Students! Make sure NOW that you are prepared to register at BYU

Brigham Young University, one of the world's great universities, is attracting top students from every state and abroad to its outstanding student body. To facilitate planning, advisement and registration for them, the University has instituted several new regulations for autumn semester 1965 of which students should be aware so that they will not encounter delays or difficulties when they seek to register.

New students should make sure to observe these four things:
1. Deadline for application for admission is July 31.
2. The application must be accompanied by a transcript of previous high school or college credits.
3. The American College Test must be taken before admission because results will figure in admissions evaluation. The last national test date was in June. However, students who missed it and who intend to enter BYU may take the test any time at the University in Provo through July 30 or at one of the BYU Continuing Education Centers in Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Ogden, and Idaho Falls on a single date, July 17.
4. A $25 deposit is required no later than 30 days after admission is granted.

Students with any problems or questions about admission or their status should not hesitate to contact the BYU Admissions Office.

VITAL DATES TO REMEMBER

July 17 — Date of American College Test at BYU Continuing Education Centers.
July 19 — Aug. 20 — Second term of Summer School.
July 30 — Last date for American College Test at BYU before application deadline.
July 31 — Deadline for applications for admission to autumn semester.
Sept. 16 — Registration begins for autumn semester.
GOVERNMENT REQUIRES SAFER CARS

Much safer automobiles are in prospect as a result of the US government's requirements for the about 68,000 passenger cars it buys each year. Present requirements include seat belts. Proposals being studied include collapsible steering columns to cut down chest and face injuries; steel "roll bars" to resist roof cave-ins when cars overturn; auto bodies built so they will crumple enough to absorb part of the impact in a crash; bumpers with hydraulic shock absorbers; padded dashboards; recessed instruments, handles, and knobs; and head rests to prevent neck-snapping in certain kinds of collisions.

EYES SHOW MENTAL WORK

Psychologists at the University of Chicago have found that changes in the size of the pupil of the eye can be used as a measurement of mental activity. Work with multiplication problems found that mental activity closely agrees with problem difficulty and that the size of the pupil increases with the difficulty of the problem.

FOOD AND DENTAL DECAY

Recent studies in New Zealand of the effect of elements present in only trace concentrations show some new relationships to dental decay. Areas with soils that have a high pH (more alkaline) and calcium carbonate content produce vegetables with more molybdenum and less manganese, and there is a lower incidence of dental caries. Similar results were found in experiments in feeding molybdenum and manganese to twin lambs.

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Contents for July 1965

Church Features
The Editor's Page: The Mormon Pioneers, President David O. McKay ........604
Your Question: Why Administer the Sacrament to Little Children?
President Joseph Fielding Smith ..................................606

The Church Moves On, 600; Melchizedek Priesthood: Book of Mormon Is Special Witness, 634, Book of Mormon Christmas Project, 635; Presiding Bishopric's Page: This I Believe, 636.

Special Features
The Gospel and the Age of the Earth, Henry Eyring .......................608
Genealogy: Genealogical Help through Relatives, George B. Everton ........614
Since Cumorah, New Voices from the Dust, Part 4, Hugh Nibley .............616
Teaching: The Love of God, William E. Berrett ..........................618
The Wayside Graves on the Pioneer Trail, President Heber J. Grant ........620
Two High National Honors ...........................................644
The Spoken Word from Temple Square, Richard L. Evans ....................623, 632, 646
Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Harris, Jr.; These Times: The "Big" University, G. Homer Durham, 596; Letters and Reports, 598.

The Era of Youth: Trailing Clouds of Glory ................................649
The Last Word ..................................................................664

Family and Home Features
Today's Family, Florence B. Pinnock, Editor
Time to Stretch .............................................................638
Home, Sweet Home, FBP ..................................................641
Is Your Yard Safe for Children? Blanche Campbell ........................642

Stories, Poetry
July That Summer, Christie Lund Coles ......................................610
Poetry ...........................................................................613, 632, 643, 649

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WORLD'S FAIR
Information on reservations for housing accommodations while attending the World's Fair may be obtained by contacting Ernest H. Wiener
LDS World's Fair Housing Center
85-69 66th Drive
Elmhurst, New York 11373
Telephone DL 1-3540
Reservations must be made early.

THE COVER
Hal Rumen of Salt Lake City captures the humble dignity of the pioneer—rude dwelling, good earth, unmarred sky. Such ingredients kept life worth living and made the men and women in that element great and God-fearing.

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JULY 1965
Among other things, the twentieth century may go down in history as the era in which human societies, in the mass, “discovered” the existence, utility, and potential of the institution known as a university. More than that, aspiring societies have discovered the peculiar advantages of the American university, especially the large, complex institutions that are pleased and proud to admit large numbers of students from the families of more or less undistinguished citizens. Not that Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are overlooked. Indeed they are not! But throughout Africa, Asia, Latin American nations, even the university-proud nations of western Europe, the “average man” has discovered that a university education, like electric power, produces something capable of developing many things.

As a Harvard man of the nineteenth century put it, while devoting his talents to what many would have considered a lowly American state college: “The foundation stone of the whole scheme is service—service to the people—a service that will lighten, brighten, and make more profitable the lives of the majority who do the necessary work of the world.”

Those words, written in 1912, now typify a growing feeling around the world. American professors and students have gone abroad by the thousands since 1945 to help launch new institutions. At home the institutions they serve have burgeoned almost beyond belief.

In 1920, when Dr. John A. Widtsoe was about to leave the University of Utah for service in the Council of the Twelve, that state university enrolled 1,933 resident undergraduates and 48 graduate students. This year, the institution this writer serves in the Phoenix, Arizona area will enrol 32,000 students, a total its Utah and other western state universities will approximate—in contrast to the all-institution total of less than five thousand (4,920—adding 924 summer enrollees and 2,015 extension students to the 1,933 undergraduates and 48 graduates) which concerned President Widtsoe in Salt Lake City forty-five years ago.

In a special article which appeared in the Wall Street Journal, May 4, 1965, John Barnett noted that California’s population has doubled in the twenty years since the end of World War II. But the California state college system (separate from the University of California system and the state’s
Junior colleges enroll fifteen times as many students as it did in 1945. The same author reported that 80 percent of all high school graduates in California this year will go on to college in September. By 1980 the figure is expected to climb to 80 percent in that state.

In the midst of this remarkable development, public attention has come to focus on the "big" state university. Education in general is in the spotlight, seemingly occupying the place of prominence associated with big government, big business, and big labor in past decades. Now it seems that big education is in for close scrutiny. Recognized and envied abroad as remarkable economic and cultural "engines," the big model, large-size, American state university seems to fall under more than ordinary attack at home.

Part of this may be accounted for by the fact that, until recently, most of the nation's college-trained men and women came from small, or at least smaller-than-some contemporary, institutions. The villagers and rural folk of yesteryear looked askance at the metropolis. So, the big state university may somewhat suffer from similar views from small college alumni.

Big business in its time was held almost universally by small businessmen, farmers, and tradesmen, to be "bad." When the Supreme Court of the United States, in the "trust" cases of the Taft administration (1909-1913) held that a corporation was not necessarily "bad" because it was "big," many citizens felt that the court was subverting the genius of American institutions. Yet, with A. T. and T., General Motors, DuPont, Kennecott Copper, Standard Oil of New Jersey, etc., most Americans today tend to feel quite satisfied with the immense size of these corporations, their services, products, and sense of responsibility.

Does the large university have a future despite the hue and cry about "Berkeley" and so forth?

Viewing the scene from a window inside one of the big ones, an answer in the affirmative can be supported by a number of reasons. As with the big corporation, some conditions should necessarily be attached.

The reasons, in summary, include (Continued on page 624)
Letters and Reports

MISSIONARY FAMILY SENDS THREE TO SERVE

Waving farewell to their missionary is almost a habit with the Wells Norris family of Parker, Idaho. Three of the six Norris children left for missions within a sixteen-month period.

Son Kay departed for the Western Canadian Mission in November 1963. Right on his heels daughter Betty Carol was called to the Brazilian South Mission, leaving for the mission field in April 1964. And less than a year later, Kenny flew from the Salt Lake mission home to the Southwest British Mission in February 1965.

All three Norris missionaries were active in the Parker Ward, Yellowstone Stake during their teenage years. Betty Carol achieved eight years perfect attendance at MIA, Sunday School, and Sacrament meeting. Kay was assistant scoutmaster at the time of his call. He had received the Duty to God award, as had Kenny, who gained missionary experience on two short-term missions in the Northwestern States Mission.

At home, three younger Norris daughters are saving their money in accounts earmarked for missions.

KAY NORRIS  BETTY NORRIS  KENNY NORRIS

MOUNTAIN VIEW BOYS EXCEL IN SCOUTING ACHIEVEMENTS

No one needs to ask what kind of boys live in Mountain View Second Ward in Salt Lake City. The record of their Boy Scout troop speaks clearly for them:

Seventeen boys earned the Eagle rank in 1964. Over 400 merit badges were earned during the year. Troop members received junior leadership training at Tracy Wigwam in Millcreek Canyon. They have camped in winter as well as summer, camped in wilderness areas as well as in established camps. They hiked by snowshoe over seven miles of mountains from Brighton to Park City ski resorts in Utah’s Wasatch Mountains. All boys have earned survival training certificates, and all have taken a one-mile swim. All 17 Eagle Scouts received their individual priesthood awards, eight of them with 100 percent attendance at four meetings weekly. Among the Eagles are four pairs of brothers.

The scoutmaster leading these young men is Gary G. Jenkins, with Allen Jensen and Jay Hickenlooper as assistants.

CORRECTION
Inadvertently one of the references in "The Inspired Revision of the Bible," page 236 of the March Era, was printed as 1 Corinthians 10:14. It should have been 1 Corinthians 10:24. We bow to several sharp-eyed readers.

HILL CUMORAH PAGEANT

The annual Hill Cumorah Pageant of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, America’s Witness for Christ, will be presented this year July 27-31 in Palmyra, New York. The pageant recreates the history of peoples on the American continent from 2200 BC as recorded in the Book of Mormon. All performances will begin at 9 pm. A dress rehearsal, which patrons may attend, is scheduled for July 26 at 9 pm. Prior to each performance at 8 pm, a one-hour recorded concert of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir will be broadcast to pageant-goers.
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The Church Moves On

APRIL 1965

25 Elder Donald S. Brewer sustained as president of Granite Park (Salt Lake County) Stake succeeding President Rolf Christiansen. New counselors are Elders Paul W. Platt and Jesse Wilde. They succeed Elders Kurt M. Lyman and Eldred C. Bergeson.

27 The First Presidency announced the resignation of Elder Wendell B. Mendenhall as chairman of the Church Building Committee effective July 1. He has held the position for ten years. The announcement read in part: "During this period the building department has accomplished a great work, particularly in the construction of temples, chapels, and building accommodations for the benefit of the Church and its members throughout the stakes and missions."

MAY 1965

1 Holladay Second (Utah) Ward won the junior division all-Church volleyball tournament by defeating Phoenix Ninth (Arizona) Ward. Oakland Fourth (California) Ward won the senior division over Santa Ana Second Ward, also of California. The new senior champions are Polynesians.

2 Jackson (Mississippi) Stake organized from the Central Mississippi District of the Gulf States Mission with Elder Neil J. Ferrell sustained as president and Elders Ray E. McPherson and William E. Brelund as counselors. This, the 404th stake now functioning in the Church, was organized under the direction of Elder Howard W. Hunter of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Sterling W. Sill, Assistant to the Twelve. A company of pioneers, Saints from Mississippi, arrived in the Salt Lake Valley July 29, 1847, five days after President Brigham Young.

3 Mrs. Lorena Chipman Fletcher of Provo, Utah, was selected as American Mother of the Year by the American Mothers Committee, Inc. She received the award at the luncheon May 7 in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City. She is the wife of Dr. Harvey Fletcher, internationally known scientist, educator, and churchman, and the mother of seven children, six of whom are living. Mrs. Fletcher is the second LDS mother to be accorded this honor. Mrs. Lavina Fugal held it in 1955.

