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Exploring the Universe

by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

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Increased Evidence

The presence of organic molecules in stony meteorites gives increased evidence for the existence of life elsewhere in the universe.

For Basic Research

Dr. Alan T. Waterman of the National Science Foundation estimates that in the United States 670 million is spent annually for basic research, 48 percent by the government, 33 percent by industry and 19 percent by universities and non-profit organizations.

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NOTICE

Three Church magazines including the Era are mailed by a central mailing system. The printing and mailing schedules call for all of the Eras to be mailed near the end of the month prior to the month indicated on the magazine. Most Eras should reach their destination by or before the first week of the following month. Magazines going out of the United States proper, take more time to be delivered.

Difficulties, which have now been eliminated, caused some delay in our mailings the past few months, but your Eras should reach you in good time in the future.

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THE COVER:

"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." (Gen. 8:22.) Springtime—seedtime—now in Utah's Cache Valley, with the majestic Logan Temple in the distance. Harrison Groutage has painted the Era cover.

Cover lithographed in full color by Deseret News Press.
3. FAITH IN A DAY OF UNBELIEF
David H. Yarn, Jr.

Looking for a book that explains the Church to non-LDS friends or neighbors? Here it is — stimulating, thought-provoking reading that crystallizes the “First Principles” in a compact form and gives many surprising answers to such questions as, “Who has authority to administer in church ordinances, etc.

4. YOUTH OF THE NOBLE BIRTHRIGHT

A series of Fireside Addresses given recently by the General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, offering sound, down-to-earth advice to young people who are dating and contemplating marriage.

5. HANDCARTS TO ZION (Pioneer Edition)
LeRoy R. Hafen and Ann W. Hafen

This is the story of the handcart pioneers (1856-1860), nearly three thousand of them, who pushed handcarts over thirteen hundred miles of wilderness country. Included are passages from original journals and diaries, rosters of members who made these treks, and numerous illustrations.

1. STORIES FROM MORMON HISTORY
Alma P. Burton and Clea M. Burton

Fascinating, little known stories from Mormon history are collected together in this single volume for speakers and teachers to spark up their speeches and lessons. Fulfills a real need for LDS family libraries.

2. A READER FOR THE TEACHER
Compiled by A. Hamer Reiser

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These Times

The Most Important Problems of the Next Ten Years

by Dr. G. Homer Durham
Vice President, University of Utah

In the eyes of Selwyn Lloyd, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the United Kingdom, the following four matters are the most important problems for the next ten years:

First: The effect of higher standards of living in Russia.

Second: The growth of Communist China's industrial and military strength.

Third: The success or failure of the effort on the part of those countries with higher standards of living to share their prosperity with the less-developed countries.

Fourth: The success or failure of the fight for the standards of tolerance and human freedom in ordinary affairs.

Mr. Lloyd offered these thoughts in a speech to the General Assembly of the Council of Europe in Strasbourg, January 21, 1960. (The Council of Europe is an organization of fifteen countries in Western Europe. It functions largely through a general assembly which meets regularly at Strasbourg.) Each of Mr. Lloyd's four points will bear comment:

1. The effect of higher standards of living in Russia. The Russians believe in economic determinism. The theory of economic determinism includes the following idea. As standards of living increase, fear, greed, and warlike tendencies tend to diminish. People tend to become more conservative. They wish to maintain what they have. They are less likely to be violent in improving their situation. Appreciating their own gains, they may be more tolerant of the problems and properties of others.

This line of thinking has to be counterpoised against the maxim, "the more one has, the more one wants." There is an element in communist doctrine (their view of economic imperialism, for example) which suggests that (except under socialism!) any increase in the standard of living sets in motion forces which lead to war. The Russians have made much of this doctrine of "capitalist imperialism." It could be unsafe to assume that the improvement of living conditions in the USSR thereby guaranteed international accord for the future. What the improvement means is the problem.

2. The growth of Communist China's industrial and military strength. If China puts science to use on the same scale for its people as has been true in Belgium, West Germany, and Japan, China theoretically could emerge as the greatest power in earth's history. What are the limits of China's industrial future? (Continued on page 363)
MAN! WHAT A WONDERFUL FEELING

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It's Performance that counts!
February 1960

New Jersey Stake formed from portions of New York Stake and the Eastern States and New England missions. President George H. Mortimer now heads New Jersey Stake, with his counselors, Elders Robert H. Daines and Darrel L. Hicken. President G. Stanley McAllister is the president of New York Stake, with counselors George E. Watkins and William M. Guest. When New York Stake was organized, December 16, 1934, it was stake number 110. New Jersey brings the stake total to 292.

March 1960

The First Presidency announced the division of the British Mission with Elder Bernard P. Brockbank to serve as president of the North British Mission. He is currently serving as president of Holladay (Utah) Stake. The British Mission is one of the great mainstays of the Church dating back to 1837—and only two mission fields are older: United States and Canada.

In the final game of the all-Church Junior M Men basketball tournament, played this year at Edgehill, Riverside Stake, and Deseret Gym—three of the fine Church athletic facilities in Salt Lake City, Richland First (Washington) defeated North Thirty-third (Salt Lake City), 64-46. This is how the teams finished: Richland First, North Thirty-third, St. George Third (Utah) third place and sportsmanship award; Taylorsville (Utah); Rosecrest (Utah) and Oakland Third (California).

Sundays in March were busy with microphones. LDS youth leaders and youths themselves broadcast a series of four discussions on the youth program of the Church, which was released over the nation-wide radio facilities of the National Broadcasting Company. Fireside speeches by selected members of the General Authorities were broadcast Sunday evenings over participating radio stations in the West, and played by tape recording for LDS youth groups elsewhere. The gospel by radio? When did it start? President Heber J. Grant on KSL, Salt Lake City, May 6, 1922, gave a short address in which he quoted D & C 76:40-42, 23-24. The gospel by television? Well, a quartet of Mormon missionaries sang before the TV camera in November 1938—in Stockholm, Sweden.
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LDS Books Club

MAY 1960
I shall always remember the holiday when a sea-faring uncle took me to watch a yacht race and let me have my first look through a real telescope. Standing on a rocky headland overlooking Auckland Bay, I worked the telescope in and out until I got the yachts clear; then I said, "But Uncle George, they're all so very tiny. I can see them better without the telescope."

Uncle George chuckled heartily. "Of course," he said. "You're looking through it wrong end first. Try it the other way!"

I did so, and quickly exclaimed "Why, Uncle George, they're enormous!"

When I finally handed the telescope back to him, he said "D'you know, son, most people use a telescope—a sort of mental one, I mean—when they look at faults. They view other people's faults right end first and that makes them look enormous, but they look at their own faults through the wrong end, and that makes them appear very small and unimportant."

Uncle George was quite a good artist and loved sending little sketches with appropriate verses to his friends, and shortly after I got home, I received a card from him. On it was a sketch of myself holding a telescope wrong end first, and neatly lettered below was:

It is so very easy
to see other people's faults;
so very, very hard to see our own—
and we all like to cater
to the thought that theirs are worse
than ours, which we belittle
and condone.
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MAY 1960
Letters and Reports

Pictured above, Dr. Virginia F. Cutler (right) and two Indonesian committee members examine a few of the shipment of 12,000 new dress patterns which will enable Indonesian women to make their own kebajas for the first time.

This pattern-making project has set a precedent in Indonesia and places in the hands of the Indonesian homemaker a help that has heretofore been non-existent.

Sister Cutler is the Homemaking Education Adviser for the International Co-operations Administration to Indonesia and has spearheaded the project from its start.

An article explaining how the dressmaking project developed was printed in The Improvement Era, February 1960 and is entitled “Twenty-six Hours to Make a Dress.”

Duchesne, Utah

Dear Editors:

Thank you for the wonderful January Era and for the very fine editorial covering the life of one of my favorite Apostles of the Lord, Elder Howard W. Hunter... I am thrilled with the new Youth Section that you are planning for next summer.

It should be of marvelous worth in riveting the attention of the young and old to the great gospel teachings that are found in every Era. Thanks again for all that you and the others of the Era staff do in bringing this great work forth.

Sincerely yours,

Madelaine G. Horrocks

Eagle, Idaho

Dear Editors:

First let me say how much I and my family enjoy the Era. From the cover to the advertisement on the back for Beneficial Life it is good, timely, and helpful in many ways. I like the new articles on how to be a lady that have been in the last three or four issues, and I am excited about the new contest you have offered to the youth of the Church to write stories and articles for the Era.

Roberta Butler
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"EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS"
arranged by G. Homer Durham

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This story, compellingly written, with much enriching detail, carries a young man through varying changes of family fortune, through school days in which he was a leader and competitor, through a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Great Britain, through a variety of assignments in political Washington, D.C., and industrial Detroit.

Included is an account of his service to his Church as stake president; service to a great community, and into the presidency of one of America’s large industrial empires, American Motors, with the stupendous task of holding this empire together, through days of debt and discouragement, against the inroads of liquidators and would-be raiders, until it found public acceptance of its product and pulled itself into a position of profit.

This is a story of a man who forthrightly speaks his views on principles, and on the issues of our time, and who forthrightly identifies himself with the Church, with the cause of freedom, with love of family, and with the old-fashioned virtues which in fact never become old-fashioned.

Some will find this book fascinating as a story of successful struggle in an intensely competitive industry, with problems of labor, of management, of engineering, of economics, and of people and public relations. But all will find in it a story of character and courage.

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"Go ye...and teach all the nations"

so declared the Resurrected Christ. (Matt. 28:19.)

“For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.” (Acts 2:39.)

“...proclaim these things unto the world”; the Lord said through the Prophet Joseph Smith, “That faith also might increase in the earth; That mine everlasting covenant might be established.” (D&C 1:18, 21-22.)

Obedient to these calls and commandments, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been sending missionaries to the world for 130 years—thirteen full decades—and reaping the blessings.

Who are these missionaries? Of course you of the Church know them well.

Our missionaries, generally, are young men and women with a sprinkling among them of more experienced men and women.

It is well to say here that the direct responsibility of preaching the gospel rests upon the priesthood of the Church—not upon the women, though the efficiency of the latter in cottage meetings, in Primaries, in Mutual Improvement Associations, and in Sunday Schools, and in other phases of missionary endeavor,
is of the highest order, and their willingness, even eagerness, to labor is not excelled by that of the young men.

Who are these youth chosen to represent the Church? They come from the rank and file. They are farmers, artisans, factory workers, bank clerks, secretaries in business firms, and followers of other vocations. They all look forward to the time after their return when they, with congenial, loving companions, may build happy homes.

A group of elders once set forth three leading principles, the adopting of which seemed essential to the proper advancement of the work of the Lord. These were responsibility, unity, and activity. All three of these virtues are applicable alike to missionaries and the Church membership generally.

Upon no other group of men in the world rests greater responsibility than upon the elders of the Church. In the full meaning of the term, they are priests of the Most High. It is their privilege to receive spiritual enlightenment and blessings; it is their duty to give these to their fellow men. Most apparent, therefore, is their responsibility as divinely authorized representatives.

With this is associated the responsibility of keeping themselves “pure and unspotted from the sins of the world.” Emphasized always is the duty to disseminate gospel literature. In a word, the elders’ responsibility is stated as threefold, 1) duty to God, 2) duty to themselves and their loved ones, 3) duty to the Church.

Unity is made especially applicable to the wards and branches and to individual members. The necessity of the co-operative effort is emphasized, as is the need for every member to become a missionary.

The steady influence of responsibility, the strength of unity, and the inevitable growth of well-directed activity are leavening elements.

In activity lies the only road to success as well as in secular affairs. Not only that, but a testimony of the gospel is dependent upon activity manifest and willingness shown to do God’s will. “If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine…” (John 7:17.)

To our future missionaries I would say:

In the Church there are men and women from every country of the world in which there are missionaries. I should like to encourage our young men and young women, young men particularly, to include in their high school and college courses some of these languages.

Every elder should be a Christian gentleman always. A gentleman—who is he? “Whoever is open”—nothing to hide, no downcast look because of the consciousness of guilt; “whoever is loyal”—loyal to the truth, to virtue, to the principles of the Church, including the Word of Wisdom—true, of humane and affable demeanor, honorable himself and in his judgment of others, faithful to his word as to law, and faithful alike to God and to men—such a man is a true gentleman,” and such a man the elder should be who represents the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the world.

To render service for two or three years in the mission field is a blessing to anyone so privileged. It is recognized as such by thousands of parents throughout the Church who appreciate the value of such labor to their sons and daughters, in whom this experience awakens an appreciation of home and of the gospel. Parents know, also, that missionary activity brings into the plane of consciousness a knowledge of the truth of the gospel which the young men have perhaps felt but not expressed.

Bishops, it is well for us to have in mind not so much the benefits to those representatives as their preparation and fitness to carry on the responsibilities entailed in that call. In choosing a missionary it is well to keep in mind these questions: Is he worthy to represent the Church? Has he sufficient will power to resist temptation? Has he kept himself clean while he has been home, and by that standard proved himself capable of resisting possible temptation in the field? Has he taken active part in Church organizations at home? Does he at least glimpse what the Church has to offer the world? Has he, through prayer or other experience, felt God’s nearness to him so that he can approach the Lord as he would his earthly father?

These qualifications and requirements are not too high, because opportunities for just such attainments of efficiency are in the Church. Having had teaching and experience in the quorums, to say nothing of the auxiliaries, young men are prepared to represent the Church as missionaries, provided they have led a clean life.

Let the idea be emphasized throughout the entire Church so that when a young man enlists under the missionary banner it means that he is superior in every way—in character, in faith, and in a desire to serve the Lord.

True Christianity is love in action. There is no better way to manifest love for God than to show an unselfish love for one’s fellow men. That is the spirit of missionary work.
Q  "While discussing the doctrines of salvation for the dead, one of the brethren stated that baptism for the dead must be performed in fonts that are below the level of the ground. If this is so, will you kindly tell us the reason why? Some of our number could not understand why a baptism for the dead would not be valid no matter where it was performed, even if it was not in a temple. Will you kindly inform us on this matter?"

A  The proper place for baptism for the dead is in a temple built especially for that purpose. In fact, all of the ordinances in behalf of the dead are to be performed in temples, as are most of the sacred ordinances for the living. This is the commandment the Lord gave to the Church. There had been occasions when sacred ordinances were performed outside of temples when there was the emergency and no temple of the Lord. This is true of the coming of the Father and the Son to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the manifestation was in a grove. When there was no sacred temple, the Lord made himself manifest to the prophets of old, in sacred places and most generally on mountaintops. It was on a mountaintop where the Lord revealed himself to Moses and called him to his great work. It was on the mountain that our Lord took Peter, James, and John, when they were endowed and received their great vision. It was on the Mount Horeb where the Lord appeared to Moses and on Shelem (Ether 3:1), where he appeared to the brother of Jared and gave him commandments and showed him his body, and in the wilderness where priesthood was restored in this dispensation because there was no temple. In cases of emergency the Lord used such places as groves, the wilderness, or the highest mountains there to reveal himself and bestow keys of priesthood to his prophets.

The authorities of the Church were commanded to make haste and build a house to the Lord in Kirtland, where he could come and restore keys of priesthood and of dispensations, this in the days of their poverty. By sacrifice and under the most trying difficulties the Kirtland Temple was erected, and after its dedication many of the ancient prophets came and bestowed the keys of their dispensations, but there was no provision made in the Kirtland Temple for baptism for the dead nor for any ordinances for the dead. It was, however, in this sacred house where the keys for the salvation of the dead were conferred and the turning of the key of salvation for the fathers by their children..."
were revealed.

It was not until 1840 that the doctrine of salvation of the dead was fully revealed, and the Saints were taught that this ordinance could be performed by them in behalf of their dead kindred. In an epistle to the twelve apostles, who were then in Europe, the Prophet wrote: “I first mentioned the doctrine in public when preaching the funeral sermon of Brother Seymour Brunson; and have since then given general instructions in the Church on the subject. The Saints have the privilege of being baptized for those of their relatives who are dead, who they believe would have embraced the gospel, if they had been privileged with hearing it, and who have received the Gospel in the spirit, through the instrumentality of those who have been commissioned to preach to them while in prison.” (Essentials in Church History, p. 305.)

The privilege was then given to the members of the Church to be baptized for their dead in the Mississippi River. This privilege continued until the general conference October 3, 1841, when the Prophet said:

“There shall be no more baptisms for the dead, until the ordinance can be attended to in the Lord’s House; and the Church shall not hold another General Conference, until they can meet in said house, for thysaith the Lord.” (Ibid., p. 310.)

On the eighth day of November following, the font in the Nauvoo Temple was dedicated, and baptisms for the dead ceased outside of a temple. The reason why the font is placed below the surface of the ground is stated by revelation as follows:

“Herein is glory and honor, and immortality and eternal life—

“The ordinance of baptism by water, to be immersed therein in order to answer to the likeness of the dead, that one principle might accord with the other; to be immersed in water and come forth out of the water is in the likeness of the resurrection of the dead in coming forth out of their graves; hence, this ordinance was instituted to form a relationship with the ordinance or baptism for the dead, being in likeness of the dead.

“Consequently, the baptismal font was instituted as a similitude of the grave, and was commanded to be in a place underneath where the living are wont to assemble, to show forth the living and the dead, and that all things may have their likeness, and that they may accord one with another—that which is earthly conforming to that which is heavenly, as Paul hath declared, 1 Cor. 15:46-48.” (D&C 128:12-13.)
One of the Aaronic Priesthood's paramount projects for 1960 is the preparing and placing near the “banks of the Susquehanna River” in the “Quaker State” of Pennsylvania a beautiful monument. This “Susquehanna Aaronic Priesthood Monument,” an expressive and significant representation of the restoration of the Priesthood of Aaron, May 15, 1829, upon the heads of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery by John the Baptist, will declare to its viewers that the LDS Church has from its beginning proclaimed to the world that “a man must be called of God by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.” (Fifth Article of Faith.)

Throughout the years to come this sacred memorial will also teach mankind that the heavenly messenger who restored the Aaronic Priesthood possessed “body, parts, and passions.” This monument uses the same theme and position of figures as the Aaronic Priesthood Monument dedicated October 10, 1958, by President David O. McKay on Temple Square in Salt Lake City. The figures of John the Baptist, Joseph Smith the Prophet, and Oliver Cowdery are in high relief in a bronze panel which is mounted on an “exquisitely finished granite shaft,” reports the sculptor of both monuments, Dr. Avard Fairbanks. The total bronze group relief is six feet four inches high, and it is fastened securely to the front of a polished granite shaft twelve feet high, giving to the
whole a sense of firmness and stability. The total effect is one of great inspiration and beauty.

John the Baptist, a resurrected being, taught these two young men—Oliver, 22 years, and Joseph, 23—the eternal nature of baptism by immersion by one holding authority. Shortly before the coming of John the Baptist, however, Joseph and Oliver had learned from the Nephite records that they were translating that baptism was essential for salvation. Through the strange Urim and Thummim had come these instructions from the “reformed Egyptian” characters upon the plates, that Jesus Christ “. . . commanded all men that they must repent, and be baptized in his name, having perfect faith in the Holy One of Israel, or they cannot be saved in the kingdom of God “. . . for the Lord God . . . has spoken it.” (2 Nephi 9:23-24.)

Since neither of these young translators had ever been baptized, they put away the plates and walked southward some six or seven hundred feet and into the woods at the edge of the peaceful Susquehanna.

While the two men knelt in earnest prayer upon the banks of the Susquehanna River, May 15, 1829, the glory of God shone round, and a vision thus described by Oliver burst upon them: “On a sudden, as from the midst of eternity, the voice of the Redeemer spake peace to us, while the veil was parted and the angel of God came down clothed with glory and delivered the anxiously looked for message, and the keys of the Gospel of repentance . . . his voice, though mild, pierced to the center, and his words, ‘I am thy fellow-servant,’ dispelled every fear . . . “Twas a message from the Most High . . . who would not have bowed the knee for such a blessing? . . .”

