Great new milestones will be marked by Brigham Young University with the opening of autumn semester this month. Although it can look back on an illustrious history of 85 years during which it has become one of the great universities of the world, the Church university also now looks forward to an exciting era of challenge and excellence.

In its constant, intensive striving for high academic standards, the University is expanding its campus with beautiful new buildings like the library, above, has increased scholarships, inaugurated a new Honors Program for gifted students, and fostered appreciation for excellence in the entire student body.

Also this year BYU will change over to the semester system from the quarter system in the interest of scholarship. The semester system, which is used by most universities, will allow closer coordination with the high schools, provides more solid courses and eliminates fringe classes, provides more study time because there is less “starting and stopping” machinery during the year.

But regardless of change, the eternal values of spiritual growth will always remain at BYU. Here the student may receive balanced education because religious training is combined with the academic and physical in an ideal social climate. Plan now to attend.

- REMEMBER THESE DATES -
Orientation .................................. Sept. 21-24
Registration .................................. Sept. 26-27
Classes Begin ................................. Sept. 28
Ear’s Differential Timing

Dr. J. Donald Harris of the U.S. Medical Research Laboratory has called attention to the ear’s ability to distinguish a difference in arrival time as of little as six millionths of a second of a short burst of noise at the eardrums when all other physical factors are kept constant.

Bacon Beetle Growth Dependent on Humidity

The rate of growth of the bacon beetle larvae may be up to three times as rapid in an atmosphere of 80 percent relative humidity as in an atmosphere of only 40 percent relative humidity.

Blood Types of Seals

Research by scientists in Japan and the United States has found four different blood types in North Pacific Ocean fur seals which distinguish certain individuals from the majority of the seals tested.

Tides in the Ocean

The tides in the oceans move enormous amounts of water; and where there is an estuary, a tide may reach a difference of over 50 feet in level as at the Bay of Fundy between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in eastern Canada. Twice a day 100 billion tons of water move in and out of the Bay of Fundy, about 70 times the daily volume of the Mississippi River at New Orleans. In France, work was begun in 1956 to harness the tides of the Rance River, two miles upstream from St. Malo, Brittany, equaling half a million tons of coal in power production a year when completed in 1963.

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THE COVER:

"We thank thee, O God, for a prophet
To guide us in these latter days..."

President David O. McKay will mark his eighty-seventh birthday September 8th
(probably at his desk in the Church Administration building and at a
Thursday meeting of General Authorities
in the Salt Lake Temple).

This character sketch in black and white photography is the work of
Fernand Rausser, Bern, Switzerland.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Cover lithographed in full color
by Deseret News Press.
1. **TOWARD A BETTER LIFE**  
Mark E. Petersen  
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2. **JOSEPH SMITH, the MAN and the SEER**  
Hyrum L. Andrus  
Dr. Andrus, of Brigham Young University, has gathered new material from eyewitnesses—friends and foes—that gives new insight into the character and spiritual powers of the Prophet. Many of these accounts have never been published before.  
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3. **TRUE TO THE FAITH**  
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The Inarticulate Campaign Issue

BY G. HOMER DURHAM
Vice President, University of Utah

A major issue in the 1960 presidential campaign may never become articulate—in the United States. Informed quarters abroad may discuss it. The matter may be brushed only lightly by nominees and speech makers before American audiences. The issue itself, by its very terms, appears to be no issue at all. To that extent it is deceptive and elusive. It is real, nevertheless. The issue is whether or not the American government is strong enough to stand the internal pressures placed upon it. Strength means adequate constitutional authority plus the willingness to use it. The deceptive aspect is that most citizens believe the government has too much authority already, and that those in power are too willing to use it. This may not always be true.

The government of the United States is probably strong enough to stand and withstand external pressures. But a different situation exists with respect to internal affairs. The key to understanding lies in the fact that (in Lincoln's phrase) we attempt to have government for, by, and of the people. "Popular government" is one of the phrases political science uses to describe government "by" the people.

Popular government is an effort to make government responsive to the wishes of the people. In the words of the Declaration of Independence, "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." But those who come to power by the processes of consent may be unwilling to wield necessary power on some occasions for fear of becoming "unpopular." Popular government therefore needs leaders who respect the people but do not fear becoming, on occasion, personally unpopular.

The governed grant consent for action rather freely when external threats appear. Congress acts quickly, the President directs firmly, the administration flexes its muscles, and the people generally lend ready support. But when the time comes for the government to steer a strong and steady course with the farm problem, the labor problem, or other internal situations of moment, it is a different story. It should be.

James Madison in the tenth Federalist paper argued that "the extent" and "nature" of the federal union was such as to prevent any "faction" from dominating the whole system. (Continued on page 663)
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The Church Moves On

June 1960


18 The Susquehanna Aaronic Priesthood Memorial Monument was dedicated at the Township of Oakland (formerly Harmony), Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, by Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin. Here the Aaronic Priesthood was restored to the Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery by John the Baptist, May 15, 1829. Other speakers on the dedication program were Elders Thorpe B. Isaacson and Carl W. Buehner of the Presiding Bishopric. Musical selections were by the hearers of the Aaronic Priesthood from the New Jersey, New York, and Washington stakes, and by the congregation.

Elder David H. Yarn, Jr., and Edith B. Bauer appointed to the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

19 Puget Sound Stake, the 299th stake of the Church, was organized by Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve and Elder William J. Critchlow, Jr., Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, from portions of Tacoma (Washington) Stake, with Elder Herbert S. Anderson sustained as president and Elders LuDene P. Snow and Walter Gehring as counselors. Elder Owen H. Dickson sustained as president of Tacoma Stake succeeding President Elvin E. Evans. President Dickson’s counselors are Elders Elmer C. Larson and Delos B. Price. . . . For about a year, beginning in 1897, active missionary work was carried on in Oregon, Washington, and northern Idaho, under the direction of the Oneida Stake of southern Idaho. The efforts grew into the Northwestern States Mission.

23 The First Presidency announced the creation of the West Mexican Mission by a division of the Northern Mexican Mission, embracing the northwestern area of Mexico from the United States border south along the Sierra Madre mountain range to the northern border of the Mexican Mission which extends across mid-Mexico from Tepic on the west to Tampico on the east coast of Mexico. The new mission is to include Baja (Lower) California. Headquarters for the mission are expected to be established in Ciudad Obregon. Elder Harold E. Turley, now bishop of the El Paso (Texas) First Ward has been called as president of the mission. The first elders (Continued on page 658)
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BECAUSE REDWOOD has a high degree of dimensional stability, it is often used for such imaginative design elements as this sliding grille. Note, too, how the redwood is used here to relate interior with exterior.

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Few woods, if any, can compare with the ability of redwood to meet the most critical requirements of both the architect and owner. In the first place, redwood has an appealing, natural beauty, a rich textural quality, an almost infinite variety of color tones and grain patterns. Redwood also has a number of unique physical characteristics that make it highly resistant to decay, time and the elements. Redwood can therefore be used inside or out, for fine interior paneling or garden furniture.

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Letters and Reports

Pictured above is the only all Maori Scout troop in the world. The 1st Ranginui Troop, Judea Branch, Taupanga, New Zealand, was organized two years ago. With the beginning of MIA branch troops all over the mission this year it is expected that other all Maori troops will follow the Ranginui Troop example. Pictured, left to right, are: (Back row) P. Kohu, Patrol leader; D. Matthews; L. Kohu, Patrol Leader; J. Kohu; D. Ormsby; B. Williams; A. Thompson; and G. A. Ormsby. (Middle row) C. Ormsby, Assistant Scout Master; Roy Matthews, Group Scout Master; E. Matthews; P. Kohu; B. Foster, Patrol Leader; B. Mikaere; R. Nepia; M. Matthews, Assistant Scout Master; C. Matthews, Scout Master. (Front row) A. Taupe, E. Ormsby; W. Witteri; P. J. Kohu, Patrol Leader; and N. Williams.

At the Indianapolis Stake Conference in Indianapolis, Indiana, in April, 1960, R. Wayne Pace received the first earned Master M Man award and pin in that stake.

Wayne is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Pace of the Hoytsville Ward, Summit (Utah) Stake. He is married to the former Gae Teuiler of the Geneve Ward, Bear Lake Stake (Idaho), and they have four children—2 boys and 2 girls.

Wayne was graduated from North Summit High School and seminary, from the University of Utah, from Brigham Young University, and at the present time is a candidate for the Ph.D. degree at Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana. He will join the Department of Speech and Dramatic Arts at Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, as Associate Professor of Speech in September.

Wayne has served as superintendent of the YMMIA in the Pacific Grove Ward (California) and president of the 1st Elders Quorum in the Indianapolis Stake (Indiana), as well as being very active in various wards in California, Utah, and Indiana, while completing the Master M Man requirements.

Fredonia, Arizona

Dear Editors:

I have taken the Era even before we were married, and we were married 49 years December 6, 1919. I have read it continually from cover to cover. I only wish it was in every home in the United States and was read by every boy and girl in the home. I have volumes 19 to 27 bound and I prize them. In all my reading of the Era, I have found no advertising of tobacco or liquor on any of its pages. I congratulate the Era.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Brookshby

820

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
This year, Arvil G. Carter, of Kearns, and his family will have more fun when they head for the outdoors to enjoy fishing, hunting and camping. The reason — Mr. Carter recently purchased a new house trailer.

There's a trail leading from this purchase directly to Mr. Carter's ingenuity as a carpenter at Kennecott's Utah Refinery. Through Kennecott's Employee Suggestion System, he submitted an idea for improving the wooden flooring in the refinery tank house. His suggestion earned an initial award of $500, which helped him buy the much-wanted trailer. In a year, re-evaluation of the suggestion may result in an additional award.

Mr. Carter's suggestion was just one of nearly 2500 accepted by Kennecott's Utah Division since the Suggestion System was established about three years ago. The Division has paid more than $65,000 in awards — money that has been used by employees to buy the extras that add to the enjoyment of living.

Beyond the immediate cash benefits to employees, the Suggestion System has an even more vital long-range significance to copper production in Utah. It results in improvements that help Kennecott operate more efficiently and economically. Efficiency and economy are keys to successful operations and successful operations result in continued economic benefits for our entire state.

Utah Copper Division  Kernecott Copper Corporation

Proud to be part of a growing Utah
President David O. McKay observes his eighty-seventh birthday on September the eighth.

PRESIDENT
DAVID O. MCKAY
A TRIBUTE
BY A. HAMER REISER

Since 1906, at the age of thirty-two, when David O. McKay was called to be a "special witness" of the Lord Jesus Christ, his opportunities to exemplify "the perfect gentleman" have been world wide.

In the fifty-four years of his dedicated career untold thousands have felt the influence of his example and precepts. This influence is observed from the manifestations of his personality, his words, and his quiet, forceful manner.

I observe a similar quality in his children, who are in behavior "in his image" and in the image of their remarkable mother. They have the same quality of quiet dignity and bearing.

Impressive to me are the easy, natural ways in which the influence of his personality comes into the consciousness of people. I have observed this in his attitude toward children and
his communication with them. At the ground-breaking ceremony at Newchapel in England in the summer of 1953 a little girl asked for his autograph. She did not follow him to the table where he could write it for her. She disappeared into the crowd. He was uneasy for several hours, fearing that he had disappointed a little child. The outcome was happy when she came with her father and mother to the home of the mission president in London. Her father, Colonel Tueller, had made arrangements for President and Sister McKay to attend the Queen’s garden party at Buckingham Palace and came to give the President the information. When Rozanne was introduced again to the President, she said, “I have already met President McKay at Newchapel. I asked him for his autograph.”

“And did you get it?” the President asked. “No,” said Rozanne, “Father thought I should not trouble you.”

“Did I ask you if you thought I could write?” “Yes,” she said, “and I said I thought you could.”

“Then may I give it to you now?” asked the President. “Yes, if you please,” replied Rozanne. And she was a happy little girl and he a much relieved President.

He had kept faith with a little child. “Keeping faith” is one of his cardinal principles.

Another trait is his innate thoughtfulness for other people. This is manifested in innumerable ways. I observed one when he thought he had lost his beautiful ruby ring, Sister McKay’s gift to him. We were en route by air from Lisbon, Portugal, to South Africa. He missed it as we were leaving Lisbon. A gracious airlines hostess at the airport offered to have a careful search made at the Lisbon hotel and airport and to send word after us of her findings. One morning in Johannesburg as the President came down into the lobby of the hotel, he was smiling brightly. He told me he had found his ring and immediately asked me to send a message to the Lisbon hostess to spare her further concern on his account.

In numerous other ways this noble trait of character has expressed itself. I recall instances as we traveled from London north into Scotland when he visited in 1953 at the birthplace of his father in Janetstown, near Thurso. And again in 1958 when he arranged to have his sister, Jeanette (Mrs. Morrell), go to the birthplace of their mother, Jeanette Evans, at Plas Helygen, Clwydd de fagwar, Cefn Coed, near Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales.
In fact, this quality of character is as constant and natural with him as breathing.

His goodwill also has a universal quality and scope. Doubtless this has been nourished by the great scope and extent of his contacts and travels. Since his call to the apostleship he has traveled into the far corners of the Church and throughout the organized stakes. His duties as general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union board brought him into close association with adults, youth, and children, in Sunday Schools, conventions, and conferences. On the world (Continued on page 666)

Editor's Page

TO TEACH ONE ANOTHER
BY PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY

"And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom." (D&C 88:77.)

To those who are called to "teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom," I give three charges: The first of these is a realization of the responsibility of the teacher; the second is an appreciation of the opportunities that you have to reach those you teach; and the third, the possibility each one has of teaching by power and example.

From birth to death men differ. They vary as much as do flowers in a garden. In intellect, in temperament, in energy, and in training some rise to one level and some to another.

The successful teacher is one who, with a spirit of discernment, can detect to a degree at least, the mentality and capability of the members of his class. He should be able to read the facial expressions and be responsive to the mental and spiritual attitudes of those whom he is teaching. The Great Teacher had this power of discernment in perfection, as is well illustrated in his conversation with the woman of Samaria whose interests he not only interpreted, but whose soul he read by virtue of her past deeds. Too few teachers have this gift, even to a necessary degree, but every teacher has the responsibility of determining how best to approach the members of the class in order to make appeals that will be lasting.

Some of you have in your homes a picture depicting Christ as a youth standing before learned men in the temple. In that picture the artist has combined physical strength, intellectual fire, moral beauty, and spiritual fervor. There is an ideal for every boy in the land! I ask you, fellow teachers, to take the artist's brush and canvas, and try to reproduce that picture of perfect youth! You hesitate! You say you have neither the skill nor the training? Very well; and yet every person who teaches assumes the responsibility not of attempting to put on canvas an ideal picture of youth, but to make out of a living, breathing soul, a perfect character. "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon the immortal minds and imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men—we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten throughout all eternity."

The responsibility of the teacher, however, does not end in his duty to teach truth positively. He enters the realm of what-not-to-do, as well as the realm of what-to-do. In the garden of the human soul, as well as in the fields of human endeavor, there are thorns and thistles as well as flowers and useful plants. Thrice deserving of condemnation is he who would crush in a boy's mind a flower of truth, and sow in its stead the seed of error! Hence the importance of the teacher's knowing what he is teaching, conscientiously believing that it is in harmony with God and truth. I merely throw out the thought because you can go down on your knees in your home, and ask God to give you the power to speak the truth.

Wise parents and leading educators in the nation today realize that good citizenship can be attained only through character development. The sincere teacher realizes that his is the opportunity to inculcate the virtues that contribute to the building of true manhood and womanhood.

To live an upright life, to conform to high ethical standards is the responsibility and duty of every teacher in the land. Greater even than this is the responsibility of the teacher of religion. The teacher of religion's profession is higher than that of the teacher in the common school; for, in addition to his belief in the efficacy of (Continued on page 663)
Question: “We know that there was a resurrection at the time the Savior arose from the tomb and that there will be one at his second coming. There is no scriptural evidence that I can find that shows there is still a resurrection going on. How do we explain the fact that Moroni, Peter, James, and John are resurrected beings, who came to the Prophet Joseph Smith? The scriptures speak of the first resurrection being at the second coming of Christ. This means, of course, first resurrection to us, since there has been a resurrection for those who were worthy who lived before the coming of our Lord.”

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH  
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE  
ANSWERS

YOUR QUESTION

RESURRECTION SINCE THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD

Answer: It is true that there could not be any resurrection preceding the resurrection of our Lord, for as Paul has expressed it, the Savior became the first fruits of them that slept. He held the keys of the resurrection and through his mercy the resurrection is a free gift to all, “for as in Adam all die, even so, in Christ shall all be made alive.”

There are several pointed prophecies in relation to the resurrection recorded in the Bible, but most of them are indefinite as to time. The Lord revealed to Isaiah the restoration of the dead to immortality, also to Ezekiel, Daniel, and others, but most of these passages are indefinite as to point of time. Some of the clearest revelations are found in the Book of Mormon and, in our time, in the Doctrine and Covenants. In his conversation with Martha just before the restoration of Lazarus, the Lord made one of the most profound statements on the resurrection with positive assurance of its reality in the following words:

“I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live:  
“And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believeth thou this?” (John 11:25-26.)

To the Jews he proclaimed the universal resurrection in the following words:

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.  
“Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live.  
“For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself;  
“And hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man.  
“Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice,  
“And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.” (Ibid., 5:24-29.)

John, who had opened to his vision the great events pertaining to the history of this world, the coming of Christ as King of kings and the universal resurrection, has recorded this:

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.  
“And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.  
“And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death.” (Rev. 20:12-14.)

This is all stated preliminary to the consideration of the question which is propounded. The reason being that there are many who deny the universal resurrection, and teach that the wicked are to be consumed and cease to exist, which is a doctrine that is foreign to the intent of the prophecies in the scriptures. The Savior was emphatic in his statement that all should come forth, the righteous to receive the blessings of his kingdom, and the wicked to be punished for their rebellion. We may be sure that in his mercy, the Lord will do for all the best that can be done. Some will merit the exaltation, others punishment until they have paid the “uttermost farthing.” The exaltation will be given to those who have kept the commandments and have been faithful to every covenant and obligation upon which the exaltation rests. Others will be assigned to such degree of glory, or lack of it, according to the deeds committed in the flesh; but the mercy of (Continued on page 652)
Recently an out-of-state visitor came into the Church headquarters and was directed to my office. He had in his hand a copy of the MIA June conference program. He said, "I have studied this wonderful program of activities very carefully, and by it was directed to some of the various groups: to the athletics, the dancing, the drama, and other events. I also attended some of the inspiring general sessions." He mentioned with enthusiasm the Friday Music Festival and called it magnificent. And then he said, "There seemed to be a religious fervor through all the activities I have seen and heard. I marvel that the MIA can get so many thousands to co-operate with such zest and dedication. Tell me," he asked, "what is your purpose and objective? What are you striving for? What is the aim of MIA?"

After calling his attention to the full name of the young peoples' organizations, viz., "Mutual Improvement Associations," I suggested that one word might answer his question regarding purpose and aim, viz., "Education." We are trying to educate our people physically, mentally, and spiritually, seeking a perfectly rounded development. I explained that education is an integral part of the religion of the Latter-day Saints. We believe that a man cannot be saved in ignorance; that he is saved no faster than he gains knowledge. As the glory of God is intelligence, so the degree of man's glory will be determined by the measure of his intelligence. Among the blessings which the Savior promised his followers as he was about to leave them was that his Father would send the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, who "shall teach you all things." (John 14:26.) He thus emphasized the importance of learning, of education. Gaining knowledge, using it with wisdom, building character, and achieving intelligence are steppingstones to the joy which is the purpose of life.

A short time ago, I visited the Air Force Academy in Colorado. An officer, while directing a tour of the campus, drew my attention to a monument, topped by a great bird—a falcon—and at its feet some young ones. Its wings were spread, obviously to protect its young,
and seemingly encouraging them to fly. On the base of the monument I read: “Man’s flight through life is sustained by the power of his knowledge.” On another campus recently I read over the door of one of the buildings: “A hunger for truth and understanding gnaws at the mind and spirit of man.” The spirit of inquiry, an appetite for knowledge, is innate in the soul of man.

There is an editorial in a recent issue of Wisdom Magazine which I commend to your thoughtful consideration. From it I quote and paraphrase briefly: “What one knew at 21 or 35 or 60 is never enough to last a lifetime. The degree of our achievement in business, profession, home, family life, social affairs, civic duties—in fact, our religious and personal philosophy—is largely determined by our education. That there are limitless areas all about us which are as yet unexplored becomes increasingly evident, as we push back the horizons of our knowledge.”

