten years he presided over Cottonwood Stake in Salt Lake County, where his vigorous leadership in the Welfare Program resulted in his appointment in 1936, by the First Presidency, as a member of the General Church Welfare Committee, and a year later he became chairman. His long devotion to missionary work has been of inestimable value in spreading the gospel message throughout the world. As President Moyle declared in his October 1961 Conference address: ". . . you cannot be close to missionary work without being conscious of and without acknowledging the fact that the Lord has touched the hearts of men all over the world and made them responsive to the humble testimonies of the elders. . . . "The testimony of President Moyle is at once humble and yet spiritually resplendent, and so inspirational that it has touched the hearts of the entire Church.

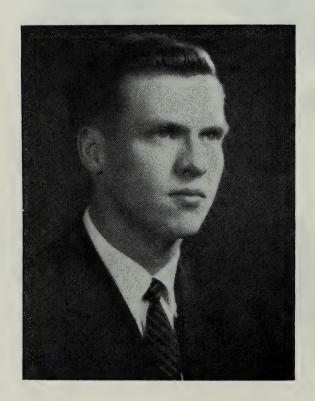
In 1919 President Moyle married Alberta Wright, a gracious and beautiful woman, who has been a true helpmate and an inspiration and comfort to President Moyle. Sister Moyle, in her travels with President Moyle, has become known and loved by thousands of Relief Society women, who have been uplifted and blessed by her faith and her lovely spirit. President and Sister Moyle have had three sons, two living, and four daughters.



PRESIDENT HENRY D. MOYLE



PRESIDENT HENRY D. MOYLE AND HIS FAMILY



Upper picture, seated, left to right: President Henry D. Moyle; Janet Moyle (Mrs. Veigh J. Nielson); Virginia Moyle (Mrs. Howard J. Marsh); Sister Alberta Wright Moyle (wife of President Moyle).

Standing, left to right: Marie Moyle (Mrs. Frank G. Wangeman); Alice Moyle (Mrs. Kenneth W. Yeates, Jr.); Henry D. Moyle, Jr.

At left: Richard Wright Moyle.

Henry D. Moyle, Jr. is President of the recently organized French East Mission; Richard is a student at the University of Utah; Alice Moyle is married to Kenneth W. Yeates, Jr.; Marie is the wife of Frank G. Wangeman; Virginia is Mrs. Howard J. Marsh; and Janet is Mrs. Veigh J. Nielson. President and Sister Moyle have twenty-four grandchildren.

The sisters in all the stakes and missions of the Church rejoice in the appointment of President Moyle as First Counselor in the First Presidency, and their prayers are with him and his lovely family. Relief

Society women throughout the world may well be directed by President Moyle's counsel to be always aware of the Heavenly Father's nearness "and the blessings which we receive. . . ."

The sisters of the Church are grateful for the faith and inspiration expressed by President Moyle in his Conference address of Saturday, September 27th, in which he declared: "We know without any question of a doubt that the blessings which descend upon us as a people are directly commensurate with our faithfulness. . . ."

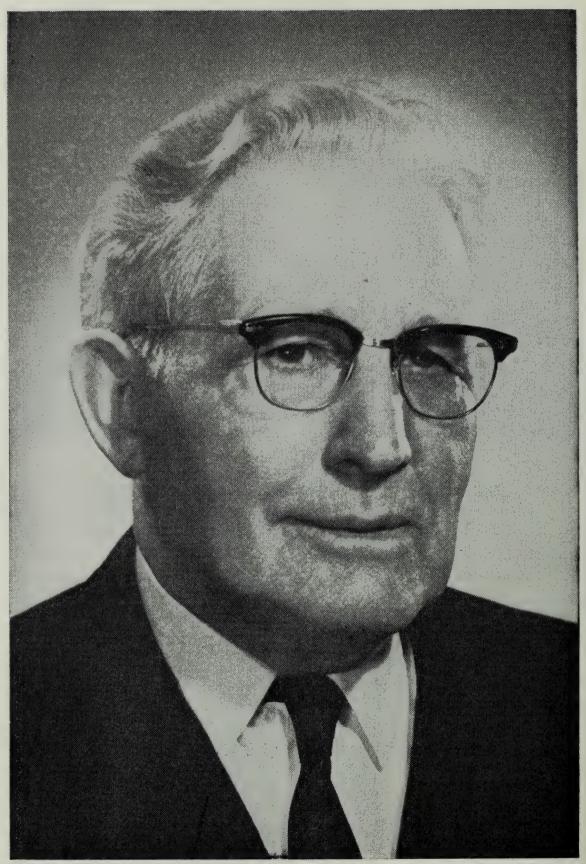
### First Fall

Margery S. Stewart

In the winter morning
Wild and white on the winnowed
Peaks, snowflakes ride
On silver runners
Down the secret lakes of skies,
Down the glassed slopes
Of December.

There was a touch warning
Me to waken, to the wind-sowed
Fields, to the wide
Pillage of storm, sunners
Of summer silenced, snow passes my eyes —
Snow on the April branches
I remember.

Always beauty falls, falls Through my palms. . . . But while it falls, feeds me With its bread . . . its psalms.



Boyart Studio

PRESIDENT HUGH B. BROWN

# President Hugh B. Brown Appointed Second Counselor in the First Presidency

PRESIDENT Hugh B. Brown, Counselor in the First Presidency, was appointed, ordained, and set apart as Second Counselor in the First Presidency, on October 12, 1961.

This distinguished honor and sacred responsibility came to President Brown following years of devoted and inspired service to the Church in many capacities. He has long encouraged, comforted, and blessed the members of the Church, and has inspired and directed young men and women in fields of service and

spiritual development.

President Brown was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, October 26, 1883, the son of Lydia Jane and Homer M. Brown. In his young manhood he went to Canada with his parents, and at the age of twenty-one, he was called upon a mission to Great Among his later callings Britain. to service in the Church have been the appointment as the first President of Lethbridge Stake; President of Granite Stake; twice President of the British Mission, Co-ordinator for Church servicemen in World War II, and a member of the faculty of Brigham Young University, where, in addition to his teaching responsibilities, he acted as co-ordinator for servicemen who were attending the University.

In 1953 Elder Brown was sustained as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve; in 1958 he was



ZINA YOUNG CARD BROWN (Wife of President Hugh B. Brown)

sustained a member of the Council of the Twelve; and in June 1961, he was sustained as a Counselor in the First Presidency.

President Brown's beloved wife, Zina Y. Card, whom he married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1908, has been a gracious and devoted helpmate to her husband, and an inspiration and blessing to the women of the Church. At the time he accepted the calling to be a member of the Council of the Twelve, President Brown said: "My beloved wife Zina Card Brown is more responsible for my being here than I am. . . . Zina believed in me when I did not believe in myself." President and



ZINA LYDIA BROWN (Mrs. G. P. Brown)



ZOLA GRACE BROWN HODSON (Mrs. W. G. Hodson)



HUGH C. BROWN



MRS. LAJUNE BROWN MUNK

Sister Brown are the parents of two sons and six daughters. One son, Hugh Card Brown, was killed in 1942, while serving in the Royal Air Force. The lovely daughters are all mothers and homemakers.

The wide and distinguished par-

ticipation of President Brown in civic affairs, under two Governments (Canada and the United States), and his considerable training and experience in law and business, his commission as a major in the British Army, and other exacting responsi-



MARGARET BROWN JORGENSON (Mrs. Clinton O. Jorgenson)



MARY MYRTICE BROWN FIRMAGE (Mrs. Edwin R. Firmage)



CAROL RAE BROWN BUNKER (Mrs. Douglas Bunker)



DR. CHARLES MANLEY BROWN

bilities, have given him a background in the temporal concerns of people which greatly increases his capacity as a leader, a counselor, and as a man of rectitude, strength, and devotion — a great man in the counsels of men. It is the blessed privilege of the women of the Church to sustain and uphold President Brown in this high calling to the First Presidency, and to accept in gratitude his leadership of inspiration and deep and seasoned wisdom.

# Gordon Bitner Hinckley Appointed to the Council of the Twelve

Elder Mark E. Petersen Of the Council of the Twelve



ELDER GORDON B. HINCKLEY

A S Mormonism has become a world-wide movement in recent years, the missionary system of the Church has taken on tremendous proportions. It involves the labors of more than 9,000 missionaries in sixty-four missions in twenty-eight nations in all parts of the free world.

Through it last year approximately six million missionary tracts and one half million copies of The Book of Mormon were distributed, resulting in 48,000 convert baptisms, a figure which probably will be doubled in 1061.

It is a great pulsing, progressive enterprise which touches intimately the lives of hosts of people both within and without the Church. At the heart of it all sits a young man who co-ordinates its manifold activities under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church. He is Elder Gordon Bitner Hinckley, appointed as the newest member of the Council of the Twelve at the October 1961 General Conference of the Church.

Over his desk and through his telephone pass literally thousands of communications pertaining to this work. They come from the missions themselves, from homes of missionaries, the Selective Service, colleges, printers, editors, writers, and translators.

They pertain to assignment of missionaries, to transfer, when necessary, to care for the sick in the field, and death when that occasionally happens; to preparation and publication of mission literature in scores of tongues, to radio scripts, TV programs, and even to transportation problems.

Elder Hinckley has literally grown up with this modern missionary enterprise, and the details of its operation not only are directed but in a considerable degree have been developed by him.

His missionary activity began in the depth of the depression, when there were relatively few missionaries in the field. That was in 1933. Having graduated from the University of Utah with a Bachelor of



ELDER GORDON B. HINCKLEY AND HIS FAMILY

Front row, left to right: Clark Hinckley; Cynthia Hinckley.

Back row, left to right: Virginia Hinckley; Marjorie Pav Hinckley, wife of Elder Hinckley; Elder Gordon B. Hinckley and granddaughter Heather Barnes; Kathleen Hinckley Barnes; N. Alan Barnes.

Insert: Richard G. Hinckley, serving on a mission in Germany.

Arts degree in June of the previous year, he was preparing to enter Columbia University School of Journalism when he received his call to go to England.

Elder Joseph F. Merrill of the Council of the Twelve became president of the European mission in 1934, and recognizing the exceptional talents of this young missionary, he chose him as a special assistant in administering many of the affairs of the mission.

Returning home at the close of his successful period of service, he was appointed by the First Presidency to work with President Stephen L Richards in the newly organized Church Radio, Publicity, and Mission Literature committee.

In this capacity he prepared numerous aids for missionaries, including film strips, thousands of radio scripts, and the supervision of

the mission literature for all the missions.

One of his most important contributions in this connection was his work on the "Fulness of Times" series, consisting of thirty-nine halfhour dramatizations of Church his-These were produced in Hollywood by the finest talent available. Elder Hinckley wrote most of the scripts for the series, edited all of them, and supervised their production. This series has been used throughout the world and has been presented over at least 500 different radio stations which contributed their time without cost for the Church.

He also produced a second series from The Book of Mormon under the title, "A New Witness for Christ," which also saw wide distribution. FOR years he has had the responsibility of producing the Sunday night Church broadcast over KSL. He has furnished radio programs for hundreds of other stations, and has carried the detail for our Church participation on "Columbia's Church of the Air" broadcasts.

In 1938-39 the Church had an exhibit in the San Francisco World Fair on Treasure Island, which also was assigned to Elder Hinckley. For this purpose a scale model of the Salt Lake Tabernacle was made, and organ recitals and an illustrated story of the Church were presented there to tens of thousands of World Fair visitors.

Elder Hinckley fulfilled a similar responsibility for the centennial of the discovery of gold in California. He supervised the building of a replica of the cabin occupied by the members of the Mormon Battalion when gold was found on January 24, 1848. On the occasion of this celebration, Governor Earl Warren, now of the United States Supreme Court, paid glowing tribute to the Mormon people.

Elder Hinckley was assigned by President George Albert Smith to write, What of the Mormons, setting forth facts on the Church and its history for presentation to the governors of America who met in Salt Lake City for convention in 1947. The book has since become one of our most widely used mis-

sionary volumes.

Elder Hinckley wrote The Life of James H. Moyle, the father of President Henry D. Moyle. He has authored scores of pamphlets and newspaper and magazine articles.

He also worked on a committee which has produced the temple ceremonies in thirteen different languages, including German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, French, Spanish, Tahitian, Tongan, Samoan, and Maori.

He has traveled extensively in the Orient in connection with his missionary assignments. He was caught in the anti-American rioting in Tokyo in 1960, and was in Korea last May when the military took over the government there. Shooting occurred beneath his own hotel windows.

At the age of twenty-seven he was named a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board and served in this capacity for nine years. In 1946 he became a counselor in the East Mill Creek Stake Presidency and ten years later was made stake president. He was sustained an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve on April 6, 1958.

Elder Hinckley was born June 23, 1910, to an outstanding Mormon family. His father was Bryant S. Hinckley, for years President of the Liberty Stake and later of the Northern States Mission. His talented mother was Ada Bitner Hinckley, a woman of rare insight and faith.

He is blessed with a remarkable wife in the person of Marjorie Pay Hinckley, who herself has been a devoted Church worker from childhood. They have five children.

Still a young man, Elder Hinckley's talents will be a blessing to the Church for years to come. He is a choice vessel in the hands of the Lord.

# Thorpe B. Isaacson Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Elder LeGrand Richards
Of the Council of the Twelve



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THORPE B. ISAACSON

Isaacson was sustained in the General Conference of the Church on Saturday, September 30, 1961, as an Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, his friends from far and near who appreciate his faith and his ability were very pleased.

One of our Articles of Faith reads: "We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy . . . ." We are sure that Elder Isaacson was so called.

When Bishop Marvin O. Ashton passed away fifteen years ago, I was privileged, as the Presiding Bishop, to choose a counselor to take his place. I selected Elder Isaacson be-

cause I thought his heart was right before the Lord and his fellow men. He was then serving in the bishopric in my ward. My family and I were very favorably impressed with him. When I mentioned his name to President George Albert Smith, also a member of our ward, he heartily approved my recommendation.

When President Smith asked him if he would be willing to serve as my counselor, he responded in the affirmative and asked if he might take the matter up with the officers of the insurance company, for which he had been general agent for many years. He wanted to see whether they would permit him to retain his agency and appoint a manager to insure him against the loss of his continuing income. He stated that if his company would not grant him this request, he would tell them to take the business.

Another experience that impressed me with the sincerity of his heart was during the sickness of his son Richard, who had been stricken with polio. Elder and Sister Isaacson came to the office of the Presiding Bishopric and asked us to kneel with them in prayer for their son who was in an iron lung in the hospital. Elder Isaacson promised that if the Lord would spare his son,



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### ELDER THORPE B. ISAACSON AND HIS FAMILY

Front row, left to right: Peter Isaacson (son of Richard A. Isaacson and Gayle Olsen Isaacson); Elder Thorpe B. Isaacson; Judith Isaacson; Lula Jones Isaacson (wife of Elder Thorpe B. Isaacson); Rebecca Tribe.

Back row, left to right: Richard A. Isaacson and his wife Gayle Olsen Isaacson; Royal L. Tribe and his wife Joyce Isaacson Tribe; Royal L. Tribe III.

he would do anything he was asked to do. The Lord spared his son, and shortly thereafter he was called as a counselor in the Presiding Bishopric.

Elder Isaacson has great faith in the power of prayer. He comes from sturdy Scandinavian parentage on both his father's and mother's ancestral lines. He tells of his grandfather who used to pray over the sacks of wheat he planted in his field to insure an ample harvest.

He is very considerate of those in trouble. He writes more personal letters of encouragement than any man it has been my privilege to know. When I was sick with a heart attack in Idaho, he was then serving in the ward bishopric. He was the first one to send me a comforting letter. When he was sustained as my counselor in the

Presiding Bishopric, his first request was that his assignment might be with the senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood and the men who held no Priesthood. He has had a wonderful influence upon the lives of many of these men. Some of them, even men of prominence, have been brought into activity in the Church through his influence and efforts.

He is very sensitive and has tender feelings. Whenever he learns that he has offended someone or that someone has aught against him, he does not permit time to pass until he attempts to rectify any such offenses or ill feelings.

He has a deep love for the Prophet of the Lord, President David O. McKay.

His wife, Lula Maughan Jones, is a faithful, capable Latter-day Saint, and a real support to her husband. They have had three children, two still living, Mrs. Joyce I. Tribe, and their son, Richard Alonzo.

In this new call that has come to him, Elder Isaacson will have a much greater opportunity for participation in the spiritual affairs of the Church. I am sure he will prove to be a great blessing to the saints and an effective Assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

### What Is Christmas?

### Agetha King

CHRISTMAS... what is Christmas? If I were to ask each one of you personally the question "What is Christmas?" I feel certain that I would receive a different answer from each one of you. For Christmas means something different to each of us.