“I shall not attempt to paint to you the feelings of this heart, nor the majestic beauty and glory which surrounded us on this occasion, but you will believe me when I say, that earth, nor men, with the eloquence of time, cannot begin to clothe language in as interesting and sublime a manner as this holy personage. No; nor has the earth power to give the joy, to bestow the peace or to comprehend the wisdom which was contained in each sentence as it was delivered by the power of the Holy Spirit! . . . The assurance that we were in the presence of an angel; the certainty that we heard the voice of Jesus, and the truth unsullied as it flowed from a pure personage, dictated by the will of God, is to me, past description, and I shall ever look upon this expression of the Savior’s goodness with wonder and thanksgiving.” (DHC. Vol. 1, pp. 39, 40, 42, see also, Grant, ibid., 76, 77.)

Ten days later, May 25, Oliver Cowdery baptized Samuel Smith, the Prophet’s brother, 19 years of age. This closed the baptisms during Joseph Smith’s life in the historic Susquehanna River. (DHC. Vol. 1, p. 44.)

Shortly after Samuel’s baptism, however, and before Joseph and Oliver were driven by collecting mob forces from the Susquehanna Valley, June 1, 1829, a second glorious priesthood vision burst upon the two seekers of God’s word. Describing this all-important restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood, the Prophet writes but briefly: “And again, what do we hear? . . . The voice of Peter, James, and John in the wilderness between Harmony . . . and Colesville . . . on the Susquehanna river, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fulness of times!” (D&C 27:12, 128:20.)

Since Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were driven from the Susquehanna Valley and were forced
to move to the Whitmer’s at Fayette, New York, a hundred miles northwest, leaving Harmony about the first of June 1829, and were never again together upon the Susquehanna River until after the Church was organized, the author concludes with President Joseph Fielding Smith that the Melchizedek Priesthood was of necessity conferred before the two men left Harmony. (Joseph Fielding Smith, Essentials in Church History, p. 69; see also Grant, ibid., pp. 75-84.)

Since the Church is placing a religious monument near a busy highway in the state of Pennsylvania, it might be interesting for each reader to turn back the leaves of history and take a glance for a moment at this Quaker state. On March 4 of this year, 1960, the “Commonwealth of Pennsylvania” celebrated the 279th birthday of her colorful history. The story goes like this: On March 4, 1681, King Charles II of England bestowed upon William Penn and his religious followers, “The Quakers” or “Friends,” a wild and unsurveyed tract of land, stretching from the Delaware River northward and westward some three hundred miles to the shores of some of the Great Lakes of America.

Upon landing his ships in America and founding Philadelphia upon the banks of the broad, deep Delaware River, named for the powerful “Delaware Indian tribes” along its course, William at once made a famous treaty with these red men who liked William and his religious “Friends.” This treaty secured to “The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania” settlement privileges and extensive hunting and fishing rights. A year ago when the author was in Pennsylvania, he and his company visited many spots of Quaker interest, including the restored home of William Penn upon the banks of the beautiful Delaware River. Even Penn’s stables and his old smokehouse were restored.

Every reader who accepts as genuine what the new monument upon the Susquehanna represents also accepts the Book of Mormon account about the forefathers of the Delaware Indians and other tribes of red men. It is interesting to know that the name “Susquehanna River” is of Lamanitish, or Indian origin—susque, meaning crooked; hanua, stands for water; hence “Crooked Water,” and only those red men using this great winding stream by canoe know how well they had named it.

Telling about the early inhabitants who lived in the northern lands of Pennsylvania upon its original grant from the Susquehanna to the Great Lakes, now held by New York State, which includes the “Hill Cumorah” district, the great general, Mormon, describes the destruction of his people, the Nephites, and of many of the Lamanites, possibly two or three millions lying unburied in this land of “many waters.”

Then comes Mormon’s story about precious records. He declared that he had “… hid up in the hill Cumorah all the records which had been entrusted to me by the hand of the Lord, save it were these few plates which I gave unto my son Moroni.” (Mormon 6:6)

History tells us that the “Commonwealth of Pennsylvania” became the hub of religious freedom for America—“personal, political, and religious”—freedoms that the Lord knew must be obtained before his kingdom could be restored, April 6, 1830. The Quaker city of Philadelphia, one of the largest in the thirteen colonies, became headquarters for the approaching rebellion and complete revolution.

“In this quaint old Quaker town,” America’s famous “First Continental Congress” assembled; here the resounding “Liberty Bell” clanged out to all the world America’s Declaration of Independence! Here Patrick Henry’s cry from Richmond, Virginia was taken up by his fearless comrades: “Give me liberty, or give me death!” Here the Constitution was signed and sent forth to all mankind, telling them plainly that America’s freedoms were guaranteed. And by now Joseph Smith’s ancestors on each side had been thoroughly “Americanized.” When Washington had been dead but six years, Joseph Smith, the restorer of Christ’s true Church, was born. That the Lord aided in America’s freedom is shown by revelation: “… I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood.” (D&C 101:80.)

It is interesting to learn that Harmony, Pennsylvania, gets its name from the Quakers, for they were some of the first settlers in this township, being sent here at the close of the Revolutionary War by a wealthy banker and landowner, Henry Drinker, cashier of the Bank of North America with headquarters in Philadelphia, 150 miles southward. Upon observing their agreeable methods of handling village affairs, as well as their helpfulness toward newcomers, Mr. Drinker named the place Harmony. In 1853 this large township was divided—the east half became Harmony, the west half Oakland, being the township where the monument is today.

Emma Hale, who became the wife of the Prophet, was the seventh child of Isaac Hale, a Revolutionary soldier at seventeen years and later a pioneer into the Harmony district. Before leaving Connecticut he married Elizabeth Lewis, September 20, 1790, and together with other pioneers crossed the Susquehanna River and settled in Harmony. Isaac and his young wife built them a home about five hundred feet westward from the John the Baptist Monument site, and some six or seven hundred feet north of the Susquehanna River. This old pioneer home was
burned about eighty years later. The township map of 1873 shows that the home was gone at that time. It was rebuilt, however, upon a larger scale in the eighties by its new owner, George M. Doolittle, who purchased this property April 17, 1880. This latter home, being in a very dilapidated condition when secured by the LDS Church, July 16, 1948, through the agency of Wilford C. Wood, was torn down in 1951-52 with the approval of the First Presidency.

The three chief reasons why the Church is interested in the Hale home are: (1) Emma Hale, the Prophet's wife, was born here, July 10, 1804; (2) Emma Hale became the first president of the Relief Society; (3) this homestead is an interesting pioneer landmark of this Susquehanna district. (For Joseph's ancestors in the Revolutionary War period, see Grant, I Saw Another Angel Fly, pp. 8-10 or The Kingdom of God Restored, pp. 12-15.)

Having reported a few events about the historic monument and its setting in Pennsylvania, the author now must tell how such important events as the coming of the two priesthoods took place 128 miles southward from the Sacred Grove and the Hill Cumorah—the place for the opening scenes of the great latter-day restoration program.

About two months before Joseph Smith's twentieth birthday, Josiah Stoal from South Bainbridge, New York, living about forty miles northeast of the present John the Baptist Monument, entered the Hill Cumorah district, hiring men to go with him to Harmony, Pennsylvania, to help dig for a lost silver mine—fabulously rich, according to some old Spanish documents that had fallen into Stoal's hands. Upon finding that Joseph Smith was looking for employment and thinking to profit from Joseph's reported spiritual experiences, Mr. Stoal added him to his group of men and set off southeastward for Pennsylvania.

During these frosty fall days, while digging in the hills a half mile north of the Hale home, leaving some excavations plainly to be seen to this day, Joseph was put to board with the Hale family of five sons and four daughters. (Mary Smith Anderson, Ancestry and Posternity of Joseph and Emma Hale, p. 303.) All biographers and pictures show the Hale family as being very robust, if not "large of stature," trappers and hunters of the pioneer type, having a "skinner's shed" to help care for their catch.

At this time, the last of October 1825, Emma, one of the remaining unmarried children, had passed her girlhood days, being three months beyond her twentieth birthday. And like all normal young women of her age was, no doubt, looking a little anxiously forward toward courtship days, love, marriage, and a happy family life. None of these, however, appeared very promising as yet, for no "Jacob had met her at the well."

Emma had been "raised on the range," and she loved the thrill of outdoor  

(Continued on page 336)
What is an Ideal Family?

by W. Cleon Skousen
Former Chief of Police, Salt Lake City

I suppose nearly all young newlyweds approach a marriage career with the firm expectation that theirs will be the greatest. Shortly, however, they find themselves in one of three groups. Some find themselves among the hurriedly newlyweds. These are they who approach marriage like a little boy who says to the organ man, “I’ve paid my nickle, now let’s hear the tune!” To such as these, marriage is a sort of circus. It has to be noisy, colossal, and tremendous. When the noise dies down, and the novelty wears thin, so does the marriage.

There is a second group which might be called the “Marriage Muddlers.” These are they who never completely crack up, but neither do they become a sensational success. They just muddle through. These are the kind who don’t seem to find themselves until about their fiftieth wedding anniversary. As the quiet twilight of life gradually makes them senior citizens and grandparents they suddenly look at each other and say, “Well, look what we did!” They decide that life did not treat them badly after all. In fact they really could have been enjoying it all along!

Finally, there is the third group, the ones who approach marriage with as much excitement as any of the others, but, either by instinct or by training, sense that they are “kingdom builders.” Perhaps some day all young couples will be trained to think of themselves as kingdom builders, because that is what Providence intended them to be.

At the head of this tiny empire are a king and queen who have power to rule generously or selfishly, lovingly or harshly, wisely or stupidly. The true kingdom builders are those who learn early in their married life to govern themselves and their somewhat helpless subjects in a warm, happy spirit of generosity, love, and wisdom. From the sidelines, observers will say, “There is an ideal family!”

What Is the Formula?

But when newlyweds are encouraged to create an ideal family life they come up with the obvious question, “What is the formula?”

After several thousand years of human civilization, a formula should now be available in a scientific, foolproof package. But, unfortunately, this is not the case. And there are good reasons. It turns out that few achieve “ideal” family life status for any extended period of time. Everything will be sailing along beautifully for a while and then unexpectedly there is a tremendous crash, and the family pattern goes into a tailspin. What was once a model of happy living is exploded into confusion as the entire family struggles to meet the new situation and restore order.
The crisis may be a financial setback, a serious illness, a burnout, moving to a new town, the loss of a parent, a call to military service, loss of a job, in fact any one of several dozen serious problems.

Building an ideal family is therefore not a goal but a process. It is a pattern of living which centers around a mother and a father who are willing to shift quickly with the currents of life. It is a passion to preserve their own little kingdom with its binding bonds of love among father, mother, and children and to do it in spite of all adversity—poverty, war, crime, accidents, disease, disaster, even death.

Accepting then, the fact that ideal family life is a process rather than a goal, we cannot help asking, “What is the best process?” What pattern is most likely to produce happy family living? Experts suggest the need to remember three things:

1. Getting off to a good start.
2. Providing built-in stabilizers for the family.
3. Being willing to fulfill the total family role.

**Getting Off to a Good Start**

On this point we should mention that even those who do not get off to a good start can usually get themselves straightened out, if they try, but it is far more pleasant to do it right in the first place.

A good marriage begins with a well-matched couple who have love and respect for each other. Woe unto the marriage when a gay young blade says, “I am getting married to the most luscious blonde, but boy is she dumb!”—or the girl who says, “I am embarrassed to be seen with Joe, but I love him, and I guess that’s all that matters.” Such matches don’t usually stand the strain of the long haul. They often start falling apart before the honeymoon is over.

On the other hand, we should emphasize that even well-matched couples will have some adjustments to make. They will learn that a happy marriage is built on a foundation of “sharing things and sharing each other.” In addition to sharing each other’s companionship there is the sharing of the treasures of life—first, of course, their children, and after that, good books, favorite friends, special foods, relatives, recreation, hobbies, religion, conversational interests, intellectual pursuits, sports, and travel. Even at best, some few differences will remain, but it greatly helps to have “all things in common,” if possible.

A successful marriage depends so much upon right attitudes. That is why it helps so tremendously when a young couple can qualify for a temple marriage. The temple endowment, followed by the temple marriage, combine to fix in the minds of both the boy and the girl those great basic attitudes which are necessary for happy family life:
1. That God is a vitally interested participant in the marriage contract.

2. That this young couple have promised their Heavenly Father that will make this marriage a success.

3. That they will be true to each other.

4. That they will be obedient to the commandments of God and accept them as rules for happy living.

5. That they will live lives of unselfish service—service to each other, to their children, and to all humanity.

6. That they will perpetuate the model family plan revealed by God in the beginning, namely, that they will have as many children as health and circumstances will permit and bring up their children in light and truth.

7. That they will look upon everything they possess—their lives, talents, and fortunes—as a stewardship under God and that they will use this stewardship to promote God’s plan for human happiness throughout the world.

8. Finally, that no matter what befalls them, they will strive to make their love and marriage survive forever.

Experience demonstrates that it gives bands of supreme strength to a marriage when it is hallowed with attitudes such as these.

Of course, some young couples arrive at the age of marriage but find they have not refined their lives sufficiently to qualify for a temple marriage. However, it is a victory just to have recognized that they are missing something. The next step is to become qualified. This takes time, but no young couple should be satisfied until they have done whatever needs to be done to have their marriage sanctified in this most perfect, permanent form. Even couples who have lived under a civil marriage for several years should enter the higher pattern as soon as they can qualify.

The Reformers

Getting off to a good start is sometimes made difficult because one of the partners is out to reform the other. A bride will sometimes tell a girl friend, “Just wait until I get John married to me. I’ll soon change him!” The experts will wish her luck, but statistics are against her. If a boy does not respond to her pleas for personal improvement during courtship, he is even less likely to respond after marriage.

Nevertheless, accepting the fact that a girl cannot remake her husband completely, at least she can promote certain refinements as long as he doesn’t become defensive. He must be allowed to feel that overcoming a problem is his own achievement and not the victory of a nagging spouse. Some newlyweds trade problems. One will agree to try to overcome a certain weakness if the partner will agree to overcome one. As long as a spirit of good humor and mutual improvement prevails, much can be achieved.

Getting off to a good start is also enhanced by some fundamental things like (Continued on page 363)

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AT AUNTY’S WITH DAVID

by Jessie Cannon Eldridge

Little Stout Heart owns his world
As far as he can see;
Across the field to Susan’s house,
Then back again to me.

Little Stout Heart knows no fear,
With one fist in his pocket,
Come tigers, giants, worms, or ants,
He tells me he “will socket.”

Little Stout Heart talks to God
As he would talk to Bobby;
And grass and weeds and little flowers,
He says are his hobby.

Soon, Little Stout Heart, tired out,
Climbs into Aunty’s lap,
Gives me a fist-crushed violet,
And says he’ll take his nap.
GIFT FROM THE DESERT
by Ruth C. Ikerman

It was winter when I first saw the brittle sticks forming the trunk and limbs of that desert tree, the Palo Verde. The drab gray of the resting limbs shadowed the bleak landscape with strange patterns to which my heart took a dislike.

Now that tree is one of my favorite gifts of the desert, and I like to remember the day I came to understand its beauty. Driving across the desert, I looked up from the steering wheel to see yellow clouds against the blue of the sky.

Fragile golden blossoms looked like billows of floating butterflies, hovering in their flight between sand and sky. I half expected a blossom to fly from the tree and come inside the car.

Pulling off to the side of the road, I watched the motion of the branches as the desert wind swept across the white sands. Winds of eternity seemed to have stopped for a moment to enjoy the perfection of coloring and shape.

Gone was the brittleness, softened by springtime. Forgotten now the harshness of the limbs, covered by new growth, the compassionate outpouring of leaves and flowers.

Long I looked at the golden glory of the desert tree which had caught me by surprise. For my expectation had not been great enough, I had not believed such beauty possible.

Now whenever tempted to judge some situation by current drabness, I remember the overwhelming beauty of the desert tree. More often than not some friend or acquaintance blossoms with some unselfish deed of outstanding kindness which shows me that my original judgment was not only unkind but wrong.

Any bleak situation in life can be transformed by waiting with hopeful expectation for the blossoming to come from the seemingly dead branch. Just as the trees respond to the seasons of God, so life itself is infinitely flexible.

Often I thank God for what the desert tree taught me about the beauty that will yet bloom in what may seem to be a wasted or barren spot. Humbly I ask him to give me grace to see that barren spots in life may be but silhouettes of beauty to come if the heart trusts in the God who causes the desert to bloom.
To Read Fast with

by Evelyn N. Wood

Before you begin this month's assignment, perhaps you would like to complete the following chart and consider your progress:

Name: ..............................................................
Beginning speed: ............ Beginning speed at second month: ............
Do your eyes still follow your finger? Yes........ No........
Do you still feel a pull on the eye muscles as you read directly across the page? Yes........ No........
Did your eyes feel tired after the first practice? Yes........ No........
Are you reading at least a book every week? Yes........ No........
Do you read at least half an hour each day? Yes........ No........

Rapid reading techniques all presuppose that the student has some competence in the basic reading skills which are taught in the public schools. Nothing has yet been discovered that can take the place of word attack skills or any of the standard aids to getting the meaning. Without these there would be no fast reading because there would be no reading. The techniques presented here are in addition to, not in place of, this basic foundation.

In order to keep up your speed or lift it higher, you should move your finger under each line. The eye needs to be prodded to move along or it gets stuck on a word or an interesting idea and the first thing you know you are back to chain reading. (I still use my fingers, and so do my fastest readers.) You may notice a pull on the muscles of the eye, but as you continue to read straight along the line, your eyes will become relaxed.

At first you may have been unable to get the thought, but eyes and mind adjust quickly, and in a short time you will be able to get as much meaning at this faster speed. Practice is very important, and a half-hour practice every day is much better than an extra long time at irregular intervals. As your efficiency increases, your eyes may want to begin to move directly down the page instead of across it. This is the final goal.

Certain understandings with which you approach a page of print aid both speed and comprehension. Even though they are well-known, they should be reviewed here.

When you pick up a newspaper or open a book, what do you see? Here and there you find a picture, but most of the pages are covered with words. All of them are made from the twenty-six letters of the alphabet put together in different ways to make thought symbols. The word star, for instance, isn't
Good Comprehension

what you see in the sky. Words just stand for things you know. They are *signals* that make you think about what the author wants to tell you.

Seeing the words on the page isn't reading. You have to know what the words stand for, and you have to think about them. Words seldom stand alone, except in lists. By themselves they aren't very good signals. Other words grouped with them make the meaning of the author much more specific. Take, for example, the word *man*. By itself it could mean the whole human race, including women. It could be a verb meaning to man a boat, or it could mean a certain specific man. Only additional words will make the meaning clear.

There are some words, however, that are strong signals. They point out the dangers ahead. This is especially true of action words or words that suggest the time something will happen or has happened. These must not be overlooked. Let's examine a few of them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><em>Time Signals</em></th>
<th>before</th>
<th>after</th>
<th>next</th>
<th>since</th>
<th>later</th>
<th>finally</th>
<th>earlier</th>
<th>soon</th>
<th>last</th>
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<tr>
<td>to begin with</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There are signals that tell you the author has more to say:

besides                            for example 
moreover                           furthermore 

Also there are signals that tell you to consider both sides of the story:

however                            therefore 
nevertheless                       for this reason 
on the other hand                  as you can see 
on the contrary                     in short 

Another important group are the signals of order:

first                            last     
second                            end      
A                                 B, etc. 

Only as you train your eyes to see words in the relationship patterns do you get a clear, strong relationship signal or meaning. As we learn to see words in meaning clusters, we save time and increase the accuracy of our interpretation.

Words on a page are written singly, one space apart. When we speak, we place words in meaning clusters by use of voice inflection, pauses, emphasis, and facial expressions. If the page is to have meaning, we must find some way of getting the same results when we read. We do this by *(Continued on page 347)*
In the Footsteps of My Ancestors

Genealogy

by Jeanne Nicholes Taylor

The parish and the town with its crooked, narrow streets intrigued us.
It was just one year ago that a cherished dream took form and was put into action: a dream of visiting England, gathering genealogy, and walking in the footsteps of our ancestors. At first it was to include my friend, Mrs. Faun Mickelson, and me, but as things progressed and we could see the advantage of including others, we planned to take our two seventeen-year-old daughters with us.

