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Exploring the Universe

By Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

A s a result of a study by Drs. R. D. Taylor and Irvine H. Page, to discover how apoplexy might be more easily detected, a death from apoplexy may be expected if four of five signs are present. The five signs are: (1) severe headaches at the back of the head or nape of the neck; (2) acute dizziness or fainting spells; (3) nerve disturbances, such as memory defects, loss of speech, tingling, or numbness; (4) excessive nosebleeding; (5) hemorrhages of the retina, which the doctor can determine by eye examination. High blood pressure sufferers who do not show these signs will probably not die from apoplexy.

Originally the French tricolor was to have been made of vertical bands of red, white, and blue, of equal width. It was found that due to a curious illusion the blue looked wider. A Commission of Inquiry finally established that for the widths to look the same the proportion between the colors should be 37, 33, and 30.

The largest erg, sandy expanse covered by dunes, in the world, is in the Libyan part of the Sahara and is equal in size to the area of France.

The desert tortoise stores its excess water in two tanks on the inner surface of its shell.

Hawaii is the largest, as well as the highest, of the hundreds of island-crowed volcanic piles in the oceans of the world. Hawaii rests on a base under the water which is about twenty times the volume of the part above sea level. In general there is about one hundred times as much of the volcanic islands under water as above the surface.

The U.S. dry quart is seventeen percent larger than the U.S. liquid quart. The British use the same unit for both dry and liquid measure, with the quart three percent larger than the U.S. dry quart.

A peculiar mixture of sensations, synaesthesia, is experienced by many people, in which the sensation occurs in one of the senses when the stimulation is given to another. Some people sneeze or feel a tickling sensation in the nose when they see a bright light or go into sunshine, or a tickling in the larynx which may lead to coughing, when sounds are heard, or an unpleasant feeling in the teeth, when shrill sounds are heard. The cause of this effect is only partly understood.

(Concluded on page 731)
The Improvement Era

DECEMBER, 1945
VOLUME 48, NO. 12

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"
Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Ward Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

The Editor's Page

The Great Commandment
George Albert Smith 741

Church Features
Nicholas G. Smith 744
Joseph J. Cannon 745
Burton K. Ramsworth 745
The Church Welfare Program Helps European Saints 747
Joseph Smith 748
Nephi Jensen 752
Calling All Girls 753
Lee A. Palmer 759
Evidences and Reconciliations: XCIX—Who Was Melchizedek? 761
John A. Widtsoe
Christmas Greeting to M.I.A. Workers 776
Grace Cannon Neslen 776

The Church Moves On 758
Priesthood: Melchizedek 770
Auronic 773, 759
No-Liquor-Tobacco Column 771
Ward Teaching 774

Genealogy 775
Mutual Messages 776
Field Photos 792
Eliza D. Tillery 774
Mathonia Magnusson 776

The Staff of Life 792
John A. Widtsoe
Young Man, Do Your Own Thinking 796
Marvin O. Ashton
Is Universal Military Training Desirable? 799
F. E. Allen Bateman 793

A Mormon Wife—The Life Story of Augusta Winters Grant—X 809
Mary Grant Judd
Where the Grass Grew 823
Vilate Raile
The Spoken Word from Temple Square 858
Richard L. Evans
The Returning Serviceman 860
Willard L. Kimball

Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Harris, Jr. 872
A Soldier's Christmas in Italy, George J. Cannon 873
A Christmas Letter, Boyd McAfee 876
Handy Hints 876
Cook's Corner, Josephine B. Nichols 879
Gay Gifts, Katherine Plume 874
Books for the Young Folk 877
On the Bookrack 879
Your Page and Ours 892

Editorials
The Fifth President of Brigham Young University 880
Some Varieties of Gratitude 880

Stories, Poetry
When the Grass Grew 883
Vilate Raile
A Gift From Paul 885
Eva Willes Wanggaard
Frontispiece: We'll Be Home for Christmas, Edna S. Dustin 898
Logger, Aimee E. Andersen 873
Thoughts in a Kitchen, Elaine V. Emans 879
We Trim Our Tree, Geneva I. Oldroyd 873

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All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.
Exploring the Universe

(Concluded from page 729)

If a plane which could fly from the northern to the southern end of Chile were then to fly the same distance in an airline direction from New York to San Francisco, it would go one hundred miles out over the Pacific Ocean beyond the Golden Gate.

Large numbers of ducks have died from the growth of a white mold in their lungs and other upper parts of the bodies according to reports from Illinois. The ducks stirred up a dust of the spores from moldy corn on which they were feeding. The spores, by which molds reproduce, serving the same purpose as seeds in other plants, produced an effect similar to pneumonia in the lungs.

Disinfection of schoolroom air by using ultraviolet light, is likely to be common in the future. A report of Dr. Mildred Weeks Wells by means of tests covering eight years, have shown that the chances of a susceptible child getting measles, chicken pox, or mumps from a classmate can be greatly reduced when the ultraviolet lamps are used.

There are about eight thousand veterinarians in private practice in the United States; with about four thousand more, for the most part in public service. These men have to serve about two hundred million head of cattle, horses, swine, sheep, and goats.

C. E. P. Brooks has estimated that there are about sixteen million thunderstorms occurring on the earth each year, with about eighteen hundred occurring at any given moment, and about one hundred lighting flashes each second.

Since almost all the pieces of a sponge will live and grow, sponge gardens have been made possible when small pieces are strung on wire suspended on posts under shallow water, or fastened to the sea bottom in other ways. In six months the sponges grow about six times in size, and are harvested a year or so after. Most of the commercial sponges come from the Mediterranean Sea, Florida, and the Bahamas.

The "railroad worm" of South America is a beetle in which, when disturbed, the female shows a red luminous area on the head, and eleven pairs of greenish yellow lights along the sides of her body.

There are over a thousand dailies, weeklies, and semi-weeklies printed either in part or completely in thirty-eight languages other than English in the United States. The combined circulation is nearly seven million, with an average of about two and a half readers per copy.

DECEMBER, 1945

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Season's Greetings

THIS CHRISTMAS, for the first time in six long years, there is again "peace on earth, good will toward men." Let us all join in giving thanks for the blessings of peace.

But Christmas is also the time of happiness and cheer, the occasion for many homecomings... sons and daughters from school... loved ones home from the armed services.

The spirit of Christmas is in the air: at the Hotel Utah. We want to share it with all our friends... to wish them a Merry Christmas wherever they are.

A Soldier's Christmas
IN ITALY

By GEORGE I. CANNON

The notice read:
"Christmas Eve Services Tonight: 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. Conducted in the Group Chapel (Barn located in front of the large white building and to the left of the well). If possible please bring a candle.

As the fellows bunched around the bulletin board a few aired their feelings:
"What a Christmas this is going to be without any mail!"

"Remember last year when we were in Africa, we said that next Christmas we would be home?"

"Yeah, and if you ask me, Italy ain't home."

"How can a guy have the Christmas spirit over here?"

The fellows had reason to feel gloomy. We had just arrived in Italy and were encountering the rain, wind, and mud typical of "sunny Italy" in December. We hadn't received any letters for weeks—Christmas packages weren't even discussed—the mess sergeant was feeding us "C" rations three times a day—our tents leaked. Yes, we were a cheerless group.

As time for the Christmas Eve services drew near, the fellows started towards the barn, and by six o'clock the bomb stools were occupied. Observing the fellows, I couldn't see any trace of the dissatisfaction which was evidenced at the bulletin board. Their faces shone from heartless scrubbing, and they seemed to glow inside as well. Taking in the surroundings I could understand why the transition.

An old adobe barn with huge wooden doors and iron locks was our makeshift chapel. Overhead were two wooden arches with the gabled ceiling shrouded in darkness. The walls, once white, were turning gray, and here and there silhouettes danced as the flickering candles threw off their light. The floor of cement slabs was firm and cold. The air was still pungent with traces of livestock and rusty farm machinery. As I walked between the rows of candles and took my seat, I noticed the rude altar decorated with pine boughs and a candle at each end casting light upon a closed Bible. Over in a corner the strains of time-old carols emerged from the midget reed organ. Here was the natural setting for the Christmas story. How simple it was to visualize standing at the manger and seeing a "Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes."

The men's voices rang through the chapel as they sang the carol, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." Then the chaplain rose and read from the scriptures, "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel which being interpreted is, God with us" (Matt. 1:23.) How meaningful were these words! Among such surroundings with tinsel discarded and forgotten, thousands of miles from loved ones, the verity of this prophecy was felt—"God [was] with us." As we bowed our heads that Christmas Eve, a united prayer was offered silently that all men could know the real spirit of Christmas.
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THERE young men sat attentive but at ease. This was no military briefing. Heavy-booted, shirts open at the throat, the faces of some of them stubble-bearded—Nauvoo’s Grove and Brigham Young’s Bowery of pioneer days must have seen assemblies like this. A cricket chittered nervously in a nearby sweet potato patch; overhead a P-51 buzzed briefly, its wings bright in the afternoon sun. This was Okinawa, headquarters Tenth Army chapel; a world series broadcast was being beamed to the men overseas—but here four hundred Mormons were in conference.

Dressed in field greens, dungarees, army khaki, navy gray—chevrons and service stripes prominent on many sleeves, on the collars of some the dull glint of officer bars—they had traveled over coral-surfaced roads from all parts of the island to be here this October Sunday. And when they saw each other, themselves surprised at their strength and number, it had not been saluting and “sit” but only “brother!”

Now the sweating organist pumped his unwilling instrument with all his might, and four hundred voices, a little embarrassed at first after long silence, swelled the chorus of “Come, Come, Ye Saints.” Two hundred thirty elders, half a hundred seventies, a score of teachers, seventy-five priests, twenty-five deacons, a high priest—a band of heroes? Hardly. Even distance does not lend that much enchantment. But a band with perhaps more than ordinary conviction. They thought of home and the people they loved, but they sang, “With joy weend your way.” They had gone through the nightmare of battle, many of them, and in the division cemetery not far away, Latter-day Saint youth lay sleeping under the chaste white crosses, too numerous for counting, the rows very trim, very orderly, very still: they sang “Count Your Blessings.” They knew the deadly routine of slow-passing days, the dull periods of inaction, the obscurity of “military necessity,” the discomfort of mud and the not-so-divine winds: they sang “Sweet Is the Work.” They knew discouragement and doubt, had their shortcomings: they sang “True to the Faith.”

Bread was broken, the sacrament administered—no silver service, simply canteens and paper cups and ingeniously contrived trays of wood and plexiglas; instructions, testimonies, priesthood roll call, reports from group leaders—the sounds and movements of a living organism breathing and flexing its muscles.

(Concluded on page 769)
Your Friends Will Smile With Pure Delight

WHEN YOU GIVE THEM

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Poetry

RING, BELLS OF PEACE!

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Ring out, oh bells of peace, ring loud and long!
Let every people's tongue repeat your song, let leaders in high places feel your joy, let women, mothers, every girl and boy repeat your promise: "peace for all the world."

And let the flag of freedom fly unfurled.
Ring out to all our men, our boys who fight—
They sleep relaxed and undisturbed tonight.

Tonight the guns are silenced, planes stand still;
No sentry watches, furtive, on the hill;
No burst of fire blinks the eastern dawn;
From quiet skies the enemy is gone.

Ring out, oh bells of peace, ring loud and clear:
Ring out the word the whole world waits to hear.

WINTER MORNING

Renee Nelson

The snow on the mountains
Is caught by the wind and flung
High into the sky.

It glistens and ripples
In sheer cascades of white light
And deep soft shadows.
The sky behind is blue;
A deep, clear liquid blue.
There in peace, sits God.

YESTERDAY'S CHRISTMAS

Cora Madeline Igoe

Somewhere along the years they streamlined Christmas; polished and glamorized it, made it glow—But nothing for remembrances hearts can equal.

Those stuffed and dangling stockings, orange in toe;
Or eager noses pressed against a window Pearly with breath, that long-lost keen delight
Of searching for a glimpse in orchard shadows
For Santa's sleigh to slice the frozen night;
Or strung cranberries icing bright green branches;
Or popcorn balls upon an old red tray;
Or tasseled exultant children under blankets Waiting wide-eyed to greet the roseate Day!

THE SNOW

By Elaine V. Emans

Fair as the snowfall is when petals drift To grass, forsaking flower forms, and sweet
Beyond forgetting as they are. I lift My face now toward the graying sky to meet
The cool and crystal flakes, and love them better.

Had I not heard of heaven, seeing their Consummation loveliness upon my sweater. I should imagine it, and, unaware
There was a kind Creator, I should know Of him beyond all doubting, from the snow.

(Concluded on page 738)
THE
Battle of Hats

By CORNELIUS S. KOLFF

She is a proud daughter of the state of Maine. She has given one husband and three sons to her country, and her own services besides. She is a good citizen and a charming companion and a good storyteller.

In company with several of the others on Staten Island, she sat by the fireside of 15 Harbor View listening to the arguments which were advanced and the stories which were told.

Perhaps some suggestion carried her back to her native state where wooden ships and iron men carried the flag of the newborn American Republic to all ports of the seven seas.

Those whose cradles stood in the great Pine Tree state or those who have met the sons and daughters of Maine in Michigan, Wisconsin, or Minnesota, know Maine men and women when they meet them.

Those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the state, who have visited its seashore, its lakes, its hills, and great rivers tell you of a race of hardy men and women.

Our visitor to the fireside at Harbor View came from a long line of sea-faring, ship-owning men. Often these owners or part owners, took the Maine-built ships, frequently named after mother, wife, or sister, to all parts of the world. The crews were often made up of citizens of the town where the ship was built. The leave-taking and home-coming greetings were important affairs. The whole community with its sisters and its cousins and its aunts assembled at the pier, dressed in their best Sunday clothes.

Women wore Kashmir and India shawls and men wore Nankeen trousers, blue coats with golden buttons and, to crown the event, high hats. The latter, then, as well as today, were the cause of many jokes, practical as well as rough. The captains and first officers of the ships on these festive occasions frequently wore high hats which, when the ship was "under way," were discarded for the more seaworthy sailor's cap.

Our charming narrator stated reminiscently that sometimes a little rough play featured these festive occasions. On one of these farewells, her grandfather, the captain of the departing ship, wore a new high hat which was a challenge for another member of the family who, as a last token of farewell, smashed the beautiful headgear of the departing seaman.

The latter with a grim face apparently treated this sign of affection good-naturedly, shook a warning finger at the fast retreating offender, and called out, "I will pay you back when I come home."

Richly laden with a paying cargo, after seven months' absence in foreign ports, the ship returned to its home port, and again relatives and friends were on the pier dressed, as at the departure, in their Sunday best, shawls, Nankeen trousers, and all.

The offending hat smashers of the day of departure were there, with a smiling face and a shining beaver.

The great moment had arrived. As the captain, wearing a high hat, walked down the gang plank, he spotted his smiling tormenter and in less time than it takes to write this, the captain's fist descended upon the shining headgear of his relative, who accepted the situation good-naturedly while the captain called out triumphantly, "I have been waiting for this for seven months."

Holding the battered hat in his hand as a peace offering the welcomer stretched out his hand to the captain, "No offense, John, I knew you would do this so I borrowed one of your own hats from your wife to welcome you."

LOGGER
By Aimee E. Andresen

Wearing a faded mackintosh,
December sets his rugged jaw;
And, in the way of lumberjacks,
Swings lustily with steel cold axe.

Make it a habit
DRIVE IN
at the familiar
Vico-Pep 88 Sign

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CAR CARE

UTAH OIL REFINING COMPANY STATIONS
AND DEALERS

DECEMBER, 1945

737
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- N. B. Lundwall
- Check or money order enclosed.

**Send C.O.D**

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**Poetry**

(Concluded from page 736)

A GIFT

By Hallie Grigg

A gift that I would ask for everyone,
After all postwar plans are consummated,
A pattern which, on looming of thought begun
Might in the heart of each be reinstated,
Is this: That soldier and civilian bear
Along with all the rules of true releasing
A souvenir, a fragment of that peace
Which has been fought for with a strength unceasing.
New dreams, new hopes will surely come to those
Who keep this gift, for which the world has striven,
Peace of the heart an everlasting peace!
Grant such a gift to each and all be given.

---

**Christmas Bouquet**

By Violet Alleyne Storey

You bring me valley lilies Christmas morning.
It is as if, by the new Birth Star's glow,
Moments of early springtime have been gathered.
From out the winter's snow.
I glimpse a mother and her small son sleeping—
The angel still upon their brilliant way—
A carpenter and simple shepherds watching
There in the manger hay.
And I forget there will be pain for healing;
Tears to be wept in dark Gethsemane—
And I forget Barabbas will be chosen—
Love nailed on Calvary.
You bring me valley lilies Christmas morning—
And, as I take them, fragrant from your hand,
All pain is healed; all tears are dried—love,
rises.
Walks in a spring-sweet land.

---

**Rendezvous**

By Blanche L. Shurtliff

S M HUNG on the distant horizon,
Gray gauze of smoke heralds a ship
Returning from eventful cruise
On emerald wave and somber gray
Of wind-whipped swell.
Romance of far places
Lingers on her sea-sweet prow
As though she confidently steams through time
From them—to now.
And yet when jagged reef
And hidden bar of shifting sand
Flung barriers against her proudest course,
A tug, with friendly muzzlings,
Must guide her safe to shore
Along a path where only harbor craft
Can bravely sail.
Just so with friends.
Some, in a swift, high current of adventure,
Where tides of living toss in ever-changing swirl,
Find succor in the gently proffered hand clasps
Of one who waits where quiet waters curl.
We'll be home for Christmas:
We, who have felt the sleet
Of frigid death about us
And marked its closing feet;
We, who have felt the gnawing
Of loneliness and pain,
We'll be home for Christmas,
To embrace its warmth again.

—EDNA S. DUSTIN
"They almost weaned me!"

"I've been on a queer diet the last year or two . . . sometimes I wondered if I'd ever see any more Fels-Naptha Soap.

But a fellow who's always had the best doesn't give up easy. And now that I'm getting my Fels-Naptha, the laundry work in this house is strictly pre-war.

I do a family-size wash without a quiver, finish the job on schedule, and believe me—those clothes are really white again!"

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

---

A ROMAN Description of Christ

This description of Christ is contained in a public report supposed to have been written by a Roman official.

The letter was taken by Napoleon from the records of Rome (1871) when he destroyed the city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was addressed to the Roman Senate by Publius Sentulus, governor of Judea when Jesus started his ministry:

Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth. But his own disciples call him a Son of God.

He hath raised the dead, and cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of the stature somewhat tall and comely, with a ruddy countenance such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of a filbert when fully ripe; plain to his ear, thence downward it is more of oriental color, curling and waving on his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam of long hair after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; the face is without a spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red. His nose and mouth are exactly formed. His beard the color of his hair, and thick, not of any length, but forked. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep.

Submitted by Hyrum Kay.
THE GREAT COMMANDMENT

By President George Albert Smith

AGAIN the season is here when we seem to be more mindful of our obligations toward all men, our brothers. This year our blessings are greater; and so, also our obligations.

The most terrible war, the most destructive war that the world has ever known, has ended. The world has been torn with anxiety. Because our Father's children have refused to listen to his advice and counsel, millions of lives have been sacrificed, and bitterness and hatred have been engendered in the hearts of men, that may never be fully overcome in mortality.

We have been asked repeatedly to remember those who have given their lives that we might enjoy our blessings. I hope we have done it with something more than lip service. I hope we have done it from the depths of our souls.

I hope also that we will appreciate those who have come home and those who are soon expected home. Some of them have lost their limbs; some have lost their eyesight; some are coming back less able to take care of themselves. We should do all in our power to make it possible for them to make a living so they will not feel dependent. Let us help them in such a way that they will say, "God bless you!" and so that they will feel that the future is filled with hope and usefulness for them.

May our Father's other children also have our help in this time of distress. I hope we will remember that our responsibilities have only just begun, and that they will continue for a long time. Not only do we have the responsibility of encouraging those who come home, to see that they are properly cared for, but we have the obligation of carrying the message of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the nations of the earth, to far off lands. We believe that the gospel is the only plan by which we may live that will insure us happiness in mortality and eternal happiness when we go from here. That is how precious the gospel is, and yet there are comparatively few of our Father's children who even understand what it means. Those in other countries are just as much our Father's children as we are; he loves every one of them, and, as circumstances permit, it is our privilege and obligation to share with them the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Our Heavenly Father, in his mercy, sent his Only Begotten Son into the world. He ministered among the children of men. He healed the sick, unstopped the ears of the deaf, restored the blind to sight, and raised up the dead. He convinced his followers in the eastern hemisphere that the purpose of our living upon the earth is that we may prepare ourselves for that greater future life. He eventually gave his life that this testimony might abide in the world.

But there was another purpose. It required, in the providence of our Father, a pure and spotless person to find the way of the resurrection. Jesus Christ was without sin. By reason of his purity, his uprightness and his virtue, he was able to overcome death and the grave, and show the way for his fellow creatures unto that heaven where we expect to go.

But the question had been raised in the old world that Jesus was not of divine origin, because he was born as a little child, cradled in a manger, his mother being Mary, and was reared in the home of Joseph the carpenter. Many have admitted that he was a great and good man, but they have desired to rob him of the divinity of his birth. Fortunately, however, for the Latter-day Saints, we have received within ourselves a witness that these things are true; and in addition to that, we have received the testimony that he came to his 'other sheep' on this western hemisphere, as recorded in the Book of Mormon, and ministered unto the Nephites upon this continent. He did not come this time as a little child, but he came in the clouds of heaven; and his coming was proclaimed by a voice that penetrated to the very center of every person that dwelt in the land. He came this time as a glorified Being, the Son of God, and they (Concluded on page 780)
THE CASE FOR WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

More than one third of the diet of the American workman is bread and other cereal products. Since grain is one of the cheapest foods, people with smaller incomes usually eat more; the more prosperous what less. In the poorer countries of earth, the proportion of cereals eaten is much larger, sometimes rising to eighty percent.¹

In America and in many other countries, bread is made from wheat. Indeed wheat as a food of man antedates written history. The large and widespread use gives this cereal great importance. It is, among most people, the staff of life.

In earlier days wheat was ground whole, and the resulting meal used for bread making. With the advent of milling machinery, the whole wheat flour is sifted and bolted to obtain a white flour from the inner starchy part of the wheat kernel. The outer coverings of the kernel appear by this method as bran, shorts, wheat germ, middlings, etc., and are used most commonly and successfully as animal feed.

Since the refining of flour and other foods began, the question has repeatedly asked whether bread made from white, refined wheat flour is as nutritious and health-promoting as bread made from whole wheat flour. Sometimes the debate has been acrimonious. In recent years advancing science has answered the question fully: As human food, whole wheat bread is better than white bread.

When World War II broke out, it became more necessary than ever to preserve the health of the people. The knowledge of the deficiencies of white flour, led to provisions by America and Great Britain to enrich the white flour on the market, by adding some of the substances lost in modern milling. That, of course, seemed a foolish proposition. Valuable constituents were first to be taken out of the flour; then some of the were to be added. Every thoughtful person was led to ask, why not use the flour from the whole berry? The enrichment program was nevertheless of itself an evidence of the superiority of flour made from the whole grain; perhaps it was also evidence of the impoverished nature of white flour. It was conceded, however, by all that the addition of a few such missing substances would not make a flour equal to that obtained from the whole wheat kernel.²

There are at least five social, economic considerations which have delayed the general acceptance of the verdict of science. First, white flour may be kept indefinitely, while whole wheat flour must be used within rather narrow limits of time. This prohibits long storage, and thus interferes with present commercial usage. Decentralization of milling mills would produce flour much as needed and would overcome this objection. Second, there are large milling interests which protect their investments by vigorous advertising. They do not look with favor upon the decentralization of the industry which will be necessary when whole wheat flour is the order of the day. Third, there is a foolish prejudice on the part of many persons against the color of whole wheat bread. The whiter the flour, the better they like it. To meet this prejudice chemicals are often used to bleach the flour to a dead white color. Intelligent millers have tried to meet this prejudice by removing only the outermost layers of the wheat kernel, thus producing a slightly grayish, but more wholesome flour. Thus they have come the "peeled" wheat flours in the production of which the extreme outer covering is removed. "Staff flour" and others of like character are so produced. The Eillison flour made in Canada is so made, and approximates the composition of the whole wheat flour. Fourth, people who have eaten white bread all their lives are accustomed to the taste, and require some time to learn to enjoy the nutty, sweet taste of whole wheat bread. Fifth, the incorrect notion has been fostered that whole wheat bread injures the stomach. Long experience has shown the fallacy of such a belief, if the stomach is normal. By proper grinding, the whole wheat flour may be made as fine as white flour. For weaker stomachs, flour made from wheat with the extreme outer covering of the kernel removed, could be used.