4 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Burton H. Price currently serving as bishop of the North 18th Ward in Salt Lake City as president of the Samoan Mission succeeding President J. Phillip Hanks. President Price filled a mission in Samoa 1938-40. He will be accompanied to this new assignment by his wife Ardis Rast and their three children.

President David O. McKay received one of the three flags that flew over the US Capitol building during the inauguration of President Lyndon B. Johnson last January. The US President sent (Continued on page 603)
STRENGTH IN LEADERSHIP

The true fiber of an organization lies in the character and integrity of its leaders. First Security Corporation is indeed fortunate and proud to have these distinguished directors to guide its banks.

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The Church Moves On  
(Continued from page 600)

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(Continued on page 631)
When Joseph Smith received his first revelation, in the spring of 1820, he was a mere youth. He was unschooled, untrained. Ten years later he organized The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was not yet thirty-nine years of age when he was martyred.

The harmony of his teachings with those taught by the Savior and his Apostles; the reasonableness of his assertion that men must be called of God to officiate in things pertaining to God; the complete organization of the Church; its government, laws, and wonderful adaptation to the needs and to the advancement of the human family—these and many other phases of this great latter-day work, when even only partly understood, lead thinking persons to ponder upon the source of the Prophet's wisdom.

If the people of today were to ask, as men did in the Savior's time, “Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works?” (Matt. 13:54) we would unhesitatingly declare: “Joseph Smith received it from on high.”

Following the martyrdom the Prophet Joseph was succeeded by Brigham Young, who has often been called a “modern Moses.” His was the immediate task of leading the Saints to a new home.

The scriptures tell us that without faith it is impossible to please God (see Heb. 11:6), that through faith prophets and men of old “subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions,”

“Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong...” (Vs. 33-34.)

It was because of faith that Columbus braved the ocean to sail on and on into the unknown horizon until he discovered a new land. It was faith that brought to America the Mayflower, “freighted with the destinies of a continent.” It was faith that impelled President Brigham Young and the Utah pioneers to establish permanent settlements in a forbidding, defiant western desert.

Faith is more potent in human endeavor even than judgment or experience.

As the pioneers neared their destination, the group of men with a thousand mile prairie trail behind them hacked their way through underbrush on a mountain trail and pried loose boulders that rolled with an echoing crash into the bottom of the ravine below. Trudging slowly and wearily up this ravine moved a caravan of covered wagons.

The advance company of Utah pioneers were nearing the summit of Big Mountain, from which they would obtain their first glimpse of the Great Lake Basin. In the western fringe of that basin lay the
“Dead Sea of America,” shimmering in the sunlight more like a threatening omen than a promise of prosperity.

If that barren, seemingly unproductive valley could be made fruitful, could become the center of a western empire, it would surely be one of the most striking examples in history of faith triumphant over human judgment and experience.

Of the great pioneers of history, Brigham Young is given place among the foremost. Upon him rested the responsibility to supply food and shelter for the 148 persons who composed that first company seeking a home in a desert land, and the season was so far advanced that there was little or no hope that crops planted would mature. Besides these 148 persons, there were thousands of others who had left their homes in Nauvoo after the martyrdom of their Prophet who were following their leader to this hoped-for place of refuge and peace. Approximately two thousand were at Mt. Pisgah, Union County, Iowa, 145 miles from the west bank of the Mississippi River.

There was another colony at Garden Grove, Decatur County, Iowa, 126 miles east of Council Bluffs.

Six thousand others were at Winter Quarters on the banks of the Missouri River, six miles from Omaha.

Ten thousand people were already on the march towards the Great Basin, which gave scant assurance that even a small colony could gain subsistence! All told there were 40,000 Mormons between the British Isles and Emigration Canyon, Utah, who, with confidence in a great leader, were moving towards some unknown refuge yet to be designated.

Greater than human judgment, towering above man’s experience, was the great leader’s trust in God. In referring to this faith which had guided him, he said: “As I viewed a portion of Salt Lake Valley, the spirit of light rested upon me and moved over the valley, and I felt that there the Saints would find protection and safety.”

The unwavering faith of that dauntless band in a divine providence—that invisible power which “makes the discords of the present harmonies of the future”—lives on imperishably. Their undying fortitude and heroism have been and will continue to be a guiding and an encouraging light to all who read their simple but incomparable story.

Hundreds of thriving communities in western America give proof of President Brigham Young’s superiority as a colonizer. A consciousness of the value of human dignity maintained through self-effort, power to inspire mutual helpfulness, a genius for preparedness, love of liberty, and reverence for God contributed to his greatness as a leader of men. These qualities were truly a part of these pioneers.
**Why Administer the Sacrament**

**QUESTION:** “While discussing the ordinance of the Sacrament in seminary, one of the members mentioned the lack of full understanding that many of the church members seem to have concerning this ordinance. It was stated that the Sacrament is administered to small children of Junior Sunday School age, and some members stated that the familiarity with this ordinance at this age detracted from its sacred meaning, and since the Sacrament is the renewal of the covenant made in baptism and these young children have not yet been baptized, why is the Sacrament administered to them?”

**ANSWER:** We are instructed in the revelation that little children are innocent before the Lord. We read in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew that when children were brought to the Savior, some of the disciples intervened and rebuked those who endeavored to have them blessed, but Jesus rebuked these disciples, saying:

“Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” (V. 14.) On another occasion he called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them and then said:

“Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

“Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

“And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

“But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.” (Matt. 18:3-6.)

Contrary to the expressed opinion of some who think that the partaking of the Sacrament at such an early age “detracts from its meaning,” we sincerely proclaim that the permitting of small children to partake when it is explained to them acts upon their minds exactly to the contrary. Perhaps some of us fail to comprehend the depth of a small child’s mind. Surely little children in the Primary class can understand that the Sacrament is a sacred ordinance when they are carefully taught. Then again we may say, even if they are too small to comprehend, the practice is teaching them that it is a sacred ordinance, and
to Little Children?

this will eventually bear fruit. It seems that a child in the kindergarten class is surely capable of realizing that the Sacrament is a special privilege, having relationship to the sacrifice of our Redeemer on the cross.

One of the most beautiful passages in the Book of Mormon in relation to the appearance of the Savior to the Nephites is in the following words:

"And it came to pass that when they had knelt upon the ground, Jesus groaned within himself, and said: Father, I am troubled because of the wickedness of the people of the house of Israel.

"And when he had said these words, he himself also knelt upon the earth; and behold he prayed unto the Father, and the things which he prayed cannot be written, and the multitude did bear record who heard him.

"And after this manner do they bear record: The eye hath never seen, neither hath the ear heard, before, so great and marvelous things as we saw and heard Jesus speak unto the Father;

"And no tongue can speak, neither can there be written by any man, neither can the hearts of men conceive so great and marvelous things as we both saw and heard Jesus speak; and no one can conceive of the joy which filled our souls at the time we heard him pray for us unto the Father.

"And it came to pass that when Jesus had made an end of praying unto the Father, he arose; but so great was the joy of the multitude that they were overcome.

"And it came to pass that Jesus spake unto them, and bade them arise.

"And they arose from the earth, and he said unto them: Blessed are ye because of your faith. And now behold, my joy is full.

"And when he had said these words, he wept, and

the multitude bare record of it, and he took their little children, one by one, and blessed them, and prayed unto the Father for them.

"And when he had done this he wept again;

"And he spake unto the multitude, and said unto them: Behold your little ones.

"And as they looked to behold they cast their eyes towards heaven, and they saw the heavens open, and they saw angels descending out of heaven as it were in the midst of fire; and they came down and encircled those little ones about, and they were encircled about with fire; and the angels did minister unto them." (3 Nephi 17:14-24.)

No one will doubt that these little ones were so deeply impressed that they remembered this glorious occasion all the days of their lives. Perhaps we at times are too hasty in our judgment in relation to the capacity of small children to understand.

Surely it would be an act displeasing in the sight of our Eternal Father should we who are older withhold from the children the sacred ordinance of the Sacrament simply because we feel that they are too young to understand. Children should be taught from the very beginning the purpose of prayer and that we have a Heavenly Father and that his Beloved Son Jesus Christ died that we might live and obtain the blessings of the kingdom of God.

It has been my privilege to meet with the Primary children when they have been taught by their Primary teachers to pray and to thank our Heavenly Father and his Beloved Son Jesus Christ for the many blessings that we receive. It is very touching, at least to me, to hear a group of Primary children singing the hymn, "I Am a Child of God," and seemingly understanding it.
NOTE

The age of the earth is a fascinating study and has been so since it was first anciently debated. The discussion is opened again each time an old truth is rediscovered or a new theory is applied. “How Old Is the Earth?” (The Improvement Era, October 1964, page 828) by Paul Cracroft presented one viewpoint on the subject, expressed by Dr. Melvin A. Cook, professor of metallurgy at the University of Utah. Here is presented a viewpoint by Dr. Henry Eyring, Dean of the Graduate School, University of Utah, another Latter-day Saint whose contributions in the field of science are known and sought for world-wide. As far as is known The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has never taken an official stand on the age of the earth. DLG

Recorded history spans scarcely a moment out of eternity. The scriptures record God’s dealing with his children back to a “beginning” some six thousand years ago, but dismiss the long prologue in a few short paragraphs. The scriptural information which is given to us concentrates on the accepted plan for our earthly pilgrimage and unfolds a program of
eternal progression in the life to come. This unfolding of limitless possibilities extends backward in time into pre-earth life.

What about the earth itself? The scriptures tell us of six creative periods followed by a period of rest. During these periods the earth was organized and took essentially its present form. The accounts of creation in modern scripture serve to corroborate the biblical account. In the King James version of the Bible, the phrase "creative periods" is rendered as "days." The use of this term has led to at least three interpretations. In the first, the days are construed to mean the usual day of 24 hours. In the second the days of creation are interpreted as thousand year periods following such statements as occur in 2 Peter 3:8: "... one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." The third interpretation accepts "creative periods" as times of unspecified length and looks to a study of the earth itself to give added meaning to the exceedingly brief scriptural accounts.

The acceptance of truth from whatever source is the constant goal of the thoughtful Latter-day Saint. Since God organized the world there can be no contradictions in his mind. Our problem is to approach his deeper insight. As this is achieved all the seeming contradictions may be expected to disappear.

In earlier times some variation of the first two interpretations was all but universally held by the Christian world. This is no longer true. In school and in secular publications the third interpretation is the generally accepted one. Accordingly, whatever our own point of view may be, we need to know the viewpoint presented to our children if we are to be effective counselors to them.

Every process occurring in the world requires time to execute it and is necessarily of shorter duration than the life span of the earth. Thus the giant sequoias growing in California are known to live 3,000 years from a count of their tree rings. Accordingly, the earth is more than 3,000 years old. Interestingly enough, the sequoias are not the oldest known trees. The bristlecone pine, which is found in parts of California, Nevada, and Utah, has yielded a specimen which is at least 4,600 years old. This is more than a third of the 13 millennia sometimes taken as the age of the earth. A late figure for the cumulative thickness of rocks laid down as sediments is about 450,000 feet or about 80 miles. The rate of deposition of rock varies enormously with the time and the place, but a not unreasonable average rate is one foot every 250 years. This leads to a very rough estimate of 112,000,000 years for the time required to deposit all the known sediments.

The fact that a tree can stand in one spot more than four thousand years without being seriously disturbed by erosion leads one to contemplate with awe the thousands of years required to deposit the strata of the Grand Canyon and afterwards to erode these strata away.

A more quantitative way of getting at the age of strata and of other earth structures is by use of the radioactive decay of various elements. An analogy illustrative of how radioactive decay works may be helpful. If one should look at a fire and note that half the wood is burned the first hour and an hour later that half of the remainder has burned to ashes, one could say the fire obeys the radioactive decay law. This law states that in a given length of time the same fraction of the fuel is transformed independent of the circumstances. Conversely, by measuring the fuel remaining at a fire and the amount of ashes produced, one can deduce the fraction of the fuel consumed and so estimate how long the fire has been burning. Now, all the radioactive elements behave like our hypothetical fire in that independent of the existing conditions, the same fraction of the radioactive elements is always transformed to the daughter element in a given interval of time. The daughter element is the ashes of the radioactive fire; for example, half of the potassium, of atomic weight forty, present to begin with changes into argon forty in a period of 1,300 million years, and half of what remains is changed in the next 1,300 million years. This period of 1,300 million years is called the half-life of potassium forty.