The next eight months were hectic, filled with planning and preparations. As I look back now, this part of our trip was by far the most important. I know why many fail in their attempts at doing genealogy in England, and I cannot recommend too strongly the person's knowing the exact details of the trip before leaving Salt Lake City. During the next months, I obtained road maps of England, addresses of vicars and vicarages, extent of deanery and bishops transcripts and their availability, and reports on public libraries. We checked pedigrees, the work in the process of being done by various people, films, and records available in the Genealogical Library, so that the possibility of duplication would be at a minimum. We obtained large books for each of us to keep personal day to day diaries, and before we arrived home, three months later, we had averaged five hours a night, 1000 pages of pictures, objects of remembrances, and a history of our daily treks. Next, we added an account book and a general remark book, as we called it, to our collection, for we had decided at the very first of our planning that an accurate daily record was to be kept of every occurrence, including our expenditures. Before we left Salt Lake City our entire route was set up, as well as all the individual work to be done in each parish or library.

Our departure finally came. Seven hundred miles an hour, forty thousand feet high, and five hours after leaving New York City, we landed in England—a country which we were to cover from south to north and from east to west completely, within the next few months.

Patriarch D. Ray Shurtliff, of Monument Park Stake, had given us wonderful blessings, which became our rock on which to lean, for we found we were very weak, and the things ahead of us could not have been endured, had we not had this spiritual help. We were promised guidance and strength and health, friends to help us in our need, the ability to read the old records in old script, and that our precious time would not be wasted in hunting people and places, that Satan would not come into our midst, and that the weather would aid us.

In dear, old, rainy, drizzly, cold, damp England we four genealogical researchers had only three drizzly days, the rest of the time it was warm, beautiful, and the sun shone from six in the morning until 9:30 at night, and everywhere we went the sun followed us. One person in London said, “We had rain last week, but when I heard you were coming back, I knew there would be sunshine,” and there was. How grateful we were for it!

We spent the first half day touring after we arrived, and then our work began. The hardest work I have ever done in all my life, but the most satisfying, as my companions will agree.

In our entire trip we were never once refused admission to the places we needed to enter. Those in libraries, parishes, record offices, diocesan archives, cathedrals, were kind, generous, and many times they sat down with us and helped us with our work.

At the Canterbury Cathedral, the curator spent many days hauling up records from a damp cellar and was quite amazed that we should expect to pay him. Upon our display of interest in our surroundings he brought our original documents valued at over one half million dollars, one being the only document in existence containing the signature of William the Conqueror. Another was a missing page from the earliest Bible which is kept in Westminster Abbey. These we looked at and touched, and our sincerity and pleasure delighted our friend.

On the Isle of Wight, one of the vicars we visited offered us board and lodging for the night and prepared our evening meal. When we prepared breakfast with scrambled eggs a la American, and hot cups of Postum, he asked if he might try our drink. Later he called other vicars to make appointments for us which eliminated wasting hours of our precious time, for time was our most priceless possession on this trip. Truly people are the same everywhere, desirous of helping and asking only sincere appreciation as their reward.

Regardless of the weather outside, inside the
churches and the buildings where we worked it was cold, damp, and musty—and mostly very unpleasant. Many times we could have used a hot water bottle to warm our hands.

Every day we worked from morning until late at night, often using a flashlight to accomplish our ends. Meals meant nothing! We felt as if Santa Claus had come when we found we were able to work from books. Many times we stretched out great 4 x 6 sheets of leathery paper on the floor. They were black on the outside, and when we opened them, we were sure that the dust which flew all over us was from King Henry VIII’s time. We would cough and choke and say that we had the “diocesan archive cough.”

I had learned to read the old English script, but when the girls were given the promise that they would also be able to read it, I first felt that this would not be necessary. I reasoned that I could read the early manuscripts and they could start at later dates. We soon learned better. It became very necessary for each one to read the early records since they were brought to us in large quantities. It would have been impossible for me to have covered the material alone. Within a few days the girls were reading the early script as rapidly as though they had been doing it for a long period of time.

I am sure anyone driving in England will appreciate my apprehension. Here I was driving on, what was to me, the “wrong” side of the road, steering on the “wrong” side of the car with the gear shift on the “wrong” side, and averaging twenty-five to thirty miles an hour on a road that was never straight for more than one half a block. The first two weeks found me constantly tense for fear that in an emergency I would revert to my normal American driving pattern. The road signs such as “Beware—Road Subsidence, Watch Diversion” only added to my confusion. So we crept slowly along the highway from town to town.

It was on one of these slow days that we came into the small town of Frome, Somerset, about six in the evening. Usually we found a hotel and started fresh the next morning, but this evening we decided to try and do some work before dark. We tried to make it a policy to do a minimum of one parish a day.

The parish and the town with its crooked, narrow streets fascinated us. It was a very old and historical town, and we would have enjoyed doing some sight-seeing, but something urged us to find the vicar and the parish. We very quickly found him and were informed that at noon the next day he was leaving, and our work must be finished by then. He promptly brought out thirty-eight volumes of records, each one having some six to seven hundred pages. Any other time we would have been elated at being able to work in books instead of great rolls of paper. You can imagine our dismay. We felt that we would never be able to go through these in such a short time, but we decided to make a try. At eleven o’clock that night the vicar came back to lock up the parish, and we had barely begun on our stack of books. He paused and debated a few minutes, for I’m sure he could read in our faces our unhappiness. Finally he said, “Take them to your hotel and bring them back by noon tomorrow.”

We were stunned with surprise. He helped load them into our car, never asking for our names nor the name of our hotel.

Luck was with us, and we did find a hotel near the parish church. We had trouble to keep from laughing aloud at the expressions on the personnel in the hotel as we carried the books to our rooms. No sooner had we settled down to work than the lights went out. But we had come prepared for all emergencies for a part of the twenty-two pound weight in each of our purses was a flashlight. So we were until the wee hours of morning. At five minutes to twelve next day we returned the books to the church as we had promised, (Continued on page 362)

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**PERSPECTIVE**

by Mabel Jones Gabbott

A woman needs a window
   Above her kitchen sink,
With climbing rose and hollyhock
   And distant hills to shrink
A pan to just proportions.
   She needs to wash each dish
With a view of far horizons
   That compass every wish.

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318  **THE IMPROVEMENT ERA**
A hired girl was a necessity in such a large household as the Lees maintained in New Mexico territory; but a large household is usually too much for the spirit of a hired girl. About the only solution to the problem was to take in some "poor relation" who needed a home. There were plenty of food, bedding, enough shoes to go around, and enough calico and muslin and denim for adequate clothing to be run through the treadle sewing machine, and fancier fabrics for Sunday best. There were also meats to cure and cheeses to press, straw ticks to fill with fresh golden chaff, soap to make, washings to do, and butter to churn. There was no getting around it: There was a mountain of work.

"Aunt Inez" was always able to find a "poor relation," but as is ever the rule, it was always easier to find one who wanted a home than to find one who wanted work, even with the generous wages Father provided.

Some hired girls stayed on longer than others. They partook of as much of the home as their needs required, and as much of the work as their whims dictated. In fairness, however, to all working youth it should be said that it can hardly be expected of them to realize the importance of work and the responsibility of membership in a good home. These realizations come with maturity, and sometimes appreciation is left for the years of reflection, after the souls who have taken (Continued on page 351)
THE HUSH HUSH REPORT

by Lester and Joan Essig

"The cigarette industry has done a grave disservice to the smoking public, initially, blatantly, and more recently, very subtly, publicizing the filter-tip smoke as a health protection."

So charges a House report based on a subcommittee study concerning false advertising of filter-tip cigarettes.

The findings of this subcommittee, submitted to the Speaker of the House by William L. Dawson of Illinois, hides its accusations quietly behind an unpretentious government cover, labeled plainly as Union Calendar No. 539, "False and Misleading Advertising (Filter-Tip Cigarettes)." The report created little stir in the House of Representatives and only brief mention by news commentators. The public did not hear enough about it to ask questions, let alone be stirred by indignation. Apparently it was felt that the discrediting of such a weighty industry as that of the tobacco industry had best be done as unobtrusively as possible. Perhaps the "don't bite the hand that feeds you" adage had something to do with the report's shortness on publicity.

The tobacco industry has an annual advertising budget of over one hundred million dollars and the New York Times reports that, "the 'Big Six' of the industry rank at the top of leading national advertisers in all mediums." This concentrated advertising has been highly successful as witnessed by an annual retail sales total of five billion dollars. In the industry, 500,000 people are employed, with three million agricultural workers and farmers making most of their living from tobacco production. The industry strongly influences another "1,300,000 persons who are engaged in the wholesale and retail distribution and dependent and allied industries, trades and services."

Some people who are prone to rationalize, defend smoking on the grounds that it brings in such huge tax revenues. Tobacco taxes come to over two billion dollars and corporate and other taxes of the industry come to five hundred million dollars. Of course by such ludicrous reasoning narcotics should be legalized, if they would bring in enough taxes, and more direct means of destroying body and mind—legalized murder.

An intensive, enlightening study of advertising and technical data on the much proclaimed filter-tip cigarets prompted the subcommittee to hold hearings for nine days. At these hearings "Testimony was received from physicians and scientists prominent in research as well as in the treatment of cancer to better enable the subcommittee to understand and appraise the health connotations of filter-tip-cigaret advertising."

The subcommittee also received testimony from representatives of companies and organizations who had conducted quantitative tests on the nicotine and tar content of cigarettes. Some of these tests reported in Consumer Reports and The Reader's Digest have received wide publicity in recent months. The subcommittee also heard testimony on the advertising of specific brands which were presented by the staff through visual aids. The Department of Agriculture and the Federal Trade Commission were also represented.

Noticeably unrepresented, were cigarette manufacturers, although they had been invited and repeatedly urged to attend. One company official agreed to appear, but promptly backed out when it became apparent no others would join him. Of the cigarette industry's brazen refusal to speak up for itself, the report stated:

"During a period fraught with public concern over grave health implications of cigarette smoking, business responsibility and even decency would apparently dictate that the American public is entitled to an accounting from the cigarette manufacturers. It is indeed most reprehensible that the tobacco industry should so shirk its vast responsibilities to the con-
sumer and apparently conspire to boycott the hearings of a congressional committee.”

Because of the appalling increase of lung cancer deaths from 2,500 cases in 1930 to 29,000 cases in 1956, many scientific investigators have looked for a cause more substantial than just those of better diagnosis and aging population. The report briefly outlined some of these studies:

“During the past 9 years, an increasing number of reports have appeared in medical journals and magazines suggesting a link between cigarette smoking and the incidence of lung cancer.

“A study in 1949 by Drs. Ernest L. Wynder and Evarts Graham showed that cancer could be induced on the skin of mice with tobacco-tar condensates. In 1952 an article by Dr. Alton Ochsner, in the Journal of the American Medical Association, called cigarette smoking a principal cause of lung cancer. In December 1952, The Reader’s Digest published an article of obvious implications, entitled ‘Cancer by the Carton.’ In 1953, an additional study by Drs. Wynder and Graham gave further evidence that cancer could be produced with cigarette tars.”

In 1953, these alarming reports succeeded in dropping cigarette sales “... for the first time in 21 years. This decline continued in 1954.” The monetary loss in turn succeeded in worrying the cigarette industry enough to retaliate shrewdly. In 1952 Lorillard had come out with the Kent filter-tip cigarette. “During the next few years, every major manufacturer of cigarettes introduced one or more brands of filter cigarettes. During this period, accompanied by tremendous advertising campaigns, sales of filter cigarettes have climbed steadily, while the sale of regular cigarettes has steadily declined.” The campaign was a huge success for the cigarette manufacturers. “While the advertising of such cigarettes has carefully avoided any direct reference to cancer, it has been subtly directed toward overcoming the cancer scare.” Most of their advertising implied health advantages such as “effective filtration,” “guarantees cleaner, milder, safer smoking,” “L & M’s miracle tip—more flavor less nicotine,” Winston which “filters so effectively.”

The Kent with its filter tested in 1953 for nicotine and tar had managed to reduce the amount of these two substances. However, its sales did not live up to expectations, and the filter was thereafter loosened to make it more palatably salable. In later tests, with the loosened filter, the “nicotine had more than doubled and tar content almost doubled.” But it still had a filter, and the public was ignorant of its lack of effectiveness.

“In view of the publicized health hazards a strange though completely explicable transformation has occurred in the filter cigarette since its introduction. Many smokers apparently found the filters to be less satisfying (as in the case of Kents) than their old regular cigarettes. They tried different brands, presumably in search of a filter cigarette which not only afforded health protection but also (as one brand advertised) ‘Tastes good like a cigarette should.’

“The cigarette manufacturers obliged—at least with respect to taste. Unfortunately the much advertised health protection—that is, less nicotine and tar—was an unpublicized casualty. The filter cigarette smoker is, in most cases, getting as much nicotine and tar from the filter than he would get from the regular cigarette the advertisers have persuaded him to abandon—for health’s sake.”

John A. Blatnik, the subcommittee chairman, further charged:

“We have been informed that in spite of the mounting medical evidence that tobacco tars and nicotine are deleterious to public health, the cigarette industry is marketing a product with as much or more nicotine and tar than ever. To date, the cigarette industry’s response to all of these (Continued on page 347)
The greatest wonder of modern Egypt was next on our itinerary, the mighty Aswan Dam, more valuable to Egypt’s millions than all the pyramids and temples ever built. The dam, a British engineering masterpiece one and three-tenths miles long, was built from 1898 to 1902 by 11,000 native laborers using 1,000,000 tons of the finest granite in the world from the same quarry that furnished masonry for many ancient temples. With the construction of the dam Egypt’s perpetual cycle of drought and flood was terminated, and year round irrigation ushered in for the first time in her age-old history. The Nile’s flow is under complete control by means of the 180 sluice gates perforating the dam’s sweeping yellow expanse.

From July to September, a period when other rivers are dry or at their lowest ebb, the Nile is at its flood stage, the sluices are fully opened to allow the silt-bearing torrent to sweep through and inundate the agricultural plains of lower Egypt. Some of the oldest documents in existence are records of the height of the flood. Never once throughout the millennia of Egypt’s recorded history has the Nile failed to flood and overflow its banks. As the flood subsides the gates are closed and the reservoir gradually replenished with a steady abundance of water. Egypt has become the world’s principal producer of long-staple cotton.

Rather than wait to pass through the four locks,
opened but once a week to lower boats one hundred feet to the river below, we portaged around the dam, dodged through the First Cataract, and entered the land of the fellahin, so called the “Narrow Kingdom” because south of the Delta only the banks of the Nile, never more than ten miles wide, are settled and cultivated. The borders of Egypt enclose a land area equal to Texas and New Mexico combined, yet a population of 24,000,000, well over three times that of Texas, is compressed into a long, slender oasis with a total area no larger than Southern California, comprising just three percent of the Egypt shown on the maps. Small wonder that the Nile is so anxiously studied and watched over, with $1,000,000 being spent every year on hydrological research alone as the river’s volume and flow becomes more and more crucial to the expanding population.

Since civilization began, this lush ribbon, threading its way for 960 miles through the dead deserts of Egypt, has been born afresh with the Nile’s annual flood, when the banks are inundated with water richly laden with fertilizing silt brought down from the Ethiopian highlands. This sediment, a foreign substance in the geological structure of North Africa, raises the level of the banks four inches every century, so that they are now seven feet higher than in Cleopatra’s time and seventeen feet deeper than when the pyramids were built. Herodotus, “Father of History,” precisely expressed the inseparable relationship between river and kingdom in his famous axiom: “Egypt is the gift of the Nile.” Without the mud and water of the Nile there would never have been an Egypt, and without Egypt the whole course of world history would have been radically altered.

Across the river from the town of Aswan, four miles below the dam, we had the rare privilege of taking our first photographs of a newly excavated 4600-year old tomb of a great Egyptian general of the Old Kingdom. We watched in rapt fascination as archaeologists from the Cairo Museum carried out the delicate operation of exhuming the general’s mummified wife, adorned with a beaded breast-cloth, from a crypt in the side of the mausoleum. As a parting gift one of the scientists gave me a skull that he had dug up during the excavation, a priceless souvenir, to say the least, but one that nearly got me shot later on when a curious native policeman discovered it in my kayak and was positive he had caught a murderer redhanded!

During the succeeding weeks we passed through the richest of archaeological wonderlands. Our progress, still hampered by strong northerly wind and rough water was interrupted almost daily while we visited the marvelous monuments of Egypt’s glorious past. At the Ptolemaic Temple of Kom Ombo, once buried under sand, we saw the shrine where Sebek, the crocodile-headed god, was worshiped and examined the mummified bodies of sacred crocodiles kept as pampered pets by the temple priests over 2000 years ago. We marveled at the artistic and unblemished proportions of the Temple of Edfu with its enormous twin pylon towers 112 feet high, another architectural triumph of the Ptolemies, built over a period of 180 years and completed about 200 B.C. At Karnak, two miles north of modern Luxor, we wandered around the 200 acre expanse of the most colossal ruin in existence, a confusing jigsaw puzzle of brown sandstone and granite, which, for the last hundred years...
Near the mouth of the Nile, three soldiers appeared on the right bank astride Arabian stallions. Left: I fulfilled a boyhood ambition by climbing to the top of the Great Pyramid.

archaeologists have been patiently striving to piece together. It was once the religious center of ancient Egypt where sixteen distinct temples, a huge sacred lake, the tallest obelisks in Egypt, and innumerable monuments, archways, and statues were constructed over a period of 1900 years. The stupendous Temple of Amun, nearly a quarter of a mile long with ten massive pylons, dominates the vast rectangle; a structure which for sheer magnitude surpasses all other edifices in Egypt, modern or ancient. We felt like Lilliputians when we stood in the hypostyle hall with its forest of 134 mammoth columns. The gigantic chamber comprises only one-fifth of the temple yet has an area of 5,450 square yards—large enough to hold the whole Notre Dame cathedral with room to spare.

Across the river from Karnak we explored the western shore of Thebes, the most magnificent and richest city of the ancient world and the imperial capital of the pharaohs during the golden Empire period (1580 B.C.–1150 B.C.) when Egypt’s political power and culture reached their zenith. We saw Thebes as one broad Necropolis, guarded by the monstrous Colossi of Memnon, two portrait statues of Amenophis III, sixty-five feet high, seated out on the green plains in lonely isolation. Along the base and in the valleys of the gaunt, precipitous cliffs rising beyond the sitting figures, we toured the world’s most unusual and extensive cemetery where for 550 years most of the royal house of the empire were buried, kings hidden in individual sepulchers deep in the floors and walls of one secluded valley, and the queens similarly entombed in another secret basin a mile south. The nobles and Thebans of wealth and importance had their own special graveyard near the Ramesseum, the mortuary temple of Rameses II, where we viewed the largest statue in Egypt, a granite monolith of Rameses weighing close to one thousand tons.

From Thebes we followed the Nile’s last loop, a miniature of its great curvature in the Sudan, approaching within sixty-five miles of the Red Sea at Qena, where feluccas were being loaded with fine white clay water jugs, Qena’s principal export used throughout Egypt for storing water or for irrigation.

We had become accustomed, upon our arrival at villages in Nubia, to being received with friendly but reserved dignity; but the response was alarmingly reversed in Egypt proper where our appearance at a riverside village elicited a tumult of excitement among the mercurial people who inquisitively crowded around us, chattering at the top of their voices!

Nothing about the appearance or customs of the people we encountered was suggestive of modern times. At times we felt as if we had been transported back to the days of the pharaohs. Certainly a serf of Pharaoh would feel right at home in a village of his twentieth century descendants, whose physique and coloring, humble mud dwellings, and simple vegetarian diet are unaltered counterparts of his own antique world. In fifty centuries little has been added to or subtracted from the pathetic existence of Egypt’s peasant class, now numbering 17,000,000 souls or seventy percent of the present population. All essential features of their lives are an embodiment of the daily life of old Egypt which we had seen so graphically portrayed in the vivid murals of the royal tombs. They have been alternately invaded by the Assyrians, Babylonians,  (Continued on page 364)
or young at heart
If you live in New England
or New South Wales, in
Alaska or Argentina, the new
Youth Section which begins
in the July Era will be
for you. Each issue will bubble
with exciting articles and stories
about the many things of interest
to youth—hobbies, sports, school,
dating, professions, new ways to
have fun, LDS teens in the news,
what the gospel really means, etc.
You'll enjoy the sharp photographs and
drawings. You'll like the modern
and youthful way the material is
presented. Plan now to keep a monthly
date with the rest of the youth of the
Church, starting with the July Era.
The mission call was really to the whole Wood family. If they had not co-operated in sympathy and faith, Aunt Jody's good work would have been quite impossible. She accepted the call with fear and trembling. She asked not only that the bishop go with her to help with his faith and his priesthood, but "she asked that her family pray for her, and they knelt in prayer in her behalf," cherishing sympathy and concern for her on her errand of mercy. Her husband placed his hands on her head and blessed her that she might have wisdom and guidance in the difficult situations she had to meet.