All these objections, pitted against man's need of health, are valueless and fall to the ground.

It is because of the structure of the wheat berry that whole wheat bread is better than white bread. The various nutritious substances are not distributed uniformly throughout the wheat kernel. Several of the most important constituents are concentrated in the outer layers of the kernel. These substances are lost to the flour when these layers are removed in the present method of milling. That is the reason why people who understand the laws of nutrition, speak of white flour as an impoverished or devitalized product.

Starch and protein, including gluten, form nearly all of the wheat kernel. The starch is concentrated in the inner part of the kernel. Therefore, there is less protein, and more starch, in white than in whole wheat flour. This makes the white flour efficient in calorie values, but less efficient as a replacer of worn-out cells in the body.

The utilization of food to maintain good health depends largely upon the minerals eaten. These in turn need vitamins to perform their work. Thus, minerals and vitamins become of first importance in the dietary of man. Wheat contains in varying quantities all the minerals in the soil upon which the plant was grown. Some of these minerals there found are essential to plant and animal growth and health. They are contained largely in the germ and the outer coverings of the kernel, where there is also much protein. Pound for pound, white flour seldom contains on the average more than one third as much mineral matter as whole wheat, and often much less. This is brought out well in many studies. The following table is a partial example:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Substance</th>
<th>Field Plants</th>
<th>Root Plants</th>
<th>Percent</th>
<th>Percent Magnesium</th>
<th>Percent Phosphorus</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wheat</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>kernel</td>
<td>1.8 0.002</td>
<td>0.03 0.15</td>
<td>0.38</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bran</td>
<td>4.9 0.006</td>
<td>0.10 0.45</td>
<td>1.13</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First</td>
<td>1.3 0.002</td>
<td>0.03 0.12</td>
<td>0.32</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>middling</td>
<td>0.5 0.0005</td>
<td>0.01 0.03</td>
<td>0.13</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

¹Sherman and Pearson, Modern Bread, p. 33
²V. V. McCollum, Maryland Health Bulletin, 17:1, 1945
³Constituents of Wheat and of Wheat Products, Bailey, p. 214

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
the iron, calcium, magnesium, and phosphorus, all indispensable for good health, are in white flour from about one fifteenth to one third of the amounts in the wheat kernel, bran, or first middlings. All investigations, and they are numerous, confirm the fact that white flour is inferior in mineral content. This is serious, for the minerals in human food are of prime importance in maintaining human health. Without them, illness is certain to follow. This is not yet as widely known as it should be.

There are in human food also a series of substances which act as catalysts. That is, they make the minerals active in achieving normal nutrition. These are popularly called vitamins. Wheat and its products have been studied extensively for their vitamin content. It has been found, almost without exception, that the bulk of wheat vitamins necessary for human welfare, are lodged in the germ, with some in the outer coverings of the wheat kernel.

The so-called Vitamin B complex is probably the most prevalent in wheat. It is absolutely necessary for complete bodily welfare. This B complex is made up of several distinct vitamins: thiamine or B1, riboflavin or B2, niacin or p.p. (pellagra preventive), pyridoxine, pantothenic acid, and others with functions not so well known. The importance of the B complex for human, physical welfare, cannot be overestimated. There are other vitamins of great importance in the wheat kernel. For example, Vitamin E which is yielding dramatic results in preventing many ills, including cancer, is most abundant in

wheat germ.* Several studies report on some of the B vitamins in wheat and its products. Here is one:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Substance</th>
<th>Milligrams of Thiamine per Pound</th>
<th>Milligrams of Riboflavin (B2) per Pound</th>
<th>Milligrams of Pyridoxine (B6) per Pound</th>
<th>Milligrams of Nicotinic Acid (Niacin) per Pound</th>
<th>Milligrams of Pantothenic Acid (B5) per Pound</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wheat</td>
<td>2.28</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>6.0</td>
<td>4.6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bran</td>
<td>4.25</td>
<td>2.80</td>
<td>20.4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germ</td>
<td>10.40</td>
<td>24.1</td>
<td>9.6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refined</td>
<td>0.31</td>
<td>0.34</td>
<td>1.6</td>
<td>2.2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This table shows that as with the minerals, refining the flour leaves the

*Adela Davis, *You Can Stay Well*, pp. 126, 125

**Constituents of Wheat and Wheat Products,** Bailey, pp. 291, 301, 309, 311

invaluable vitamins in the bran and middlings, used ordinarily for the feeding of the lower animals.

Chemical analyses agree that there is no question about the superiority of whole wheat bread over white bread. Feeding experiments have also been conducted in great numbers to answer the question of whole wheat bread versus white bread. The results have been uniformly in favor of whole wheat. The animals used have ordinarily been rats, animals that in physiological relationships are much like human beings. One of the most recent of such tests was conducted by the Eastern States Farmers' Exchange. Three different experiments were carried out with breads made from non-enriched and enriched white flour, and from whole wheat flour. Each kind of flour was made into bread with water, or skim milk, or one third whole milk. The growth responses were remarkable. In a period of twenty weeks the animals fed whole wheat bread, with or without milk and vitamin enrichment, grew much more rapidly and showed better health than the rats fed white bread. The investigator says that the experi-

(Concluded on page 744)
NICHOLAS G. SMITH
Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

His will, written in his own hand, after making disposition of the property that he had collected during his lifetime, turned to his sons:

...To my boys, I should like to say, I wish I could leave you all financially independent. You realize, however, that money has not been my God. I have tried to live as I would have each of you live, and I turn over to you a name that has been unsullied by my ancestors with immorality or dishonesty just as clean as it came to me, and I expect it to go on through you to receive additional ladder and honor until that day when our Savior will claim us all and we be exalted in the Celestial Kingdom of our Lord.

That was Nicholas Groesbeck Smith, assistant to the Council of the Twelve, whose life span extended from June 20, 1881, to October 27, 1945, and who was the son of Elder John Henry Smith of the Council of the Twelve and later of the First Presidency, and Josephine Groesbeck Smith. That was the humble elder who believed this charge that he gave his sons, and who had practiced it wherever he was assigned to labor. A pleasing personality easily made friends for him. His way of life, embodied in the quotation above, won friends for the cause he represented.

It was that way in the Netherland where he labored as a missionary from 1902 to 1903; and when he presided over the South African Mission for eight years beginning in 1913; and as the bishop of the Seventeenth Ward in Salt Lake City; and as a member of the Y.M.M.I.A. general board; and as a patriarch when he acted in the Church Offices for a season; and as president of the California Mission; and as a member of the Salt Lake Temple presidency; and as president of the Northwestern States Mission; and as assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

At his funeral services held in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square on October 30, Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve, one of the principal speakers, related how, when Elder Smith was assigned an office next to his, he unlocked the door connecting the two offices inquiring: "Do you see any reason why we should keep the door closed between us?" The door from the hall, too, was always open, and all who entered were greeted as brothers and sisters. Brother Smith knew of no other designation for members of the human family.

It is hard to pinpoint incidents showing what is worth of the man. Those who have worked with him say: "Yes, I knew Nick: he was the finest man that I've ever met." Quoting Elder Lee:

There sits in this congregation today a wayward girl who was turned into the path of righteousness because he counseled her, and directed her that way... A young couple is here whose marriage he performed in the temple. They are living happily because he counseled them as to the steps they could take in order to be happy in their own home. These and countless other evidences of the Authority of the Church, Brother Smith went down to him and learned about his difficulty. That man today is mourning the passing of the man who taught him the better way.

He had an expression that we have oft heard him repeat: "I got my arm around him and I think he feels much better..."

It was indeed these little thoughtful acts of Nicholas G. Smith that made him one of the most beloved of the Authorities of the Church. He had the habit of making an appearance in a home, at a meeting, or in a hospital room when he was most needed but least expected. His acts of personal kindness will be told and retold at the hearth sides of the Church for years to come.

And yet it wasn't "Nick" alone. Few, if any, remember Brother Smith ever using the personal pronoun "I." Years ago it was replaced by the more suitable "We." "We" means the partnership formed at the altar of the Salt Lake Temple on December 20, 1906, with his wife, Florence Gay. President David O. McKay and Elder Marion G. Romney, the other speakers at the funeral, paid high tribute to her. It was she who had been with him, assisting in his ministrations on every assignment he had filled since their marriage. Four sons, Gerald G., John Henry, Stanford G., and Nicholas Gay Smith survive him, as does Sister Smith, and his mother, Josephine Groesbeck Smith, and ten brothers and sisters.

THE STAFF OF LIFE

(Concluded from page 743)

ment "demonstrated beyond a doubt that the use of whole wheat bread in place of white is of marked value in terms of increased health, vitality, and growth."

Observations on human beings are to the same effect. Cases of improved health have frequently been reported when the diet has been changed only from white to whole wheat bread. Doubtless much disease is caused by an unbalanced diet, in which white bread forms a large part.

The evidence for whole wheat flour, as against white refined flour in human nutrition, is complete and unanswerable. It is a reflection of the contrariness of human nature, when millers report surpluses, as they do today, of the better parts of the wheat, and are compelled to sell them at lower prices because of a false conception of food values. It is even less pardonable when people, knowing the truth, will not observe it, because of tradition or appetite. People who bring disease upon themselves, by ignoring truth, deserve little sympathy.

There are those who say that what white flour lacks they will supply by eating other foods very rich in the missing substances. That sounds plausible, but is seldom attained. Poorer people cannot always afford to buy the necessary supplements. Richer people often forget, in the face of appetite, what should be done. It is best to eat all of our foods much as nature offers them. When knowledge is won, it should be used. Then we are playing safe.

The spirit of the Word of Wisdom is that we shall seek good physical health by abstinence from harmful things, and by the proper selection of our foods, so that great blessings, physical, mental, and spiritual, may follow. "All grain is ordained for the use of man—to be the staff of life." So the positive aspects of this divine law of health declare; and they should be used in accordance with our present understanding of the composition of grains. There is no reason for assuming that the Lord meant a part of the grain kernel. The regular use of whole wheat bread and cereal would greatly increase our health and protect us against disease.

C. H. Bailey, The Constituents of Wheat and Wheat Products (1941); and A. W. Alcock, A Review of Vitamin B White Flour (Canada approved) Program in History of Flour Enrichment In the United States (1941); H. C. Sherman and Constance S. Pearson, Modern Bread From the Viewpoint of Nutrition, 1942.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
JOSEPH J. CANNON

and

BURTON K. FARNSWORTH

Y.M.M.I.A. Leaders

Mourned

JOSEPH J. CANNON

He wrote plays, three of which were produced. *The Wild Pigeon* and *Río de Amor* were presented in the old Playhouse and Salt Lake theaters. *Thin Air* was presented in 1943 by the Desert Players at the Lyric Theater.

He had dramatic talents as well and it was a pleasure to hear him read one of his plays. He showed a keen sense of humor and a sympathetic understanding of human nature, for he was genial and sociable.

All mourn Elder Cannon’s passing. His many friends and co-workers will miss him. The Church has lost a loyal and talented servant.

The Era extends sympathy to his wife, Mrs. Ramona Wilcox Cannon, and the family who survive him: five sons, Wayne D. Cannon, in Europe representing Curtiss-Wright Aeronautical Corporation; Lt. Grant G. Cannon, St. Louis, Missouri; Adrian W. Cannon, Los Angeles; Ensign Bryant W. Cannon, San Francisco; and Mark W. Cannon, Deep Springs, California; two daughters, Mrs. Julian H. Steward, Washington, D.C., and Mrs. Thomas F. Ralphs, Salt Lake City; eight grandchildren; eleven brothers and six sisters.

BURTON K. FARNSWORTH, EDUCATOR

Dr. Burton K. Farnsworth, 55, second assistant superintendent, Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Association, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, died Saturday evening, October 27, 1945, in the Virginia Mason Hospital at Seattle, Washington, and is mourned by his numerous friends and family. He was the son of Franklin D. and Melissa White Farnsworth.

Active in both Church and state education circles, Elder Farnsworth was director of secondary education in the state department of public instruction and second assistant to the general superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A.

Of his early life Brother Farnsworth once wrote in a brief autobiographical sketch:

"I was born in Beaver City, Utah, in the same year of the Lord that the state of my nativity, then a territory, issued its famous ‘manifesto.’

"My mother died when I was three years old. Of this experience I remember only the manifestations of grief on every side. When I was five years old, my father married again. I remember distinctly some of the preparations made for the long trip by team and wagon from Beaver to Salt Lake where he and his fiancee went to get married.

"Daily during the two weeks of their absence, Dennis, my older brother, and I rode the old fence poles that were the ‘bars’ of entrance to our home, anxiously waiting Father’s return, knowing we were to have an ‘Aunt Mary.’ How happy we were when the tired team, drawing the covered wagon and our loved ones, drew into sight. We ran to meet it and rode the last hundred yards with them. I was given a new wooden handled pocket knife! It was wonderful. I still carry on my index finger the markings of an early experience with it.

"The following year I began school, then the usual: lessons, fights, picnics, games, going to the principal, staying in at recess or after school.”

After attending high school academy and finishing his work in three years, he left home and began to work for an older brother on his farm.

Elder Farnsworth was called on a mission to Samoa in 1909, going by way of Vancouver, Hawaii, and the Fiji Islands. He was appointed mission secretary and served most of his time at mission headquarters.

Returning in May 1912, he entered summer school in June, and then in the fall secured a position teaching school in Montpelier, Idaho, where he met Mabel Pearce, a teacher in the same school, who later became his wife. They

(Concluded on page 774)
YOUNG MAN... Do Your Own Thinking

By Marvin O. Ashton
OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

AT THE CROSSROADS

You'll stand at the crossroads all alone,
The sunrise in your face;
You'll have to think, for the world's unknown;
And set your jaw for a manly race.
Yes, the road goes east and the road goes west
Young man, you'll have to know which is best.
One road ahead, my boy, will lead you down,
And you can lose the race and a victor's crown.

Don't get caught in an angry snare
Because alone you stood at the crossroads there
Know yourself the better way.

Stand alone at the crossroad place
As a boy of high hopes would
With your face all set for a manly race,
With your chin to the sun, seek the things that are good.
As you stand there alone, the road you must know
The only one on which to go.
Turn from the road that leads one down
You'll win the race and the victor's crown.
You'll walk today the highway fair,
Because you yourself were set at the crossroads there
To choose you the better road.
(Paraphrased by Marvin O. Ashton)

Young man, the important thing after all is, can you stand all alone or do you have to be propped up,—or, putting it a little stronger, are you in good company when you're alone? Can you paddle your own canoe? It's a mighty fine thing for you to contemplate having someone with you always to show you the better way, but life just can't be that way. The biggest part of the time no one can be there to point the way for you. Can you go through life on your own steam? No matter how the tempest rages around you, can you choose your course?

One ship drives east and another drives west
With the self-same winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
Which tells us the way to go.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

At the time you will make great decisions, that father and mother and those who have helped you in the course before may be hundreds of miles away. It's the stand you take then that will determine your destiny. When temptation sticks up its hideous head and beckons you on, will you have the courage to say "no"?

Here's a little story that I hope will thrill you as it did me:

A president of a certain stake in our Church buys and sells cattle and sheep. He goes east very often to sell. He has a son that he sometimes takes to Chicago with him. This particular fellow, besides having a mind of his own, has a sense of humor—I mean, he is blessed with a comeback. Well, we're talking now about a certain trip the father made when he took this young man with him. At one time the cattle salesman was called unexpectedly to another town, and the boy was left alone in Chicago in care of the men who habitually bought his father's cattle. Now, part of the program in going east to sell is the entertainment of the buyers. These buyers, knowing the shipper was called away, were doubly determined to spare no means in giving the boy a royal reception. They must take him to the most elite clubhouse in the city. The young man was to receive club hospitality and all the trimmings, and they proceeded accordingly.

The first step towards up-to-date hospitality in a place like he was ushered into is the cocktail bar. It's a place where you are served a cocktail before the meal, and it isn't a fruit cocktail. They had already offered the lad the cigarettes and he had refused. Now came the drink. It was offered him on a shining silver tray. It beckoned him on with all the enticement in the world. As it was offered to him, the boy shook his head. The buyer leading the party, with a mixture of surprise and disgust, made up his mind to put this "panty-waist" sissy from Mormondom in his place. Others were huddled around, and it was really, in a small way, a fine place to make a grandstand play at the expense of the lad from the west. With a sarcastic grin and a determination to humiliate, he shot out at the boy, "The telephone is (Concluded on page 775)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
BELIEVING that "he gives twice who gives quickly," the Church welfare plan has called its entire organization to assist immediately in the clothing and feeding of the Church members in Europe who can now be reached. As other countries now under military control are liberated, help will be sent to them.

Perhaps the most critical need facing Europe is fuel. It is necessary that the little available be used for the running of the trains and the factories. Homes and dwelling places are not heated or heated poorly, and the slightest use of hot water is a luxury. There is little fuel even for cooking. In many of the overrun countries the stoves, even pots and pans, were taken by the Nazis for the making of munitions. Unless the people are immediately clothed against the cold winter, suffering will be intense.

Thousands of quilts and blankets are being sent in eleven pound boxes by parcel post to the Saints by stake and regional welfare committees. During the war emergency every ward Relief Society made twelve quilts and stored them in their ward first-aid kits. All of these quilts have now been called into the program and are being prepared for shipment as quickly as possible. If the boxes weigh less than the allowed eleven pounds, packages of needles, thread, darning cotton, tape, dehydrated soups, and other useful supplies are added to bring the boxes up to weight.

A CHURCHWIDE clothing drive will be conducted on December 10 and 11. Relief Society teachers will visit every home before that date and instruct the members of the Church concerning the collection. The clothes will be taken to the ward meeting-house where they will be checked and classified by the ward welfare committee who will then deliver them to their bishops' storehouse for boxing and shipping.

Realizing that this is a real opportunity to help our brothers and sisters, the directing heads of the program are anxious that the best of clothing and shoes be donated. How bitter their disappointment will be, and how imprudent to waste time and money, if articles are sent that are not serviceable.

While the dire need for clothing and bedding is being met, food is also being shipped in increasing amounts during the winter. The harvest in Europe has been poor and small this fall. The diets of all have been meager and insufficient for adequate nutrition. The greatest need is for fats. Most of the fats available during the past war years have been used in the making of ammunition. The welfare program will endeavor to supply this lack through the various meat producing projects. The second need is for vitamins. For some years at least two stakes have produced vitamins as part of the budget assignment. In addition to their production it will be necessary to make commercial purchases to supply the demand.

The services of parcel post will be utilized for shipment of clothes and food until such time as it is feasible to send relief supplies by carload and shipload.

Little did the Prophet Joseph Smith realize when the Lord revealed to him the storehouse program for taking care of those in need that a hundred and fourteen years later it would mean the temporal salvation for his people in Europe. And little, too, did the members of the Church realize when the First Presidency announced in 1936 the organization of the welfare program to assist the bishops and the branch presidents in the discharge of their duties "... in searching after the poor to administer to their wants" that their work on welfare projects, in the production and storage of the necessities of life, would, in less than a decade, help to bring relief to a war-torn world.

The calling into action of the vast welfare resources of the Church to clothe and feed our brothers and sisters seven thousand miles away is a living testimony of the inspiration of the Church welfare program and personifies the cardinal objective of the program "... that no member of the Church shall want for sustenance."
Everyone in the neighborhood knew and liked George, that is, everyone but Lucy, and George had no way of telling how she felt, for he was almost too embarrassed to look in her direction. Lucy seemed so little, dainty, and pretty, while he felt long-legged, awkward, and plain. Of course, he was not much different from other boys of fourteen, when legs and arms are forever in the way, and feet are larger than at any other time of life, but George didn't know this.

What he did know was that, more than anyone else, he wanted Lucy to like him. Lucy lived with her grandparents, and they, as most of the neighbors, were extraordinarily fond of George. They had admired his tender devotion to his mother, his helpfulness to younger children, and kindness to persons in need. Lucy's grandmother often spoke of George's exceptional qualities, but to her pretty fourteen-year-old granddaughter, George Smith was a bothersome tease who dipped the ends of her long, brown braids in his inkwell or chased her until she almost spilled the yeast that she carried in a pail from Scrace's Bakery to her grandmother's home, every time her grandmother was going to mix bread.

When George was reprimanded by his mother for tormenting Lucy, he explained, "But, Mother, that's the only way I can make her even notice me. Most of the boys have fine clothes, fancy horses, and time to play and do the nice things that the girls like. All I can do to make Lucy as much as look at me is to torment her." His mother said no more.

She had no way of knowing that behind George's good disposition, pleasant manner, and smiling face was an aching heart. She did not see him squirm and turn and toss on his straw mattress. No one could see him lie wide-eyed, with hands locked tensely behind his head, as he gazed into the blackness of the night and considered his small chance of ever taking any place of social acceptance among the young people of the ward. He had neither money nor time to spend in that direction.

True, they did live in the best part of the city. The Smith home was in the vicinity of the Temple Block where, at that time, some of Salt Lake's well-to-do families lived, but George's family was not wealthy. Their limited income had to be divided into too many parts, to dress, feed, and educate the children of his father's two families. If only his father had had fewer children there would be more for each. George checked this thought, and his face flushed, for he would not have given up one of his brothers or sisters for all the riches in the world. But my, how he did wish that his family were able to afford some of the extras that seemed to impress young people. If only they owned a fine, large house with a black and gold iron fence in front and a beautiful green lawn from the gate to the house, then he could have lawn parties, with a fiddler, and Japanese lanterns—a party like the one Rex Brown had last summer. He had seen the party in progress that hot summer evening, even though he hadn't been invited. He remembered walking down the opposite side of the street where, hidden by the shadows, he could watch his friends dancing on the lawn, among them Lucy. Why hadn't he been invited? In his mind George lined up all of his faults and all of his good points to compare them; but actually there could be no comparison. He was being as perfect as he knew how to be. He was doing his duty in every respect. Compliments were always pouring upon him from the older people of the ward. And, while the young people laughed at his jokes, enjoyed talking and working with him, they never invited him to their social affairs. Why? Why did they leave him out?

Suddenly, he knew several possible reasons: his trousers were too short; he looked funny; he had no fancy buggy; and his family's horses were a work team; their house, though big, airy, and clean, lacked the fine, rose-patterned Brussels carpets, the ornate hanging lamps, and the stiff, red plush furniture, like those in the homes of some of his neighbors. And one other thing! The Smiths had no lawn, so of course he could never have a lawn party. Between their front fence and the house, was nothing but clay which became a broad stretch of ankle-deep dust or sticky mud, according to the season. On either side of the path jutted a row of skeleton peach trees, useless, ugly things except that the dwarf peaches might be made into jam for winter use.

George was beginning to realize why he was not accepted by the partying group, but there was little he could do about it except worry—and worry he did for most of the night.

The following morning, as he dressed to go to his work in the Z.C.M.I. overall factory, where during school vacation, he earned two dollars a week by punching out thousands and thousands of buttonholes, his mother noticed that he looked tired and pale, and asked if he were ill.

"No, I am well, thank you, Mother," he said, "but I would like a good talk with you tonight." All day, as he fed the overalls to the machine, he planned exactly the words he was going to say to his mother that evening. She had helped and advised him always. She would not fail him now. At her knee he had been taught to ask his Heavenly

By Vilate Raile

"The Grass Grew" • A

The Improvement Era
Brief Story from the Life of Our President George Albert Smith

... AS IT MIGHT BE TOLD TO VERY YOUNG CHILDREN

Father for the blessings he most desired. When night came, and the dishes were finished and put away, and the children tucked into bed, George and his mother sat down in the big, clean kitchen to talk over his problems.