Now, a potassium-containing mineral when it crystallizes is ordinarily freed of all gaseous argon. As time goes on the potassium forty changes over to argon forty at a rate determined by its half-life. If the crystal doesn't leak so that the liberated argon is retained inside the crystal, one can melt the crystal, measure the amount of potassium and the amount of argon, and so determine the age of the crystal.

Thus, if equal amounts of argon forty and potassium forty are found, the crystallization occurred 1,300 million years ago. (Continued on page 626)
BY CHRISTIE LUND COLES

I could always tell when it was Sunday, even before I was up. Somehow the air was different, the sunshine more golden. I knew it was Christmas morning even before I was fully awake. And that was how it was, too, on the Fourth of July. It was there in my heart all night and woke me on the first slim ray of light.

Yes, that was how it was on that Fourth of July when I was twelve, or would be in August. I was sweaty from the heat though the sun was only peeping above the red salt hills and the stone quarry east of town. It had been one of those nights when the air barely cools in spite of the soft, feathery dark, or the lean poplars in front of the house, or the lilac bushes by the kitchen door.

I suppose it was the first cannon shot fired from the hills that woke me. The house shook at the sound of it, and I shivered. I couldn't hear anyone else stirring in the house, so I slipped out of my bed and down the stairs quietly. The front door was open, and the light made a silver river into the room that looked strange with shadows surrounding the pieces of furniture.

The dining room was even darker, but as the sun rose higher, it was like a blind being lifted; and before long I could see things quite clearly, especially my dress hanging in silken precision on the back of one of the ladder-back chairs. My new petticoat was folded on the seat of the chair, and on the floor stood my new white slippers. They had two straps that buttoned onto two dainty little pearl buttons.

Ah, and the dress. It was as beautiful as the day itself—all blue and golden and whisper soft. It had been copied from a picture we had found in a catalog and was identical to the last tiny tuck across the shoulder. Blue it was, pale, shimmering, blue taffeta, with a tunic trimmed with gold braid, and tucked and sashed. I stood in the half-light and could hardly wait for the others to get up, for the day to begin.

The rooster crowed in the back yard, more loudly, more cockily than usual. Papa came down the stairs pulling his suspenders onto his shoulders as he came. His hair was mussed and his mustache squashed, as though he had been kissing Mama, and he smiled sleepily when he saw me. “What are you doing down here this time of the morning?” he asked, as if he weren’t quite sure which one of his three daughters I was. I think he thought for a moment it might be Julie who had just got in from the pre-Fourth dance. Then he realized it was his youngest, and he smiled indulgently.

“Had to see the pretty dress? Now you’ve seen it, you’d better go back and rest awhile. It will be a long day.” He fanned himself with his handkerchief as he added, “And a hot one.”

Mama was coming down the stairs now, her starched dress rattling. She agreed with my father’s words, “Yes, little bird. You had best crawl back into bed.”

Yet, as I hesitated, she came and hesitated beside me. “It is pretty, isn’t it?” she stated. “Inez will be sorry she didn’t have this color and this crisp material instead of that pale green silk.”

When Inez was younger our dresses were nearly always alike. But she was sixteen now. She was breaking away from all the things she had done and worn. We called it her “breaking away” time, and Mama warned me that I would be there much sooner than I thought. “Twelve,” she said thoughtfully, “is the beginning time. And you will be twelve in August.”

Against my wishes, I went back upstairs and lay on top of the covers. I looked at Inez sleeping soundly in the bed next to mine and wondered how she could sleep, knowing what day it was. Then I remembered that she had gone to the dance last night with some of her girl friends. I leaned back on my pillow, closed my eyes, and dreamed of the day when I could go to the big gray opera house which served as a movie theater during the week and was the town’s dance hall on Saturday nights and special occasions.

Mama had said twelve was the beginning. I would soon be twelve, then thirteen, fourteen . . .

Inez woke me, shaking my shoulder, saying, “Wake up, Kirsten; don’t you know what day it is? Let’s go down and see our dresses.”

I jumped up as if I were afraid mine would not still be there. But it was. Beautiful. Beautiful. And my sister’s was beautiful, too. Though it gave me a strange tug to see her in it, looking so nearly grown-up. I wished I were older. Mother said twelve was the beginning. But I wanted to be sixteen like Inez or I wanted her to be younger again. We had always played together, walked to school together, slept together. Now I was still a little girl, and she was a young woman all of a sudden. But there was no time to think of it today. This was the most magic day, the most magic day of all, next to Christmas—and maybe . . . maybe, my birthday—but either way, certainly, magic.

(Continued on page 612)
summer
Breakfast was finally over, and we were allowed
to take our baths and get ready.

It didn't matter that my new shoes were a little too
tight, or that the stiff taffeta scratched a little against
my bare legs, or that Mama had to scold me just a
little to stand still while she took my long, dark hair
out of the rag curlers and shaped it into ringlets
around the broomstick.

Nothing mattered except that we were ready, and
it was time for the parade to begin just four blocks
east of our place on Main Street. My oldest sister Julie
had already left, for she was to be the attendant to
the Independence Day queen on the float which was
a big hayrack decorated with red, white, and blue
bunting.

Some of our friends were beginning to come to our
place because it was such a good place to see it all.
Lauris, my very best girl friend, and I got in the
porch swing, and we weren't going to give it up for
anybody. But when we heard the band begin to play
"The Stars and Stripes Forever," and people began
crowding on the sidewalk and lawn in front of us, we
climbed out and squeezed through till we were in
front of those taller than we.

We saw all the familiar things passing: the Indians
in their feathered headdresses on their white and gray
ponies; the floats; the city's first red fire engine;
Doctor West's trim, black surrey with its fringe on top
and his three beautiful daughters smiling beneath the
fringe; and, of course, the three bands, one from
the high school, one from the city, and one from the
junior high.

Each year I had thought, It will never be this
wonderful again. But each year that followed, it was.
And this year, this July, this Fourth, was to be the
best of all.

I think now that the reason was that I was never to
be a little girl again. Not really.

After the parade we all went up to the stone quarry
and watched the mock war between the Indians and
the pioneers. We vaguely realized that it was part
of the history of the town, which had been besieged
by the Blackhawk tribe.

Then it was time for lunch, which wasn't the usual
lunch at all, but a picnic of potato salad and greens
and a mountain-high cake, and best of all, the gobs
and gobs of maple-nut ice cream which was delivered
to our house in the morning from the creamery and
ice-cream company. During the day all our friends
would drop by for ice cream and cake. Then my crowd
would go up to another friend's place for homemade
root beer, to another's for something else, till it's a
wonder we survived.

After lunch we headed, still dizzily happy, toward
the city park. Here one of the most exciting events
was to occur: the ball game between the local team
and the long-time rivals of the neighboring town. Even
though everyone knew the neighboring boys almost as
well as their own, there was fierce, partisan screaming
and encouragement.

I was sitting on the grass with a box of Cracker
Jack watching the others when a tall, blond boy I
had never seen before walked over to me and said,
"Hello."

Thinking he was with the ball team from Redville
I said, "Hello."

He sat down on the grass beside me and asked,
"What's your name?"

"What's yours?" I countered.

"Ray," he told me. And I told him mine, saying it
a little slowly because sometimes when I was excited
the s sound in Kirsten came out wrong.

"You from Redville?" I asked him.

"No, I'm Ken's cousin. You know Kenny. I'm from
Hill Top."

I nodded. Kenny was in my room, in our particular
little crowd. I looked up and saw, not too far away,
Kenny and the other boys chasing my friends, pulling
their hair and whirling them around, while the girls
pretended to get angry, though actually they were
tickled pink to be the ones bothered.

I offered the corn to Ray, and he asked, "What did
you get for a prize?"

A prize? Why, the little silver ring lying in my
moist hand. I showed it to him, and he picked it up
and turned it in his fingers, even as he ate the popcorn
with his other hand.

"Cute, he said, "Shall I wish it on?"

I nodded, shrugging, and he took my hand in his
larger one, and slipped it on my third finger. I pulled
my hand away as I saw the others coming toward us.

"Ha, I see you two got acquainted," Kenny said.
He had long trousers on instead of the usual knickers
that he always wore. Ray had long ones on, too, but
it seemed sort of natural on him, since he was taller.

The boys walked us home, and Ray pulled my
long, dark curls and said how pretty my dress was,
and one of the other boys said, "Aw, girls! Tell her
it's ugly."

Suddenly as we passed the stream that ran along
the sidewalk, I said airily, "I don't suppose anyone
wants any more of this," and with a great flourish
threw the popcorn box half filled with popcorn into
the stream where it  

(Continued on page 622)
THE SPOT IN THE LAWN WHERE
THE SWING GOES BY

BY J. HERBERT MAY

There's a spot in the lawn where the swing goes by,
Where the grass is trampled to the joyous cry
Of the children, as they push and pump for greatest height,
With squeals and shouts of sheer delight.

Time comes when the children must go their way,
And the swing hangs limp through the summer day
With only the breeze to stir the seat,
And grass grows in the spot worn by childish feet.

The years go by, and the tree grows tall,
Where the limp swing sways by the garden wall.
The flowers grow in their well-groomed plot
And are never picked by one who "forgot."

As time goes by, comes a wondrous day,
When the children's children come to play,
And a new rope seems to be the thing
To put in repair the old, old swing.

They rush and shout to see who goes first,
And memories rush with a yearning thirst
As they cry out, "Grandpa, push me high,"
Over the spot in the lawn where the swing goes by.
Genealogical Help through Relatives

SUBMITTED BY THE PRIESTHOOD GENEALOGY COMMITTEE

BY GEORGE B. EVERTON

• Contacting fellow genealogists who are working on or are acquainted with the ancestral lines to which you connect is one of the most rewarding sources for gaining forefather data. The Pedigree Referral Service has been designed to make such contacts possible. When it gets into full operation with all church members cooperating, it will eliminate much duplication of effort by making possible a coordination of planning and research among church members who are engaged in genealogical research.

Thousands of instances can be cited where a great deal of duplicate time and effort unknowingly has been spent by distant cousins in searching for information on their common progenitors. The story is not uncommon where a person may spend hundreds of hours and dollars in gathering data and making out family group sheets only to find on sending them to the Genealogical Society that the work for these persons has already been processed and completed by a distant relative. This is a great loss of time and effort.

The Pedigree Referral Service, if properly used by all church members, will go a long way to eliminate this waste of time, effort, and money. It may also help you discover additional ancestors as these distant cousins may have been more fortunate in their quests, gathering more data and extending their lines far beyond your apparent stone walls. It may work the other way as well in that you may have more information and can help them. In either case mutual cooperation can then be agreed upon and efforts synchronized to avoid duplicate searches, recordings, etc.

Genealogy is fast becoming a national hobby. Thousands of persons not members of the Church are searching records to satisfy their desire for knowledge about their forebears. The thrill of finding ancestors heretofore unknown to them is ample com-
pensation to urge them on and on in gathering data and compiling records. They also get deep, enduring satisfaction in the many new things they learn about peoples, customs, geography, laws, history, etc., as they search old and new archives for information about their antecedents. They enjoy traveling either in person or by letter to faraway places to discover and prove their connections to a family tree. They know they are improving themselves as they study the historical records of the past and solve the many intricate puzzles connected with forefather research.

Without question they are compensated for their efforts or they would not continue, but of course, until they know the true principles of the gospel, they will never know the full meaning and ultimate end of this endeavor. Nevertheless, as Longfellow wrote, "No endeavor is in vain; Its reward is in the doing." All genealogists are rewarded with ample satisfaction both in the Church and out for this work of the Lord.

Contacting these nonmember genealogists for information and coordinating research efforts with them is another important phase of foreparent searching. Few if any nonmembers will register their interests with our Pedigree Referral Service. Other means must be employed to find them to offer assistance and seek their aid in establishing proof of relationship and ancestry.