The quest for knowledge becomes an important and necessary part of life, and it does not end—in fact, sometimes it does not begin in college. We should all continue to be deeply possessed by ideas. Education is not only a lifetime process, it is an eternal process. We believe God’s purpose in creating man is that man may gain immortality, eternal life, and eternal increase; among other things, increase of knowledge, and the power that comes with knowledge; increase of wisdom, of awareness, of intelligence—which is the glory of God—all to the end that he might achieve self-mastery and exaltation.

We seek to arouse in all who are young in mind, a broad and well-rounded acquaintance with and enthusiasm for fine books, that their increasing knowledge shall continue to be vigorous, dynamic, and zestful, that life may be worth living. Liberal education—the education that liberates the human mind from prejudice and provincialism—is education for freedom.

The love of great books should be earnestly desired by every person. If we are to be free, our minds must be free. He who loves and becomes acquainted with great books is the richest and happiest of men. Beginning with the Bible, great books are always and everywhere contemporaneous. Reading minds are growing minds, and when they cease to read they cease to grow. If we do not read well, we will not think well. Someone has said we have ten thousand readers for one thinker. The truth of this statement seems to be borne out as we note the kind of books on the best seller lists and those called for most often in our libraries; they are often worse than mediocre—some are even vulgar and unclean. Unfortunately, some of the cheap and trashy reading matter is most popular. Some adults lead lives comparatively rich in material comforts but very poor in moral, intellectual, and spiritual tone.

“We must learn to differentiate between the worthwhile and the useless and trashy in our reading. Magazine racks and some of our libraries are flooded with indiscriminate books which are not only low in character and vulgar and corrupting, but they often saturate the mind with unpurgible filthiness.” Why go to garbage cans for mental food? Let us teach our young people the value of good books and remind them, with Henry Fielding, that “we are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions.”

Leon Cutterman wrote in a recent issue of Wisdom Magazine: “Great books are the key to man’s culture. If they vanished overnight and could not be replaced, our civilization would disappear. Great books [and at the top of the list are the scriptures] are a treasure
and a precious storehouse. They contain enough to make us rich for time and all eternity. They stand alone in human literature. They abound in plain truth and are expressed in plain language. In this they surpass all other books.” Companionship with great and worthwhile books is a prime necessity for complete and radiant living. They are the daily bread of the soul, the best friends a man can have, and the best consumers of our leisure.

How wonderful and profitable it would be if in every Latter-day Saint home we had a regular home evening, where the family could read together the scriptures and other great books, great poems, great histories, biographies, philosophy—great literature; read the Sermon on the Mount; memorize the Beatitudes; read the Book of Mormon in the family circle. That is the challenge I would like to throw out to the MIA—that throughout the Church as a project we become a reading people, and in our reading select the best.

“Without the love of books, the richest man is poor, but endowed with this treasure, the poorest man is rich. He has wealth which no power can diminish, riches which are always increasing, possessions which the more he scatters the more they accumulate, friends who never desert him, and pleasures which never end.”

Listen to the appraisal of great books by some great authors: “Great books are great men of higher stature, and the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.” (Browning.) “Great books and thoughts rule the world.” (Emerson.) “Great books are portions of the soul of man. Great thoughts are portions of eternity.” (Lowell.) “Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and a provision in old age.” (Aristotle.) (Continued on page 654)
Back again at their log cabin on the hill, with the new baby, with all their intense and soul-building experience of the past eventful year, and with Aunt Emma ready and able to help with the new and heavier burden, they were ready, without being aware of it, to hear the important call to their life's mission. Sister Haskel, the nurse-woman was gone, and Bluff had to have some one to take her place. They couldn't have met this new and difficult call before; they were not needed before. The Providence which was shaping their affairs of Bluff, had them ready when the time came.

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 prayer.” 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.

“You go home and sleep,” she commanded, “and when you come back a good Indian, you can have the gun.”
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 sand storm. As she passed the squaw, she put her hands on the squaw’s shoulders, giving her a little shake and saying, ‘Moocho shei,’ 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 every one 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 that 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 whirled 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 hesitatingly through the doorway he declared, “Me now good Injun, my gun me want.” 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 wickiups 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 this crisis that the incantations, the feathers, rattles, and medicine bags of the Piute doctors could save his wife, he rushed to this brave white woman whose magic power commanded respect wherever it was known.

The big-souled white (Continued on page 659)
More than twenty years ago I first decided to gather into one large history the records of my mother’s family throughout the United States—The Families and Descendants in America of Golsan-Golson-Gholson-Gholston.

At the time, I did not fully realize how monumental this task would be; but I made a good start and have been pushing and driving myself as often as time would permit.

Whenever I thought of the Golsan family, with its various ways of spelling the name, I thought that this was truly a wonderful family, because of my close association with my grandfather, Mallory W. Golsan, whom I always considered a perfect and typical Southern gentleman. A kinder, more generous, and more honorable man I have never known, and as I gathered the interesting records of the family, I thought of him, and it pleased me to bring together the history of the family of such a gentleman.

My grandfather’s father, Dr. Wyatt W. Golsan, and his wife, were the first converts to the Church from this family and were baptized in southern Alabama in the year 1896. Dr. Golsan had been a highly respected physician in Autauga County, Alabama, serving as vice-president of the County Medical Association for many years, and because of his successes as a planter, aside from his medical career, he had served as president of the County Agricultural Society.

When missionaries went into the county to preach the gospel, they met with little success until they called at the home of Dr. Golsan. It was as if he had been waiting for the missionaries to come, because the message which they carried was a message that he had been looking for and had not previously found. For this reason he had not affiliated himself with any church, though he had perhaps been inclined to follow the Missionary Baptist Church, of which his wife’s father—the Reverend Dr. David Peebles, Jr.—was a devout minister. But the Mormon missionaries satisfied his religious desire and despite the consequences, he and his wife, and several of his children, including my grandfather, joined the Church.

The consequences were more than he had expected, because his practice as a physician came to a rather sudden end when his friends and relatives learned that he had become a Mormon. Also, one day while the family was attending a meeting being conducted
by the elders, their lovely old Southern home was burned to the ground. The blaze was thought to have been started by a mob consisting of many of his own relatives. But he was staunch in his new faith and made a trip to Salt Lake City in 1902 to go through the temple and to spend a year or so doing temple work.

The Golsan family was of early American origin, first settling in Virginia about 1688, of Welsh-English origin before coming to America. The family subsequently scattered through the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, and in many other localities, and one large branch of the family settled in Alberta, Canada. Descendants of these families are now in all of the states and Canada, and it is estimated that upwards of 20,000 descendants could be tabulated if complete accounts were obtained.

I collected the records left by my great-grandfather, Dr. Golsan, and taxed the memories of my grandparents and other relatives, until that source was completely exhausted. Then I corresponded with distant relatives, with great success, finding their names in old directories and from inquiries in the various localities where they lived. The history began to take shape, but there was still much to be done. There were treasures of original public records to be searched and countless family records to be uncovered.

And then I was called to serve as a missionary, and I was sent to the South. My mission completed, my parents allowed me to remain eight additional months, during which time I traveled extensively throughout each of the states where the family lived and into which they had scattered. Many of the vital record centers, such as courthouses and historical societies, county and state libraries, etc., were scanned, and newspaper files were searched. The results were tremendous. At least two months were spent in the courthouses and among relatives in Autauga County and in neighboring counties in Alabama, where my immediate family and ancestors had lived for six or seven generations—since the year 1820, when that territory was opened for settlement.

An advertisement in a leading southern newspaper for records of the family was responded to in an unexpected way. Scores of letters reached me from relatives, who not only offered (Continued on page 662)
LEADERSHIP DEVELOPMENT . . . BY STERLING W. SILL, ASSISTANT TO THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

We have a very interesting procedure for installing a Church worker in office. After he has been selected, qualified, and charged in his duties, he is “set apart.” This rite is a combination of delegating the responsibility, transferring the authority to carry it out, and giving a blessing. This has been standard procedure for a long time. We read in the Old Testament that “. . . the Lord said unto Moses, take thee Joshua the son of Nun, a man in whom is the spirit, and lay thine hand upon him;

“And set him before Eleazar the priest, and before all the congregation; and give him a charge in their sight.

“And thou shalt put some of thine honour upon him, that all the congregation of the children of Israel may be obedient.” (Num. 27:18-20.)

Following this pattern each worker is set apart to his particular office. Each is given a definite responsibility for doing a specific part of the work of the Church. When we are set apart the position becomes ours. It does not belong to anyone else. No one else has the right to do it as long as we have it. It is then our assignment to provide the initiative, enthusiasm, planning, and industry necessary for the most effective accomplishment. If we do not do these things they will not be done.

But we are also “set apart” in a rather literal sense. With our new authority and blessing, we are different from what we were before. Our conduct must equal in excellence the importance of our responsibility. We are “set apart” to think and act and live on a higher plane. We must remove ourselves from sin, weakness, error, and carelessness. By our acceptance of the authority, we promise that the responsibility will be fully met.

Some time ago a young man told me that his bishop had asked him to accept a certain Church assignment. He explained several reasons why he did not want to do it. It was plain to see that the job would not be adequately done if it was given to him. He asked me what he should do. I told him that he should tell the bishop frankly that he would not do it. This suggestion came as something of a shock to him. He told me that he had been taught never to turn down any Church appointment.

I told him Jesus’ story of the vinedresser and his two sons. The vinedresser said to each, “Go work today in my vineyard.” The first said, “I will not go,” but afterward he repented and went. The second one said, “I go sir, but went not.” Now suppose that you put yourself in the place of each. You have been asked by the bishop to work in the ward. If you refuse, the bishop will get someone else to do what you should have done, and no one will be harmed except yourself. Then assume the other alternative. Suppose that you say to the bishop, “I go sir,” but go not. If you give the bishop your acceptance, the position and the blessings will be given to you, and then if you do not measure up, many people will be injured as a consequence. If you do not intend to fill
the assignment on a one hundred percent basis, you had better not accept it in the first place.

Jesus compared the people to whom he was speaking to the son who said, "I go sir" but went not, and he said to them, "Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." (Matt. 21:20-31.) That is pretty vigorous language. Certainly we should avoid getting ourselves in that kind of a situation. One frightening thing about this comparison is that it applies to us if the circumstances fit. One of the most serious of all the sins is "fractional devotion." That is when we are "neither cold nor hot." (Rev. 3:15-16.) Then we manifest only "a partial faith." We walk the undesirable pathway of borderline performance with marginal morals and minimum effort.

A great Canadian athletic coach once said that most people in and out of athletics were "hold-outs." What he meant was that so frequently we don't invest ourselves fully in what we are doing. We have too many reservations about things. We go into our assignments with our fingers crossed so to speak. We hold out on our enthusiasm and our determination and our industry. But when we hold-out on life, then life holds-out on us. At all costs we should avoid being a hold-out on God. When once we are "set apart," we must not wait to be encouraged or reminded or urged to do our duty. The responsibility belongs to us not to anyone else, and we should proceed as though our life depended upon it, as indeed it does.

Our job is now not merely to talk about faith, it is to put it in force in the lives of people. Faith cannot exist in a vacuum. Faith without works is dead. If you isolate faith from its appropriate task, it always dies. There is no such thing as preserved faith. Our responsibility is not merely to discuss problems, it is to bring about the solutions of problems. We were set apart to guarantee the accomplishment of our organization. The work must actually be done. No amount of "faith" or "prayer" or "conversation" or "knowledge" ever becomes a very satisfactory substitute for actual accomplishment. Without a substantial proportion of actual industry, success is not possible. It must be very displeasing to God for us to profane the office and the blessing which we hold by filling our minds with sloth, indifference, and irresponsibility.

The mortal enemies of the soul are feebleness, aimlessness, heedlessness, doubt, and discouragement. These go up and down the Church not only destroying the work of the Lord but damning the Lord's workers. Shoddy work always makes shoddy men. Paraphrasing Shakespeare, "It curses him that gives and him that takes."

Demosthenes once said, "No man can have a high and noble character while engaged in petty or mean employment. For whatever the pursuits of men are, their characters will be similar." It is impossible to deliver a great message without a great messenger. We are "set apart" to do a great work. We must have present on the job a great worker. We have been given the charge to be faithful. We must not fall down or lie down on our assignment. This applies to every grade of responsibility.

What would we think of an army where only the general could be absolutely depended upon? Anciently, when any soldier enlisted in the legions of Caesar, he took an oath to hold the life of Caesar dearer than all else. That set him apart. From that moment on, he would spare no effort or shun no risk if the life of Caesar was in danger. This some devotion to duty always characterizes greatness. For example, Major Treptow was killed in the Battle of Chateau-Thierry in 1918. In the diary afterward found on his body had been written these words, "I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure. I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost as though the entire conflict depended upon me alone." That attitude sets most anyone apart for distinction no matter what the assignment. We can set ourselves apart with the most thrilling of all the success attitudes. Certainly it is not more important to serve faithfully in the kingdom of Caesar than in the kingdom of God.

But sometimes we become mere "Bible Christians." That is where the Christianity is mostly in the Bible and not very much in us. We need to get the Christianity into us. We need to get the spirit of accomplishment into our habit patterns. We need to set ourselves apart with a burning zeal and an unfailing industry. Jesus said, "I came that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." (John 10:10.)

The most valuable thing in life is life itself. In the days of Job it was said, "all that a man hath he will give for his life." (Job 2:4.) There is no inconvenience we would not suffer and no expense we would not involve ourselves in to prolong life even for a week or a month, even though we knew that period would be filled with pain and unhappiness.

Now, if mortal life is worth so much, how much is eternal life worth? And (Continued on page 671)
On September 1, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. observes his 89th birthday. He is loved and admired by the entire membership of the Church and by all others who have enjoyed the privilege of knowing him. At the Master M Men-Golden Gleaner dinner at June conference, President Clark was presented the Honorary Master M Man award. The tribute paid to President Clark at that time, and his response, follow:

TRIBUTE: Beginning as a humble boy in a small town, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. had a love of learning that drove him to pay the price in hard work and sacrifice to receive an education. Dr. James E. Talmage, for whom he worked in his undergraduate years, said that he possessed—"the brightest mind ever to leave Utah."

He was for five years a teacher. Then, again driven by a desire to learn and achieve, he left with his wife and two children, on borrowed money, for Columbia University, to take up the study of law, graduating three years later with high honors.

Distinguished in public service, this small town boy from Utah became a foremost authority in international law, and received executive appointments under seven Presidents of the United States. He was Solicitor, and Counsel for the Department of State in International Arbitrations and Conferences, Under Secretary of State, legal adviser to Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico. Finally, he served with distinction for three years, himself as Ambassador from
the United States to the government of Mexico. Dwight W. Morrow said of him, "You are the least impressed by mere wealth of any man I know."

He also had a military career, being appointed Major in the Judge Advocate General's Officers' Reserve Corps, and Adjutant to the Provost Marshal General, Enoch H. Crowder, receiving the Distinguished Service Medal.

Always faithful to his membership in the Church, he answered the call to become a member of the First Presidency in April 1933. Here he has given his whole-hearted devotion to service of men and of God.

His thoughts have centered on Jesus the Christ, and as a scholar and author he has shared not only with Latter-day Saints, but also with all the world his witness to the divinity of the Savior.

President Clark, we are proud of one of our own, who, through his own hard work, has risen to positions of honor and dignity as a scholar and statesman. You have shown us that a poor country boy, starting without powerful friends, can, by his own steadfast effort, achieve greatness. As members of the Church we have looked to you for guidance and for truth. We have appreciated your great leadership. We have loved you for your graciousness to all who have met you, for your deep humility in the gospel.

You have received many high degrees and titles of honor, but none was ever given with greater love than we feel. We are humbly proud that you are our Honorary Master M Man. This title is given from the young people of the Church in gratitude to one who has always had the power to reach them and to teach them.

President Clark, we express to you our love in the simple, golden words of Tennyson—

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again!

RESPONSE BY PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

I am deeply moved, more deeply than I have ever before been moved in my life before an audience.

I address you as fellow members of celestial families, either in your own right, because you have been married for time and eternity with a promise of a destiny that exceeds any promise made to any other people, or as families of parents who have been so sealed and who now look forward to the time when they, too, shall take over the building of other celestial families—a destiny which cannot come to any outside of the pale of the Holy Priesthood of this Church.

I thank you for the great honor, quite unearned so far as your activities are concerned, which you have conferred upon me tonight. I am grateful beyond measure therefore.

I cannot in honesty feel to accept all that has been said about me. I know myself too well. I have tried always so to live that I would not bring disgrace upon my people, and I want to assure you that in such opportunities as have come to me, I have only once, and that was in the giving of a rather small recognition that came to me (looking at my whole life), been reminded that I was a Mormon. I have always found that it paid me great dividends to be a Mormon. Any man or woman who belittles you because of your faith either does not understand your faith or is not worthy of your notice.

Such opportunities as have come to me for service, have come unasked and unsought. I never wanted or tried to get but two jobs in my life—I lost both of them, and I have been grateful ever since for that.

You know, it is astonishing how much you can accumulate in way of recognition in a long life if you just live for it—I mean only in years. [Laughter.]

I again say I am grateful to you for this recognition, unearned so far as your activities are concerned, because I have had no opportunity. I again thank you.

May God bless you. May he inspire you to live the lives that you profess in the future as in the past. I always think that there come out of such lives a peace and a joy of living that can be obtained nowhere else.

The Master told Nicodemus that he was sent to the world to save it, and not to condemn it. The last night before the morning of the day which closed with the crucifixion, he was speaking to his disciples when he gave the message that comes to each and all of us who follow him:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." (John 14:27.)

God grant to each and every one of us the life which will bring to us that eternal peace of which he spoke. May he prosper your great cause. May he help you to lead the youth in the paths they should go. This is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.
EXPERIMENTS IN TEACHING

CONDUCTED BY THE UNIFIED CHURCH SCHOOL SYSTEM
BY DR. W. W. RICHARDS, DIRECTOR EMERITUS, LDS INSTITUTE OF RELIGION, LOGAN, UTAH

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . . This is the first and great commandment. The second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."*  
"If thy brother trespass against thee, . . . and if he repent, forgive him."  
"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."  
"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."  
In the above choice statements the Master expressed the principles that guided his life. He seldom taught rules of life, but in their stead he announced great and fundamental principles to guide man in his relationships with his fellow men. These wonderful words have no final significance unless translated into conduct. Living these principles has been the ever-present problem challenging human behavior. In the teaching profession there are those who feel that Christianity is too idealistic and that it cannot be successfully achieved in everyday living. On the other hand, there are those dynamic teachers who accept Christianity as "the way to perfection" and

**TRUE CHRISTIAN LIVING**

are willing to experiment and try various teaching approaches in the hope that improved methods of teaching Christ's doctrine may achieve new and better results in Christian living.

The writer has been interested in a particular research project carried on over a period of years by a small American college in an attempt to find effective scientific methods of teaching proper attitudes and worthy responses.

The findings are encouraging as well as challenging and are set forth in books reporting the research. This project sets up five fundamentals of learning applicable to teaching Christian character and promoting personal development.

1. **Exposure**
   This is the first approach to the teaching of new concepts. Much of our teaching fails because we stop at this point. Alone, it is not sufficient for effective learning.

2. **Repetition**
   In teaching, that which is to be learned by the student must be reviewed, repeated, and reorganized as necessary. The lesson must also be presented from different angles of application, until it becomes fixed; for instance, a father who planned to be absent from the farm for a few days undertook to prepare his son for responsibility during his  

(Continued on page 684)

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*Footnotes are found on page 687.*
Belated Rendevous

BY EZRA J. POULSEN

Nan Martin, much as she disliked it, was out of breath when she reached the drinking fountain in front of the old academy where she spent her strenuous high school years. Once her bouncing energy enabled her to ignore the rather long hill leading up to the main entrance. Now, she had barely strength enough to take a deep draught of the cool water and fling herself down on the grass beneath the half-grown maple tree planted by her class at graduation. That was ten years ago. Phew! she sputtered.

The day of the tree planting suddenly seemed vivid. She had been surrounded as usual by numerous admirers. But a farmer on a small tractor plowing in the field south of the campus came into her vision. He stopped at the fence, turned around again in a cloud of dust, and soon disappeared behind the hill. Meanwhile, she was struggling with the time element in her life. Four years in college; six years teaching, she mused. No wonder I’m short-winded.