Christmas is for children. And children are just as capable as adults of enjoying the true meaning of Christmas. They love the thought of Baby Jesus and the shepherds. They will almost always choose to sing "Silent Night, Holy Night" before they sing "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town." I do not believe that children put Santa Claus before Jesus at Christmas. They love the story of Jesus too much to put anything or anyone before it. And Santa Claus has one major trait in common with Christ; he gives because he loves. And this is the spirit and feeling that should permeate the whole of Christmas. The spirit and feeling of love.

Just what do I want my children to remember about their childhood Christmases? If you were making a list, what would you include in making up your children's memories of Christmas?

I want my children to remember, first of all, the true meaning of Christmas, and all the love that goes along with it.

The arranging of the nativity scene and placing it in a prominent spot as a gentle reminder of the true meaning.

The singing of carols spontaneously or in planned groups about a cheerfully lighted tree.

Reading together in a family group the gospel account of the holy birth, and other wonderful Christmas stories, such as "Why the Chimes Rang."

Then I also want them to remember the special trip each year to visit Santa and the whispered list of greatly desired gifts.

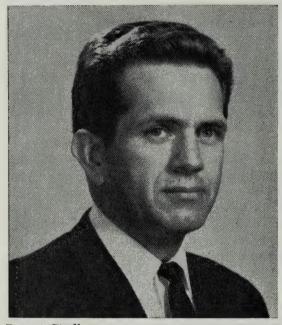
The trip the whole family makes to choose the "just right" Christmas tree.

The search through the record cabinet for all available Christmas music, to be played over and over all through the season.

The special baking of endless cookies, the making of candy and cakes to be enjoyed by everyone who may happen by.

# Elder Boyd K. Packer Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Dale T. Tingey
General Supervisor of Seminaries and Institutes of Religion



Boyart Studio
ELDER BOYD K. PACKER

NE lonely night during World War II, a young air force cadet, discouraged and homesick, poured out his soul to his Heavenly Father. In that humble and earnest supplication, he promised God that if he would help him to succeed in accomplishing life's real purpose and to resist temptation, he would dedicate himself to the Lord. On September 30, 1961, this same young man answered a call to the office of President McKay and was informed that he had been chosen as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

Boyd K. Packer was born Septem-

ber 10, 1924. He was the tenth of eleven children born to Ira W. and Emma Jensen Packer in Brigham City, Utah. Elder Packer counts himself fortunate indeed to have been reared in a home characterized by great love and devotion. The passing years have not altered this family unity.

As a young man Elder Packer enlisted in the United States Air Force.

At the cessation of the war, Elder Packer commenced his college training at Weber College. Both the Bachelor and Master Degrees were earned at Utah State University. His doctorate work in the field of educational administration is now nearing completion at Brigham Young University.

It was while he was speaking at a sacrament meeting in Brigham City, that a lovely girl whispered, "That is the type of person I would like to marry." Boyd K. Packer and Donna Smith were married in the Logan temple July 27, 1947. Today they rejoice in their family of eight choice spirits, five boys and three girls.

The Packers live on a miniature farm in Lindon. Brother Packer who, himself, loves the out-of-doors, finds one of his greatest pleasures in following the trails on Timpanogos



ELDER BOYD K. PACKER AND HIS FAMILY

Front row, left to right: Russell Packer; Kathleen Packer; Elder Boyd K. Packer; Gayle Ann Packer; Donna Smith Packer, wife of Elder Packer; Spencer Packer.

Back row, left to right: David Packer; Allan Packer; Kenneth Packer; Laurel Packer.

on his horse, with one of his sons riding at his side.

Elder Packer's heartfelt desire is that his children live close to the Lord. The same love and close-knit relationship enjoyed by Brother and Sister Packer in their childhood homes, have carried over into their own home. Anyone who has met Sister Packer readily recognizes that Brother Packer receives much encouragement and inspiration from her.

He has always taken an active part in community affairs. For four years he was a member of the City Council in Brigham City, and received the Distinguished Service Award in 1947 from the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Elder Packer has a great desire to help the Indian people. He pioneered the Seminary program for Latter-day. Saint Indian students at the Intermountain Indian School in Brigham City. Intense interest in the Indian people has taken him to Indian reservations in all parts of the United States and in Canada. From the small beginning in 1949, the Indian program has grown to eighty-five Indian Seminaries with 3500 students involved.

Two characteristics of Brother Packer which contribute to his exemplary life are his complete obedience to authority and his willingness to work. As supervisor of Seminaries and Institutes of Religion, his attitude has been to follow the leadership of the brethren. His willingness to remain on a problem or project, regardless of the hours, is a characteristic recognized by all who work with him. He has been heard to say that hard work compensates for a lack of talent and

many inadequacies. He lives by the motto, "There is no excellence without hard labor."

Recently, one of the Seminary teachers said, as if he were speaking for all, "We knew the Lord was preparing Boyd for a great task. We support him with all our hearts. Soon tens of thousands throughout the Church will say, 'The Lord has prepared him; we will sustain him with all our hearts.'"

## The Gift Tree

### Nancy M. Armstrong

THE tree of life is hung with many gifts, placed there by our Father in heaven. How often we hear the remark "Oh, if only I were gifted. If only I could paint, or write, or compose." The gift to create a masterpiece is not placed upon the tree within the reach of all; but the gift of appreciation for the masterpieces created by others is within the reach of all. We have to climb the stepladder of study and understanding to acquire appreciation, but as a result of our worthwhile reaching we receive a gift we can share with others.

On the way up the ladder we can reach more gifts to share: a friendly smile, a helping hand, a happy outlook, a desire to serve.

The gift of tears is hung upon the tree. Tears of compassion for the suffering and sorrow of others; tears of repentance for our own wrong-doing; tears of joy for the happiness of life, the goodness of God.

At times we slip a step or two down the ladder. Discouragement is discovered lurking among the branches. Our Father did not place discouragement upon the tree; pass it by; ignore it; has he not told us "Men are, that they might have joy"?

Our goal is the glowing star at the very top of the tree — the priceless gift — a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We must have a strong desire for it, or we'll never reach our goal. We must grow in stature in order to reach it. The view of the star from the top of the ladder is breathtakingly beautiful; worth every step of the steep climb up.

Once we attain the star we must handle it carefully; hold it tightly—it is fragile! We can keep the star free from tarnish by using faith, good works, and attendance to duty as constant polishing agents. Let's keep the star glittering at the top of the tree where it belongs, so all may enjoy our brightest ornament, our precious gift from God—our testimony.

# Relief Society— An Extension of the Home

President Hugh B. Brown Of the First Presidency

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 27, 1961]

THIS is at once an inspiring and a frightening experience. I think any man would be frightened to stand before 8,000 women with only two men behind him. I feel very humble as I come to you, and I depend upon divine guidance for what I may say. First, may I commend you for the great work you are doing and, in addition to what Sister Spafford has said, bring to you from President McKay his love, his blessing, and his gratitude. He said, "God bless the Relief Society."

This has been a wonderful session of this great conference from the time we sang together "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," through the impressive praver of Sister Petersen, and the wonderful singing of our mothers' chorus, and then the inspired and inspiring addresses of your general officers. Really, I think we could very well close the meeting now and all feel more than repaid for coming.

It seems to be somewhat of a custom to ask a man to sav a word or two at a woman's meeting. I think, perhaps, the reason is you are so fond of contrast. Joseph Conrad said on one occasion, "Being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally in dealing with men." I'm sure you would say amen to that. It is a privilege,

an honor, and very inspiring to stand before you. As I think of Relief Society, I think of home, and I am glad Sister Spafford has spoken as she has on that subject, for I should like to pursue the analogy a little further if I may without repetition.

The place of importance that was assigned to the women's Relief Society is really analogous to the place of mother in the home. The sacred and responsible status in each case was established by the Lord himself. In both callings women are to stand side by side with the men who hold the Priesthood. Even as a wife is a helpmate in the home, so the Relief Society, being an extension of the home, is a helpmate to the Priesthood.

Now, of course, I do not mean to imply in any sense that Relief Society work is just a honeymoon. Quite the contrary. When we speak of other organizations and auxiliaries, we often speak of their programs and their activities, but whenever we speak of Relief Society, the word work is mentioned. We say Relief Society work, or the work of Relief Society. I think that is most significant. The work in the home, as well as in the Church, requires that women, as stated, shall stand side by side with their husbands, not in front of them, not behind them. While by divine decree man is to be the head of the house and the bearer of the Priesthood, women are to become joint inheritors, equal partners and custodians with men in all that God has promised to the faithful. As Adam was the first man, so Eve was the first woman. The Lord said in The Book of Moses, "Adam called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living: for thus have I, the Lord God, called the first of all women" (Moses 4:26).

THROUGH the divine institution of celestial marriage, with all its privileges, obligations, joys, trials, and sacrifices, men and women, joined together by the Holy Priesthood, may through their faithfulness attain immortality, eternal life, and eternal increase; that soul-satisfying state of eternally becoming, forever achieving. When we speak of eternal increase, we speak not only of increase of posterity, we speak of increase of knowledge and the power that comes with knowledge; increase of wisdom to use that knowledge and power wisely; inincrease of awareness and the joy that comes through understanding; increase of intelligence, which is the glory of God; increase of all that goes to make up Godhood.

In the 132nd Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord promised men and women that by obedience to the new and everlasting covenant, they may be sealed by the Holy Spirit of Promise and "come forth in the first resurrection," to "inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominions, all heights and depths" that are promised them, and I ask you to

please note that the pronoun of this section is plural all the way through, that "they shall pass by the angels, and the gods . . . to their exaltation and glory . . . which glory shall be a fulness . . ." (D & C 132:19). But, of course, he has said that "except ye abide my law ye cannot attain to this glory" (D & C 132:21).

Your role, my dear sisters, as leaders in the Church, requires patience, constancy, tolerance, love unfeigned, and complete dedication. Service, love-inspired service, is the symbol of womanhood. It is the emblem of Relief Society. But, and we tell our brethren this quite often, service does not and must not mean servitude. The role of women in the Church was recognized and defined by the Prophet Joseph Smith soon after the Church was organized, and the leaders ever since have recognized their important assignment. Your intuitive perception, your endowed creativeness, your innate love of beauty and of goodness are invaluable in the Church. The wholesome effect of your influence on your husbands and sons, and others everywhere, is manifest and is generally appreciated. obligations, responsibilities, and the inspiration of motherhood in the home carry over into the Church, not only in Relief Society, but your influence is felt in other auxiliary organizations and in the Priesthood quorums, where the refining feminine touch — physical, mental, moral, spiritual touch - refines and blesses men and boys.

But we come to you sisters this afternoon not alone to extol or eulogize; we come to you to charge, to exhort, and to challenge you. We charge you, our fellow workers in

the Church, to be vigilant in this the most ominous and portentous era of world history. We earnestly call for your continuing support and wise counsel. When we think of the respective roles of men and women, we remember the Lord said, "... neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man ..." (I Cor. 11:11). "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them. And God blessed them" - not him alone, "and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion . . ." (Genesis 1:27-28).

THE dominion, then, is to be a joint dominion, and the command to multiply and replenish the earth is necessarily a joint injunction. When the Lord made provision for men to have the Priesthood and gave the sacred honor and glory of motherhood to women, he divided not only the responsibilities but the blessings of life equally between men and women. Both Priesthood and motherhood, if they are to be honored and magnified, must bear the hallmark of service — service sanctified and glorified by love. Hence, neither the man nor the woman should envy the role of the other, but recognize it as a counterpart and complement of their own role. We must go forward hand in hand and heart to heart as we face the challenging but glorious responsibilities of life.

It is a duty and privilege of mothers to nurse and heal the souls of men, as well as their bodies, to mend the minds of their children, as well

as their clothes, and the Relief Society carries these and other duties and privileges into a wider sphere of action. Jesus honored womanhood when he came to this earth as a little child through the sacred and glorious agency of motherhood; thus motherhood became akin to Godhood, and the Relief Society is motherhood on a larger scale. What an honored and blessed privilege is membership in this greatest of all women's organizations.

Love is the distinguishing characteristic of Relief Society, as it is of worthy motherhood and worthy Priesthood. The love of which Paul the apostle spoke, the love that

envieth not . . . vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things (I Cor. 13:4-7).

I think your own motto is "Charity Never Faileth." In what work then can you best make contributions to the program of the Church? First, and most importantly, you make a contribution as mothers and teachers — two of the highest and most sacred callings in all life. These callings require sanctification. You remember the Master said, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth" (John 17:19). You women exert the first and most lasting influence on your child when you co-operate with God in building its body. As you cradle it in your arms, nourish and nurture it by your love and sacrifice, as you stimulate

its intellect, its ambition, strengthen its spiritual and moral fiber, you are intimately co-operating with your Heavenly Father. You are the first to teach the child self-respect, respect for law and order, respect for authority, respect for the father who holds the Priesthood.

Where there is love and co-operation in the home, there motherhood is sanctified and glorified by the presence and administrations of the Priesthood. Men and women together have a God-like status, for the Lord said male and female created he them in his own image.

Some have questioned our concept of a mother in heaven, but no home, no church, no heaven would be complete without a mother there. God entrusted children to men and women, and he will hold them jointly responsible for their care, their growth, for their guidance, their development and for piloting them over the rough and stormy seas of life into the harbor of immortality and eternal life.

AND now, sisters, because of the number of broken homes in the world today, and they are increasing rapidly, with a resultant increase in juvenile delinquency, we charge you mothers to unite in a campaign to defeat the enemy, chiefly communism, on the home front, for communism is centering its attack first on God and religion and then on the home. We call upon you to be alerted to this concentration of effort on the part of the enemy and to strengthen our ranks in our efforts to repulse these attacks and thwart their machinations. Divorce, with all of its attendant evils, is rapidly increasing

and our front lines of defence are wavering. While adults are in the front lines, remember children are the innocent casualties. For the balance of their lives, they will suffer from the effects of this "fallout," and the marital fallout is like the fallout from the atomic bomb — it is unpredictable and devastating. Every woman in Relief Society, then, if she would be most helpful in Church activity, should enlist in a militant campaign in defense of home and family.

Unless there is urgent necessity, let no mother endanger the welfare of the home and the children by going out of the home to work in order to increase the income, to improve her wardrobe, or to satisfy social status and urges. They who do leave the home weaken its foundation, and they withdraw the cementing qualities of mother's love and presence. They are sowing seeds of heartbreak and frustration, and, thereby, they weaken the Church because the homes are the pillars upon which the Church is built. It should be remembered that the seeds of the divorces of future generations are being sown in the homes of the present generation. Where parents become irritable, get on each other's nerves, are unjust and unkind to each other, where there is bickering and contention, where voices are raised in angry disputations in the presence of children, where the lamp of love burns low, there the seeds of future divorces germinate.

Children reared in the dark, dank cellar of a loveless home are likely to continue in the same pattern as set by their parents and to think that that kind of home is normal

marriage. When they have homes of their own, they are inclined, when the first difficulty arises, to turn to the divorce court. Where the highway of conjugal happiness is obstructed by roadblocks of criticism, intolerance, selfishness, lack of charity on the part of either spouse, the resulting detour leads to divorce. Children in such homes pay a heavy toll, and they must travel a lonely, confused, dangerous, and often a dead-end road. That you women of the Relief Society help families to avoid such disasters is part of your charge.

When the opportunity to serve is recognized as a blessing, where thoughtfulness, courtesy, tolerance, kindness, consideration are habitual, where duties become privileges, where virtues are recognized and gratefully mentioned, where faults are minimized or overlooked, where the home is enveloped by love and hallowed by prayer, there is heaven on earth, and there eternal homes are in the making. To foster such homes is the most effective part of your service to the Church.

When Jesus said: "What . . . God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Mt. 19:6), he referred not only to the final sundering of the divorce court, but, by implication, to those little termites, those acts or omissions which undermine the home and gradually destroy it. Breaking up the home doesn't come all at once; it is a Every broken gradual process. home weakens the superstructure of the Church, for the homes of the people are the framework of the Church. Men may build houses, but women must breathe into them the spirit which transforms them into homes. When God created man and woman and called the woman a helpmate, which means a companion, her status was established, and in this dispensation it has been revealed anew, that no person, man or woman, can attain the highest degree of the celestial kingdom without a companion.

CALVATION then is a joint and progressive undertaking. Jointly earned, the blessings will be equally shared. While the ordinances of the temple are distinctly of Priesthood character, still worthy women have access to all of them. The highest blessings of the temple are conferred only upon man and wife together. The Lord endowed you women with many gifts and graces, capacities and capabilities, of a quality that he did not grant to men, and these will strengthen the partnership, as they minister to and increase the intellectual and spiritual stamina of men. He gave you such qualities of mind and spirit as patience, endurance, love, loyalty, devotion, in greater measure than is usually found in men. The Lord's special bequests and endowments to men and women separately can only be fully realized when they are combined, added upon, and enjoyed jointly. The gifts and graces of each must supplement and complement the other, if they are to be fully realized.

The Prophet Joseph Smith in 1842, and reference has already been made to his organizing the Relief Society, said to those women who were before him:

You will receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood which God has established, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide and direct . . . in this last dispensation; and I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and the needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads (A Centenary of Relief Society, page 16; D.H.C. IV, 603).