George patted his mother's arm affectionately and then began very seriously: "Mother, dear, I don't want you to feel that I am complaining, for I am not, but I must have help and advice. I realize, that while Father is still on a mission, I have to be the man of the house. I, being the eldest son, expect to carry the responsibilities. I am glad that I am well and able to work and help you with your overwhelming duties. I am glad that I can milk the cow and carry the horse. I am only too happy to cut the wood, and to carry the coal and the water. I really want to do all these things; but by working all day, doing chores all evening, going to my meetings, and discharging all of my numerous duties as a deacon, I have absolutely no time left to devote to myself and to make myself in any way attractive. I should like to learn to dance well and properly, and I should like to have the time to joke and play with the young people after meetings, and not always feel that I should rush home to get busy. I do so long for a more attractive home so that we would not seem like 'poor people' in comparison to some of our neighbors and other ward members.

At this point, George's mother interrupted. "Did you say 'poor,' my son? Why, we are some of the richest people in the world! Think of your inheritance. Remember your ancestors, few people are so fortunate. You have the noble blood of John Alden and Priscilla in your veins. You also have the blood of our great Church leaders, you have a good and noble father who, instead of being here to buy you the worldly treasures you desire and that you say your friends enjoy, is giving himself and all his time that he may preach to the people of the world that they, too, may know of the gospel and enjoy its boundless blessings. Who could have greater things to be proud of? Never, never say 'poor,' my boy. You are rich —very, very rich in the priceless things—the things that really count.'"

"I know, Mother," George interrupted, fearing that he had hurt her feelings. "I know, too, as you have taught us, that the beautiful cleanliness and order of our home means more than costly finery, but everyone else doesn't know this. Haven't you noticed that I am left out of all the big parties? Even Lucy doesn't notice me, now that I'm too old to tease her. She seems to be interested in Sam or John."

Mrs. Smith took George's face between her two hands, kissed his forehead and said, "To me you are the finest, the handsomest, the most wonderful son in the world. Of course I understand, dear, and I'll think about it. Together we'll see what can be done to change things."

The following day seemed doubly long to George, but again the next night, when all the occupants of the big, two-storied house had settled and everything was quiet, George and his mother went outside and sat on the front steps to continue their conversation. The moon shone so brightly that every ugly stone jutting up in the front yard seemed visible. George's mother began, "My son, I have thought of you all day, and I believe I have an idea. Our home is large, clean, and comfortable; it compares favorably with the other houses in this neighborhood. It's our front yard that makes our place seem so unattractive. If we could possibly plant grass in this big front yard, we'll have our path bordered with smooth, round whitewashed cobblestones, cover the walk with good sifted gravel then mend and paint the fence, our place would look as nice as any in the ward."

"George's eyes shone in anticipation. "You're right, Mother! I can see that you're absolutely right."

He spoke excitedly. "Is it possible, do you really think we might fix the place up right away?" Then in a low, hesitant voice he added, "You know I have so little spare time."

"I have considered that, too," his mother explained. "Your father won't be back for about fifteen months so we will have this fall and all next summer to get it done before he comes. My plan is to let the entire family in on the idea. We will make the lawn a project, a surprise for Father. The plan to surprise him will interest each child, and all of them will want to cooperate. You will not have to work alone."

"That's a grand idea," said George and his mother saw his smile as the moonlight fell upon his face. "I can just see how much better our place will look fixed up like that."

The two of them talked and planned for hours. George went to bed feeling greatly relieved. He slept peacefully and soundly.

The next day was Sunday. After Sunday School and Sunday dinner was over, Mother, Aunt Josephine, and George gathered all of the children of the two families in the big square parlor. Then George's mother presented the plan explaining that it was to be "a wonderful surprise for Father when he gets home in a little over a year from now." All were delighted with the exciting plan. Each asked, "What can I do?" "What is my job?" Assignments were made. To some of the older children was assigned the job of cutting down the peach trees that ran the length of the lot, plowing and dig-

(Continued on page 784)
Luella Layton lay abed on Christmas morning listening to familiar household sounds. That ring of metal against metal meant that Hal, her husband, was fishing clinkers out of the furnace. In the living room, the twelve-year-old twins, Mary and Joseph, were exploring their Christmas stockings. The stockings were a concession which Luella made to fill in the time between arising and the family's assembling around the fire in the grate for the gift-unwrapping ceremony. They were always very long and filled with some necessary and some nonsensical things—oranges, apples, mechanical toys, trick boxes, gloves—anything to take up space and time and to bring a laugh.

The radio was playing Christmas carols, "Silent Night. Holy Night." A quick turn of the dial and the strains were gone. That would be Mary; darling, thoughtful child. She knew how that song would hurt today. Every Christmas morning for years, Paul had waked the household playing that tune on the piano. There would be gifts from each of the children except Paul this year. No present, no word, nothing! How could she ever get used to this nothingness?

A squeal of delight, and rapid steps in the hall. Mary had found the lapel pin. Luella got up and slipped on a robe as Mary ran into her bedroom.

"Oh! Mother! Mother! How wonderful!" Luella looked at the absurd pin in Mary's outstretched hand. Funny how important it was to have what the gang had. A face of shining porcelain, hair of blue wool, who could think the pin pretty? But apparently it was not only beautiful, but marvelous. Mary spouted exclamation points!

Luella caught her in her arms and received and returned her kiss. Then she held her off and looked into her face. She couldn't understand how she and Hal could have been blessed with so exquisite a daughter. A face of finer porcelain than the lapel pin's, blue eyes, and hair a heavy cloud of dark curls. Her heart ached with delight in such loveliness.

She laughed softly and gave Mary a little spank. "Run along out of here, young lady, and let your mother get dressed. Scat!"

Mary dashed back into the living room and the unfinished stocking fun.

Luella stepped to the window and pulled the cord on the Venetian blind, flooding the room with soft light, part pale winter sunshine and part reflected snow light, which brought out the restrained suffering in her gray eyes and the sag in her tall, almost gaunt, figure. She stood a moment looking out. The sun was low and golden above Mount Ogden, and the peak, shawled in snow, was radiant amber. Between the window and the mountain, the orchard stretched on and on, fairy trees frosted with snow and coppered with sunlight. The blessed orchard! It, and the labor it had brought, had made life endurable during the awful months after the receipt of the telegram, " . . . missing in action."

Cherries, cherries, until her back ached at the thought of them; and those scarcely harvested until the apricots were on, tons and tons, perishable gold, and help never so hard to hire. How they had all worked, until exhaustion had made sleep imperative, and there had been no time nor strength for mourning! There had been a spell of relief from the fruit during August, but the Victory garden had claimed their time. And then the peaches. Had there ever been so many, or so few hands to gather them?

The season had ended at last and the cannings and the crowded hours of getting the twins properly clothed for school's opening; and they had managed both the mental and the physical strain. God seems always ready to give people strength to bear what they must.

Hal's steps were ascending the basement stairs, and breakfast not started. Hal must not find her too still. He couldn't bear depression. He never brought defeat into the open. She hurried to the closet for a dress. Thank goodness for the gray plaid seersucker coat frock.

She stopped a moment by the dresser mirror to run a comb through her waves and re-pin her special Christmas curls. The comb had been Paul's Christmas present to her last year. But today—

It wasn't that she loved Paul more than the others, but he had been a home boy. She missed him more. His interests and his pleasures had always been at home—music, chemistry, a whole room of equipment and supplies in the basement, which had been locked now for six months. He had chosen few friends but had loved them well and had been well-loved in return. But he had lived so quietly. She had scolded him for being unsocial, and he had said, "But, Mother, life is a trade. See how much I would have to give up to gain the social interests you think I need. I am happy. Do we all have to be extraverts?"

No, they needn't.

Paul had lent his watch to his friend, Sgt. Davis, who had been hospitalized shortly after they had sailed. Hal had wanted so much to get hold of Paul's watch. He had said, "If I just had
something that Paul had had with him, something I could touch and think of as coming from him to us! His watch or pocketknife.

How like Paul it was when he had heard of Sgt. Davis’ need to have said, “Here. Take mine!”

A friend’s letter had said that Sgt. Davis had hardly reached the deck before the torpedo struck, and he had never seen Paul again. The sergeant had been in hospitals ever since. He would probably take care of returning the watch when he could. Luella dropped on her knees for a quick prayer:

“Father in heaven, help me to bring happiness to my family on this day of rejoicing, the birthday of thy Son and our Savior. Grant that the day shall not pass without leaving with me some message of hope to lift the weight of futility and loss from my heart. Amen.”

“Mother! Mother!” That was Mary and Joseph calling now. The pressure, always the pressure of the twins’ wants and Hal’s needs, till there was never time to get her thoughts untangled. If she could once find something to rid her mind of the conviction of futility; twenty-two years, boyhood, college years, and now nothing—nothing.

“Mother!”

“Coming, dear,” and she hurried into the kitchen. Soon the electric beater was humming in the hot cake batter, and the savory smell of sausage and eggs caused a stir in the living room. Mary came running to set the table. Joseph passed by the door on his way to the bathroom to wash for breakfast, and Hal rattled the paper, contentedly waiting.

She looked at her dwindled family seated at the breakfast table. Hal, tall and robust in spite of his fifty years and his fine dark hair scarcely tinged with white; lovely Mary, and Joseph with his eager, little boyishly round, freckled face under sandy hair, still wet from his crude attempt at combing it. Today must be a happy day. Christmas was for children and happiness.

After breakfast, Mary and Joseph cleared the table and did the dishes while Luella attended to the chores of getting the turkey into the oven and other dinner fixings prepared. A few minutes of slicking-up the bedrooms, and they were ready for the real Christmas.

The fire was bright beside their little semicircle. Their thoughts, much oftener than their words, were with the absent one. Hal turned to the task of helping Mary sort the parcels, and soon each person sat in front of a little stack of his, or her, gaily wrapped presents.

There they were, the gifts that had lain within the paper: the warm, brushed rayon robe for Luella for which the twins had sacrificed so many movies; the down comforter that Hal had tried so awkwardly to hide; the usual array of neckties, mufflers, gloves, and shirts.

Now there was the miscellaneous mail. Paul had given his friends his parent’s address, knowing that his own whereabouts was never certain, and in case a pal needed to reach him the folks would always be in touch.

That long, flat parcel like a photograph, from Sgt. Fred Talbott, somebody whom Paul had met at camp. She handed it to Mary while she reached for another.

“Ahh! How darling! Mother, see. A baby. A charming baby boy. And a letter. Mother, it’s for you.” Mary’s excitement was contagious.

Luella studied the smiling baby features, and read the inscription: “From Paul Layton Talbott to Pfc. Paul Layton for distinguished service.”

Luella swallowed rapidly and turned to the letter with its notation: “Dear Mrs. Layton, please forward this picture. This is our way of thanking Paul for the night’s sleep he lost to take care of this young man’s daddy when he was too distracted to take care of himself. I’ve told Elsie, my wife, how Paul saved me from making a fool of myself. But it made me so mad to get tied up in red tape when Elsie needed me, and it didn’t seem wrong to me then to go AWOL. But Paul saw, as he always did, and persuaded me to wait and then watched all night to make sure that his persuasion stuck. The telegram next morning showed how right he was—Elsie and young Paul safe and everything okay. We hope that we can rear him to be half the man that his namesake is. All our love, Fred and Elsie Talbott.”

Luella handed both letter and photograph to Hal and watched pride fight with grief in his bowed face.

“Please, forward . . .” She hoped Paul knew.

The unwrapping was finished. Rosa-lee, Mary’s pal, had come to show Mary her new coat. Joseph had slipped out with his new skis and a companion. Hal was deep in a book. Luella went into the kitchen to check on dinner and to prepare the salad. There was the doorbell again. Mary could take it. It was probably the third of her trio, Virginia. But, no, that was a male voice, a strange voice, quick steps.

(Continued on page 788)
Truth is the biggest fact in the world. Its clashing with error is the irresistible conflict of the ages.

When a timid reformer with his half error and half truth, comes in contact with the thought and opinions of his time, he makes no great disturbance; but when a bold prophet of God like Joseph Smith announces his deep facts about God, man, and eternity, all the forces of error are lashed into fury; the wicked frown, the mob rave, and let loose the deep of pernicious truths.

What is in the homely name, Joseph Smith, that the mention of it should divide humanity into two distinct classes: those who bitterly hate him and those who ardently love him?

The right answer to these questions is the most vital and significant religious fact of our modern world. That answer is not found in the word “delusion.” The dim eyes of deception never saw so clearly as Joseph Smith did the deep fundamentals of religion. Hallucination never founded a perfect church organization and gave to the world a great philosophy of religion.

Nor can this Prophet’s message be driven out of the court of the world’s thought and opinion by shouting “impostor.” His mark upon his age is too deep to be erased by the tongue of slander. “A false man,” says Carlyle, “cannot even build a house.” And yet Joseph Smith laid the foundation of a church and erected a superstructure thereon so perfect, in adjustment and proportions, that it has called forth unstinted praise from even those who hate his name. He bequeathed to this Church a legacy of truth and faith that inspires his followers with the holy zeal to give all and sacrifice all for the enlightenment, justification, and ennoblement of mankind.

No, the explanation of the power of Joseph Smith’s name is not found in the epithets “delusion” or “impostor.” It is found only in the word truth. And what a flood of truth he poured into a shallow world of “cold hearts and hastening feet.”

His real career commenced in 1820, when he was given a vision of the Father and the Son. That year, Herbert Spencer was born. The names of both these men have been heard around the world. The one is the synonym of doubt; the other stands for faith. The one was the high priest of evolution; the other was a prophet of a living faith. They both strove to find the same thing, the knowledge of God. Herbert Spencer used the key of reason, and Joseph Smith the key of faith. Herbert Spencer sought to find God through an endless analysis of the crust of things. Joseph Smith went by prayer right into the presence of God. Herbert Spencer ended his long life saying, “God is unknowable.” Joseph Smith, when only a boy of fourteen, saw the Maker of all, and heard the voice that had stilled the storm and stayed the wave.

In the age that Huxley glibly talked about an “absentee God,” and learned theologians bowed at the shrine of a rhetorical image, Joseph Smith rediscovered the true and the Living God. In the teeth of the age-old doctrine of a God “without body, parts, and passions,” this bold prophet declared that the Lord of heaven is a tangible personality of tabernacle, in whose exact image and likeness man was made. He boldly brushed aside the Nicene Council’s bewildering words, descriptive of the Trinity; and plainly averred what the Bible clearly teaches, that the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are three distinct personages, and one in mind, spirit, and purpose. While the faithless priests of shallow creeds were standing afar off, calling to God in the cold words of learned theological formulas, Joseph Smith announced the warm, pulsating truth contained in the Lord’s prayer, “Our Father which art in heaven.”

Joseph Smith’s first vocal prayer marked the beginning of an epoch. It was the beginning of the real modern spiritual renaissance. The boy who prayed that day in the silent woodland of Palmyra had a heart as deep as truth, and lifted high as heaven. He had the faith that defies fate. Around him were the sophisticated theologians with their hearts full of doubts and their heads full of theological abstractions, wrangling about empty forms and dead ceremonies. All the notions, customs, creeds, and dogmas of the time, denied the possibility of a real answer from God. But in spite of doctrines, dogmas, and doubts, he believed in him who said, “If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.” (James 1:5.)

When Joseph Smith walked out of the sacred grove that day, he was greater than the most learned theologians and the profoundest philosophers. He held the key to the knowledge of God. He had a power greater than that possessed by potentates. He held in his heart the most powerful thing in the universe, the omnipotent faith that makes the powers of heaven the servants of men. The Bible had for

(Continued on page 765)
UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING Desirable?

BY E. Allen Bateman, PH.D.
UTAH STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Whenever any proposal is made to change an important policy of our country, time should be taken, if possible, to investigate all phases of the problem before a decision is reached. There does not seem to be any good reason for immediate action on the question of universal military training. Its immediate adoption is not necessary in order for the United States to have an adequate armed force in the event of an early resumption of hostilities. We now have a reserve of more than ten million men, trained in the latest methods of warfare, who could be immediately called into service if need arose. We are still inducting, under the wartime selective service act, all eighteen-year-old youths for continued service. For the next few years we are assured of adequate forces of well-trained men to protect us in case of need.

Furthermore, the immediate adoption of this proposed program would seriously interfere with our efforts to secure the establishment of an international organization that will effectively maintain peace. Conditions are such that those who wish to preserve our civilization must make every possible effort to see that nations do not again make war. All scientific evidence indicates that within a few years, unless common agreement and international organization prevent it, all of our large nations will be making atomic bombs much more destructive than those used against Japan; that they will be made cheaply and in large numbers; that there is no adequate defense against them since they probably may be smuggled into cities in suitcases, or sent thousands of miles in rockets too speedy to be successfully intercepted; that the next war will doubtless begin with surprise attacks and that all large cities in a country could be wiped out in a few hours' time. In a war of this kind the United States would be at a disadvantage because of our highly industrialized society and the high percentage of our people living in concentrated areas of population. Our leading scientists have recently testified that the atomic bomb has lessened the relative military advantage of the United States as compared to other countries. Under these conditions it is especially desirable that we find effective ways of international cooperation to prevent war rather than to continue the attempt to maintain peace by the threat of armed power.

For the United States and Great Britain to adopt compulsory military training at this time would have a bad psychological effect upon our attempts to secure an effective world organization. Our systems of voluntary military service are as old as our modern democracies. Although every other large country has at one time had compulsory military service, these two alone during the past hundred years have been undefeated in war. For our victorious nations, at the time we are leading the world in an effort to organize to maintain peace, now to change our traditions and adopt the greatest program of military preparedness the world has ever seen, would be to impress upon the world a lack of faith in our efforts; in effect it would be an announcement that we had no hopes for international cooperation. Other nations would ignore our attempts to organize for peace and would multiply their efforts to prepare for war.

There is nothing in modern history to show that extensive military preparedness preserves the peace. Germany in the last two world wars has each time attacked two great nations, France and Russia, that have been expecting war, have had compulsory military training and have thought themselves to be adequately prepared. In the recent conflict, Japan attacked the United States in what was essentially a naval war, although the United States had a navy which was generally thought to be superior to that of Japan. The actual state of military preparedness is not the factor that determines whether or not war will come, but rather the belief of an aggressor that it can secure an advantage by surprise.

(Continued on page 780)
A GREAT CHANGE

In the summer of 1893, my mother wrote: "What a change, what a change has come into my life! I do not seem to myself like the same person I was a year ago. I used to feel that I was almost useless, but now I see so much to do that I am almost overwhelmed. I don't think there is anyone who has had a more complete change of life than have.

"The saddest occurrence I have to record is Lucy's death. She died on the third of January, after such suffering as no one can realize, I think, except those who go through it.

"I have all her sweet children to care for, and my heart is full of pity and love for them. It seemed a very great responsibility for me to undertake at first, and I feared that I might not be able to do all that I ought to in the way that I should. No one can think how sad and sorrowful I felt to go there and take Lucy's place as I did. It was some time before I could overcome my despondency.

"And yet I am very thankful to the Lord that I have the privilege of taking this responsibility and trust, and I look upon it as a sacred duty, as well as a pleasure, to devote my life to this sweet task of love. My dear husband is so kind and considerate of me that this makes my task much lighter than it otherwise might be. I think I love him more than I ever did before. I shall be so thankful if I can assist them all in any way and share the burdens of life."

Could this be the same individual writing, who, eight years before, had felt to commiserate with her sister, Delia, when the latter had married John E. Booth and had taken on the responsibility of caring for four motherless children? The answer would be yes and no. Yes, because the same pair of hands that had belonged, at least part of the time, to a lady of leisure, now helped in the daily tasks of a large home. Yes, because the same brain that had struggled with the problems incident to the training of a schoolroom full of restless children now attempted to solve other problems in a family of ten—seven children and three adults.

No, because the soul of Augusta Winters Grant had developed, as a result of life's experiences, to a point where she accepted joyfully a situation which in former years would have seemed too much for her to undertake. The fact that there was at last a spot she could call her home, and that she could now assume her rightful name, more than compensated for the extra burdens she assumed.

"Home," she wrote after she had been in her new surroundings for several months, "how sweet that word is to me and how much I appreciate my home no one can ever know, except those who have been deprived of that sweet blessing for as many weary years as I have.

"There were gossips who shook their heads and whispered how Lucy was hardly gone before another woman had stepped into her shoes. They didn't know as I do—not only my father, but my oldest sister has told me—that Lucy's last words to her husband had been: 'I can die peacefully because a woman that I love and that you love is to rear my five little girls and my baby boy.'"

The children were not left groping as to the meaning of death. They were made to understand that to one who had suffered as their mother had, death could come as a sweet release. "There was no dark, mournful spirit in that home when I entered it," my mother recorded in her journal, "but rather a feeling of calm and peace."

Part of the serenity of the home, so my mother says, emanated from dear Grandma Grant, who was a member of the household. She had a very satisfying philosophy of life. The religion of Mormonism, for which she had sacrificed wealth and comfort, was the dearest thing in life to her. Hers was a childlike faith, simple and satisfying. Of it my father once said: "When success came, she was thankful; when a child was born, she thanked the Lord; and when a loved one died, she always felt to acknowledge the hand of the Lord. Her motto was, 'It's all for the best'."

"When 'Aunt Augusta,' as my mother has always been called by Lucy's children, assumed her new responsibilities, she found that her relationship had been carefully explained to the children by my father, and the fact that their mother had stayed in the quiet of her sister Julia Woolley's home for several months prior to her death had somewhat softened the parting.

After the mother of his children had
died, my father had felt that his cup of sorrow was full to overflowing, but it was only a short time until another great trial pressed close upon the heels of the first.

In order to ease the hurt in the hearts of the three eldest daughters—Rachel, Lucy, and Florence—he had, immediately after their mother's death, taken them away for a trip to Washington, D.C.

"They were having a pleasant time," so my mother records, "when 'Ray' and 'Lutie' were taken seriously ill with diphtheria, and Heber was there alone with them in a boardinghouse for over a month. This was a terrible time."

How she prayed that her husband would not know the anguish of parting with his children so soon after the death of his wife, and how glad she was when she could write: "They survived and at last were able to start home.

"For fear they would not be able to stand the entire journey, Heber had me meet them in Chicago so that, in this event, he could go right home, since the Presidency were very anxious to have him there for the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. But the children stood the journey remarkably well, and we were all delighted to come home together, the more so since we arrived just in time to attend the first session of the dedication of the Temple (April 6, 1893), a privilege I appreciated very much.

"After we arrived home, Florence, who had escaped diphtheria in the East, came down with it. That the other children might not contact the disease I took Edith, Anna, Mary, and little Heber to the Deseret Hospital and stayed with them there three weeks, but three of the four came down with it, only Mary escaping. It was a miserable time.

But at last the ordeal was over and "things brightened up, as they have a way of doing if you will just give them time."

After the new mother had been in her changed surroundings a few months, she wrote: "I feel that the Lord has blessed me thus far. The children are just as lovely to me as they can be, and, with the continued blessings of the Lord, I trust I may retain their love, and that we may be a united and happy family. If this can only be the case I shall feel fully repaid for any extra cares I may have."

**The New Family**

Do not suppose there were not obstacles to overcome and adjustments to make when my mother assumed the role of foster-mother. The children from four-year-old Heber to fourteen-year-old Rachel were very distinct in their personalities, which she must try to understand and attempt to direct properly.

"Ray" as the eldest daughter has always been called by her intimates, but who was christened "Susan-Rachel" for her two grandmothers, was a very capable girl. The fact of her mother's long illness had placed many of the responsibilities of the home upon her young shoulders and had matured her to the festive meal. But she said nothing, studied her cookbook, and at the appointed time brought a beautifully browned bird to the table. The fact remained, however, that she cooked more because it had to be done than because she particularly enjoyed it. The result was that she usually depended on "the girls" to take over the fancy cooking, which they loved to do.

Ray was an excellent cook, in fact, capable along many lines. When she was but thirteen years old, Grandma Grant had told in a letter written to Ray's parents, who were on a trip in the East, how well their daughter had taken hold in their absence.

The second daughter, Lucy, though only twelve years old when my mother came into the home, was, like Rachel, matured beyond her years. She combined marked spirituality with a loving nature. There were always plenty of hugs and kisses for us younger ones from "Lutie" as we call her to this day.

It was she who gathered us about and told us stories that would help us to be better children. She even organized a little evening class to which some of the neighbor children were invited, to teach us all about the Book of Mormon. We listened attentively, but I, for one, was more intrigued when, with appropriate gestures, she recited "Bingen on the Rhine" or "Curfew shall not ring tonight."