Early August was loitering languidly on the valley. But in the high altitude, even August was pleasant; and the bluish outlines of the hills against the skyline had a cooling effect. In another month, a new crop of boisterous adolescents would be swarming over the place, and she would be a thousand miles away meeting her own classes... Nan sighed. It seemed to be the only way she could express her recognition of the ravages of time. Twenty-eight can seem so ancient in contrast to eighteen.

Tossing her red patent-leather bag on the grass, she sat down arranging the folds of her polka dot dress so they seemed to float around her. The farmer and his tractor again approached the fence, but she failed to notice him. Instead, she glanced up at the big front doors at the main entrance of the school. A pair of robins chattered in the tree. A light breeze played in her soft brown hair below the rim of her jaunty little hat, but she resisted the impulse to tuck away the stray tresses.

Nan was not sure when she first heard footsteps, but suddenly she saw the farmer approaching. Startled, she sprang to her feet, as if her very thoughts were in danger of being invaded. “Oh!” she gasped. The intruder was tall and lean, wearing tight-fitting levis, and a faded straw hat.

“Don’t let me disturb you,” he apologized. “I was just going to the fountain for a drink. It’s rather... dusty. I...” He stopped abruptly. “Why... why, you’re Nan... Nan Martin, the sweetheart of the class!”

Nan’s cheeks burned. She was pleased to be so quickly recognized. “And you’re Jimmie Cooper.” They shook hands a trifle awkwardly.

“Well, of all things: to find you here.” His dry lips broke into a tormenting grin. “Married?”

His abruptness almost set her back. But she was equally forthright. “No; an old maid schoolteacher. How about yourself?”

“Don’t you remember? I was the guy not a girl in the class would look at. And of course, I haven’t changed. Only, I now enjoy being a bachelor. But you were voted the most popular girl in school. And I never saw you once in four years without a crowd of admirers around you. I was always there, but you never even saw me.”

“Please, don’t,” she protested, catching the cynicism in his voice. Instantly, their eyes met in head-on collision, mutually expressing an old unsettled score.

“Well, let’s have a drink.” He led her to the fountain, where during school days there was always a crowd. “And we might as well look around a little for old-times sake,” he added, after they had quenched their thirsts.

“For old-times sake,” she murmured. “I like that.”

Nan Martin reviewed an important section of her personal history in a few breathless seconds. Jimmie Cooper in his high school days had been a shy, lonely boy, given to strange, unexpected moods, in which
he seemed to try desperately to gain social recognition. But he never made it. By many artful devices: a shift in the conversation, a sudden scattering of the group, or a sly snicker, he had often been made to feel he was not wanted. Nan had been one of the guilty ones—the most guilty, she secretly admitted, looking up at the tall, confident young man beside her with misgivings.

However, he seemed unaware of her train of thought. Pushing open the heavy door beneath the classic façade, he led her into the central hall, where sounds of hammering rumbled toward them from a distance. “Someone’s working here today,” he observed, “getting ready for the fall term.”

They walked through the empty halls, and loitered in the empty classrooms haunted with memories, their voices echoing along the corridors until they were impelled to speak in whispers. They visited the chemistry laboratory, the library, the popular hangout in the tower, and the big window at the base of the second story stairs, where dates were made and gossip went the rounds. Gradually their conversation speeded up. They talked and laughed freely, each so eager to recall past events they found themselves at times interrupting each other.

Nan’s spirits soared. She felt she had discovered something she was afraid she had lost. The shadows were lengthening toward the east when they came out of the building and walked down the stone steps to the fountain. “Well, I guess I’d better get Betty Jane and go home,” he said.

“Betty Jane?” She glanced up quickly. “Oh, yes,” he laughed. “That’s what I call my tractor.” They drank again at the fountain. “I’m glad I saw you. Going to be around a day or two?” Jimmie spoke with cool detachment.

“Only tonight,” said Nan. “I’m stopping at my aunt’s.” She waited eagerly for his next words, but he seemed in no hurry.

“Do you remember when we planted our class tree?” he finally inquired, leading her toward it. “Oh, yes, very well.”

“I shoveled most of the dirt, while the popular fellows stood around with the girls and watched,” he observed wryly.

Nan was suddenly uncomfortable, but she could not think of a thing to say until he changed the subject. The image of Jimmie Cooper that day ten years ago was etched in her memory. He had done most of the planting all right, and the other boys and the girls had stood around most of the time carelessly looking on, and making trivial remarks, while Jimmie, on his bony knees, had thrust his fingers into the moist earth and pressed it meticulously among the tender roots. He was bareheaded, in his shirt sleeves, and worked intensely, scarcely looking up, until he had spaded in the last topsoil. Then, he straightened up and brushed his hair back from his perspiring forehead.

“If you don’t mind, I’ll drop by this evening,” he was saying. “Knowlton is a pretty dull place this time of year. I don’t want you to get too bored.”

“Thanks,” she replied, recovering from her ten-year relapse. “That’s so nice of you.”

Jimmie picked her up at 7:30. Nan was surprised to see him dressed meticulously in casual sport clothes. She was more surprised when he ushered her into his green and tan convertible, and she had to admit her old patronizing attitude toward him was quite obsolete.

“Shall we ride out to the lake?” he inquired as they glided away.

“That would be lovely.” From old times, Nan knew the place to go in the summer was to the lake; and letting her hands fall listlessly in her lap, she decided she had been wise in wearing the lavender chiffon dress for the evening. They might go dancing. For a few minutes, they drove silently southward along the county highway, with the smell of new-mown alfalfa sweetening the air. Nan stole a glance at Jimmie’s bronzed face, which blended surprisingly with his thick, medium-blond hair. His leanness and ruggedness emphasized his strength—not merely physical strength—something more elusive, profound. The only word she could think of was character.

Eventually, he began talking. “How do you find our sleepy little town after ten years?”

“Restful,” she replied, tilting her head to reveal a smile.

Jimmie turned slow, appraising eyes on her. “Yes, I guess you’d call Knowlton restful,” he admitted. “It’s free from the noise and clutter of the city. But we who live here find plenty of work.”

“Wouldn’t you say work is restful?” she challenged.

He studied her face, as if doubtful of her reaction to his next remark. “With thirty Holsteins to milk night and morning at six, I sometimes wonder. But we have our roots deep here—deep in the soil, and deep in the common destiny of man.”

“Oh, I think that’s a noble speech,” laughed Nan. “You’re quite a philosopher.”

“No, just an agricultural college graduate, the youngest of the family, and therefore the only one left to take over the old farm, and try to bring it up to date. I taught a couple of years at the academy.”
Nan took a long breath. She was immensely pleased with what she heard. She might have known years ago if she had tried, that young Jimmie Cooper was a person of strong mind and character. Now, he seemed wise, almost old, she reflected. But the cream of the crop, she concluded, as the other boys she had known in her high school days seemed to pass in review.

At the resort, they enjoyed a speedboat ride on the lake, after which they had fish and chips at the café, and danced at the pavilion. The moon was riding high, throwing a wide path of shimmering gold across the lake when they started home.

Jimmie had grown talkative and warmly reminiscent during the evening, and Nan felt they had just about bridged the gap between the present and past. It was a glorious experience. He had given her a new understanding of his early struggles; and she had admitted more of her mistakes than she cared to think of. At least, they suddenly seemed mistakes. She closed her eyes and compared her companion with the Jimmie Cooper of ten years ago. The difference was incredible.

"Jimmie," she ventured, in a tone of humility, "Jimmie, I never treated you very well in high school. I wish I had. Will you forgive me?"

He turned smiling but critical eyes toward her. "In those days, I thought nobody did; but I managed to live through it," he replied in a faraway voice.

She would have been inexpressively happy if he had put his arm around her and drawn her close to him. But the lights of another car appeared, and he was completely occupied with the wheel. It seemed no time then before the lights in the wide, sleepy main street were directly in front of them.

She stood at the window watching Jimmie's tall form hurry through the gate and spring into the car. When the sound of the motor was finally lost in the distance, she was still looking out into the moonlight. Nan wondered if she was falling in love. Suddenly, she was struck by a great haunting fear. Was she a girl whom men liked to flatter but were afraid to marry?

Nan was up early next morning. She had not slept well, and dark circles were visible under her eyes. If Jimmie Cooper had as much as offered to see her off on the bus, which would be leaving at noon, she would have felt better.

"A person should never go back to a place where she was once happy," she remarked to her aunt at breakfast.

"My dear, maybe one should never leave a place where she is happy," replied her aunt sweetly.

"Oh, but I wouldn't have missed seeing you for anything. You're a darling. And thanks for everything."

She dressed in a trim beige traveling suit, and put on a small black hat. At ten o'clock, she decided to walk up main street, and see if she might run on to someone she had known in earlier years. One or two of the girls, she understood, worked in town. But she was scarcely halfway up the first block when suddenly she heard a motor whirr so close she jumped. Jimmie and his convertible were practically up on the walk beside her.

He flung the door open. "Jump in."

Mechanically, she obeyed, noting he was bareheaded, dressed in a plain cotton shirt and tan denim trousers. "I...I thought you were going to run over me," she gasped. (Continued on page 668)

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THE WORTH OF A SMILE

BY SARAH P. WEST

A smile has wiped away many a tear and
Healed a broken heart.
A smile will gather sunshine
Through clouds so heavy and dark.
A smile is worth a million
Yet does not cost a penny.
Wear a smile and give it away;
Your day will end with many;
For each one you give, one will return.
The more you give the sooner you learn
The worth of a smile as it goes on its way,
Turning sadness to gladness day after day.
Roaring and crackling through bone-dry brush and pine needles, a searing blaze swept through California's Angeles National Forest. Billowing smoke, hot and acrid, surged upward and burst into soaring flames that enveloped the trees. Hot sparks and tongues of fire leaped and scattered ahead of the conflagration, softening a way for the hungry, fire-breathing monster's knock-out punch.

Up ahead a fire fighting crew—cutting, scraping, digging—worked with feverish haste to make a firebreak over which the holocaust must not pass. But sudden gusts of wind threw sparks and flames across the line, igniting spot fires behind the fighters. It seemed like a losing battle. The sector boss sprinted up to warn the men to evacuate—but fast. "You can't hold here," he bellowed.

The straw boss calmly surveyed the situation, then announced to his crew: "We hold here." His men dashed about like sweating demons. In almost insufferable heat and blinding, choking smoke, they slapped out spot fires with shovels and smothered others with dirt.

The doughty members of the fire fighting crew were Zuni Indians from New Mexico. In the past ten years Indian crews from the Mescalero Apache, Hopi, Ute, Navajo, Zuni, Taos, Domingo, Cochiti, and other tribes have established enviable reputations as fire fighters.

"The Indians are coming," a blood-chilling cry of the frontier, today has come to mean hope, relief, and thankfulness. In co-operation with the U S Forest Service, descendants of Geronimo, Cochise, and other Southwestern tribal chieftains battle a common foe—forest fires.

A. B. Shields, ranger for the Indian Service on the Mescalero-Apache Reservation in New Mexico, organized and trained the initial crew of Indian fire fighters. Indians like the idea, for fighting fire is one thing the inscrutable white man does that makes sense to them. The Mescalero dubbed themselves "Red Hats" from the color of the safety "hard hats" they wear at fires.

In 1949, the Southwestern Region of the U S Forest Service requisitioned the Red Hats to help stamp out severe fires in nearby Lincoln National Forest. They so distinguished themselves in clearing firebreaks—a man-killing, hot, and dangerous job—that news of their stellar work spread.

Soon requests for Indian crews to fight fires in national forests throughout the West began to flood the Southwestern Region's headquarters at Albuquerque. The U S Indian Service, National Park Service, and Forest Service now co-ordinate their efforts in recruiting and training Indians. Today there are virtually hundreds of crews lending a helping hand at forest fires in a dozen states. A typical crew consists of twenty-five men, one of whom the Indians select as their boss.

Indian crews excel in clearing firebreaks with hand tools—mattocks, picks, shovels, and axes—and that's their chief work. They attack this hazardous, back-breaking job with a verve and enthusiasm that seldom deserts them, even in the face of tremendous odds. They well know the importance of quickly establishing a line, and they work rapidly.

Fortunately, the burning desert sun has inured their bodies to high temperatures a white man could not long endure.

Veteran foresters marvel at the Indians' assiduous labor and seemingly inexhaustible endurance. Consider the Zuni crew which arrived at a San Bernardino Forest camp just before daybreak, after a tiring plane trip from New Mexico.

Finishing chow at dawn, they hurried out to battle a conflagration that was raging out of control. The Zunis toiled unremittingly (Continued on page 669)
A FAMILY HOBBY....

BY RUSSEL RAYMOND VOORHEES, LITT. D.

Family life has always been one of the solid foundations upon which to rear children. And family life means doing things together as a family. One drawback to doing things together as a family, lies in the fact that there are not too many things that appeal equally to adults and children. Generally those things that appeal to adults are too advanced for the children, and those things that appeal to children are of little interest to adults because there is no adult level to most of them.

Faced with the problem of finding something that makes an equal appeal to adults and children, a growing number of families have discovered stamp collecting. Children have collected stamps for years and years, collecting them, of course, on a level commensurate with their youthful years. At the same time adults have found that collecting stamps is a hobby as profound as the collector wishes to make it. Here then is something that can be engaged in by the whole family, sitting around the family dining table after the dishes have been cleared. Each can engage in the hobby according to his years, his education, and his desires, but all can engage in it as a family, a unit.

Take Dad, for instance, who still is looked upon as the head of the family. Perhaps he works in a garage, for instance, or he may have an automobile agency. In such a case he would be especially interested in automobiles. Many countries have issued some most attractive postage stamps showing automobiles as the central motif of the design. Many men whose work is connected with automobiles are finding that making a collection of automobiles on stamps is a most fascinating pastime.

Then there is Mother. Few people will be so bold as to say that she has plenty of time on her hands when she is lost for something to do. But be that as it may, Mother needs some interest outside of her home and family for relaxation. Again stamp collecting comes to the rescue. It is nothing unusual for Mother to love children, her own children and children in general. Many countries have issued some most attractive stamps showing children of the issuing countries at school, at work, and at play. Making a collection of such stamps will give Mother some of the relaxation she needs.

And in a family there are, of course, the children. Their interests will vary with their years, and in the younger years they are liable to change interests several times a week according to the things they see. But let us suppose that the boy in the family is interested in boats. As a baby he may have had a
little boat that he sailed in the bathtub while being bathed. A few years later he still played with the little boat which helped to take the curse off of taking a bath. A few years later he can begin to collect boats on stamps. It is surprising to find so many countries that have issued stamps showing native boats. A collection of them will hold the interest of any boy.

The little daughter is a member of the family unit, too. She has her interests just as has her brother, Dad, and Mother. These interests may vary because she is young, but flowers always play an interesting part in girls’ lives whether they are small, teen-agers, or mature women. All right, the little girl in the family can collect flowers on stamps. Again many countries have issued some beautiful stamps, often in natural colors, showing native flowers. A collection of such stamps is like a miniature flower garden of beauty from the four corners of the world.

This is just a “for example” family. Dad may have other interests, and so may Mother and the children, but whatever it is, there are stamps that fit into the interests of each. Collecting the stamps that most appeal to each member of the family gives each a hobby that can be indulged in as a unit, a family.

Since stamp collecting will be engaged in as a family hobby, along specialized lines as indicated above, rather than making a general stamp collection of the stamps of the world, it naturally follows that each member of the family won’t be able to use the regular stamp albums. On the contrary specialized collections such as these will be mounted in plain loose-leaf albums, either on white pages or on jet-black pages. Although it is true that most collectors use white pages for mounting their stamps, many collectors are finding that the stamps do not show up so well because most stamps have a white margin. The white margin is lost on the white page. As a result many collectors are now turning to black pages. The black background seems to add beauty to the colorful stamps and makes each stamp stand out as a thing of beauty.

The stamps that are collected may be either unused or used. If they are used, they will, of course, be cancelled, in which case the cancellation may cover up so much of the design that much of the beauty of the stamp is lost. For that reason many prefer to collect unused stamps which have no cancellation to mar their beauty. Unused stamps will generally cost a little more than the used ones, but many feel that the added cost is money well spent. Stamp dealers all over the country as well as many five and ten cent stores sell stamps. In addition many magazines carry advertisements of stamp dealers who sell through the mail so it is not difficult to buy the stamps one wishes.
Stamps are mounted on album pages by means of what are called “hinges,” small pieces of semi-transparent paper gummed on one side. There are two kinds of hinges, the peelable and the non-peelable. The difference in cost between the two is only a few cents and since the peelable kind permit the removal of the hinge from the stamp it is advisable to buy the peelable kind. After all they cost only about twenty cents a thousand hinges. To mount the stamps a hinge is folded in half with the gum side out. Then one portion is slightly moistened and attached to the stamps just below the top of the stamp. The other part of the hinge is then slightly moistened, and the stamp is mounted in its proper place on the album page. Any local stamp dealer will show the beginner just how to mount the stamps. It is really very easy.

Since making a collection of stamps as suggested for the various members of a family will be specialized collections, there won’t be any need to write up the collection in the same complete way that collectors follow who make collections by countries. But even these specialized collections should be briefly written up to make them more interesting. The stamps from each country may be mounted on separate pages which page should be headed by the name of the country. Then it might be well to state briefly under each stamp what the scene is or what flower is pictured on the stamps. In each case the amount of write-up will be dictated by personal interests because stamp collecting is definitely a personal hobby.

If black album pages are used, it will be found a bit difficult to add the write-up with white ink because white ink is rather hard to use. There are white pencils, but they generally make a rather faint line so many collectors have resorted to typing whatever write-up that is wanted on white paper that is gummed on one side. Then the write-ups are cut to leave just a small margin around the typing and each pasted under the stamp to which it refers or, in the case of the name of the issuing country, at the top of the proper album page.

A binder will be needed into which the loose-leaf pages may be put. Stamp dealers sell two and three ring binders as do most five and ten cent stores and stationery stores. The price will depend on how much quality you wish to purchase when buying the binder. These binders come in two-and three-ring styles, the three-ring binders being better because they cause less wear on the holes punched along the left-hand side of the loose-leaf sheets. There is practically no difference in the cost between two-and three-ring binders.

Many families who have started collecting stamps as a family hobby have found that after a few years collecting specialized lines, their interest has grown so that they seek larger fields. Dad may be from a family that originally came to this country from Holland, England, Italy, or other foreign parts. He may decide to start collecting all the stamps issued by the country of his forebears. Mother may be of the original stock that founded this country so she may want to begin a collection of United States stamps. The son may become a Cub Scout with the hope of becoming a Boy Scout when he is old enough. He may want to make a collection of Boy Scouts on stamps of which there are many. And the daughter learning about the many countries that make up this world may find her interest widening to include all of the countries in this ever-shrinking world. She may begin to collect the stamps of the world. But whether the individual interests of the family enlarge or remain tied to a single specialized idea, stamp collecting will become the family hobby. It will be found that year after year, it is one thing that families can do together as a unit with each member of the family collecting according to his interests.

TUESDAY’S MISSIONARY
BY GEORGE ALBERT RYAN

Widow, turned homeward, ran now.
Beating rain sweeps her brow
With gaining fury, as her steps.

Hands, yet aching;
Not still her mind,
Hum of the mill lingering.

Feet, arching, grip each step upward—
Then . . . stop.
Not vain, her flight!

Hands, yet aching, (joy won)
Hold fast glad hope:
The weekly nearness of her son.
The Era of Youth

September 1960
Rah! Rah! School...

Your world... and welcome to it. Your world... bounded by lockers and laughter... peopled with teachers, counselors, and a cozy collection of chums dotting the autumn campus. Your world... boasting the inimitable business of "hello week," lunch lines, pep assemblies, and yearbooks.

Your world awakening deeper longings, adding new wisdoms, creating broader interests, developing fierce loyalties.

Your world... something, indeed, to shout about. For alphabetically speaking, it's all there, everything to make the experience of school memorable—everything from A... to Z.
What do you think about when you hear of balance? Do you get a picture of a performer on a tightrope, or you walking a pipe fence, or a ballet dancer on tiptoe? These good and important and difficult young days—days of habit-forming, attitude-acquiring, decision-making—are the right days to think about balance, about wisely proportioning the different elements of our lives (as Christ did when he “increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man”).