That responsibility for teaching the gospel is to be shared by men and women is evidenced by the 68th Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, wherein we are told that "... inasmuch as parents have children in Zion... that teach them not..." the gospel (you remember the quotation) "... the sin be upon the heads of the parents" (D & C 68:25).

But the other side of that is, if we teach as we should, jointly in the homes, then we will be entitled to all the blessings that come to those who are instrumental in bringing souls unto him. They who attain the highest glory in the celestial kingdom must enter into this order of the Priesthood, meaning the new and everlasting covenant of mar-From the beginning, the riage. Lord arranged for a division of responsibility, not only in the family, but in the Church. The eminent position of women in the work and purposes of the Lord is recognized wherever there is a Relief Society organization, whether it be the smallest branch, the largest stake, or the General Board.

More than twenty years ago, President McKay emphasized the sacred responsibility of motherhood, and I quote him:

Womanhood should be intelligent and pure because it is the living life-fountain

from which flows the stream of humanity. She who would pollute that stream by tobacco, poisonous drugs, or by germs that would shackle the unborn, is untrue to her sex and an enemy to the strength and perpetuity of the race (Gospel Ideals, page 449).

AND again President McKay points to the pre-eminence of motherhood over any other activity as note the following:

This ability and willingness properly to rear children, the gift of love, and eagerness, yes, longing to express it in soul development, make motherhood noblest office or calling in the world. She who can paint a masterpiece or write a book that will influence millions deserves the admiration and the plaudits of mankind; but she who rears successfully a family of healthy, beautiful sons and daughters, whose influence will be felt through generations to come, whose immortal souls will exert an influence throughout the ages long after paintings shall have faded, and books and statues shall have decayed or shall have been destroyed, deserves the highest honor that man can give, and the choicest blessings of God. In her high duty and service to humanity, endowing with immortality eternal spirits, she is co-partner with the Creator himself (The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 23, January 1936, page 6; Gospel Ideals, page 453).

Motherhood is the one thing in all the world which most truly exemplifies the God-given virtues of creating and sacrificing. Though it carries the woman close to the brink of death, motherhood also leads her into the very realm of the fountains of life and makes her co-partner with the Creator in bestowing upon eternal spirits mortal life. Artists may make new visions real; poets express thoughts never known before or dress old ones in a more becoming garb; engineers may transform deserts into bounteous fields and fill them with prosperous towns and thriving villages; scientists may discover new elements and by various combinations thereof create means contributive either to progress or destruction — all these are in a measure revealers of unknown things; but the mother who, in compliance with eternal law, brings into the world an immortal spirit occupies first rank in the realm of creation (Gospel Ideals, page 456).

Throughout the history of the Church, the Priesthood has honored womanhood, and we appreciate the wonderful service you render to the Church. We know you will be worthy of your transcendent calling. We want you to look up and listen and believe and make the blessings of Relief Society available to women everywhere. You will not be satisfied until every woman in the Church is engaged in Relief Society work. Some misguided men and nations today — and here I am going to depart from what I was going to say and speak extemporaneously. These men who are building walls, physical and mental walls, which divide people, cities, and nations are emissaries of the adver-We call upon the Relief sary. Society and all members of the Church to continue to build bridges which unite individual hearts, unite people, groups, and nations and thereby help to establish universal peace. As we meet here today in Relief Society Conference, there is peace and beauty all around us, but we are keenly conscious of the dangers which beset our divided and imperiled world. Nineteen sixty-one and two may go down in history as the most crucial years of all times, but, despite the daily dirges of the press, we shall not leave this session in a mood of fearful apprehension.

I read from the writings of a great woman on that. She said, "The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it, yet within our reach, is joy. There is radiance and glory in the darkness, could we but see, and to see we have only to look." We beseech you to look.

While we know that all is not well in the world, we bring a message to offset what I said about the awful conditions that confront us. a message from the Priesthood to the Church: While all is not well in the world, we testify that God is still in heaven, that Christ will defeat anti-Christ, that the millennium will be ushered in, that Satan will be bound, and there will be a new heaven and a new earth, and you are to join with us in helping to build that new world and prepare for the second coming of the Lord. You are the harbingers and builders of a new and better world.

We challenge you to catch the vision of your exalted callings. Accept the obligation, rise to its privileges and blessings. We recognize the Relief Society as a most important arm of the Church, And now, sisters, part of the duties resting upon some members of the Priesthood today has to do with bearing testimony. There never was a time when conviction and dedication were more needed than now. We need men to match our message, men who have the testimony that makes it possible for them to be witnesses of Christ, to stand before the people and testify of him, and women to inspire them. In humility, but with the same authority that enabled Peter to say in answer to the question of Christ, "Whom do men say that I am?" and from the same source of inspiration, I declare to you, my beloved sisters, and to him, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Mt. 16:16).

SOME years ago in England, Sister Brown wrote a poem. I hope I will not be thought indelicate if I bring you some parts of that poem,

for it is in harmony with what I have been trying to say. She titled it "Woman Exalted."

Ye chosen ones . . . list to his word:—
"Man is not without woman in the Lord,"
Think ye then that Gods are half-Gods, not whole,
And reign, and make these orbs of light, and live incomplete, alone,
And in celestial might make harmony with harps half-strung?
The answer's thine already. Thou hast it in thy heart.

'Twas Mary knew from angel bright that she was Chosen to clothe the Spirit of our Lord. Her heart Sang its exquisite joy! Told she this to the other Honored of the Lord. And found believing response from this Her woman kin.

Followers of our Savior and his church were women not a few. How great their love, how complete their trust in him! E'en when the cross the Son and Master bore, and lifted, tortured, Broke the chains that bound the mortal man and had bade him sleep forever.

How great I say, in that trusting humility like unto a child's, how supreme!

Last at the cross were they — first at the tomb — heralds of the Risen Lord!

"Not honored," say you, and "below your brother man?"

Open thine eyes and see what place is given thee, O woman fair!

Hold high thy head to wear its crown. Kneel thou, too, in

Reverence to thy Lord. For thank offering remember thou his word—
"O be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

Prepare thy souls to bear the souls of men.

When the spirits of the dark shall stalk the earth to stay his second coming's time,

Fear not to array thyself in armor white, as symbol of thy state And arise in power and womanhood. At the portal of thy home Guard that which is dearer than life itself. By thy companion's side Uphold him in his priesthood and godly power.

Remember thou art high priestess of the home — the home, The heart of all the world, and the altar at his throne, The heart whose throbbing life holds in its power, the molding of good or ill.

And sends forth the sinner or the saint, or weak ones 'tween the two. Sends the mortal-clad spirit, born of woman, to sow discord, hate, and greed.

Or be messengers of light, who seek to guide their fellows Back to him where only harmonies abide. O be ye strong, and let not the weak ones grope and find him not. Be thou a woman whole and pure, with that militant love That fights for her own, and God's. Take then thy seat in nations great and small.

Still not thy voice when its clarion call should speak for him

To thy sisterhood the world around,

Thou champions of righteousness, thou mothers of his little ones,

Thou believers of his Word. Lend to his priesthood

Thy powers of purity and love that falter not.

And that faith that makes their faith more strong.

Daughters of Zion, ye mothers of men, hold fast these gifts of thy calling great,

Lest they be lost — these priceless pearls of purity and purpose holy.

Know ye not that thy place is at the side, and not below,

This companion to whom thou art given of the Lord?

Thou woman exalted, thou first to forgive and last to forsake,

Thou priestess queen,

Thank thy God who made thee thus, that thou wast born

A Woman.

I leave my blessings upon you, my dear sisters, by the authority I have to bless. O God, bless these mothers of Israel with peace in their hearts. May peace and love and harmony reign in their homes. May they be stalwart as they stand beside their husbands, may they and their

husbands and children be guided back to thee. I leave this blessing with you, my dear sisters, with my testimony as to the divinity of this work, and I do it humbly in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

### A Prayer for Christmas

Margaret B. Shoemaker

Dear Lord, look down upon the earth tonight. The calendar says "Seasons Greetings." Candles Are gleaming, trees hold trinkets loved and bright; We hang up holly wreaths and mistletoe and handle Our gifts with care to celebrate your birth; A chalk-white moon pours silver on the snow. The clear bells toll, and children beam with mirth, While old men tell that tale of long ago.

Judge not this tinseled brilliance mockery Against thy name, but deem it mortals' cry For peace and faith; for we wear heavily Life's weary crown of thorns. O Lord, we try So hard to live our love for thee. Please, then, Lead us like children to the star, Amen.

# The Relief Society Annual General Conference—1961

Hulda Parker General Secretary-Treasurer

RATITUDE for Relief So-**T** ciety — as a great world-wide sisterhood — was the soul-stirring feeling echoing through the hearts of approximately 2,828 stake and mission district officers as they assembled in the opening session of the 1961 Annual General Relief Society Conference in the Tabernacle on Temple Square in Salt Lake City, on Wednesday, September 27, at 9:30 A.M. The international aspect of the conference was intensified upon the arrival in the city, prior to the conference, of stake Relief Society presidents from faraway stakes of the Church, among them new stakes in Australia, New Zealand, England, Holland, Germany, and Alaska.

President Belle S. Spafford conducted the sessions in the Tabernacle of the two-day conference. Supporting her were her Counselors Marianne C. Sharp and Louise W. Madsen, and the other members of the General Board.

Urgent pleas were made at the conference in regard to Relief Soicety's role in fellowshipping new members and extending the blessings of the organization to all of the women of the Church.

The opening address of the conference in the Officers Meeting was an inspiring message by President Joseph Fielding Smith, advisor to Relief Society. He urged Relief

Society leaders to return to their homes in "all parts of the world," and continue to lead and teach the necessity of keeping the commandments of the Lord. In this time of uncertainty and world tension, he said, "We have security of protection — the protection of God and his Son Jesus Christ based on keeping his commandments." Elder Mark E. Petersen, also an advisor to Relief Society, challenged the leaders assembled to "convert every woman in the Church to Relief Society," and "to go out and seek them," also, to "pave the way to conversions by being friendly to our nonmember neighbors."

In the opening session, President Spafford reported on the growth of Relief Society during 1960, citing heartwarming examples of its service and accomplishments; gave pertinent instructions regarding the functioning of the organization; and also urged intensified effort to extend the arm of fellowship to newly converted sisters and to expand membership goals to include good, non-Latter-day Saints.

The music for the opening session was presented by the American group of the International Singing Mothers Chorus, including a few visiting British sisters who rendered the music at the dedication of the Hyde Park Chapel in London in February 1961. Sister Florence Jep-

Page 820

person Madsen directed the chorus, with Elder Frank W. Asper at the organ.

The principal speaker in the Wednesday afternoon general session was President Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency. In his inspiring message he emphasized the important role of mothers in the home and with their families. He admonished the women of the Church to develop homes that are "enveloped by love and hallowed by prayer," and for them to enlist in a "militant campaign" in defense of the home and family.

President Spafford in her address to the women of the Church portrayed the well-ordered home as the place of peace and shelter and urged that mothers firmly position themselves "in preserving the enduring, spiritual values which time and the prophets have taught us are unchangeable, and which are guarantee of the stability of our homes, and the eternal well-being of our children." Counselor Sharp spoke of four responsibilities of Relief Society which are not outmoded today, as set forth by President McKay, and urged all women to join the Relief Society. Counselor Madsen talked of the place of Relief Society in the lives of its members as a "bulwark in this time when godlessness is rampant in the world," and of the need today for courageous women who are "unafraid to live as the Lord would have them live." Sister Mildred B. Eyring, member of the General Board, urged the sisters to be "a peculiar people," as referred to by Paul the apostle, and not to covet or follow the ways of the world.

A 450-voice chorus of Singing Mothers from the following eighteen stakes rendered inspiring music for this session under the direction of Sister Florence Jepperson Madsen: Alpine, East Provo, East Sharon, Kolob, Lehi, Nebo, Orem, Orem West, Palmyra, Provo, Santaquin-Tintic, Sharon, Spanish Fork, Springville, Timpanogos, Utah, West Utah, and West Sharon. Elder Frank W. Asper accompanied at the organ.

Members of the General Board greeted approximately 2200 stake and mission officers at the annual reception in the Relief Society Building on Wednesday evening

from 7 to 10.

In the Thursday morning departmental meeting in the Tabernacle, inspiring dramatic presentations were given introducing courses of study for the 1961-62 season. The presentation theology "Builders of the Kingdom" featured the fifth year of the course on The Doctrine and Covenants: the literature presentation "Listen to the Words" introduced a fourth year on America's literature; and the dramatization "The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan" gave insight into the new social science course by the same name. Special music in the theology presentation was rendered by a choral group, with Sisters Jewel J. Cutler and Jessie Evans Smith as soloists. One of the selections they sang was composed by Luacine Clark Fox. Brother Alexander Schreiner was at the console.

Elder Howard W. Hunter of the Council of Twelve addressed stake and mission officers in the early (Continued on page 840)

## Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, December 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

SPECIAL CONFERENCE — RELIEF SOCIETY REORGANIZED: . . . This became necessary on account of the demise of the late beloved President, Sister Zina D. H. Young, who has held the position for thirteen years, having been appointed by President Wilford Woodruff and sustained at the April Conference in 1888, being the third president in order since the Society was first organized in 1842, when Sister Emma Smith was elected president, and afterwards Sister Eliza R. Snow . . . who presided for many years, having been called by President Young before her regular appointment on June 21, 1880, by President John Taylor. . . . We now have our fourth President. . . President Bathsheba W. Smith was selected by the First Presidency and Apostles of the Church, in Council, on Thursday, October 31, 1901. . . . — Editorial

RETURN OF A TRAVELER: Sister Lucy B. Young, who has . . . been absent from Utah for over twenty years has returned home from her travels. She spent most of the time in Germany in charge of her granddaughter, Miss Emma Lucy Gates, who has been studying music abroad, most of the time in Berlin. Mrs. Young while in Germany was appointed to preside over the branches of the Relief Society in that mission and will be able to give us definite information concerning the work of this charitable organization in that country. . . .

- Editorial Notes

#### THE NATAL DAY

.... Now, while Christendom rejoices, Let all blend their grateful voices, All the world in one grand union, On Christ's birthday hold communion. Sacred truth is now appealing To each inmost soul revealing, Cause of praise and true thanksgiving, That the Gospel still is living.

— Ellis R. Shipp

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS: . . . . May this be a happy Christmas, with peace and goodwill and plenty for all — that the hearts of the poor may be made glad, that there may be no suffering for food or raiment in this goodly land, and faith and confidence may increase among the Saints, and may that good fellowship which manifests itself in deeds of benevolence abound and the charity which is long-suffering and kind, and faith and love grow stronger until each one can love his neighbor as himself according to the words of the blessed Savior whose birth men and women profess to celebrate.

#### - Editorial

A HAPPY AFTERNOON: Sister Johanna Nystrom, of the Twentieth Ward, of this city, gave a delightful dinner party to the aged and infirm widows of the ward. . . . Some of the favorite songs of Zion were sung, prayer was offered and carnest heartfelt testimonies were borne . . . and several interesting recitations were given. . . . At five o'clock the company sat down to a fine old-fashioned dinner, . . .

- News Note



## Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. EMILY SMITH STE-WART, daughter of President George Albert Smith, who has been chairman of Salt Lake County Chapter, National Foundation, in the fight against polio, has resigned that position, although she will still serve as vice-chairman in the Foundation's Salt Lake County Chapter. She has worked in the organization for twenty years, has won wide international recognition. She has now become international director of Phi Sigma Alpha, a new organization for helping lonely people. She will travel in many parts of the world helping the lonely ones to organize cultural, social, literary, and group activities in their communities.

MARGARET F. CONAWAY is a highly skilled social worker who lived in the East and became converted to the Church. She became deeply interested in the Lamanites, from reading the Book of Mormon, and as a result transferred her efforts to social work among the Indians. She taught them in Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, and she now works among the Cheyenne River Reservation Indians in Montana. She helps these Indian families with problems of every description.

DR. CONNIE GUION, at the age of seventy-nine, practices medicine from 7:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. in New York City. She is also a gifted teacher, a noted research worker, and a much-in-demand public speaker, with a delightful sense of humor. The vast new hospital under construction in New York, which will house most of the city's eighty-six clinics, bears her name, the first time a woman has been so honored in America.

BILLIE PAT DANIELS set the American girls' mark in the 400 and 800-meter races last summer at the American tryouts for the Olympic games, in Corpus Christi, Texas. Miss Daniels is now a student at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. In the 1960 Olympics she fell and did not finish. She hopes to compete in the next Olympic games. She is a native of Utah.

PEARL BUCK, Pulitzer and Nobel prize winner, continues her writing of fiction which stirs the heart to kindness and wide appreciation. In a biographical sketch of her, her husband, Richard Walsh, says, "Few modern writers have done so much to further the common understanding of the human heart."