She got books and studied. More than that she remembered the admonition of the Lord: "... seek learning, by study and also by faith." Her progress in understanding was phenomenal, as was her increased power in prayer. Another source to which she looked and obtained knowledge, was the Indians. At first afraid of them, she later gleaned from them all they would tell about herbs and roots and leaves having medicinal properties.

Quoting from Kate Hansen: "Herbs were gathered, dried and steeped for everybody from grandpa down to the baby. Hops, catnip, pennyroyal, lobelia flower, and cactus poultices were made. 'Brigham tea' was a daily drink in the spring. Milkweed for dropsy, peppermint and sage for other ailments.

"We had some rather strange experiences with the Indians. One day when Paddy and his squaw were in the house, my sister Jennie, got up to close a window because of an approaching sandstorm. As she passed the squaw, she put her hands on the squaw's shoulders, giving her a little shake and saying, 'Moocho shët,' meaning, very cold. It happened that the squaw was afflicted with epilepsy, and she fell at that moment into one of her fits of unconsciousness. Paddy jumped up and left the room, and soon returned with a number of other Piutes. It became quite a terrible situation. We had Uncle Kumen Jones and Aunt Mary come and act as interpreters. The Indians declared that if the squaw died, they would kill Jennie: a life for a life.

"Every minute was making it a more fearsome situation, with the woman showing no signs of recovery. The Indians danced and sang weird songs, working themselves up to a furious pitch in which they might do almost anything. Aunt Jody prepared a cup of tea, and the Woods and Jones people were doing everything they could think of to ease the situation, when the squaw revived. However, when she died, two years later, Paddy came declaring that Jennie was responsible for her death, and the only
thing to answer his arguments was a sack of flour, some meat, and some potatoes."

Her unusual experiences with the Indians of early San Juan would make quite a story in itself. Realizing that she and her loved ones, along with everyone else in this remote settlement were very much at the mercy of the Navajos and Piutes all around them, she could not fail to see the danger and sense the fear of what could happen. She knew, however, that she must never betray that fear to them. Indians respect bravery more than strength.

One day when she was at home alone, the quarrelsome Piute, Posey, stalked in, gun in hand, and, waving the gun in a menacing way, he demanded that she prepare a meal for him to eat. Posey could be quite ugly enough when he was sober, but now he was inflamed with some kind of "firewater." He became a wild man, fearsome to see and to hear. Aunt Jody happened just then to have no bread in the house and nothing to set at once before him. What did she have with which to meet the crisis? She had her wondrous self-control, a power so majestically superior to anything the wild Piute had ever possessed that he was compelled by instinct to respect it.

Walking boldly forward she took the big gun from his hands, and told him to take a seat. Then, appraising the situation for its possibilities and demands, she began preparing some biscuits for the oven and a pot of strong coffee. Hot coffee and hot bread being chief items in the Indian diet, the Wood folk kept it on hand, even though they never used it themselves. During the unavoidable delay in the preparation of the meal, Posey sat on his chair as commanded, but like the little whipped dog that still dares to bark under his breath, he grumbled and swore, saying, "Hurry up, white squaw heap slow."

When he had devoured a lot of buttered biscuits and washed them down with big cups of coffee, he was somewhat sobered, and asked for his gun.

"No," affirmed the courageous woman, for if the gun in his hands gave him any superior power to command, in her hands it gave her the same power. "You go home and sleep," she commanded, "and when you come back a good Indian, you can have the gun."

Next day he returned and, putting his face rather hesitantly through the doorway, he declared, "Me now good Injun, my gun me wanten." He got it, and with it a solemn order never to come there again when he was drunk. He never did.

But he did come there again in great excitement, the excitement of terror. He came afoot and on the run across the fields from the group of wickups on the river bank at the mouth of Cottonwood Wash. In a foolish gesture, with a gun that he thought was not loaded, he had shot his squaw, and she was in terrible agony. With no faith in the incantations, the feathers, rattles, and medicine bags of the Piute doctors he rushed to this brave white woman whose magic power commanded respect wherever it was known.

The big-souled white woman went with him in haste to the sorrowing wickup, eager and prayerful to do whatever was within her power. The bullet of that big gun had torn its way through the squaw's body from right to left just above her hips, working terrible havoc with her internal organs. She was beyond all medical aid, and the white doctor could only shake her head and mingle her tears with theirs, especially for the two little boys soon to be motherless.

In spite of her sympathy for the unfortunate Indians, the thousands of Navajos just across the river to the south and the Piutes on all other sides, she had to limit her services to them; she had more to do than one woman should be expected to do, without them. All the same, when they came with their sick people, she did what she could, and told them what to do. Her reputation echoed away through the wilderness to distant camps and hogans, and sick folk came toiling in over rocks and sand hills to avail themselves of her skill.

A horse thief who had been shot in the face and had an ugly, festering wound waited in Bluff for days while she got the poison out of it so it could heal. Another man, Frank Hyde, had a ghastly gash on his face and neck with gangrene threatening his very life, and when his brother took him to a doctor in Durango the doctor had him come back to Bluff and to Aunt Jody, who treated the big sore till it became a harmless scar.

When Amasa Barton was shot at Rincone, ten miles down the river from Bluff, and the word was brought by a Piute sent by Barton's wife, a wave of cold terror passed through the defenseless little town. Only six of its men were home at that time, the others being away on the range, the freight-road, or elsewhere, to make their hard-earned living. By nighttime, five of those six men had gone down the river where Mrs. Barton, her mother, and her two little children awaited among an aroused horde of savages. Barton's murderer had accidentally killed his Navajo companion, and to shield himself from his people had told them the killing was done by the storeman.

Word came to Bluff that a band of angry Navajos were headed in their direction, and they waited in terror, expecting to be massacred. This message to the people told them to get all the cartridges out of the little store and all available cartridges from everywhere else in town and hide them, since that would, no doubt, be (Continued on page 344)
THE SIMPLE, UNAFFECTED BEAUTY OF REDWOOD makes it a highly favored material for church buildings, whether the design is traditional or contemporary. Shown below: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Ukiah Branch, Northern California Mission.
Isn't it fortunate that redwood is also a very versatile wood?

California Redwood has a warm, natural beauty, an instant appeal, a distinctive charm that sets it apart from other woods. Isn’t it fortunate, then, that redwood is so versatile? Its ability to hold any type of finish— or to “age” beautifully when unfinished— makes it equally at home indoors or out. And redwood’s versatility is further enhanced by a wide range of grain patterns, color variations and textures. Write Department 36 for copy of “REDWOOD HOMES— Ideas from Architects’ Own Homes”.

All the wonderful warmth of wood ... lastingly yours in redwood.
Sometimes, when we say that we have a framework of gospel doctrine, that we have all accepted, the question arises, “What else is there to investigate?” “What scholarship can we show in an area where the last word has been said?” But some words remain to be said.

The founding of this Church required men to be disposed to learning. One example of this demand was the task of translating a great document from a language that no one on earth understood. The work required tremendous understanding—so great, in fact, that without God’s help it could not have been done. Almost in the beginning the Lord commanded the members of the Church to study and learn, and he enumerated as subjects almost the entire curriculum of a university, secular and religious.

In announcing the purpose of the Church the Prophet introduced a program stupendous in its scope, and he introduced it at a time when he had just a handful of followers. He accepted the task of converting the whole world to the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. Such a vast program requires a people who are learned. In the first place we can’t speak to the peoples of the earth unless we know their languages. Joseph Smith committed us, as a people, to learn all of the languages of the earth, not individually, perhaps, but collectively. Few if any other people on the face of the earth have so committed themselves. Yet such scholarship is necessary if we are to accomplish the task to which he committed us.

We should learn the history, the cultures, the customs of all peoples; otherwise we cannot approach them and teach them the gospel. What an assignment to us as a people! As a Church we have scarcely begun to acquire the scholarship that is necessary for the consummation of this task. We must train whole segments of our people in these fields. We must train our people to translate our scriptures, our textbooks, our pamphlets into all the languages spoken by the peoples of the earth.

One thing one must know, of course, if he is going to teach the gospel is the gospel itself, and that is no simple assignment. To know what is contained in the four standard works is a real accomplishment. A man could study them all his days and still be ignorant of many things. In addition we should know about the governments and laws of all the nations on the earth so that when we go into other countries we can teach within the framework of the laws of those countries.

In 1832 the Prophet called the missionaries home and set up a school, the School of the Prophets, in order to prepare missionaries to go out into the field. The list of subjects taught in that school looks like a list from a liberal arts college. The Prophet thought the Bible scholar should know Hebrew, so he hired a Hebrew scholar, Professor Seixas from Oberlin College, to teach them that language. What an

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by William E. Berrett
Vice Administrator of the Unified Church School System

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*From an informal talk given to Seminary teachers.*
example the Prophet was setting in scholarship! After fourteen weeks only two of the students knew much Hebrew—Joseph Smith and Orson Pratt, and only Joseph Smith ever attempted to give discourses in the interpretation of the Hebrew Bible. But the point I am getting at is this: The Church began with a program that required men to learn, and it is the same today.

The Prophet Joseph had had little opportunity to go to school himself, but he realized the scholarship which this people must possess if they were to carry out their God-given task. He started schools—grade schools and high schools for the children in Kirtland and night schools for all the adults of the Church, and especially for all who were going into the mission field. An oft-repeated commandment of the Lord in the Doctrine and Covenants is the commandment to study and learn, and gain knowledge, and that is repeated in the Doctrine and Covenants in more than fifty places!

We should take cognizance of the method of study designated by the Lord: "Seek learning, even by study and also by faith." (D&C 88:118.) The Prophet Joseph in his studies came to realize the one thing which all scholars in this Church should realize—there are many media for gaining knowledge. We may gain knowledge from people around us, from books others have written, from experiences they have had—but we may also gain knowledge directly from God, when approached in faith. That source of knowledge has not changed. There are many areas in which all the research in the world, of all the learned men in the world, avails nothing. Only from God can we learn the answers. That door is not closed. We believe in a continuation of revelation. In the areas of spiritual things we will make no contribution if we do not seek the guidance of the Lord.

Unless we are seekers after truth, we will never have a revelation, nor will the President of the Church or anyone else. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (Matt. 7:7.) In those three brief phrases, uttered many centuries ago, Jesus invited the student to get busy. If you have no problem, if you are not seeking the answer to a problem, there is no revelation. If the investigator of this gospel does not become a student, if he does not desire to know the truth, he will never get a revelation; and without a revelation he cannot be converted, for it is the answer of the Spirit to his inquiry that leads a student who desires the truth. A student is not merely one who registers and pays his fees at a university. I wish all such were students, but they are not.

Until you have reached the point in your search for knowledge where you are sincerely devoted to finding the answer to a problem, you are not a student.

I want to point out that studious men have done much for this Church. From the beginning men have been encouraged to learn—schools have been set up before anything else in every community. We are a people dedicated to learning. We are encouraged in every field of learning. Learned men have given us great interpretations of the scriptures. Orson Pratt, largely self-educated but certainly worthy of the title "a learned man," was a man who could write textbooks in calculus for use on the college level. James E. Talmage, B. H. Roberts, and many others have had a lasting effect on our people. Many of the interpretations of the gospel of Jesus Christ that have deeply affected us have come from scholars who sought the truth with all their hearts and with faith prayed to God for understanding. That effort will always be necessary.

It is difficult to read and understand the ancient scriptures. I am reminded of the words of Nephi who, writing about Isaiah—his own countryman who had lived 250 years or so before Nephi—remarks how difficult it is to understand Isaiah. We are removed not merely 250 years from Isaiah, but nearly 3000 years, and we live in a culture foreign to his; yet we try to read and understand. No wonder that we sometimes come up with differences of understanding. We need men who know the Hebrew people, understand the Hebrew language and Hebrew backgrounds, men who can help us understand that which the ancient prophets wrote.

We are to lead the world: The Lord said, "Go out and teach the world, not be taught by them," in this field. In many fields, of course, we get much from the world, and we can here. We often have to get our knowledge of Hebrew and Greek and Latin from the world, but in the fields of understanding of the gospel of Jesus Christ we are to teach the world. That is a commission to us.

I am sure we are all aware that there are dangers in educating the mind if we are not also guided by the Spirit. That is no new thing; it has been true in all ages: I think you are familiar with the passage which occurs in the book of 2 Nephi:

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

There is a danger that one can become so learned that he doesn't think God can add anything to his knowledge. That is a terrible state! Such a man pits his knowledge against that which the Lord has said and sets at naught the counsel of God. Now Jacob was not against learning. He made that clear by adding this sentence: "But to be learned is good if they hearken unto the counsels of God." (Idem 29.)

I am sure that the attitude defined by Jacob is the one we especially want. A passage from Joseph Smith's writings is similar:  
"Man was created to dress the earth and to cultivate his mind and glorify God. It therefore cannot be amiss for us in this early period to urge the disciples of our Lord to study, to show themselves approved in all things, for when a disciple, educated even as Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, is guided by the Holy Spirit, he not only edifies his fellow beings correctly but he improves his faculties agreeable to the will of God."  

Also, I want to present an editorial which appeared in the Deseret News on February 7, 1852. The author is unknown, but the language and the philosophy sound like Brigham Young.

"Knowledge, or intelligence, is progressive, here and hereafter. Some have supposed that it would make but little difference with them whether they learned much or little, whether they attained to all the intelligence within their reach or not, while they tarry in this world believing that if they paid their tithing, went to meetings, said their prayers, and performed those duties which were especially commanded, that it would be well with them and that as soon as they should lay off this mortal body they should see as they are seen and know as they are known. But this is a mistaken idea and will cause every soul to mourn who embraces and practices it. When that soul arrives in the world of resurrected bodies, should it be so fortunate as to get there, they will realize, to their sorrow, that God required of them in this world not only obedience to his revealed will, but a searching after his purposes and plans."  

We are in need of great scholarship, especially in spiritual fields. First, of course, we need to study the scriptures so that we can correlate one with the other.

Do you know your scripture? I fear that not all do, for we have some who are teaching certain of the parables of Jesus following the interpretations of Protestant writers such as Dr. Butterick or Harry Emerson Fosdick when the Savior himself has given an interpretation in the Doctrine and Covenants of those same parables, interpretations at variance with what those gentle men have arrived at. Now I say we lack scholarship in the scriptures when we are not aware that the Savior's interpretation of the parable of the "Ten Virgins" is in the Doctrine and Covenants. We are doing a disservice if we are teaching an interpretation which is at variance with the author of the parable! We should be aware that the parable of the "Wheat and Tares" is referred to in two sections of the Doctrine and Covenants. Do we know what the Savior said to Joseph Smith relative to the parable of the "Wheat and Tares?" Do we know that the "Laborers in the Vineyard" is discussed by the Savior in a revelation to Joseph Smith in the Doctrine and Covenants? The parable of the "Twelve Olive Trees," the parable of the "Unjust Judge"—these are just examples.

When we teach the New Testament and the parables of our Lord, do we go to other scriptures which record the Savior's instructions in the same areas? In many instances after the Savior had used a parable, the twelve would get him off to himself and say, "What did you mean today?" and the explanation is recorded in the New Testament. But the explanation is not there for many of the parables, and concerning the meaning of these there is disagreement.

Surely you should not teach the Old Testament without a thorough understanding of the Pearl of Great Price and the visions of Enoch and of Moses. How can you teach any subject properly without a knowledge of what is available upon a subject. Do you know the truth? If you know the truth, you surely must teach the truth!

We cannot understand the Old Testament without a knowledge of the Book of Mormon, without a knowledge of the understanding of God which this group of people fresh out of Hebrew land brings to another continent. Surely that reflects back upon what their ancestors must have known in the Old World before they left. We must have scholarly study of the four standard works of the Church. We have no excuse not to know them. We are expected to know them. That does not mean we shall all understand every passage the same way; that will never happen in this world. There is no uniformity of the human mind. But we do reach harmony in many things. The languages involved, the various translations by which the Old Testament, for example, comes down to us gives cause for variance of views. How much do we know about these translations? the men who did them? the councils that determined what should be preserved? There are enough areas of study for us to devote the rest of our lives to, if we have the desire and the ambition.

Now, another area of much needed scholarship is concerning the backgrounds of the New Testament. How much do we know about the Greek philosophies of that day and the contact of the gospel of Jesus Christ with those philosophies—the repercussions and the compromises, if you will? To have this scholarship we need to know the languages involved. We are just beginning to find out how badly we need this scholarship, men who know the gospel because they have lived it and breathed it from their early years, and who know the languages because they have studied them from the foundation up. We need such men to translate the gospel of Jesus Christ into other tongues.

In the field of history we also need scholarship, both in the history of religion throughout the world and in the history of this people. The late B. H. Roberts gave up hope of finding the date when the Book of Mormon was published, but it was found about fifteen years ago by Elder Francis Kirkham, while he was searching through the files of the old Manchester Guardian. Just a little advertisement, just a line or two, appearing in the issue of March...
What do most organ-buying committees really want?

"What considerations are foremost in selecting a church organ?" This is the question which Baldwin asked across the nation. Back came the virtually unanimous reply—"TONE!" Church committees want to know how the organ basically sounds and what variety of sounds it can produce.

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18, 1830, that announced “The Book of Mormon will be off the press during the week, and for sale at such and such a place.” The issue the week following, on the 25th, bearing again two or three lines of advertisement, “The Book of Mormon is now off the press and is available at this place.” So between the 18th and 25th of March, the Book of Mormon issued from the press. We didn’t know that fifteen years ago.

I don’t think anyone expects any of us to reconstruct the doctrine of the Church in regard to our relationship to Deity, or to reconstruct the organization of the Church or the powers and duties of the priesthood. These are fixed by the word of the Lord to us in the only way they could be fixed. I hope we do not feel that our style is cramped because we are not at liberty to throw the revelations aside and start afresh.

God bless us as students and teachers of the gospel. May we get the desire in our hearts to know well the area we teach, so that we may speak with wisdom, that we may guide students aright, so that we may be of service to the Lord.

“A still and quiet conscience”

Richard L. Evans

In recent weeks, we have commented on some essential qualities of character, including faith, integrity, and courage—and today we will turn for a moment or two to the question of a quiet conscience, which is, in a sense, simply self-respect, the real respect that comes with being free from the inward accusation that surely follows offenses.

J. A. Petit-Senn, more than a century ago, said, “A good conscience never costs as much as it is worth.” Shakespeare said it in this sentence: “I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities, A still and quiet conscience.” And Austin Phelps added: “A disciplined conscience is a man’s best friend.—It may not be his most amiable, but it is his most faithful monitor.” And from Joseph Addison comes this comment, “A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves constant ease and serenity within us.”

To these we would add two short citations from the Epistles of Paul: “Pray for us: for we trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly.” And “... finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, ... think on these things.” All this to some may sound like a citation of platitudes and of old-fashioned axioms, but such factors are indispensable to all satisfactory personal and professional and public relationships in life—and to the whole working of the world. (And parenthetically, whatever pertains to the people personally.) Without the basic virtues no one can continue confidently to do business with anyone, nor can anyone find peace or abiding satisfaction inside himself. And what sometimes seems impractical or idealistic, proves, in fact, to be the only practical or workable relationship between men and between the organizations they create to front for them. Despite all the cynical may say, there is always the irrevocable accounting a man keeps inside himself—and honesty and fairness and freedom from offense are essential to a quiet conscience and to sincere self-respect.

The continual introduction of modern equipment has kept copper production a successful business in Utah. At Kennecott's Bingham Mine, for example, huge electric shovels handle enormous quantities of ore and waste rock efficiently — something men with picks and hand shovels couldn't possibly do.