In the main, genealogists of the world are establishing their lines by documentary proof. They have a great amount of valuable, proven information, and in many cases we could do well to emulate their efforts in using the legal method to prove every date, name, and place they enter into their records. Traditions and hearsay evidence are not acceptable; only reliable, contemporary records are used in proving each step and connection.

Just as it is becoming easier each day to do genealogical research because of increased availability of records, so it is also becoming easier to contact fellow genealogists around the world because of the increase of genealogical magazines published in many localities. Local and state genealogical societies are growing in number, in their dedication to help everyone interested in antecedent records, and in gathering and publishing records of those who lived and died in the area they serve.

Most of these sectional societies will publish queries on former residents of the locale in their magazines. You will find a list of most of these societies with regulations regarding queries in the Handbook for Genealogical Correspondence published by the Cache Genealogical Library and available through most bookstores carrying genealogical supplies. A few of the more prominent magazines publishing queries are: Ansearchin' News, 5391 Shady Grove Terrace, Memphis 17, Tennessee; Echoes, East Tennessee Historical Society, Lawson McGhee Library, Knoxville, Tennessee; Genealogical Forum of Portland, Oregon, PO Box 494, St. Helens, Oregon; Genealogical Register, Louisiana Genealogical and Historical Society, PO Box 335, Baton Rouge, Louisiana; The Kentucky Genealogist, Box 4894, Washington 8, DC; Maryland and Delaware Genealogist, PO Box 9394, Mid City Station, Washington 5, DC; National Genealogical Society Quarterly, The National Genealogical Society, 1921 Sunderland Place, NW, Washington, DC; The New England Historical and Genealogical Register, New England Historic Genealogical Society, 9 Ashburton Place, Boston, Massachusetts; The New Mexico Genealogist, PO Box 8734, Albuquerque, New Mexico; The New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, 122 East 55th Street, New York 22, New York; Oklahoma Genealogical Society Bulletin, Oklahoma Genealogical Society, PO Box 7652, Oklahoma City 16, Oklahoma; The Southern Genealogist's Exchange Quarterly, 2525 Oak St., Jacksonville 4, Florida; Stripes, Texas State Genealogical Society, 2525 University Dr. S., Fort Worth 9, Texas; Tree Talks, Central New York Genealogical Society, R. D. 4, Baldwinsville, New York.

It would be well for you to check the complete list, write for their regulations, and submit problems for publication to the various societies in the areas where your ancestors have resided. You could receive a tremendous amount of help from nonmembers through contacts made in this manner.

Another magazine that may give you assistance in contacting genealogists who are not members of our Church is The Genealogical Helper published by The Everton Publishers, Box 368, Logan, Utah 84321. This publication goes into the hands of over 10,000 genealogists around the world each quarter. Most of the subscribers are nonmembers, giving you a good opportunity to get in touch with your unknown cousins who will not be listed with the Pedigree Referral Service. Both paid and unpaid queries are published in each issue. Upon request The Everton Publishers will send subscription and advertising costs and instructions for submitting queries.

Though you may have searched every known contemporary record for facts about your progenitors, you have not tapped one of the richest sources of information until you have let the world know of your genealogical problems by listing your ancestral lines with the Pedigree Referral Service and by advertising in genealogical magazines so that members and nonmembers alike may give you assistance.
The Testament of Lehi / Part I

A search through fifty-odd apocryphal writings of recent discovery reveals the surprising fact that no theme enjoys greater prominence among them than that of the council in heaven held at the foundation of the world and the plan “laid down in the presence of the first angels” on that occasion. The word “plan” (usually as makh-shavah or boule) occurs with great frequency in these writings, but though it is often found also in the Bible, it is never translated as “plan” in the King James version, where, in fact, the word “plan” does not even appear. On the other hand it appears no fewer than 24 times in the Book of Mormon.

Basic to the “plan” was the provision that man’s life on earth was to be a time of testing or probation (that word occurs 13 times in the Book of Mormon), in which every soul would be faced every day of his life with a choice between the two ways—the way of light and the way of darkness, or of life and death respectively.

This theme, as fully set forth in the Book of Mormon, enjoys almost overwhelming predominance in the newly found apocryphal writings, and yet has no place in conventional Christian and Jewish theology, having been vigorously condemned by the doctors of both religions in the 4th and 5th centuries, since they would not tolerate any concepts involving preexistence of the spirit of man. Hence is found the studious avoidance of such words as “plan” and “probation” in our translations of the Bible; to the contemporaries of Joseph Smith, these ideas were completely foreign, though we now know, thanks to documents discovered “since Cumorah,” that they were the very essence of early Christianity and Judaism.

Since these matters have been treated elsewhere, instead of doctrinal issues we shall consider here what is perhaps the most remarkable resemblance between the Book of Mormon and the newly discovered Apocrypha, namely the quaint and peculiar imagery both bodies of writing employ in discussing the plan. It is in their lavish but unfamiliar imagery that the writers of the Book of Mormon have, so to speak, left their fingerprints all over everything. We have already shown how accurately the Book of Mormon depicts the actualities of life in the ancient East, both in Jerusalem and in the desert; what we wish to do here is to take note of some of the many instances in which the literary figures of the book may be matched not only by the realities of life in the Old World, but especially by a corresponding imagery in the apocryphal writings.

Consider how the Book of Mormon begins. After a colophon in the Egyptian manner, formally correct in every detail, we are plunged right into what may be called the Testament of Lehi. The choice of the “testament” form of literature and the strict adherence to all its conventions throughout the opening chapters of 1 Nephi are most remarkable. This is the way nearly all the patriarchs and prophets of Israel tell their private stories in the Apocrypha, that is, in works called “testaments,” which include admonitions to their sons and followers (usually given at the end of life), a recapitulation of God’s past mercy along with prophecies and warnings of things to come, and (however incongruous it may seem at first glance) an account of a vision in which the prophet was taken to heaven and saw God on his throne.

Lehi starts right in with the heavenly journey, a vision in which “. . . he thought he saw God sitting upon his throne. . . .” (Ibid., 1:8.) Here we are taken back to a council in heaven as a fitting prologue to a religious history. A decision is reached in the council and hailed...
with a great acclamation of joy, after which the session breaks up, various parties going about the business of carrying out their assignments in the implementation of the plan—the plan “prepared from the foundation of the world.”

Here we glimpse a concept of heaven wholly alien to the conventional teachings of the Jewish and Christian doctors, who can think of nothing better than Athanasius’s picture of the meeting going on and on and on forever, with the choir never ceasing its hymn and the angels never relaxing from their attitude of praise. That concept comes from the few brief glimpses of heaven reported in the scriptures, cases in which inspired men have been allowed to look in for a moment in a brief flashback on what once happened above; this was to explain to them what happens here and to console them in their distress by showing them that there is a divine plan behind everything and hence letting them know good men should not be impatient or dismayed when things seem to go wrong. This is a lesson taught in Job, John, and the Thanksgiving Hymns and Battle Scroll of the Dead Sea documents.

The interesting thing about Lehi’s vision is that it carries through to the dismissal of the meeting, after which “... he saw one descending out of the midst of heaven, ...

“And he also saw twelve others following him, and their brightness did exceed that of the stars in the firmament.

“And they came down and went forth upon the face of the earth...” (Ibid., 1:9-11.)

Now we all know that Lucifer fell “as a star from heaven,” and the Book of Enoch says that that prophet “saw many stars descend and cast themselves down from heaven to that first star.”

There is in fact a great deal in the early Apocrypha about the coming down of fallen stars from heaven to circulate among men upon the earth.

But this is matched in the same writings by the other side of the picture, the coming down to earth of stars for the salvation of men. Lehi reports that “... he saw one descending out of the midst of heaven, and he beheld that his luster was above that of the sun at noon-day.

“And he also saw twelve others ... and their brightness did exceed that of the stars in the firmament.” (Ibid., 9-10.) Ignatius of Antioch says that when Christ was born “there shone a star in heaven brighter than all the stars ... and all the other stars, with the sun and the moon made a chorus to that

(Continued on page 645)
THE LOVE

I have always been intrigued with the answer of the Savior in his day to the attorney who tried to trap him by asking which of the commandments was the greater. Thinking in terms, I suppose, of the Ten Commandments, and thinking that those who did not agree with him as to the one which was the greater might leave him, Jesus surprised his critics by rolling all the commandments into one—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

"This is the first and great commandment."

"And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (Matt. 22:37-39.) The whole gospel is very much involved in these statements.

In our time we find a great misunderstanding of God, and, of course, if you do not understand him, you can hardly love him. Perhaps the crying need of our day is what the Prophet Joseph sometimes called the first principle of the gospel—that we come to an understanding of God. Most people say they believe in God but seem to agree with Emil Bruner's statement in his book Divine Human Encounter: "God is mystery. What we speculate about God is idolatrous interpretation of divine mystery of which we are all aware." That sums up the view of great numbers of Christians and non-Christians. God is mystery, and any attempt to understand him is idolatrous, blasphemous, and impossible.

We have, of course, some Christian creeds which attempt to define God. The Nicene Creed, to sum it up, made God incomprehensible and uncreated. The term it uses is "spiritually incorporeal," which is of course not understandable. It is difficult to love a God who is uncreated, incomprehensible, spiritually incorporeal. And yet the Savior said we should love the Lord with all our heart, soul, and mind. Another creed has defined God in this fashion: "God is a universal, all-pervading principle; an animating nature; a general principle of evolution; an unconscious, impersonal, life-giving force under which the whole cosmos slowly developed. This definition is being pretty generally circulated in our time.

The important thing to us is that we can know God—not wholly; the more we delve into the universe which he has created and contemplate the whole miracle of life itself, the less we feel we do know of him. And certainly in this life we shall not come to know him thoroughly. This is life eternal, to know the one and only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. (See John 17:3.) We will not achieve life eternal here, and we will not fully comprehend God here. Yet there are answers to the pleas of people who wishfully say, "If we only knew what God was like, if we knew some of his attributes, we perhaps could worship him."

The writer affirms that we can know God fairly well because he sent into the world his Only Begotten Son in the flesh, who consistently pointed out: "... he that hath seen me hath seen the Father;..." (Ibid., 14:9.) All that I do I have seen my Father do before me. (See ibid., 5:19, 8:28.) "I and my Father are one." (Ibid., 10:30.) "All we have to do to know God, then, is to accept Jesus as divine, as literally the Son of God in the flesh. The blindness of the people of the world today concerning their understanding of God lies in their rejection of Jesus as the Christ.

There are also a great number of testimonies of men throughout the history of the earth who have seen and talked with God which give great insight concerning him. The scriptures aver that Adam walked and talked with God. Enoch stated that he saw the Lord, that "... he stood before my face, and he talked with me, even as a man talketh one with another, face to face;..." (Moses 7:4.) Of Moses the scriptures state: "And he saw God face to face, and he talked with him, and the glory of God was upon Moses; therefore Moses could endure his presence.

"And God spake unto Moses, saying:... thou art in the similitude of mine Only Begotten." (Ibid., 1:2, 6.)

Abraham saw God and talked to him. Noah saw
hym; Nephi saw him; Jacob saw him. Of course, the person whom they saw was none other than Jehovah who came to earth as Jesus Christ. Again, to see Jesus is to see the Father for they are one in spirit, in likeness of body, in all of their attributes.

The Prophet Joseph saw the Father and the Son. He spoke of their likeness physically and was given an understanding of their relationship one to the other. He, especially, gives to us increased evidence that Jesus is the Christ, and through that evidence we may know the nature of our Father in heaven.

Our knowledge, then, is rather great in regard to God. We need not walk in darkness but in the light of all that the prophets have given and in the light of the revelation of God in the life of Jesus Christ. And what we see of him is good. Many of the ancients fashioned a God in the mind—fashioned a God whom they feared and whom they sought to placate by sacrifice and by types of prayer. However, they did not love the God they worshiped. No one, I think, ever contended that men loved the Greek and Roman gods. They feared them. The Apostle Paul found on Mars’s hill a statue even to an unknown god, so fearful were the Grecian people that they might have offended one by failing to erect a statue to his name. It was fear that prompted the erection of the images.