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## The 131st Semi-Annual Church Conference

THE 131st Semi-Annual Conference of the Church was held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, September 20th and 30th, and October 1, 1961. Under mild autumn skies, the saints assembled to hear again the word of the Lord and counsel and comfort from the General Authorities of the Church. It was estimated that over a million listeners heard the proceedings by radio or television. President David O. McKay, venerable and beloved Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, conducted all six general sessions and the Priesthood meeting.

A feeling of sadness pervaded the audience to see the vacant chair of ninety-year-old President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., who was confined to his home. Other General Authorities absent from the conference meetings were Elder Bruce R. McConkie and Elder A. Theodore Tuttle of the First Council of Seventy, who are presiding over missions, respectively, in Australia and South America. The far-reaching growth and widening influence of the Church were reported.

Elder Gordon Bitner Hinckley, an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve since 1948, was sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve to fill the vacancy arising from the appointment, in June 1961, of Elder Hugh B. Brown to be a member of the First Presi-

dency. Two new Assistants to the Council of the Twelve were sustained: Elder Thorpe B. Isaacson, former counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, and Boyd K. Packer, a member of the administrative council of Brigham Young University and the Church School System. The Presiding Bishopric, Joseph L. Wirthlin, Thorpe B. Isaacson, and Carl W. Buehner, were released, and Elders John H. Vandenberg, Robert L. Simpson, and Victor L. Brown appointed. Also released were President Bertha S. Reeder of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and her Counselors Emily H. Bennett and LaRue C. Longden, together with all members of the board. Appointed as the new presidency were Florence Smith Jacobsen, Margaret Romney Jackson, and Dorothy Porter Holt.

In stirring and inspirational messages of hope and faith, the saints were counseled to observe all the principles and ordinances of the gospel and to walk humbly before the Lord in these times of confusion and adversity in the world.

In his opening address, President McKay announced as his text: "Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord" (Psalms 31:24). Declaring freedom to be a gift from God, President McKay said:

The Creator, who gave man life, planted in his heart the seed of liberty. . . . There is a significant reference in the Apocalypse to "a war in heaven" . . . . The passage is significant inasmuch as it sets forth the fact that there is freedom of choice and of action in the spirit world. This contention in heaven arose over the desire of Satan "to destroy the agency of man, which, I, the Lord, had given him". . . .

... the opposite of freedom is bondage, servility, restraint — conditions that inhibit mentality, stifle the spirit, and crush manhood. To coerce, to compel, to bring into servitude is Satan's plan for the human family. . . .

Attempts to control the consciences of men have always resulted in conflict. To decide one's own relationship to the Creator and to his creation is the natural and inalienable right of all. . . .

PRESIDENT Henry D. Moyle declared that the Lord expects us to live in conformity with his laws.

It is glorious to be a member. It is glorious to have any office or calling in the Church, no matter how relatively humble the title may sound. I am impressed constantly with the fact, regardless of our calling, we are all encouraged, we are all dedicated, and we are all working in the service of the Master. . . .

It gives us an awesome feeling to realize that we are dedicated to the work of the Lord, and having thus committed ourselves, it is not our privilege or our prerogative to violate his commandments, even the slightest of them. . . .

In speaking of the missionary program of the Church and the approach advised for missionaries, President Moyle said:

I have become more and more convinced in my association with missionary work that most people are touched by the Spirit of the Lord upon the occasion of the missionary's first contact. Otherwise, they would not invite the missionary back time after time to be taught the principles of the gospel and to be brought closer and closer, and ultimately into the waters of baptism. . . .

THE message of President Hugh B. Brown emphasized the universal brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and the necessity and truth of the principle of continued revelation from God to man.

The things of God can only be understood by the spirit of God, and the spirit of God is a revealing spirit. The Master promised before he left the earth, to send another Comforter which should lead men into all truth. Divine revelation has always been a characteristic of the Living Church — it is absolutely essential to its continued existence in an organized state on the earth. . . .

When revelation ceases, people dwindle in unbelief, and not only the people but the Church apostatizes in the absence of inspired leadership. . . .

Without continued revelation there can be no authorized ministry on the earth, and without authorized officers there can be no Church of Christ. . . .

President McKay in his heartfelt closing message, admonished the saints to declare the gospel truths to the world. He imparted special counsel to families and blessed them in the name of the Lord:

Girls, follow the sweet mother and her teachings. Boys, be true to your fathers, who try to live the gospel. . . . You will show your faith by your works in everyday life.

God bless you that we may have the power so to do, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



Hal Rumel

#### CHRISTMAS TABLE SETTING

With centerpiece made from Christmas tree branches, dolls, and gas lamp.

## Holiday Jable

LaRue Rosell Member, General Board of Relief Society

No scene is more meaningful to us at this Christmas time than that of Joseph, Mary, and the baby Jesus. It lends warmth and depth to the holiday season to reflect on the importance of this glorious group. And it reminds us once more that Christmas time is a choice family time for all of us, a time of warmth, gaiety, joy, and peace—a time for thought, as we gather with our loved ones to enjoy the special spirit of the Yuletide season.

Such gatherings seem to call for the eating of especially savory foods. The kitchen evokes tempting aromas as the womenfolk prepare the meal — drawing from favorite old recipes and trying a few new ones.

By the time Christmas dinner is being prepared, many menus have been domi-

nated by ham and turkey, so perhaps roast beef will be a welcome change.

As the family draw their chairs around the table, we might begin with a crab appetizer and succeeding courses as follows:

#### Appetizer

Arrange small lettuce leaves in low-stemmed glasses, fill with four sections of peeled fresh grapefruit, two or three small pieces of avocado, and a sprinkle of crab meat. Cover with mayonnaise thinned with a little fresh lemon juice.

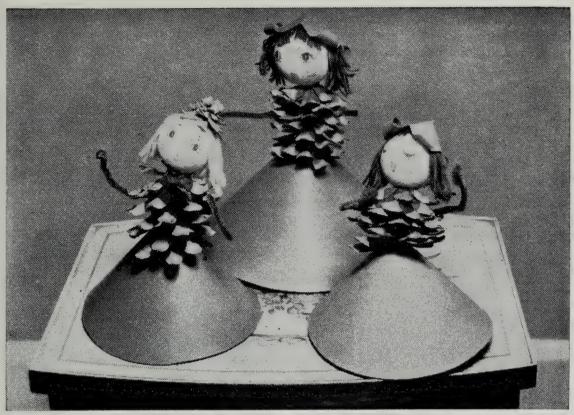
#### Main Course

Roast Beef — allow 1/3 pound per person. Roast at 325°. Roast 24 to 26 minutes per pound, for rare beef; 28 to 30 minutes per pound, for medium beef; 32 to 36 minutes per pound, for well done.

#### Pan-Browned Potatoes

Peel potatoes, boil in salt water 15 minutes. Drain and arrange around the roast beef. Salt and pepper. Cook 25 minutes. Turn and cook until done.

Page 826



Hal Rumel

#### DOLLS FOR TABLE CENTERPIECE

Made from pine cones, Styrofoam, art paper, pipe cleaners for arms, and yarn for hair.

#### String Beans

For 12 people, you will need three packages of frozen beans or three No. 2½ cans of canned beans. If frozen beans are used, cook in salt water until tender. Add fresh lemon juice and butter to the hot beans just before serving.

#### Cheese Scalloped Carrots

12 medium carrots

1 onion (small and minced)

¼ lb. butter or shortening

½ c. flour

1 tsp. salt

1 1/4 tsp. dry mustard

2 c. milk

½ tsp. pepper

½ tsp. celery salt

½ lb. sharp cheese (coarsely grated)

3 c. soft bread crumbs (buttered)

Cook carrots covered in one inch boiling salt water until tender. Drain and cut with crinkly cutter. In saucepan cook onion and shortening two or three minutes. Stir in flour, salt, and mustard. Cook one or two minutes. Add milk and cook until smooth. Add pepper and celery salt. In a two-quart casserole arrange a layer of carrots then a layer of cheese. Repeat until all is used. Pour on sauce and cover with crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

#### Relishes

Celery and chili sauce.

#### Salad — Christmas Red and White Frozen Salad

- 1 lb. fresh cranberries made into jellied 14 c. sifted sugar cranberries or 1 can No. 2 cran1 large package cream cheese berries, to make 2 c.

  2 or 3 tbsp. fresh lemon juice

  1 c. walnuts (chopped)

  1 c. heavy cream, whipped stiff
- 14 c. mayonnaise

Crush cranberries with fork and add lemon juice. Pour in quart refrigerator tray. Freeze. Combine cheese with mayonnaise and sugar. Blend well. Add nuts. Fold in whipped cream, then spread over cranberry mixture and freeze. Top with a fruit salad dressing if desired.

#### Rolls

1 yeast cake 1 c. cool potato water

½ c. sugar 1½ tsp. salt

6 tbsp. melted butter 2 beaten eggs 3½ c. flour (approximately)

Dissolve yeast in potato water. Add sugar and salt. Let stand for one hour. Beat in butter and eggs. Add flour. Knead and let rise until double in bulk. Shape into rolls. Let rise and bake at 400 degrees for 25 minutes.

#### Dessert — Fig Pudding

1 pint of bread crumbs ½ lb. figs (light)

 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. sugar

4 tsp. suet (beef fat)

1 c. milk ¼ tsp. salt 1 tsp. nutmeg

2 eggs (beaten) Mix and steam three hours.

#### Lemon Sauce

#### **SAUCES**

½ c. sugar 1 tbsp. cornstarch

1 c. boiling water

2 tbsp. butter 1 ½ tbsp. fresh lemon juice few grains of nutmeg salt

Mix sugar and cornstarch and add to boiling water, stirring constantly. Boil five minutes. Remove from heat and add the other ingredients.

#### Foamy Sauce

3 egg yolks 34 c. powdered sugar

½ tsp. vanilla

½ tsp. salt

1 c. whipped cream

Beat egg yolks until light. Add powdered sugar, vanilla, and salt. Fold in whipped cream.

#### TABLECLOTH AND CENTERPIECE

All of us enjoy eating more when attractive food is placed on an artistic table.

Christmas especially lends itself to some extra, festive touch.

This table decoration is inexpensive and fun to create. The cloth is made from 71/3 yards of green cotton. This is easily made by cutting the yardage in half and cutting one half lengthwise, flat seaming the two narrow pieces on each side of the wide piece, then border it with white fringe.

You will enjoy making the dolls from cones picked up from under pine trees. The cones form the body, a Styrofoam ball the head, and pipe cleaners the arms. Skirts are made from a circle of art paper, and hats from the tops of the cones or cut from art paper. Faces can be painted on with water colors or cut from felt scraps. Hair for the dolls is made of yarn. Evergreen tree limbs, sprayed with commercial snow, and a gas lamp complete the arrangement.

### "Oh, Little Jown..."

#### Beatrice R. Parsons

A S she opened the office door marked: REAL ESTATE, RALPH EWING, the mid-December snowflakes buffeted the gray hair beneath Emma Lorimer's perky blue hat.

She brushed them away, smiled at the pretty young girl behind the desk, and asked, "How are you,

Alma?"

Alma's large brown eyes were shadowed. "Homesick," she confessed wistfully. "I won't be going home for Christmas. Too much work."

There was a boom in real estate. The city was growing like a brush fire, spilling over into rural communities. A large manufacturing plant was being built. Young couples and their small families were crowded into trailer parks and motels.

An inner door opened, and Ralph Ewing came out to shake Emma's hand firmly. He was a youthful forty-five with the habit of raising his right shoulder as though forever shouldering aside anything that got in his way.

"You're lucky, Mrs. Lorimer," he said briskly, "I have a buyer for your old house. The location in Laytonia, there on that rise of land, is perfect for a super-market." He was smug. "You can't stand in the way of progress, can you? In a few years, Laytonia will be a bustling little city."

Emma couldn't imagine it. As long as she could remember, Laytonia had been a peaceful little town filled with growing children and elderly people who had owned their homes since they were young.

"Now that your husband is . . . gone . . ." said Ralph sympathetically, "the house is too big for you. So much work. Right now you can sell and make a very nice profit. It would be foolish to wait. You might be the loser." He caught her elbow, ushered her into the snowy street, and into his sleek, red car at the curb.

He was so enterprising, so sure of himself, that Emma had to smile. Yet she had to agree. It was only sensible to sell her house while there was a demand for it.

The red car slid to a slushy stop before a tall, slim building with a dignified placque: The Plaza Arms. They entered the lobby of the modern apartment building into a sea of pale-blond tile. There was a haughty white Christmas tree near the self-help elevator. They moved silently to the ninth floor. Mr. Ewing fitted a key in a door.

Emma found herself quite carried away by the thick, wall-to-wall carpeting, the handsome, copper-toned drapes. The furniture, Danish modern, was, she found, more comfortable than she had expected.

Mr. Ewing waved an expansive hand. "Everything at your fingertips, Mrs. Lorimer." He mentioned the compactness of the tiny kitchen, the restfulness of hidden lights, the dainty loveliness of the small bedroom.

"I'm sure you will enjoy living here," said Mr. Ewing with finality, as he led her to the elevator, and assisted her into his car. It swung out into hurrying traffic, past lighted shop windows and strands of colored lights. Huge, shining stars hung between tall buildings. A group of children stood at one window, their eyes glowing over the display of toys.

"My husband Bob and I," said Emma reminiscently, "used to bring our little ones into the city for shopping."

Mr. Ewing stopped on a red light. "I don't have time to take my kids. My wife complains of all the people pushing and shoving." He started again on the green light. "Sometimes I think Christmas is just a time of worry, worry, worry!"

He seemed so pleased with himself at his diagnosis that Emma wanted to say: "Rob and I found a lot of joy and pleasure in it." But she was silent, lost in warm memories.

The car glided out into the highway, leaving the city lights behind. It passed several small communities where snow-touched skeletons of new buildings raised unfamiliar frames among the small homes.

It mounted the rise towards Emma's home, and she could see the neat streets and cozy houses stretching away beneath them. Mr. Ewing stopped in the ankle-deep snow of her driveway. He glanced deprecatingly at the outline of the old, square house.

"You'll be glad you made the deal, Mrs. Lorimer. It must be lonely, rattling around in those big rooms alone." He got back in the car, started it, and leaned forward to say: "I'll draw up the papers. You can come in, in the morning, and sign them." Then his car disappeared down the rise.

CONSCIOUS of snow gathering chillingly about her galoshes, Emma moved up the steps to the front porch. She was remembering how proud Rob had been when

they bought the house.

"It's a place for living, Emma. It's going to be one of the family. It will see children born. Watch them grow. It will ring with laughter, keep warm with love. It will be our home. Laytonia will be our town." He had kissed her, then, and letting herself inside the darkened hall, Emma seemed to feel his lips warm against her own. Her finger trembled as she pushed a switch, flooding the rooms with light.

The house had been built when substantial family homes, with bedrooms upstairs and living rooms down, had been the fashion. It was sadly out of date, compared with that apartment at the *Plaza Arms!* 

Instinctively, Emma glanced at the tall staircase, as though expecting a child to come hurtling down

the banister to greet her.

But the house was silent. So silent it hurt her ears. It swept over her that the house had been mute, waiting, for five years, ever since Rob had left it. His big chair still stood by the fireplace. There was Susan's little rocker in the corner. Susan had grown up to work the needle point on its seat. On the bookcase stood the little music box that Bill had wound so tightly that it had never played again. Inside was a row of Jenny Marie's favorite books. Familiar things reminded her of Walter and Lea.

She glanced at the high ceilings that had sheltered all of them. But there was no one to shelter, now, except Emma. Her family was gone, far away in distant cities, married, settled with families of their own. Their laughter had vanished. There was nothing left. This was only an old house. Old like Emma was old.

She would be glad to be rid of it. Rid of the pictures it kept painting in her mind. Rid of memories that made the lump in her throat, the

tears in her eyes.

She flicked them away with a stern finger, mentally scolding herself. "Emma Lorimer! You'd think you were the first person to dispose of an old house. There's no reason to be so . . . so . . . drippy!" Another tear disappeared with an angry finger. "You're sixty-eight. You've had a wonderful life. You've always known it couldn't go on, forever."

T struck her, that because she had known it so long, she, herself had muted the old house. How long since she had had young folks around her? How long since she had smiled and laughed with teenagers? Yet the house was big enough to hold a great many people. If she had looked around, she might have found someone — a girl from the university, an older woman, to share the empty bedrooms. She thought of the work, and shrugged. The apartment offered rest and quiet. She was ready for that, now, at sixty-eight!

She went into the hall to pick up the mail which the postman had pushed through the slot. She carried it into the living room and sat under a lamp. Cards, and more cards! She opened them carefully. There were notes from some old friends — Carrie, Ethel, and Laura. She detected a note of loneliness in their words.

She read and re-read the letters from faraway sons and daughters: "Mom, fly out to us for Christmas. . . ." Fly! Why she'd be scared to pieces! Besides, she could not be with all of them at the same time.

There were cards from her grandchildren, down to the smallest, who had managed to print in wobbly letters: Merry Chrismus, Grama.