We all know someone who isn’t very well-balanced, who isn’t well-rounded. MARTY MUSCLES may be long on weight lifting and short on friendliness or manners or studiousness or spiritual strength. PATTY PARTYGOER could seem to have a corner on cuteness and date-popularity and be missing the talents and developed abilities a wife and homemaker must have to be successful. STEVE STUDIOUS might be wrapped up in books to the exclusion of experience and associations that would help him to use his intellect to bring happiness to himself and mankind. Maybe RUTH RELIGIOUS fails to understand some of the most important principles of faith if she isn’t serving and sharing and learning to love all mankind. It may even be that IRA INDIFFERENCE or DORA DIFFIDENT aren’t taking time to develop their abilities in any of these pursuits, let alone seeking to balance their lives by working at all of them.

Isn’t that the secret? One has to take time, seek earnestly, and work to get good balance in living!

Talents? Physical qualities? Circumstances? Different for each of us, to be sure! But time? The same number of hours each day for all of us! The desire and the willingness to work to develop our different abilities can be acquired. We have to want to be happy and useful and balanced.

So, take time to study, to read and think and prepare, to practice. Take time to play, to participate, to have fun and laugh. Take time to be friendly, to be interested and kind. Take time to be healthy, to walk and swim and bicycle, to eat wisely, sleep sufficiently, be clean. Take time to learn manners and to be mannerly, to listen, to express appreciation. Take time to work and earn your way, and maybe help out at home if this is your privilege. Take time to serve, to take part, to look around and be unselfish. Take time for seminary and Sacrament meeting and ward teaching or Primary teaching, and to visit the hospital or the lonely widow. Take time to pray.

There is time enough for all these things and more, but no time to kill! Many young people are doing things and finding balance; they are preparing for joy...and having it along the way.
I have been called a student of science. But I am also one who loves the gospel of Jesus Christ. For me there has been no serious difficulty in reconciling the principles of true science with the principles of true religion, for both are concerned with the eternal verities.

True religion is not a narrow thing. True religion concerns man and the entire universe in which he lives. It concerns his relationships with himself and his fellow men, with his environment, and with God his Creator. It is therefore limitless, and as boundless as that eternity which it teaches lies ahead of every son of God. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48.) What a challenge to every man lies in these words from the Master, to develop himself, to strive, to learn, to seek, to go forward that he might become as God!

In times of uncertainty such as the present the increasing effort to understand man's place in the grand scheme of things proceeds at an accelerated pace. That understanding is a problem not alone for the laboratory; many of its answers will be found in the realm of the spiritual.
I would like to suggest to youth who may feel inclined to disparage religion as they pursue other studies, that they will bring enrichment to their lives by cultivating faith and an interest in things of the spirit as they follow their other pursuits. Such faith will never detract from their abilities in other fields, but it will broaden their thinking and give added depth to their character.

I believe that many of our young people have impoverished their lives by a thoughtless denial of the faith of their fathers in their desire to be what they call scientific and objective.

Most scientists, I believe, would not presume to say that a thing may not be because they do not understand it, nor would they deny the validity of spiritual experiences of others because they have been without such experiences themselves.

The restored gospel teaches that certain things are known by revelation and by study, but much more remains to be learned. God in his wisdom will reveal more as the need arises. We are engaged in a never-ending program of eternal progression.

The scientific method which has served so brilliantly in unraveling the mysteries of this world must be supplemented by something else if we are to enjoy to the fullest the blessings that have come of the knowledge gained. It is the great mission and opportunity of religion to teach men “the way, the truth, the life,” that they might utilize the discoveries of the laboratory to their blessing and not to their destruction. There is need for added spirituality, of the kind that leads to brotherhood, to go hand in hand with the scientific progress of our time.

When I left home to go to college, my father said to me, “Son, I have never intentionally told you an untruth. You must never believe anything that isn’t true, no matter who tells it to you.

“Now, I believe the gospel is the truth. It is not a fragile thing and will bear searching examination.

“Remember to be clean. Never profane the name of God. Always live so that you will be comfortable in the company of good people. Search for truth diligently and prayerfully. I know you will be all right.”

The Lord himself outlined the procedure for discovering religious truth when he said: “If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.” (John 7:17.)

Contemplating the awe-inspiring order in the universe, extending from the almost infinitely small to the infinitely large, one is overwhelmed with its grandeur and with the limitless wisdom which conceived, created, and governs it all. Our understanding, great as it sometimes seems, can be nothing but the wide-eyed wonder of the child when measured against Omnisience.

We learned from the Prophet Joseph that man lived before he was born; that life is a school where man is sent to learn the things the Lord intends; and that he continues on into life after death. Death is not the end; it is but one more step in a great forward march made possible by the redemption wrought by the Savior. This is the spirit of true science: constant and eternal seeking.

God grant that in seeking the mysteries of his handiwork, we may also learn his great religious truths (which we have been prone to disregard) that our efforts might become a blessing unto us.
Friendship is precious whether in the form of deep understanding between just two or in the easy warmth kindled among a group. Friends are yours for the finding by welcoming newcomers, getting reacquainted with oldtimers, by moving in a crowd with ideals that are like (and lift) your own, by being a more worthy friend yourself.

Work at friendship.

Back in the special feeling of it.

Value the experience of it.

And the joy is yours.

The Editors of the Era of Youth
F ind a friend — then be one!
R espect your friends — so they’ll respect you!
I dealize your friends — hope they’ll bring out the best in you!
E njoy your friends — you want them to enjoy you too!
Y eed your friends — then they’ll need you too!
D epend on your friends — and they’ll depend on you!
S mile for your friends — it’s nice to have them smile at you!

Shakespeare said: “So often to the house of thy friend,
for weeds choke the unused path.”

REMEMBER: “You tell on yourself by the P-8-7-5-X-3-S you keep.”

**ERA OF YOUTH CONTEST WINNER**

Oh, the comfort — the inexplicable comfort of feeling safe with a person. Having neither to weigh thoughts, nor measure words but pouring them all right out — just as they are — Chafed and grained together — Certain that I, faithful hand, will take and sift them — Keep what is worth, keeping And with the breath of kindness Blow the rest away.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

As you and I enjoy the sanctity of our own homes, it is wonderful to contemplate what other people are doing for us. After all, we are doing for them. Augustine

All kinds of things rejoiced my soul in the company of my friends: to talk and laugh and do each other kindnesses; read pleasant books together; pass from lightest jesting to talk of the deepest things and back again; differ without rancor, as a man might differ with himself, and when most rarely dissension arose find our normal agreement all the sweeter for it; teach each other or learn from each other; be impatient for the return of the absent, and welcome them with joy on their homecoming; these and such like things, proceeding from our hearts as we gave affection and received it back, and shown by face, by voice, by the eyes, and a thousand other pleasing ways, kindled a flame which fused our very souls and of many made us one.

Augustine
SHARE YOUR TALENTS if you have them. If you think you haven't any, remember that there is plenty to do on yearbooks, school paper staffs, stage crews, and in service clubs for the willing worker. The teens who have the best time in school are the ones who get in and do things. Learn to give of yourself, Teens should be active in church life, too. It presents an excellent program for us and gives us a pattern by which to shape our lives in all its many facets. Even if you are the only one in your school who believes as you do, you'll find you'll be admired for your high ideals if you live up to them. There just aren't enough people like that in the world.

—Jim Christensen, Santa Monica Stake, California. Student body president; yearbook art editor for 3 years, dramatics.

BEING A MEMBER OF THE LDS CHURCH has helped me tremendously in my activities at school. Giving talks since early childhood and participating in roadshows and other activities have increased my poise and my interest in things. I've made so many friends this way, too. I think that learning to be prayerful and asking for guidance in everything you do is invaluable. You're bound to be more successful if Heavenly Father is helping you. Also, teens are more popular if they learn to treat others the way they like to be treated. The Church helps us put this into practice in a hundred different ways and then it's easier to carry it over into other parts of our life.

—Joanie Shaw, Inglewood Stake, California. Yell queen, member of the Honor Board, student body vice president.

PREPARE AND PARTICIPATE. You might also try being pleasant in appearance, personality, and in accepting assignments. You'll make yourself more valuable and desirable this way both for the school and as a friend. Prepare for your assignments whether for school or activities or in Church. When you are given something to do, DO it, or you may not get another chance with the crowd. Participate in everything possible, clubs, student government, assemblies, class parties. Attend the meetings and voice your opinion and offer to help on projects.

—Brent Jackson, West Boise Stake, Idaho. Student body president, seminary president, all state football.
FRIENDLINESS IS THE KEY to a successful school life. Be friendly to old and young, and it will pay off in achievement and personal happiness. If people like you, opportunities for getting in things will come. It’s more fun to decorate the gym with someone likeable, you know? Once in, give it all you have. Another thing, it’s good to try and take an interest in others. Be a good listener. Ask them questions. Co-operate with them and not always want your own way. Take advantage of Church training. It’s tops for developing leadership!
—Penny Patterson, Beaver Stake, Utah. 4-H, student body officer, school band, and pep club.

TOP GRADES ARE A MUST FOR A GOOD LEADER. You just aren’t respected if you don’t keep up with lessons and participate in class. WORK at enjoying school. Giving something to the experience will help you get something out of it. Be bold. Don’t be afraid to say your piece. Spend some time thinking about how to improve things at school or getting some ideas and then share them. Remember, others are as afraid as you are. So it’s the daring ones who will be heard. Support all the games and activities at school and feel as though you’re part of them. Know what’s going on in the classroom and out of it!
—Ronald George, Weber Heights Stake, Ogden, Utah. President Ogden High, athlete, Duty to God Award, National Boy Scout Jamboree.

DON’T EXPECT TO BE THE BIG THING on campus. Go to school with the idea of supporting others in the big jobs and working unselfishly to make your school the best. Your turn will come. A good student leader has earned his job by being a hard and enthusiastic worker and being sincerely interested in others. You should know what you believe in, Church-wise, school-wise, activity-wise as well as in other phases. A weakling isn’t popular. Have strong beliefs and stick to them. Let people know they can count on you, that you aren’t hypocritical. A ready smile goes a long way, too. Greet everyone in a friendly manner, not just the ones in your own crowd.
—Janice Taylor, Phoenix Stake, Arizona. Student and class officer, queen, Girls State, DAR, and Silver Gleaner.

with it...at school

Some advice from example setters
OF SIGNALS AND SCOREBOARDS

(How to be cool and competent when the man with the whistle and striped shirt gets in the act!)

UNLAX! It's a rest period. One of the teams or the referee has called for TIME OUT. Players and clock stop running.

OOPS! A lineman has moved towards his opponent before the ball is snapped (or kicked on kick-off). He's OFFSIDE! Penalty!

HALT WHERE YOU ARE! The ref's flapping wing notes a PERSONAL FOUL by some red-blooded, overanxious player. They'll be penalized!

HANDS UP! No hold-up or victory celebration in progress; a team has scored a TOUCHDOWN! (A field goal brings on this impartial exuberance also!)

THEY'RE ROLLING! Having advanced ten yards in four or less downs, the offensive team gets to try it again! FIRST DOWN!
THANKS A MILLION
BY WINNIFRED C. JARDINE

Few things are more pleasing to see than a grateful heart wrapped up in a teen. It's a pleasure to be with him; it's a joy to do things for him!

Saying “thank you” is an art many people never learn. A smart teen can learn to do it graciously and in many different ways:

1. WRITE A NOTE—Make it short, and if you like, use a little art work. It needn’t be on fancy stationery; why not a square of colored construction paper cut with pinking shears? Without being mushy or insincere, pen a happy line of thanks for a new shirt or blouse, for tickets to the game or the ballet. Use the postman for deliveries, then you’re not around when it’s read.

2. DO A FAVOR—This is a subtle way—good to use with your best friend or your parents. It takes an understanding heart to recognize this as a “thank you.” Rise half an hour early and polish your dad’s shoes—this in thanks for his letting you use the car last night. Or make fudge to give the boy who helped haul scenery for the class play.

3. A TELEPHONE CALL—Make it on the first impulse, then it’s the most effective. Don’t feel embarrassed, just be sure you let the fella or gal on the other end of the line feel your gratitude— for helping in boning for an exam, for a kind word, for introducing you to a new friend.

4. A HAPPY LOOK—How nice to show appreciation in your face—a quick and ready smile, shining eyes, a warm look. To many folks this is the best thanks of all—and can be a secret communication between you and the person you’re thanking. It involves no stammering, no self-consciousness. And it

5. A GIFT OR TREAT—needn’t be expensive! Tuck a candy bar in your kid brother’s sock drawer for his letting you use his ball point. Dangle some candy kisses from your sis’s tennis racket before putting it back in her closet. Stick four pieces of gum in your chum’s science book—when you return it.

And how about clipping the fifth piece to your English theme when you hand it in? After all, teachers deserve some thanks, too!

Know what? If you can show your thanks in many different ways, people will surely find life a lot more pleasant with you in it!
QUESTION:
I am in the Navy a long way from home and away from any organized Church activities. I hold the office of priest. What are the requirements and what steps have to be taken to be married in the temple? My desire is to be ready for this great experience when I am discharged.

BOYD H.

ANSWER:
One going to a temple must have a recommend from his bishop and stake president. A recommend is issued after personal interviews which determine that the candidate is spiritually ready and meets the high standards of morality, faithfulness, and loyalty required of those who participate in the sacred ordinances of the temple.

A man must hold the Melchizedek Priesthood and honor it. He must be morally clean, honest, live the Word of Wisdom and the principle of tithing, be actively engaged in Church service, and be in harmony with Church leaders, principles, and practices.

Since marriage in the temple is “for time and all eternity,” preparation for it should be thorough and sincere. Gospel principles should be studied prayerfully. Church standards should be devotedly lived. One should be “anxiously engaged” in the good cause.

Because faithful participants in temple marriage are sealed together and with their children forever, the courtship which precedes such a marriage must be a wholesome association in which respect and love grow together, and which leads to happy memories and joyful eternal family relationships.

Obviously, Boyd, every young man and woman in the Church should be preparing for marriage in the temple now!

CONVERSATION!!

!!! PIECE

X marks the spot
Y is for you
Z is the buzz-z-z in the halls at school.

All of which prove the happy combination of the place, the people and the talk makes settling back to school satisfying business. There is so much to catch up on, so much to be shared. (Such as who has cut her hair. Or what’s the status of favorite two-somes and who’s trip souvenir is most gruesome.) If you feel a bit strange at first, think up a question to ask and plunge right in. You’ll be most welcome.

COVER CROWD . . . serpentine their way into a full year of school ahead wearing newest fall togs ranging from madras to mocs, batik to bulky sweaters. Living it up as the Rah! Rah! rooters are Ann Kingdon, David Ashton, Julie Brienholt, Kathleen Evans, Jaime Cannon, Vicki Wilkinson and Paul Gardiner.

TOTE TRICK . . . for schoolbooks, lunches, and you-know-what-all is a canvas bag in bright school colors. Clever girls stitch their own and often make them for the fellows. Felt or fishnet can be used instead. At this point, more and more boys are poking their gear into honest-to-Wall-Street brief cases, no less.

BIG IDEAS . . . for your favorite school or civic group to consider. Credit for these tips goes to Joan E. Rose, yearly Individual Award winner of Nyssa Stake, Vale, Oregon. Active in church and school, she still finds time to serve as state leader in a girl’s club. Her threefold plan for group projects includes providing bedding for the Children’s Hospital; starting a revolving fund for the Home for the Deaf, whereby a youngster can purchase a calf, raise it, sell it, return the purchase price to the fund for another’s use, and keep the profit for himself; third, supporting a fund for camping equipment for the mentally retarded. All this from one wonderful teen’s mind for the good of others.
Everyone called him Little Singing Pine. And no wonder. That was his name. He was an Indian boy. He had right black hair and eyes just about as dark. There was something sawed-off-looking about him, not to mention a little bowleggedly.

He could run pretty fast though. And he was good at other things, too, such as climbing trees and jumping on boulders and finding old arrowheads.

Something else he was good at was telling stories. They were all about Indians and about how brave they were and everything. It was almost as good listening to him as watching TV, although his stories always seemed to end differently. In his stories, the Indians always won.

It was way out in Arizona; it was even far from other places in Arizona. My dad had come out there on some kind of business, and my mother and I went along with him, it being summertime. They didn’t even have a hotel in the whole town. We had to stay in a boardinghouse kind of place.

There was a kind of hut next door, and that’s where Little Singing Pine lived. He talked English, same as everybody does in this country, unless they’re foreigners anyway, but his English didn’t seem to sound exactly like the real American English. There was something a little odd about it.

Still, you could understand what he said, which is the main thing when you’re listening to somebody, and we had a lot of fun doing different things, like going off into the woods or skimming rocks across creeks or looking for bullfrogs. But I guess of all the things we did on this particular Friday is what I’ll always remember most of all.

It started out like almost any other day. We decided to pick pinto beans. Little Singing Pine said he knew where there was a whole patch of ’em growing wild, and that anybody could go and pick them, as they didn’t belong to anybody, and that we could bring some home to our mothers to cook and not only that we could sell some, too. “Pinto beans very good,” he said. “Best beans in the world. Better than string beans, even. Much better.”

I didn’t argue. I didn’t even know what pinto beans were. But if Little Singing Pine wanted to pick them it was all right with me. What did I care? We’d become buddies, Little Singing Pine and me. Little Singing Pine always seemed to make everything interesting. Once it hailed, and he said the spirits up in the sky were sad about something, so sad they didn’t feel warm about anything, and their tears had turned to icicles, which is why we were getting pelted as we were. He tried never to step on worms because he said that worms were very poor relations to snakes and you ought to feel sorry for them, being so skimpy and everything.

And another reason he wanted to get some pinto beans, besides the fact that they just naturally tasted good, was that they were left over from stuff that the spirits had made Indian people out of, you could tell that all right, they were exactly the same color as
Indian people, and so if you ate pinto beans, especially if you were an Indian, more flesh would be added to you and you would become bigger.

I guess Little Singing Pine got all these things from Chief Yellow Hide, who was his grandfather, and seemed to know a lot, especially about Indian things, and he must have got some of it from some of his other folks, too. I knew now, even before seeing them, that pinto beans were going to seem a little odd and maybe even a little scary. What I didn’t know was that I wasn’t going to see any pinto beans that afternoon. In fact, for a while, it didn’t appear as though I was ever going to see anything else at all again.

And there didn’t even seem to be a cloud in the sky when we started out into the woods. But the clouds just seemed to get together and get together, like Indians holding a powwow, and the next thing, before you knew it, just sort of all of a sudden, the sky had got very dark. It seemed almost like night, and it was hardly past lunch time.

I guess we were about a mile into the woods by then, maybe even more. It’s hard to tell how far you’ve gone into woods, since there aren’t blocks there, and you can’t add up twelve and say that’s a mile. But I know we’d gone pretty far into the woods because we’d crossed two or three creeks, not to mention a hill or two and a brier patch and whatnot.

Even if we hadn’t gone so far into the woods I don’t suppose we’d have turned around. We’d been out in the rain before. You just get a little wet, that’s all—which isn’t so terrible and is even a little nice.

Of course, we had no idea it was going to rain so hard this time. Or that it was going to be a storm—lightning and thunder and all that. But when all that thunder started thundering away, and the very ground we were on seemed to shake we started running, and as fast as we could too, there hardly being anything else we could do.

I don’t know which is scarier, lightning or thunder. Thunder makes everything sound so awful, like the world is coming to an end, but it’s the lightning that seems to mean the most business, darting around and about like it does.

Little Singing Pine was running out in front, but I was giving a pretty good imitation of being just about up there with him, I can tell you that. And then, suddenly, and all at once, it happened. I guess I’ll never know exactly what, but one thing is for sure, it happened all right!

You’d think if somebody was hit by lightning they’d know it for sure, no doubt about it. All I can say though is, maybe I was, and maybe I wasn’t. All I know is a great big white flash seemed to suddenly burst right before me, it was so bright it seemed to blind me, and the next thing I knew I was on the ground. That wasn’t quite all, either. Something was on me. And this something turned out to be a tree.

Maybe the lightning hit the tree and toppled it over on me, and maybe I wasn’t hit at all or maybe it hit both of us. I didn’t know, and, frankly, I didn’t care. All I knew was I was pinned down to the ground and couldn’t move, and my chest felt real heavy and funny, and I could hardly breathe.

But something even odder and stranger and more
peculiar than this happened. Little Singing Pine was only about ten yards or so away, farther down the path, when all this took place. He saw the lightning flash and everything. Then he just stood there and gawked at me, lying there on the ground, helpless. And then, all at once he started running—but the same way he'd been going, away from me!

I guess I could hardly believe it. I remember crying out to him, calling his name and saying, "Come and get me, come and get me!"