Contrariwise, from our scriptures we learn that all that God does regarding man and the earth is out of love for us. He created the earth for our home—a startling thought. He put all things in it and gave us dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air and all things that live upon the earth. He further has indicated that all of these things are for our use and are subject unto us. As the Psalmist said, He hath created us a little lower than the angels, and crowned us with wisdom and knowledge. (See Psalm 8:5.) God planned for our earthly experience under the only laws by which such experience could be had. And knowing that man would fall, he also planned for his redemption.

It is touching to read in the scriptures that when Lucifer, son of the morning, and those who followed him left the heavens, having refused to come to earth under the plan of God, the heavens wept. These spirits, too, were children of our Father in heaven, and God wept when they failed. You recall that he wept when the floods encompassed the earth and swept away its inhabitants. (Moses 7:28-38.) One cannot understand the flood until he first learns that God so loved mankind, both those unborn and those there upon the earth, that in his wisdom he cleansed it by water before its peoples reached a new level of degradation and shame, thus providing unborn millions a chance to come to the world in a more fitting environment. This was not a matter of revenge; God did not rejoice that he had evened the score with his children. Enoch, looking into the heavens, saw the heavens weep, and he said, I did not know that the heavens could weep. And God said unto him, Ought I not to weep, seeing these are my children? (See idem.)

The type of God described at the beginning of this article cannot weep. Neither can he rejoice. Nor can he change. But the God we worship does weep, and he does rejoice over the lost soul who returns to him, for he is like unto us—his children—subject to passions, subject to feelings. And in that sense, because we are in his image and because we are literally his children and can in a measure understand ourselves, we can in a measure understand him who created us. Again, if we believe that we are his children and if we believe that Jesus Christ is divine, we can come to know God.

I rejoice in knowing that God so loves me that he will forgive me my sins and remember them no more if I will but repent. That represents a Loving Father. We must keep in mind the latter part of that statement: I the Lord will forgive and remember your sins no more. (See D & C 58:42.) We have a hard job sometimes to forgive one another and remember the sin no more. I suppose only a God can do it to perfection, although perhaps a mother and a father exemplify the same principle in forgiving their children. Certainly, in their youth, we forgive our children quite easily and remember no more.

Knowing that in this earth we should be subject to doing many things in the wrong way—subject to evil forces—God sent his Spirit to enlighten all men. We read in the scriptures (Continued on page 628)
The Wayside Graves on the

Approximately eighty thousand Latter-day Saints started across the plains between 1847 and May 10, 1869, when the railroads were joined at Promontory, Utah. Of that number historians have estimated that there were nearly six thousand whose physical stamina could not match their moral courage and spiritual determination; these were they who finished mortality by the wayside and were tenderly laid in mostly unmarked graves.

In 1914 President Heber J. Grant, then a member of the Council of the Twelve, wrote the story of two such Saints and of the great rallying hymn of the pioneers, “Come, Come, Ye Saints.” These excerpts are from the Improvement Era, 17:77ff (June 1914).

- “Come, Come, Ye Saints” is, more than any other hymn, entitled to be called the great pioneer hymn. It was written by William Clayton. He wrote this famous hymn within two hours and set it to the music of an old English tune.

Seldom are all four verses of this grand old hymn sung. [All four stanzas are in the present hymnbook and are generally sung today.] I think this is due to the fact that the musicians, in compiling the psalmody, used only three verses of each of the hymns. In the 25th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, it is recorded: “For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads.” (V. 12.) I believe that there was a great necessity for some uplifting and cheering hymn to be composed for the benefit of the migrating Saints. I never hear this hymn sung that my heart does not go out in deep gratitude and thanksgiving to the Lord for the integrity and devotion of our pioneer mothers and fathers. They had a faith which was sublime.

Mark Twain pays to our pioneers the following tribute: “Neither hunger, thirst, poverty, grief, hatred, contempt nor persecution could drive the ‘Mormons’ from their faith or their religion, and even the thirst for gold, which gleaned the flower of the youth and strength of many nations, was not able to entice them. That was the final test. An experiment that could survive that, was an experiment with some substance to it somewhere.”

Referring to the omission of the fourth verse in singing this hymn, my father-in-law, the late Oscar Winters, said to me one day while visiting at my home: “Brother Grant, I do not believe that the young people today fully appreciate what a marvelous inspiration it was to the Saints in crossing the plains to sing, almost daily, the hymn, ‘Come, Come, Ye Saints.’ If the young people of the Church today understood all that it meant to the early pioneers, while crossing the plains, to sing this hymn nearly every night around the campfires, I do not believe they would be guilty of singing only three verses. I have never yet heard a choir sing more than three verses, and yet to my mind the fourth verse is the climax to its splendid prayer.”

He then related the following incident: “One night, as we were making camp, we noticed one of our brethren had not arrived, and a volunteer party was immediately organized to return and see if anything had happened to him. Just as we were about to start,
we saw the missing brother coming in the distance. When he arrived, he said he had been quite sick; so some of us unyoked his oxen and attended to his part of the camp duties. After supper, he sat down before the campfire on a large rock and sang, in a very faint but plaintive and sweet voice, the hymn 'Come, Come, Ye Saints.' It was a rule of the camp that whenever anybody started this hymn all in the camp should join, but for some reason this evening nobody joined him; he sang the hymn alone. When he had finished, I doubt if there was a single dry eye in the camp. The next morning we noticed that he was not yoking up his cattle. We went to his wagon and found that he had died during the night. We dug a shallow grave, and after we had covered his body with the earth we rolled the large stone to the head of the grave to mark it, the stone on which he had been sitting the night before when he sang: (Concluded on following page)
The Wayside Graves on the Pioneer Trail
(Concluded from preceding page)

"And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! all is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow, too;
With the just we shall dwell!
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well all is well!"

I noticed tears in my father-in-law's eyes when he finished relating this incident; and I imagined the reason he did not relate to me another far more touching incident to him was the fear that he might break down. I subsequently learned that after he had been located for some time in Pleasant Grove, he came to Salt Lake with his team and with a cheerful heart to meet his mother. When the company arrived, he learned that she, too, had died before her journey's end and was sleeping in an unknown grave on the vast plains between here and the Missouri River. Some years later when engineers of the Burlington Railroad were surveying the route in Nebraska, they ran across a piece of wagon tire sticking in the ground with the word "Winters" chiseled upon it. They immediately surmised, knowing that they were on the old Mormon pioneer trail, that this piece of wagon tire must mark the grave of one of the pioneers, so they very considerately went back several miles and changed the line of the road so as to miss the grave, and sent an account of what they had discovered to the Deseret News, asking if anyone knew about the grave. The railroad company has since built a neat little fence round the grave, and the Winters family has erected a little monument of temple granite on which is chiseled the fourth verse of "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

July That Summer
(Continued from page 612)

tumbled onto its side, and the popcorn sank into the water.

One of the girls looked at me in utter surprise and said, "Gee, why'd you throw it away?"

"We didn't want any more. We're all as full as a toad full of flies."

"Yes," she agreed, "but you might want some tomorrow. My mother says, 'Waste not, want not.'"

"My mother says that too," I replied, feeling a little guilty. But I must maintain my nonchalance, so I added, "But it's the Fourth, remember."

Ray agreed, "Sure. It only comes once a year."

When it came time for them to leave us, Ray said, "See you later."

I tossed my curls saucily and swished my dress as I said, "Maybe. But my knees were so shaky that I sank into the porch swing before I was able to go into the house.

My sisters had gone out for the evening already. Mama and Papa were getting ready for the dance. Lauris was going to come down and sleep with me because we could hear the music from the dance hall from my bedroom window. Besides, there would be so much to talk about. She liked Kenny, and he had been pestering her this afternoon.

Mama had come downstairs in her purple satin dress with the lace flounce on the sleeves and neck. She was fixing her pompadour before the bookcase mirror when Papa came down in a clean white shirt and his white trousers and dark jacket. He walked over and put his cheek against hers, sniffling, "Um-m, no perfume," he said. "Don't you want some?"

She shrugged, "It doesn't matter. I like to smell clean. That's all that matters."

"I think we'd better have a little," he insisted, and she shrugged again, smiling.

So Papa reached into his vest pocket and took out a dime and handed it to me, saying, "Here, Pet, run up to the drugstore and get a dime's worth of Fleur de Lis perfume. And hurry."

"It was almost dark as I went up the block and a half to the town's drugstore; and there were some men loitering along the street, so I pushed my steps faster.

I reached there safely, saw the lights, and the round confectionary tables, and dainty chairs where couples were having a soda or a sundae. I saw the long counter where boys in stiff collars were buying boxes of pink lady candy for their girls. And the wonder and excitement of it made me clear weak in my stomach. I tried to imagine what it would be like at the dance where they would all be later, whirling, dipping, smiling.

When the druggist in his black skull cap finally saw me, I told him what I wanted, and he filled the tiny, corked bottle with the fragrance and handed it to me in a pink-striped candy sack.

"Folks going to the party, I suppose?" he questioned, and looked at me over folded arms, as if he had never looked at me before. I nodded, and he murmured, "You're turning into a mighty pretty little girl." I smiled, blushing, starting out of the store without noticing anyone else was in there. Suddenly one of those thin, black canes with a feather doll on the end blocked my way. Someone was holding it there. I looked up. There was Ray, grinning. Ken and another boy were there with him, but he ignored them, saying, "Would you like an ice-cream cone?"

Had he said, "Would you like some—well, 'dog poison,' maybe, I guess I would have said, "Yes."

When we had the cones, and Ken and the others snickered a little, Ray said, "I'd better walk you home. It's dark."

One of the older boys teased, "It's nice when it's dark."

I felt myself blush, but Ray
ignored him. Together we walked through the fragrant, early dark down the block and a half which had seemed so long as I came up and now seemed much too short.

We stopped by the porch. Neither had much to say. He picked up one of my ringlets and said, "It's pretty. Guess I'll cut it off."

He brought out a shiny new pocket knife, and I'm sure he just wanted to show it off, but I protested, "Oh, no. You mustn't," grabbing onto the curl.

Putting the knife away, he asked soberly, "Do you know what I wished?"

"No. And you're not supposed to tell."

"I want to," he began, bending the grass with his foot moving back and forth over it. "I wished . . . ."

His words were interrupted by Papa's voice calling, "Is that you, Kirsten? Hurry, we're all ready."

"I've got to go in." I whispered, afraid my parents might see him and tease me, and rushed quickly up the walk into the parlor where the light seemed brighter than usual.

My friend came, and Mama and Papa left, kissing me, saying: "Inez will be home early. As soon as she comes, you get to bed."

Lauris and I sat on the leather couch and talked and laughed about the happenings of the day. Sometimes we whispered as though there were someone there who might hear us, like when I told her about the ring.

Her eyes got wide, and she whispered, "Maybe his wish will come true. Why didn't you let him tell you?"

"Things like that don't happen," I protested, shrugging.

"They do too." I almost believed her. I wanted to believe her, because suddenly I was sure the wish was for something wonderful.

Even as we talked, I noticed the ring was getting tighter on my finger. The finger itself was beginning to swell. By the time Inez got there, it was almost purple. We tried to get the ring off, rubbing the finger with soap, pushing, pulling. But it wouldn't even budge. It was beginning to hurt.

At last Inez became frightened and called the house where the party was being held and told Mama she had better come home. They both came, of course, and tried every way they knew to move the stubborn tin band with its pink glass stone. They had no better luck.

Papa called the tinsmith, who had to get out of bed and come down and cut the ring from my finger. I hadn't cried before, and I didn't know exactly why I was crying then. But as I saw the small, broken band fall to the floor, the tears came and ran swiftly down my cheeks.

"Does it hurt?" Mama asked, pulling my head against her shoulder, against her purple satin dress, mind you.

And I answered, "Not much. Just a little."

She kissed me, and the tears came harder than ever. Oh, I think I knew deep inside of me that the wish wouldn't really come true. I suppose that was why I was crying.