She took one of the cards to the piano and picked out the printed notes of music, "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem. . . ." How the children had crowded about the piano to sing that one!

She put the cards and letters back into their envelopes, studying them over again, the red, shining holly berries, the flickering flames of candles spreading a cheery brightness, the glittering stars — all the age-old signs of a merry Christmas.

She went to the bay window which had always held the tree, and looked out into the snowy night. Below, the lights of the town shone gently over the snow. Blue, red, and green globes spread color over the porches. The winking lights of distant Christmas trees cast stars against window glass. To the east, tall, sentinel mountains guarded the town. In the west, a huge, blue star - Venus, she knew - sent its rays across a cobalt sky. She had seen this view so many times she had lost count. Yet it still had the power to stir her with its serenity, its peace.

Peace! If only the peoples of the world could see such beauty! If

only all people could know such peace! Emma wanted others to see it, love it, know its calmness. This was her town. The words of the carol she had played at the piano lingered in her mind. "The hopes and fears of all the years, are met in thee, tonight.

Yes, hopes and fears had crowded the old house while the family grew up. But the hopes had pushed away the fears, joy had followed sorrow! The things that Emma had known, had loved, were not mute and still. They were bright and glowing, alive in her heart, in the big rooms of the old house.

IT was all here in this house, in this town. It crowded about her, and, suddenly, she knew that here was where she belonged, would always belong.

She laughed a little as she told herself gaily: "Let progress find some other space for a super-market. The old house and I are here to stay!"

She heard the shock in Mr. Ewing's voice when she called and told him. He tried to shoulder the matter away, saying that she would change her mind in the morning. She hung up the phone, and wished she could make Mr. Ewing understand.

But there was something else she had to do. Her finger was steady as she dialed Alma at home. The young woman's voice answered eagerly. "Oh, Mrs. Lorimer, I'm glad you called. I wanted to talk to you. Thought I'd tell you tomorrow at the office. Several of the girls I know, who can't go home for Christmas, are going to have dinner at the hotel. We know

you're alone. We'd love to have you join us."

Emma's words were a torrent of excitement. "I'll accept that invitation in reverse, Alma." At the girl's gasp, she explained, "I'll have dinner, here."

"Too much work . . . " Alma tried to say.

"Oh, I'll have plenty of help," said Emma happily. She was thinking of Carrie, Ethel, and Laura. They'd be delighted, busying themselves in the big old kitchen. She said: "Bring all the girls. I'll have Mr. Ewing give me the names of some couples crowded into trailer courts. There's plenty of room for those who can, to stay over on Christmas Eve. We'll have plenty of gifts for the children. . . ." Her voice ran out.

Alma cried happily: "It will be almost like going home for Christmas!" she added: "I'll make a list. We'll need some holly. A wreath for the door. . . ."

"I have all the tree decorations," declared Emma, "except, perhaps, the tree-top angel. One of the grandchildren tried eating the tinsel. . . ."

She put down the receiver. Then she wondered if Alma had said: "We already have an angel, Mrs. Lorimer." Well, it didn't matter, she'd ask her when she saw her.

Emma had her own list to make: turkey, cranberries, oranges for the tips of the children's stockings. She'd buy a tree first thing before they were all picked over. A green one, she decided, remembering the cold, haughty white tree in the lobby at the *Plaza Arms*. She could almost smell the crisp scent of the forest sweeping through the rooms.

There was plenty of time to get everything ready. She'd call those of her neighbors who would be alone on Christmas and invite them, too. She could almost hear the laughter and happiness stirring through the rooms. The old house was waking up!

Well, now it was late. Time to go to bed. As she mounted the stairs her hand rested lightly, agelessly, against the polished banister.

She imagined the shrieks of delight that would greet the Christmas dawn, as child after child among her visitors, would come flying down that banister. How they would stare in wide-eyed wonder at the magic of the shining tree, the toys piled about it.

She felt warmed through and through, in spite of the chill air that came through the window as she opened it a little. The lights, the friendliness of the town below, swept up to greet her.

She had been too long alone! She had tried to shut out memories. Tried to shut out love. It had been a long time since she had shared these precious things.

Emma knew, clearly, happily, as she knelt for her prayers, that life must be shared. That people, things that are truly loved are never lost. That peace on earth and good will among people were, and would always be, the real and lasting assurance of the Christmas season. . . .

## Protect Your Family Against Juberculosis

Submitted by Franklin K. Brough
Executive Director, Utah Tuberculosis and Health Association

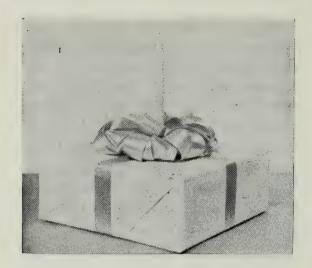
THE sound of the postman's footsteps disappears in the distance. Behind him he leaves gaily colored envelopes with hundreds of suggestions for the giving of gifts this holiday season. He also left behind him Christmas Seals — gay little stamps that visit our homes and remind us of a gift

that goes on giving....

We're lucky. We have drugs that stop tuberculosis. We found in 1945, streptomycin, 1948, para-aminosalicylic acid, and in 1952, isoniazid. We have the tools to wipe out TB — BUT — we must use them now. Time may be running out! TB germs are beginning to show resistance to the known drugs. If the amount of resistance found continues to rise, the drugs we now have will be useless. . . . The only source of income is the once-a-year Christmas Seal Campaign.

You can help protect your family circle of health. Send a generous

contribution to your Christmas Seal Campaign today.



## Wrapped Up

to Please

June Feulner Krambule

HAS wrapping Christmas gifts become a bore of a chore — and an expensive one at that? It needn't be. With little expense, you can add charm, originality, and a wisp of your own personality to your gift wrappings, and your friends and family will love your thoughtfulness.

Here are some suggestions geared to set your imagination in motion and put a relaxer on that strained Yuletide budget:

In gathering materials, rely heavily on the sewing cabinet and knitting basket, where you'll find a gold mine of trimmings.

First, pull out those leftover bits of wool yarn. Tie a package or two with them and top with fluffy round tassels of yarn, either in solid shades or varicolored. You may then personalize your gift by spelling out the name of the receiver. Just wrap a package in white tissue, then write out the name by attaching the yarn with ordinary paper glue.

Perhaps among your tucked-away fabrics, you may find bits of organdy, dotted swiss or crisp nylon pieces. After a quick snip around the edges with pinking shears, you can gather these into fluffy bows to top neatly wrapped parcels, or try wrapping whole packages with fabrics. Keep in mind here the texture and size of print in relationship to the size of the package. Fine textures and small, dainty prints are lovely on small gifts, while heavier materials and larger, bright designs add the bright festive effect to the jumbo packages.

One woman wrapped baby's slippers in soft pink flannel of petite lamb design. Her mother's gift was done in fluffy organdy over white tissue, with purse perfume nestled in the puffy bow.

While you're still in the sewing cabinet, don't overlook bits of colorful rickrack — perfect for children's gifts — or strands of glittering sequins for the more sophisticated on your list. Or you may find bits of felt that can be cut the shape of bells, Christmas trees, wreaths, or other Yuletide symbols, to be glued to packages.

Christmas tree ornaments have been tied to many a bow, but one young mother whose small children helped decorate her tree, found a new use for ornaments — the broken ones. After crushing them into tiny pieces, she drew the outline of a sleigh and three reindeer on a tissue-covered package. She then spread an even layer of glue within this outline and sprinkled the glittering pieces over the package. After allowing the glue to dry for a few minutes, she tipped the excess glitter off onto a news-



CHRISTMAS PACKAGES DECORATED WITH COLORFUL YARN

paper. A variety of motifs can be used, from simple stars to complex animals. Inexpensive glitter can be bought for this purpose.

Another woman devised a way to decorate with a real candle. She packaged her gift and tied it with a fluffy bow of ribbon. In the center of the bow she sewed a medium-sized coat button, dripped some hot wax onto the button and stood the candle upon it.

In your search for materials don't overlook holiday greens. A sprig of holly or mistletoe, bits of evergreen, and pine cones, add a delightfully fresh holiday touch. You may want to arrange small cones and ornaments corsage-fashion on sprigs of green tied with bright bows of ribbon. These make lovely, detachable lapel corsages.

As for children, you can make fluffy yarn animals, or tie on candy canes or reindeer candles. Tiny jingle bells can also be used, making package-shaking a special treat. The bells can later be worn on shoelaces or zipper tabs.

Wallpaper is a natural for gift wrapping, especially for the giant-size packages. Papers with large patterns fit the need here, while daintier prints are suitable for the smaller ones. Here is the perfect chance to relieve the attic of those leftover rolls of paper. It will aid your diminishing Christmastime budget and add variety and interest to the assortment of gifts under your tree.

Wide ribbons and large Christmas tree ornaments are always attractive on large packages done in wallpaper, but there are other accents that go well, too. Try colorful drinking straws, taken in a bunch and tied tightly in the middle to make a festive tassel. Odd lengths of tinsel and other tree drapings can be used in place of ribbon.

No wallpaper in your attic? Then try using odd bits of shelf paper, either for wrapping or trim, or you may find colorful decals from the "five and dime" store for the gay decorations you wish to use.

As for other ways of economically wrapping and decorating your Christmas gifts, the choice is as wide as your imagination. Chances are that by the time you have tried a few of these suggestions, you'll have many new ideas of your own. Like one woman we know, you may even reach for the cake decorator. Before long you'll find limitless trappings in your own home that will take the drudgery out of gift wrapping and give each package that perfect personal touch.

## Because of the Word

CHAPTER 5

Hazel M. Thomson

Synopsis: Ruth Ann Barker, who lives in the early 1830's in the Naumkeg Valley of New England, dislikes farm life and cannot decide to marry Victor Hall, a neighboring farmer. Ruth's widowed father has been killed in an accident and Victor helps her take care of the farm. After a second visit with her cousin Claire Mayhew in Boston, Ruth Ann is still undecided about the proposal of Quinton Palmer. She visits her Aunt Marintha in Palmyra, New York, and hears about Joseph Smith and The Book of Mormon. In the spring Ruth Ann returns to Naumkeg and marries Victor. Quinton sends an expensive set of china as a wedding present. Victor tells Ruth Ann that he is going to join the Church, and they travel to Kirtland, Ohio.

A LTHOUGH the weather remained pleasant through the last of the journey, when Vic finally brought the tired horses to a stop in front of the one store in Kirtland, Ruth had had enough of traveling. They sat for a moment, without speaking, looking around at the sleepy little town on the shore of Lake Erie. It had a mixture of houses made of adobe, log, and lumber. A young man, tall and well-built, hurried out of the door, stepped up on the hub of the front wheel and greeted Vic with a hearty handshake.

"Brother Hall! I am Joseph Smith."

Ruth glanced at Vic and noticed that his face had blanched under its coat of bronze. She noticed in amazement that his hair and eyes were exactly the same as Joseph Smith's in color. There was something about his eyes. Vic was to say later that the Prophet could pierce eternity or penetrate the heavens with his gaze. While Ruth wasn't convinced of this, she knew immediately that that serene, steady glance of his eyes could surely penetrate the human heart.

"And Sister Hall."

He took Ruth's hand and helped her down from the wagon. "We've been expecting you. With your skill as a mason and builder, you are the man we've been needing here in Kirtland, to help with the stone work on the temple."

Inside the little frame home to which the man took them, recently vacated by a family of saints who had moved to Missouri, Ruth turned to Vic as soon as they were alone.

"Vic! How did he know?"

"I can only say, Ruth, that he is indeed a prophet of God."

"What about this temple, Vic?" asked Ruth. "What do they want of a temple? Why don't they just build a little church and let it go at that?"

"It seems to me, Ruth, to be one more proof that the true gospel of Christ has been restored. They had a temple then. If this is the same gospel, it stands to reason that there must be a temple now. At least I found out what I was needed for."

"But, Vic," protested Ruth, "what about a place for us to live? How will you have any time to build our

home if you are working on the temple all the time? We can't stay

on in this small place."

"We can get along for awhile, Ruth, and the temple must be finished. The Prophet told me as he helped me unpack the wagon, that the saints were commanded to build it. I must help on it, now, Ruth. I have a lifetime to build a house for us."

Yes, thought Ruth, and the way things are going, our lifetime will be over before we ever get around to it.

THEY heated water over an open fire in the yard and the two of them scrubbed the little house completely. By evening Ruth lay down on the bed, completely exhausted, but Vic was off to see the temple and find out just what his work was to be. This was only the beginning. Ruth was to find herself almost constantly alone in Vic's everyday absence.

"If I had thought that you would ever let anything come between us, especially a pile of stone, I might

have done differently."

"It hasn't come between us, Ruth

Ann," said Vic quietly.

"I don't know what else you could call it. You're down there early morning and late. I don't know when we will ever get a place of our own."

"But, honey, the temple must be finished. We need every able-

bodied man we can get."

"Able-bodied! Even old Mr. Smathers next door is down there day after day, so crippled up with rheumatism that he can hardly walk. What good he can do is more than I know."

"He can shoot a gun, Ruth," answered Vic, "and he has stood guard many a day while we cut stone."

"Well, I think President Smith or someone should send him home

where he belongs."

"And break an old man's heart? He loves the gospel more than his life. He has one of the strongest testimonies I've ever heard. I wish I could make you understand what the opportunity of working on the temple means to him. It isn't toil to him. It's his greatest blessing."

"Come and eat," said Ruth. "I don't want to get into an argument again. You must be nearly starved, not even taking time to come home

to dinner."

"It does smell good, Ruth. I don't know how I was so lucky to marry such a good cook. You're using the china. It looks like a party. What's the occasion?"

Ruth's pent-up resentment flared. "It's not an occasion! It's just that I don't want us to get too backwoodsey. Some people use dishes like this every meal. They even take time to change and clean up for dinner. . . ."

Ruth stopped, knowing she had said too much. Vic looked down at his clothes. The fine dust from cutting the stones was ground into the materials, as it was also into the pores and lines in his hands.

"I am sorry, Ruth Ann," he said

simply.

Knowing how she had hurt him, still Ruth could not bring herself to make amends. They ate in silence, then Ruth washed the dishes and dried them carefully, placing them high on the top shelf.

She was to see Vic often in this situation during the coming winter,

holding the book in his hands, yet aware that his mind was not on it. Occasionally, he would read aloud from it, and Ruth found herself almost unwillingly listening to it. She was coming to realize that this was far from the Indian legend she had first thought it to be.

THE year of 1834 dawned bright and clear. The entire month of January was crisp and very cold, but the low temperature did not dampen Vic's ardor for his work in cutting or helping to lay up the walls. Ruth found her bitterness constant and increasing, so when at last she was certain there was to be a baby, she could not bring herself to tell Vic.

Not that she felt he would be disappointed, quite the contrary. She could imagine how happy the news would make him, but she found it impossible to brighten his days when he persisted in making them so uncomfortable for himself. So she kept the news to herself as long as she could. When she did mention it, she managed to convey her reluctance to be so far away from the doctors in Boston.

"Honey," said Vic, "I'll talk to Brother Joseph and find the best help that there is to be had in Kirtland."

Though this was little consolation, Ruth said no more.

She began going to the meetings, mainly, at first, in want of anywhere else to wear one of her pretty dresses. Most of the sisters were in homespun and wore the same dresses with monotonous regularity. While Ruth knew that a great deal of cloth had been spun and woven in Kirtland during the winter, she

noticed little of it being used for new dresses. Most of it was given for clothes needed by the workmen on the temple.

She knew she was causing some talk among the ladies, and even Vic seemed a little embarrassed at the lavishness of her dress. With a shawl around her shoulders, she sometimes wore the blue dress and noticed that the women could hardly take their eyes from it.

Ruth was surprised to learn that there were even more saints in Missouri than here in Kirtland.

"That's to be the center stake of Zion," Vic explained to her, "but the people there don't seem to appreciate the saints buying their land and moving in. There have been house burnings, tarring and feathering, and all sorts of outrages."

"Why don't they just move away and get out of the trouble?" asked Ruth.

"When the Lord has commanded," said Vic, "you don't just run away, even though it may mean danger. Brother Joseph fears that things may get worse. He is leaving tomorrow for New York to get volunteers for an expedition to send them supplies."

"Well," answered Ruth, "I hope he gets them and doesn't get any strange ideas about you going off to Missouri to help protect people you have never seen."

"He will be going through Boston, and I have asked him to stop at the farm on the way back and pick up the money Mrs. Walker wrote that she had for us," said Vic.

"Oh, good," said Ruth. "The money will come in right handy, now."

EVEN before Ruth had the money in her possession, she had her plans all made about how to use it. With the saints giving every possible cent toward the construction of the temple or the relief of the saints in Missouri, money in Kirtland was extremely scarce. Ruth had had her eye on a frame house near enough to give a good view of the lake. Somehow she had in mind that it would remind her of Boston, if she could just live in it. She well knew what Vic would do with his money, but hers should be ample to handle the transaction.