Florence, the third daughter in the family, had a rare combination of artistic ability and a practical turn of mind. As a little girl she had boxes and boxes of "doll duds" which she had made herself, and reams of hand-colored paper dolls. To encourage her along these lines she was given dressmaking lessons at an early age, and, while still in her teens, was painting water colors under the tutelage of John Hafen, our renowned Utah artist. It was Florence who, for lack of a big brother, could tinker about the house a bit and fix things that needed it.

Edith, the tempestuous tomboy of the family, was the exact opposite of Anna, two years her junior. Where Anna would sit patiently each morning while "Aunt Gusta" wound her dampened brown locks around a long stick, Edith, ahead of her day, wore her dark hair cut short like a boy's, and couldn't be bothered with frills. She could run fleet as a fleet, skated as an expert, and could hit a baseball with a boy's big stick to the disgust of the rest of us who used a rubber ball and a wide bat. In fact, the opposite sex accorded Edith the privileges of a male in their sports. Even as a child she possessed a natural singing

(Concluded on page 790)
On the Question of Divorce

There is a question which is highly personal in nature, and yet which is much more than personal, because it affects not only individuals, but the whole structure of society. The world's attitude toward the separation of two people who have been lawfully wedded, has varied greatly with time and with place, and still does. But no matter how widely differing may be the laws and attitudes toward divorce, we must admit that in our generation there has been a growing laxity of attitude toward broken marriages, broken homes, broken families. Perhaps most men would be willing to concede that there are some causes which make it desirable, or even necessary, for people who have once been wedded to go their separate ways. But it must also be admitted that to the real causes there have been added many superficial causes which cater to the whims and to the quick changes of mind and of heart of those who lightly consider and flagrantly abuse the privileges and obligations of marriage. So often the person who seeks divorce as the way out, has supposed that others who are married do not have adjustments to make, or sacrifices, or compromises of personal privilege. But never would we find a man and a woman whose thoughts and whose preferences were so alike as to require that neither of them give up anything for the privilege of pursuing life together. Too many who request a termination of their marital vows imagine that their errors of understanding and deficiencies of wisdom would, with someone else, unquestionably solve themselves. But those who cannot make their peace with one partner in marriage have no positive assurance that they can make their peace with any partner in marriage, because often those who seek separation suppose that others are wholly the cause of their difficulties, whereas they themselves, in part at least, may be responsible. There have been hasty marriages in war times, but let not that mean that there should be hasty divorce. Too often divorce means a running away from problems, rather than the solving of them. Let those who have rushed in, take time to become acquainted and to work out their problems together. The relationship of marriage is sacred, and if it were not, there would be little of sacredness in life. It is more than a legal contract; it is a solemn covenant which affects not only the lives of two people, but the whole social pattern of the present, and the lives of the generation to come. The strength of a nation depends upon the stability of its homes. Easy divorce tends to undermine that strength without putting anything in its place. But, on the personal side of the question again: Admittedly there are exceptions to all these generalizations, but, admittedly also, running away from things is seldom the final solution to any problem.

—October 21, 1945.

On Becoming Idle

There is an old Scottish proverb which reads: "If the devil find a man idle, he'll set him to work." It was by no mere whim that the Lord God gave man his work to do and commanded him to do it. Yet men often suppose that they would enjoy themselves everlastingly in idleness. But let them be forced to idleness, and it would quickly become more irksome than work had ever been. In fact, he who supposes a heaven without work supposes no heaven at all, but a place of boredom, a place of restless, discontented souls. Of course there are extremes of work, as there are extremes of idleness. Some work becomes burdensome soon; all work may become burdensome if continued without respite—but so does all leisure. Sometimes we hear of those who suppose that we have a surplus of hands or of brains—those who seem to fear that one class of men, or all men, are going to run out of things to do, and who would restrict, therefore, how much a man may do. As to this, we need but ask a few self-answered questions: Was there ever a time when even the meager and modest wants of men were fully satisfied? Was there ever a time when everything was made that should be made—or when everything was built that needed building? Were all things ever beautified that needed beautifying? Were all the children ever taught that needed teaching? Were all the souls ever saved that needed saving? We might even ask if all the worlds were ever made that could be made? Who under heaven is ever going to run out of work! Or in heaven, either—for that matter? To withhold labor contributes but to impoverishment, because the world is enriched only by the total effort of all, and the less there is for all of us, ultimately the less there is for each of us. Progress has been the gift of those who were fearful that they couldn't do enough, and not of those who were afraid they were doing too much. Progress comes by letting good men do their best—and we assume much when we assume the power and privilege of wasting human energies, of making needed things scarce, or of retarding the progress of men. Either men are free to work, or they are not free at all; for work, even for its own sake, is essential to happiness, as well as for what it creates. Of course, free men must also have their freedom not to work—but it is written: "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." "Blessed is he who has found his work"—and who pursues it with all his mind and strength.

—October 7, 1945.
On Lying Without Speaking

There has sometimes been an all too common assumption that truth pertains merely to what one says or writes—an assumption that if we give a wrong impression with the right words, we are still within the truth. But words are not the only way of conveying meanings. And whether or not we are truthful depends not only upon the words we use, but also upon what our intention is, and what impression we give. The truth has not been told unless there is an honest transference of thought—an honest conveyance of meaning—regardless of what words have been used. The impressions we leave deliberately are as binding as the words we speak, and if we knowingly leave a false impression, to that extent we are not truthful, no matter what we say. Indeed, the untruth of impressions can be more vicious and more misleading than the untruth of words. A picture, an act, a gesture, may tell a thousand untruths without audibly saying a word. It is a relatively easy matter to convict a man of a spoken or a written lie, but it is often difficult to convict him of deliberately making a false impression. You can analyze words; you can read them; you can record them; you can define them; you can hear the true or false ring of the voice that speaks them. But an unspoken lie is an illusive deception. It is akin to the kind of lying a man does when, for example, he falsely wears a uniform of some kind or other, which, without his saying so, gives the impression that he is something which he is not. For this kind of impersonation there are specific penalties. But for some kinds of impersonation, the penalties are difficult to invoke. Nevertheless, he who acts a lie, he who lives a lie, or he who knowingly permits a deception, is guilty on moral grounds with him who deliberately speaks a lie, because both contrive to mislead the minds of others. To those with many years ahead of them, to our youth especially—and to all others—let it be said convincingly that if you would live in honor, and with peace in your hearts, don’t offer a half-truth to anyone who has a right to the whole truth. Don’t warp the facts, either by word or by a deliberate mis-impression—because he who deliberately falsifies without words is guilty with him who does it with words. And even though the rules of legal evidence may not always be able to hold him accountable, the rules of moral evidence will.

On Escaping Penalties

Frequently the question is asked: Just how effective is the threat of punishment in keeping men from doing things they should not do? To this, we must frankly answer that often the mere threat of punishment does not seem to be very effective—perhaps because so many men apparently are willing to gamble on the chances of avoiding punishment for their errors. In contemplating some mis-

—October 28, 1945.

DeCEmBEr, 1945

indeed, they often weigh the supposed pleasures against the possible penalties, and then they weigh the chances of escaping the penalties, and act accordingly. Especially would it seem that punishments which are postponed to a remote hereafter are often not very effective in causing men to give up the error of their ways. Heaven oftentimes seems so far away—and that which is seemingly remote may hold but little fear for the present. But quite apart from the mere threat of remote punishment, it would be well to consider the absolute certainty of immediate punishment. Elbert Hubbard is accredited with saying: “Men are punished by their sins, not for them.” At least part of this statement is profoundly true—we are certainly punished by our sins. If we do something we shouldn’t do, even if no one else knows it, the gnawing accusation of our own conscience is one form of certain and immediate and unavoidable punishment. The accusation of others is only intermittent, but the accusation of self is constant. It hangs as a backdrop to all that we do. Whatever we may think, always behind them is the suggestion of other accusing thoughts. Whatever hours we may sleep, always there is the chance of dreaming, and always there is the certainty of waking. There may be those whom we may think have ‘gotten away’ with some misdeed without punishment, but if we think so, it is only because we do not know what goes on inside them. There is no misdeed which does not exact its own penalty, whether God or the agencies of men immediately choose to do so or not. There is no kind of malpractice, the consequences of which are reserved wholly for the hereafter. We may gamble on outsmarting the law; we may gamble on the seeming remoteness of heaven and its judgments; we may even gamble on the leniency of men and on the mercy of God—but no man ever won a gamble with his own conscience. Even should he think he has beaten his conscience into submission, his misdeeds still leave their marks upon him. There is nothing more certain in all the world than the certainty that every thought and act of our lives has its effect upon us, for good or ill, whether it is known by others or not—and anyone who gambles against this fact has already lost his gamble.

—October 14, 1945.

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*Philistine, Vol. XI, p. 7
German Mission
Appointment of Scott Taggart as president of the Swiss Mission was announced October 20, by the First Presidency. The missionaries were called from this field at the beginning of World War II. Max Zimmer, Sr., has been serving as acting mission president. President Taggart was in Europe from 1916 to 1920, where he served as secretary of the Swiss Mission under President Angus J. Cannon. For a year he worked in the American consular service. He declined a position as vice consul to return home.

Mrs. Taggart and their twin daughters, Carol and Claire, will accompany him to Switzerland. The Taggarts have three other children.

Swedish Mission
The First Presidency called Eben R. T. Blomquist to serve as president of the Swedish mission on October 23. As in the other missions of Europe, missionaries were recalled from Sweden at the outbreak of hostilities in 1939, and affairs left in the hands of local members. Fritz Johansson has been the acting mission president. President Blomquist, a native of Sweden, emigrated to Salt Lake City, Utah, as a youth of seventeen. He returned to his native land as a missionary in 1911, serving until 1913. He and Mrs. Blomquist recently returned from an eighteen-month mission in northern California, where he served as mission secretary. Mrs. Blomquist and two children will go with President Blomquist. There are four older children in the family.

Western States Mission
Francis A. Child of Ogden, Utah, was named by the First Presidency on October 23, as president of the Western States Mission with headquarters at Denver. He succeeds Richard W. Madsen who is expected to return to his home in Salt Lake City. President Child has long been active in Church affairs. He served as a counselor in the Alpine Stake Sunday School superintendent, and later as ward clerk in the Murtaugh (Idaho) Ward of the Twin Falls Stake. He was successively a member of the M.I.A. board of the Ogden Stake, a member of the Ogden Stake high council, and a member of the presidency of the Ogden Stake, and later of the Ben Lomond Stake. Mrs. Child will accompany him on his mission.

Norwegian Mission
The First Presidency announced the appointment of A. Richard Peterson as president of the Norwegian Mission on October 24. This is President Peterson's fourth mission to Norway, he having filled a mission in 1905-1907, and presided over the mission in 1923-1926, and again in 1938-1939, when he evacuated the missionaries at the beginning of World War II. War-restricted activities have been directed by O. Sonstebey, acting mission president.

(Continued on page 768)
Calling All Girls
FOR THE
Latter-day Saint Girls
Program

Prepared under the direction of the
Presiding Bishopric
by
LEE A. PALMER
Field Representative for the
Aaronic Priesthood

The Church has always taught the equality of the man and woman "in the Lord." A man cannot reach his highest possible estate without the woman nor can the woman attain her greatest glory without the man. Whatever is done to glorify the man must be matched for the glory of the woman, else neither shall be glorified after God's holy order.

But the desire to reach the highest glory had best be kindled in the heart long before it reaches man's estate. Youth is the springtime of life. The warm and more easily cultivated soil of a boy or a girl is more responsive to the tender growing roots of truth. We must plant early if we would reap the abundant harvest. We cannot afford to defer the sowing of the seeds of truth and thus cut short the season for their growth.

In this connection the Church has turned its attention to our young women. It is realized that, as with the man and the woman, so with the boy and the girl—we cannot save the one if we lose the other—we can only really save by saving both.

Parents from every quarter of the Church have remarked—"You have a unified program for the boys, but what about our girls? Why do we not have a similar program for our young women?" Thanks to the mothers for their gentle inquiries and for their subtle proddings.

Now the girls of the Church come into their own. A great new correlation of effort on the part of all leaders of Latter-day Saint girls has been set in motion. Features long tried and proven successful in the Aaronic Priesthood program will now be introduced into this new work. Our girls will receive as much attention and care as our boys.

"A need for carefully looking after our girls as we are now doing with our boys of Aaronic Priesthood age is commonly recognized," said President George Albert Smith in a letter to stake presidents dated June 5, 1944. Since that time, the Presiding Bishopric, upon special assignment from the First Presidency, has been working out the details of such a program and is now in a position to begin its active promotion.

A special meeting conducted by the Presiding Bishopric and attended by stake presidencies, high councilors, and bishoprics was held in the tabernacle, October 5, 1945, when a brief outline of the program was presented. This new feature of our work with youth will become effective January 1, 1946.

The general committee for Latter-day Saint girls will head the program throughout the Church under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric. Other members of the all-Church committee include the general superintendency of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, and general presidencies of Relief Society, Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and Primary.

The stake committee for Latter-day Saint girls will function under the direction of the stake presidency with one member assigned the immediate responsibility for this program. A member of the high council will serve as an adviser to the committee. A chairman (woman), two assistants, and a secretary will actively promote this work. An advisory committee composed of the stake superintendent of Sunday Schools, and stake presidents of Relief Society, Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and Primary will be called into meeting each month as a part of the stake committee and will assist as necessary in carrying the program forward.

The ward committee for Latter-day Saint girls is headed by the bishopric. An advisory committee composed of the ward superintendent of Sunday School, and the ward presidents of Relief Society, Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and Primary will be called upon by the bishopric to assist in this work as the need for their assistance may become apparent. Members of the ward committee who will carry the program forward under the direction of the bishopric include a chairman (woman), two assistants, a secretary, and an adviser for each group of approximately ten Latter-day Saint girls who are unmarried and who are between twelve and twenty-one years of age.

Standard group and individual certificates of award will be provided by the Presiding Bishopric for outstanding group and personal achievements as is now done for quorums and members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

The purpose of the new program is to encourage our young women to take full advantage of the training and education afforded by the existing auxiliary organizations of the Church and (Concluded on page 773)
EDITORIALS

The Fifth President Of Brigham Young University

The long-remembered instructions of Brigham Young to Karl G. Maeser, first president of Brigham Young University, were quoted again at the inauguration of the fifth president of the institution:

Addressing the President, he said: "I am about to leave for Provo, Brother Young, to start my work in the Academy. Have you any instructions to give me?"

The President looked steadily forward for a few moments, as though in deep thought, then said: "Brother Maeser, I want you to remember that you ought not to teach even the alphabet or the multiplication tables without the Spirit of God. That is all, God bless you. Good-bye." (Karl G. Maeser, a biography by his son, Richard Maeser; published by Brigham Young University, Provo; 1928; page 79.)

This institution wherein young people can pursue their search of truth in all fields of thought and learning, under conditions of faith and high ideals, and in an atmosphere of high scholarship and of spirituality, has proved to be a blessing to many generations of students, since its founding in 1875.

The chief business of mankind is to search for truth and to use it with wisdom in their lives, and the gospel of Jesus Christ embraces all the truth that any man will ever discover. The fruits of this concept are evident in many ways. Perhaps no institution of learning of its time and age has produced proportionately more outstanding men in their respective professional fields than has Brigham Young University—a tribute to the founders and to the principles upon which it was founded, and to its administration and faculty throughout the years.

Pleasing and impressive was the gathering of officials of the Church and of representatives of the major universities of America, who, with the student body and alumnae and friends, participated in the inauguration of Howard S. McDonald as the fifth president of Brigham Young University, Wednesday, November 14, 1945.

In the years to come, during his administration, we wish to President McDonald, personal success and satisfaction; and, the even greater wish: we wish to the institution under his leadership a continuing and increasing fulfillment of the destiny which was envisioned by its founders, for the blessing of our own generation and of generations to come, in the discovery and pursuit of knowledge, in an atmosphere of truth and integrity and spirituality.

Some Varieties Of Gratitude

The season between Thanksgiving and the New Year prompts many thoughts, including appraisal of ourselves and of our blessings.

If we may quote Cicero we may say that "gratitude is not only the greatest of the virtues, but the parent of all the others." (Pro Flancio, 54 B.C.) But whether or not it be the greatest of the virtues, gratitude is highly becoming to men, and without it, the other virtues lack much.

Perhaps not everyone who voices gratitude is actually grateful; likewise, perhaps not everyone who fails to speak his gratitude is actually ungrateful. But to be valid, it would almost seem that gratitude must find some form of expression by word or by act or by attitude.

Of course, there are many degrees and varieties of gratitude. It was once stated and has often since been quoted that "gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come." But that gratitude which is prompted chiefly by the anticipation of further favors, is, in a sense, not gratitude at all, but merely a polite suggestion of a continuing expectancy.

Most of us are grateful for one favor or one gift. But frequently a gift or a favor that repeats itself, becomes a cause for complaint if it fails to be renewed. Indeed, there are those who become so accustomed to favors, that they demand as their irrevocable right that for which they were once sincerely grateful—all of which suggests the wisdom of proceeding with discretion, lest that which was a favor to begin with comes to be looked upon as a vested right.

The sincere gratitude of a friend for whom some service has been done is among the richest of payments. But an ungrateful friend is a sore disillusionment. Likewise there is no effort too difficult, no sacrifice too great for a parent to make for a child—if the child is grateful. But an ungrateful child is a sorrow and a disappointment. And it would be a grave oversight if we did not show something of our gratitude to the Father of us all in whose image we were created. Despite much confusion in the world, despite anxiety and apprehension—despite all the circumstances that sometimes make life difficult and discouraging, we have more cause for gratitude than any man can voice, more than all men in all their days can be duly grateful for.

And where the suggestion fits, it may be well for some of us to show our gratitude for the privilege of life by getting down to work, and down to sane, and reasonable, and earnest living. And inasmuch as ye do these things with thanksgiving, . . . the fulness of the earth is yours, . . . And in nothing doth man offend God . . . save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments." (D. & C. 59:15, 16, 21.) "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path." (Proverbs 3:6.)

To quote Benjamin Franklin: "And, forasmuch as ingratitude is one of the most odious of vices, let me not be unmindful gratefully to acknowledge the favors I receive from heaven." Great indeed among the virtues is gratitude.
EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

xcix. Who Was Melchizedek?

The ancient history of the priesthood is only dimly known. Especially is this so for the period between Noah and Abraham.

After the flood, Noah, who had himself received the priesthood (D. & C. 107:52; 84:14, 15; Moses 8:19), ordained his son Shem to the same priesthood (Genesis 9:26), and perhaps many others as the generations of faithful men increased. Shem and other priesthood bearers in turn undoubtedly ordained other faithful men who had a claim upon the priesthood. It is likely that whole communities of followers of the gospel which was taught to Adam existed at this time. Modern revelation confirms this view, for Moses received the priesthood from Jethro in Midian; and the descent of the priesthood from Jethro to Abraham is given in names that do not appear at that period in the Bible. (D. & C. 84:6-13.)

In this period, Melchizedek springs suddenly into view. Abraham, after a victorious battle with Chedorlaomer, calls on Melchizedek, who is king of Salem (a place in or near the present Jerusalem), is entertained by Melchizedek, and finally pays tithing to him. In this act, Abraham recognized in Melchizedek a son of God, among the organized followers of the gospel, for he would not pay his tithing to one not authorized to receive it. This view is supported by Joseph Smith's inspired translation of the Bible, in which the statement is made that Melchizedek, "being the high priest, and the keeper of the storehouse of God; him whom God had appointed to receive tithes for the poor."

Paul, the apostle, says, "... this Melchizedek, ... first being by interpretation King of righteousness, and after that also King of Salem, which is, King of peace." (Hebrews 7:1, 2.) The accepted Hebrew meaning of Melchizedek may then be taken as king of righteousness or peace. But, students of language have suggested that the word is a title rather than a name, a title implying a high position of spiritual leadership. Linguists, dissecting the word and finding the syllable "el" in it, the Hebrew for El, interpret Melchizedek to mean a servant or king of the supemate God, a "King-priest."

Paul tells the Hebrews to "consider how great this man was." (Hebrews 7:4.) Through the ages Melchizedek has been a somewhat mystical figure, but one to whom the highest respect is given.

Not only was Abraham entertained by Melchizedek, but he received the priesthood from him. The priesthood which descended from Abraham to his descendants is thus traced back through Melchizedek. (D. & C. 84:14.) His priesthood is the most important thing about Melchizedek. David speaks of himself as "a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." (Psalm 110:4.) Paul discourses at some length upon the high priesthood after the order of Melchizedek, and associates it with the mission of Jesus the Christ. (Hebrews 5:6, 10; 6:20; 7:1-21.) We of the restored Church of Christ, following divine revelation to avoid repeating the name of Deity too often, speak of the higher priesthood as the Melchizedek Priesthood or the priesthood of Melchizedek.

A curious illustration of the result of missing or distorted or misunderstood scripture appears in Paul's epistle concerning Melchizedek. In the King James translation it reads, "For this Melchizedek ... Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life." (Hebrews 7:1, 3.) This is an absurd statement about a mortal man. The statement refers, of course, to the priesthood of Melchizedek, which is eternal. The Prophet Joseph Smith rectified the error in his inspired translation of the Bible, as follows: "For this Melchizedek was ordained a priest after the order of the Son of God, which order was without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."

There is an old Hebrew tradition that Melchizedek was none other than Seth, the son of Noah. As far as the age of Seth is concerned, that is possible. Seth lived five hundred two years after the flood, and Abraham was born two hundred ninety-two years after the flood. Abraham, therefore, must have known Seth. However, don't cast upon this claim by the revealed statement that "Melchizedek received it [the priesthood] through the lineage of his fathers, even till Noah." (D. & C. 84:14.)

Fortunately, modern revelation has given us information concerning this man great in sacred history:

"Now Melchizedek was a man of faith, who wrought righteousness; and when a child he feared God, and stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of fire. And thus, having been approved of God, he was ordained an high priest after the order of the covenant which God made with Enoch, it being after the order of the Son of God; which order came, not by man, nor the will of man; neither by father nor mother; neither by beginning of days nor end of years; but of God; And it was delivered unto men by the calling of his own voice, according to his own will, unto as many as believed on his name.

"For God having sworn unto Enoch and unto his seed with an oath by himself; that every one being ordained after this order and calling should have power, by faith, to break mountains, to divide the seas, to dry up waters, to turn them out of their course; to put at defiance the armies of nations, to divide the earth, to break every band, to stand in the presence of God; to do all things according to his will, according to his command, subdued principalities and powers, and this by the will of the Son of God which was from before the foundation of the world. And men having this faith, coming up unto this order of God, were translated and taken up into heaven.

"And now, Melchizedek was a priest of this order; therefore he obtained peace in Salem, and was called the Prince of peace. And his people wrought righteousness, and obtained heaven, and sought for the city of Enoch which God had before taken, separating it from the earth, having reserved it unto the latter days, or the end of the world; And hath said, and sworn with an oath, that the heavens and the earth should come together; and the sons of God should be tried so as by fire. And this Melchizedek, having thus established righteousness, was called the king of heaven by his people, or, in other words, the King of peace.

"And he lifted up his voice, and he blessed Abram, being the high priest, and the keeper of the storehouse of God; Him whom God had appointed to receive tithes for the poor.

"Wherefore, Abram paid unto him tithes of all that he had, of all the riches which he possessed, which God had given him more than that which he had need." —J. A. W.
DEVELOPING INTELLECTUAL CURiosity

in Our Children

By HELEN GREGG GREEN

I've never seen anyone as patient with children as you. You answer every question they ask; you even encourage their questions! You seem to think over the answers as if you were talking with a mature man or woman," said small Marie's mother to our neighbor, the homespun psychologist.

"I guess you're right, Nan. I consider the answers to their many questions and my 'encouraging them' as you say, important. I want my nieces and nephews to have an avid intellectual curiosity."

"What did you say?" Nan looked surprised at the pompous-sounding phrase.

"I want the children to have an avid intellectual curiosity, Nan. If they acquire that now, their hunger for knowledge will grow by the proverbial leaps and bounds, until it will at last keep going of its own momentum. We must encourage that desire for self-help. The spirit of self-help is the root of all genuine growth in the individual, you know."

"That is interesting," Nan said, deep in thought. "Will you explain more fully?"