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**MOTHERS: THE LIFELINE OF LIFE**

RICHARD L. EVANS

"Too often it is difficult in the daily round of things . . . to give words to our deepest emotions . . . to say what we profoundly feel for mothers." But well aware we are that among the greatest assurances in life is the love of a good and virtuous mother, and among the greatest gifts to mothers is love and appreciation for their unceasing service—not only household service, important as that is, but the abiding bedrock virtues, the deep assurances of the soul, the steady, guiding, healing lifeline of life—to know . . . that you love and are loved by Mother. . . . Loving one's children wholeheartedly, [and in turn being loved] . . . is the privilege, the glory, the duty and the deep abiding joy of motherhood." The greatest thing about mothers," said a distinguished senator, "is not that they go down into the valley of the shadow of death to bring new life into the world, but that they dedicate their entire lives to the welfare of their children. Mother love, mother guidance and teaching are the greatest civilizing influences in the world." The strongest anchor that was fixed in my life," said another, " . . . was that love which I knew she had for me. This feeling toward my mother became a defense, a barrier between me and temptation." Two things she taught . . . constantly," said a distinguished scientist, "to secure an education and . . . to remain true to ideals. . . . The atmosphere of upward striving and never-wavering love which she created in our home compelled progress to appear. . . . The memory that I have of her, of our confidences, conversations, . . . is sacred, and cannot be placed on paper." This from President McKay: "Among the most precious soul treasures is the memory of mother's prayers by the bedside, of her affectionate touch as she tucked the bed clothes around my brother and me, and gave each a loving, good night kiss . . . It was this realization of Mother's love . . . which, more than once during fiery youth, turned my steps from the precipice of temptation. . . . If mother love were but half rightly directed and if fatherhood were but half what it should be in example and honor, much of the sorrow and wickedness in the world would be overcome." All this brings most meaningfully to mind these words from Ruskin: "And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings but noble teachers." May mothers, old and young, love and be loved in the memories and service and assurance they add to our lives and be such as the writer of Proverbs said: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed . . . ."

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2Senator Reed Smoot (of Anne Kerstine Marrson Smoot).
3President Joseph F. Smith (of Mary Fielding Smith).
4Dr. John A. Widtsoe (of Anna Karine Gaarder Widtsoe).
5President David O. McKay (of Jeannette Evans McKay).
6John Ruskin, *Lilies Of Queens' Gardens*.
7Prov. 31:28.

These Times
(Continued from page 597)

(1) the facts of the scientific revolution, (2) the extensive growth of knowledge, (3) reasons of economy and efficiency, and (4) some impressive sociological values.

The facts of the scientific revolution require heavy expenditures and concentrations of equipment, not only in science and engineering laboratories, medical schools and libraries, but also in schools of business administration, education, and some phases of the arts. Cogent reasons can be advanced, basically ones dictated by economy, but also involving the welfare of individuals, for locating one expensive computer center in the midst of 18,000 students rather than to have one each in thirty small colleges of six hundred students each. The sociological values of the big institution derive from the basic fact that contemporary man, as a consequence of the scientific revolution, inhabits a "shrinking" world whose essential services and operations, whether providing fresh water, food, light, heat, transportation, or clothing, derive from large-scale operations.

Students do not live in Arcadia before they come to college. They do not live and work in Arcadia after they earn degrees. They come from Megalopolis. They live and will work in Megalopolis—most of them. The need is for them to try to make Megalopolis more Arcadian than they received it from their parents. They, while learning to appreciate the rights of privacy and their conservation, must learn how to do so in large communities—even when suburbs of those communities wear the outer appearance of Rutania, where sheep gently graze, where bees can be heard humming after the motor in the station wagon has been turned off (and the car parked), and where fish still swim in a nonpolluted brook.

Nothing in the foregoing should be interpreted to imply that the small college, lacking a million-copy library, a computer center, a reactor, and large residence halls, is outdated, cannot compete, and has no real place. The small college, the middle-sized university, all have their very real place. They can and do compete, and they contribute impressively. But as Dr. Widtsoe wrote in defense of what is now Utah State University (then the Utah Agricultural College) more than fifty years ago: "to help every man in our free republic to share, practically, in the joys and benefits of the great intellectual conquest of the world, is the dream . . . —and the dream is rapidly being realized."

Some who have safely been admitted to college and now hold their degrees sometimes ask: Are not too many going to college? The answer to that question comes most properly, perhaps, not from those who have been, but from those who have deep desire and have yet to realize that desire or at least to get the opportunity to make the trial. It has been the genius of American higher education thus far to keep some doors open always to those who sincerely seek the trial of intellect. It is noteworthy that the British tradition of the past of university education only for "the best" is now being reversed rather strikingly. New "red brick" universities are multiplying in England, as in Africa and elsewhere, to take their place with Oxford and Cambridge, as educational doors to opportunity.

What are the underlying conditions for the "big" university, serving thousands of citizens, to avoid becoming "bad"? Quality is important, especially the quality to reach, touch, and inspire the individual whose parents and whose home environment do not reflect the liberal-arts awareness of a Harvard professor's son, who may have never heard of T. S. Eliot, a Brahms' passacaglia, nor nucleic acid, but who has to live and function as a man and citizen in the world of NASA and Early Bird.

The ability of the big university to organize itself internally, to render its services effectively to individual students, is also important. This is being done with great success on many big campuses: in residence hall organizations and subgroups as real as the LDS ward.

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.

—Epictetus

in our international Church; in scholarly and professional groups. There are nearly three hundred such groups on our campus, including 33 church-led groups, the LDS group being one of the 33, which in turn breaks down into three student wards and dozens of other real groups, as readers of this column will understand.

On such campuses, the individual student can have as much "small group" association as he normally desires, elects, or aspires towards, including intimate association with faculty and staff members. At the same time, if he essays towards service in associations of department-wide, school-wide, college-wide, or even university-wide scope, such as election to the student senate, opportunities are there. He or she can have the social laboratory experience, face the challenge of the large urban communities in which most of us now live, as well as seek the comfortable feeling of the small circle of associates.

Arguments heard about the necessity of "standing in line," or merely being an IBM number belong mostly in the category of the ancient American and campus custom (including small colleges) of free and expressive criticism. It goes by another name in the Army. The reaction to environment, of similar nature and character, can be heard nearly every day in every home, in the warehouse of every factory. Indeed it is part of the phenomena of organization. A normal amount should be expected of the university. Besides, to stand in line for an hour or so on registration day, in order to plan more effectively the next sixty years of one's life, shouldn't be much more punishment than standing in line some Saturday night to see Doris Day and Rock Hudson in something far less significant for the individual's future. And computers are about to eliminate registration lines. This will open the way for new opportunities for the human spirit to engage in institutional criticism!

No, as the Supreme Court said in the US Steel case many years ago, bigness is not necessarily badness. Rather it is a question of institutional behavior, its ability to organize, serve, and serve well in these times.
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The Gospel and the Age of the Earth

(Continued from page 609)

If only one quarter of the potassium remains, 2,600 million years have elapsed since crystallization of the mineral occurred, and so on. Clearly, any potassium-containing mineral constitutes a built-in clock which we can use to read the time of the formation of the crystalline mineral.

Many complications may arise to make the clock give incorrect time. Thus, if some argon were entrapped in the crystal as it formed, the clock will read too long a time. If some of the argon has escaped since crystallization occurred, the indicated time will be too short. Nonetheless, by being careful to choose elements with appropriate half-lives and by careful selection of the crystal used and by frequent cross checking, that is by using more than one clock, a reasonably consistent time scale for the formation of the various strata in the world has been achieved.

According to radioactive dating, the oldest fossil-bearing rocks, called lower Cambrian, are about 600 million years old, and geologists find that life has existed continuously as shown by the fossils found in the successive layers of sediments deposited since Cambrian time.

The earliest life found in the Cambrian strata was very simple in form and increased in complexity with the years, according to the fossil record. Eventually, that is, about 100 million years ago, the monstrous dinosaurs walked the earth only to disappear in their turn as new forms of life, better adapted to changing conditions, displaced them.

Most scientists using this and other kinds of evidence agree on an age for the earth of about four and one-half billion years. On the other hand, the exact age of the earth is apparently of so little import religiously that the scriptures sketch earth history only in the briefest terms. The present heated religious controversies on the subject will undoubtedly be resolved in time and will then appear as quaint as the medieval arguments on the shape of the earth seem to us now.

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to every son of Adam who leaves the spirit world to receive a mortal body. If the atonement is to overcome death, then "... as in Adam all men die, so in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. 15:22) is also equally true whatever the age of the earth. The gospel of Christ will be lighting the world long after this and other knotty problems cease to agitate us.

SUGGESTED SUPPLEMENTARY READING
3. Scriptures on time: Book of Abraham, p. 35, Fig. 1: 3:4, 5:13; D&C 88:44, 77:8; Alma 40:8; Helaman 8:18; Psalm 90:4; 2 Peter 3:8.

The Love of God

(Continued from page 619)

that his "Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world." (Ibid., 84:46.) For what reason? Because without his Spirit men would be carnal and sensual and devilish. But his Spirit is sent unto every man, unless the man drives it out. If so, he becomes as though the Spirit had never been in him—carnal and sensual and devilish. But bear in mind that all mankind are entitled to the Spirit of the Lord if they will but let it enter into their hearts. Regardless of whether or not they have come to understand and accept the gospel of Jesus Christ and have come into his Church, they can be imbued with the Spirit of the Lord and be righteous and wonderful and worthy of great blessings.

We will be surprised I am sure, as Joseph Smith and Brigham Young so frequently said, to find in the kingdom of God Catholics, Methodists, Episcopalians—men of many faiths—head of us because in this life they were full of the Spirit of the Lord—that Spirit which may permeate all men and which "... enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit" (idem) and who eventually, in this world or the next, hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ, will accept its principal ciples and come unto him.

And this is the point I would like to make clear: God loves all his children, all his children, and will never cease throughout eternity in his attempt to persuade them to righteousness, whether it be in this world or the next. There is no end to God's love for his children or to the continuation of his efforts to help them. As we contemplate Jesus walking the cobbled streets of Jerusalem and picture in our minds God the Father, we find no person who has sunk so low in the social scale that Jesus does not hold out for him the hope of the kingdom. "... go, and sin no more" (John 8:11) is the message that echoed from those cobbled streets and gave hope to people who had been considered so sinful in the eyes of the rabbis that these self-righteous souls would not let the shadow of one they deemed a "sinner" fall upon them lest it pollute them. The compassion which God must have for men, as exemplified in his Son, gives hope to every single soul in this world, if they come to read and believe. He provided that all who might not hear the gospel here should hear it hereafter.

Again I call attention to the Flood and the people who were swept away in that all-consuming deluge. We cannot understand the Flood story aside from the love of God for his children. What did he do with them who were swept away? Were they lost? True, they were locked up for a time, so to speak, until Jesus entered the spirit world and organized his work among them that they too might hear the gospel of Jesus Christ and, accepting it, progress to glory. I do not suppose there is a single one of the children of God who comes to this earth who will not have continued opportunity to reform, to change, save it be those who, knowing both God and Lucifer, choose in the light of that understanding to follow after Lucifer rather than Christ. For such you can do nothing, and they are lost. But it is to be hoped, as Joseph Smith expressed on many occasions, that at least ninety-eight percent of the human race will be raised to some degree of glory.

We must never think of the glories as places of pain. All the glories are places of happiness, some greater than others. Our pains come in this world and in the spirit world, where, if we have not repented, we are delivered to the buffetings of conscience and would, if we could, hide our faces from God, being ashamed of what we see in ourselves. The Prophet Joseph, having seen in vision the degrees of glory, said that if we could but inherit the telestial kingdom he would be satisfied, for he said it is a glory beyond the hopes of man. (See D & C 76:89.) Beyond our dreams! Yet we as Latter-day Saints are not content merely with that; we rather like the greater glory of which Paul said, "... Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." (1 Cor. 2:9.) We cannot comprehend, according to the Prophet, "the glory of the celestial." But bear in mind that all of the kingdoms are places of glory.

The plan of God would be a poor one indeed if he lost most of his children—if out of this earth life did not come such lessons as to cause even the direst criminal, if you will, to repent and change his ways and come eventually to a measure of happiness. We frequently need to read the story of the prodigal son and realize the great truth that even one who deserts the Lord, so to speak, who in this life commits many wrongs, if he will but eventually return to
God, God rejoices. Such a person may not be where he ought to have been, he may not have the joy he might have acquired, but what a wonderful thought that God will welcome him back and rejoice that, though he was lost, he is found.