In the same tradition, accounting machines are used by Kennecott's comptroller's department. This machine accounting system supplies management with information vital to operations — more promptly and accurately than could have been achieved by yesterday's methods.

Working with enormous numbers of facts and figures, machine accounting is fast, efficient and thorough. For example, it calculates pay rate, hours worked and any of 200 payroll deductions to produce 1,000 pay checks an hour. It keeps an up-to-date inventory of 46,000 supply items and makes information on them available at a moment's notice. It provides needed metallurgical data in less than a tenth of the time it would have taken before machines came on the job.

Even now, plans are under way to achieve tomorrow what is impossible today. The machine accounting system will be expanded to be a more valuable aid to management in the future. This is another step by Kennecott to help assure continued copper production by improving operations.
Along the Susquehanna River
(Continued from page 309)

life, and after her marriage both she and Joseph had their favorite riding horses and were often seen riding in the country. About eight months after her marriage, Mother Smith gives us a vivid picture of Emma astride an estray horse, racing five miles to Macedon to warn her husband that the plates were in danger. One can see black locks waving and her light cloak flapping as she urged her horse forward to tell her husband that strangers were searching for the plates where Joseph had hidden them in the woods after receiving them from Moroni. Upon delivering her message, Emma and Joseph returned at once upon their horses to the Smith farm. (Lucy Smith, History of the Prophet, p. 107; Grant, ibid., p. 55.)

Into the Hale home, where Emma was now the chief cook, being the oldest girl unmarried, strode Joseph Smith in his working attire, coming as a regular boarder. He stepped up to Emma’s supper table, little dreaming that the real purpose of his coming into Pennsylvania was to find—not a lost silver mine at all—but something far better.

Emma Hale at this time is described as being “in her pride of beauty—fully-matured, charmingly figured, her face framed by jet-black locks and set off by dark, sparkling eyes.” (Grant, op. cit., p. 49.) Another writer says of Emma that she “was quite tall, of comely form and features, well educated, a fine singer, and very sociable.” (Hist. of Susquehanna County, p. 545.)

While early November 1825 slipped by, everyone at the Hale home could see that something more romantic than mere board and lodging arrangements was springing up between this interesting couple. Mother Smith, who seemed to know what was going on, writes: “... it was during this interval [at the home of Isaac Hale] that Joseph became acquainted with his daughter, Miss Emma Hale, to whom he immediately commenced paying his addresses...” (Lucy Smith, op. cit., p. 92.)

The Prophet writes that they dug “for the silver mine... for nearly a month, without success in our undertaking, and finally I prevailed with the old gentleman to cease digging after it”; which is quite different from the reports of enemies of the Church a few years later, claiming that Joseph Smith on his own accord entered the Harmony district with his “peep stone,” deducing the farmers and obtaining money under false pretenses. The truth is, it was almost a year after Joseph’s marriage before he received the Urim and Thummin. (History of Susquehanna County, pp. 104, 105 and Appendix, pp. 578, Church Historian’s Library.)

With the mining venture over shortly after Thanksgiving time, Joseph bade a temporary adieu to his new-found friend, Emma Hale, and went forty miles northward up the Susquehanna River and worked that winter for Josiah Stool on his farm at South Bainbridge. It seems

AND ITS NAME IS “CHINOOK”

by Ethel Romig Fuller

There is a wind, a wild, sweet wind,
That turns the snow where it drifted the meadows
To quicksilver pools, tremulously penned
To greening earth by aspen shadows,
And clouds are mirrored in the shallows.

A wind that dances out of the south Fetching petals and lambs. As it passes,
Spring is a kiss on the startled mouth.
Dandelions gild the grasses.
And bog lands open singing classes.

probable that by late spring the couple had arranged their marriage for the coming fall. The Prophet later went northward 128 miles and worked with his father that summer. That Emma Hale, during these months, prepared a very worthy dowry will be told later. Mother Smith reports that Emma was an excellent seamstress, so proficient that she could take raw material and make it into clothing for the four elders who went to Missouri on missions in 1830. (Lucy Smith, op. cit., p. 100.)

Shortly after Joseph, on September 22, 1826, had received his third-year instructions near the rounding stone toward the top of the Hill Cumorah, he made ready to go to Harmony and claim his sweetheart in marriage. Knowing of Joseph’s later writing ability, one naturally supposes that he corresponded regularly with Emma.

Of these days the mother writes that both she and her husband “were pleased with his choice...” and “requested him to bring her home with him and live with us,” for they had a new eight-room home recently finished. (For the history of this Smith home and how it was lost to the Smith’s before Joseph’s marriage, see Grant, op. cit., p. 69; Lucy Smith, op. cit., pp. 92-99; Grant “The Joseph Smith Home,” The Improvement Era, December 1959.)

In imagination one watches with interest that 128-mile trip to Harmony and sees the joyous meeting after an absence of some six months. Then came disappointment. Isaac Hale in his affidavit made in 1834 states that he stopped the marriage. For one thing, Joseph lacked a month or two of being of age; but he states that his chief objection lay in the fact that Joseph Smith “was too visionary to suit him,” neither did he have sufficient of “this world’s goods.” He also complained that Joseph Smith “... followed a business that I could not approve,” having reference to Joseph’s visions, the golden plates, and the promise of a new Church.

Although Emma Hale was standing ready—dowry and all—for marriage, being mistress of her own choice in the matter, for she was in her twenty-third year and stoutly maintained it her right to marry the man of her choice, still because of the father’s objections, coupled with the fact of Joseph’s age, the marriage was postponed.

Again the reader follows Joseph up the Susquehanna River to the Josiah Stool ranch, then back down the river road to work for a well-to-do farmer, Joseph Knight, Sen. Speaking of the Prophet at this time, Joseph Knight, Jun., writes: “My father hired many hands [he owned three farms and a carding mill.] In 1827 he hired Joseph Smith. Joseph and I worked and slept together. My father said Joseph was the best hand he ever hired... he was about 21 years of age... My father and I believed what he told us. I think we were the first [to believe] after his father’s family.” (Roberts, Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 85.)

There is another side to this in-
An Open Letter to Parents and Teachers

If the great New York Philharmonic Orchestra were going to play in your town tonight, would you urge the boys and girls in your class to attend? If the program said that Leonard Bernstein or Stokowski or Mitropoulos were going to conduct masterpieces of Beethoven or Mozart or Bartok, would you encourage your youngsters to experience this important event? We feel that you would.

Every week the New York Philharmonic does play in almost every town across America, over CBS Radio. No one has to stir from home. No one has to buy a ticket. A radio is your front seat.

This fine broadcast is just one of many programs on KSL Radio that make a deliberate effort to bring to you cultural, informative, educational and, just as important, entertaining events that can be enjoyed by your young people to new ideas and great occasions, that teach them that the arts are for enjoying, that learning is for living.

Every week you and your children can attend the concerts of the magnificent Cleveland Symphony under the direction of George Szell and Associate Conductor Robert Shaw. They can also enjoy a weekly performance of the Metropolitan Opera from New York City during its season. So many young people have learned over the years from these broadcasts that "Carmen," "Faust" and "Madame Butterfly" are actually exciting stories; that opera singers, once appreciated, have as much to offer them as popular singers; that intermission features like Clifton Fadiman's interviews or Edward Downes' "Opera Quiz" are great fun. Have you given them an inkling of how fascinating such worthwhile programs are?

Has it occurred to you to try in "The Hidden Revolution" series over KSL Radio with your discussions in current events, social sciences and government? Last year this series won the Peabody Award for outstanding public service. The subject is the changes, developments and political upheavals taking place in the world today. History before it's history. History while it's still a news story! Edward R. Murrow and Howard K. Smith narrate these programs. Your children will get to know men like Vice President Richard M. Nixon, playwright Archibald MacLeish, Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University.

Do your young people know how fascinating news can be when they hear it from a man like Lowell Thomas? He has been a cow puncher, gold miner, college professor, newspaper reporter, editor, historian, lecturer, author of more than 45 books.

Have you alerted your youngsters to the fact that twice each day they can travel to the remote corners of the globe and get the news first-hand from the finest news reporters in the world—the CBS News correspondents? The programs are "World News Roundup" and "The World Tonight." The top newsmen like Eric Sevareid, David Schoenbrun, Daniel Schorr and Winston Burdett tell the story directly from the scene.

In your classwork in government or history have you suggested that your students listen to "Capitol Cloakroom," and "The Leading Questions," broadcast each week on KSL Radio? They'll meet national leaders, get to know their personalities and attitudes, get familiar with important public affairs as they take shape. Fine learning tool for future statesmen!

Is your class aware that by listening to "Face The Nation" on KSL Radio they can hear, firsthand, opinions of leading world figures, as informed reporters question them? Great inspiration for future journalists, and voters?

Do your young people know what they are missing by not hearing "Invitation to Learning?" Recently critic Alfred Kazin discussed Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." Another week Perry Miller and Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard University discussed "A Tale of Two Cities." Every week a well-known authority gives a new breath of life to an important literary work on this exceptionally informative program.

Do you realize how many KSL Radio programs are worthy of being listed as assignments for specific classroom discussions? Make it a habit to glance at your local daily radio schedules. For just to point out to the boys and girls who sit before you every day the fine opportunities they might be missing right in their own homes, just to hint that they might actually enjoy "Alida" or Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony or a special news program might be opening a career, planting an ambition, enlarging life for them.

To miss such an opportunity to open young minds to what lies so close at hand, so eager for use, so ready to serve, so very worthwhile, might be to miss one of the great challenges of teaching. For what better way can we stir these young minds than to, by doing, to suggest they use their time for something stimulating, something constructive.

If today radio stopped bringing such events to your town, if the New York Philharmonic no longer brought Beethoven, if "World News Roundup" no longer took you to Algiers and Tokyo, if the Metropolitan Opera performed only for New Yorkers, if intelligent worldwide news programs gave way to sensational headline flashes, if the only music available were the latest rock 'n' roll recordings, then you and your community would be striving to improve the quality of radio.

It is you, by your listening, by your interest, who control the quality of programming brought to your young people, and men and women of tomorrow. Suppose, by your lack of enthusiasm, all these wonderful things were no longer available, no longer waiting to be heard. Wouldn't you as a teacher or parent make every effort to bring them back?

KSL Radio

New York Philharmonic—Sunday 12:00 noon
Metropolitan Opera—Saturday 1:00 p.m.
Cleveland Orchestra—Sunday 11:00 a.m.
Lowell Thomas News—Monday-Friday 5:45 p.m.
World News Roundup—Monday-Saturday 6:00 p.m.
teresting story. Emma's oldest sister Elizabeth Hale Wasson lived near the Knight farm where Joseph worked. How often Emma stayed a few days with Elizabeth before Emma's marriage is not told, but after her marriage, both she and Joseph often made the Wasson home their headquarters. In fact, this couple was visiting the Wassons when Emma was baptized in a creek near the Knight home. They were also visiting here during Joseph's first arrest and during his two trials. Of these days the Prophet writes: "... I made my way in safety to my wife's sister's home, where I found my wife awaiting with much anxiety the issue of those ungodly proceedings, and in company with her I arrived next day [30 miles] in safety at my own house,"—his three-roomed home in Harmony. A few years later the families of Elizabeth and Emma visited together. (DHC. Vol. 5, pp. 440-448; Vol. 1, pp. 95-96.)

While Joseph and Emma waited a month or so for Joseph to become of age, they could have corresponded, for there was mail and stage service between them. At Christmas time Joseph became of age. Why he waited for two or three weeks to be married is not recorded, but it was the dead of winter, and the snow could have been deep. Very likely by appointment, Joseph went to the Hale home. Isaac Hale, according to his written statement, was away for a few days, not being home to object.

Some years later Isaac Hale signed a statement that not long after he had refused to give his consent to the marriage, Joseph Smith returned, and while I was absent from home, carried off my daughter into the State of N.Y. where they were married without my permission." Having marriage licenses, they were masters of their own affairs about marriage. No one, not even the parents, had a legal right to interfere, and it is very likely that Isaac Hale understood this common law of the land.

Joseph Smith's statement is brief and to the point. "Owing to my continuing to assert that I had seen a vision . . . my wife's father's family were very much opposed to our being married. I was therefore under the necessity of taking her elsewhere [possibly to the Wasson home]; so we went and were married at the house of Squire Tarbell, in South Bainbridge, Chenango County, New York, [January 18, 1827]. Immediately after my marriage, I left Mr. Stool's and went to my father's, and farmed with him that season." (DHC. Vol. 1, p. 17; the Deseret News, January 12, 1948, shows a picture of the Tarbell home, which was torn down that season.)

The mother of the Prophet, having received word of the delayed marriage of Joseph and Emma, and that they were on their way home, writes with joy: "I set myself to work to put my house in order for the reception of my son's bride [a twenty-two-year-old young woman], and I felt all that pride and ambition in doing so that is common to mothers upon such occasions." (Lucy Smith, op. cit., pp. 94, 99.) She says it was "January" that "Joseph returned with his wife in good health.

- DANDERIONS

by Ethel Jacobson

Yours is a neat and plain green lawn,
But mine is starred with gold,
A floral carpet for the dawn
To dance on. Richly scrolled
With bright medallions, here the sod
Is stitched with floss, fine-spun,
Where dandelion pompons nod,
Yellow as the sun.

So gay and myriad-petaled they
That where they're cramped for room
I pull the rooted grass away
To cultivate the bloom.

Your lawn is green as verdigris—
But curl your toes in my golden fleece!

and fine spirits." Since both sides of the house anticipated the marriage, it is rather unfair to Joseph Smith to say that he "stole" or "abducted" this mature young woman. In my opinion with all things considered, this marriage could hardly be an elopement. It is very probable that the Wassons supplied "board and lodgings" for the newly married couple, and they could have been witnesses at the marriage. For Elizabeth was Emma's oldest sister.

Neither Joseph nor Emma mention Emma's dowry, but Isaac Hale, seeming a bit proud about the thrift of his mature daughter, writes that

"after they [Joseph and Emma] arrived at Palmyra, N.Y., Emma wrote to me inquiring whether she could have her property [or dowry], consisting of clothing, furniture, cows, etc. I replied that her property was safe and at her disposal. In a short time they returned [about ten months later] and subsequently came to the conclusion that they would move out and reside upon a place near my residence," the three-room house about 450 feet eastward where the eldest son Jesse had lived.

For the story of the barrel of beans we must jump northward from the Hale home 128 miles to the Smith home after Joseph has had the plates for about three months, where the mob has been so oppressive that the Prophet could do no translating. It is about a week before Christmas 1827, and the Prophet had been married almost a year. Emma was about three months' pregnant, and since her parents have not seen her since her marriage, they sent Alva, Emma's older brother, in a wagon to bring Joseph and Emma to Harmony to live in one of the Hale homes. Since this move to a new state would aid Joseph and Emma with their appointed mission, they were soon loaded into the wagon, all but the precious golden plates. Then he set about nailing the treasures that were six by eight inches and six inches thick in a small box; then, putting this box at the bottom of a forty-gallon barrel, he filled the barrel with beans and nailed down the lid. After a safe journey of three days, this small box was taken out of the beans at Isaac Hale's home. Isaac Hale says that after his son Alva "... returned with Smith and his family . . . I was informed that they had brought a wonderful book of plates down with them. I was shown a box in which it was said they were contained, which had, to all appearances, been used as a glass box for "common-sized window glass [possibly 10 x 12 inches.] I was allowed to feel the weight of the box, and they gave me to understand that the book of plates was then in the box, into which, however, I was not allowed to look. . . .

"After this I became dissatisfied, and informed him that if there was anything in my house of that description, which I could not not allowed to see, he must take it away, if he did not, I was determined to see it. After that the plates were said
to be hid in the woods." (History of Susquehanna County, p. 578.)

About 450 feet eastward from the Hale home, but on the south side of the street, and 125 feet westward from the new John the Baptist Monument, stood Jesse Hale’s three-roomed home, with one of these rooms in the attic. Under the home was a rocked-in cellar, and behind the house below the river-bluff was a fine spring of water which is still flowing in 1960. Explaining that she and Joseph soon moved from the Hale home to this three-roomed house, Emma, when asked by her oldest son, Joseph III, then President of the Reorganized Church, where they moved when Isaac Hale was so determined to see the contents of the box, she replied very positively: “Your father [Joseph] bought your Uncle Jesse’s place off Father’s farm, and we moved there till the Book of Mormon was translated; and I think published.” (Reorganized Ch. Hist., Vol. 3, p. 354.) The Prophet secured 13 ½ acres for a promised payment of $200 before the deed was to be delivered to him.

Joseph Smith fulfilled his contract and received the deeds to the three-roomed home and the 13 ½ acres on August 25, 1830. Three years later, after moving to Kirtland, Ohio, the Prophet sold this home to Joseph McKune for $300, turning to him the deed on June 28, 1833. The LDS Church purchased the McKune farm of about 80 acres, which included the Prophet’s 13 ½ acres, signing the deeds, February 7, 1947. A little over a year later the Church secured the Isaac Hale farm, July 16, 1948. This deed calls for 115 acres, less the land held by the Erie Railroad. On May 15, 1859, the Church purchased 6 and 16/100 acres of land south of the railroad tracks, where it is supposed that the Aaronic Priesthood was conferred by John the Baptist, May 15, 1829.

The following is a testimony of a man who lived in the Joseph Smith home:

“I, Rex B. Haws of Oakland, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, was born 31 October, 1888, and lived in the original Joseph Smith home from 1896 until 1909. My great-grandfather was Jacob Skinner, and he moved to this area from Orange County, New York, about 1814. He lived in a log house about a mile below the Isaac Hale property, and it was here that

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But no matter where it happens, The Salt Lake Tribune has someone there to cover it, report it and shoot it at the speed of light directly into the editorial office in Salt Lake City. That goes for pictures, too. Just look at the services providing news for Tribune readers: Associated Press and A.P. Wirephoto—Reuters Worldwide Service—New York Times Service—Chicago Daily News Service—Chicago Tribune Service—Dow Jones Business News—New York News Service—United Press International—Plus a Tribune leased teletype service and more than 100 correspondents to cover the Intermountain Area. All in... The Salt Lake Tribune
my grandfather Nathan Skinner was born in 1826. My father died in 1899 [while living in the Smith home], and my grandfather in 1908. At the time I lived in the Joseph Smith home, Benjamin McKune owned the property, but it was heavily mortgaged to Mr. Simon Barnes. When my grandfather died, my mother tried to buy the property, but the Barnes estate wanted too much for it, so my mother moved from there in 1909. Mr. Edward Beavons then bought the property [September 3, 1909]. “The Joseph Smith home was built

The Quality of Kindness

Richard L. Evans

We have considered in past weeks some essential qualities of character, including the faith and courage and integrity from which come a quiet conscience. In the recent remarks of an eminent British industrialist we find some others also added, including the quality of kindliness: “Next I think I would choose kindliness in its widest sense. Not, please not, either the half-fellow-well-met or the do-gooding that too often goes by the name of kindliness, but in its true and real sense of active love for one’s fellow men, the sort of kindliness that contains within itself generosity of mind and spirit, courtesy and good temper.” This suggests some simple lines by an author whose name we do not know:

“I have wept in the night
For the shortness of sight
That to somebody’s need made me blind;
But I never have yet
Felt a tinge of regret
For being a little too kind.”

Everything that is accomplished in life, personally and professionally, publicly and privately, is affected by personal qualities of character, including the quality of kindliness. Discipline is essential at times. Facts must be faced. But how things are done is often equally important with what is done. How things are said is often equally important with what is said. A comment can be critical and kind, or critical and unkind—constructive—or destructive. Life has its problems for all, its days of discouragement, its sorrows, its difficulties and disappointments; but much bitterness and heartbreak can be softened by the quality of kindliness, which includes sincere consideration, and which excludes cruel or cutting sarcasm, ridicule, and every intent to embarrass, to insult, to degrade. Kindness should be cultivated in all relationships of life; between parents and children; between brothers and sisters; teachers and students; neighbor to neighbor and every man to every other. The quality of kindliness is in part the essence of the message of the Master of mankind, with love and peace and respect for people. And now we close this comment with these words from a hymn on the quality of kindliness:

“O the kind words we give shall in memory live
And sunshine forever impart;
Let us oft speak kind words to each other;
Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.”