The tree wasn't one hundred percent on me or I guess I'd have been killed. But enough was on me to keep me from moving. And my chest felt like it was practically flattened to the ground, I could barely breathe. And all that rain kept coming down on me, and it was still thundering and lightning away, too.

I guess I was just about as scared as I'd ever been, if not scarier. It took all my strength to be able to holler out to Little Singing Pine to come and help me, but he didn't come. And my voice kept getting thinner and thinner and weaker and weaker.

I kept hollering though because I felt like soon I wasn't going to be able to breathe at all. It was almost as if all the trees in the woods were bearing down on me. I knew somebody had to come and rescue me, and quick, or I was a goner.

I kept calling out until I seemed to be just about down to my last breath. And all the time I guess I felt just as sour as I could toward Little Singing Pine. Leaving me to die like this. And he was supposed to be my buddy and everything. Could you imagine that!

And then, when it seemed like my breath was just about gone, and I just lay there calling to the Indian boy, there he was. It seemed more like a dream though, his face there before me. I guess I really didn't believe it was so at first, even after he dug and shoved and pulled me out and put me on his shoulders and started carrying me away, as I seemed to be in a daze most of that time.

Well, as you can see, I was pretty scared. I got well all right and didn't die, and Little Singing Pine and I are still as good buddies as anything. This all happened last summer, and I'm back home, but we keep writing each other, and I might even become a cowboy and go out west and live with him, and we could own a ranch together or something.

I guess I'll never forget being struck by lightning or whatever it was that happened and being pinned under that tree and hardly able to breathe and all that. But I think the thing I'll remember most is something that happened a little afterwards, about a week later, when I wasn't so bad off any more and I could ask Little Singing Pine why he didn't come and help me right away but ran away instead, and what Little Singing Pine said.

"I see lightning strike by where you are," he said. "That means evil spirit there. Everybody know that. And everybody know not ever to go where lightning hit. Else you will die."

"Then why did you finally come back and get me?" I asked.

"I don't know," Little Singing Pine shrugged. "I think I die for sure, but it just not seem right to go away and leave you there."

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AUTOGRAFP

BY MARGARET GRAHAM COLLINS

White-washed adobe bricks that made the walls
Have melted into mud, gone back to earth.
The silence emphasizes wild quail calls
And rustle of tumbleweeds upon the hearth.
Old wooden beams have slivered into dust
That wheels in wisps across the roofless room.
The sage-sweet wind, blowing a sudden gust,
Sweeps the eroded step like a ghostly broom.
A hundred years have passed, almost erased
All evidence that humans once lived here
Who built a home, started a herd, and faced
The wilderness with courage and fear.
Now just the chimney stands, towering alone,
As if time left an autograph in stone.
Your Question
(Continued from page 626)

our Eternal Father and his Son Jesus Christ will give to all mankind, except those who have denied the Holy Spirit after they have received the blessings, some place where he will make them just as happy as he can in the terrestrial, celestial, or some other place, suited to their condition and capacity.

The resurrection at the time of our Lord, brought forth from the dead all those who had proved themselves worthy through the keeping of his commandments. The Prophet Abinadi has given us a clear statement in relation to these in the following words:

"For were it not for the redemption which he hath made for his people, which was prepared from the foundation of the world, I say unto you, were it not for this, all mankind would have perished.

"But behold, the bands of death shall be broken, and the Son reigneth, and hath power over the dead; therefore, he bringeth to pass the resurrection of the dead.

"And there cometh a resurrection, even a first resurrection; yea, even a resurrection of those that have been, and who are, and who shall be, even until the resurrection of Christ—for so shall he be called.

"And now, the resurrection of all the prophets, and all those that have believed in their words, of all those that have kept the commandments of God, shall come forth in the first resurrection; therefore, they are the first resurrection.

"They are raised to dwell with God who has redeemed them; thus they have eternal life through Christ, who has broken the bands of death.

"And these are those who have part in the first resurrection; and these are they that have died before Christ came, in their ignorance, not having salvation declared unto them. And thus the Lord bringeth about the resurrection of these; and they have a part in the first resurrection, or have eternal life, being redeemed by the Lord.

"And little children also have eternal life.

"But behold, and fear, and tremble before God, for ye ought to tremble; for the Lord redeemeth none such that rebel against him and die in their sins; yea, even all those who have perished in their sins ever since the world began, that have wilfully rebelled against God, that have known the commandments of God, and would not keep them; these are they that have no part in the first resurrection." (Mosiah 15:19-26.)

John in his vision, saw the time of the coming of Christ. He calls it the first resurrection, because it is the first resurrection for those who have lived and will yet live down to the coming of the Savior as King of kings and Lord of lords. Of these he wrote:

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." (Rev. 20:6.)

This is the resurrection as recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants.

"And they who have slept in their graves shall come forth, for their graves shall be opened; and they also shall be caught up to meet him in the midst of the pillar of heaven—

"They are Christ's, the first fruits, they who shall descend with him first, and they who are on the earth and in their graves, who are first caught up to meet him; and all this by the voice of the sounding of the trump of the angel of God.

"And after this another angel shall sound, which is the second trump; and then cometh the redemption of those who are Christ's at his coming; who have received their part in the prison which is prepared for them, that they might receive the gospel, and be judged according to men in the flesh." (D&C 88:96-99.)

The final resurrection, which is of those who are unworthy, will come at the close of the millennium, or at the end of the world; for it is decreed that even these shall live again, but will be assigned to their own place according to their works.

After this explanation we come to the point of the question. Why did Peter, James, John, and Moroni, receive the resurrection before the sound of the trump of the angel of God calling for the dead in the first resurrection? The question is in error in including John with these other brethren. John has not, we understand, yet received the resurrection, for he was promised he should remain until the second coming of Christ. The simple answer in the case of Peter, James, Moroni, and perhaps some others is, they were called forth because there was important work for them to do as resurrected beings. The Lord reserves the right to call forth from the dead any soul without waiting for the general resurrection at any period of time if he has special work for him to do as in the case of Peter, James, Moroni, and perhaps some others of whom we are not informed. The power of Jesus Christ was made manifest in these cases for he holds the keys of the resurrection. However, we should conclude that the general resurrection is not now going on or there could not be a morning of the resurrection when the Savior comes.

A TEACHER SAYS

BY RUBY ZAGOREN

Who comes to me with thirst for knowledge
Aching within, surely will receive
Far more than I can give or know.
This I believe.

Beyond the symbols he will reach
A lasting fealty:
Who comes with love of truth will find
A deeper truth, a solid reality.
Today, put your car and your cares in CONOCO'S hands and you'll see why Conoco is the HOTTEST BRAND GOING!

These are the hands that can make you a more confident driver! These are hands you can trust —for service that goes beyond routine
—for products that give you an extra measure of value.

Along broad highways and home-town streets, thousands of Conoco hands are taking the cares out of motoring. They extend a friendly welcome to you at the sign of the Red Triangle. It's their skill that makes Conoco the Hottest Brand Going.

Motor Oil! Get round-the-clock protection with Conoco all-season Super. Exclusive Oil-Plating® actually "plates" a magnetic-like film on engine parts that won't drain down, even overnight!

Gasoline! Supercharge with Conoco Royal with TCP plus TCP* boosts power, increases mileage; oil-plating action cuts friction wear. After two tankfuls, feel that powerful difference!

Service! Conoco hands are quick to clean your headlights; check tires, battery, water. They're the hands that make you a more confident driver; make Conoco the Hottest Brand Going!
“Get Understanding”

(Continued from page 629)

Let us not, then allow our MIA members to think—and thousands of them have recently received their diplomas from high schools and colleges—let us not permit them to assume that they have finished their education. To become liberally educated those who have finished with formal schooling must keep their minds at work. Oliver Hertford recently said, “The great American myth is that when someone is handed the skin of a dead sheep at graduation time, it will keep his mind alive forever.” Of course that is a myth. “Nothing is more terrible than ignorance in action,” said Goethe. We must teach our young people that the purpose of life is more life, self-mastery, the development of character, and its destiny is salvation, exaltation, and eternal increase of knowledge, wisdom, and dominion.

Let us follow the admonition of the ancient prophet and with all our getting, get understanding—understanding of God, of man and of life; and with that understanding, increase our faith in life, faith in ourselves, faith in God and in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. We shall need such faith in the times ahead.

General Omar Bradley, former Chief of Staff, issued the following warning: “With the monstrous weapons man already has, humanity is in danger of being trapped in this world by its moral adolescence. Our knowledge of science has clearly outstripped our capacity to control it. (We have too many men of science and too few men of God.) We have grasped the mystery of the atom, and have forgotten the Sermon on the Mount. Man is stumbling blindly into a spiritual darkness while toying with precarious secrets of life and death. The world has attained brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants, and ethical infants.”

Speaking of faith, I am reminded of what happened in New York at the close of World War I. A very wealthy man—a multimillionaire—was lying near death in a hospital. He was nearly ninety years of age. He had made his money by gambling, bootlegging, and in other illegal and unlawful pursuits. None of his family were present. They had become estranged and had forsaken him; his wife had divorced him; he was actually one of the poorest men in New York, though his assets were listed at seventeen million dollars.

A young man, his nephew, called on him, and after exchanging greetings, the young man said, “Uncle, you know you are about to die. You have lived your life and have had everything that money could buy. I am a young man, just starting in life. Would you tell me what you would do if you were my age, what you, with your varied experiences consider the most worthwhile things in life?”

The old man thought a moment, and then he said, “If you will open the dresser drawer you will find a book—a book of poems, and if you will turn to page seventy-two you will find my answer to your question, given better than I could give it. You ask me what is worthwhile, what is worth striving for. Let the poet answer you, and imagine as you read it that I am speaking to you.”

And this is what the young man read aloud while the old man wept:

I am an alien to the faith my mother taught me;
I am an alien to the God who heard my mother when she cried.
I am a stranger to the comfort that "Now I lay me" brought me;
To the everlasting arms that held my father when he died.

When this big world came and called me, I deserted all to follow;
Never noting in my blindness I had

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PRAYER FOR A SECOND-STRING PLAYER
BY JEAN MERGARD

The season’s nearly done. One Little Leaguer
Sits on the bench, apart, his eyes still eager
Upon the diamond, devouring each play;
And so it’s been day after baseball day.
And though he boasts that his team is a whiz,
Not once have any victories been his
To live again in retrospect, because
His aptitude for playing has grave flaws;
And the first team’s record places it on top
Of all the teams; theirs is the champion crop
That little needs a second-stringer’s zest,
Although a baseball beats within his breast.
But the season’s nearly done, and I would scratch
All former prayers if he could make one catch
In one real game! And if it were no trouble,
Perhaps You’d help him hit, even a double.
(It’s painful to ignore and not encroach
On the rights of fatherhood, when you’re the coach.)
NEW - FROM SAMSONITE!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL, MOST COMFORTABLE STACKING CHAIRS!

Samsonite answers your storage problem with ultra-modern Stacking Chairs.

You can store up to 20 of these beautiful chairs in floor space for one. They're light-weight... easy to handle, practical to use as pull-up chairs. And they won't mar walls, thanks to unique leg construction. The vinyl upholstery on the generously padded seats and contour-curved backrests wipes clean with a damp cloth. All metal parts are Bonderized to resist rust, and finished in chip-resistant baked enamel in your choice of 5 colors (Grey Munster, Gala Red, Gala Blue, Tan Munster, Antique White). Built with electrically welded all-steel square tube frames, Samsonite Stacking Chairs are well worth their small extra cost for they'll give extra years of rugged, attractive, comfortable service! Invest now in Samsonite Stacking Chairs.

SEPTEMBER 1960
slipped my hand from His; 
Never dreaming in my days, 
That the bubble, fame, is hollow; 
That the wealth of gold is tinsel as I 
since have learned it is.

No! I spent a lifetime seeking things 
I spurned when I had found them, 
I have fought and been rewarded 
in many a winning cause; 
But I'd give them all—fame, fortune, 
and the pleasures that surround them—
If I only had the faith that made my 
mother what she was.

The poor rich man died the following day. 
I bring to you my own testimony—and 
hope you will take it to MIA members everywhere—that things 
alone will not bring happiness nor peace; that real and lasting 
values are mental and spiritual; that faith 
in the gospel of the Lord, Jesus Christ, is life's richest treasure; 
God's greatest gift. Let us introduce 
our young people to the prophets and 
apostles of old and of modern 
times, to Abraham, Moses, Isaiah, 
Jeremiah, Amos, Joel, and the other great prophets. Have they 
listen to Peter and John, Luke and Paul. 
Let them read the inspiring messages 
of these great men of old. 
Through them they will get an 
understanding of the Master Teacher, 
the one, incidentally, who had the 
best education of any man who ever 
lived for he was with God in the 
beginning, he was God and was 
the Creator of all that is. Teach them to 
love him and to honor him by 
orning themselves. Teach them to 
listen to their hearts for "as he [a 
man] thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Let us all be responsive to what 
the poet has called the "invincible 
surmise," or what Jesus called faith. 
We shall need to have the kind of 
faith that led Moses, Lehi, and Brigham 
Young to their respective promised 
lands, the faith that made Nephi 
one of the greatest of the prophets; 
the faith that sustained Mosiah, 
Alma, and King Benjamin; that enabled 
Moroni to carry on alone after 
all about him had been slain. 
Teach them that only they who 
endure to the end will be saved and 
enduring to the end involves improving 
onself while he endures. Speaking 
of the "invincible surmise" I am 
reminded of what the poet said:

"Oh, world, thou choosest not the 
better part;

It is not wisdom to be only wise, 
And on the inner vision close the 
eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart. 
Columbus found a world, and had 
no chart,
Save that which faith deciphered in 
the skies.
To trust the soul's invincible surmise, 
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is as a torch of smoky 
pine,
That lights our pathway but one step 
ahead,
Across a void of mystery and dread. 
Bid then the eternal light of faith to 
shine,
By which alone the human heart is 
led
Unto the thinking of a thought 
divine."

—George Santayana

Brethren and sisters, I bring to you 
this morning a testimony concerning 
the Redeemer of the world, the Son 
of God, Jesus of Nazareth; a testi-
mony of my own personal knowledge 
that he lives and that he is my Re-
deemer and my friend. I bring to 
you a challenge that you learn of 
him and follow him, emulate his life 
and apply in your lives the principles 
of his gospel, that you may achieve 
immortality and eternal life and 
eternal increase. When I speak of 
knowing him, I am reminded of an-
other incident that occurred in New 
York recently when a great actor at 
the close of a performance one 
evening, was greeted with thunder-
ous and repeated applause, to which 
he responded again and again, and 
then, someone in the audience called 
him by name and said, "Would you 
read for us the 23rd Psalm?"

The actor was somewhat sur-
prised, but he responded and 
said, "Yes, I know the words of the 23rd 
Psalms," and he repeated them. He 
read the psalm as an actor would 
read a drama with gestures and 
proper emphasis; it was doubtless 
 impressive but not very inspiring, 
but when he finished there was more 
applause. Then the actor, calling 
for silence, said, "Ladies and gentle-
men, there is an elderly man sitting 
on the front row with whom I am 
acquainted. I am going to ask him, 
without notice, to come to the stage 
and really read the 23rd Psalm."

The old man, of course, was fright-
ened, but he made his way to the 
stage, and looking out over that sea 
of faces was almost panic-stricken 
until he closed his eyes, folded his 
hands, and prayerfully said:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall 
not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green

**SCHOOL IN SESSION**

**BY IRIS W. SCHOW**

Here in the capsule world, the pint-sized nation, 
Young eyes will sight the emerald towers of Oz;
The mountains of the moon will be discovered 
And the astounding laws

The magnet knows. The maze of long division 
Will prompt less awe for its intricacy; 
The bean plant's mode of growth will be admired 
For its efficacy.

While wonders of the world unfold before them, 
Esteem for truth will grow with self-esteem, 
For child and adult here are drawn together 
In duty, deed, and dream.
In solo or ensemble...

all these Baldwin stops speak independently, authentically

You will find all of these stops on the Baldwin Model 10A Electronic Organ. If you were to hold a note and try each stop one at a time, your own trained ear would tell you that no two Baldwin voices are alike. Each of the 32 stops speaks with its own distinctive tone color and scale, its own individual pitch. Each can be integrated into any combination. Further, the harmonic structure of every Baldwin stop is authentic, corresponding to the natural harmonics of that voice. The Baldwin also offers you the additional resources of mutation stops—Nazard 2'/ft. on the Swell and a three-rank mixture on the Great. You will feel at home at the Baldwin. Not only the stops, but the arrangement of couplers, pistons, pedals, toe studs and controls conforms to standards of the American Guild of Organists. The Baldwin 10A is comparable in tonal design and console layout to a well-balanced pipe organ of at least 20 ranks.

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SEPTEMBER 1960
A total of $32,871,529 in agricultural products were purchased from Utah and Idaho farmers and sold through Safeway Stores last year.

This total included: fruits, vegetables, milk, eggs, meat, poultry and other fine products of Utah and Idaho farms. Most of these foods were sold through Safeway Stores in the two states, but some surplus products were shipped out of the area to new and needed markets.

**Purchases included:**
- Meat and Meat Products: $10,423,550
- Bakery & Cereal Products: 3,494,907
- Miscellaneous: 605,673
- Beverages & Soft Drinks: 726,652
- Dairy Products: 4,458,850
- Sugar & Candy: 3,226,136
- Honey: 890,621
- Frozen & Canned Fruits & Vegetables: 4,549,751
- Eggs, Poultry & Fish: 1,216,290
- Fresh Fruits & Vegetables: 3,279,099
- Total: $32,871,529

These figures stamp Safeway as one of the major sales outlets for Utah and Idaho agricultural products and truly . . .

**A FRIEND OF THE FARMER**
**A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY**

---

Amen.

_pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters._

"He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake._

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me._

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over._

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever._

When the old man sat down there was impressive silence, there was no applause, and not a dry eye in the house. The actor, wiping his own eyes, stepped forward and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I know the words of the 23rd Psalm, but this man knows the Shepherd." God help us to know and emulate the Shepherd, and by gaining knowledge and wisdom and intelligence and, developing courage and fortitude and faith, qualify ourselves to feel at home in his divine presence, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen._

_Church Moves On_ (Continued from page 616) were called to Mexico in 1875. Actually, the Great Salt Lake Basin was Mexican Territory when it was first settled by the Mormon pioneers. The West Mexican Mission is the third mission now functioning in Mexico.

**July 1960**

2. The Deseret Sunday School Union announced the appointment of Elder Elmer J. Hartvigsen to the general board.

3. The dedication of the restored Heber C. Kimball home in Nauvoo marked the first time since the exodus in 1846 that four of the General Authorities of the Church attended a Church meeting there. President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the First Presidency, dedicated the restored home; Elders Harold B. Lee, Spencer W. Kimball, and Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve were in attendance.

7. The First Presidency announced the transfer of President Joseph R. Reeder of the French Polynesian Mission to the Samoan Mission, where he will succeed President Charles I. Sampson. Elder Kendall W. Young, a schoolteacher of Blanding, Utah, who once filled a mission in France, succeeds President Reeder in French Polynesia. The French Polynesian Mission (formerly Tahitian) is the oldest foreign-tongue mission of the Church, four elders from Nauvoo being called to begin it, June 1, 1843. The work in Samoa dates from 1863.