The love of God as expressed in his Son was shown on many, many occasions. Jesus at one time, speaking to the multitude in Jerusalem, had his heart touched. He exclaimed, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, ... how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Matt. 23:37.) It is the cry of a parent, if you will, over children who strayed. It is a cry that betokens the love that Jesus had even for those who had gone astray. He went so far in his love of mankind that he gave his life for them. He who was without sin, he who need not have given his life, gave it out of love of us. There is no other explanation. He need not have done it! The agony he felt in the Garden of Gethsemane that caused him to sweat great drops of blood is beyond our comprehension. Yet he did it because of us, out of his love of us, out of his deep desire to take upon him our sins. I suppose we will never fully comprehend God's love for us.

In the Book of Mormon, Mormon points out that what is good cometh of God and what is evil cometh of the devil. He gives us a great picture: "Wherefore, take heed, my beloved brethren, that ye do not judge that which is evil to be of God, ..." (Moroni 7:14.) Oh, how often do we do just this! How misunderstanding can we be? A truck runs over a little child—"the will of God." No wonder some people do not love him. They say, "Where is God who permits this thing to be?" "Where is the God who permits war to come and strike down millions?" Yet we have been warned, "... take heed, my beloved brethren, that ye do not judge that which is evil to be of God, or that which is good and of God to be of the devil." (Idem.) If we would keep this distinction straight, we would find it easier to love the Lord.

Now the Savior said these two commandments are close together: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (Matt. 22:37, 39.) Our
love of God is measured exactly in terms of our love of our neighbor. It is the only way in which it can be expressed. The Prophet Micah said, "...what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:8.)

James wrote, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." (James 1:27.) The Savior repeatedly said we should be judged by our deeds done in the flesh—not by our beliefs, but by how we act. God is not going to judge us as to whether we know how long the earth has been in existence, or how long it took to create it, or when the Flood was, or when Noah lived. We will not be judged on our knowledge of history or on our ability to quote genealogies. The Savior has made quite clear by what we will be judged. We will be judged by how we treat our fellow men, and our Lord made plain the whole method by which we could love our fellow men and thus show our love for the Lord.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:"

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:"

"Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?"

"Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." (Ibid., 25:44.)

Sometimes the person who does not even darken the door of the chapel does some marvelous deeds in the flesh. And sometimes those of other faiths outdo us who ought to know better. I shall never forget a trip I made up to Fort Yukon, way beyond the Arctic Circle, a number of years ago. In that little community I found a Catholic doctor, a little woman about five feet tall, devoting her life to young Indian girls who were in trouble. She had gone up there on a visit, she had seen their plight, her heart had gone out to them, and she had given them her life. I have thought many times how gladly I would exchange my place in the kingdom with hers, if God judges us by deeds done in the flesh. I bring this out in order that all who teach the gospel of Jesus Christ might have compassion upon all people, even as God loves all peoples upon this earth.

We need to read occasionally the book of Jonah, one of the great books of all times. Jonah did not want to go to the Ninevites because they were the enemies of his people, and it took much persuasion on the part of the Lord before he went. When he arrived, he spoke with great earnestness of the calamities that would come upon this people. His word frightened them, and they repented. And the Lord spared them. But Jonah went out to get a grandstand seat to watch the fireworks—to see his enemies destroyed. (There are many people like Jonah who would love to see those who are not earnest in the gospel destroyed.) You remember the lesson the Savior taught him. The Lord caused a gourd to sprout—a quick-growing plant that gave him a little shelter as he waited there many days in the sweltering heat. And then a worm ate at the root of the gourd, and it withered and died. Jonah felt sorry for the gourd, and then came to him the truth. He heard the voice of God declare:

"Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow;..."

"And should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand?" (Jonah 4:10-11.)

All the neighbors we have are children of God. Some, unfortunately, do not have understanding and have not learned to love God. Others have learned to love their neighbors, and they become wonderful people. Is there a relationship between knowledge of God and the way we live? between theology and religion? I am sure there is. When one separates ethics, as it were, from theology, they become, in a sense, meaningless. This is the dilemma of our time—men have lost God and, in their attempt to establish the ethics by which to live, find that the ethics are changed by the people who would be expected to live them. Ethics without God become a means of convenience to society and thus change with society. And this is happening in our time.

Any person seeking to set up a new ethical code must first destroy Christ in his own mind and in the minds of those who would be his disciples. Hitler could get nowhere until he raised a new generation and systematically took Christ out of their lives. Could one have visited one of the horror camps of Germany and seen what depravity men had fallen, one would have come to the realization that such ends were possible only as Christ was first ruled out of their lives. Ethics, rules of morality, can be changed. The study of theology alone is worthless. The study of ethics alone is misleading. But combine a knowledge of God with the way we shall live one with another, and we derive a strength that can withstand the temptations of our time.

Certainly the first principle of the gospel is to know the God we worship, for out of such knowledge comes our understanding of his commandments. Out of our knowledge of God's love for us comes the desire to serve him and thus to love our fellow men as ourselves.
The Church Moves On
(Continued from page 603)

University students began with Brigham Young University Stake in January 1956. Since then other university stakes have been established in Utah and Idaho. Wards for university students are functioning in other stakes of the Church.

Special Mother’s Day programs were given in the Sunday Schools of the Church.

Wellington (New Zealand) Stake organized with Elder Keith A. Harrison sustained as president and Elders Douglas H. Whatu and Iain B. McKay as counselors. The area was formerly a part of the New Zealand South Mission. It is the 407th stake functioning in the Church. Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve and Elder ElRay L. Christiansen, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, presided at the stake’s organization. New Zealand now has four stakes of the Church, beginning with the Auckland Stake, which was organized in May 1958.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder LeRoi B. Gardner of Berkeley, California, as president of the Great Lakes Mission succeeding President Lloyd P. Mickelsen. President Gardner is a native of Utah and filled a mission as a young man in Germany. He is a former bishop of the Berkeley First Ward and at the time of this call is a member of the Oakland-Berkeley Stake high council. Mrs. Gardner will accompany her husband to this field of labor. The couple has three married children.

Elder A. Gifford Jackson sustained as president of San Leandro (California) Stake with Elders Orval L. Ostler and Delvar R. Carter as counselors. President Jackson and Elder Ostler were serving as counselors to President Milton P. Ream, who was released because he was moving from the stake.

Special commemorative programs noting the 136th anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood were held in the Sacrament meetings this evening.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Mark B. Garff as chairman of the Church Building Committee. He will succeed Elder Wendell B. Mendenhall on July 1. Elder Garff is a former president of the Danish Mission and is a member of the priesthood welfare committee of the Church.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder W. Jay Eldredge as president of the Eastern States Mission succeeding President Wilburn C. West. President West is to remain in New York until the close of the World’s Fair and continue to serve as assistant managing director of the Mormon Pavilion. President Eldredge is currently serving as president of Parleys (Salt Lake City) Stake. His wife Marjory Hyde Eldredge will serve in the mission field with her husband. They are the parents of five children.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Hal L. Taylor as president of the Southeast Indian Mission succeeding President J. Edwin Baird. President Taylor is currently serving as a member of the presidency of the Kolob (Utah) Stake, at Springville. He served in the Texas-Louisiana Mission as a young elder. His wife Anna Fredrickson Taylor will accompany him to the mission field. They are the parents of nine children.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Teddy E. Brewerton as president of the Central American Mission. The mission will be divided soon, with President Terrence L. Hansen of the Central American Mission presiding over the new mission. President Brewerton is currently serving as bishop of Glenmore Ward, Calgary (Alberta, Canada) Stake. He filled a mission in Uruguay. His wife Dorothy Hall Brewerton and their four children will accompany him to the field of labor.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Keith Romney as president of the West Spanish American Mission succeeding President Grant M. Burbidge. President Romney now is serving as bishop of Las Cruces (New Mexico) Ward, El Paso Stake. His wife Ruth Call Romney and a son will accompany him to his new assignment. They are also the parents of two older children.

The First Presidency announced these mission changes with a view to adjusting boundaries and increasing efficiency of operations:

The North Scottish Mission was combined with the Scottish Mission, the new unit to be under the direction of President David B. Haight of the Scottish Mission. President Phil D. Jensen of the North Scottish Mission will be transferred to preside over the California Mission. He will succeed President Howard B. Anderson.

The Northeast British Mission is being combined with the North British Mission, which will be presided over by President Wilford H. Payne now of the Northeast British Mission. President Rolland L. Jaussi of the North British Mission will be transferred to the Irish Mission succeeding President Stephen R. Covey.

The Bavarian Mission has been combined with the South German Mission with the exception of the Unterfranken District, which has been added to the West German Mission. President Owen S. Jacobs of the Bavarian Mission has been released.

Elder Harry S. Peckham sustained as president of Hamilton (New Zealand) Stake with Elders Douglas J. Martin and Taka W. Panere as counselors. President Peckham and Elder Martin were serving as counselors to retiring President Wendell H. Wiser.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Lyman P. Pinkston of Granada Hills, California, as president of the Gulf States Mission succeeding President M. Ross Richards. President Pinkston is a former bishop, member of a high council, and member of a stake presidency in the southern California area. At the time of this call he is a gospel doctrine teacher in the Granada Hills Second Ward. He is a former missionary to the Central States. With him to this new assignment will go his wife Beatrice Davis Pinkston and two of the couple’s six children.
Mrs. Leah Eudora Dunford Widtsoe, 91, widow of the late Dr. John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve and long time Era editor, passed away this evening at her Salt Lake City home. A writer and a leader of women, Sister Widtsoe was elected to the Salt Lake Council of Women Hall of Fame in 1955 and awarded an honorary doctor of humanities degree by Brigham Young University in 1960. Funeral services were held June 12.

President David O. McKay received an honorary doctor of humanities degree from Weber State College, the first to be given by that institution, in a cap-and-gown ceremony in the President's apartment. He had been unable to attend the commencement exercises at Ogden, June 5, and the degree was there accepted by his son David Lawrence McKay. College officials came to the President's apartment today to make the award. President McKay was once Principal McKay of the school when it was Weber Academy.

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**THE RAINBOW PROMISE**

BY BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

The twilight wanes on mountain spire and steeple,  
The Evening Star rides low and seems to ride  
Where swaying lanterns guide a weary people  
To conquer yet the continent's divide,  
Here diverse rivers went to East and Westward  
With watching stars above the skyline rim,  
As Litany of Toil is wafted westward  
And pilgrim voices chant the Vesper Hymn—  
"Come, Come, Ye Saints" the rally song of courage  
Spurs faded steps to hasten on their quest,  
Their exodus a resolute entourage  
To lift the nation's ensign in the West!  
No frontiersmen were they geared for adventure,  
To dare the avatar of wind and sleet,  
But exiles they expunged to plight and censure,  
Adrift from home to carve a new retreat.  
On yet and on, no ruthless foe could quail them,  
Nor court nor country's threat could interdict  
Their onward tread, let darkening skies assail them,  
Nor sage nor pundit could defeat predict.  
Over and on, with summit peaks defending,  
Where amber hills drowse in the summer haze,  
March on, sing on in mighty cause contending—  
This is your Marseillaise of latter days!  
"This is the Place"—a Prophet's voice has spoken,  
Here lie your far-flung valleys of repose,  
With rainbow promise never to be broken—  
Here shall the desert blossom as the rose.