---

"Air Commodore W. C. Cooper, Character and its Place in Industry, Rotary, B.L.B.I.
"Anonymous.
"Joseph L. Townsend."
of lumber, having two rooms downstairs. The floor downstairs was of beautiful hardwood maple. When entering the house, one came into a hallway, and there a stairway led up to an attic or loft; the east end of this loft was boarded off into a room with a window looking toward the east. I was told that Joseph Smith did a lot of writing in this room. Another stairway, underneath the attic stairway, led down to the cellar underneath the house. There was a nice fireplace at the west end of the house, but this fireplace was moved when [Benjamin] McKune moved another house there and joined it to the Joseph Smith home. The house added to the original home was moved from the McKune property on the hillside [north of the McKune Cemetery].

“As a boy and young man, living in that house, I have many pleasant memories. We milked ten to twelve cows and had three horses. We farmed the ground down around the Susquehanna River, and this land was very fertile and free from rocks. We raised wheat, oats, corn, and potatoes, and I remember mowing clover that was as high as the horse’s bridle. We farmed the land around the river which has since grown up to trees and brush.

“There was a spring of good cold water just under the brow of the hill south of the home; this spring is still there, running in a pipe just at the bottom of the Erie railroad grade. About thirty-five feet north of the house was a well of very fine, good cold water; a dairy thermometer registered it as 34° F. The well was thirty feet deep. The original Joseph Smith home burned down about 1919.

“This is true to the best of my knowledge.

“Signed—Rex B. Haws
Notarized October 7, 1957”

Signed in the presence of
Abner H. Baird
Horace H. Christensen

An entry in the History of Susquehanna County, published in 1887, makes the statement erroneously that “Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism, built the original part [the two rooms, the cellar, and attic] of the house now occupied by ex-sheriff McKune, and here he projected schemes which, although seemingly so absurd to rational persons, have

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nevertheless brought him many followers and given him world wide notoriety. There are several persons now residing in this vicinity [after 57 years] who lived here at the time Smith was here. He is described as having been a tall and strong man... light complexioned.” It is more likely that Jesse Hale and his father’s family dug the cellar and rocked it in and then built over it the lumber building. It is hardly possible that the Prophet with the task of translation pressing him would have had time to do this work himself. Anyway, it has already been shown that this home was there when the Prophet moved with Emma to Harmony.

The Prophet records that Martin Harris gave him fifty dollars, and that “by this timely aid was I enabled to reach the place of my destination in Pennsylvania,” which certainly was not to live and do his translating under the roof of unbelievers. Here are the Prophet’s own words: “Immediately after my arrival there I commenced copying the characters off the plates. I copied a considerable number of them, and by means of the Urim and Thummim I translated some of them, which I did between the time I arrived at the house [notice he does not say home] of my wife’s father, in the month of December, and the February following.” Then he adds that in “this month of February... Martin Harris came to our place [surely not the Hale home], got the characters which I had drawn off the plates, and started with them to the city of New York.” Then he adds that Martin “returned again to my house about the 12th of April 1828, and commenced writing for me while I translated from the plates.” The Prophet then tells the story of Martin’s losing the 116 pages of manuscript. After learning this sad news at his father’s home near Palmyra from Martin’s own lips, the Prophet writes in June, 1828, “I... then returned to my place in Pennsylvania. Immediately after my return home... I... went to laboring with my hands upon a small farm which I had purchased of my wife’s father, in order to provide for my family.” DHC, Vol. 1, pp. 18-38, italic added. See also Grant, ibid., pp. 62, 68.)

On June 15, 1828, which was the day after Martin had carried the 116 pages of manuscript to his home about 130 miles northward from Harmony, Emma Smith gave birth to her first child, a boy, who lived but a few hours and was buried in the McKune Cemetery. Later when Father and Mother Hale died, they were buried near the grave of their grandson. All three graves carry their original inscriptions on the headstones.

From the time that Martin lost the first part of the Book of Mormon original translation until the 7th of April, 1829, (some ten months), the Book of Mormon translation was practically at a standstill while the Prophet worked on his farm, which work pleased Isaac Hale greatly, according to his written statement, for he now hoped that Martin’s loss would put an end to the whole fake scheme of interpreting “the characters and hieroglyphics, which he said was engraved upon the plates. ... I told them, then, that I considered the whole of it a delusion, and advised them to abandon it.” Father Hale was greatly disappointed, however, when a few months later, a new scribe, Oliver Cowdery, took up with Joseph Smith, and again they hid themselves, claiming to be translating some other plates. He says that “this is the same Oliver Cowdery whose name may be found in the Book of Mormon.” (Isaac Hale’s Affidavit, Hist. Susque. County, Appendix; see also Grant, ibid., pp. 66-68.)

Oliver Cowdery, the Prophet’s fourth cousin, had been converted by Father and Mother Smith and a special testimony given him of the Lord in answer to his earnest prayers. Having received the “spirit of the Restoration,” he and Samuel Smith rode their horses for three days southward through wind, rain, and mud to Joseph’s home, arriving April 5, 1829. Then on April 7th, he and Joseph eagerly set about putting into English the strange characters upon the golden records, translating from the small plates of Nephi. (DHC, Vol. 1, pp. 18-28.)

The following historical events occurred at the Prophet’s Harmony home in Susquehanna County.

1. It was here that Oliver requested the privilege of attempting to translate; the request was granted, but Oliver failed and the Lord plainly told him the cause of his failure. (Ibid., pp. 36-38; D&C, sections 8, 9.)

2. Fifteen written revelations were given in this house or nearby, including the words of John the Baptist and those of an angel regarding “homemade wine” or “... wine of our own making” in the Sacrament; (ibid., sec. 27, DHC, Vol. 1, p. 106-107); also a revelation for Emma Hale Smith, calling her to make a selection about the “songs of the heart”; there was a revelation for Hyrum Smith and one for the Prophet’s father, etc. It was in this home also that the first part of the Book of Moses was revealed.

3. As already narrated, it was at the river southward from this home that the priesthood and the proper order of baptism had been revealed.

4. After a little meeting in this house to confirm the Prophet’s wife and the wife of Newel Knight, with a total of five people present, the Prophet declared: “The Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us, we praised the Lord God, and rejoiced exceedingly.” (Ibid., p. 108.)

5. About the first of June 1829, when the mob was attacking the Prophet at this place, and David Whitmer had journeyed a hundred miles to rescue the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery, and he was waiting in his rig outside the door for the Prophet, for Oliver had already climbed into the light two-seated wagon, and Emma had gone to her parent’s home for protection, Moroni appeared to the Prophet, took the sacred plates and delivered them to the Prophet a few days later in the Whitmer garden. (Grant, ibid., pp. 82-84; Jenson, LDS Biographical Enc. 267; Roberts, op. cit., Vol. 1, pp. 126-127.)

6. While the Book of Mormon was being published at Palmyra under the care of Hyrum Smith and Oliver Cowdery, Joseph and Emma quietly

SHY

by Gladys Hesser Burnham

His way was stern,
A little frightening;
But when in spring
The orchards bloomed in pink
And white, bees droned,
Filling the combs
With sweetness, the link
Was forged when he,
Shyly despairing,
Uncertain his reception,
Brought in a spray
Of apple blossoms
To grace her window sill.
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went for a short rest at this home on the Susquehanna. Again, it was to this home that Joseph and Emma hurried to escape the mob at Colesville, shortly after the Church was organized.

7. One of the last official acts of the Prophet at this home came August 25, 1830, when Joseph paid his father-in-law the balance of the $200 due on the place and received a deed for his property. As stated previously, the Prophet sold this property to Joseph McKune, June 28, 1833, while the Prophet was living at Kirtland, Ohio. The Church bought it through the agency of Wilford C. Wood, February 7, 1947.

8. Shortly after receiving the deeds for this home, August 25, 1830, the Prophet records: "A man of the Methodist persuasion, who professed to be a minister of God, visited my father-in-law and told him falsehoods concerning us of the most shameful nature, which turned the old gentleman [67 years of age] and her father's family so much against us, that they would no longer promise us protection nor believe our doctrines." (DHC. Vol. 1, p. 108.)

9. To assist in carrying the Prophet and Emma from the hands of their enemies, the silver-haired Joseph Knight, Sr., from Colesville drove into the Smith yard, and into his large wagon he loaded furniture, clothing, bedding, and other supplies. Early the next morning, Emma Hale Smith, pregnant with twins that were to be born four hundred miles northwest at Kirtland, Ohio, was helped into the wagon. As the outfit moved forward, she bade farewell to her own home and to the home of her childhood, places she was never to enjoy again. Eastward lay the village cemetery. Her baby boy was buried there, her only child. Joseph later sent an outfit from the Whitmer home that returned with the rest of his household goods.

10. History informs us that Joseph McKune moved his home from its site north of the cemetery and joined it to the west end of the Prophet's home.

Mrs. Anliza Barnes, who owned the Smith home from 1900 to 1909, had a new east wing added to her home in 1906. This large building burned about 1919. This double winged building is pictured on page 100 of Robert's Comprehensive History, Volume I, as the "Isaac Hale Home." Thirty years ago when this volume was published, some writers supposed that this was the home where Emma Hale was born, and where she first met the Prophet. In recent years, however, historians have cleared up the matter.

NOTE: The author is indebted to Sisters Iretta Mahaloko and Martha Zech of the Binghamton Branch of the Eastern States Mission for their helpfulness as typists of deeds, wills, abstracts, etc. For a more detailed study of pioneer days in the Susquehanna area, see "Joseph Smith, Isaac Hale, and Joseph McKune Farms," microfilmed, 1960, LDS Historian's Library, collected by members of the Eastern States Mission. It was also in this three-roomed home that Moroni took away the sacred treasures in a vision, and returned them with a promised blessing based upon the Prophet's faithfulness. (DHC. Vol. 1, pp. 20-31; Grant, ibid., pp. 62-68.)

Under the direction of Elder George Q. Morris, chairman of the Historic Sites Committee of the Church, as well as that of the managing editor of The Improvement Era, the author has prepared this article. He appreciates the aid given him by A. Williams, Lois Vedder Pinnell Nibley, assistant historians of the Church; he is also indebted to John D. Giles (deceased) for the helpful letters he has written regarding the Susquehanna Valley, Pennsylvania; to President Theodore C. Jacobsen, formerly president of the Eastern States Mission, and his wife, Florence S. Jacobsen, Almer H. Baird, his wife Hazel T. Baird, and Horace H. Christensen, president of the Binghamton Branch of the Eastern States Mission. They supplied helpful data as well as some of the pictures for this article. The author was also aided by Elder Irvin T. Nelson, supervisor of landscaping on Temple Square, who has made careful surveys and plots of the Interesting Oakland district and who is landscaping the Aaron Priesthood Monument as well as that of the Prophet's old home, which stood on the highway about 125 feet west of the place selected for the monument. Then, too, on May 13, 1950, the 130th anniversary of the Aaron Priesthood, Elder Nelson secured for the Church the old bedrock by which the river where it is believed John the Baptist restored the Aaron Priesthood.

One prominent feature is that the 6.16 acres of land and the monument were paid for by the Aaron Priesthood of the Church.

I DID NOT HEAR
by Gladys Hesser Burnham

I did not hear the thrush's song
Because the skies were dark;
A heaviness lay on my heart
Quenching any spark.
Of good and truth I might employ,
I scarce could even pray
Until you spoke my name in joy
And clasped my hand today.

Aunt Jody

(Continued from page 327)

the first thing the Navajos would demand. The afternoon dragged on with the anguish of suspense, ninety helpless women and children "half scared to death," with only one man to protect them. As night came on with ominous stillness, and every sound echoing in the high cliffs with a strange boiling of evil, Aunt Jody did not yield to panic, but contemplated what might happen before morning. It is related that she washed her children and dressed them in their best clothes, figuring that, if they were to be killed, it would be more fitting for their bodies to be found well clad than in their soiled and worn clothes of everyday. With a concerted movement nearly every family in town gathered at the two-room, log home of Aunt Kisten Nielson. In writing of it, Aunt Jody says, "We stayed there all night, and did not know at what moment we might be attacked. There was no rest for the women and the older children, but no one murmured, and the little ones did not cry out. We cherished faith that we would not be killed, but we thought our houses would be burned. I gathered and brought a sack of clothing to be ready for emergencies."

In the necessities and peril of the days that followed it was quite unthinkable that Aunt Jody should be anywhere but at Rincon. Amasa Barton had been shot twice in the brain, but lived on through six or seven terrible days without being conscious of what went on around him. He was hopelessly beyond relief from any human hand and those who mourned and watched through the eerie nights, with Navajo war-songs echoing from beyond the moaning river, could be comforted and strengthened by the courage and the cheer which Bluff's heavenly appointed doctor could impart. Her baby was but three weeks old, yet she journeyed over that perilous road through the cliffs and along the dugway. Navajo snipers could have killed everybody with the slow-moving wagon.

It was becoming quite a fixed tradition with the people of Bluff that none of them could be sick without Aunt Jody there to doctor them, and no one could die without
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her being there with her courage and her faith to soothe the sting of death.

Hers is the kind of story that can never be fully told. Some phases of it are known to one, and some to another, but no one could relate even a major part of it, not even Brother Wood and Aunt Emma, and they themselves have followed her to the great other world.

I was called one morning with another elder to administer to Charley Redd, a very sick little boy, who had been dangerously ill for days with an abscess on his lungs. At the door of the Redd home we met Aunt Jody; she had been there all night—and other nights before that. She was so nearly worn out, and her eyes were so tired that they would roll up under her lids so she could not see, only as she would work them down with her fingers. Yet her face had in it that unfaltering cheer to which people turn for courage when they are in trouble or sorrow. Her features were drawn and thin, yet she met us with a smile and spoke in cheerful tone.

I looked at her in wonder—I had rested all night and had every reason to radiate hope and cheer, but I got a humbling sensation of my utter inability, even with health and comfort, to spread the life-giving cheer that she never failed to shed like the fragrance from a scented flower.

I recall that when Joe Nielson lay on his deathbed with "flu," she was unfailingly there; Uncle Joe, as we called him, had so much congestion and inflammation in his throat and lungs it was all but impossible for him to make himself understood and, while he tried in anguish of desperation by gestures and such whispers as he could make to convey the ideas that might never be known, she bent over him long and patiently trying to get his message. It was what her love demanded, her whole-hearted love which she brought to the service of all to whom she ministered.

MORNING

by Thelma Ireland

Baby-faced pansies
Looked up in surprise,
Blinking the dewdrops
Out of their eyes.
The Hush Hush Report

(Continued from page 321)

charges has been, in effect, 'no comment.'

"Without passing judgment on the charges that cigarette smoking is a causative factor in lung cancer—and may I note that the evidence to date is impressive—I find it difficult to fathom the behavior of the cigarette industry in deliberately flying into the face of this evidence."

The subcommittee was presented with evidence which "showed how the cigarette industry accomplished the feat of achieving a higher level of nicotine and tar in cigarette smoke despite the filter."

To achieve this fraudulent circuit:

"First the filters were loosened to permit a larger number of smoke particles to get through. Second, the blend was changed to include more of the stronger, heavier-bodied tobaccos. This 'switch' to the 'low grade' darker leaves has turned the tobacco market upside down. The mild, light, bright tobaccos, the most desirable of tobacco in the prefilter period, are accumulating as surplus in government warehouses, while the low grades of former years have moved rapidly into the hands of the cigarette manufacturers."

Ironically enough, we who were fortunate enough to have known that tobacco is not good for man, long before science began to suspect the truth, and we who abstain from its use, must still pay part of the tobacco bill, through our taxes which maintain the price supports for tobacco growers and pay the storage fees for tobacco surplus.

AFTER DINNER SPEECH

by Lula Walker

To score in the opening inning
Put punch in your beginning,
Make middle meaty, spike with wit,
But to assure a final hit,
Win each listener for a friend—
Make sure your opus has an end!
To Read Fast With Good Comprehension

(Continued from page 322)

means of sight patterns.

To develop skill in picking up sight patterns rapidly, try the following exercise:

Make yourself a shutter card, like the one pictured here, at right, and run it up and down lists of words like the following. You will notice the first list is made up of two words often used together. The second consists of prepositional phrases; the third of clauses; and the fourth group of words constitute an entire sentence. On a separate page make yourself an additional list of 100 to 200 of the same kind of groups of words.

his friend against the house out of town for his benefit

just long first choice best clothes in a big hurry beside the lake over the hill during the night

on the beach for his benefit at my expense where you left it which was left that thought where it grows

since you left why I waited he was sad when he learned Mary had failed until tomorrow.

Run your shutter card up and down these lists 50 times a day, moving from a slow to a high speed, then going faster until the eye can see every word in each group plainly without blurring. If you begin your daily practice with this exercise, your eyes will begin to adjust to moving rapidly over words and to seeing clearly all words on the line. Do not expect to be able to remember the phrases, for there is no continuity and, therefore, no reason to get thought, but practise this exercise regularly as a preparation for getting what the page has to say. Practise until you can do this quickly and easily.

There is seldom a short-cut to getting the message from a paragraph. If all paragraphs began with topic sentences, the task would be easier. Frequently, however, topic sentences are difficult to locate and looking for them wastes precious time and energy.

What you need to know about a paragraph is fundamentally what it has to say, and the whole paragraph must be read to determine this. To accomplish this swiftly, should you swish across the page as you did when you were training your eyes to move? Should you look at each small group of words or should you concentrate on thoughts rather than on words?

If you choose the latter alterna-

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ative, you must get your eyes to look at sight patterns with one fixation rather than two or three. As your sight patterns enlarge, your understanding of the content increases.

Your eyes may need some training at this point. Look at the cover page of the Era. If you focus generally on the whole page, you can see the whole picture and, without shifting your focus, can pick up many details. If you keep your vision "big," you can get the big view. If you look at a double page in a book, you can see much more than if you concentrate on one small word.

The ultimate aim of page perception is to be able to see the whole page and to be able to pick up quickly, smoothly, and easily the whole message it carries. This takes time and work, and perhaps much more individual help than you can get from written instruction, but it is a goal that many people have been able to achieve.

In your effort to grasp the whole thought, you must make it a point not to skim, and not to read by key words. These are dangerous practices. Suppose you should skim over a word such as no, or if, or until? The good reader has to learn to see every word on the page. As he becomes skillful, he sees them all, and his mind scans each one carefully, gliding over it like a magnet searching for iron-filings. It pulls out each word that adds to the meaning and fits it accurately and smoothly into the whole.

In the following exercise please notice that each word must be read to detect how much it contributes. As the eyes move over the words, those that are important to the story or meaning are lifted out to make the continuity; the others are rejected and ignored. Such word selection is an important comprehension skill.

As an exercise in selection, write on a piece of paper the following brief story as your eyes quickly sort it out:

Doris crawled out:
1. by the city
2. as far as she could
3. on the ice
4. out of tune
5. when the ice broke
6. that I told you

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减为1. 穿过城市
2. 她能到达
3. 在冰上
4. 无音乐
5. 当冰破裂
6. 那是我所说的
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3. What details support each of the main points.
After reading, name each of these three points on your fingers and make yourself tell back what you have learned. You will discover that your knowledge will increase, your ability to communicate with others will expand, and your eyes and your mind will establish the habit of reading the page for these ideas and details. If you make it a practice never to listen to a talk without requiring yourself to summarize aloud what you have received from it, never to read an article, a book, or a paper without disciplining yourself to give some of it back aloud, you will find your comprehension increasing by leaps and bounds.

For the sake of illustration, let’s suppose that you found this sentence at the beginning of a paragraph:

“The common, ordinary pin has a very interesting background.”

You would know (1) that the material will be about the pin, and (2) that it will probably discuss the beginnings and the background of the pin. Immediately you have something to look for in the article, and you read to find something. That alone makes reading more meaningful. Then you keep your eyes open to discover interesting things about pins.

Now see if you can read this short article and find the points about which more has been said, and see how many details these call to mind.