Ruth did not make many friends in Kirtland among the women. She felt her role as an outsider more strongly among a group of them all intent on some problem of their close-knit society, but a strong attachment grew between herself and Mary Bailey, a young convert living in the Smith household and engaged to the Prophet's younger brother, Samuel.

One afternoon, late in March, the two were busily engaged in finishing some cloth for the girl's hope chest.

"Look at it, Ruth," cried Mary in dismay. "Is this any material for a wedding dress?"

"It isn't exactly what a girl dreams of," agreed Ruth. She thought of the blue that she had worn at her own wedding. Suddenly she had an idea.

"Mary, will you trade this material to me?"

"To you? You never wear homespun. Why do you want it?"

"I must admit that it is getting so I can scarcely get into my dresses. Trade this to me and I will give

you my blue one that you like so well."

"Your blue dress? Ruth, you can't mean it!"

"But I do. Here, help me fit it and get it cut out. We can get started on it right now. But first you must try on the blue. I'm only a little taller, otherwise it should be a perfect fit."

Ruth found her enthusiasm rising in the prospect of making the dress. She put it on the day it was finished, and the look in Vic's eyes was recompense for the loss of the blue. Then, behind him on the little porch, Ruth noticed the young Prophet.

She could not deny that she enjoyed a visit from this man Vic loved so fervently. She greeted Joseph cordially, offering him a chair. Again she looked at Vic, wondering why he had come home so early. He stood close to her, his hand on her shoulder, and she knew that she had never pleased him so well, even in her finest clothes.

The Prophet's words caught her ear. "Mob action is at a new high. Why last week alone, many houses belonging to the saints in Jackson County, were burned. Many people are destitute."

Vic's grip tightened on Ruth's shoulder. "What do you wish me to do, Brother Joseph? What about the temple? You know I will go where you ask."

Go? thought Ruth. Vic go right now when the baby is so near! He couldn't possibly mean it. Again she heard the Prophet's voice.

"The work will go forward on the temple. You have trained oth-

ers well, and there is a sizable stockpile of stone at present. We need men in Zion's Camp who have your faith, Brother Victor."

"How long will we be gone?"

asked Vic.

"Two months, perhaps three. Some of the men took the first four supply wagons and left this morning. We will join them in a few days."

"Two months - three at the most," echoed Vic. "That means we will be back wen tember. You see, the baby. . . ."

" said Joseph. "I we will be back well before Sep-

"Of course," said Joseph. understand what it means to be away from your wife right now. The Lord will bless you, Brother Victor, and you, too, Sister Hall."

"September. . . ." began Ruth, and the word caught in her throat. She knew the baby would be born before September. Why hadn't she told Vic the truth when he had assumed it would be in the autumn?

Three days later she stood with the group of women in the road and waved goodbye to Vic and the last of the twenty supply wagons. Heartbroken and angry that he had left her at this time. Ruth turned again to the little house.

(To be concluded)

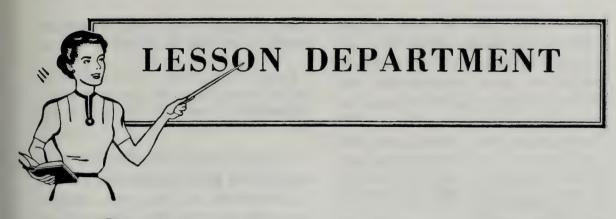
#### THE RELIEF SOCIETY ANNUAL GENERAL CONFERENCE (Continued from page 821)

afternoon session in the Tabernacle, urging the support of members of Relief Society to the General Church Welfare Program. visiting teaching program featured a demonstration of a visiting teacher department at a stake leadership meeting.

During the afternoon, separate departmental sessions were held for presidencies, secretary - treasurers, work meeting leaders, choristers and organists, and Magazine representatives. In the Magazine section, Elder Sterling W. Sill, Assistant to the Council of Twelve, gave inspired counsel. The afternoon sessions also included special helps on teaching the lessons of the theology, literature, and social science courses of study.

As another great conference of the leaders of Relief Society concluded, there seemed to be renewed determination in the hearts of those in attendance to return to their homes in all parts of the Church, and to carry forward the program of Relief Society so as to enter upon the threshold of the greater opportunities envisioned in the conference.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. . . . And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. . . . For unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord (Luke 2:8-11).



## Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 38 - "Endure Unto the End"

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 53)

For Tuesday, March 6, 1962

Objective: To understand that constancy in living the commandments leads to eternal life.

THROUGHOUT all scripture, the divine message has been—seek the Lord early and remain true to the covenants made with him. If faithful in doing this, there is no blessing which will be withheld.

Algernon Sidney Gilbert

The revelation for study in this lesson was addressed to Algernon Sidney Gilbert, who was in the Church for only four years. He became a member in the year 1830 and died in June 1834. Before he joined the Church he was a merchant in Painesville, Ohio, but later in Kirtland, he was the business partner of Newel K. Whitney. It was into their store that the Prophet Joseph Smith entered and introduced himself to Brother Whitney. (See Lesson 25, The Relief Society Magazine, July 1960, page 470.)

A few months after the arrival of the Prophet and his party in Ohio, Brother Gilbert requested that the Prophet inquire of the Lord concerning his place in the kingdom. Section 53 was received in reply to this request. After this revelation was received, in which Brother Gilbert was commanded to accompany the Prophet and others to Missouri, these brethren left Kirtland on June 19, 1831, for the west. By this same revelation Brother Gilbert was appointed keeper of the Lord's storehouse. Later, this call was to receive "moneys, to be an agent unto the church, to buy land in all the regions round about . . . in righteousness, and . . . wisdom" (D & C 57:6). In addition, he was to establish a store, the profits of which were to be used for the building up of Zion (*Ibid.*, verse 8).

In July 1833, a mob of about five hundred threatened the saints of Independence, Missouri, with whippings, the same cruel treatment which they had administered to a number of the brethren not long before this. Six of the leading brethren, including Algernon S. Gilbert and William W. Phelps, offered themselves as a ransom for the Church, even to allow themselves to be whipped to death, if necessary. These six brethren agreed that they would arrange for the saints to leave Jackson County as soon as possible. In this transaction, Brother Gilbert and John Corrill were to remain longer than the rest of the saints to finish the business of the Church in that area.

Elder B. H. Roberts gives this evaluation of Brother Gilbert: "... the Lord has had few more devoted servants in this dispensation" (D.H.C. II:118).

Section 53

The Prophet's inquiry of the Lord in behalf of Algernon S. Gilbert brought forth a revelation consisting of only seven verses. A significant truth to be received from that first verse is that the Lord hears and answers prayer; for he had heard and answered Brother Gilbert's prayer. In the growing kingdom of God, many had requested that their place in the Church might be known through revelation. revelations given for the members in the early period of the Church have revealed many great truths that have given encouragement, hope, and inspiration to those who live in the decades following the Prophet's period. Elder Gilbert was assured in this revelation that the Church which he had joined was raised up by the Lord in these last days.

In order that he and all who should become acquainted with this revelation might know that the purpose of Jesus' crucifixion or atonement is to offer the only means of escape from sin, the Lord revealed:

Behold, I, the Lord, who was crucified for the sins of the world, give unto you a commandment that you shall forsake the world (D & C 53:2).

If Jesus gave his life that we, who receive this gift of remission of sins by acceptance of the gospel, might enjoy blessings in this life and an eternal reward of exaltation, there must be continued effort to forsake the world of sin. President David O. McKay said in a General Conference:

Now, what do we mean by the world? It is sometimes used as an indefinite term. I take it that the world refers to the inhabitants who are alienated from the Saints of God. They are aliens to the Church, and it is the spirit of this alienation that we should keep ourselves free from . . . (Gospel Ideals, page 153).

A recognition that all of us are imperfect to some degree should stimulate us to search for ways and means to overcome those imperfections, which hinder us from reaching the goal of perfection admonished by the Savior. (See Mt. 5:48.)

Three verses point out Elder Gilbert's calling in the Church (D & C 53:3-5). The success he had in this calling has already been pointed out in the forepart of this lesson.

Important to Elder Gilbert would be the counsel given in verse six wherein he is told that his present assignment should be accepted in faith. Through his faithfulness "in the vineyard," other responsibilities would be placed upon him. The person of faith is desirous of building up Zion as much as possible.

The closing verse of Section 53

LESSON DEPARTMENT 843

counsels Elder Gilbert that the rich rewards of heaven come to him who remains faithful to the end.

And again, I would that ye should learn that he only is saved who endureth unto the end. Even so. Amen (*Ibid.*, verse 7).

This same counsel has been given in other dispensations of the gospel. The Savior taught his disciples during his ministry that their labors would bring persecution upon them, but "he that endureth to the end shall be saved" (Mt. 10:22).

As the resurrected Redeemer, Jesus expressed this fact to the Nephites:

Behold, I am the law, and the light. Look unto me, and endure to the end, and ye shall live; for unto him that endureth to the end will I give eternal life (3 Nephi 15:9).

Meaning of "Endure to the End"

A dictionary definition of "endure" is "to continue in the same state without perishing; last; to remain firm, as under trial; to suffer or bear up patiently; to endure hardship; to withstand or bear, as pain, sorrow, or destructive force, without yielding."

What might the Latter-day Saint be required to endure? The member of the Church is susceptible to the ills which afflict mankind in general. With these ills, mental and physical, one must bear patiently. However, it is a fact that blessings of health, happiness, and even prosperity result from one's faithfulness to the gospel. We may not always recognize our faults which bring physical and mental suffering because of ignorance or unwillingness to correct our lives. The violation of

health laws will bring its penalties. The Lord told Joseph Smith to: "Be patient in afflictions, for thou shalt have many; but endure them, for, lo, I am with thee, even unto the end of thy days" (D & C 24:8).

Elder George Q. Cannon said:

... So it is with all of us. We have great afflictions from time to time. It seems to be necessary that we should be tried and proved to see whether we are full of integrity or not. In this way we get to know ourselves and our own weaknesses; and the Lord knows us, and our brethren and sisters know us.

Therefore, it is a precious gift to have the gift of patience, to be good-tempered, to be cheerful, to not be depressed, to not give way to wrong feelings and become impatient and irritable. It is a blessed gift for all to possess (Gospel Truths, page 198).

The Latter-day Saints must also bear persecution patiently, whether physical or mental. The tauntings or ridicule of those who consider a Latter-day Saint as too religious or "fanatical" may be examples of the latter. That the disciples of the Master would receive such persecutions was said by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. (See Mt. 5:10-12.)

In this life one must also endure or stand up against temptation in its numerous forms.

Sometimes we may become so general in our remarks on what we should do, that some of the help that can be extended to those who want to know what to do is not always given. The Latter-day Saint wants to know the answer to the question, "What must I do to be exalted?" He already knows that acceptance of the first principles and ordinances of the gospel is the beginning of the new life, but how

may he keep on that road which leads to exaltation? If we say, "Keep the commandments," it has all been said, but there is the need to know the commandments. Furthermore, it is also necessary to know that there are some guideposts, which, when pointed out, draw attention to certain pitfalls that may ensnare even those who are trying to follow the Savior's teachings. It is not intended that the following suggestions in this lesson on guideposts are a complete list, but they are intended to be helpful.

Seek the Spirit

The counsel to seek for the influence of the Holy Ghost is always paramount as one desires to maintain faith unto the end. It is by that Spirit that one is able to discern truth from untruth. By that guidance there comes understanding of the way one should live. The principle of receiving more bounteously of the Spirit is set forth in this scripture:

Draw near unto me and I will draw near unto you; seek me diligently and ye shall find me; ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you (D & C 88:63).

Keep on the Right Side of the Line Another President of the Church has given solid counsel on a theme upon which he spoke often. President George Albert Smith at a General Conference related some counsel given him by his grandfather, Elder George A. Smith, as follows:

He said: "There is a line of demarcation well defined between the Lord's territory and the devil's territory. If you will remain on the Lord's side of the line, the adversary cannot come there to tempt you. You are perfectly safe as long as you stay on the Lord's side of the line. But," he said, "if you cross onto the devil's side of the line, you are in his territory, and you are in his power, and he will work on you and get you just as far from that line as he possibly can, knowing that he can only succeed in destroying you by keeping you away from the place where there is safety" (Conference Report, 116th Semi-Annual Conference, October 1945, page 118).

President George Albert Smith then gave the following examples to illustrate when the member of the Church is "on the Lord's side of the line": (1) by observing the Sabbath day; (2) in the observance of secret and family prayers; (3) by expressing gratitude to God for food; (4) by loving one's neighbors; (5) by being honest in all dealings with men; and (6) in keeping the Word of Wisdom. President Smith continued:

. . . And so I might go on through the Ten Commandments and the other commandments that God has given for our guidance and say again, all that enriches our lives and makes us happy and prepares us for eternal joy is on the Lord's side of the line. Finding fault with the things that God has given to us for our guidance is not on the Lord's side of the line . . . (Ibid., page 118).

As always, those who find fault receive less and less of the Spirit which promotes happiness and joy. Upon this subject the counsel of the living prophets is certain. All have proclaimed the necessity for upholding those whom God has appointed as his servants. President Joseph F. Smith indicated the seriousness of not sustaining the Lord's anointed, in this way:

. . . And I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of Latter-day Saints honoring and sustaining in truth and in deed

LESSON DEPARTMENT 845

the authority of the Holy Priesthood which is called to preside. The moment a spirit enters the heart of a member to refrain from sustaining the constituted authorities of the Church, that moment he becomes possessed of a spirit which inclines to rebellion or dissension; and if he permits that spirit to take a firm root in his mind, it will eventually lead him into darkness and apostasy . . . (Gospel Doctrine, 10th Edition, page 224).

But what if the Latter-day Saint does not understand the reason for certain measures or counsel? President George Q. Cannon had this to say regarding this question:

A faithful Latter-day Saint may not be able to understand all the movements of the Church nor all the motives of the authorities of the Church in giving counsel or in taking action upon different questions; but will a man of this character censure them, assail them or condemn them? Certainly not. He will be likely to say: "I do not understand the reasons for this action; I do not see clearly what the presiding authorities have in view in doing this, but I will wait and learn more. This I do know, that this is the work of God and that these men are His servants and that they will not be permitted by Him to lead the Church astray or to commit any wrong of so serious a character as to endanger its progress or perpetuity" ... (Gospel Truth, page 234).

Religious Hobbies Are Unwise

Among some members of the Church there is a tendency to emphasize one principle or practice above another. Such a person may assume an attitude of superiority and thus become conceited and full of pride. "Saints with hobbies," said President Joseph F. Smith, "are prone to judge and condemn their brethren and sisters who are not so zealous in the one particular direction of their pet theory as they are. The man with the Word of Wisdom only in his brain, is apt to find

unmeasured fault with every other member of the Church who entertains liberal ideas as to the importance of other doctrines of the gospel." He also said:

. . . Hobbies are dangerous in the Church of Christ. They are dangerous because they give undue prominence to certain principles or ideas to the detriment and dwarfing of others just as important, just as binding, just as saving as the favored doctrines or commandments.

Hobbies give to those who encourage them a false aspect of the gospel of the Redeemer; they distort and place out of harmony its principles and teachings. The point of view is unnatural. Every principle and practice revealed from God is essential to man's salvation, and to place any one of them unduly in front, hiding and dimming all others is unwise and dangerous; it jeopardizes our salvation, for it darkens our minds and beclouds our understandings . . . (Gospel Doctrine, 10th Edition, pp. 116-117).

#### Strive for Perfection

Endurance to the end involves effort. That person who has before him the vision of what he may become through faithfulness, has a far better chance to endure to the end than the person who is not so minded. Constant vigilance in correcting habits or thoughts which militate against the attainment of the goal of perfection, is the road to success. The Savior instructed the Nephites in the goal to which we should all strive: "Therefore I would that ye should be perfect even as I, or your Father who is in heaven is perfect" (3 Nephi 12:48). (Also see Mt. 5:48.)

These words were not said to discourage his followers in that they would consider the goal unattainable, but rather to stimulate them to make preparations, then, in striv-

ing for that final perfection. It is true that we will not receive perfection in this life. We can, however, work always to that end. Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve in a General Conference expressed this belief:

I believe that in many ways, here and now in mortality, we can begin to perfect ourselves. A certain degree of perfection is attainable in this life. I believe that we can be one hundred percent perfect, for instance, in abstaining from the use of tea and coffee. We can be one hundred percent perfect in abstaining from liquor and tobacco. We can be one hundred percent perfect in paying a full and honest tithing. We can be one hundred percent perfect in abstaining from eating two meals on fast day and giving to the bishop as fast offering the value of those two meals from which we abstain.

We can be one hundred percent perfect in keeping the commandment which says that we shall not profane the name of God. We can be perfect in keeping the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." (Ex. 20:14.) We can be perfect in keeping the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not steal." (Ibid., 15.) We can become perfect in keeping various others of the commandments that the Lord has given us (Conference Report, April 1950, page 153).