13. The First Presidency announced the division of the Swiss-Austrian Mission into two new missions, the Swiss Mission, with headquarters at Basel, and the Austrian Mission, with headquarters probably in Vienna. President William S. Erekson, president of the Swiss-Austrian Mission, will continue to serve as president of the Swiss Mission. Elder Winslow Whitney Smith of Logan, Utah, has been called to preside over the Austrian Mission. His wife and daughter will accompany him to his field of labor. This brings the total number of missions in the Church to 53. The Swiss people heard the message of the restored gospel as early as 1850; attempts to preach in Austria were made in April 1864.
Aunt Jody

(Continued from page 631)

woman went with him in haste to the sorrowing wickiups, eager and prayerful to do whatever was within her power. The bullet of the 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

AUTUMN SCENE

BY SOLVEIG PAULSON RUSSELL

Just to look upon the land,
In autumn time,
Is to see a lovely poem—
With every rhyme
A perfect blend of color,
And every lilting line
A flow of peaceful splendor.
There is no sign
Of greed or wrath or ugliness
In autumn beauty. Only grace
Of work well done
In every place.
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 Pinte sent by Barton’s wife, a wave of cold terror passed through the defenseless little town, with only six of its men home at that time, the others being away on the range, the freight-road, or elsewhere to make their hardearned living. By night time, 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 in town and hide them, since that would no doubt be the first thing the Navajos would demand. The afternoon dragged on with anguish of suspense, ninety helpless women and children “half scared to death” and but one man to protect them. As night came on with ominous stillness, and every sound echoing in the high cliffs with a strange boding 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 one of the bishop’s homes, 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 Rincone. 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, but those who mourned, and those who 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 where Navajo snipers could have killed everybody with the slow-moving wagon, and the killers never known. It was be-

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**Children . . . and the effect of what they feel . . .**

Richard L. Evans

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Last week we cited some lines from John Locke on the theme that fathers are to talk to. Home and fathers and mothers and families, and the teaching and rearing of children are so exceedingly important, that we should like to share some further thoughts on this same subject: “What gift,” asked Cicero, “has Providence bestowed on man that is so dear to him as his children?” The answer suggests itself—and since it is so, one thing of which we must ever be mindful is the influence of attitudes and actions. We may say the right words; we may teach by rote; we may write the right lines, but the lives of youth are influenced by the full effect of all they feel and see and sense—the by the tensions and standards and morals of the home, of teachers, of the times, of family and friends. And no matter what we tell them, what they feel from us and see in us may be much more far reaching than the routine of our teaching. “. . . For you must take this for a certain truth, that let them have what instructions you will . . . that which will most influence their carriage will be the company they converse with, and the fashion of those about them. Children (nay, and men too) do most by example. . . .” We would add these further lines from John Locke: “Virtue is harder to be got than a knowledge of the world; and if lost in a young man, is seldom recover’d . . . A young man before he leaves the shelter of his father’s house, . . . should be fortify’d with resolution . . . to secure his virtues, lest he should be led into some ruinous course, or fatal precipice, before he is sufficiently acquainted with the dangers . . . and has steadiness enough not to yield to every temptation. . . He that lays the foundation of his son’s fortune in virtue and good breeding, takes the only sure and warrantable way. . . .” This, in the language of some three centuries ago, simply says that our children will be in large measure a reflection of the background of family and friends and of the moral environment in which they live their lives. “What gift has Providence bestowed on man that is so dear to him as his children?” This places upon parents the responsibility of setting such patterns as children may in safety pursue.


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1Cicero.
2John Locke, Some Thoughts Concerning Education.
coming quite a fixed tradition with the people of Bluff that none of them could be sick without Aunt Jody being there to doctor them, and no one could die without 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 have followed her to the great other world. Such labors as she performed are seldom appreciated in the day thereof and begin to be seen for their true worth only as they are viewed in perspective.

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 so tired, 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 as the fragrance from a scented flower.

I recall that when Joe Nielson lay on his deathbed with "flu," she was unfailing 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 as if it meant much to her, and it did just that. It was what her love demanded, her wholehearted love which she brought to the service of all to whom she ministered.

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AUTUMN TESTAMENT
BY ETHEL JACOBSON

Mountains here are bare and bleak
Except where a ribbon of hidden creek
Tumbles down its stony bed
Blazoned now in gold and red.
Wherever a precious trickle flows,
Crowding its banks are tangled rows
Of birch and willow’s dancing green

Summer long—but now the scene
Is richer and more radiant,
Every tree a celebrant,
Knowing death a passing thing—
A sleep, a pause awaiting spring
And joyous reawakening.

Fifteen Hundred Families in the South

(Continued from page 633)

their own personal records to me, but also proferred to assist me with my greatly involved task. All-im-
portant wills, deeds, powers of at-
torney, land grants, war service records, newspaper articles, etc., were transcribed for the history, and a number of important Bible records were uncovered.

Of all the records that were searched and found, none were more vital and of greater value than the Bible records, particularly the older ones. One day, as a result of relatives contacting other relatives, I received in the mail the original precious pages from the Bible rec-
ord of my 2nd great-grandfather, Gaspar Golsan (father of Dr. Wyatt W. Golsan). This was truly a red-
letter day in the years spent in collecting the family history. The rec-
ords of the parents and children of Gaspar Golsan, and of four of his brothers and several sisters, were re-
corded in this Bible. Gaspar Golsan and his brothers had settled in Ala-
bama in 1820, or thereabout, from South Carolina. Their father was Lewis Golsan, Jr., and their mother was Elizabeth, from Orangeburg District, South Carolina. A search of the existing records of Orange-
burg showed that Lewis Golsan, Jr., was born on February 9, 1759, a son of Lewis Golsan, Sr., and Eliza-
beth Staley (Stehely), his wife. A further search of the Orangeburg records revealed the marriage of Lewis Golsan, Sr., and Elizabeth Staley (Stehely) on December 19, 1752, and gave information on other children and on the activities of the family in Orangeburg District. Rec-
ords showed that Lewis Golsan, Sr.,
had served with the rank of major in the Orangeburg militia during the American Revolution, and that Lewis Golsan, Jr., had served with the rank of sergeant, and that John Gaspar Golsan, brother of Lewis Golsan, Jr., served with the rank of first-lieutenant. The Golsan family of Orangeburg, S. C., had settled there from Virginia during those early colonial days.

Though World War II interrupted the progress of my history, the task was resumed soon afterwards and has finally reached a successful conclusion—a wonderful record of more than fifteen hundred families, with copies of all important and authenticating documents, with charts and pedigrees of the ancient family in England and Wales, and with scores of interesting illustrations. The history is brought to life with numerous biographical sketches of individuals and with nearly five hundred portraits and pictures of members, homes, etc. In a family of this size the attainments and personal achievements of some of its individuals are outstanding. One of the members became Alabama's first and most outstanding composer of fine music—there were high army officials—two or three with the rank of general, and there were several high-ranking naval officials. A number of high court justices are found in the record, several Congressmen, one or two Senators, at least one governor, and several others that ran as candidates, but lost; and there were a large number of outstanding business and professional people.

As though to climax these more than twenty years of collecting and the many hours of compiling of this enormous record, there was another red-letter day. There was a branch of the family in South Alabama that had not been conclusively connected with the main family roots. During September 1957, I wrote to a member of this branch of the family, with whom I had carried on previous correspondence; but in the interval since my last correspondence, he had passed away, and the letter was placed in the hands of one of his relatives and was then transferred to other relatives. I had given up hope of receiving an answer but then an answer came—like a miracle! The information that I had been seeking for so many years, was in my hands. The letter, which had been written in September, had reached the home of Mrs. Florence Golsan Bateman, probably Alabama's most famous composer of fine music, and she and her sister, Miss Frances Golsan, had in their possession the answer to an important relationship—but they had not been aware of it. During the years I had been collecting the pieces, but the key piece to the puzzle was missing—and now these two sisters had supplied it. An old Bible record, the original pages from the Bible of their great-grandfather, John and Ann Larey Golsan, was in my hands. This John Golsan was born in Orangeburg, S. C., on December 24, 1782, and was the eldest son of Sergeant Lewis Golsan, Jr. But he had died at the age of 95 years on October 27, 1850, and there was none living during my time that knew about him. Though there had been some speculation, the definite relationship of his widow, Ann Larey Golsan, who, with several members of her family, settled in Butler County, Alabama, about 1850 (thirty years or so after the others had settled in Alabama) was not known. One of her daughters had settled in Houston County, Georgia, but that was another relationship that was not known. This Bible record supplied the missing links, connecting all of the descendants of John and Ann Larey Golsan, including those in Houston County, Georgia, with the family that had settled in Alabama in 1820.

It can be done—this job of gathering a family history—but it is not easy! Why don't you try? Nothing is more satisfying!

To Teach One Another
(Continued from page 625)

ethical and moral precepts, the religious teacher assumes the responsibility of leading the youth into the realm of spirituality. His duty is to open the eyes of the blind that they may see God. It is wonderful to find "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." (Shakespeare, As You Like It, Act II, sc. 1, l. 15.) It is a glorious achievement to lead a lonely hungering soul out of the maze of temporal, sensual materiality into the enduring realm of spirituality.

Leading youth to know God, to have faith in his laws, to have confidence in his Fatherhood, and to find solace and peace in his love—that is the greatest privilege, the most sublime opportunity offered the true teacher.

All this should be every teacher's responsibility, but the teacher of religion's responsibility is even more—it is his opportunity and privilege to lead his pupils over moral and ethical hills to the glorious heights of spiritual reality—where the spirit of man may receive the illumination and inspiration of God's Holy Spirit, by the light of which every youth may obtain the realization of what the late Robert Millikan said was the most important thing in the world: "The consciousness of the reality of moral and spiritual values."

These Times
(Continued from page 612)

The genius of the Constitution, and the nature of politics under it, is such that any administration in power must operate by means of compromise. Especially is this true in internal matters of great concern to any powerful group. Mr. Madison, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Jay had to defend the Constitution of 1787 against those who felt it created too powerful organs of government. They assumed that the Congress and the single-headed executive, the Presidency, would be adequate to any situation requiring purposeful and necessary use of political power. But none of the authors of the Federalist really anticipated what could happen if "the factions" became more powerful than the government itself—despite the great arguments advanced in Number Ten to the effect that the Union itself was a cure for the evil of faction.
The Constitution, both the living and written instrument, depends on public spirit in the final analysis. Unless there is public spirit (as opposed to the expression of private, more selfish interest) in the great corporations, the nation-wide labor unions, the farm organizations, the more powerful churches, professional associations, and other forms of organized interest, the country can suffer.

It is remarkable the extent to which the various groups, "factions," and interests can and do seek self-established objects and purposes—and do so without major catastrophe. All organizations generally operate on the principle (once ascribed somewhat unfairly to a large corporation) that "what is good for General Motors is good for the country." In our diversified nation the organizational behavior of our many groups is sublimated and becomes refined to a large extent. Various conflicting interests "cancel" each other out—in a unique way.

However, organizations grow rich, powerful, and often, in the economic sense, more determined that what is good for them is good for every-

Fathers are to talk to...

Richard L. Evans

There are some wonderful words in our language, words that are inseparably associated: home, mother, father, family—and in our thoughts they are linked in fondest and most meaningful remembrance. Where the normal pattern prevails, father is more away and less closely acquainted with the daily problems and program. But fathers are people in whose footsteps sons are apt to follow, and whose hearts daughters are likely to have their way with. Fathers are people whose name the family is known by. Fathers are people whom sons and daughters should feel free to approach with their problems. There are hazards in going it alone in life, and fathers are to talk to—even if they seem to be too busy; even if they are doing so much for the family in other ways that they are not enough at home. Some three centuries ago John Locke said, "... a father will do well, as his son grows up, ... to talk familiarly with him; ... The sooner you treat him as a man, the sooner he will begin to be one: and if you admit him into serious discourses ... with you, you will ... raise his mind above the usual amusements of youth, and those trifling occupations which it is commonly wasted in. ... And I cannot but often wonder to see fathers who love their sons very well, yet so order the matter ... as if they were never to enjoy, or have any comfort from those they love the best in the world. ... Nothing cements and establishes friendship and good-will so much as confident communication. ... Other kindnesses, without this, leave still some doubts, but when your son sees you open your mind to him, [he will know he has] a friend and ... father, ..."2 So much for the lines from John Locke. It is sobering when a father sees in his son himself, his mannerisms, his ways, his words. It is a great moment in life when a father sees a son grow taller than he, or reach further. It is a blessed thing for fathers to see their sons exceed them. God bless fathers—and bless the sons and daughters who give fathers their greatest gift in the love they bear them, and in the virtuous, honorable, useful living of life.

2John Locke, Some Thoughts Concerning Education.

body else. Forgotten are the facts of individual creation, individual difference, and the maxim that one man's meat is another's poison. When organizations have the power to paralyze the economy, or stand in defiance of the public interest, the "consent of the governed" is usually aroused. In 1890 a Sherman anti-trust, in 1947 a Taft-Hartley, or other laws are enacted. Then begins the long, delicate, and difficult task of applying the new law; of securing compliance from the systems of private power.

In recent years we have occasionally seemed to approach a situation where some groups have become so powerful, either locally or nationally, that "consent" to sustain private power (whether willing or coerced) has seemed to be stronger than "consent" for necessary public authority.

This suggests the inarticulate issue in the 1960 campaign—or what may become so. Is the government of all the people of the United States strong enough to take necessary action, through the Congress, by the President and the administration, should some private system of power threaten the entire national economy—such as a steel strike; a breakdown in the rail, trucking, or airline industry; the maintenance of a healthy industrial, marketing, or agricultural system, or do the rights of a minority justify such veto power?

This issue will not probably receive much discussion because the large number of voters could be offended and alienated. Other reasons include the fact that, for nearly eighty years, the business and agricultural community has given the country such education in fear for unduly "Big Government"—with powerful slogans against "socialism" and "statism"—that when those self-same interests seek equalizing legislation from Congress or state legislatures, they find themselves stopped by segments of these public attitudes, plus the pressures of those who want the government to keep its hands off them, and only on the other fellow.

The issue boils down to three basic concerns:

1. Is each individual interest, in the interests of "liberty and justice for all," prepared to recognize the necessity of some wise self-restraint, modesty, and self-limitation? Is each prepared to admit that what is good
for it may not always be the best thing for everybody? Is each prepared to honor, obey, and sustain the law?

2. Is there sufficient “public” opinion capable of formation in a national crisis or domestic emergency (such as a steel or transportation strike), to produce effective governmental action (which means protecting basic liberties also) in the broadest type of public interest?

3. Are there candidates and nominees before the various national, state, and local constituencies, with sufficient wisdom, knowledge of the delicate fabric of “government by consent of the governed,” with courage, to insure “domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare,” and at the same time “secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity?”

These are elements of what may well be the inarticulate issue of the 1960 campaign.

A Tribute to President McKay

(Continued from page 625)

tour of 1920-21 upon which Elder Hugh J. Cannon accompanied him, he met thousands of Latter-day Saints in the distant and near missions of the Church. His memory of so many of them and of the places to which he and Brother Cannon traveled is clear and keen after all these years.

As President of the Church he has met the people of the Church throughout the world in their own home lands, in the United States, in Europe, South Africa, South America, and in the islands of the Pacific.

These tens of thousands sustain him as prophet, seer, and revelator and cling to his example and his words as inspired. He is honored for his nobility of character. He is admired for his personal bearing and address. His cleanliness of person, speech, and thought charm all who meet him. People leave his presence feeling as though they have been “in church.”

The readiness of his sense of humor pleases all who have opportunity to enjoy it. He is unusually perceptive and alert. His interests are of great scope and variety. His fondness for animals and for living things of creation are as natural and spontaneous as his devotion to people.

I recall his disappointment when the close schedule did not permit his going to the Kruger National Park in South Africa. I thought I could partially assuage the disappointment by presenting him with a copy of an attractive book Animals of Africa, which I purchased in a Johannesburg bookshop.

Later we were taken to the “end of the world” to see the Cape of Good Hope and to travel through the game reserve at the cape. I shall long remember his interest in getting out of the automobile and having us accompany him into the bush to see if we could flush out some baboons. Though we did not succeed, his interest was rewarded when we came upon a “family” bossed by a rugged, old grandfather baboon, who had seated himself on the “bonnet” (hood) of a visitor’s Buick while the mothers, “kids,” and the troublesome fathers of the “family” sported around us on the road and swarmed over the car. They looked into the windows of the car at us seemingly with the same curiosity as we looked at them.

He and Sister McKay are the best of travelers. They travel relaxed, thoughtful of others, beaming with goodwill and ready for any eventuality. This is born of wide experience and also of a life time of personal discipline and self-control. I recall when we were leaving Johannesburg to return to Dakar, West Africa. It was my duty to take care of the travel documents, passports, health certificates, tickets, and reservations. I had misplaced some of these and was hurriedly, impatiently, and excitedly fumbling in search of them while the plane waited. The President watched me and chuckling said: “You are excited, aren’t you?” I admitted that I was, but he was not. His composure gave me reassurance and enabled me to capture some of his poise and to simmer down.

His contacts have brought into his life many eminent people. He has met royalty and eminent persons. Whatever their heritage or pedigree I think all have accepted him as a
I recall many years ago when I was host for a few hours of a distinguished New England visitor, a Harvard professor, a member of an eminent New England family. He was an austere, dignified, gentleman. I had the honor of introducing him to President George Albert Smith, whose son was then and is still, also, a Harvard professor; to Elder John A. Widtsoe, a Harvard graduate. As we left the Church office building, we met President McKay on the sidewalk in front of the building. I introduced them, and they talked briefly. As we parted and President McKay walked up the steps of the building, Dr. Cross turned and watched him. Emphatically but quietly, as though he were talking to himself, he said, "My—what a personality!"

I have seen President McKay in the presence of men of great ability and accomplishment, famous men, public figures, men of wealth, learning, political power, and wide financial interests and influence. I have seen him also in the presence of obscure, lowly, humble people. Always there is the same warm, uniform, manifestation of genuine interest and goodwill.

Through the many years he has had association with many remarkable people, several of them men of eminence and of notable careers in public and professional life, in business and in educational circles. His attitude toward them is marked by the kind of respect and appreciation which win loyalty. From them respect and loyalty are reciprocated. I have seen him befriend people who thought themselves friendless. His loyalty is steadfast.

For all people, prominent and obscure, of good fortune and without it, he has unvarying regard. Whoever meets him departs with a consciousness of benign influence. This comes from the nature of his spirit, and from the quality of his spirituality. He has "partaken of the divine nature."

His personal disposition is most gentle and self-effacing. If he could, he would reach out and rescue everyone in need. He recognizes his limitations of time, strength, and opportunity, especially as these are further very greatly affected by the great scope of the duties of his office and the demands made upon his time and attention by the needs of the Church. To help him avoid the...
rebuke which was administered to Moses in Exodus 18:13-26, his desire to help people needing help and counsel he shares with a great organization of like-minded and like-spirited men, composed of the General Authorities of the Church, and the presiding officers in wards, stakes and missions.

He is the best exponent of his own principles. While others can express their appreciation of his exemplary character, it is well to read and to hear him to gain an understanding of his love for the Lord Jesus Christ and his enthusiasm for the righteous life.

Belated Rendezvous

(Continued from page 643)

He laughed. The ear zoomed ahead, turned the corner at Academy Street, and almost instantly they were ascending the hill. By this time Nan was curious—almost afraid; for by this time she noticed Jimmie's eyes were glued to the road, and his face tense, a trifle twisted, as it had sometimes been in the old days.

She wanted to protest but found herself speechless. They were up the hill in a jiffy. Jimmie turned into the circle below the fountain, and

“How much is all this worth?...”

Richard L. Evans

Many years ago Daniel Webster recalled a question: “How much is all this worth?” As to liberty, or the lack of it, whatever the price, it is priceless, and the difference cannot be calculated. How much is all this worth? How much is it worth to live where one wishes? to work at what one wishes? to worship as one wishes? How much is it worth to have the right to live with loved ones? to listen to the laughter of children? to be unafraid of approaching footsteps? to walk home and find the welcome of loved faces unafraid? How much is it worth to own personal property? to have personal privacy? How much is it worth to preserve human dignity? How much is it worth to choose leaders? to vote in an open and honest election? to have a voice in making and administering the laws of the land? How much is it worth to come and to go, to live and to choose, to think and to speak, to read and to search? to have an education offered everyone? How much is it worth freely to express an opinion, fearlessly to move from place to place, with an openness of life, a free ranging of the mind; and enjoyment of the great and goodly earth that God has given, with peace of mind and quiet conviction? Despite all encroachments on freedom, and all unwise relinquishment of some rights, still blessed beyond belief, still precious beyond price, is the freedom our forebears paid for—the freedom which is God-given, which yet, paradoxically, has to be everlastingly earned and deserved over and over again, and can never safely be permitted to become commonplace. How much is all this worth? All this must be worth the willingness to work, the willingness to defend, the willingness to give allegiance, the willingness to be a participating part, the willingness to live with honor, justice, and respect for law, and the willingness to keep the commandments—for “No free government,” wrote Andrew Jackson, “can stand without virtue in the people and a lofty spirit of patriotism...”2 Thank God for liberty and for the privilege of preserving it at any price.

1Daniel Webster (quoted by Joseph Roswell Hawley in an address titled On the Flag and the Eagle, 1874).
2Andrew Jackson, Farewell Address.
slammed on the brakes. Nan braced herself nervously. But in a moment she relaxed, as his face softened into a smile.

I thought I'd bring you up here again. I didn't want you to forget the place. The view is pretty good in the morning." He was talking fast, nervously. Nan was fascinated. His arm fell across the back of the seat near her shoulders. She made a quick, involuntary movement away.