The first important step in life for parents is to prepare children for is to live with themselves. It's uninteresting and dull to spend even a day with someone who has few ideas, lacks a sense of humor, and boasts no intellectual curiosity. It doesn't matter whether that person is someone else or—yourself, our wise neighbor explained. "What a clever way of putting it," Nan continued her knitting, listening attentively.

Our psychologist smiled her thanks and continued, "We must prepare our children to be good company for themselves as well as for others. You see, you, yourself, is one 'fellow' you can never get away from. If boys and girls develop intellectual curiosity, they are going to reach out for information and knowledge. Reading, growing, learning, they get the habit of developing mentally, spiritually, and emotionally. This will give them a 'reserve' from which they can draw all their lives."

"I am going to turn over a new leaf. I'm afraid I've been in the habit of evading the children's questions. As Elizabeth Von Hess says in her delightful book, So To Speak, 'The interesting people are those who are interested.' Had we not had this helpful talk, I might have been the cause of the children's losing some of their fine interest in the things and people about them. But you have made me see how worth while is the time spent in encouraging an 'avid intellectual curiosity.'"

As the psychologist neighbor waved good-bye, she said to herself: "It's a wonderful thing being able to help someone to a happier, finer way of life. Particularly men and women who are parents! Their friendship pays such fine dividends in the development of their boys and girls."

A Christmas Letter to My Father and Mother

Thus Christmas, more than any other, I extend a grateful greeting to you, my dear parents.

Christmas is a time of giving, and you have kept alive that tradition to the highest degree. We who receive most of your gifts realize your giving has not been confined to the Merry Yuletide, but has been evident every day through all the years of our lives.

You first gave me life, then love, and a home. Later these same precious gifts were given to Don and Marva. Our gifts have multiplied daily through the years until now we have much to make that life you gave us happy.

Your gifts, both large and small, are too numerous to name, but all have given me much for which to be thankful. I am indeed grateful to you for the gifts that have made it possible for me to have at my side a young wife whose courage, loyalty, and sincerity are unmatched in all the world. Another cherished gift is a university education and degree. And more recently, when life itself seemed near its end for me, your gifts kept flowing in ever increasing numbers—not only in money and other earthly goods, but also in love, hope, faith, and prayers. It is because of these uncountable gifts that I am now enjoying this Christmas.

I have discovered the only way to ever repay you, and that is to live the life you have taught me to live—a life of honesty, cleanliness of body and mind, and complete unselfishness: A Christian life. My prayer is that I may accomplish this.

Thank you for everything, and God bless you both.

Your son,

Boyd

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

762
**Handy Hints**

Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

* * *

Preshrink the yarn that you are going to use for knitting. Place the skeins of wool in a vegetable steamer on a plate. Steam them well. When dry they will be soft and fluffly, and the garment that will be made from it will be sure to stay the same size.—Mrs. G. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.

An ideal place to keep film negatives is under the finished picture in the photograph album. They will be in the dark where they should be, and you will know just where they are.—Miss M. O., Clariton, Iowa.

Sprinkle a little flour or powdered sugar over the top of a cake before icing, and the icing will not run off the sides.—Miss G. N., Idaho Falls, Idaho.

When ferns turn yellow, slice a raw potato and put it on top of the soil. This will draw out the worms which are usually responsible for such a condition.—Mrs. L. M., Morrisstown, Pa.

When in doubt as to whether or not your small Christmas tree globes are good, try them in your flashlight; doubt will be removed.—M. J., Tacoma, Washington.

A cut raw onion or potato rubbed on the outside of a windshield prevents snow or sleet from sticking to it.—Mrs. C. T. M., Bellevue, Michigan.

To pick up broken glass from the floor, wet a newspaper and gently wipe up the glass with it.—Mrs. G. H., Hinckley, Utah.

Teach youngsters to take pride in the appearance of their clothes. Arrange hangers and hooks low enough to be within their reach.—Mrs. C. F. P., Seattle, Washington.

When stringing beads or pearls of various sizes, place them in order on the grooves of a piece of corrugated paper. It will then be much easier to slip them on to the needle.—Mrs. M. L., Baldwin, New York.

Cover the top of your bedspreads with oilcloth. This is a good protection for your mattress and also makes it easier to turn your mattress.—Mrs. J. S. S., Lehi, Utah.

If you boil your clothespins in a strong salt solution, they last longer and won't freeze on clothes in cold weather.—Mrs. H. C., Logan, Utah.

To cut new Fresh bread easily, pass the blade of the knife through the flame till the blade is hot.—Mrs. J. W. W., Stockton, California.

I put a piece of asbestos paper in the bottom of the enamel-lined oven of my new range. It will not burn or smoke. When anything boils over the asbestos paper is very easy to clean.—Mrs. C. T. M., Bellevue, Michigan.

A cloth used for straining purposes can be fastened to the edge of the pail by means of ordinary clothespins.—Mrs. M. G., Mesquite, Nevada.

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**Orange Blossom Cake**

1 1/4 cups sifted Globe "A1" flour
3 tbsp. baking powder or 2 tsps. double acting
1 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 tsp. grated orange rind

Sift dry ingredients together three times. Blend together shortening and orange rind. Add sugar and corn syrup gradually; cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time; beat about 1 minute after each addition. Add dry ingredients alternately with combined milk and flavoring. Mix well after each addition; beat well after last. Bake in 1 well greased 8” layer cake pans in moderate oven (375°F) for 25 to 30 minutes.

**Creamy Orange Frosting**

3 tbsp. shortening
1 egg yolk
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. lemon sugar

Cream shortening; blend in all other ingredients except sugar. Add sugar gradually. Beat well after each addition. Spread on cooled layers of cake.

Here’s another “A1” beauty—fine grained, feathery-light, and with a tantalizing hint of orange. Globe “A1” is one all-purpose flour that’s specially milled for western baking, to give perfect results in any recipe. Try it and discover why out west the best by test is called A-1.

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**MOLDED CRANBERRY SALAD**

**Here’s the Recipe**

Put 1 pound cranberries in saucepan with ½ cup water; cook just until skins burst; stir in 1 cup sugar. Soften 1 tablespoon plain gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water; dissolve in hot cranberry mixture; chill until syrupy. Fold in ½ cup diced celery and ½ cup chopped walnuts; add juice of ½ lemon and dash of salt; pour into molds; chill until firm. Unmold on crisp greens and serve with Durkee’s Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

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**DURKEE’S Fresh Egg MAYONNAISE**

It’s the Fresh Eggs that Make it Better

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**For Your Christmas Dinner**

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**Cook’s Corner**

**Josephine B. Nichols**

**MERRY GIFTS TO EAT—FROM YOUR KITCHEN**

**Homemade** goodies are appreciated more than anything else, because along with the sugar and spice goes real Christmas spirit. Something you have made yourself—that is the perfect gift.

---

**Jolly Yule Pudding**

2 cups chopped suet
1 cup chopped apples
2 cups seedless raisins
1 cup currants
1 cup light molasses
1 cup cold water
3 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice

Combine suet, fruits, molasses, and water. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix them thoroughly. Fill greased molds two-thirds full; cover tightly and steam three hours; or fill individual custard cups, colored mixing bowls, or caserole with pudding mixture. Top each with waxed paper; fasten securely in place. The caserole has its own cover. Steam and cool. Deck with almond daisies, with candied cherry center. Snip middle from lace paper doilies and tuck ruffles in with a knife. Pack in Christmas boxes, spangled with red stars, and inscribe “Merry Christmas” with yarn. Write your favorite pudding sauce on the greeting card.

---

**Sugar-Stretching Pudding Popcorn Balls**

5 quarts popped corn
2 cups sugar
1½ cups water
1½ teaspoons salt
½ cup light corn syrup
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook sugar, water, salt, and corn syrup to very hard ball stage. Pour over popcorn, stir well to coat kernels. Mold a ball around gumdrops, or marshmallows, or a good-sized candy cane. Makes two dozen.

---

**Crispy Squares**

½ cup butter
1 pound marshmallows
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 5½ oz. package rice cereal
½ cup cinnamon candies

Melt butter and marshmallows over hot water; add vanilla, beat well. Pour over rice cereal, mixed with cinnamon candies in greased bowl; stir constantly. Pat out in greased eight-by-twelve-inch pan. Cool; cut in squares.

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**Cookie Gift Boxes**

Fill pottery bowls, ice buckets, trays, or interesting flower containers with cookies made from your favorite cookie recipes.

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**Mince Meat Drop Cookies**

¾ cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2½ cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1½ teaspoon salt
1 pound mince meat

Cream butter. Add sugar gradually. Add eggs, beating until fluffy after each. Add mince meat. Fold in the sifted dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoons on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for fifteen minutes.

---

A tray of goodies to pass to those who drop in during the holidays. Wee cheese pastry Christmas trees, stuffed dates and prunes, spiced sugared nuts, mint puffs, and honey nougats.

---

**Panocha Coated Walnuts**

1 cup brown sugar
½ cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
¾ cup cream
1 teaspoon butter or margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups walnut meats

Cook to soft ball stage sugar, syrup, and cream. Add butter and vanilla; beat until creamy. Add walnuts; stir until well coated. Turn into greased pan; separate into individual pieces.

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**Gay Gifts**

**By Katherine Plume**

A gift is as gay as its wrapping. To neatly wrapped parcels, add little decorative touches which make your packages extra special, such as a candy cane—a little one for a small package, a good-sized one for a large package. Tie a big ribbon bow around the crook of the cane, and attach it to the parcel with more of the ribbon. If the paper is plain, stick on a couple of stars, which match the color of the ribbon bow.

Another lovely package is a round box wrapped in pastel pink paper. A scrap of gathered lace is pasted around the edge of the box top, and a pair of pink and blue yarn dollies below a ribbon bow are attached to the center.

To make the dolls, wrap the yarn approximately twenty times around a square of cardboard. To make the head, tie tightly with yarn of a contrasting color. Pull out several strands at sides for arms, cut off at proper length, and tie at wrists. Tie at waist also. To make the boy doll’s legs, separate yarn at the bottom and tie at feet.
Joseph Smith

(Continued from page 752)

centuries been a mere fetish. It had been a
dead letter, containing the decrees and
promises of God to another age. He put spirit and life into the dead let-
ter by demonstrating that God would do
today the very things he promises in his
book, the Bible. By the magic touch of
his faith, the Bible became in fact and
truth the Book of God, a compendium
of his promises to all men of all ages and
all climes.

At a time when the theologians of all
creeds and churches said that the Bible
contained all that God intended to
reveal to man, Joseph Smith, by divine
inspiration, translated the Book of Mor-
mom from the gold plates which con-
tained the record of God's hand-dealing
with his "other sheep," the ancestors
of the American Indians. Joseph Smith
declared that these gold plates had been
revealed to him by an angel. In less than
century after he had given the Book of
Mormon to the world, as the gospel
brought to the earth by an angel, nearly
half a million people had accepted the
message. These zealous followers of
Joseph Smith have translated the book
into twenty-three different languages;
and they are sending the message it con-
tains to every nation, and kindred, and
tongue, and people." (Revelation 14: 6.)
Thus is literally fulfilled a Bible prophecy,
the meaning of which had not been
discovered by the most profound
students of the scriptures.

Pursuant to divine revelation, he or-
ganized the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints, in the same pattern
as the one the Messiah established
eighteen centuries before. This Church
has in it every officer which the
Christ placed in his primitive church.
These officers are endowed with the
Holy Priesthood, which has come down
to them through men who had received
it by actual ordination from Peter,
James, and John, who came to this earth
in the nineteenth century for the express
purpose of imparting the priesthood.
In this Church are present the real gifts
of the Holy Ghost: prophecy, revela-
tion, visions, healings, gifts of tongues,
and the interpretation of tongues.

T

Through divine inspiration, he was
given the true prophet's foresight.
Twenty-eight years before the outbreak
of the American civil war, he predicted
that a war would commence with "the
rebellion of South Carolina," that the
"southern states" would be divided
against the northern states," and that
the southern states would "call upon
Great Britain" for assistance; and that
this struggle would "terminate in the
death and misery of many souls." Every
detail of this prophecy became tragic
history in the struggle between the
southern and northern states of the
American Union.

The preachers of his time talked elo-
quently about the Pentecostal, clon-
tones of fire, but never dreamed that

(Concluded on page 766)
Improvement Era

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10 Rooms filled with splendid Costumes

JOSEPH SMITH

(Continued from page 765)

people, living eighteen hundred years after Peter preached and "pricked the hearts of sinners, so that they should repent;" and they joyed the Spirit which testifies, reveals, and prophesies. While the divines were still graphically describing the great things God had done for his people of old, Joseph Smith fervently testified of the great things God is now doing for his people in our own day. He reaffirmed the promises of old and demonstrated their validity.

He answered the question, "Whence came man?" in the way in which the poet and philosopher is now beginning to answer it. In the words, "Men are that they might have joy," he gave the best and truest explanation of the purpose of man's existence. While the theologians were still saying that man was merely a son of the sod, he declared man to be actually and in truth the son of God, destined in the eternal years of God, to overcome, improve, develop, increase in intelligence, wisdom, goodness, power, and glory, until he becomes perfect, "even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

He exploded the infinitely cruel doctrine of eternal punishment, that arbitrarily consigns to the eternal, unquenchable flames all non-Christians, and gives wings and harps to all, good or bad, who simply speak the words, "I believe in Jesus." He reaffirmed the declaration of John, that man will be "judged according to his works."

He revitalized the gospel and made it, in very truth, the "power of God unto salvation." He gave to modern man the "fifth gospel," the Book of Mormon, the story of our Savior's appearance and his preaching to the Nephites, his "other sheep," the forefathers of the American Indians; and thus he confirmed the New Testament story of the saving mission of Jesus Christ, and brought back to the earth the very power of the gospel—the faith that conquers all things. He restored the true ordinances of the gospel, and the divine authority that makes the administration of these ordinances efficacious as saving principles.

He brought new hope to a doubting and despairing world. With the majestic boldness of one who in our own day actually saw the risen Redeemer, in deathless flesh and bone, and heard again the voice that once startled the storm and stayed the wave, he reaffirmed the testimony of one old, "I know that my Redeemer lives."

His reassuring testimony concerning the actual appearance to him of the risen Lord, for which witness he went to a martyr's grave, and also the faithful followers the heart and hope to sing of new Easter news.

He dispelled gloom from the tomb. He denied the narrow dogma that man's hope of salvation is interred with his bones; and taught the beneficent doctrine of salvation for the dead.

He gave to the word "heaven" a new meaning. He declared heaven to be a place where the truest human ties are in force, and the remembrance of this life are mingled with the joys and glories of the life that has no end.

He gave to the world the most salutary, hygienic rules, contained in a divine revelation known as the "Word of Wisdom," which prohibits the use of tea, coffee, tobacco, intoxicating drinks, and the excessive eating of meat.

Subsequent to the proclamation of this revelation, scientific investigations have demonstrated the great value of these wholesome rules. For this, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is often accused of being a plodding, materialistic society. Abiding faith in the divine Author of this hygienic code and the persistent observance of it has preserved hundreds of thousands of men and women in splendid vigor of body, soundness of mind, and abounding buoyancy of spirit.

The story of his triumphant faith is the most thrilling incident in modern annals. It gives hope, light, and life. It is the beacon that lights the way across the dark chasm which ignorance and superstition have placed between man and God. Tens of thousands of true-hearted men and women who have heard this story of all-conquering faith have gone in quest of the knowledge of God with a sincerity and fervor so genuine that they have received that witness of God's spirit which has made them absolutely certain of God's existence, the divinity of Christ's mission, and the reality of the future life.

What a man he was! He was a seer. By the white light of God's spirit he saw the past of nations now covered with the dust of ages. He was a prophet. By the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost, he saw tomorrow and tomorrow's to-morrow. He was a teacher. He gave to the world a sane, sensible, and comprehensive religious philosophy which has successfully weathered the opposition of the learned and the persecution of the wicked for more than a century. He was an organizer. By the aid of divine inspiration he established a Church so perfect in organization and internal workings that it commands the praise of even those who despise it. He was a leader of men. By the magic power of his pure character, genuine sincerity, and deathless integrity to truth and loyalty to God, he gathered about him, as his aides and lieutenants in the work of righteousness, a coterie of men of the highest probity and the greatest native intelligence.

Joseph Smith belongs to the ages. The trumpet call of his mighty faith will yet reverberate through all lands and climes, and turn a doubting world back to God. All who heed the call, and answering the ringing of that all-pervading note of hope will forever honor this true Prophet of God. As long as men aspire to fervent faith, love, and truth, and honor God, they will hold in eternal veneration, the name of this great and good man who rediscovers the truth, exalted man, and glorified God.
Back to Soil for Prunings

Portable brush burner pictured here, was worked out by El Solvo, California, ranch mechanics. Mounted on an improvised wagon bed, this burner gets rid of the prunings without piling and hauling them out. Tree prunings are fed into the mouth of the burner . . . spewed out as wood ashes through its grilled bottom. (Where soil doesn't require ash conditioner, a sheet metal tray could be fastened under the grill to catch the ashes.)

Safety First Hoe Sharpening Stand

Hoe sharpening accidents in Monterey County, California, were too frequent. So Walter Anderson of the Farm Labor Office designed this collapsible safety device. With it any length hoe can be sharpened, with no danger of cut fingers or wrists. Write the Farm Labor Office, Salinas, California, for plans.

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Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on what farmers are doing to make their work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports his findings because exchanging ideas helps everybody, including us.

A good SAFEWAY idea is milk in cartons
Safeway pioneered selling milk in cartons . . . does so at its stores wherever possible. Cartons provide a double-barreled saving: (1) Producers share in cash savings made possible by the lower operating costs of milk plants which bottle milk in cartons only. Cartons, being less bulky, are easier for the plants to transport and store, (2) Consumers get milk in cartons, thus eliminating bottle-bottles . . . at a lower carry home price. Thus they can afford to buy more of this important health food.

SAFEWAY — the neighborhood grocery stores
- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs
- Buys regularly, offering producers a steady market . . . with no brokerage fees
- Pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes
- Stands ready to help move surpluses
- Sells at lower prices, made possible by direct distribution . . . so consumers can afford to increase their consumption

Vitamin Insurance for Chick Feed

Developed by the Idaho Agricultural Experiment Station, and now in use on the Idaho University Poultry Farm, this covered feed trough insures chicks of getting their daily vitamins. Loss of food values from sun and rain are prevented. Sides of the trough slant in, so feed will not pile up on the edges . . . a lip on the edge keeps feed from being scattered. A red in the center prevents chicks from stepping into the trough . . . is adjustable in three heights so it can be raised as chicks get older. Dimensions given are for a small mash feeder for young chicks; also a large range feeder, similarly constructed.
The Church Moves On
(Continued from page 758)

President Peterson is a patriarch of Riverside Stake, Salt Lake City, and a former bishop of Storrs Ward, Carbon (Utah) Stake, and of Ferron Ward, Emery Stake. He is also a former president of the Emery (Utah) Stake.

Mrs. Peterson will go to Norway with him as she did during his two former terms of presidency.

Excommunications

Fred Leffingwell Beebe, born December 26, 1872, teacher, Excommunicated July 5, 1945, in St. Augustine Branch, Southern States Mission, for apostasy.

Dorothy Elizabeth Benson, born November 26, 1924, Excommunicated August 22, 1945, Southern States Mission, for apostasy.

Gwenevere W. Cowley, born January 20, 1914, Excommunicated August 14, 1945, in Laurelcrest Ward, Sugar House Stake, for practicing plural marriage contrary to Church rule and regulation.

Robert Byron Crandall, born February 1, 1903, priest, Excommunicated on September 14, 1945, in Provo First Ward, Provo Stake, for apostasy.

Ruble Strong Hooker, born January 14, 1884, Excommunicated July 5, 1945, in St. Augustine Branch, Southern States Mission, for apostasy.

Loy Robinson, born October 13, 1902, Excommunicated July 3, 1945, University Ward, Seattle Stake, for apostasy and at own request.

Cecil Solano, born July 28, 1909, priest, Excommunicated July 5, 1945, in St. Augustine Branch, Southern States Mission, for apostasy.

Alfred Bangerter, a seventy, born October 16, 1889, Excommunicated October 13, 1945, in Bountiful First Ward, South Davis Stake, for apostasy and joining the so-called "Order of Aaron."

Ivan Earl Richards, elder, born April 3, 1908, Excommunicated October 3, 1945, in Thirtieth Ward, Pioneer Stake, for joining the so-called "Order of Aaron."

Evelyn Bernice Shurtliff Richards, born October 18, 1910, Excommunicated October 3, 1945, in the Thirtieth Ward, Pioneer Stake, for joining the so-called "Order of Aaron."

WARD DISCONTINUED

Lindon Ward, Snowflake Stake, has been discontinued, and the ward membership transferred to adjoining wards.
Salt Lake Tabernacle Organ

The rebuilding and enlarging of the world-famed Salt Lake Tabernacle organ will be undertaken as soon as possible, the First Presidency has announced. Work will be arranged so as not to affect the daily organ recitals or the weekly broadcasts of the Tabernacle choir.

In making the organ one of the largest and most versatile instruments in the world, care will be taken not to change its outside appearance. Although the pioneer wooden pipes, some of them thirty-two feet high, will be retained, to maintain the distinctive color and major tonal effects, other pipes will be replaced and the latest and best equipment will be installed.

The original organ was built during 1866 to 1877 by Joseph Ridges, an Englishman who was converted to the Church in Australia. Wood, hauled by ox team from Parowan, Utah, was used for building the organ, and glue was made by boiling hundreds of cattle hides and buffalo skins in large pots over open fires on the tabernacle grounds. The organ was modernized in 1900 and again in 1915, and a new console has been added since.

Leland Van Wagoner, supervisor in charge of pipe organs for the Church, is making an extensive trip through the east to study pipe organ installations.

Okinawa Conference

(Concluded from page 734)

The October 7th conference on Okinawa, product of arduous work and effective planning on the part of a trio of outstanding chaplains,* was no Teheran or Yalta. No worlds were conquered. The spheres of influence exercised by the individual were the only concern, repentance and aspiration the only new order. Four hundred men with some conviction that bombs and bulldozers are not the only symbols of power met to build faith, renew covenants. Transcending the memory of storm and battle, they will remember Okinawa best for the events of that day.

Throughout the war, Latter-day Saints have everywhere sought each other in city and camp and on the battlefield to strengthen the tie that binds. The conference on Okinawa has had its counterparts in every theater of the war. The sons are making the faith of the fathers their own cherished possession, endowing it with their own vitality and vision and their desire to make it an instrument with which to serve their own generation. At general conference time in years to come these "veterans of L.D.S. conferences on foreign shores" may hold reunions on Temple Square and relive their shining hours. Their faces and their bearing deserve watching. Conferences like theirs underwrite the future of the Church.

*Chaplains Howard C. Evans, Ray L. Jones, Wilford E. Smith

DECEMBER, 1945

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769
Supervision
OF THE MELCHIZEDEK
PRIESTHOOD PROGRAM OF THE CHURCH

The following letter has been sent to presidents of stakes, chairmen of stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees, and quorum presidents:

Dear Brethren:

We have given careful consideration to the Melchizedek Priesthood program of the Church and in an effort to make this important work function as the Lord has commanded, the attached program for the direction and supervision of the Melchizedek Priesthood of the Church has been approved.

It is requested that this material be considered by the stake presidency and high council in time for presentation to the quorum leaders at the December monthly Melchizedek Priesthood leadership meeting in order that all stakes and quorums may be uniform in their understanding and procedure as we enter the new year.

It is understood that this outline supercedes the instructions heretofore given in the Melchizedek Priesthood folder, and replaces the "four standing committees plan" outlined therein, as well as the suggestions there given concerning the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee.

Please give this material careful thought and study and see that steps are taken to introduce this program in your stake, to fully acquaint the officers and members of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums with the procedure outlined and to see that the plans herein given are effectively carried out.

Ever praying the Lord to bless you, we remain
Faithfully your brethren,
George F. Richards, President

COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

LETTER FROM THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

The following suggestions are published for the guidance of stake presidents, high councils, stake priesthood committees, and quorum presidencies on the following items:

I. Purposes of the quorum

- Responsibilities of quorum presidents
- Suggested division of responsibility of the quorum presidency

II. Standing committees

- The stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee
- Monthly stake Melchizedek Priesthood meeting
- Monthly priesthood leadership meeting

This outline supercedes the instructions heretofore given in the Melchizedek Priesthood folder, and other places, with reference to stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees, quorum standing committees, and monthly priesthood leadership meetings.