President Joseph Fielding Smith said:

If we have a failing, if we have a weakness, there is where we should concentrate, with a desire to overcome, until we master and conquer. If a man feels that it is hard for him to pay his tithing, then that is the thing he should do, until he learns to pay his tithing. If it is the Word of Wisdom, that is what he should do, until he learns to love that commandment (Conference Report, October 1941, page 95).

#### Reminders

As a reminder of ways in which one may keep on the road to per-

fection or to endure to the end, these suggestions are given: (1) become settled in the truth by seeking for the Spirit; (2) hold fast to the word and will of the Lord as found in the four Standard Works of the Church; (3) keep the commandments contained in the gospel of Jesus Christ by remaining on the Lord's side of the line; (4) sustain the Authorities of the Church by having faith in their counsel and direction or by being responsive to instruction received; (5) do not feel that one commandment or program of the Church is to be accepted in practice above others equally as important; (6) work for perfection by correcting the habits or practices which stand as barriers to the realization of the goal mentioned by the Savior. Do not believe that in mortality one cannot be perfect in many ways which the Lord has commanded his children to follow.

For How Long?

Wise counsel by President Brigham Young on the subject matter of this lesson was given toward the end of his life, as follows:

There are a great many texts which might be used, very comprehensive and full of meaning, but I know of none, either in the Old or New Testament, more so than that saying, said to have been made by the Savior, and I have no doubt it was, "If ye love me, keep my commandments. . . ."

How long? For a day? Keep the commandments of the Lord for a week? Observe and do his will for a month or a year? There is no promise to any individual, that I have any knowledge of, that he shall receive the reward of the just, unless he is faithful to the end . . . (Journal of Discourses 13:310-311).

#### **Questions for Discussion**

- 1. What do you know about Algernon Sidney Gilbert for whom the Lord gave the revelation studied in this lesson?
- 2. Name some ways one can keep on "the Lord's side of the line."
- 3. Why is it necessary to sustain the Authorities of the Church?
- 4. What is a religious hobby? Why is it dangerous to have religious hobbies?
- 5. Discuss: It is possible to become perfect in many ways in this life.

## Visiting Jeacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 38 — "According to Men's Faith It Shall Be Done Unto Them" (D & C 52:20).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, March 6, 1962

Objective: To show the remarkable power and blessings of faith.

THROUGHOUT the scriptures, ancient and modern, no truth is emphasized more repeatedly and clearly than the promise that the Lord will bestow blessings upon us according to our faith. Since the days of Adam, God's children have been admonished to "walk by faith." In the solution of all their problems, they have been urged to take advantage of this limitless reservoir of power. So great is the power of this principle that the Lord has said, ". . . If we have faith as a grain of mustard seed . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you" (Mt. 17:20).

The scriptures are replete with outstanding examples of remarkable faith. The stories of Abraham and Lehi both echo this absolute conviction. "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place . . . went out, not knowing whither . . ." (Hebrews 11:8). Lehi, obedient unto the word of the Lord, took his family and departed into the wilderness, leaving the land of

his inheritance, his home, his gold and silver and precious things.

In the Old Testament, examples are told of how, through the power of faith, Moses led the children of Israel through the parted waters of the Red Sea, how David vanquished Goliath, and how the Lord shut the mouths of the lions and saved his prophet Daniel.

The New Testament has many accounts of the great miracles the Savior and his disciples wrought through the application of faith. Through faith the sick were healed, the blind were given sight, and the dead brought back to life.

Among the many examples of the power of faith in The Book of Mormon, two particularly stand out. One is the story of Helaman and his two thousand sons. These young men fought a great and victorious battle against the Lamanites and not one soul perished because of the exceeding great faith in that which their mothers had taught

them. (See Alma 57:26.) Another example is the story of the Brother of Jared, whose faith was so exceedingly great that the veil was taken from his eyes and he saw the finger of the Lord, and the Lord himself. (See Ether 3:6-16.)

In modern times the wonderful power of this great principle was magnificently exemplified in the simple prayer offered with unwavering faith by Joseph Smith, when he asked the Lord for wisdom and beheld the Father and the Son in a

glorious vision.

This same source of power which wrought great miracles both in ancient and in modern times is still abundantly available to us today. The Lord still tells us that, "According to men's faith it shall be done unto them." All of us can have great blessings if we will but believe with our whole hearts and souls and allow faith to operate in our lives.

Faith as a motivating spiritual power must be God-centered rather than self-centered. This type of faith causes us to seek to do the will of the Lord rather than to concentrate on what he can do for us. Instead of thinking of faith as a formula merely to get the Lord to do our bidding, we must try to find out what the Lord wants us to do and seek to pattern our lives accord-

ing to his plan.

On one occasion, the Savior told his disciples that they should have faith as a little child. (See Mt. 18:1-4.) We can all learn much from the simple faith of little children. Recently a little three-yearold girl lay apparently dying of a seemingly incurable disease. Looking up trustingly into the eyes of her grandmother, she said, "Tell me the story of Jesus again, how he loved little children. Jesus is going to make me well." And because of her simple and complete faith and the faith of those who loved her most, she is today growing in health and strength.

If we feel that our faith is not as strong as we would like it to be, let us strengthen it by exercising it every day. Let us have faith in the ability of our children. Let us have faith in the goodness and kindness of our neighbors. Above all, let us have complete faith in our Father in heaven and in his desire to lead

and guide us.

A Heart of Love
Pauline M. Bell

A heart of love is like an eternal spring. There is always something to give.

## Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

#### HOW DO YOU DO?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

#### Discussion 6 - The True Spirit of Hospitality

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, March 13, 1962

Objective: To point out that the development of the art of being a good hostess and an ideal guest is a woman's responsibility and that the pleasures derived therefrom are her special privilege.

To have people in one's home, however humble it may be, to make them welcome without apology, to provide for their comfort and pleasure, is a woman's special privilege and one she should not neglect. It is under these circumstances that the art of living, rather than the mere essentials of it, are

brought into focus.

While the details may differ between a formal dinner and patio picnic held in a home - with or help - the without employed warmth and graciousness of both occasions should not vary. Ideally, the situation can be summed up this way; it is a delight to have guests in the home. For their pleasure we have used our best efforts to make the arrangements attractive, the food delicious, and the company compatible and stimulating. These, of course, are obvious requirements of a hostess showing unselfishness and lack of pretense. Anything done to impress or strengthen one's own social posithrough entertaining tion almost always be detected, and it detracts from the atmosphere of the party.

Reinforcing the true spirit of

hospitality should be the thorough knowledge of the accepted code of behavior. Knowing the social rules and using them make hospitality easier, and self-discipline, which is necessary to make any party run more smoothly, becomes automatic.

The Hospitable Hostess

The hostess should try to arrange her affairs so that she can greet the guests at the door and make any necessary introductions. If her husband is helping with the entertainment, he can do these honors; otherwise, she should be on the scene until all the guests arrive.

A good hostess anticipates the needs of her guests - their comfort, preferences in food, and entertainment, because the code of behavior of guests (for very good reasons) limits markedly for what they may ask. However, an overzealous hostess can be as trying as a thoughtless one. She should use great care not to be "encumbered with much serving." She should not be guilty of saying, "Make yourselves at home." This is something no selfrespecting guest would ever do, really. Rather, the calm manner of the hostess and obvious pleasure in

their company, her thoughtful attentiveness, will make the guests feel at ease.

It is embarrassing when a hostess apologizes, belittles, or in any way calls attention to her own party

preparations or setting.

One uncounted bonus in entertaining in the home, is the precious example set for the children. They can learn valuable lessons in refinement and social know-how by watching mother prepare the food, the table setting, and sparkling up the home.

Entertainment in the home sets the pattern and mood for similar affairs held elsewhere. In the case of Church socials, where guests are not invited but expected, the same feeling of delight in preparing pleasure for others should be the directing spirit behind all details. The hostesses should be as careful and considerate of the guests as they would be in their own homes. They should see that the guests mingle well and get acquainted; that no one is left to sit alone; that unpleasant topics and embarrassing circumstances are avoided; that mishaps made by guests are glossed over as unimportant.

#### The Late Guest

When a hostess invites guests to a meal (breakfast, luncheon, or dinner), she specifies the time at which the meal will be served. This means that the food will be prepared and ready to serve at that given hour. Every hostess takes pride in serving choice foods at their best. Therefore, delaying the serving of the food when it is ready is not fair to the hostess or the other guests. If, at the appointed mealtime, a guest has not arrived, it is proper for the hostess to wait fifteen to twenty minutes. If at the end of that period of grace, the guest has still not arrived, it is in keeping with good propriety to serve the meal to the guests who are present. When the late guest arrives, she quietly apologizes to the hostess and takes her place at the table, partaking of the course then being served.

When a guest finds it impossible to be on time for such an appointment, she should apprise the hostess at the earliest moment. It is most inconsiderate to be tardy for

an appointment for a meal.

#### The Ideal Guest

The ideal guest is often invited again. She is a joy to have at a party. She reflects back the underlying philosophy of the hostess: "I'm delighted you invited me; I appreciate your efforts to please me and feed me well; I like the other people you have invited." This she may not say in so many words, but her actions should convey this attitude. She will co-operate with the hostess by not taking unfair advantage of any situation; wandering unbidden to the kitchen, asking for special treatment, or offering things to other guests, except at the suggestion of the hostess. She will be charming to other guests, careful of the feelings of all present, skillful in conversational exchanges, and reluctant to gossip or discuss questionable topics. She will be prompt in arriving and not wear out her welcome by staying longer than she should. When the time comes to leave, after expressing her "thank you and goodbye" to the hostess, she will move on out the door quickLESSON DEPARTMENT 851

ly, not prolonging conversation while chill winds blow in and the hosts become weary. Above all, a guest should not repeat anything learned about her hostess while she was present in her home. This is like betraying a confidence. She will make apologies and amends quietly but sincerely if a mishap occurs, and, as a thoughtful expres-

sion, she may call the next day and thank the hostess again for a memorable time.

#### Questions for Discussion

1. If a guest should accidentally break a dish or a treasure, how should the self-disciplined hostess react?

2. As a guest, what obligation do you have toward the hostess, as your contribu-

tion to the success of the party?

## Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 30 - James Russell Lowell (1819-1891)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: America's Literature, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes Dryden Press, New York, pp. 495-506)

For Tuesday, March 20, 1962

Objective: To acknowledge Lowell as a representative symbol of mid-century American values and culture.

**DURING** the fifty years of his maturity, Lowell scattered his genius over more positions and activities, excelled in more types of literary excellence, and believed at one time or another in more various and even opposing philosophies and values than did any of his contemporaries. A young man of great promise, he made significant contributions to abolition and reforming liberalism, literary criticism, education, journalism, national and international politics, and diplomacy; he attained dominating stature as a public spokesman for the traditionally conservative values of the aristocratic class of New England; he wrote excellent religious and satirical poetry, definitive literary essays, and some of the most personable letters in America's literature. In none of these did he

achieve true greatness, yet for his own age the integrating power of his vibrant personality and moral character were regarded as at least approaching greatness. For us, today, the man emerges more powerfully than the mere sum of his accomplishments, and for those who would know at firsthand the hopes and conflicts of young America during those periods of great transition in which he lived, he is indispensable.

Crusading Idealist

His entire life centered itself in Elmwood, the family mansion in Cambridge, home of Harvard University and suburb of Boston. Born in 1819 into one of the great dynasty families, he early displayed his lifelong love of vigorous playfulness by boasting that during his Harvard

days he read almost all available books save those recommended by the faculty, and during his senior year, when he was overwhelmingly elected class poet, he cut so many classes and neglected his studies so grossly that for several weeks preceding graduation he was "rusticated" or confined to Concord. His graduation poem satirized contemporary reform movements which, however, he soon was to embrace with youthful dedication.

Lowell graduated in law because he didn't know what else to do, but, instead of practicing his profession, he wrote poems and read widely, obviously feeling a need to free himself from the strict patterns of his world. In 1843, soon after his first book of poems was published, he established a new literary magazine based on the policy that

... any literature, as far as it is national, is diseased, inasmuch as it appeals to some climatic peculiarity, rather than to universal nature. Moreover, everything that tends to encourage the sentiment of caste, to widen the boundary between races, and put further off the hope of one great brotherhood, should be steadfastly resisted by all good men.

Self-defined comrade to Columbus, young metheus and James believed in total democracy and brotherhood which he hoped to achieve through poetry, such as "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "The Present Crisis." His marriage to Maria White, transcendentalist and fiery abolitionist, brought Lowell nearer to the intensity of William Lloyd Garrison, who said, "I have need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice about me to melt," as echoed in Lowell's "Stanzas on Freedom":

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

The young couple agreed that Europe and the past were tyrannical, while in America's future lay the only Utopia and the world's true hope. An inheritance of \$20,000 from his wife's father enabled them to return to Elmwood, where, in 1848, Lowell wrote three of his most popular works: A Fable for Critics, which is still most valuable for its insight into the ruling literary personages of the day; Biglow Papers, First Series which, in sharp, vernacular phrases vented his indignation toward the Mexican War - to him merely an attempt by the South to gain more votes through expansion; and "The Vision of Sir Launfal," in which all classes ideally become one as Christian love and charity blend their lives together. Thus, in his twenty-ninth year Lowell achieved in his various products of genius a triple power which he never again reached.

#### Ardent Nationalist

Though he and his talented poetess wife were happy in "the cause," Lowell's editing, not his poetry, supported them, and soon he softened many of his extremist views and took his wife and child (plus a nannygoat) to Europe to drink firsthand from the culture he had so recently scorned. The death of his wife made him almost inconsolable for a time, particularly since they had previously lost two of their three children. He returned to Cambridge

LESSON DEPARTMENT 853

and devoted himself to literary study and lecturing which he performed so brilliantly that, in 1855, he was chosen over six rivals to succeed Longfellow in the chair of modern languages at Harvard. In 1857, he was chosen first editor of the newly founded Atlantic Monthly, which he succeeded in molding into the accepted spokesman for the Boston "Hub-of-the-Universe" group.

Active in founding the liberalizing Republican party, he claimed to be one of the first who recognized Lincoln's greatness. Both before and during the Civil War Lowell exerted his considerable influence as editor of the North American Review to defend the issue of union, not slavery, as the center of the "irrepressible conflict," though he was always proud of his earlier abolishionist activities. And though the war took his three beloved nephews, it did not prevent him from advocating a policy of love and forgiveness towards the South during the Reconstruction period, though his appeal was useless and ignored.

Earnestly he had hoped that the war would cleanse and renew the Nation, but a Nation rededicated to

those

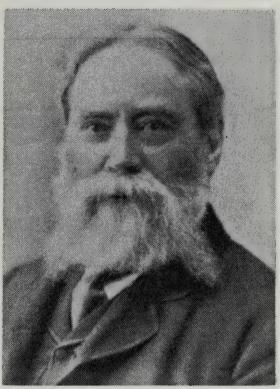
Three roots [which] bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will —

These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third, —

Obedience, — 'tis the great tap-root that still,

Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred, Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.

This new reliance on traditional self-discipline as stated in "The Washers of the Shroud," thus becomes a star of hope if the Nation's manhood will



A Perry Picture

#### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

. . . walk unblenching through the trialfires. . . .

Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win

Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines; Peace, too, brings tears; and mid the battle-din,

The wiser ear some text of God divine; For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.

The Biglow Papers, Second Series (including "The Courtin") and his great eulogy to Lincoln in the "Harvard Commemoration Ode" best represent this period.

#### Gentleman Aristocrat

What Lowell had feared occurred: the sheathed blade after the war rusted with darker sin, indeed. As he watched the former humanitarians of the North subdue the defeated South, to the benefit of their own gain, he was shaken; then to witness the corruption and bribery in business circles and public office being subject to organized "Rings" stirred him, in 1874, to condemn the

. . . public scandal, private fraud, Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob Office made vile to bribe unworthiness, And all the unwholesome mess. . . . —"Aggasiz"

Lowell likewise became increasingly disillusioned with emerging scientific dogmatism which, to him, seemed to be substituting fact and literalism for the time-honored approach to the physical world as beauty and awe. Believing that "there is something in the flesh that is superior to the flesh, something that can in finer moments abolish matter and pain," he wrote his beliefs into a long, stately poem, "The Cathedral," affirming his trust in a science which led him to see a divine

... Purpose, gleaming through The secular confusions of the world. . . .

Seeing his Utopian ideals crushed, he wrote his friend William Dean Howells,

I feel every day more sensibly that I belong to a former age. A new generation has grown up that knows not Joseph, and I have nothing left to do but to rake together what embers are left of my fire and get what warmth out of them I may.

Still believing in Democracy as "that form of society in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it," finally his great hope, similar to Jefferson's, was in an aristocracy of talent and achievement whenever and wherever it might be found in the youth, regardless of birth or social station.

What we need more than anything else is to increase the number of our highly trained minds; for these, wherever they go, are sure to carry with them the seeds of sounder thinking and of higher ideals.