He was startled. "I guess you'll never come back this way," he said roughly.

"Oh, I don't know. I might." Her eyes took refuge in the green valley.

"Why not stay?"

Her eyes still took refuge in the valley, the lake, the peaceful village. "Why don't you ask me?"

"I am asking you. But I'm afraid. You know how I used to get hurt. I thought I'd got it out of my system—until I saw you." He slipped out of the car, and helped her in a matter-of-fact way, then led the way up the path to the fountain. He glanced at the class tree, and laughed, she thought a trifle bitterly.

"Will you, will you marry me?"

"Oh, Jimmie," she murmured, as he drew her into his strong arms, "I was afraid you weren't going to ask me."

A robin broke the hush of the morning; the fountain bubbled joyously, as it had done for many a year, and the windows of the big stone academy building were golden with promise.

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**Fire Fighters Supreme**

*(Continued from page 644)*

throughout the day—and the night. Relief finally arrived the following morning, and the weary Indians filed off to chow and well-earned sleep. Scarcely had they hit the sack when the camp boss regretfully roused them. The blaze had fanned up into a new threat. Could they help contain the fire for possibly just an hour or so?

"You bet," the Zuni boss assented. The crew promptly returned to the line.

The Indians rarely complain—unless their rigid taboos are broken. Let someone overstep a sacred tradition, though, and there's heap-big trouble.

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**CAUGHT BETWEEN**

**BY V. TROLLOPE-CAMERON**

There stands September dressed in green brocade. An August dream still warm upon her face, She primly walks the path where sun and shade Is patterned Time in yellowed parchment lace.

Her sudden tears are dried by friendly winds Who shield her as the days like ships embark— She turns away from listless tamarinds To colors where October sets his mark.

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**COMFORT AND DURABILITY**

**THIS IS IT!** Here is an average man, an ordinary human being, enjoying comfort. If he were larger, or smaller, he would still be comfortable in a Durham folding chair. These well-built chairs are designed for the comfort of people! We would not presume to read this man's thoughts, but chances are ten to one were we to ask him what make of folding chairs he'd buy, he'd say: "This make!" It's a sure thing he'd be 100% sold when given the complete story of Durham construction and materials. They insure full value for every seating dollar.

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Another quality that brings high praise from the foresters is the Indian’s refusal to panic. There’s always a great peril in battling forest fires, but the Indians seem to possess an inherent sixth sense that serves them well during hazardous assignments. They sense just the right moment to clear out of a danger spot or to dodge a crashing tree. They have a remarkably low accident and sickness record.

Consequently, they can be placed at vulnerable points where others almost certainly would meet disaster. They build firelines in rough, mountainous terrain too precipitous for a bulldozer to go. “In a pinch,” one forester remarked in admiration, “those fellows can be relied upon to take care of themselves and instinctively do the right thing at the right time.”

Of course, if things get too tough, they turn aside for a moment to make medicine. District Ranger Lewis reports that in one San Bernardino Forest fire the flames broke over the fireline and headed up a mountainside. An Apache crew attacked the fire, but despite its best efforts the blaze streaked out of control. The Indian straw boss, called his crew into a huddle. The group chanted a song for a few moments, then hustled back to position. For about five minutes the rampaging flame burned on, then died down for no apparent reason and was easily controlled.

When the ranger questioned the crew leader about the singing, he replied, “We make medicine to help put out the fire.”

During one fire, a forester noticed mystic Zuni symbols and figures carved on tree trunks along the fireline. When he protested to the Zuni chief about the tree mutilation, the Indian assured him that the markings were necessary. No flames could cross the line while guarded by these symbols and figures the chief asserted. The line held!

A few days later the Zunis put on a short ceremonal dance and chant. At its conclusion the chief informed the camp boss that it would rain soon. Sure enough, the following day, the skies darkened and a few sprinkles fell. “Not much of a rain,” the camp boss remarked.

“Small dance, small rain,” replied the chief.

Little wonder Indian crews have endeared themselves to the Forest Service, even though they must be transported long distances. For the most part, they are flown to the fire site by U.S. Air Force planes, occasionally by commercial airliner.

For their part the Indians like to co-operate with the white man in fighting forest fires. Economically many of them are hard pressed to eke out a bare existence. Fire fighting offers an honest and useful method to raise their living standards. Competition is keen between the various units. None of them wants to be reported as doing a bad job. They earn every penny they make, for fire fighting is the hardest of work.

An Indian usually earns about $150 to $250 per fire. He’s paid off in cash as he steps aboard the home-bound plane—an assurance that he’ll arrive at the reservation with money in his pocket. In a recent year, of the some 3,500 Indians in the Zuni tribe, about 1,500 of the men battled fires in various forests of the West. They received in the neighborhood of $150,000 for their services. These days there’s a new look around many Zuni pueblos. Late model cars and pick-up trucks are parked outside, and inside—shining new washing machines.

TEMPUS FIDGETS

BY KAY CAMMER

Too suddenly
To seem quite true,
I’m actually 22!
A while ago
I’d loads of fun
When I was only 21.
It’s very hard
To understand—
Just shreds of time left in

my hand.

But I proceed;
Content and holder,
Because you too, are getting

older.
what importance attaches to the work of those who help to bring it about? To destroy man's mortal life is one of the greatest of sins. But how much greater is the sin of one who causes the loss of eternal life? Suppose that one defaults in his Church responsibility. Suppose that because he says, "I go sir" but goes not, a brother is allowed to lose eternal life. What is the situation? Whether the tragedy came by design or default, the loss is the same.

President John Taylor said, "If you do not magnify your calling, God will hold you responsible for those whom you might have saved had you done your duty." (Journal of Discourses 20:23.) What a grave and frightening idea. Comparatively few people will ever become Sons of Perdition or shed innocent blood, yet they may lose their own blessings and the blessings of many for whom they have responsibility by a simple failure to magnify their calling. If the greatest joy is the satisfaction of saving a soul, then how terrible must be the remorse of those who allow a soul to be lost.

The scriptures speak of our possibility of being "Saviors upon Mt. Zion." That is our highest possible rank. But the only way to become a Savior is to save someone. How would you feel if you were a doctor devoting your life to the practice of medicine but you had never actually saved anyone? The most stimulating experience that any doctor can have is to see someone regain the bloom of health under his ministry.

Then imagine what it will be like to know that many people will live forever in the celestial kingdom because of the skill and devotion with which you have done the particular work for which you have been "set apart." Jesus said, "... how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father!" (D&C 18:15.) This we can only try to imagine. But every Church worker should give himself this thrilling experience of saving someone as early as possible. We must make ourselves capable. We must be able to guarantee our own success.

The one business of life is to succeed. We are not placed here to waste our lives in failure. It is so
easy to say, “I go sir.” It is so easy to make promises. It is so easy to fail. Winston Churchill described the efforts of one as “timid, tiny, tardy, torpid, tedious, and tentative.” When our work is aimed in this direction, we set ourselves apart for failure.

Suppose that you had an irresponsible employee who was causing your life’s enterprise to fail. What would your attitude toward him be? Or suppose that the eternal lives of your children were in his hands. What do you think the attitude of our Heavenly Father will be toward those who cause his children to lose their blessings because they say, “I...gentleness with firmness...”

Richard L. Evans

In some recent weeks we have spoken of home and mothers, of fathers and families, of the need for example, for teaching and for talking and for keeping close confidence, and we cited these lines from John Locke: “A young man before he leaves the shelter of his father’s house,...should be fortified with resolution,...to secure his virtues, lest he should be led into some ruinous course, or fatal precipice, before he is sufficiently acquainted with the dangers....” Following this, we should like today to share some further thoughts on the importance of early teaching and training. Benjamin Franklin said, “Let thy child’s first lesson be obedience,...” The idea that discipline and training should center outside the home is an altogether untenable idea. Contrary to what is sometimes supposed, studies on the subject would suggest that youth would like to look to parents for leadership, for guidance, lacking which they feel too foot-loose, and unsure of themselves. Reasonably, there comes the question: What are parents for? Not simply for food and shelter and physical necessities, although this is a great service in itself. But parents are also counselors, builders of character, teachers of truth, and must not abdicate their particular position as parents. Parents are those to whom God has given children, with first responsibility for them, as the molders and shapers of manners and morals. “With children,” said Charles Haddon Spurgeon, “we must mix gentleness with firmness.—They must not always have their own way, but they must not always be thwarted.—If we never have headaches through rebuking them, [when they are young] we shall have plenty of heartaches when they grow up.”

“An infallible way to make your child miserable,” said Henry Home, “is to satisfy all his demands.—Passion swells by gratification; and the impossibility of satisfying every one of his wishes will oblige you to stop short at last after he has become headstrong.”

“Good Christian people,” wrote Thomas Carlyle, “here [in your children] lies for you an inestimable loan;—take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it. With high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back.”

The duty upon parents is much more than merely to provide—it is also to teach and train, to counsel, and, as necessary, correct—to love the part of parents, with gentleness and firmness so intermixed as never to avoid wise discipline or the doing of duty; to show forth leadership, and remembering never to leave out love.


1 John Locke, Some Thoughts Concerning Education.
2 Benjamin Franklin, Poor Richard.
3 Charles Haddon Spurgeon.
4 Henry Home.
5 Thomas Carlyle.
go sir” and go not? “The worst blasphemy is not profanity but lip service.” The greatest waste there is in the world is not the devastation that goes with war nor is it the cost that goes with crime, nor is it both of these put together. The greatest waste there is in the world is that human beings, you and I, live so far below the level of our possibilities. Compared with what we might be, we are only half awake.

There is a song that says, “If we fail, we fail in glory.” That is ridiculous. No failure is glorious. Every failure is a sin, not only for itself alone but also for what it is a sign of. Failure is a sign of something wrong in us. It is a sign that we have not set ourselves apart for success. To fail in our own business is bad enough but to fail in our Father’s business means that many people will lose the blessings of eternal life. We must not fail, and why should we fail? If we do the right things there is almost no possibility of failure.

You are the child of God, created in God’s image, and endowed with his attributes. Just remember who you are. There is everything in knowing your origin and constantly re-affirming it in your life. You have inherited the creator’s power and wisdom. You are engaged in the work in which God himself spends his entire time. Cling to your inheritance and develop your endowments to their utmost.

Not many people are great because of what they presently are, but everyone is great for what he may become. Regarded as a finished product, no one may be particularly impressive even to himself. But regarded as an eternal possibility, you are magnificent. You are a Savior upon Mt. Zion. You possess the greatest potentialities. Allow no exceptions to success to occur. Everyone stands or falls according to what he believes in and works for and lives by. You can believe in and fight for the most important things in the world. To that end you have been set apart and blessed.

But in addition you may give yourself a blessing and set yourself apart for greatness by your energy, your faith, your eagerness, and your determination. You may set yourself apart to hold God’s work dearer than all else. It is a wonderful thing to be “set apart” for the work of the Lord.

13,725,619 people saw U. S. Steel movies in 1959. Business and professional groups, schools and the general public, watched some three dozen U. S. Steel educational films in over 47,000 separate showings. Perhaps you have seen some of these films:

“Rhapsody of Steel” has been praised as one of the finest theatrical shorts ever produced. It shows the history of steel from its Stone Age discovery to the important role this remarkable metal now plays in conquering space. This outstanding animated color film is now being shown in a number of motion picture theaters throughout the country.

“Plan for Learning” won an NEA School Bell Award last year for “distinguished public service advertising in behalf of education.” This color film tells the story of how one community worked together to build a much-needed new school. In addition to group showings, the film was also featured on TV. “The Five Mile Dream,” a theatrical short, is the story of bridging Michigan’s Straits of Mackinac. Almost 3½ million people saw this film last year. “Practical Dreamer,” which offers kitchen planning tips; “Mackinac Bridge Diary;” “Jonah and the Highway;” and “Steel—Man’s Servant” are some of the films most requested during 1959.

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For nearly five years now a concerted effort has been made in all the stakes of the Church to get an organized program of priesthood reactivation into full and effective operation.

Every priesthood leadership meeting held in connection with a stake conference during this entire time has dealt with one phase or another of this program of priesthood reactivation.

At the last three quarterly conferences, the particular part of the priesthood reactivation program which has received special emphasis has been entitled, "Keep Faith with Your Family." Future stake conferences will see further attention given to the "Keep Faith with your Family" program and also to other vital phases of the over-all program of priesthood reactivation.

Now that all of this experience has been gained in the presently-in-use policies and procedures governing the Church's program of priesthood reactivation, it seems appropriate for all concerned to evaluate their understanding of the program and review such results as have been obtained.

Accordingly, this is the first of two articles on the general subject of priesthood reactivation. It will deal with a recapitulation of the general objectives and procedures in use in the program. Next month these pages will carry a more detailed explanation of how to make the "Keep Faith with Your Family" program work in the most effective way.

Objectives of Priesthood Reactivation

What, then, are the goals of this program? Where are we going and what do we expect to accomplish? Unless we set our sights right, we have little hope of success. And so, by way of review, may we say that the objectives of the program are four in number.

1. A Church Assignment for Every Adult Brother

This is the initial goal, the first major objective. Manifestly there is and can be some activity and a modest amount of devotion to the Church and its programs and ideals without the actual acceptance of a Church assignment. But in the sense of working out one's salvation, activity and devotion are not shown forth in any measurable degree unless, and until, a person begins to render service in the kingdom.

Service is the beginning of the kind of activity that leads to salvation. True Saints are up and doing, giving of their time, talents, means, and abilities in building up the kingdom and furthering the Lord's affairs and interest on earth. As Bishop Carl W. Buehner so aptly expresses it: "Life in the Church is a job in the Church!"
2. Temporal and Spiritual Progression for All Brethren

As to temporal progression, we are concerned with the whole field of a priesthood quorum's part in the Church welfare field. It is the responsibility of ward bishops to arrange for the production and distribution of welfare budgets. It is the work of the priesthood quorum to handle matters pertaining to rehabilitation.

If there are brethren without employment, the quorum should help them in gaining jobs. If there are those who need better employment, then better jobs for them is the answer—and the quorum is to serve in gaining such. If brethren need help and counsel in the better performance of their temporal pursuits, it is the quorum that should make such available.

As to spiritual progression, such is the direct outgrowth of personal righteousness. In other words, it is the responsibility of priesthood quorums to lead their members in paths of righteousness, to persuade them to keep the Word of Wisdom, honor the Sabbath day, pay an honest tithing, have regular family prayer in the home, maintain strictest integrity and honor in business dealings, uphold the standards of chastity and morality, and keep the commandments in general. Such a course opens the door to spiritual progression and leads to eventual salvation in the kingdom of God.

To aid quorum officers in leading their quorum members in paths of spiritual progression, an annual confidential interview is provided. In this interview various items relative to a brother's life and conduct are revealed and counsel is given as to what course of conduct he should follow.

3. Celestial Marriage for Every Person

To enter into the order of eternal marriage and then to keep the covenants made in connection with that holy order—these are the great objects of life. Temple marriage is the gate to exaltation. It is available for those who become stable and sound in the Church and who prepare themselves by personal righteousness for its blessings. Priesthood reactivation is not complete until a man has been sealed to his family in the temple.

4. Attainment of Eternal Life

This, of course, is the final great goal of all phases of Church service and gospel devotion. It grows out of a temple marriage, coupled with obedience to all of the standards of the Church.

Procedures of Priesthood Reactivation

In a manner of speaking, the whole program of the Church is geared to the attainment of the goals of priesthood reactivation. But to provide an orderly and systematic way of reclaiming the greatest possible number of inactive brethren, the following six specific suggestions have been made in recent years:

1. Schools for Senior Members and Their Wives

Procedures and policies governing these schools are well known throughout the Church. Their success has been phenomenal. Many couples have become active and been sealed to each other in the temple as a direct result of the training given and the testimonies born in them.

2. School for Elders and Their Wives

These, also, are being held in nearly every stake in the Church and are virtually as productive as are the separate schools for senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

3. Church Activity Program

Instinctively and automatically it always has been the endeavor of active Church members to bring the full benefits and blessings of the gospel into the lives of their less active brethren by getting such persons to participate in the program of the Church. In recent years there has been a concerted effort to do this, and so all of the programs of the Church have come to play their part in the great priesthood reactivation program.

4. Cottage Meetings for Elders and Others

Practically the whole program of gospel teaching used by missionaries is centered around the cottage meeting program. Conversions come because the gospel is taught to nonmembers in these meetings. The same principle applies where unconverted members are concerned. By teaching them the lessons found in the standard proselyting plan, as well as other material, many are being brought to the full blessings and benefits of the priesthood.

5. Personal Missionary Approach

This is a system of asking an active brother to work with one less active, to do it secretly and without ostentation, to use every approach possible (cultural, civic, athletic, recreational, fraternal, or what-have-you) to mellow the inactive brother to the point where he will come and partake   (Continued on page 687)
The Aaronic Priesthood and work for the dead

Instructions have recently been issued by the Presiding Bishopric, at the direction of the First Presidency, to the effect that those being baptized for the dead should be twelve years of age or over.

This modification places a new and extremely significant responsibility on the Aaronic Priesthood, for it is anticipated that bearers of this priesthood between the ages of 12 and 21 and girls of comparable age will perform the majority of this ordinance work. Up to this time, a great deal of it has been done by boys and girls eight to twelve years of age.

As a result of this new directive, most young deacons, teachers, and priests will have more frequent contact with the work for the dead than they have previously had. This is highly desirable, for this important work is one of the greatest things underway in the world today.

Bishopric members, advisers, and others working with these young people should make every effort to impress upon them the significance of this work. If they understand and appreciate it, their participation will be more meaningful to them and they will be more anxious to participate than they would otherwise be.

They must understand the gospel plan, and how it has been provided that everyone will have a chance to hear the gospel. They should have a knowledge of the great work going on in the spirit world. They should appreciate the significance of baptism, and realize the great blessing that results when this ordinance is performed on behalf of those in the spirit kingdom.

In addition to this teaching, leaders and advisers have another responsibility, that of encouraging as many of these young men as possible to take part. Each year the Church receives thousands of names for whom this ordinance must be performed. In some phase or other of this work, all members of the Church have a responsibility. The Aaronic Priesthood's is in connection with baptism for the dead.

We realize that the lack of temple facilities in some areas limits participation. Those areas which have access to a temple are very fortunate, and young Aaronic Priesthood bearers living in these areas should be given every encouragement to take part. Leaders

Films made available through Presiding Bishopric's Office

Jack Barton, played by Ned Williams, with his youngest son, played by Douglas Whitaker when father recognizes that his life has great effect on his family.
in these areas can do more than encourage—they can organize excursions and in other ways offer actual assistance.

With this new instruction, both Aaronic Priesthood bearers under 21 and their leaders are given an increased responsibility in connection with a very vital phase of the gospel plan.

**Ward Teaching Supplement—Reverence an Individual Responsibility**

As members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, we are blessed above all peoples. With recognition of this fact should come a desire to live the gospel the best we can in order that we might in some degree merit these blessings.

Often, however, our actions fall short of this ideal. Some principles we live with a certain amount of success; in other areas, most of us can improve. An example of the latter is the practice of reverence.

Realizing that we sometimes behave less reverently than we should, we ought to inquire as to why. Is it because we fail to understand the meaning of the principle?

Perhaps to a certain degree, this is true. Some of us seem to think of reverence as a kind of stiffness or weakness, rather than realizing it to be what it is: "an intrinsic and inviolate claim to respect... mingled with love and awe," according to Webster. In its most fundamental sense, it is actually an understanding that certain places and certain things are sacred, with an awareness of how to conduct oneself in their presence.

But many of us understand the principle and still fail in the practice. Perhaps the social, friendly nature of the Church itself contributes thereto. We sometimes forget that there are times to commune with our fellows and times to commune with our God. It is possible, as we have so many times been reminded, to be both friendly and reverent.

Sometimes we adults blame our young people, without realizing that their actions are but a reflection of our own. If we are reverent and well-behaved, they will be also.

Even our concept of Deity may contribute to our lack of reverence. We understand God to be a personal Being, a kind and loving Father. Our attitude toward him is largely one of love rather than fear. Thus we are not "frightened" into behaving reverently.

Our religious services and the appearance of our chapels, simple in contrast to the complex and ornate counterparts of other faiths, may also have a bearing on this.