I. PURPOSES OF A QUORUM

A. To help every individual member of a quorum to attain a condition of well-being in body, mind, and spirit. Every need of a man holding the priesthood should be the concern of the quorum to which he belongs.

B. To help the Church in the accomplishment of the divine duties imposed upon the organized body of Latter-day Saints:

1. To keep the members of the Church in the way of their full duty; 2. To teach the gospel to those who have not yet heard or accepted it; 3. To provide for the dead through the ordinances of the temple, the means by which the dead, if obedient, may participate in the blessings that are enjoyed by those who have won citizenship in the kingdom of God.

A priesthood quorum, to magnify its opportunities and to fulfill its purpose must develop its members for greater fitness to aid in these three great divisions of Church activity.

II. RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE QUORUM PRESIDENCY

We must not lose sight of the most important fact that the presidency of the quorum are the responsible directing officers. The management of quorum affairs and the responsibility of seeing that the purposes above-named are accomplished, rest with the president and his counselors. Committees are not intended to be used in the place of the presidency, but as aids to the presidency in carrying out its assignment.

Bearing this in mind, we recommend that the responsibility be placed squarely on the shoulders of the quorum presidency and that the president and his counselors divide the responsibility amongst themselves.

It is understood, of course, that the president and his counselors (in the case of the seventies, the presidents) will act as a unit in the discharge of their duties and not independently of each other. A member of the presidency as a chairman of a committee should act independently with his committee, but only in harmony with the decision of the entire presidency, either previously or subsequently arrived at. It is realized that certain phases of the work can best be handled as a unit by the entire presidency. Among these may be mentioned the planning of visits to quorum members, temple work, ward teaching, and Church welfare activities.

III. SUGGESTED DIVISION OF RESPONSIBILITY

There are three great needs, and we believe the work falls rather naturally into three divisions:

(a) A need to help every bearer of the Melchizedek Priesthood attain the degree of economic independence and material well-being that will assure adequate food, clothing, fuel, housing, and other needed physical comforts and educational advantages for himself and his family.

(b) A need to help establish a feeling of true brotherhood among all members and characterize priesthood quorums, and provide through quorum activities and Church service, including socials and outings, a feeling of fellowship, that shall meet all the needs of the membership.

(c) A need to search out the facts and make available all the information and statistics concerning the quorum and its members.

IV. SUGGESTED DIVISION OF RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE QUORUM PRESIDENCY

A. Quorum president (Personal welfare)

Objectives: To help every bearer of the Melchizedek Priesthood attain the degree of economic independence and material well-being that will assure adequate food, clothing, fuel, housing, and other needed physical comforts and educational advantages for himself and his family.

Duties:

1. To become acquainted with the character and attitude of quorum members so far as these relate to the advancement of quorum ideals.

2. To have constant personal contact with every quorum member, commending the activities, giving strength to the sick, bereaved, and discouraged, awakening renewed desire among the indifferent and slothful.

3. To foster and encourage stake and foreign missionary service.

4. To interest himself in improving the economic status of quorum members.

5. To know how the families of those on missions are getting along.

6. To look after those away from home and their wives and children at home.

7. Church welfare:

(a) To direct the individual quorum member in his participation in the welfare projects of the quorum.

(b) To meet regularly each week with the ward welfare committee as the official representative of the priesthood quorum, in cases where the quorum membership is confined to one ward. In the case of a large ward group, the group leader may serve on the ward welfare committee. (Because of the relationship of the quorum members to the ward welfare committee, it has been thought advisable that the president of the quorum or group leader serve as quorum or group representative on the ward welfare committee.)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
Priesthood


8. The president, in order to carry out his assigned responsibilities should obtain from the fact-finding and statistical counselor items "a" to "g" below, and from the respective bishops item "h":
(a) A complete list of quorum or group members;
(b) a record of the number who keep the Word of Wisdom;
(c) a record of the unemployed. This will include individual records reflecting abilities, training, needs, and other helpful information;
(d) a list of the names of those who can render service and through whom and to the Church;
(e) a list of the names of those who are incapacitated to render service and who need help;
(f) a list of the names of those who are unable to attend meetings, but who could do so if someone furnished transportation;
(g) such other facts, figures, and information as may be called for;
(h) the president of the quorum should have at hand a record of the full, part, and non-tithepayers in the quorum. It is thought advisable that the president himself seek this information from the bishop of the ward and treat it in the strictest confidence, laboring in love and patience with those who are careless in this important matter.

B. Counselor in the presidency (Quorum activity and Church service)

Objective: To bring to every member of the Melchizedek Priesthood spiritual and mental well-being; to help establish the feeling of true brotherhood that should characterize priesthood quorums; and to provide through quorum activity and service, including adequate class instruction, ward teaching, temple work, active mission service, social outings, etc., a feeling of fellowship, faith, and love that shall meet all the needs of the membership.

Duties:
1. To sponsor social activity through: (a) dances; (b) hikes; (c) musicals; (d) summer outings; (e) annual reunions; (f) athletics; (g) excursions; (h) miscellaneous activities to meet the normal social needs of the quorum members.
2. To study the fitness and adaptation of each member to some particular Church activity, keep record of same, and make such information available to the quorum presidency, and to the Church to the stake presidency and ward bishops.
3. To become personally acquainted with members as regards their inclinations, qualifications, and desire.
4. To see that the class has an able and worthy instructor who is sound in doctrine and the fundamental teachings of the Church, and that the instructor and class have good textbooks and lesson helps.
5. To promote attendance at:
(a) quorum or group meetings; (b) sacrament meetings; (c) stake priesthood meetings; (d) quarterly conferences.
6. To be responsible for any ward teaching that may be assigned to the priesthood quorum or group by the bishop.
7. To use every possible means to stimulate interest and activity to increase the

service of the individual to the Church, and to promote his growth and happiness, as well as that of his family.

C. Counselor in the presidency (Fact-finding and statistical)

Objective: To provide constantly, in usage, facts and figures that would enable the presidency to perform its assigned responsibilities in the most effective manner.

Duties:
1. To supervise and direct the work of the quorum secretary.
2. To have available at all times a complete roster of quorum and group members.
3. To compile and maintain a record of what each member is doing in a Church capacity.
4. To report to the quorum presidency the names of those who are attending no Church duties.
5. To have available current information concerning vocational ability, employment, needs, etc., of each member.
6. To note, at least quarterly, average attendance of each member at:
(a) monthly quorum meetings; (b) sacrament meetings; (c) quarterly conferences; (d) weekly priesthood meetings; (e) gospel doctrine classes; (f) auxiliary organizations.
7. To report:
(a) those inactive because of age, infirmity, sickness;
(b) those inactive because of absence from ward;
(c) those inactive on account of occupation;
(d) those willing to labor but unassigned;
(e) number who refuse to render service; (f) those in military service; (g) those otherwise absent from home.
8. To provide such other information as may be requested. (See items "a" to "g" inclusive, No. 8, section A.)

V. STANDING COMMITTEES

Experience has demonstrated that committees can be valuable aids to a presidency in carrying out its responsibilities.

The need for wider distribution of responsibility among quorum members is recognized, and committees provide opportunity for such distribution.

We therefore recommend that under the direction of the quorum presidency there be three standing committees established, following the lines of the foregoing three divisions, with a member of the presidency as chairman of each committee and with objectives, duties, and outline as outlined above, but under active leadership and direction of the presidency. Under such an arrangement, the president of the quorum would of course be the chairman of the personal welfare committee, with the counselors serving as chairman of the quorum activity and Church service, and the fact-finding and statistical committees.

It is again emphasized that the responsibility for the direction and supervision of the quorum activity and Church service, and the fact-finding and statistical committees.

A Misunderstanding

A brother, a public office holder, came into our office, complaining that at the recent quarterly conference held in his stake a "campaign manager" was sustained. He feared this meant we were going into political campaigns with a no-liquor-tobacco ticket. We assured him his fears were groundless. But in order that there may be no misunderstanding we suggest that our stake chairman be sustained at stake conferences as the "chairman of the stake no-liquor-tobacco committee" and let it go at that. This suggestion has no reference to what candidates or committees in political elections. In general, it is hoped that all good citizens in such elections will support only candidates who, if elected, will make good, wise, and efficient officers. Good citizens will try to keep bad men out of public office. All too frequently, however, office seekers have ulterior motives which are not in the interest of the public good. When possible such people should be defeated at the polls.

Conference Address

The address at the October conference of Elder Joseph F. Merrill, on the topic "Liquor-Tobacco Not Good for Man," and printed in the November issue of The Improvement Era has been printed also in folder form, copies of which may be obtained free from your stake no-liquor-tobacco chairman, or from the general no-liquor-tobacco committee, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City. The folder was printed to satisfy many requests for the address that were received.

Because of the inroads the use of these narcotics is making, our stake committees, and all other workers, are faced with a challenge to increase their efforts in the cause of total abstinence. Are all priesthood quorum officers—Melchizedek and Aaronic, all heads of stake and ward auxiliary organizations, all classroom and other teachers, including ward teachers, doing their duty in the campaign to win all users in their groups to abstinence? If not, why not?

Let there be a reformation wherever a reformation is needed among all these officers, for in a very real sense they are called to be watchmen on the towers of Zion.

More Literature

A new book, What You Should Know About Tobacco, written by Frank Leighton Wood, M.D., presents rather fully, yet concisely, the case against the use of tobacco. The book was written for the layman by one who seems to be well informed about his subject. It is a small volume—147 pages.
serve in its stead, but rather are to be used as aids to the presidency in more effectively carrying out its program.

If, in addition, the need is felt for special task committees, the quorum presidency may release members of the appointed task committees to be used to assist the stakerhood in carrying out its program. The work to be done would cover special and miscellaneous activities as may be authorized by the quorum and not included specifically in the general phases of the quorum activities covered by the three divisions listed.

VI. Stake Melchizedek Priesthood Committee

The responsibilities of directing Melchizedek Priesthood activities rest with the stake presidency. As pointed out to the stake presidency, we recommend and urge the appointment of a stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee to assist them in carrying out their duties. The stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee does not preside, but supervises under the direction of the stake presidency. We recommend that this committee be composed of a member of the stake presidency, who shall be chairman, and as many members of the high council as is necessary to carry on no case less than three. It is understood that this committee has equal authority and responsibility in the supervision of the elders, seventies, and high council and under the direction of the stake presidency.

VII. Monthly Stake Melchizedek Priesthood Meeting and Monthly Priesthood Leadership Meeting

We recommend and urge that a two-hour combined monthly stake Melchizedek Priesthood and stake priesthood leadership meeting be held. (This does not replace the regular monthly quorum meeting, and it again urges that a separate monthly quorum meeting for all quorum members be held, except in widely scattered areas where a quarterly meeting may suffice.)

A suggested outline of business to be followed and material to be considered at each monthly Melchizedek Priesthood leadership meeting for the entire year is being prepared by the general priesthood committee.

It is recommended that the first half of the meeting of the meeting or such time as is needed in the stage of the presidency, be devoted to a general Melchizedek Priesthood meeting, presided over and conducted by the stake presidency. All members of the Melchizedek Priesthood and adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood are expected to be present at this meeting. In addition to appropriate opening exercises, roll call, recitation of the responsibilities for advancement in the priesthood, reports, general business, instructions and inspirational messages from the stake presidency should be given.

The second portion of the meeting will comprise the monthly priesthood leadership meeting. This is a meeting at which the quorum presidency, stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee, and stake Aaronic Priesthood committee, can meet with the officers and leaders of quorums and quorum groups, including presidents of quorums, secretaries, committee members, group leaders, class instructors, ward bishops, Aaronic Priesthood general secretaries and advisers, with a special department for the not called to leadership in one of the foregoing groups. Separation is to be had on a departmental (not quorum) basis. There will be several departments.

Three departments, one for each of the proposed divisions of responsibility and the proposed new standing committees, each department to be conducted by one or more members of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee, and to be attended by all members of the respective committees from the high priests, seventies, and elders quorums in the stake. (Each member of the quorum presidency would, of course, attend the department for which he has been made responsible in his own quorum. It is suggested that the secretaries meet with the fact-finding and statistical counselors.)

One special department for the class instructors, to be conducted under the leadership or at least under the direction of a member of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee: In this department teacher-training and assistance could well be given, lesson material enlarged and developed. However, it should be borne in mind that class instruction and related problems are the responsibility of the members of the quorum presidency assigned.

One department for the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee, to be attended by the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee, and from each ward, two members of the bishopric, general secretary, and advisers.

One department for the stake committee for adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood, to be attended by the stake committee, and from the wards, one member of the bishopric.

This department for the brethren not invited to attend one of the foregoing departments. This department is to be conducted by a member of the high council and will consider such items as ward teaching, family prayer—topics to be suggested by the general priesthood committee.

The regular stake priesthood meeting held in connection with this combined meeting may, if desired, take the place of this combined meeting one month during each quarter, and at that meeting all members of the priesthood, including the Aaronic Priesthood members, should be urged to attend.

It is recommended that this combined monthly meeting be exclusively a priesthood meeting, and that the stake presidency meet with the presidencies and superintendencies of auxiliary organizations at another time for their leadership meeting.

NO-LIQUOR—TOBACCO COLUMN

(Concluded from page 771)

—and is very readable. It may be obtained from the Desert Book Company, Salt Lake City. It is published by the Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Another recent publication is a booklet entitled "101 Facts About Alcohol" written by Lon Adna Sours, Oakland, California. It consists of a summary from authoritative sources of facts about alcohol, used as a beverage. It was prepared "as a timesaver for social workers." Each of our stake chairmen was sent a sample copy of this sixty-two page booklet.

Here are a few quotations from the booklet:

Liquor may have a few defenders but no defense. I'd rather lose my right hand than to sign a document to perpetuate the liquor traffic.—Abraham Lincoln.

I never used alcohol. I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets.—Stonewall Jackson.

Through the pernicious habit of wine drinking nearly all of the seventeen young men that were in my graduating class fill drunkards' graves.—Benjamin Harrison.

Drink is the source of all evil and it ruins half of the working men of this country.—George Washington.

Alcohol Problem

This alcohol problem is discussed by F. W. McPeek in the September 1945 issue of The Voice, organ of the boards of temperance of The Church. Here we produce a few of his statements:

The alcohol problem is one which touches on business, education, legislation, law enforcement, medicine, employment, and religion. It is not simply a personal matter. We can't depend upon the police or the schools or the churches or the physicians or anyone else to make conditions better. All have to work together. We need to wake up. Forty-three and one-half percent of the people between ages fifteen to sixty very much drink some; and among these are 600,000 persons absolutely unable to break away from excessive drinking, they are drunkards. On an average about one person in every ten who begins to drink will end as a drunkard. Who can afford the risk?

If anyone has gone past the point of self-control and wants help, he should not neglect to get in touch with Alcoholics Anonymous,—groups of men made up of those who once were habitual drunkards who then took hold of themselves and, with the sympathetic help of others in a similar condition, became abstainers. There is one or more of these self-helping groups in most of the states. Since the beginning of the "Alcoholics Anonymous" movement, many thousands of men and some women have been rescued from a drunkard's grave, becoming self-respecting, happy people. No one who has lost control of himself and drinks to excess, and who would like again to be a free man, should delay getting in touch with one of these groups. There are no fees or charges. For further information write Alcoholics Anonymous, P.O. Box 1862, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Challenging Records

Here is another demonstration that "it can be done." These young men and women established an attendance record of seventy-five percent or more at priesthood meeting (or the boys), Sunday School, M.I.A., and sacrament meeting during the year October 1, 1944, to October 1, 1945. Each received the book, "Faith-Promoting Stories," as a token of appreciation from the bishopric.

This challenging record was established in the Twenty-eighth Ward, Riverside Stake, Salt Lake City.

Leaders included in the photograph are Harold W. Jeffs, first counselor to Bishop Robert L. Bridge; Ephraim W. Jeffs, general secretary; and Luella Buchi, chairman of the ward committee for Latter-day Saint girls.

L D S. Girls Program

(Concluded from page 759)

To assist them in living by the standards of the restored gospel. Women advisors appointed to this labor in the wards will act as "big sisters" to our girls. They will encourage the girls to attend sacrament meeting, Sunday School, Mutual, and as they become older, to take an active interest in the Relief Society. A monthly report on these activities will be called for. In addition, the advisors will so conduct themselves that they may assist our girls over the rough spots on the teen-age highway: they will know their problems and be sympathetic thereto; they will be worthy of confidences and never gossip or talk indiscreetly.

Fathers and mothers throughout the Church should wholeheartedly support this new movement.

It should be clearly understood by all that this is not a new auxiliary organization. There are to be no new classes organized, no new courses of study provided, no additional meetings held, no new social or recreational activities sponsored for young women twelve to twenty-one, except as these may become a part of the programs of the auxiliary organizations of the Church already in existence.

All printed supplies for this program will be furnished without charge by the Presiding Bishop’s office.

DECEMBER, 1945

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP
OUTLINE OF STUDY

JANUARY 1946

Note: This course of study is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric for presentation during the monthly meeting of the ward youth leadership to be conducted by the bishopric in each ward. Members of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee and the ward committee for Latter-day Saint girls are expected to attend this meeting.

The boy (or girl) whom we know as a bundle of energy which is one moment well behaved and the next unpredictable, is above all, an individual. Underlying his many interests and activities is a soul, a personality, which is striving to find the unity of his life. The boy is conscious of a self which is the center of his feelings, thoughts, and fancies. A boy is not. In his own mind, a student one minute, an athlete the next, and then a dancvr. He is always a person.

What leader or teacher in the ward is concerned with the whole life of youth? A Sunday School teacher may think of a girl (or boy) just as a member of her class, as someone to teach a lesson to, and then to turn over to the Mutual Improvement Association on Tuesday evening. Our several auxiliary organizations were established for an excellent purpose and each has developed a rich program. However, if we are not careful, a girl may go from one organization to another to meet one leader after another a few minutes each week without finding anyone who understands her inner life or her whole feeling about things. A girl takes her entire personality into a class, but a teacher may be conscious of only one aspect of it.

Somewhere in the youth program of the Church someone must feel responsible for continuous guidance of each boy and girl in the ward. Who should this be? The Aaronic Priesthood advisers and the leaders of Latter-day Saint girls working under the bishop have this responsibility and privilege. They are to love and understand each youth under their care and to keep in touch with the activity of each youth in the various organizations and meetings of the Church.

These leaders, together with teachers of Sunday School and M.I.A., are to correlate the youth program of the ward. They are to see that organizations are not working at cross purposes, but are to arrange their several activities as they supplement each other rather than conflict. These leaders are also to check the attendance, activity, and attitudes of the young people in their charge at the various meetings of the Church.

Leaders of Latter-day Saint girls, must, however, do more than check attendance and correlate social events of boys and girls if they are to be effective in their calling and in the lives of youth. Young people are not inspired to activity by simply checking on their activity. We should study attendance and activity as an index to their interests and to needs, so we can learn how to develop a program that will appeal to youth, and that will develop Latter-day Saint ideals in their lives. A physician must have the ability to diagnose as well as to treat his patients, otherwise his treatment may do more harm than good. We workers in the Church are physicians of the lives of God's children. We must diagnose them, understand their divine and human nature before we can effectively relate the gospel and Church activity to their lives.

Each month in this column we shall discuss some human need of boys and girls and suggest concrete ways of satisfying that need through guidance and activity.

As a project for the coming month will you please find out what responsibility each youth under your care has in the Church? What does he (or she) do besides attend your class?

Helps for the class leader:

1. Discuss the values and limitations of a boy or girl having several teachers in the Church during the week.
2. (a) Which Church worker in the ward keeps in touch with the entire welfare and Church activity of (1) boys, (2) girls?
   (b) Which worker should feel this responsibility most keenly (1) for boys, (2) for girls?
3. To what extent does checking on activity and attendance encourage participation?
4. Does a boy bring his own personality into a priesthood meeting or just the spiritual aspect of his nature? Discuss the importance of always keeping in mind the "whole" boy or girl.
Ward Teaching
CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

Centenarian Passes
ELIZA DELANEY TILLERY, a faithful Latter-day Saint for twenty-nine years in Baltimore, Maryland, died on August 11, two months short of completing the age of 101.

At the age of seventy-one she was baptized in the waters of the historic Chesapeake Bay.
Eliza Tillery was born on October 26, 1844, the year of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Y. M. M. I. A. Leaders Mourned
(Concluded from page 745)
were married in the Salt Lake Temple October 13, 1913.
Elder Farnsworth's activities were varied, but he kept to his course, receiving a bachelor of science degree and a master's degree at the U.S.A.C., and a doctor of education degree at the University of California at Berkeley.
Elder Farnsworth decided that teaching and the rich association it offered gave him greater joy and fulfillment than he would find in any other profession, so he bent his efforts toward advancement in the field of education. He was appointed superintendent of Millard county schools, later professor of education at U.S.A.C., and subsequently was offered a position in the state department of education.
But his activities in education did not lessen his enthusiasm for his Church work. He was a bishop from 1928 to 1931, and was superintendent of the Ensign Ward M.I.A. Having been appointed to the M.I.A. general board in 1935, he was appointed by George Q. Morris, general superintendent, as second assistant in April 1937.
Elder Farnsworth has always had a deep appreciation of the arts, and the past winter he satisfied a lifelong ambition to "try" his talent. He attended a few evening art classes of Joseph A. P. Everett whom he greatly admired, and developed a great enthusiasm for painting in oils. During the last few months of his life, he found his greatest relaxation in his painting, and his work is highly prized by his family and friends.
The Era extends sympathy to his wife, Mrs. Mabel Pearce Farnsworth, who was with him in Seattle, and to his family who survive him: three daughters, Mrs. Lucile Hales, Pasadena, California; Mrs. Margaret Richards, and Patty Farnsworth, Salt Lake City; three sons, 1st Lt. Dean B. Farnsworth, army signal corps, Washington, D.C.; Robert and Richard Farnsworth, Salt Lake; five grandchildren; seven brothers, and four sisters.

WARD TEACHERS
The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them;
And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking.
And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty. (D. & C. 20:53-55.)

Ward Teachers' Message for January, 1946
"YESTERDAY AND TODAY"
As the old year concludes and a new year begins, we unconsciously look back in retrospect at our achievements. The view is not always an imposing one. To some it reveals that they have fallen short of the goal of original intent. To others it may be meaningless, since their plans did not include the principle of progress. While to another group it may have given great consolation in that they had planned certain objectives and were successful in reaching them. The words of J. M. Barrie are significant when he said, "The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it."
Most of us are agreed that life is a journey and each of us seems to be in a struggle to go somewhere, but not all are quite aware of the destination. Many pause in their search not knowing what they seek or its source.
To give us direction it would seem wise to decide what we want and how well we are equipped to achieve it. Over the centuries, happiness has been the quest of the average man and remains so today, but many have erred in their interpretation of it. Health is a prerequisite of happiness, the two go hand in hand. Health is dependent largely upon how we treat ourselves, but happiness is contingent upon how we treat others. Happiness then becomes a duty not only from the personal benefit, but because of the effect it will have upon our associates. Our choice then becomes all the more important.
The first impulse might lead us to seek fame, wealth, and political success, But a choice, however, does not insore against sorrow, misery, and disappointment. Our vision should not be dimmed by the glitter of the material, for it offers only the kingdoms of the earth.
The words of Jesus in the "Sermon on the Mount" offer guidance to those in need, and to those who may be confused, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew 6:33.) Who could doubt the wisdom of such a choice? Those who have heeded the call of the world have had its promises kept—they have their reward. Those who have tried the Savior's way have built a soul and all these other blessings "shall be added" in good measure.
There are no second editions of our book of life—the pages are written as we live them. There will be no revisions except as we may make them by living better today than we did yesterday. Genuine repentance is as a blotter which takes up the mistakes of yesterday and removes them from our book of life through the atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer of the world.
Let each day of the coming year be one of repentance from sin and of resolution to live more closely by the word of the Lord.

774
DISTANCE NO HANDICAP

President Papworth of Star Valley Stake has forwarded a report of most commendable temple activities in his stake.