“The first pin worn was probably a thorn. Then men learned to make pins out of fishbones. In prehistoric times men were already making pins out of bronze. The first pin made was a safety pin and dates back to as early as 1000 B.C. The first pins used in Europe were made in France and imported to England and used as a decoration. In the 15th century pins were considered so precious that a collection of them made an expensive Christmas gift. Very often people gave money for Christmas and people guarded this money and saved it until they had enough to buy a selection of pins. This is where we get the expression ‘pin money.’ Pins vary greatly in size. Large blanket pins may be three or four inches in length. The smallest pins, used for scientific purposes, may weigh as little as 1/4500 of an ounce.

“In colonial days pins were very hard to get. England shipped them
to the colonies, but they were never plentiful. In the year 1775 the Continental Congress of the United States offered a prize to any company that could make the first twenty-five dozen domestic pins. They were to be of the same quality and design as the English pin. Today our country manufactures enough pins to supply more than one hundred a year for each person.”

The subject is the common pin.

Some of the points about which much was said were:
1. The first pins.

As you recall each of these main points, each brings back to mind the details related to it. Considerable practice is needed to insure accuracy of recall after a single reading, but the skill is of such value that the time spent developing it will be an invaluable investment rather than a loss.

(To be continued)

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To Remove Mountains
(Continued from page 313)

them in are dead and gone.

Be that as it may, the Lees had had a wagonload of company arrive, the overnight kind, and after a big supper the hired girl had gone into the parlor and sat down with the guests.

Never before had Ettie and Lavina, ages seven and nine, set eyes upon so large a mound of dirty dishes. The heap was a mountain of work as challenging as ever any Alpine pinnacle. All the courage drained out of the smaller child, and she went into the bedroom, put on her nightgown, and crawled into bed.

In the parlor the stereoscope had been passed around, and young Marion, age eleven, had recited his robust version of “The Wreck of the Hesperus.” Now the company was listening with the ear plugs to the escapades of “Old Josh” on the Graphophone. Father excused himself to see how things were going in the kitchen. He knew there was more there than two little girls could do. Lavina was dredging away.

“Where is Ettie?” Father asked.
"She got sick, and I sent her to bed," Lavina defended loyally.
Father started for the bedroom door.
"She is too little for such a big job," Lavina added.
Father went into the darkened room and sat down upon the bed. He felt for the small lump that was Ettie.

"Lavina tells me that you are quite sick," Father began sympathetically.
"I don't feel too well," Ettie confessed weakly.

"Was it something you ate?" Father inquired earnestly. "Do you think it was the roast beef? Or was it the Yorkshire pudding? I hope it wasn't the gooseberry pie?"

"I just hurt!"

"Yes," Father agreed, "I think that you hurt all right. That pile of dishes even makes me hurt."

"Oh, Father," Ettie whimpered, it was just too much for two little girls, and I just got sick. I just couldn't do it."

"Well, Ettie, Lavina is doing it. If it was too big a job for two little girls, don't you think it is too big a job for one little girl?"

By this time Ettie had her nightgown off and her petticoat on and was groping for her calico dress.

"Oh, I know that you are too sick to do it," Father sympathized, "but I came to tell you something that I think will make your stomach feel much better. It is something that you don't know, because you were too little to remember. But your mother was the cleanest woman that ever kept a house. Her kitchen was spotless. No matter how late the company stayed your mother stayed up until every dish was washed and scalded, dried, and put in the cupboard. Then she swept the floor, and if it needed it she scrubbed it. Never, as long as she lived, did she have to get out of bed in the morning to a batch of dirty dishes or a messy kitchen. I just wanted you to know that about your mother."

"You know, Ettie, you remind me very much of your mother. She had eyes like yours, and she was sweet and understanding and unselfish and thoughtful like you. I have an idea that when you grow up you will be very much like your mother."

Ettie hoped so. She finished lacing her shoes. The sickness was falling away and her strength was return-

If you just want to try SURE MEAL, send for the 20-meal size. But if you have a lot of weight to lose, order the economical 40-meal size at only $9.00, or the case of 6-40-meal containers for only $45.00.
ing to fill the empty places. She was almost well.

“I am glad that you are feeling better,” Lavina said as Ettie came back into the kitchen.

“Did you know that our mother was the cleanest woman who ever lived?” Ettie asked her.

“Yes,” said Lavina, “I can remember Mamma. She always smelled so good.”

“If you’ll do the sweeping, I’ll scrub,” Ettie offered.

Father peeked into the parlor. The company was telling stories; Aunt Inez was rocking her sleeping child; the hired girl was twisting her hands self-consciously in her lap. Aunt Inez would have to teach her how to crochet.

Father closed the parlor door without the squeak of a hinge.

“Would you mind very much if I stayed out here and helped you little girls with the dishes?” he asked.

And in no time at all the mountain was removed.

The memory of that night has spilled its power down through the stream of time—and many a mountain has given way before its irresistible force. And Ettie Lee has never had to rise in the morning to a dirty dish.

—

MY MOTHER

by Elinor Bingham Hodgson

My mother gave a gift to me. The gift is priceless, rare! It is not pearls about my neck Or a diadem in my hair.

She gave me of her love and grace Of which she had a store, She gave me courage, strength of will. Could I have asked for more?

She gave me strength to stand alone, When evil conflicts stirred. She gave me faith in life and God, And in the spoken word.

Where pitfalls lurked unnoticed She stretched forth her guiding hand. She built my house upon the rock Above the shifting sand.
A New Program for Servicemen

New and important changes have just been made in the LDS Servicemen’s Program.

These changes directly affect the Church service and spiritual well-being of the approximately 12,000 Latter-day Saint brethren now on active duty with the armed services. They will affect the additional thousands who in due course will discharge their military commitments through one of the many armed services programs which call for more than six months’ active duty.

This article contains vital information relative to these changes. All of the following, in particular, are asked to read and conform to it:

Mission and stake presidents; Bishops; Stake and ward clerks; Servicemen’s committees in stakes and wards; Co-ordinators and supervisors appointed in stakes and missions;

Parents and others whose relatives and friends are on active duty in the armed services; and

Those in the armed services.

In a recent letter sent by the First Presidency to all mission presidents, stake presidents, and bishops, the following policies and procedures were announced. The items involved are here quoted in full with some procedural explanations inserted in parentheses at the end of the quoted paragraphs.

“We have great concern for the spiritual well-being of members of the Church in the armed services, and have heretofore made stake presidents, mission presidents, district presidents, bishops, and branch presidents responsible for the spiritual welfare of their own absent members in the armed services, and for the welfare of other church servicemen stationed in their areas. To further increase the effectiveness of this program we now issue the following instructions:

1. Membership records of all servicemen and their families, including career servicemen, are to be retained in their home wards for the entire period of their military service.”

(The previous practice of sending the original membership records of career servicemen and their families to the wards and branches where these persons reside is discontinued. Such membership records should now be returned, through the Presiding Bishopric’s Office, to the original home ward of those concerned.)

2. A duplicate copy of the membership record, printed on pink paper and entitled ‘Serviceman’s Duplicate Membership Record (Including Family),’ should be made for all servicemen and such members of their families as are away from home for more than six months’ active duty. An initial supply of these new forms is being sent automatically to each ward. These duplicate records should follow servicemen and their families wherever they may be stationed, on a so-called permanent basis, in the areas of stakes or missions. Brethren going on active duty for six months or less are not included in this category, and no duplicate membership records are to be made for them.”
(An APO or FPO address is not sufficient to justify sending in the duplicate membership record forms for transmission to another locality. Unless and until an address is obtained from relatives or others which will show the actual land-based location of those concerned, such membership records must be retained in the home ward or branch. For convenience in compiling statistical and other data, ward clerks should mark or segregate the membership record cards of servicemen and their families in such a way as to show that the duplicate membership records have been sent out. Duplicate records should not be made for those now in the service who will be returning home in less than six months.)

“3. Home bishops and priesthood quorums continue to be responsible for the present system of interviews, correspondence, and sending of the Church News and Improvement Era to all servicemen.”

(Interviews—These should cover the general field of maintaining Church standards, of studying the gospel, of taking extension courses from Brigham Young University, of corresponding monthly with the bishop and priesthood quorum, of participating in wards or branches near military installations, and the reading—where endowed brethren are concerned—of the instructions relative to temple garments.

Correspondence—Without fail, every month, bishops and priesthood quorum officers are expected to write each of their servicemen. In cases where bishops are overburdened with other duties, they may have others prepare the letters, but the bishop should always sign them.

Church News and Improvement Era—These publications should go to each serviceman without cost to him. Those holding the Melchizedek Priesthood are to receive them from their quorums; those holding the Aaronic Priesthood or no priesthood are to be cared for under the bishop’s direction out of ward funds.

“4. Bishops or branch presidents in stake or mission areas where the serviceman is located and where the duplicate membership record is, assume full responsibility for the spiritual well-being of the brother and his family as fully and completely as if the original record of membership was in that ward or branch. This includes accounting for these brethren and sisters in all Church statistics, attending to priesthood ordinations, issuing of temple recommends, receiving tithing and all other contributions, and supervising all priesthood and auxiliary church service in general.”

(Please note that wards and branches having the duplicate membership records are now accountable for the servicemen and their families. Note also that these instructions supersede all previous directions relative to priesthood ordinations, temple recommends, tithing, and Church participation in general.)

“5. The present group organization program aboard ships and at various armed services installations is to be continued as at present under the direction of the stake or mission presidents whose areas are involved.”

(Wherever possible servicemen are better off to participate in the activities of wards and branches adjacent to their places of assignment. Where such participation is not conveniently available, as when brethren are aboard ship, or where circumstances are such that it may be supplemented, then regular servicemen’s groups are organized at military installations. These groups function under the direction of stake and mission presidents or, in some cases, directly under the General LDS Servicemen’s Committee.)

“6. Duplicate or activity records of membership for all brethren in the armed services who are stationed outside the areas of stakes or missions will be kept by the General LDS Servicemen’s Committee, 47 E. So. Temple Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.”

(The co-operation of all concerned will be of tremendous help in keeping track of the movements of servicemen and of learning their present locations. When brethren move into stake or mission areas, the servicemen’s committee will then forward the duplicate membership records to these organizations, through the Presiding Bishopric’s Office.)

“7. Home wards of servicemen for whom the duplicate membership record has been sent in are free from the responsibility of counting such brethren (and their families where such also are involved) in their statistical compilations, and all such brethren and their families are to be accounted for in the statistics of the Church organizations where their duplicate activity record of membership is found.”

(It is imperative that wards and branches in which areas servicemen are stationed use all of their facilities to bring the benefits of the full program of the Church to these brethren and their families. Opportunities for Church service should be provided. Every effort should be made to locate and reactivite inactive persons. This is a great missionary field, and it is just as important to save someone who is already in the Church as to go out and get a new convert.)

“8. Transfers of duplicate record of membership cards are to be made through the Presiding Bishopric’s Office according to present Church procedures.

“Your help and co-operation in carrying forward the great servicemen’s program of the Church is greatly appreciated.”

If all those who are involved in this great servicemen’s program will do all they should in it, the result will be increased spirituality and a greater hope of eventual salvation for many souls.
Ward Teaching Supplement
The Importance of Example

A characteristic of human nature is that man likes to imitate. The child wants to do things the way “daddy” does them; the aspiring young ballplayer spends hours practising the swing of Stan Musial or the grip of Hoyt Wilhelm; the bobby-soxer styles her hair “just like Doris Day’s.”

People exercise a tremendous power in the lives of others—sometimes without even realizing it. Not even the most mature and rational among us are exempt from such influences.

Literature and life prove this beyond dispute. We are familiar with the stories of Jean Valjean and Bishop Bienvenu, of Nancy Hanks and her son Abraham, of Paul and Agrippa, of Christ and Peter. How often do we hear of an acquaintance deviating from the straight and narrow a little—or a lot—because he “got in with the wrong crowd” . . . or of another, for whom we might have had little hope, being literally “saved from himself” by a noble friend or companion? Consciously and unconsciously, we all look to those people whom we respect and admire, and follow their example.

In no phase of life is this truer than in religion. Christ realized this when he told his followers to let their lights “. . . shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” (Matt. 5:16.) The religious life is personal, but not solely personal—it is also public. The gospel cannot be lived in a vacuum. Here no man can be an island, for one life of necessity touches many others—some only superficially, others profoundly and permanently. As has been wisely observed, a man’s religion is not his private property—if he doesn’t share it, he hasn’t any.

Thus the example we set in our lives is important. We can be great influences for good or for evil. And often our influence extends farther than we imagine. People, in the Church and out of the Church, are watching us and watching us closely—each of us—at times and in places we would never suspect.

Particularly is this true of our friends of other faiths. The Church is freeing itself the world over of a century’s accumulated prejudice and misconception, and honest, intelligent people of all faiths are looking seriously at the Mormons and their customs and beliefs. Often the only contact such people have with the Church is with one or two of our number with whom they happen to be acquainted. To such friends, these members are the Church, and the Church is judged solely, completely, and inevitably by the lives of these members. An awesome responsibility? To be sure.

The gospel is to be lived in the light of day, where all can see. It is good news for all men, and not something to be kept secret, not something of which we must be ashamed. If we are to be Latter-day Saints, let’s be the very best Latter-day Saints we possibly can. For the religious principles we live and practice, not those to which we merely render lip-service, will be the basis of the ultimate judgment of each of us in the eyes of our fellows . . . and in the eyes of our God.
Aaronic Priesthood Restoration Memorial

An Expression of Appreciation...

For many years we have been aware of the desirability of a monument commemorating the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood. The potential significance of such a memorial, both as a reminder to members of the divine manifestation commemorated, and as a missionary for the Church, seemed very great to us and to many of our brethren throughout the Church.

Accordingly, plans were conceived, discussed, modified, and sometimes discarded. After much prayer and consideration, announcement was made in 1956 of the projected building of such a memorial on Temple Square in Salt Lake City. Soon after, the design was enlarged to include a second memorial, this one to be erected near the site of the event itself—in upper Pennsylvania, near the banks of the Susquehanna River.

It was in this tranquil area of rolling hills and green vegetation that two young men, desirous of truth, took occasion on May 15, 1829 to offer a prayer on the subject of baptism. The results of that prayer—the visitation of John the Baptist, the baptism and ordination of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery—are known to, and are part of the heritage of, every member of this Church. Once again the authority to act in the name of God had been entrusted to mankind.

Lesser events and lesser men have many times immortalized in marble, copper, and bronze. We felt it only fitting to proceed with the design and erection of these monuments.

The Temple Square Memorial is of course long completed and has moved and inspired millions since its unveiling. Sculptured by Avard Fairbanks, it has earned the praise of critic and layman alike for its simple yet majestic beauty.

And now the second phase of this dream has become a reality. The Pennsylvania Memorial, also the product of the fertile talent of Dr. Fairbanks, has been completed. It should prove to be a great blessing to the Church. It will be a natural excursion goal for Latter-day Saints in the area and will attract members from many parts of the world.

The memorial will be a missionary, attracting the interest of passersby (it is near a highway) to itself and to the organization it represents...a testimony in bronze that cannot help creating a profound impression.

We await the dedication and a chance to see the completed monument and grounds, as do many of our co-workers in the Aaronic Priesthood program. We are grateful for the privilege of being associated with them in the completion of this memorial. Contributions from priesthood bearers were sufficient to finance both this and the Temple Square memorial, without drawing on any general Church funds.

We extend our gratitude to those brethren in the priesthood whose contributions, financial and otherwise, have brought this to pass. This memorial is a gift from the Aaronic Priesthood to the Church in which every member of that priesthood can take pride.

Sincerely your brethren,

The Presiding Bishopric

[Signatures]

MAY 1960
Mothers are People

In this great world of things
That we take for granted
And do not really see—
Heading the list is mothers.
Like fresh air,
We expect them just to be.
A mother is a habit
Yes, a wonderful necessary habit
But a habit
Nevertheless.
She gave us birth
Without our asking.
Gave us care and devotion
In our demanding growing years,

And she gave us love
Through every minute of each day.
No matter how we act
Our mother still loves us.
But of course,
Depending upon how we act,
She can't help liking us
Better sometimes
More than others.

We take this
Very special person
So very much for granted.
She's always there—
So like the sunlight,
The rain, the night,
Her very constancy
Makes her obscure to us
As a person—as a real individual.
Let's pause for a good look—

A mother is a girl with added experience,
An understanding friend,
A loyal person who stands up
Against the whole world
If it is abusing you.
A servant in the highest sense of the word,
Someone whose laughter matches yours,
Whose tears measure yours,
A woman whose eyes, ears, and heart
Are dedicated to you!

A mother is a lady—
Living, breathing, serving, and loving.
A hand to clasp when you're insecure,
A bosom to cry on
When you're discouraged.
A strong finger to point the way
When you are lost.
A smile to fill you full of warmth and peace.
It's good to set one day a year aside
To take a good look at Mother.
Heaven bless this day.
After we've been talking about
Strength, warmth, love, and heaven
It's a little mundane to mention
Food.
But on this day set aside for
Mothers, we humans must eat,
So let us
Gather together some
Delightful recipes and plan
A menu fit for
A queen—mother.

P.S. Prepare this meal please,
Without her helping hand.

MOTHER'S DAY DINNER

Tomato Aspic Appetizer
    Roast Leg of Lamb       Minted New Potatoes
Spring Medley (New peas, new carrots, tiny onions,
    frozen baby limas.)
    Hard Rolls             Sliced Pickled Cucumbers
    Angel Dessert

Directions to big sister:
Shop on Friday or early Saturday morning.
Season the lamb with salt and pepper. Place the skin side down on a rack in an open roasting pan. Lay strips of bacon over the meat if the fat covering is thin. Cover with foil and place in refrigerator. On Sunday take off the foil. Roast in a 350° F. oven 30 to 35 minutes a pound.
Prepare the tomato aspic on Saturday and let set in refrigerator until just before serving on Sunday. Unmold on salad greens and top with Cheese Dressing.

Tomato Aspic Appetizer
1 package of lemon Jello
1½ cups near boiling tomato juice
½ teaspoon onion salt
Dash of cloves, nutmeg, pepper, celery salt
1 cup finely chopped celery
1 large dill pickle chopped fine

Dissolve the lemon Jello in the hot tomato juice, add remaining ingredients. Set in individual molds in the refrigerator.

Cheese Dressing
1 cup mayonnaise
3 ounces Blue Cheese crumbled
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Mix all ingredients well. Let stand overnight in refrigerator. Serve one tablespoon full of dressing on top of each individual aspic.

**Minted New Potatoes**

Choose tiny new potatoes, scrub well Saturday and put in a pan all ready to boil Sunday. Cover potatoes with salted water and add 3 or 4 sprigs of mint and boil until tender. Drain and add 2 tablespoons of cream and sprinkle with chives or the chopped greens of spring onions.

**Hard Rolls**

Cut each roll in three slices to within a half inch of the bottom crust. Spread between slices with softened butter flavored with garlic powder. Place on cookie sheet and heat in 350° F. oven before serving.

**Angel Dessert**

Bake, in a large tubed pan, an angel cake from a prepared mix. Do this Saturday. Sunday just before dinner time frost the cake with sweetened whipped cream and trickle the Chocolate Sauce over the top lightly, and let it run sparingly down the sides of the cake. Use as a centerpiece on a tall cake plate surrounded with violets.

**Quick and Delicious Chocolate Sauce**

Melt chocolate almond candy bars (allow 1 small bar for each person) over hot (not boiling) water: add a little table cream and some bite-size marshmallows. Stir until sauce is smooth and creamy and just the right consistency to spoon over the whipped cream.

For an after Church supper on Mother's Day serve creamed hard-cooked eggs with ripe olives and chopped parsley over toast or waffles. Easy, quick, and delicious. Add celery and carrot sticks and a root-beer float to round out the meal.