Whatever the reasons, the fact remains that many times we are not as reverent as we could and should be. The responsibility to improve is with each of us. And we are given many examples to follow. We see in our mind's eye, Moses removing his shoes as the voice of the Lord tells him he is on holy ground. We see King Benjamin speaking to a multitude from a tower, and President McKay speaking to a multitude from a tabernacle pulpit. We see Lorenzo Snow fasting in a temple and Joseph Smith kneeling in a grove. We see shepherds bowing in a manger and the Son of Man praying in a garden. We realize that with these, reverence is more than just a characteristic. It is a way of life. So should it be with each of us.

The Presiding Bishopric's Office is making a series of fine films, averaging about twenty-five minutes in length, available to wards and stakes. These films, some of which are in color, deal with various phases of the Aaronic Priesthood program, Sacrament meetings, and ward teaching.

Newest is *As the Twig Is Bent*, a twenty-seven-minute color film on the power of example. It is now available only on a stake basis but soon will be released to wards as well.

*Come Back, My Son, The Sacrament Meeting, The Bishop, President of the Aaronic Priesthood, and It's the Ward Teachers* are available to both wards and stakes.

Further information, if desired, may be obtained by writing the Presiding Bishopric's Office.
School bells are ringing again, and there is excitement in the air. The first day of school is so special, a little like Christmas, or your first pair of high-heel shoes, or your first real suit of clothes bought downtown. Breathless is the best word I know to describe it. The first graders trotting off to school, so proud of their new status, but more than a little scared! The second graders feeling so big in their knowledge of having been through it all before! Then there are the blasé seventh graders excited because they are now starting junior high but trying to act so "know it all."

Next the seniors in high school, with a little tinge of "this is the last time." At this moment, next year is so near it appears like a big hollow cavern all unknown; but anyway the swagger begins as they enter the high school front door, head high, thinking, "I am the oldest; I know more than anyone else here." Breathless, all, and especially mother at home, who is not quite used to the hustle and bustle of everyone up so early, each with a destination in mind requiring special clothes and a lunch in hand!

Nine months of lunches lie ahead—lunches to be carried to school! These lunches must contain all the nourishment of a good home "sit down at the table" lunch. That’s a big order. In our day’s eating there are four requirements. See that your day contains: first dairy foods, such as milk, cheese, butter, ice cream, etc.; second, meat group, including fish, poultry, and eggs; third, vegetables and fruits, include both dark green and yellow vegetables, citrus fruits or tomatoes; fourth, breads and cereals, use whole or enriched grains. Let your sack lunches contain a good part of these requirements.

There should be something in the bag besides just basic requirements, by this, I mean, it should contain love and pride. There are two kinds of nourishment: one for the body and one for the soul. Let your lunches show your love and care. As your child opens his lunch, can he be proud of what it contains and the way it is prepared? I can remember when I was very young at school, sitting at a desk eating my lunch and gazing at a boy across the aisle. A lump rose in my throat, and I couldn’t swallow because of what I saw. His sandwiches were two very thick, almost hunks of dry bread glued together with jam, and they were wrapped in a newspaper. A carried lunch reflects the type of home it comes from. A school lunch, when opened should say, "someone cares."

A day can be made better by the way a mother hands her child his lunch. Do it with a smile and a "happy day, dear." Take time to glance directly into his eyes with your eyes, saying, "I believe in you, don’t let me down." Then the day will be better for both of you.

The contents of the lunch bag can become monotonous, but I know one boy who liked it that way. He was staying with an aunt for a month, and she asked him what he would like in his sandwiches. She suggested a number of different fillings. He said no to each one until finally in exasperation she said, "Fred-die, just what do you like?" The answer was, "Just tuna fish." Perhaps he was just a "tuna boy," but surely he was the exception.

A group of five young high school boys and girls, in order to combat this lunch bag monotony, formed a co-operative system. One day one would bring sandwiches for the whole group, next day a something extra like pickles, olives, potato chips, salad, or tomatoes, third day fruit in some form, and the fourth day dessert. When I asked about the fifth day the an-
Swine was, that person brought the robe to sit on. Whether it was your
turn to bring the robe to sit on or the something extra, it was fun to plan.
Most families though, must pack all four things each day, and this, too
takes planning ahead. Lunches can
be nourishing, delicious, and filled
with suspense. Here are a few sug-
gestions:

Sandwiches

Big Boy Sandwich: rye bread, but-
ter, Swiss cheese, chopped mustard
pickle.

Mock ham sandwich: ground bo-
logna, mixed with sweet relish and
dill pickle.

Meat loaf sandwich: hamburger roll,
meat loaf, sliced dill pickle, let-
tuce.

Peppy sandwich: whole wheat
bread, (add 1/8 cup evaporated milk
to 1/2 cup soft yellow cheese, cream
well. Add 1 cup shredded dried beef,
2 tablespoons, drained horse-
radish.) Makes 6 large sandwiches.

Salad sandwich: whole wheat
bread, (grind 1/2 pound of bologna or
cooked ham and 3 hard-cooked
eggs, mix with 2 tablespoons chopped
pimiento, 1/2 cup drained sweet rel-
ish, 1/2 cup salad dressing). Makes
6 sandwiches.

Peanut plus sandwich: (Chop fine
6 cooked prunes and 1 cup seedless
raisins. Mix with 1/2 cup peanut
butter, 1/2 cup evaporated milk, 1
tablespoon lemon juice.) Makes 6
sandwiches.

Irish sandwich: (Put through meat
chopper 1 1/2 cups corned beef, 2
hard-cooked eggs, 1 slice day old
bread, 5 sweet pickles and mix with
1/2 cup salad dressing and 1/4 teaspoon
dry mustard.) Makes 6 sandwiches.

Deviled egg sandwich. Whole
wheat bread. (Mix together 6
chopped, hard-cooked eggs, 1/2 tea-
spoon of onion salt 1/2 teaspoon dry
mustard, pepper, 1/4 cup chopped
ripe olives, about 1/4 cup salad dress-
ing.)

Bacon and egg sandwich: (Mix
together 6 crisp slices of bacon,
crumbled, 3 hard-cooked eggs,
chopped, 1 teaspoon grated onion,
salt, pepper, and about 1/4 cup salad
dressing.)

Ham and peanut sandwich: (Grind
1/2 pound of ham or bologna, add
1/4 cup finely chopped salted pea-
nuts, 3 tablespoons drained sweet
relish, about 1/2 cup salad dressing.)

Beanie sandwich: (Whole wheat
bread, try mixing drained cooked
navy beans, ground ham, grated raw
carrots and salad dressing.)

The secret of variety in sand-
wiches is to use different kinds of
breads.

Try using:

Baking powder biscuits, varying
them with cheese mix, onion soup,
grated orange rind, crumbled crisp
bacon, celery or cardamom seeds in
the mix.

Sweet breads such as raisin, date,
and apple banana, coconut and
lemon bread recipes found in De-

cember 1959 Era.

Yeast rolls: Brownie roll, recipe
found in March 1959 Era, hamburger
rolls, weiner buns, hard rolls.

Grandma’s Cinnamon Lunch Bread

1/4 cup melted shortening
1/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
1 cake fresh or a package granular
yeast
1/4 cup lukewarm water
1 cup milk, scalded
about 3/4 cups enriched flour
1/4 cup sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon

Combine melted shortening, 1/4
cup sugar, salt, and egg; add yeast
softened in lukewarm water. Cool
milk to lukewarm, add alternately
with flour. Knead lightly. Let rise
in greased bowl until double in bulk.
Punch down. Roll in rectangle.
Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle
with remaining 1/4 cup sugar and cin-
namon. Roll as for jelly roll; place
in greased 5 by 10 inch loaf pan.
Let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake
in moderate oven 350 degrees F. for
about 45 minutes. While warm,
brush with light corn syrup. Sprinkle
with additional 2 tablespoons sugar
and 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Flaky Roll

1 1/4 cups evaporated milk
1 cup hot water
1/4 cup lukewarm water
2 yeast cakes
1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon salt
2 eggs
about 7 cups sifted flour
softened butter

Dissolve yeast in 1/4 cup luke-
warm water. Beat eggs, add sugar
and salt, canned milk and hot water,
beating constantly. Add yeast mix-
ture. Add flour gradually, turn out,
and knead until very smooth and
elastic, roll out to 1/4 inch thickness,
and spread with softened butter.
Fold half of dough over other half
and spread with butter. Fold again
and spread with butter. After fifth
time, roll and cut out with biscuit
cutter and put into well-greased
tins. Allow to rise to double in bulk.
Bake at 425 degrees F. for 8 to 12
minutes. Makes 32 rolls.

Something Extra for the Lunch

Crisp carrot or celery sticks
Deviled eggs
Salted nuts
Dried fruits
Cubed cheese on toothpicks
Green pepper circles
Cauliflower
Fresh coconut
Paper cups with lids containing salad
or fruit cocktail
Little whole tomatoes
All kinds of fresh fruits

Desserts

Stuffed dates
Fruit turnovers
Cup cakes
Cookies

Candy Cookies

3 eggs
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 cup evaporated milk
2 cups all purpose flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup soft gumdrops cut in small
pieces (no black ones)
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Beat eggs until light, add sugar
and milk. Add dry ingredients and
stir in gumdrops. Add nuts mixed
in the 1 tablespoon flour. Bake in
a shallow greased 10 by 13 inches
pan. Bake at 325 degrees F. for
about 1/2 hour or until cake shrinks
from sides of pan. Cut in strips 3
inches by 2 inches.

Butterscotch Bars

Melt 1/2 cup butter in a saucepan.
Add 2 cups brown sugar, firmly
packed and blend well. Cool. Add
2 unbeaten eggs and 2 teaspoons

680 THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
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vanilla. Beat vigorously. Sift together 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and ½ teaspoon salt. Add to other mixture and beat well. Spread batter evenly on greased 8 by 12 inch pan. Bake about 30 minutes at 340 degrees F. Don’t overcook. The cookies have a nice chewier consistency if slightly underbaked. Cut in strips while warm and roll in powdered sugar.

Washboard Cookies

1 cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon soda
¼ cup hot water
1 cup coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla
4½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening, add the sugar and eggs, and beat well. Dissolve the soda in the hot water and add to the first mixture. Add the dry ingredients and vanilla. Form into a narrow cookie about 3 inches by 1 inch, run a fork down the center to make ridges. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 8 to 10 minutes.

Refrigerator Crispies

1 cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup sugar
2 well-beaten eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1¼ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
3 cups quick-cooking oatmeal
⅛ cup chopped walnuts

Thoroughly cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla, beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients. Add oatmeal and nuts; mix well. Shape in rolls; wrap in wax paper and chill thoroughly overnight. Slice ⅛ inches thick, bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 350 degrees F.

CAN CAREFULLY

Check and double check—the tops of all fruit jars and discard all jars with nicks and cracks.

Take time to—“knifeout” air bubbles.
Don't use—warped, rusty, or worn-out bands.

Screw bands—down evenly all around, being sure all juice and food particles have been wiped from the threads of the jar.

Do not—re-use lids.

Before storing—cold bottles of food, be sure the band has been removed and the bottles seal tested according to the manufacturer's directions.

Do not—underprocess—follow directions.

Use boiling water bather—for processing fruits, juices, and tomatoes.

Use steam pressure—for processing beans, corn, and all other low-acid foods.

Check the gauge—on your pressure cooker. They do wear out and are no longer safe.

Always use—fresh, sound, firm produce.

Wash produce—to be canned before you break the skin.

Never oven can—it is not reliable, and can be dangerous.

To keep—food from darkening after peeling, add 2 tablespoons each of salt and vinegar to 1 gallon of cold water. Drop fruit in this water as you peel it. Do not leave the fruit in it for more than 15 minutes.

Obtain—a new canning book for reliable information on safe processing of foods. Your old one is out dated—new ways of canning have been discovered; for example, Ball Blue Book (edition 26-B) can be obtained by sending 25c to Ball Blue Book, Box 5, Muncie, Indiana.

A Delicious Corn Relish

1 dozen ears of corn—cut the corn from the cob
1 quart of onions
1 quart ripe cucumbers
1 quart of ripe tomatoes peeled
3 green peppers

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6 small red peppers
1 quart vinegar
½ cup salt
3 tablespoons white mustard seed
½ teaspoon turmeric powder

Experiments in Teaching

(Continued from page 639)

abuse. Later, the activities were listed on the family blackboard in the kitchen. As the father drove away, he was still giving instructions. At the first town, he phoned back some final word. When the son was asked what his father's message was before leaving, he replied with confidence: "Father said, 'I am going now, Jim, you take over.'" Repetition and experience had become effective, and both father and son felt secure.

3. Understanding

With repetition the full learning process is still only partly achieved. There must be thinking, reasoning, and adjustment. Young minds are not satisfied with dogmatic presentations. They crave an answer to questions like: "Why the Word of Wisdom?" "Why chastity?" "Why honesty?" "Why temple marriage?" "Why worthy living?" "Why caution in choosing companions?" "Why the necessity of getting home at a definite hour following a date?" "Why restriction and order in the use of the family car?"

This understanding is not easily achieved but the results are worthy of any consistent effort.

4. Conviction

There is much talk these days among young people about conformity. They are prone to resent and resist it, unless they accept the principles involved. Conviction is the inward acceptance of a condition or principle. Conformity may be acceptance out of necessity, pressure, or convenience. The successful teacher fully understands that he must work for conviction that is properly guided and formed. Conformity without conviction may easily break down under changing conditions.

5. Application

This is the final step in the program. It is also the objective for which we work in our teaching. It is not only the final step in religious and character training but in many other areas as well. When one knows, understands, and has conviction for a principle or practice, he is now ready and, we hope, capable of putting it to work in his life.

These principles, so important, are repeated in summary. They are: exposure, repetition, understanding, conviction or acceptance, and application.

It is not easy to secure conviction and to make application of Christ's way of life. Youth as a rule do not get excited about the necessity of going out of one's way to serve or to help others. It is difficult for them to understand and develop enthusiasm for the idea of, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

As an example of the principles of teaching just discussed, the writer presents and recommends an experiment in teaching he has successfully conducted in a class at the Logan LDS Institute of Religion called, "Projects in Christian Living." The class is usually limited to fifteen or twenty members because of the nature of the program and consists of four kinds of activities.

1. A discussion is conducted of Christ's principles of love, forgiveness, and personal control as suggested by the references at the beginning of this article. Such is conducted in regular but informal class periods. The principles are reviewed and analyzed until class members have a common concept of the abstract meanings of the various teachings.

2. Visits are made to homes of the needy, shut-ins, and aged, or those otherwise neglected. Students find their own contacts, explain the nature of the visit, and make the appointments. They also conduct the activities in the home. These activities may consist of introductions, family and name recognitions, stories of conversion, pioneering, work in the Church, and testimonies of life efforts and purposes. A favorite experience comes when, by invitation...
from students, the hosts respond to student questions regarding their philosophy of life and offer their own suggestions for the guidance of the youth of today. Students later write up their reports and impressions of the visits. Students are always interested in these visits, and we can never quite satisfy the demands in the number that we are able to make.

3. Students accept an invitation to watch in their own lives for opportunities to improve in Christian conduct. They go to work, as the case may be, on quick tempers, selfish motives, inconsistent feelings, faultfinding, gossip, unforgiving spirits, and so forth. Testimonies by students themselves, as well as by their associates, indicate the accomplishment of considerable change in personal living. These class reports come to be most interesting and thrilling as they indicate growth and emotional satisfaction.

During vacation periods when students return home, they are encouraged to be alert for opportunities to continue their projects and to improve themselves in other areas. Upon return to the university they take pride in making their reports. Two examples are given here for illustration:

One student reported that he was successful in winning response from a farm neighbor who had not spoken to the family for many months. Difficulty had arisen over animals and their trespass upon adjoining land. Following difficulty and words, both families withdrew from each other completely. The student, alert to an opportunity, found an occasion to help the neighbor out of a snowdrift. At first the neighbor was unexpressive and quiet and gave the idea that he resented the help. As they worked together, coyness disappeared, and at parting they shook hands and expressed goodwill and confidence in each other. The final word of the student in making the report was, "Now he speaks to Dad, and I think the trouble is all over. I didn't know it would work so well."

Another student driving on the highway passed a car off the road and in a barrow pit. In reporting he said, "I drove by as I usually do. When down the road a mile or two, I came suddenly to myself and realized this as my opportunity. I turned back to the scene. What do you know, someone had beat me to it."
4. Service projects are entered into. This activity consists of conscious effort to join in special projects of helpfulness. These may result in a closer contact with ward and stake welfare projects. It may mean running to a home formerly visited and engaging in a house-cleaning project, doing some repair work, writing letters, gardening, or some other helpful effort.

These are thrilling adventures in teaching and so rewarding as almost to take one's breath. They create an appetite for Christian experiences and a realization of Christian joy as suggested in the scriptures mentioned in the beginning of this article.

Students remember these experiences and testify that they carry over into life. Seldom do I meet...
one of them off the campus that he does not speak of some such experience and refers to his joy and satisfaction in it.

Footnotes

3Matt. 5:38.
4ibid., 5:41.
5Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.
8Matt. 5:10.

- Melchizedek Priesthood Page

(Continued from page 675)

of the blessings of the Church.

6. Family Approach to Priesthood Reactivation

Under this heading comes the "Keep Faith with Your Family" program. This is a system of using the children as a means of getting the parents into activity. It is not a separate program standing by itself. It is part of the over-all program of priesthood reactivation. It operates on the proven thesis that all persons have a desire to see their children receive the good things of life. By pointing out to parents the blessings their children will receive, by proper spiritual guidance and training in the home and through the organizations of the Church, parents are often led to participate more fully in the Church organizations, with all the attendant blessings of such participation.

Next month we will make specific suggestions as to the practical operation of this "Keep Faith with Your Family" program as it applies in the field of priesthood reactivation.

- TRAGEDY IN BRIEF

BY LES GOATES

She died
Inside
That day
The way
You hurt her!
In writing about the changes the fall season brings, one of my fourth-graders came up with the following: “Today, brides fly away for the winter.”

“I’m sorry I’m so late, Mother,” said the third-grader as he rushed home late. “We were making a science display—and I had to finish the universe.”

While teaching algebra, the teacher was trying to stress the point that unlike terms cannot be combined. She used fruit as an example and asked, “You can add one apple and one apple and get two apples, but you can’t add an apple and an orange, can you?”

Immediately a hand went up and a boy said, “Sure, you get fruit salad.”

A quote from a fifth-grader: “Ready to ride and spread the alarm “To every insect, village, and farm.”

SEVENTH-GRADERS’ ANSWERS ON A QUIZ:
The three types of clouds are: Cumulus, nimbus, and stimulus. Ku Klux Klan was a relative of Kublai Khan.

A youngster once told his mother that prizes had been distributed in the class. “Did you get one?” his mother asked.

“No,” the boy replied, “but I did get a horrible mention.”

HEALTH RULES FOR (AND BY) FIFTH-GRADERS
When you are sick in bed you shouldn’t be up and running about.

Don’t eat unlabeled cans.

You should stay inside after a cold so your body can put out germs.

Only stick your elbow in your ear.

HEARD IN THE SIXTH GRADE:
“When Ponce de Leon discovered Florida, he was looking for the foundation of youth.”

“Heat is the form of energy due to emotional molecules.”

FROM THE COMPOSITION OF A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR:
“Last week was Open School Week. We did Hamlet in class. A lot of parents came. Some of them had seen it before, but they laughed just the same.”

“Ready to ride and spread the alarm “To every insect, village, and farm.”
No jam tastes like the kind you make yourself!

Easy! Thrifty! No failures—and only one-minute boil with Certo or Sure-Jell!

Sure-Jell and Certo are brands of pectin... the fruit substance that causes jelling. The pectin in fruits varies—so Sure-Jell or Certo takes the guesswork out of jam and jelly making. Recipes with package and bottle. Products of General Foods.

Recipe: perfect homemade grape jelly. Crush 3½ lbs. ripe Concord grapes. Cover; simmer 10 min. with 1 ½ cups water. Place in jelly bag; squeeze out juice. Mix 5 cups juice with 1 box Sure-Jell in saucepan. (Or use liquid Certo—recipe on bottle.) Bring to boil over high heat, stirring constantly. At once, stir in 7 cups sugar; bring to boil again. Boil hard 1 min. only, stirring constantly. A short boiling time gives fresher flavor. Less juice boils away, so you get up to 50% higher yield!

Remove from heat; skim and pour into glasses. Paraffin at once. Yield: 12 medium glasses for pennies a glass! And you’re sure of perfect results with powdered Sure-Jell or liquid Certo!
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