"Distance has not proven to be a great handicap for the Star Valley Stake, located in southwestern Wyoming. The membership of this stake travel as far as 150 miles to reach a temple, yet last year approximately 6,000 ordinances were performed in the Logan Temple besides many hundreds in the Salt Lake and Arizona temples. And this year promises to approximate that figure."

"What success we may have had is due to methods employed to get more people interested. At the beginning of each year the genealogical committee and their advisor from the stake presidency meet and make up the schedule for the ensuing year. Priesthood quorums and wards are given definite dates for which they are to sponsor attendance at the temple, the high priests, seventies, and elders each taking a day. The assignments to wards are generally given in units of two or more wards. These quorums and wards take the responsibility of arranging for transportation and other details. Transportation is by car or insured bus. Besides the above assignments, stake authorities accept the sponsorship for one excursion each year. On one such assignment there were present all of the stake presidency, eleven of the high council, the two patriarchs, the stake genealogical committee and almost every bishopric in the stake; also many other stake and ward officers. We have had as high as ten percent of a ward membership attending on their day of sponsorship. To make the trip in one day and do work for two names, many leave their homes at 4:00 a.m. and do not return until 9:00 or 10:00 p.m.

"The temple presidencies have given special recognition to sponsoring units, permitting them to furnish parts on the program, assigned in advance, which adds to the interest in the wards."

Special invitations to worthy persons on the part of those responsible for attendance at the temple, have resulted in many persons going to the temple who had not been there since their marriage many years previously. "Another method we have used is to ask each Melchizedek Priesthood member, who is unable to go to the temple himself, to pay for the endowment of two persons each year. This has resulted in having money on deposit at the temple all the time for special workers called from the stake to do the work.

"We employ a large bulletin board in our priesthood leadership meeting to bring before the priesthood leaders our stake averages from month to month. On this board we show the progress of temple work as the year progresses. This helps to keep up interest.

"There is no greater aid to the spirituality of any ward or stake than the spirit which is manifest as a result of frequent attendance at the temple. True, it entails organized effort, when we are situated as we are from the temple, but it is a necessary part of the plan given to us by the Master and we must not fail in our responsibilities."

Ogden Stake Temple Testimonial

Late in October twenty-eight stake officials and ward bishops of the Ogden Stake attended the evening session at the Salt Lake Temple, doing names in honor of Samuel Martin, one of the patriarchs of the stake.

The group went by bus. Arriving back in Ogden, President Belnap of the stake presidency presided over a reception before anyone left the bus. The committee has planned two more temple excursions for the winter months.

An exceptional meeting was held in September in the stake with Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve as the speaker. The Twentieth Ward chorus of over fifty young people furnished the music; while the ushering, conducting the meeting, and the furnishing of flowers which decorated the chapel was done by the members of the genealogical classes of the wards in the stake.

Refreshments were served after the meeting. Over seven hundred attended.—Reported by Heber J. Heiner, Stake Chairman.

YOUNG MAN . . . DO YOUR OWN THINKING

(Concluded from page 746)

right then you should like to call your mother long distance and ask her if she'd give her consent for you to drink with us?"

Well, that was enough to take the starch out of some fellows, wasn't it? But not this lad. I said he had a little Irish blood in his veins. Looking his smart-aleck host steadily in the eye, under full control, he gently countered with, "My mother thinks that tonight I'm out with gentlemen."

You are the handicap you must face. You are the one who must choose your place. You must say where you want to go. How much you will study the truth to know.

God has equipped you for life, but he lets you decide what you want to be.

Someone has wisely said, "A fellow with the right kind of stuff in him preaches to himself harder than anyone else can." And someone else said, "A wise man is like a straight pin—his head keeps him from going too far."

Young man, a thousand miles away from home, can you keep the standards of your mother and father? One man changed the history of the world by taking into a foreign country these standards: He was good looking; he had personality; he was young. Because of his physique and general carriage, he carried prestige. She was a woman of importance—yes, I presume she was attractive. She tempted him once—she tempted him twice—yes, and many more times. Each time he remembered the teachings of his folk at home. He looked sin in the face and stood like a rock. Yes, as the saying goes, he took it on the chin.

For just a moment what a price he paid to keep straight—and don't forget he was praying all the time. When she found herself unvictorious, she caught his garment as he fled. The sample of the clothing was shown to her husband, and if we can use our imagination, a remark from her husband's lips went to her husband about as follows: "Well, here's the evidence. You thought he was lily-white, didn't you?"

Into a dark dungeon he went for two years. And he was still praying. And when he was sold into Egypt by his brothers for a few pieces of silver, he was praying. Does the Lord really answer prayer?

But let's shift to the last act of our play. The curtain goes up with an entirely different scene. "And they came from all nations to buy corn. Who was head of this great commissary department? Who was it that was next to the king of the land? Joseph who was sold into Egypt, the boy who could say "no"—the lad who took the standards of his parents into a foreign land! It was that boy who stood at the crossroads all alone. That youth, the day when he told the woman, as it were, "Get behind Satan," changed the history of the world. If you, dear reader, can think of the history of Israel without seeing Joseph sold into Egypt, a central figure, you can do more than I. You can't think of the history of the world without seeing Joseph with a coat of many colors playing a major role. We all come almost daily to the crossroads in our lives where we make decisions. Let us "not be caught in an angry snare, but walk today on the highway fair."
Christmas Greeting

to M.I.A. Workers

As the Christmas season approaches, our hearts are turned to Him whose birthday we celebrate. The song of the angel choir, "Peace on earth, good will to men," is re-echoing in all our hearts. Our grateful thanks to God that hostilities have ceased will make of this Christmas one of the happiest which we have yet experienced.

To you, our Mutual friends and workers, we send cordial Christmas greetings. We appreciate your earnest and loyal support and have love in our hearts for you and the M.I.A. work. We believe in the youth of the Church and take pride with you in helping prepare them to fulfill their glorious destiny.

GRACE CANNON NESLEN,
Y. W. M. I. A. General Board Member, Passes Away

For more than twenty-one years, Sister Neslen served the young women of the Church as a general board member of the M.I.A. She was a willing and conscientious worker, a true leader possessing an alert and active mind. Her ideas were practical and usable, and revealed her sound judgment and her brilliant intellect. In her work on the general board, as in all other activities, she was dependable and faithful in the performance of her duties.

One of her outstanding characteristics was her honesty. Everyone who met her must have been impressed with her genuineness. Never given to effusive compliments, she showered a wealth of real affection on her friends. She was gracious and loving, serene and kind, always radiating good cheer and sweetness.

Her associates loved her deeply, and will ever feel a sense of loneliness in her absence.

Grace Cannon Neslen, who died in an automobile accident north of Pocatello, Idaho, September 25, was the daughter of the late President George Q. and Martha Telle Cannon. She was educated at the Latter-day Saints' University and the University of Utah, and received one year of training at the Boston Cooking School, after which she conducted a cooking school in Salt Lake City for two years. She was one of the original members of the Pioneer Stake Sunday School board, was one of the presidency of the Primary of that stake, and served in ward and stake capacities in the M.I.A., of Ensign Stake. Sister Neslen, the wife of former Mayor C. Clarence Neslen of Salt Lake City, was the mother of four sons and one daughter, who also survive her: Lieutenant Colonel Clarence C. Neslen; Mrs. Gertrude N. Thody, Robert C. Neslen, Charles C. Neslen, all of Salt Lake City, and Dr. George C. Neslen, with the U.S. Army in Texas. Also surviving her were eighteen brothers and sisters, but one brother, Joseph J. Cannon, died November 2, 1945.
ARROW FLY HOME
(Katharine Gibson. Illustrated. Longmans, Green and Company, New York. 1945. 146 pages. $2.00.)

Based on the true life story of two of the author's ancestors, the book is an experience that each young person should enjoy. The author has authenticated the material that she has included, but she has added enough material of her own to build a most enjoyable adventure story, true to the life of the Indian and of the white during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

ROCKETS AND JETS
(Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1945. 326 pages. $3.00.)

This book deals with the latest information relative to rockets and jet-propelled planes. The author has done an exceptionally fine job of explaining these inventions which did so much to help win the war against Germany and Japan. In addition to the clear explanations, the author has included charts, diagrams, and actual photographs which have added interest and clarity to the book.

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR
(John R. Tunis. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1945. 199 pages. $2.00.)

Most boys adore baseball, and this story of baseball will find responsive readers. The Dodgers had a good team, particularly in their brilliant rookie pitcher, Bones Hathaway. But he was irresponsible and thoughtless, until—but the story deserves its suspense.

HERE COMES DADDY
(Winfred Milis. William R. Scott, Inc., New York.)

What the boy named Peter and the cat named Finnigan saw when they went out into the street to wait for Daddy will make interesting reading for the beginner. The gay pictures will intensify the interest.

WEST POINT
(E. D. J. Waugh. Macmillan Company, New York. 1944. 416 pages. $2.50.)

This history of the school which has come to mean so much to the United States was carefully prepared in close cooperation with West Point officials. Tracing its development from its inception to the present, the author has made of this biography of a school a living monument to the men who believed in our country, and a peculiarly interesting story for this generation to read.

VALERY
(Eliott Mallett Conger. Illustrated. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 66 pages. $1.50.)

Valery was a cow who came to live with the Whipples—and the tricks she pulled will make interesting reading for the very young who like animals, no matter what they do, and for the very old who will relish the funny, tongue-in-cheek attitude of the writer.

TWO IS A TEAM
(Lorraine and Jerrold Beim. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. $1.75.)

Tom and Paul were the same age, the same size, and they liked the same things. But they had their troubles—and they learned that it is better to work together than to quarrel, and they also learned that they must respect the rights of others.

TRAVELERS ALL

From the young who are always vitally interested in getting somewhere other than where they are, this book offers an unusual kind of nature study, indicating how seeds actually travel—even as animals travel—by air, water, and land, but plants actually have to be helped by people in order to travel in these various ways.

SKIPPY'S FAMILY

Skippy was a little, brown, mongrel dog that wouldn't have amounted to anything except to the family to whom he belonged. But to that family, he was an important member. For seventeen years, he lived with them, sharing their joys and their misfortunes, and adding zest to all of their living.

TIMID TIMOTHY
(Gweneira Williams. Illustrated. William R. Scott, Inc., New York.)

The subtitle of this book gives the secret away: The Kitten Who Learned to be Brave! And the kitten did learn to overcome its fear—but it also learned from his mother a very valuable lesson: "You must learn not to go around looking for trouble."

GRANITE HARBOR
(Dorothy Maywood Bird. Illustrated. Macmillan Company, New York. 211 pages. $2.00.)

How Terrill Blake learned to overcome the "jitters" and to love the wild country of Lake Superior makes a thrilling story for the girl between the ages of ten to sixteen. The story brings to life the joy of winter sports and the beauty of nature even during its coldest and seemingly bleakest period.

WILLIE'S WALK TO GRANDMAMA

Intimates details of the country road that Willie took to visit his grandmamma make the delightful kind of reading that little children love to listen to—and the illustrations are a delight to see.

BIG BROWNIE
(Rutherford Montgomery. Illustrated. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 222 pages. $2.00.)

Big Brownie is one of the rare Kodiak bears that was faced with extinction some years ago. A Junior Literary Guild selection, this book has drama to sustain the interest of the most laggard reader and at the same time has actuality in that the setting for the story is Kodiak Island, near Alaska.

THIS IS THE MILK THAT JACK DRANK
(Adapted from Mother Goose by William R. Scott, Illustrated, William R. Scott, Inc., New York. $1.25.)

This book will afford easy reading for the youngest who is just beginning to realize the wonder that lies in the printed page. With repetitions of familiar words, the child soon captures the rhythm of the selection and learns how he obtains the milk that he drinks.

CHILDREN'S PICTURE COOK BOOK
(Recipes by Margaret Gossett; designed by Elizabeth Dauber. William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 46 pages. $1.50.)

What child would not love to learn to cook with this little book as a guide? Mothers who feel that children should be kept out of the kitchen will do well to purchase this book for the young fry and then ask the question, "What's cookin'?"

POGO'S MINING TRIP
(Io and Ernest Norling. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 41 pages. $1.25.)

When his father suggested a vacation trip, John was delighted for it would mean that he and Pogo could have a really good time. They could hike, and they

(Concluded on page 790)

777
Now at Your Grocers

Recipes your family will cheer — pumpkin pie, date cake, steamed puddings, holiday candies — now awaiting you at your grocer! Ask him for these brand new Morning Milk Holiday Recipes!

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THE RETURNING

Now that the war has ended, a real challenge comes to parents, loved ones, Church and priesthood leaders, and friends. Many of the returning service boys and girls have gained new wisdom and maturity from military experiences. From their travel in foreign lands and their contacts with strange peoples, where customs and habits of living are unlike ours, our youth have developed different ways of thinking from those which they acquired in the home town. Because of these, and other changed conditions, the home to which they return may seem to be a little odd at first.

Perhaps we have slipped just a little from their ideals at times. Satan, more active than ever before, is trying to inject strife and contention into our homes and communities. The adversary has stirred up a tendency to tear down the Church and lay waste respect for those who have been called to positions of authority. When youth come home in their quest for peace if they do not find it in our homes, they may leave for new fields to seek a haven of peace and rest. We must keep them at home that they may not be led into forbidden paths where they may become embittered. Meet this challenge!

Living under the influence of a good Mormon home is much different from that which most of them have been doing in the military service. Right now is the opportune time for reconversion and readjustment of our interests and responsibilities to fit theirs. It will be too bad for both youth and for us if we are found too busy and too preoccupied to plan for their welfare and to give time to their needs.

One of the best and surest ways to help our boys and girls is to safeguard our family life. A "home night" once a week would be a good start. All that can be done to provide a smooth dovetailing between the home and youth will result in good. Family as well as Church recreation and leisure-time activities must be developed. Anything which will strengthen the family unit is to be recommended. We must be highly aggressive in welcoming them home and in helping them to adapt to conditions. They have anxiously awaited the time when they could come home.

Some have dreamed how they would put all their time, their love, and their newly acquired power into God's work if only given an opportunity. Many have learned that the secret of happiness in this world lies in thinking of the happiness and welfare of others and in not taking themselves too seriously. In a very hard way, they have discovered that if there is to be peace in the world, peace must first be established in every heart. We, too, at home
must learn this fact. Fully do they know that all this horrible warfare which they have left behind has been due to selfishness.

They have a natural impatience to get started. Having been absent from home for such a long time it is going to be very difficult for them to make the readjustment. In and of themselves, they lack the power to conquer people and influences which are activated by the power of the adversary. Certainly one way to extend help to these returning youth is for Church leaders to put them to work in the wards and stakes even if some of the "old timers" have to be released to make room. This is part of the challenge that must be met. Already they have testified that they are not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ or of their membership in this Church. They have been proud to acknowledge the blessings of the gospel. In a remarkable way God has manifested his power in their behalf by preserving their lives and they rejoice when given an opportunity to testify that God heard and answered their prayers.

Their intense devotion to truth and righteousness, and their strong personalities, indicate that they are anxiously awaiting a call to expand their efforts in the service of their fellow men. They are determined to do the Lord's will because they know that he lives.

The future destiny of the Church is in the hands of our youth. And they are wide awake and ready to grasp the opportunities before them. Animosity and hatred have been dismissed from their hearts because they have learned this lesson, that in order to have the love of God one must love his fellow men. They want to be of service to their fellow men. And we must accept our challenge by first, providing good homes for them to return to, and second, by giving them opportunities to serve their fellow men.

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Make this an Era Christmas...

SEND THIS 12-TIME GIFT TO THOSE WHO WILL APPRECIATE IT

—Those in the armed services

Letters from the camps and bases over the world testify of the satisfaction and comfort carried to thousands of service men during the war.

—Those away at school

It will keep them in touch with the Church at a most critical time in their lives.

—Your Non-Mormon neighbors

Your neighbors want to know more about the church. The "Era" will carry messages of intense interest.

—Friends and relatives in other States

Send this missionary magazine to those you love who are out of touch with the Church.

—Friends and relatives in foreign lands

Mail lanes are open again. Only $2.50 per year to any foreign country. Thousands are hungry for the gospel messages.

—Widows and others in your own ward

No one who wants the "Era" should be deprived of it. It should go to every Latter-day Saint home.

—Investigators and friends

Send this missionary to their homes once a month. In times like these the "Era" is an ideal gift.

—"Send the 'Era' to a buddy"

If you are or were a service man your buddy who read your "Era" while in camp will enjoy it at home—Keep on being a missionary. Send the "Era" each month for a year to maintain the missionary contacts already established.

$2.00 a year in United States, Canada or Mexico. $2.50 a year to foreign countries.

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MILITARY TRAINING

(Continued from page 753)

 Attack, superior organization, or by use of new weapons of destruction.

Therefore, because of our present state of preparedness, because of the urgent necessity of establishing new methods of preserving world peace, because of failure of military preparedness to prevent war, and because the United States and Great Britain are leaders in the movement for international peace, we have everything to gain and very little to lose by postponing action on proposals for universal military training.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Continued from page 741)

saw him come. They knew that he was the Christ, for his coming had been predicted by their prophets.

Then in the day and age in which we live there arose another individual. A boy fourteen years of age believed what was contained in the scriptures. He read in James, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." (James 1:5.) Believing those words, he went into the woods to pray, and his prayer was answered. His faith brought the blessing he so much desired. He not only had the witness of the Bible that Jesus was the Christ, but he saw God the Father standing in the clouds of heaven, clothed with glory, and Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, exalted at his right hand, and he heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "This is my Beloved Son. Hear Him!" He bore testimony of this glorious vision to those with whom he was associated. He received the record of the Book of Mormon. Others also received a witness from on high. Their testimony in the divinity of the Savior's mission had been increased and strengthened, so that it was no longer a matter of ancient history that God lived and that Jesus was the Christ; they knew it personally, because they had received a testimony themselves.

This testimony has been handed down to us, not by man, but by the power of our Heavenly Father, who has promised it to all of his children that will obey his commandments and keep his laws. We are not dependent alone upon history, nor upon the teachings of any man, to know that this is the work of the Lord, because we have had it burned into our soul by the gift of the Holy Ghost. There is no doubt in our minds as to our origin, nor as to the place we will go to when this life is over, if we are faithful to the trust reposed in us.

If we believe as we testify, that Jesus is the Christ, and that we are the children of our Heavenly Father, then how careful we should be to conduct ourselves that we may be worthy of the temples we occupy, which were created in the image of God. We are not here to while away the hours of this life; we are here to qualify ourselves day by day. As members of the Church of Christ, we should keep his commandments, and love one another. The great commandment that was given by the Savior to the children of men in the day in which he lived is binding upon us. We are commanded to love the Lord our God with all our might, mind and strength, and to love our neighbor as ourselves. Then our love should pass beyond the borders of the Church with which we are identified and reach out after the children of men, that the belief which is growing in the world that God does not live and that the grave is our goal may be dissipated, and that in the place of that disbelief there may come a living faith, yea, a living knowledge that Jesus is the Christ, and that we are the children of the Father.

Those of us who have received this witness have assumed an obligation which we cannot turn our backs on if we would. It must be declared by us to the children of men.

Let us see to it that we speak evil of no one, not even of those who speak evil of us. Let us extend to all our Father's children the hand of welcome, and teach unto them that we know without doubt that Jesus was and is the Christ, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the living God, and that the men who represent the work today, receive from our Heavenly Father the inspiration and revelation of his mind and will when he desires to give it to the benefit of his Church.

That we may be worthy of the honor God has given us, that we may be worthy of the lineage whence we came, that we may be faithful sons and daughters of God, worthy to bear his image in the earth, that day by day we may let our light so shine that men, seeing our good works, will glorify our Father which is in heaven—and that when our labors are finished and we are summoned back to our Heavenly Father, we may be welcome there because of our faith and faithfulness here below.

(Continued on page 782)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
The Farmer is building his future. He did a whale of a job during the war years. The Farm ranked equal with the Armed Forces—equal with the War Plants.

Now that peace has come, which one of these three goes right on? Whose job is bigger than ever?

The Farm—and the Farmer!

Yes, you are looking to '46, and to International Harvester. At every International Dealer's store there is a rising call for modern equipment. You have made your old equipment do—now it is time for the new ... and the better.

We know our great responsibility as the leading builder of the power and tools you need. Count on Harvester to do its utmost to build the new equipment you must have to carry on with your work.

Keep in touch with your International Dealer. He'll be in better shape, month by month, to get you a new Farmall Tractor and the improved equipment we are building for postwar farming.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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When it comes to your postwar truck, remember that it's only INTERNATIONAL that outfits the farmer for both production and transportation. For nearly 40 years of its 114-year history, International Harvester has built International Trucks.

For four long years, new International Trucks went off to war by the tens of thousands. Today we're building them again for the home front in light-duty and medium-duty sizes that hadn't come off the assembly lines since early '42.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER
DEALERS EVERYWHERE TO SERVE THE FARMER

DECEMBER, 1945
Military Training
(Continued from page 780)

that a huge reserve of trained men would be almost useless if we have another world conflict. The next war would probably begin with surprise attacks in which atomic bombs would either be secretly planted in the enemy country prior to attack or would be delivered thousands of miles by self-propelled vehicles traveling faster than sound. A country unprepared to meet or make attack at any moment might be hopelessly crippled within a few hours. There would not be time to assemble reserves of trained men. A large standing army of men highly skilled in handling the latest scientific inventions of warfare, who could instantly go into action in case of need, would appear to be a more effective military force than a relatively small standing army and a large reserve that could be called into action only by act of Congress. The proposed plan for universal military training appears to be based more on the experience of the past than upon reasonably anticipated needs of the future.

The evidence also seems to indicate that scientific research, a high volume of industrial production, and the maintenance of war plants machined to produce without delay the latest instruments of war are more important factors in providing adequate defense for our country than the accumulation of large reserves of trained men. If the world must be an armed camp, the nations that survive must keep in the lead in scientific research. They must have the latest and best weapons. If we survive the initial attack we must be able immediately to throw our war production machinery into high gear. Unless we are to have our entire economy under military control, this means that the part of our preparedness program under civilian direction will be of equal or greater importance than the military organization itself.

One of the greatest weaknesses of a system of defense based upon compulsory military training would be that of regimentation. Great military organizations tend to perpetuate traditional methods, to oppose innovations, and to make fundamental changes in tactics and the use of new weapons only after military disaster forces such change. It is interesting to note that the chairman of the army board that dismissed Billy Mitchell from the army for speaking "out of turn" when he became impatient with the army's slowness to recognize the value of air power is one of our commanding generals in this war.

There is an old saying that armies begin to fight the next war with the same methods that were used at the close of the preceding one. An article in one of our popular magazines recently told the story of an attacking general in the midst of our prewar navy maneuvers in the Pacific who disobeyed orders. Instructions were given one part of the fleet to
defend the Hawaiian Islands. The other part of the fleet was to attack, and instructions were given how the attack should be made. The attacking admiral ignored orders, steamed his carriers close to the islands on a Sunday morning and theoretically wiped out our defenses at Pearl Harbor. The admiral was reprimanded for disobeying orders. Several years later the Japanese used the same maneuver to wipe out half our fleet and most of our air force in the Pacific. This disaster forced the United States to rely on the carriers and airplanes, rather than the traditional battleships. If it had not been for the disaster of Pearl Harbor we might not have properly used our new developments in naval warfare until a large part of our battleships had been sunk by the enemy air force in a way similar to the sinking of the British battleships, the Repulse and the Renown. Many people think that the adoption of a system of universal military training would tend to make the army depend too much on mere size, and would increase the tendency for our armed forces to rest on tradition, to train men in obsolete methods, to become inefficient through the regimentation of their great military machines.

One argument for universal military training not used by the army itself, but advocated by some of our leading citizens is that military training would develop the character of our young men and decrease delinquency. This argument has not been carefully checked with experience or with fact. It is pretty well agreed that general trends of character are set in the individual before he reaches eighteen years of age and that his character is determined largely by his environment in the home, the community, the church, and the school. These organizations are the training grounds of democracy. If we need better discipline or other qualities of character in our people, we should make changes that will strengthen our fundamental institutions for training our children. To advocate that we should develop desirable traits of citizenship in our youth by placing them in an institution that is essentially autocratic and that takes them away from the ordinary routines of peaceful living, is essentially to argue that our democratic institutions of family, church, school, and local government are bankrupt and that democracy is a failure. Army discipline may produce certain forms of courtesy, but the army would be the last to argue that it is a moral training institution.