*Be thou like a bird perched upon some frail thing, which, although he feels the branch bending beneath him, yet loudly sings, knowing full well that he has wings.*

---

**ON BEING A LADY**

**A Feminine Girl**

Do your manners show only when the fellows are around? Are you also a lady with the girls? True popularity begins here. No fellow wants a girl none of the other girls like. The girls you are with from day to day deserve your thoughtfulness and kindness. To be really popular, you must have girl friends as well as boy friends. Many of your most happy moments in this life will be shared with other girls. Now this doesn’t mean just one other girl. A girl duet, going through life together is not good. Perhaps the other girl is “poison” to the boys: your being with her constantly will have a little of that poison spilled on you. Or on the other hand, if she really is a glamorous girl, you might be enthroned and become the forgotten partner when the boys are around. Then, too, if you are so close with this girl that all others are excluded, you might find yourself all alone one fine day if she decides to walk off and leave you. There she goes with all your secrets. You told your whole heart to her, and now she isn’t your best friend any more. Enjoy a large group of girls. You leave a little bit of you with everyone you associate with, and they leave a little bit of themselves with you. So be careful of the companions you choose.
Be the one with the fun ideas—
a real starter. Think up thought-
ful things to do for your friends. Re-
member birthdays with gay little
cards, a bottle of cologne if one is
ill, a note of congratulations to a
winner, or a kind note to a loser,
a batch of special fudge as a going
away present. Oh, it's fun to think
of the other person.

Remember we are talking about
girls. Be a real feminine person.
Look like a girl at all times. Have
grace of movement, softness of
voice, tenderness of feeling. A boy
wants a girl for a date, not a little
brother. A fellow wants his girl to
be finer and gentler than he.
The dictionary tells us to be
feminine is to be modest, delicate,
tender, sweet, and tactful.

Be a lady with grownups too.
Your mother's friends, your teachers,
the mothers of your friends, the
neighbors will all love you for your
thoughtfulness to them, your cheery
"hello," your pause to chat, your
treating them like someone special.
It's these little things that all add up
to a charming you.

Manners are of top importance.
Manners are the happy way of doing
things; manners make the other per-
son feel good; manners make it easy
to live with others.

---

ETERNAL FEMININE

by Zara Sabin

Trees, like women, weary of the same
Old clothes, discard them gaily
When Autumn comes—You find their
paling piles
Growing deeper daily—
The green, the bronze, the gold or
climbing stripes
Of leaves that cover nature's wintry
beds.

Then garbed in black—sophisticates—
They vainly would determine
How many days or weeks they still
Must wait for gowns of ermine;
And now, with snow close-tingling,
seem to strain
To burst their buds and have green
gowns again!

---

Elko Cook used this recipe to Win Gold Ribbon
at County Fair

Huffy Puffy Doughnuts

"I should call these my Fifty Dollar Doughnuts ... that's
the amount I won!" says Mrs. C. W. Enke, who took the
new Gold Ribbon for yeast baking at Nevada's Elko County
Fair. "Of course my doughnuts get a welcome
at home, and I think your family will
like them, too. But be sure you use
Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast.
It's the fastest rising, and so
dependable. It's easy to bake a
success with Fleischmann's Yeast."

Huffy Puffy Doughnuts

1 cup Blue Bonnet Margarine
1 cup sugar
6 eggs
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon vanilla extract
1 tablespoon lemon extract
1 quart liquid
3 packages Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
½ cup warm (not hot) water
15 cups sifted flour (about)

Cream margarine and sugar. Add eggs, salt
and flavorings. Add the liquid which may be
warm water, milk which has been scalded
and cooled to lukewarm, or a combination
of milk and water. Add yeast which has been
dissolved in warm (not hot) water. Mix all
together. Add 8 cups flour; beat until
smooth. Gradually add remaining flour,
 enough to make a soft dough. Turn out on
floured board. Knead until smooth and
elastic 10-15 minutes. Put in greased bowl;
brush top with soft shortening. Cover. Let
rise in warm place, free from draft, until
doubled in bulk about 1 to 1½ hours.
Knead down and let rise again until light.
Turn dough out onto board. Divide into
four equal parts. Roll each ½-inch thick and
cut with floured doughnut cutter. Place on
board and let rise in warm place until light.
Fry in deep fat 375°F. Cook until golden
brown, turn and cook the other side. Drain
well and roll in sugar. Makes 5 dozen.

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In the Footsteps of My Ancestors

(Continued from page 318)

our own work finished.

Perhaps the most wonderful and impressive experience, and one that will remain with us as long as we live, occurred in the tiny village of Steeple Ashton, Wilts. One of the members of my own ward had asked us to visit the parish in this small farming community, for his people had supposedly originated there. Our first stop, as usual, was the parish where we worked for a considerable time. We were elated, feeling that we might then look around the countryside—a thing we did because sight-seeing was usually not in our schedule, and our tours of the areas consisted for the most part of buying postcards at a corner store and spending the evening looking at them. Our country lane led onto the highway, and our route led to the right. We stopped before making the turn, and I turned to the girls and said, "I have to visit a Kingman family here." They were all surprised and asked why. I myself did not know why. We had not visited families of the surnames we were working on in other areas, nor did we on the remainder of the trip, yet I felt very strongly that we should do so at this time. Instead of turning to the right, we went to the left, back into the little town. A group of people were talking near one of the stores, and we pulled up before them and inquired where a Kingman family might live. They directed us farther on down the road to a moderate sized house with a beautifully cared for garden. In this house lived an elderly man and his wife who graciously invited me in. During the next three hours I was to learn that this man was the last of the line in England. The woman brought out many pictures and the family Bible that she had kept for many years. She handed it to me and said:

"I would like you to have this; I'm sure you will appreciate it."

No one will ever know the overwhelming feeling that was in my heart as I looked at the backleaf. On it was written in a very nice hand the names of the family I was searching for, the children and all their birthdates. They added many more important facts and dates and informed me that this writing was their great-grandmother's written in 1892. This was also the great-grandmother of my friend at home. This Bible with the pictures I brought home as a remembrance of the most marvelous experience of my trip.

How does one put into words his feelings so that others might read and understand? How does one express his gratitude for his heritage? Above all, how does one show his love and appreciation and thanks to a lovely daughter, Sharron Rae Taylor, a wonderful friend, Paun Mickelson, and a very sweet girl whom I have learned to love as though she were my own daughter, Sharron Mickelson? How do I thank them for giving freely of their time and their own money to do work for others? Without them this trip could not have been, for the two months we spent multiplied by four totals up eight months of work—and I could never have done this myself. I can never repay them, but I would ask my Heavenly Father for his choicest blessings upon them.

If I were to seek reward, I would find it in watching two sweet young girls live closely to their Heavenly Father and put their hearts into prayer and develop deep abiding testimonies and a faith that their mothers often drew upon.

We can never thank our husbands enough, for they gave up their summer to take care of our small children as well as to continue their jobs. They sent their blessings and encouragement with us. We have come home with grateful hearts for who we are, where we live, and what we have; with desires to serve, with testimonies that will strengthen us for many years to come. Our hearts are full to overflowing with gratefulness for our Heavenly Father's goodness unto us. We are very humble before him, realizing all these things we owe to his kindness, and we know he would have us show our gratitude by living more righteous lives and doing his will to the best of our ability.

"Seek and ye shall find," (Matt. 7:7) surely is God's promise to those who will try with a sincere heart. I know now that this applies to genealogy as much as to any other factor in this Church, and that seemingly insurmountable problems and trials and evil designs will vanish by the wayside.
What Is an Ideal Family?

(Continued from page 310)

living away from parents, having a job with a future, having plans for a home and a car, having ambitions for a good-sized family, having plans to continue with an education, and setting goals which will some day lead to independence and security. These are gravitational centers which draw the souls of a boy and a girl together and thereby motivate them to work with all their might to make their little kingdom a reality.

(To be continued)

These Times

(Continued from page 292)

ture? Will China explode a nuclear weapon and join the US, USSR, United Kingdom, and France in the nuclear weapons "society"? What if China should develop the energy to send her peoples into all parts of the earth, say, in the same way the British did after the days of Henry VII? Would the fate of the American Indians befall some of us? Science will work in Chinese hands as well as British and German.

3. The success or failure of the effort to share prosperity. Is the faith manifest in foreign aid, technical assistance, economic co-operation justified? The answer is firmly in the affirmative from the standpoint of Christian ethics. The problem becomes one as follows: Are Christian ethics, as justification for faith in foreign aid a stronger force than self-interest and treachery? How can faith and works be maneuvered to back up dollars and technical assistance?

4. The success or failure of the fight for the standards of tolerance and human freedom in ordinary affairs. This is the problem all must face. How to make "peaceful co-existence" understandable to those who preach it but who neither understand it nor practice it?

The British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has given us some thoughtful matters for consideration in these times.

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Kayaks Down the Nile

(Continued from page 324)

Ethiopians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks, French, and British, yet the only major influences of all these foreign conquerors to endure have been Arabic and Mohammedanism, the state language and religion.

As in millennia past they struggle for existence in poverty and illiteracy on tiny farms averaging less than one acre, for a wage of about thirty-five cents a day, barely enough to keep them alive. Malnutrition, pellagra, parasitic blood diseases, tuberculosis, typhoid, and dysentery devastate their strength and cut their life expectancy to less than thirty-eight years.

Before passing through the Asyut barrage, our third dam in 200 miles, we stopped at the American Presbyterian Mission Hospital and Leper Clinic, first established in Asyut (70,000 population), only large city in upper Egypt as a small day clinic in 1891 by a Kansas medical missionary, Dr. L. M. Henry. Despite the natives' distrust of Christians and their belief that disease is caused by demoniacal possession, the hospital has steadily expanded from a one-room donkey stable to a modern well-equipped institution staffed by twenty skilled American and Egyptian doctors and nurses, who administer to as many as 8,000 patients a year.

A medical check-up by one of the doctors showed we were in fair condition but suffering from a deficiency of every known and probably unknown vitamin. After a complete tour of the hospital and Leper Clinic, we went to see a sanatorium where 153 out-patients afflicted with Hansen's Disease are treated twice a week. We were guided around the highly esteemed mission schools, the primary, secondary, equivalent to a U.S. high school, and the college, attended by children from the best families of Egypt.

Across the river we called on the "Nile Mother," Lillian Trasher, a sixty-three-year-old American from Jacksonville, Florida, who for forty-eight years has been "Mama" to thousands of Egypt's orphaned and desertified waifs. Her amazing orphanage, started in 1911 with a thirty-five-cent donation and a tiny emancipated baby, is home to 630 children of all ages and Miso Trasher is their only mother, a tenderhearted philanthropist with a heart as big as a cabbage and a leaf for every member of her immense adoring family.

One of our most chilling escapades came one morning when we were jumped by an armed gang of Arab bandits as we were blithely strolling along through a lonely mountainous region near Daerun. In an obvious attempt to intercept us the desperadoes, about twenty in number, attacked in five small feluccas, shouting and brandishing their rifles as they surged towards us. Fortunately the Nile was nearly one thousand yards wide giving us ample room for evasive action. By summoning all our strength and paddling furiously we managed to elude and finally outdistance them. Just as we were making good our escape, bullets began whizzing around as the infuriated, cursing men blasted away with their rifles. For the first time we found ourselves blessing instead of damning the incessant wind; the waves it stirred up kept our kayaks bobbing like corks, making us awkward targets to hit, even for the best marksman. Upon reaching the first village downstream, we breathlessly reported our unerving experience to the Omda who received our shocking account with a philosophical "maleesh," and indispensable Arabic word meaning roughly, "It's fate." (By the time we had reached Cairo I was convinced that the three stars in Egypt's flag represented the three most typical characteristics of her people: baksheesh, hashish, and maleesh.)

Two weeks later we reached Cairo (population 2,500,000) largest metropolis of Africa where our report of the attack brought prompt action from the authorities. A posse of two hundred Egyptian soldiers were sent out against the outlaws who quickly surrendered after only a brief skirmish, and were then rounded up and imprisoned. For several days we lingered at the cosmopolitan capital feting like celebrities by a host of new friends who had been following our progress, among them Mr. Jefferson, at that time U.S. Ambassador to Egypt, who graciously invited me as guest of honor to a Fourth of July garden party for the American colony at his home. We spent much time roaming Cairo's teeming streets and bazaars, gazing at some of its 365 mosques, many of them centuries old, and generally
absorbing the exotic atmosphere of a city one thousand years old where ancient and modern are inseparably intermingled. Little did we dream that six months later Cairo would be devastated by a torch-carrying mob of anti-British rioters, with sixty-seven individuals killed and nearly $5 million dollars worth of buildings (among them Shepheard’s Hotel) and property destroyed during the catastrophe.

Seven miles west of Cairo we visited the most famous of all antiquities, the three pyramids of Gizeh, known to the world as Egypt’s trademark. Of the sixty-seven various sized pyramids erected through the centuries along a sixty-mile stretch of the Nile only eleven remain intact today. The three at Gizeh are the largest and most perfectly preserved of all, built by three kings of the Old Kingdom over four thousand years ago. Cheops (Khufu), Khephren, and Mycerinus, to insure preservation of their mummified bodies and to glorify their names for eternity. The Great Pyramid of Cheops, man’s mightiest monument, was constructed on a scale that staggers the imagination. For twenty years some 100,000 workmen toiled to create this triangular mountain of solid granite, stacking 2,300,000 individual blocks, each weighing two and a half tons, to a height of 481 feet—enough stone to build a wall four feet high from Los Angeles to St. Johns, Newfoundland! When finished each pyramid was sheathed from pinnacle to base with a limestone casing, expertly fitted to form a completely smooth surface. But the Moslem builders of Cairo appropriated the casing stones and many of the large granite blocks to use in their own buildings, such as the first Citadel, architectural crown and most prominent landmark of Cairo, and the magnificent mosque of Sultan Hassan. Now only the summit of the Second Pyramid retains any of the facing stones, which formerly made scaling of the colossal mausoleums impossible. With Jean accompanying me I fulfilled a boyhood ambition by climbing to the top of the Great Pyramid where, with one sweeping gaze, we beheld everything characteristic of Egypt—the shimmering yellow desert, the green valley of the Nile, and the other age-old monuments. In the distance we could see the step pyra-

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mid of King Zoser at Sakkarra, said to be the oldest man-made structure in existence.

Our spirits were buoyant as we departed from Cairo, escorted by several racing shells from the Royal Rowing Club. We felt that our expedition was practically over now we had only 120 additional miles to cover. We should have remembered what we had long since discovered, that the only predictable thing about the Nile is its being unpredictable. Twenty miles downstream, we were forced to detour down the Bagouria Canal, part of the sprawling network of waterways through the flat, fertile Delta country, where two-thirds of Egypt's cotton, her most important crop, is grown.

Gliding quietly along the narrow canal, fringed with small villages, we were able to observe the life and customs of the people to a remarkable degree, often without their even being conscious of our passing. The villagers displayed intense excitement when they did spot us. Women washing or filling their jars at the water's edge scattered in alarm like a covey of quail, and swarms of men and boys chased after us along the banks.

The flustered reactions of the people did not worry us greatly, we knew they were unaccustomed to seeing foreigners, therefore when we paused to photograph a graceful, dutch-shoe shaped felucca one day near the village of Kaaf Shubra we were totally unprepared for the riotous sequence of events which followed. A rumor as we learned later, had swept through the town that we were, of all things, Israeli spies engaged in espionage, (Egypt was officially at war with Israel) bringing a mob of almost hysterically agitated fellahin to the banks.

Not understanding what the roughness was all about but realizing a dangerous situation was brewing, we started paddling away as fast as possible. We didn't get far before the overwrought natives began bombarding us with grapefruit-sized clods of hard clay, several of which made direct hits on our bodies as well as our kayaks. Faced with the vicious stoning we had no alternative but to surrender and chance the consequences. Several in the crowd were in such a frenzy that even after our capitulation they continued pelting us with sticks and clods until held back by their companions. Upon landing we were quickly surrounded by the whole village, nearly three hundred jostling, spitting, vilifying natives. Our passports, which we attempted to hold up for examination, were thrown to the ground in the confusion. Just as it seemed that we would be killed on the spot three gaffirs (village policemen) edged their way through the milling throng and, heeding our demands, led us to the dwelling of the Omda.

The official proved to be a doddering old gentleman who was completely bewildered by the commotion we had caused. Unable to decide what to do with us he ordered his gaffirs to lock us up in the local prison, a flea-ridden hosegow, where we fretted for hours until a police lieutenant arrived from a neighboring town. He was about the twentieth person to examine our passport and official papers but, like all the others, he was perplexed as to what to do, so finally loaded us in his pick-up and drove to the large town of Minouf to let the commandant of police decide our case. Fortunately the Commandant Medhat El Morrass could speak English and had "followed the expedition with envy from the beginning." Our description of the attack elicited profuse apologies from him and a promise that he would personally take steps to insure us from any further demonstrations.

We bade farewell to our host the next morning after spending the night at his home and were driven back to Kaaf Shubra through the densely populated region where the inhabitants number two thousand per square mile. We found two guards watching over the boats and an unusually subdued citizenry lining the banks upon our return.

As we shoved off, eager to make up for lost time, three husky soldiers garbed in khaki and red tarbooshes with rifles slung across their backs appeared on the right bank, each astride a handsome Arabian stallion. An escort to protect us from any more trouble along the way—compliments of the commandant! Every few hours a fresh team would take over the job of escorting us so that every minute while we were proceeding towards the Mediterranean we were convoyed by two and sometimes three alert guardians.

After experiencing eight thousand miles of rugged travel through the

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remote regions of nine countries of Africa, virtually unarmed and completely independent, it seemed to us rather a ludicrous situation to have an armed guard totaling twenty-four mounted men watch over us during the last hundred miles of our journey.

Nine arduous months after commencing our “impossible” expedition we arrived at Rosetta, our long-dreamed of and, at times, seemingly unattainable goal. Thus we think we became the first men in history to explore successfully from its most remote head springs to its mouth the 4,160 mile length of the queen of all rivers, the mighty Nile. That we achieved this feat is a tribute not so much to any courage or stamina on our part, but to the constant guidance, protection, and sustaining influence of our Heavenly Father.

To the query of the welcoming mayor of Rosetta, “Was it worth it?” I merely replied, “I wouldn’t trade this experience for $1,000,000.” Under my breath I murmured, “And I wouldn’t duplicate it again for ten times that amount.”

“I really didn’t think you’d ever make it,” replied the mayor.

“Well, four can do anything when one of them is God,” said I.

“He who once drinks the water of the Nile, though he may travel to the ends of the earth, will return to drink again.”

(Ancient Egyptian Proverb.)

This prophecy came true, and the Nile became “the river of return” for Jean Laporte who went back to the river just a year later. Accompanying him was Jacques Blein, a 42-year-old ethnologist. The two men planned to make a colored movie of the Victoria Nile and to travel over the 125 mile stretch of the Nile which Laporte missed on the expedition. Tragedy struck when they capsized in a violent rapid after covering only eight miles of the river below Ripon Falls. Laporte managed to save himself by clinging to a rock from which he swam safely to shore, but Blein was swallowed up and disappeared, presumably eaten by crocodiles, for not a trace was ever found of him even though a rescue party led by Laporte searched for three days. The Siren Nile had lured another victim to his death.
A gentle old lady on a suburban bus watched for some time, with the kindliest interest, a young soldier sitting next to her. The fellow was chewing gum vigorously. Finally, she leaned across, patted him on the knee, and said:

"I'm awfully sorry, but it simply isn't any use trying to talk to me, young man, I'm completely deaf."

A wealthy Texan tipped a waiter $100 in a New York restaurant.

"Pardon me," gasped the astonished man. "You gave me $100. There must be some mistake."

"That should teach you a lesson," complained the Texan. "Next time I come, I hope I'll get some better service."

An Englishman, an Irishman, and an American were flying over the Sahara Desert.

"A beastly place," the Englishman said.

"The devil's home," said the Irishman.

"What a parking lot!" said the American.

A teacher, annoyed with clock-watching students, covered the clock with a card on which was lettered: "Time will pass. Will you?"

Gossip is the art of saying nothing in a way that leaves nothing unsaid.

"A banker," said Mark Twain, "is a fellow who lends you his umbrella when the sun is shining and wants it back the minute it begins to rain."

Beautiful faces are they that wear The light of a pleasant spirit there; Beautiful hands are they that do Deeds that are noble, good, and true; Beautiful feet are they that go Swiftly to lighten another's woe.

"All the flowers of tomorrow are in the seeds of today."—Chinese proverb.

No one better realizes the value of an education than someone who sends a youngster through college.

The white collar class is that which is most often taken to the cleaners.

Children who are careful not to make a noise are usually preparing some sort of explosion.
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