In 1877, Lowell was appointed minister to Spain as a reward for his political efforts. So successful was he that, in 1880, he was made minister to Great Britain. Of him Oueen Victoria wrote that during her reign "no one had created so much interest or won so much regard." After having "the pick and run of the best society in the kingdom" for five years, he returned for the last time to his beloved Elmwood, there to find solace for his second wife's death, which left him an honored but broken man until his own passing in 1801.

The Personal Lowell

Throughout his life the magnetism and urbane power which people felt in Lowell's presence were not easily forgotten. Moses Coit Tyler, the eminent literary historian, met him for the first time in 1882 at the American Legation in London's Victoria Street:

My first impression was of the gracefulness and graciousness of the man; his elegance in dress and form; his manly beauty. As he told me, he was sixty-three years old; his dark auburn hair still abundant and rich, just touched with silver and parted in the middle. His eyes bright, his whole face mobile, aristocratic, refined. He is the perfect courtier and man of the world, dashed by scholarship, wit, genius, consciousness of reputation and success. His voice was very pleasant and sweet; his tones indescribably pleasant. His fluency in words perfect, his diction neat, pointed, with merry implications and fine turns. . . . His manners have the ease, pose, facility and polish of one who has got used to courts and palaces. I must say I never saw a more perfect gentleman.

LESSON DEPARTMENT 855

One of Lowell's greatest legacies to us is the sheer pleasure he found in words, regardless as to whether he was lecturing wherever his fancy led him, to the delight of his Harvard boys; roaming about in his great library where he filled his destiny as "one of the last great readers"; assuming a role and maintaining it perfectly during an entire social evening; or writing spontaneously to those he loved. Consider the following excerpts from his letters as being nothing less than delight:

Elmwood, May 12, 1848
... Here I am in my garret. I slept here when I was a little curly-headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling, and dream the so often recurring dream of having the earth put into my hand like an orange. In it I used to be shut up without a lamp—my mother saying that none of her children should be afraid of the dark — to hide my head under the pillows, and then not to be able to shut out the shapeless monsters that thronged around me, minted in my brain.

Elmwood, January 11, 1853

My Dear Sarah,

You know that I promised solemnly to write you a letter from Switzerland, and therefore, of course, I didn't do it. These epistolary promises to pay always do (or at least always ought to) come back protested. A letter ought always to be the genuine and natural flower of one's disposition-proper both to the writer and the season - and none of your turnip japonicas cut laboriously out of a cheap and flabby material. . . . I do not like shuttle-cock correspondences. What is the use of our loving people if you can't let us owe them a letter? If they can't be sure we keep on loving them if we don't keep sending an acknowledgment under our hands and seals once a month? As if there were a statute of limitations for affection. The moment Love begins to think of Duty, he may as well go hang himself with his own bow-string. All this means that if I should never write you

another letter (which is extremely likely), and we should never meet again till I drop in upon you some day on another planet, I shall give myself an anxious look in the mirror (while I am waiting for you to come down), and shall hear the flutter of your descending wings with the same admiring expectation as I should now listen for your foot upon the stairs. . . .

Cambridge, September 16, 1856 To. C. E. Norton:

. . . It seems to me as if I had never seen nature again since those old days when the balancing of a yellow butterfly over a thistlebroom was spiritual food and lodging for a whole forenoon. This morning I have had it all over again. There were the same cloud-shadows I used to race with — the same purple on the western hills - and, as I walked along, the great grandchildren of the same metallic devil's-darning needles slid sideways from the path and were back again as soon as I had passed. Nature has not budged an inch in all these years . . . one feels as if he were a poet, and one's own Odyssev sings itself in one's blood as he walks. . . . It is something to be able to say "I have been happy for two hours." I wanted to tell you, too, what glorious fall weather we are having, clear and champagney, the northwest wind crisping Fresh Pond to steel-blue, and curling the wet lily-pads over till they bloom in a sudden flash of golden sunshine. How I do love the earth! I feel it thrill under my feet. I feel somehow as if it were conscious of my love, as if something passed into my dancing blood from it. . . .

#### The Rustic Lowell

Although throughout his life Lowell read constantly in many languages to keep his literary sensitivities keenly alive, some of his own best-loved writings were written informally in the rugged, colorful New England dialect. His Biglow Papers, attributed to "Birdofredum Sawin," satirized sharply both the Mexican and Civil Wars and were immensely popular. Perhaps best known today is "The Courtin'"

which he dashed off at the printer's request to fill up a page. Its folksy charm is both strong and immediate:

God makes sech nights, all white an' still Fur'z you can look or listen, Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,

All silence an' all glisten.

'Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An, peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender....

The wooing proceeds, abashed yet strong, modest yet successful for all concerned. The authentic regional naturalness also saturates "Fitz Adam's Story" which Lowell worked on for decades:

"Well, there I lingered all October through,

In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue, So leisurely, so soothing, so forgiving, That sometimes makes New England fit

for living.

I watched the landscape, erst so granite

glum,

Bloom like the south side of a ripening

And each rock-maple on the hillside make His ten days' sunset doubled in the lake. . . .

Ah! there's a deal of sugar in the sun!

Tap me in Indian summer, I should run
A juice to make rock-candy of, — but then
We get such weather scarce one year in
ten. . . ."

#### Sir Launfal

This same radiant love of rural nature produced Lowell's most oftquoted lines in the First Prelude:

And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days; Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune, And over it softly her warm ear lays: Whether we look, or whether we listen, We hear life murmur, or see it glisten. . . .

Despite the just criticism that the two preludes are scarcely related to

the poem itself and therefore mar its organization, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," through the decades, has well maintained its secure place in the hearts of America. It represents Lowell in his period of most intense belief in the brotherhood of man when brought together in equality and love through practicing selfless Christian giving.

Before Sir Launfal departs in search of the Holy Grail, he dreams that as he departs a leprous beggar spurns the gold coin he tosses him, then after Sir Launfal returns home. haggard and unsuccessful, the beggar again asks for alms, and Sir Launfal shares his last crust of bread with him, and the beggar is seen to be Christ. At once Sir Launfal awakens, gives up his quest, since he has found the Grail in his own castle. He then opens wide his castle doors, sharing his worldly goods with all mankind.

The final scene is most memorable. When, upon his return, the leper asks again for alms, Sir Launfal recalls his first haughty gift, and

... The heart within him was ashes and dust;

He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown
bread.

'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper
fed.

And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face, A light shone round about the place; The leper no longer crouched at his side, But stood before him glorified, Shining and tall and fair and straight. . . .

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,

And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine.

"Lo it is I, be not afraid!

In many climes, without avail,

Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail; Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now; This crust is my body broken for thee, This water His blood that died on the tree. The Holy Supper is kept, indeed, In whatso we share with another's need: Not what we give, but what we share,—

For the gift without the giver is bare; Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

The longer one reads Lowell the more apparent it becomes that he had throughout his life many sets of values; yet each justly represents another of the many realms of midnineteenth century America, for which Lowell served as spokesman. We may well conclude that in his variousness lies his real self, and his value and pleasure for us today.

#### Thoughts for Discussion

1. What qualities do you find in Lowell which would make him capable of first appreciating the greatness of Lincoln?

2. Do you feel Lowell's return to conservatism made him a better or a weaker

man? a greater or weaker author?

3. Which of his writings that you know best catches the real personality of Lowell?

# Social Science—The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

#### **MOTHERHOOD**

Lesson 5 — Homemaking, a Creative Calling (Continued)

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Tuesday, March 27, 1962

Objective: To help women realize the necessity of continued personal development. "...homemaking... is the sphere in which women can find the most happiness and render the most service" (Ellsworth, Annie M. The Relief Society Magazine, January 1957, page 4).

HAPPINESS is a product of creative and constructive living. Homemaking has to do with providing the family members with the kind of influence that will produce the greatest achievement, and, therefore, the most satisfaction for them. Happiness can be measured in terms of achievement. The central element in developing the proper attitude in the home toward achievement is the mother's influence.

1. Mother's Role Includes Responsibility for the Tangible Part of the Home Environment.

Previously in these lessons, we have referred to the mother as the managing director of the home. This has specific reference to the facilities and management of the physical features. The title implies a degree of economic ability. This ability contributes to the failure or success of the financial structure of the home. Mother should know how to get the maximum return for every

dollar spent. Such physical needs as food, clothing, heat and light, furnishings, comforts, and each child's necessities for school, recreation, and the unending miscellaneous list must be supplied without over-spending the part of the family income allotted for the home expenses. In other words, mother should be a financial wizard, to fulfill her economic role. She should seriously study the problem and become proficient in the wise use and handling of money. More unhappiness occurs in the average home over money matters than over almost any other single problem. The economic security and success of the average family are dependent in large measure upon the efficient planning and organizational ability of the mother.

The effectiveness of the home is expressed in its smooth-running operation. There are homes where everything seems just a little behind, where the family just does not catch up with things. The clock is always just one step ahead of their readiness. In a case like this, someone must establish a pattern that will facilitate the activities in the home. They may begin with a proper hour to retire, so that a new day can begin on time after a good night's rest. The hour of rising must be so arranged that there is time for the necessary preparations. It takes time to prepare the family for the day's activities. There should be time for the family to kneel in prayer. There should be time for the morning meal, properly served. To establish this facility requires a co-operative action from parents particularly, but from all members, as well, if it is to succeed. Both father and

mother are responsible, but mother will have to assume the role of the starter. She has the management of the home and, in order for her planning to be effective, she must allow for the necessary time to carry out her plans.

Possibly the most significant tangible feature responsible for happiness in the home is the physical presence of mother. Both parents are vital to a successful, happy home life. But the fact that mother is there to sav goodbye when the children leave for work, school, or play, and that she is ready and waiting with good food and a demonstration of her love in word and deed when they come home at noon or night. makes mother the pillar the children tie to from birth throughout their lifetime. Of course, the more father participates in the activities of the home the more he becomes a part of this anchorage of the family members to the home.

Recently the following figures were released about married women gainfully employed. Women who work out of the home cannot give the needed amount of their personal attention to the developing children. In the year 1900 there was about one in eighteen married women gainfully employed. By 1930 this had changed to one in nine. By 1940 it had changed to one in seven. By 1957 wives eighteen years or older, living with their husbands, had reached to almost one in three gainfully employed. One in two married women is a wage earner during the first year of marriage, while one in five is a wage earner after five years of marriage.

There are many reasons given why mothers work. The working

LESSON DEPARTMENT 859

mother cannot be physically present with her family enough of the time during their waking hours. The results we do know are not for the best good of the family. One important cause of delinquency is the absence of mother from the home.

# 2. Mother's Role Includes an Intangible Strength and Influence.

These radiate from her personality as the warming rays of the sun generally taken for granted, frequently unnoticed, and often unap-

preciated, but always there.

One is reminded that a tiny baby, unhappy in the arms of anyone else, is comforted in the arms of its mother. The child with an injured finger is relieved of the suffering by mother's kiss, and goes about his play. If mother's place is established on the basis of being always available with sympathetic understanding, the child will seek her in time of his need.

Mother is not only a comforter but a counselor and, more important, an ideal. A child's preference for a counselor in seeking advice and direction in life should always be his own parents. This will be the case if parents have developed a confidence and an assurance in their children by wise and judicious association with them from babyhood. Mother being more available naturally becomes the first contact when problems arise. This favored relationship should be shared with and evaluated by the father to insure the confidence and understanding of all concerned and to keep balance in the family unit. Counseling together is a safe method and, through

it, dangerous and hasty decisions are often avoided.

Mother's great strength lies in her living representation to her children of the ideals, values, and moral standards she wants them to acquire. There can be no deviation in her own life from the teachings she gives to the children. The Savior impressed all who knew him with the fact that what he taught he practiced as his way of life. Children are constantly in strategic positions for observation of their parents. Often mothers who have not had the support of fathers in regard to ideals and standards, have been able to establish fine idealism and excellent patterns of behavior in their children because mothers were true to the teachings they gave their children. There is no one way to teach love, respect, patience, self-control, loyalty, humility, and all the other fine and desirable traits. Each mother, with sincerity and humility, will teach out of the richness of her experience, using the helpful things that man has learned through his generations of research and experience, and calling upon the revealed mind and will of God to set her standards and values straight.

We are always impressed by the statements of people of greatness when they refer to their mothers as their ideals and source of inspiration. They often attribute their success to their mothers. This is credit justly given. It should be more commonly expressed than it is. What a vital place and position of influence mother holds! Surely there is no substitute for her and no way of her avoiding the responsibilities of motherhood.



3. In the Mother Role She Should Not Neglect Self.

Mother frequently loses herself in the work of the home, but she should never lose sight of her own development. She is a most essential element in the success of the home. She should be stimulated with interests that, at all times, demand the development of her best self.

Mother should always have a dynamic challenge. The monotony of routine in household chores has been classified as a form of housewife sickness. Endless routine may become drudgery without the mental alertness which grows out of an over-all challenge. Efforts to escape drudgery sometimes drive women out of the home with no object except escape.

Mothers should never forget the challenge that comes from a neverending demand for personal charm. This does not refer to outward appearance only. Many women have emphasized their physical beauty, but failed to cultivate their minds or their hearts. This often makes a selfish, self-centered wife and a dull companion. Personal charm involves the total personality with an equal concern for the spiritual, physical, and intellectual develop-Each area needs constant ment. attention.

There are many ways of increasing one's efficiency in home management. This part of woman's assignment can always challenge a fertile mind. Ways and means of saving time, money, and in creating a new look with the old furnishings require real ingenuity.

There is a whole field of exciting new adventure in the advancement

LESSON DEPARTMENT 861

of a mother's knowledge of effective child guidance. When families are young this knowledge can produce helpful assistance for the growth and development of the children. The interest in this area can continue even to the great-grandchildren.

The above mentioned challenging areas for self-development are still not the complete answer, though there is a world of value in them. But mother must have the great urge and encouragement to cultivate and express her own talents and capacities with a determined interest, an interest that challenges the best in her mentally and provides a feeling of achievement and recognition in her own right. This is not accomplished in one day or night. It certainly does not take the place of her great calling as a mother. As her efficiency improves the routine work of her home, she can spend more time in the stimulation and development of her talents. As the family grows up and leaves the home, this talent can develop into a most fruitful expression that fills the emptiness and keeps the activity of the mother on a high plane of effectiveness.

4. Mother's World Is a Changing and Expanding One.

To the woman there is a special meaning attached to the terms "changing and expanding world." Changes begin when she begins housekeeping. Her contact with the world outside is reduced, and her home activities become the center of her attention. Her husband continues with his established pattern of business or profession with the usual contacts. This should moti-

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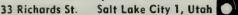
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ents and abilities. This is not a selfish interest but a desire to cultivate and develop all the gifts she has to enhance her homemaking. She really directs her life in har-

vate a wife's interest in her own tal-

She really directs her life in harmony with that of her husband. She becomes more or less dependent upon him for her security. If she works outside of the home an additional problem in the process of adjustment must be made since she builds a feeling of independence and security in herself.

The point is that a new world of activity is developing. In it she must find a moment for the development of her special interests, for the ex-

pression of her talents.

Change, then, begins with marriage. It continues with each cycle of married life. During the baby period the fascination of the adjustment of father and mother to the children as they come along can be most consuming, for they cannot treat each child the same, and their struggle to meet the different demands of each personality may consume their interest and energy. Here is a place where a mother's personal development may give way entirely to the demands of her family.

Yet mother must always keep in mind that someday the children will grow up and leave home. The regular development of her talents will enhance her homemaking and is a necessary preparation for the future.

The time of leaving for the children begins gradually. They first meet their play group outside the home, then the school group, and then the community at large. Now mother shares with others the stimulating and influencing of her children. This shift to the outside

world never lessens but gradually increases. Mother's work of planting ideals and values must be well

done in the early years.

By the time the children begin to leave, and time-saving appliances have accumulated, providing mother with free time, she should have developed interests of her own that have been kept alive by practice and expression, ready to take over. If she is to be happy, her life must be as full as ever with useful activity demanding the best of her ability and talent. Hobbies may turn to full-time pursuits as time becomes available. Talents may blossom forth to fill what might otherwise be an empty and unhappy life.

One mother, now eighty-six years old, who reared a family of ten children, lost her husband at sixty, but throughout her life she cultivated her artistic ability. As the children grew out of the home, she filled her hours with beauty of her own art. During the years her love for art filled the emptiness in her life, and it has challenged the best of her and will continue to do so for the re-

mainder of her life.

There is a direct relationship between a mother's personal stimulation and development and the art of creative homemaking.

#### Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is happiness?

2. How does the mother contribute to the economic welfare of the family?

- 3. What is the most effective way of teaching values, ideals, and standards to children?
- 4. How can parents become effective and accepted counselors for their children?

5. Why should mothers spend time in development of their own talents?

6. Does a mother have time and need for intellectual development?

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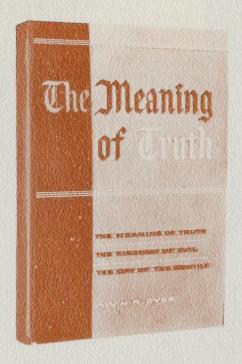
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