Facts do not seem to indicate that delay in taking action on universal military training proposals will cause our people to make a wrong decision. One great fact again demonstrated by this war is that democracies have usually made right decisions on fundamental military policy. The British needed a great fleet, and the people created and maintained such a fleet on a voluntary service basis. The fleet was the funda-

(Concluded on page 784)
MILITARY TRAINING

(Concluded from page 783)

mental factor in saving Britain in both world wars. This fleet, together with civilian development of great fighter planes and radar, enabled Britain to be the first country to successfully repel the German military machine in the recent war and cause Germany to turn its attack on Russia which had a system of universal military service. The people of the United States, up to now, have felt that large land armies were not necessary because our oceans and other countries' resistance to an aggressor would give us time to prepare. Events have proved this to be the case. Our people, however, have felt that we needed a great navy and they provided that navy on a voluntary enlistment basis. It was in this strong branch of the service that we suffered our greatest military disaster. However, the work of a rebuilt navy proved to be the basis for our victory. The experience of history shows that if the American people are convinced that we need a greatly increased army and air force in the future, and that they will voluntarily provide what we need. It is probable, however, that the method of providing such increased forces will not follow an outmoded system of universal compulsory military service used by every autocracy in the world but herefore avoided by the two great world powers that have felt such systems to be antagonistic to their fundamental ideals of efficiency and democracy.

WHEN THE GRASS GREW

(Continued from page 749)

ging up the hard ground, and spreading fertilizer into the soil. The middle-sized children were to carry off the big stones turned up by the plow and haul them away. The little ones were to go up to the old City Creek and his mother sent to select from the thousands of cobble-stones the smooth, clean, round boulders of regular size which would make a neat border for the front path. Mother explained that if they placed these in piles, the older children would call for them every time old Major, the horse, was hitched up for some other job. Mother warned that it would take a long time to do all they planned, for it was a big task. Their house was set back about seventy-five feet from the street and had very wide frontage. But the children were undaunted and enthusiastically accepted the plan.

Arrangements were made for gravel, for mountain soil, and even for ways and means for the children to earn the extra money to buy the lawn seed. Every dime of their regular income had many, many uses.

To George, that Sunday was a day never to be forgotten. The plan had sounded promising. In his mind he carried a picture of a neat, white, picket fence with a large smooth-swinging front gate, and from it two nice uniform rows of white-washed cobbles running to the steps, with lawn extending wide on either side. It was a pleasant, enticing picture. He often thought of the apple tree near the house and had pictured himself spreading a heavy, wool comforter on the grass for his friends to sit on while they laughed and talked with him. He smiled every time this thought flashed through his mind. By next summer the home would look like some of the rich homes in the neighborhood. Perhaps Lucy would be one of the crowd who would come to sit on the quilt in the shade of the tree. Thus he dreamed night and day, as the work began.

There were only a few weeks of fine weather remaining in which to get the work started before George must leave for the Brigham Young Academy in Provo. Every evening for the rest of the summer he hurried home from the Z.C.M.I. factory, rushed through the chores and went to work preparing the ground, that is, every evening when he didn't have deacon duties to perform. Those children who were old enough to stay up and work after supper, worked with him and helped to pick up boards on the steps and sewed carpet rags, for she, too, had a plan. There was to be a new rag carpet in the parlor and dining room for Father's homecoming surprise, and to complete it she must take advantage of every minute she had.

One evening while George and his brothers and sisters were industriously working on the lawn, Lucy rode by in a fine carriage drawn by a handsome team of prancing black horses. One of the neighbor boys was driving, and as he passed, he called tauntingly, "Hello, George, don't you ever quit working?"

George's face burned. If he had not been so determined to keep his hurt to himself, he would have gone inside and wept; but his mother immediately sensing his hurt, spoke saying, "George, did you know that Claire fell into the street today while playing?" she asked. "What was there for the path?" she described the incident, and as they laughed at the description of the dripping, frightened child, Lucy and her kind, show-off companion were momentarily forgotten. George had not needed to be reminded that he had time for nothing but work. The task was big and the job progressed very slowly as there was so little time after the chores were finished each evening.

George had never failed to do more than his part as a deacon, and in those days deacons swept and scrubbed the chapel, washed the windows, cleaned and filled the coal oil lamps, built the fires, and cut and carried the wood and the coal to warm the meetinghouse. These tasks took at least two evenings out of every week, so almost before preparation for the lawn was well started, the summer was gone and it was time for George to get into the big "whitetop" and drive with a number of other students to the Brigham Young Academy.

Even while away at school, he constantly visualized the growing lawn. He saw his home becoming more lovely all

(Continued on page 786)
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When the Grass Grew

(Continued from page 784)

the time. He was very sure that he must
better his situation, for over and over
his wise teacher, Karl G. Maeser, kept
repeating, in sincere but broken Eng-
ish, "Don't be a scrub." George
couldn't afford to be a scrub; he was
convinced that he was one of God's
blessed children. In his veins flowed
the best blood of all the land. He
would, he must make something of
himself! He applied himself diligently.
He read the best books. He was a
faithful choir member and learned to
sing and to enjoy good music. He im-
proved his dancing. Bit by bit he
sensed that his lankiness and seeming
awkwardness was passing. He wasn't
quite as uncomfortable when girls were
in the group nowadays, but he still won-
dered how he would feel when he next
saw Lucy, which, strangely enough
happened the very day he returned to
Salt Lake after finishing that term of
school.

Lucy happened to be passing his
home, stacked to her chin with bundles, when George walked out of
his gate. With new poise, he politely
lifed his hat and asked to help her
with her bundles. He walked with her
the short distance to her grandparents' home; and just as he handed back her
packages at the gate, several of them
fell to the ground and were torn open.
Embarrassed, he gathered the contents
for her and carried them inside the
house. As he was leaving the porch of
the big house, he heard Lucy say to her
grandmother, "George has become
quite a fine young gentleman." Pride
and inexpressible joy almost burst
George's heart. At last he was reach-
ing his goal—he was really becoming
somebody. Her words lingered and he
needed nothing more to spur him to the
limit of his strength. Now, when their
lawn grew, and when the house looked
more like he wanted it to look, he
would feel free to invite Lucy to come
over.

He quickly applied his energy to the
cultivation of the new lawn. Through-
out the summer the entire family
worked tirelessly to complete the un-
dertaking and to get the grass growing
well before the father returned. All
this happened more than sixty years
ago, so there was no sprinkling hose at
that time. Small irrigating ditches had
to be hoed and carefully tended in order
that the fine lawn seed would not be
washed out by too much water. George
always supervised the watering, as he
couldn't take a chance on the others
doing it alone. Soon the seeds were
sending their first green spears through
the ground. The entire family shared
his delight in the remarkable change
that was beginning to show.

Then, in a sudden thundershower,
came tragedy. Torrents of rain fell
upon the soft earth and washed out the
young grass. Deep gullies were cut in
the loose soil. And within a few minutes the family’s work of months was destroyed. The ground must now be resurfaced. More seed must be bought and the only possible money with which to purchase seed was that which George had earned by doing small jobs at school during the winter. These precious savings were to have bought a fall suit, to wear first when he met his father at the train.

Should he give up the idea of the lawn and get the suit as planned? True, all of the family would be disappointed if the lawn were not finished, but he so needed a suit and had planned for it many, many months; besides, who could tell whether there might be another thundershower? For two days, George, his mother, and some of the children considered the problem. Finally it was George who insisted that the seed be purchased so that the lawn might be replanted. This time, it grew to a thick stand before so much as a drop of rain fell. It looked beautiful! George thought of all day and hurried home from work to see how much better it looked every night.

The summer was passing and the time for his father’s return was growing near. George had never looked nor been so happy. His old coat had been neatly sponged, pressed, and darned and the remaining suit money had bought new trousers and a stiff, white, straw hat. He was ready for the glorious, long-anticipated day when his father would return and look with inexpressible pride upon his greatly improved home and growing family.

But Brother Smith unfortunately arrived too late Saturday afternoon to see the lawn. George was almost afraid to go to sleep that night for fear all of them might not waken to be with their father when he first saw the lawn. But early, early Sunday morning the children dressed and walked with Brother Smith to the front door. As he caught his first view of their beautiful yard, his eyes twinkled. He looked proudly upon his eldest son and said, “My, we Smiths are fine folk, aren’t we, George?” George experienced a joy never before known. He knew then that if his father felt that way, other people would feel that way too. He was not at all surprised when, after Sunday School, Lucy and her grandparents walked home with them. Upon Brother and Sister Smith’s invitation, the three of them came in and sat with them under the apple tree—the older people in chairs and the young folk on the quilt, just exactly as George had dreamed a thousand times that they would—while George’s mother served heaping dishes of lemon ice cream and sponge cake.

It was while daintily eating refreshments that Lucy said, “George, your family has the most beautiful front yard I have ever seen. I should live under this tree whenever you will let me.”

George didn’t do what he wanted to do, jump straight up and down—but his heart did!

December, 1945

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And Mary in the doorway, "Mother, it's for you."

Luella slipped off her apron, hurriedly wiped her hands, wet from freshening the lettuce, and went into the living room. There stood a blond soldier as bashful as he was tall behind a large bouquet in florist's green paper.

She went to him quickly to make him feel at ease. He held out the green parcel and stammered, "Are you Paul's mother?" At her nod, "These are for you."

Hal had stood up when the soldier had come in and now moved to shake his hand.

"You knew Paul?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. My name is Houghton, Ray Houghton. We met in camp in New England."

Hal introduced the girls and led the young man to the davenport and seated himself beside him.

Luella loosened the clasps on the bouquet. Roses, red ones, a whole dozen. She gasped and buried her face in their crimson fragrance. She turned to Private Houghton. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you for so much loveliness."

"Thank you, for giving me a friend like Paul. He is a right guy. Have you heard from him lately?"

Hal's head jerked up, and his lips parted. Mary turned from Rosalee's extravagant appreciation of the lapel pin. Luella placed long thin fingers over her lips and looked with quiet eyes into Hal's brown and Mary's blue ones. They understood and were silent. Ray need not know. This was Christmas, a time for happiness. Knowledge that would bring sadness would come some day, but not now.

"Not recently," she said, "but his latest letter told that he was so glad because he was going to be able to use his training, at last, and to do something constructive. Of course, he couldn't tell us what it was." For the first time since that letter had come, just twelve hours before the telegram, she was able to think those words without a pain in her throat. They came almost easily.

The family each in turn spoke to him of Paul and he told them of amusing camp incidents. As he talked, he relaxed and was soon at ease. His eyes strayed around the room taking in the gay fire, the festive tree, the spirit of home and the feeling of a room where love, understanding, and joy were not merely guests but permanent inmates. He smiled and became as an old friend.

"Where is your home?" Mary asked.

"I have never had one. I lived where boys came in wholesale lots, an orphanage." He grinned, but there was loneliness behind the grin.

"Can you stay for dinner?" Hal inquired.

"I had a three-hour stopover. What time have you?"

That was settled. There was time but little to spare.

He asked about Paul's chemistry room. He seemed to want to absorb as much of Paul and his home as three hours could hold. Mary took him down, and Luella followed with the key, and Hal trailed behind. They watched while Ray touched the beaters, the tubes, the lamp, everything he had time for, as though in that way he would come closer to his friend.

Luella was amazed that she could stand there in the room she had locked against painful memories so many months ago, and still feel no pain. She sought Hal's eyes. There was peace there, and pride. He talked freely of Paul's experiments, accidents, and achievements as he had talked during Paul's absent, college years.

Mary set the table in the family's best: linen, porcelain, silver. She arranged the crimson roses in a long blue bowl. The family bent its attention to Paul's friend as they ate, to his conversation, to his needs. The dinner which Luella had most dreaded was going off smoothly and well, without Paul. The table and food were all she could ask. It was Christmas, a Christmas dinner, despite absence and death.

Joseph was enjoying the excitement of eating dinner with a soldier, and kept his round, freckled face bright with eagerness turned to Ray, like a morning-glory drinking in the sun.

After dinner they drove Private Houghton to the station. Mary and Joseph sat beside him in the back seat. A closeness deeper than liking had developed between the twins and their brother's friend. It was as though in trying to help Ray the Houghtons had loved they had Paul back.

"Good-bye," Ray said. "When I see Paul I'll tell him how swell you all were to me. I'll tell him that I see now what he meant about a home to fight for. I'm coming back after my release, if you'll let me. Thanks, thanks for everything."

"Do. Do. Thank you for coming," chorused the Laytons—and Ray was gone.

Back home, Hal sat on the couch and leaned his dark head against the crocheted tidy on the deep blue pile. "Nice kid," he said. "I hope we see him again." He paused. "Well, Mother," he said, "the day is almost over. We got through it fine. You were splendid. And you were right about not letting on to Ray."

He reached out and turned on the radio. "Silent Night. Holy Night." He moved to switch it off, but Luella stayed his hand. The carol continued. They leaned back and listened.

Mary and Joseph had gone off with friends as soon as they had returned from the station. There was
quiet in the room except for the song nearing its end. Suddenly, the doorbell pealed.

Hal rose and answered it.

"Special delivery for Mr. Hal Layton, That you, Mister?"

Hal received the small parcel. "First class," he read and tore at the seals. The postman dashed away toward the sound of his purring motor.

Hal closed the door and sat again beside Luella. They opened the package and found a letter: "Dear Mr. Layton, I hope that this reaches you for Christmas day. Paul would have liked that. I couldn't get it off sooner because I have just landed. I am home on convalescent leave and mailed it as soon as possible. I suppose you have heard how Paul's watch came into my hands. Thank you for its use and for your patience in waiting so long for it. I hope it serves as a comfort to you. Paul was a son to be proud of. None better. I loved him, too. Good luck, and God bless you. Sgt. E. T. Davis."

Hal slipped the watch on his arm, but his fingers were sticks and he couldn't make the clasp hold. Luella fastened the band for him. They sat hand in hand.

Hal's fingers played round and round the face of the watch as though they could trace Paul's features there.

Luella smiled at him. He returned the smile in spite of wet eyes, and there was peace in his face.

The scent of deep red roses pervading the room brought back the memory of the visitor of the afternoon and his appreciation of the spirit of home which they had shared with him, and for the first time since that awful night when she had been called out of church to receive the telegram, she felt as if Paul were near. She realized that she had shut him out and in letting him in for Roy Houghton, she had received him back for all of them. Paul's friends had brought him home again, and she had thought that she had nothing to show for those twenty-two years.

She arose, went to the console, selected Paul's favorite record, started the machine and his loved music flowed into the room: "Unto us a Child is born. Unto us a Son is given..."

Paul's gift was the most precious that the day had brought. She leaned against her husband and his arm curved to receive her and tightened around her. Her head rested on his shoulder.

THOUGHTS IN A KITCHEN

By Elaine V. Emans

I made the cookies that you like today,
And, tucking them into their squatty jar,
I thought, why must he be too far away
To have them? Then I smiled, for though
So far
For things I bake, I knew that you are near
Enough for safe receiving of the store
Of courage I can send, and sunny cheer,
And dreams of future, faith; and, even more
Important probably, there is no ban
On love which one may send a service
man

DECEMBER, 1945

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HUNDREDS show that they prize PEACE ON EARTH By resuming their studies at

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WINTER QUARTER begins

January 7, 1946

A Mormon Wife

(Concluded from page 777)

voice of rare loveliness, and with it an artistic temperament. She had large dreamy eyes (which could flash fire when her ire was aroused) and a vivid imagination.

Anna was a quaint child, very affectionate. Her yearning to be loved seemed to attract her to the society of her elders, which made her more serious-minded than the rest of the children. Often when relatives would come to our home for a visit and after dinner the youngsters would be romping noisily in the yard, Anna might be found sitting sedately in the parlor trying to understand the conversation of the grownups. Later she might even try to impress us other children with one or two big words that she had picked up.

Anna liked to cook. To encourage her my mother would let her make graham crackers on Saturday mornings. Cute Anna! I can see her now, patiently rolling and prickling those graham crackers, the recipe for which—cream and salt stirred into graham flour to make a stiff dough—was simple enough for any little girl to master. The crackers were surprisingly good. The rest of us thought, as we dashed into the kitchen and gobbled them up as fast as they came, all crisp and brown, from the oven. Finally Anna's usually serene disposition could stand it no longer, and she would call "Aunt Gusta" to come and make us stop.

As for myself, I fitted right into the family, being Anna's junior by two years. (Each sister was two years younger than the one preceding her, so if you knew the age of one you knew it of all.) I was but four years old when I came to 14 Second East to live, so I have only hazy recollections of any existence prior to this time.

The final member of the new family was little "Hebe," my special playmate. He from the first won my mother's heart completely. He was not five years old when he developed hip disease, and our memories of him are associated with some little crutches. Dear little "Hebe," you were the "Tiny Tim" of our family, but, unlike that of Dickens' boyish character, your life was not to be spared to your loved ones.

(To be continued)

Books for the Young Folk

(Concluded from page 777)

could fail—but what John and Pogo didn't know at the time was that they would learn about gold mining.

LITTLE JONATHAN


JONATHAN Brown was the thirteenth child in the family—having six older brothers and six older sisters. And Jonathan at six was going to move with his family to their new house. But moving when Jonathan lived was quite different from what it is nowadays, for he lived when buckskin suits
On The Bookrack

YOYTH AND THE CHURCH
(Ed) by Harold B. Lee. Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1945. 236 pages. $1.75.

As we go to press, there are before us the press sheets of a book concerning which we would like to say more later, and which should be available about December 10. Youth and the Church by Harold B. Lee of the Twelve is a work of twenty-four chapters from the radio series delivered by Brother Lee between January and June of 1945. The wide response to these broadcasts as radio talks may well indicate something of the enthusiasm with which the book will be received. Brother Lee, young in years himself, and genuinely possessed of a youthful outlook, he meets, vigorously, fearlessly, convincingly, many of the questions youth are asking and many of the problems youth are facing. The vigor of his voice and the conviction of his thoughts seem to be heard and felt again through the printed page, as if we were present when he gave them verbal utterance on the air. Unique and effective verbal illustrations—figures of speech, allegories, parables—frequently appear as part of the author's work. Here is a book that many have asked for and looked for—and which promises to be widely distributed and widely read by the youth of the Church, and by those who are dealing with their problems as parents, teachers, and advisers. —R. L. E.

LIFE OF HEBER C. KIMBALL
(Orson F. Whitney. Stevens & Wallis, Inc., Salt Lake City. 1945. 515 pages. $3.00.)

Heber, for the eyes of a new generation, is the second edition of a biography first published in 1885, and long since out of print. It is the work of Orson F. Whitney, apostle, poet, and philosopher, written on the life of one of the strongest personalities of the Restoration. Heber C. Kimball, member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles from February 14, 1835, to December 27, 1847, and counselor to Brigham Young in the First Presidency of the Church from December 27, 1847, to his death on June 22, 1848, valiantly lived through the stormiest scenes and bitterest persecutions of the Church. His towering leadership was in evidence whenever he went, to strengthen the Saints and to help sustain them in their darkest hours. His life was filled with the miraculous and the practical, and reading of it, in his own words and in those of the author, is more moving than fiction. To Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve and the Kimball family, of which he is an integral part, another generation will be able to become acquainted with this inspiring volume. —R. L. E.

THE PRINCE OF UR
(Susa Young Gates in collaboration with Leah D. Widtsoe. Bookcraft Company, Salt Lake City. 1945. 246 pages. $2.00.)

The resplendent oriental court in the key city of Ur of the Chaldees affords a colorful backdrop for this exciting story from the days of Abraham's early youth. Before he had received the blessing that changed his name to Abraham. Into this luxurious background of the Fertile Crescent, pivotal point of civilization for many centuries, the authors have laid a plot of so intricate weaving and intense excitement that every reader, even the most exacting, will find the story arresting. From the worship of the many gods of the cosmopolitan city with its complex rituals, the story moves swiftly to prove the necessity of worshiping the one true God whose love for his children has never failed. In the dramatic scenes between Sarai and Ischa, and Abram and Mardan—all of the royal household—the play of character is intense and real. Court intrigue, jealousy, and prejudice are blended. For the first time, in a book of compelling interest, the leading characters are Abram and Sarai, but in the book are innumerable people, as real as any now living, who live and act, think and speak, in much the same way that people of today face similar problems.

For a thoroughly satisfying book, The Prince of Ur has few peers. —M. C. J.

ROCK CRYSTAL
(Adalbert Stifter. Illustrated. Pantheon Books, Inc. New York. 1945. 244 pages. $2.75.)

Exactly one hundred years ago, the author first published this story under the title Holy Eve. Later, he rewrote it, including it in a collection of short stories which he titled Colored Stones, changing the title of this story to Rock Crystal to conform to the other titles in the collection. The beauty of the story lies in the intimacy the author creates through the folk of the small village and through his own deep knowledge and love of nature. Beautifully illustrated, well printed, and boxed attractively, the book will make an ideal Christmas gift for any member of the family—and for one's friends. —M. C. J.

DECEMBER, 1945

Mail Me the following for Christmas Presents

A SKEPTIC DISCOVERS MORMONISM
By Timberline Riggs. "The most discussed book in the Church of recent years." For young and old. $2.00

A NEW HEALTH ERA
By William Howard Hoy, M.D. Will sell you the idea and method of good health and make you like it. $2.00

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By David Harold Fink, M.D. Invaluable to those who would make the most and the best of their lives. $2.00

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By Heber J. Grant $2.25

TEACHINGS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH
By Joseph Fielding Smith $2.00

The following are three good, historical, and instructive novels. All very good reading:

THE PRINCE OF UR
By Susa Y. Gates—Leah D. Widtsoe $2.00

THE GAY SAINT
By Paul Bailey $2.50

FOR THIS MY GLORY
By Paul Bailey $2.50

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791
Dear Sirs:
This is a long delayed letter of gratitude for the inspiration and help The Improvement Era has given my next door neighbor and myself. I had just successfully finished fighting tuberculosis for five years when my left side became paralyzed. Gradually the enjoyment of little things I never had time before even consciously to see began to register themselves: the lacy outline of a tree against the sky, the busy industriousness of a hen with her flock of irrepressible chicks, a bird’s clear call, even the pretty colors of some neighbor’s wash, and the kindness of a neighbor who was blessed with the greatness of heart and understanding to make a troubled life easier. I cannot imagine anyone who examines The Improvement Era more thoroughly than I. From the ever delightful covers through the fascinating "Exploring the Universe" and the poems, articles, and inspiring stories, faith and pure goodness shine like a high ideal which must embody your aim in living. When we all reach the understanding that such aims and ideals must be shared by every human being, then, and then only, can there be a hope of the world peace which God intended.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Lillian Fehrman

Just One of Those
Traffic Cop: "Hey, who do you think you are?"
Driver: "Oh, I’m just one of the taxpayers who pays your salary for insulting me!"

Correction
A picture of the cast of "Shubert Alley," presented by the Salt Lake Stake M.I.A., appeared on page 600 of the October 1945, Improvement Era. In error, it was reported that Minnie D. Margetts was the director. Lucille B. Petersen of the Twenty-second Ward directed the play.

INNOVATION IN RAILROAD TRAVEL
Conducting experiments with a new type of streamline passenger car for post-war Chicago service, Western Pacific has perfected a new streamline car with a glass-enclosed observation dome from which passengers may enjoy a complete panorama of the passing country. Although the experimental car is a streamline coach, the observation dome can be applied to post-war sleeping cars, which is like a penthouse on top of a streamline coach, containing twenty-four deep-cushioned seats providing passengers a clear vision of the surrounding territory. The dome is constructed of several thicknesses of shadow-proof glass of special design, heat and glare resistant, and the entire car, including the dome, is air-conditioned.

First Aid
"Are you taking this course," asked the first aid instructor, "so you’ll be able to help if a member of your family is injured?"
"Oh, no," she replied, "I thought the bandaging would come in handy when I started wrapping Christmas packages."
Mommy...
It's so soft!

Best Gift of All

PORTLAND WOOLEN MILLS • PORTLAND 3, OREGON
“And Lo, the star went before them.”

Again sweet carols ring across the world, healing the bitter wounds of war... kindling anew the star of hope... re-echoing the angel's song. And may the promise made so long ago be at last fulfilled: That there shall be, in all the earth, peace and good will toward men. May it be so in your home and in your life this joyous Christmas time!