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**ACTING IN ANGER...**

RICHARD L. EVANS

We have talked at previous times of what comes out of the mind and heart of man—the language he uses—humor, profanity: that what he laughs at or lets come from his lips may be the measure of his mind, his soul, what he is inside. There is yet another outcropping of character, and that is inordinate or uncontrolled anger. "Men must not turn [into] bees (that put their lives in the sting) . . .," said Sir Francis Bacon. "To contain anger from mischief . . . there be two things whereof you must have special caution. The one, of extreme bitterness of words, especially if they be stinging and personal. . . . The other, that you do not peremptorily break off, in any business, in a fit of anger; but, however you show bitterness, do not act anything that is not revocable." In other words, don't issue an ill timed ultimatum or slam the door forever in anger. "( . . . For he who is excited by anger seems to turn away from reason. . . .)" said Marcus Aurelius. "The soul does violence to itself when it turns away from any man, or moves towards him with the intention of injuring . . . when it does anything . . . without considering the end . . ." "Some think that it makes them feel better when they . . . give vent to their madness in abusive and unbecoming language," said Brigham Young. 'This, however, is a mistake. . . . When the wrath and bitterness of the human heart are moulded into words and hurled with violence at one another. . . . If this practice is continued, it will lead to alienation between man and wife, parents and children, brethren and sisters, until there is no fellowship to be found. . . ." Men "should not suffer reverses and unpleasant circumstances to sour their natures and render them fretful and unsocial at home, speaking words full of bitterness and biting acrimony to their wives and children, creating gloom and sorrow in their habitations, making themselves feared rather than beloved by their families". "Act nothing in a furious passion," said Thomas Fuller. And Shakespeare said it in this sentence: "Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 'That it do singe yourself.'" God grant that we may not, like bees, destroy ourselves with our own anger.

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1Sir Francis Bacon, Of Anger.
2Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Meditations, chapter 2.
3Brigham Young, Journal of Discourses 11:255.
4Ibid., 11:136.
5Thomas Fuller (1608-81), English divine.
6Shakespeare, Henry VIII, act i, sc. 1.
What's so traditional about the Hammond Grand 100 Organ?

When we say the Hammond Grand 100 Organ is built to conform to the purest concepts of traditional organ architecture, this is what we mean:

The Hammond Grand 100 is a totally straight organ. It has no duplexing or borrowing; each of the 50 stops is separately derived and has a tone quality unique unto itself.

The Grand 100 incorporates an antiphonal division entirely independent of the main organ. Not merely an echo organ or switching arrangement, it is an ancillary division in the truest sense of the word and can be played from the swell, great or pedal keyboards to simulate the performance of a pipe organ in which the antiphonal organ consists of separate ranks of pipes.

The Grand 100 has in its specifications traditional church organ percussions located on the great—chimes, 25 note G to G, and harp which can be coupled to 4' and played as a harp celeste. Intramanual and intermanual couplers function exactly as they do on traditional organs. Mixtures, separately derived, not borrowed, from the mutation stops are provided on each manual using pitches up to the 26th.

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In short, you won't find anything on the Hammond Grand 100 that is not traditional in function or concept. There are no dial controls, no blowing devices, no cheating or compromise with tradition.

Don't take our word for it. Play it. Appreciate its response. Test its tonal versatility—its completeness. Write today. We'll help you arrange to play a Grand 100 and send you complete specifications.

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Book of Mormon Is Special Witness

It is hoped that members of the Church will bear their witness of the truth of the restoration of the gospel at all times where proper and possible. Led by the Holy Ghost, a member bearing testimony can stir the hearts of listeners to the depths of their souls. When the time came for the heavens to open after eighteen hundred years of silence, the Lord God gave a witness which he himself had caused to be prepared. The Lord performs his work on earth by means of the acts and words of human beings. The witness provided was the result of human action inspired by God.

First he inspired Lehi to leave Jerusalem; then he inspired Nephi to obtain the brass plates; then he inspired the keeping of records of the history of the people, often by men especially called. The crowning inspiration was given to Mormon, who made an abridgment of the history of a thousand years with one hand while defending the last of his people from the assaults of the Lamanites with the other. The last prophet of this inspired line buried the abridged record in the hill, for a reason that he knew not, but which is plainly apparent to us today.

The book was brought forth by miraculous means. An angel visits a boy three times in one night. He instructs the boy annually for four years. A man, full of pride, is inspired to finance the first edition of 5,000 copies. Eleven witnesses testify that they have seen the record, three by vision and eight by earthly handling and sight. Isaiah's prophecy is literally fulfilled by the learned Professor Anthon's statement that "I cannot read a sealed book."

Finally the promise of Moroni in the last pages is that one who reads with sincere heart will know of the truth of the book by the power of the Holy Ghost.
BOOK OF MORMON
CHRISTMAS PROJECT

This year in response to assignment, the seventies of the Church are asking all church members to participate in an effort to distribute the Book of Mormon to nonmembers of the Church.

The objective is to give the Book of Mormon to nonmembers as a Christmas card. Each member who has friends and acquaintances who are not members is invited to send a special Christmas edition to these friends instead of the customary Christmas card. (Cards often cost 50 cents. This special edition will be 50 cents including a card and a mailing envelope.) The donor will be spending no more than he ordinarily would and will confer untold blessings by his act.

Seventies will visit adult members, inviting each to purchase as many books as gifts as can be used. The organization of the project in each stake is under the direction of the seventies quorum of that stake.

The project is not confined to adults. Teenage boys and girls are invited to give the book to nonmember friends to whom they send cards and to newly found friends.

A special Christmas edition of the book is being printed. With it will be given a special Christmas card honoring the Lord Jesus Christ and a mailing envelope to make the delivery to distant addresses easy.

To make the project successful, it is necessary to plan now, confirm individual orders, and deliver the books. When Christmas comes, early preparation will have made this Christmas effort a joyful success.
While my father was on his mission in northern California, he and his companion were sent to Coloma, the town where gold was first discovered, to preside over the church museum located in this historic town. After they had been there a month, an elderly woman came inquiring about the Church. She said that she had been observing them since the day of their arrival. She was so impressed with their conduct and mannerism that she wanted to know more about what would cause two young men to act as they did.

Through the example we set we can turn people toward the direction of gospel blessings. Many of our friends and neighbors are not members of the Church. People will take note of how we talk and act, and become interested in the Church if we are true and faithful in all things. We can be friendly, be helpful neighbors, attend our meetings regularly, and strive

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Over two years ago, in March 1963, a good friend and I decided to join a group of boys for a rousing game of ball. We headed over to the town park where we always played. Shortly after we arrived, one of our buddies was called home, making a shortage of players. We had just arrived and were not in the mood to go home, so we looked around for something else to do. Our attention was drawn to a kite that had been caught in some high tension wires. Quickly it became a game to see which one of us would be able to free the kite. We were throwing rocks, sticks, and even the basketball, but still the kite remained caught.

In our search for more rocks my friend Johnny and I came across a long aluminum irrigation pipe, and immediately the same thought entered our minds. We both took hold of the pipe and raised it to the level of the kite, hoping to jar it loose. Before we even knew what happened, the pipe attracted the electricity, and 7,500 volts of electricity charged through our bodies and into the wet ground.

What followed was a most terrifying experience; I shall never forget it. At first I thought I was dying;
to be good citizens of the community and nation.

There are many people throughout the world from the various religious denominations searching for the truth. It is our responsibility to give them the opportunity to accept or reject the gospel. We do not have the authority to say which person can or cannot receive the gospel.

The missionary program can help the individual member in many ways. It teaches a person to live near his Heavenly Father, to exercise faith, to work hard, to become self-reliant, to actually become as our Heavenly Father. Also, by being a missionary, we can attain true happiness. As missionaries we have the opportunity of serving our fellow men. When we are in the service of our fellow men, we are in the service of our Heavenly Father. This is true happiness.

Every time I hear a returned missionary tell of his experiences and how happy his mission was, it makes me more anxious for the time when I can go on a mission. It also makes me want to be faithful to the teachings of the Church, so that when the call comes to go on a mission, I will be worthy. I am most anxious to go on a mission and preach the gospel.

Some people think that they have to go on a foreign mission or a stake mission in order to preach the gospel. President David O. McKay has told us, "Every member a missionary." This means we might have the opportunity to live the gospel and not say one word.

We have been told by the prophets of the Lord that the only way peace will ever come to the earth is for men to live the teachings of the gospel. We who have the gospel are truly blessed. May we live to be worthy of these blessings. This is the best way to be a good missionary.

**ISHOPRC'S PAGE**

then I lost consciousness. Artificial respiration was applied by a neighbor, and as I regained consciousness, I could hear my good friend Johnny crying to the Lord to save our lives and not let us die.

An ambulance rushed us to the Brigham City Hospital, where the kindest of care was given. In my mind was an uneasiness, and no matter how hard I tried, I was unable to rest. Brother Paul D. Barnard, then a member of our bishopric, and my father administered to me. Tears of joy filled my eyes as I heard the wonderful prayer. I felt the power of the priesthood, as a soothing peacefulness entered my thoughts.

The outcome of this day was that we were badly burned and required many weeks in the hospital, where we underwent many operations and months of convalescing. This is how I came to have an "electric" brother whom I will always cherish.

Thinking back over the accident, the high voltage, the doctors, hospitals, parents, friends, and above all the spiritual guidance and love my Heavenly Father showed me by answering our prayers, I see how much I have to be thankful for. I believe in a real and living Heavenly Father, who continually watches over us and helps in our daily lives. I believe and am very thankful that God restored his Church through the Prophet Joseph Smith and that his priesthood, which is the authority from God given to man to help heal the sick and to do his other important work, has been restored to earth.

I was very happy when I turned twelve and was ordained a deacon so that I could pass the Sacrament and gather fast offerings for the ward. I am looking forward to my advancement in the priesthood and pray that I, a youth of the Church, will always be worthy to hold this wonderful gift from God, as well as receive his other great blessings that have been promised to all people who remember him and keep his commandments which lead to eternal life, the greatest of all gifts.

I love to visit our attic spare room, which yet contains many belongings of my ancestors. From the atmosphere of this retreat I receive a feeling of strength and courage. Somewhere among the treasures of my ancestors in my attic retreat are two burnt shoes. When I come across them, I think back to that day and feel a strong and unfailing faith in God.
Time to stretch
Relax as you sit on your patio. Don’t feel guilty. Leisure is not a luxury; it is a necessity. You earn leisure just as you earn any compensation from working. You need leisure really to live just as you need money to exist.

If a mother pushes herself to her limit, she becomes tense and inefficient. Emotions are contagious—a tense, distraught mother makes nervous, unhappy children. Self-control is the product of relaxation. A person needs time to stretch. During this leisure period dreams are built, and the energy to make them come true is generated. Leisure makes life a pleasure instead of a burden. Lazy periods can be productive. During the rest time much-needed repairs in the body and mind take place. Relaxation gives meaning to work. If you don’t take time to rest, you’ll find yourself taking time to be sick; you’ll find yourself losing time by your inefficiency. I can almost hear you say, “I agree with you one hundred percent, but how does one find the time for leisure?”

How often do you squander time? Hours can slip by without accomplishment if you have no plan. Create a program for yourself. It very likely will not fit your neighbor—you are two different human beings. But be sure that it fits you. Know your responsibilities, your capabilities, your likes and dislikes, your limitations. Then form a time pattern just for you. Develop your own pace for work. There should be flexibility to this plan. It is just as bad to overschedule as to underschedule. Plans should be expandable and retractable. Every hour must have a leeway. Balance the time spent in work and the time spent in play. If you have a plan, you are less likely to squander valuable minutes. I can remember a grandfather saying, “When you work, work with all your mind and strength, and when you rest, let down, lean back, and completely relax.” It is good to use physical and mental energy, and it is also good to drift and relax. Be mature enough to know what you want to accomplish, set your goal, then work out a plan to reach that end.

No matter how carefully and thoughtfully a plan is made, it cannot always be carried out. Life is full of unexpected problems and emergencies. Plans should be made to be canceled to fit the day and its doings. Tomorrow will take care of the necessities in the plan, and the unessentials can be forgotten. It is another story though when inefficiency steals time. Tasks done sloppily squander time. Worry, ignorance, and indifference are also thieves of hours. Another robber is time spent being untidy, unkempt, and unglammed. On the other side of the coin are the extremes of the perfectionist. Everything must be too tidy, too immaculate, too just right. There is a rigidity here that is a time squanderer. Overprogramming, packing each minute too full, setting impossible standards are in the long run time wasters, and mental sickness may follow.

Loving what one does saves time and tension. Why not try to get the tasks you do not like behind you early in the day, mixing that which you like to do with the distasteful tasks. Do the breakfast dishes, make the beds, pick up the litter, then do something you really enjoy doing before you jump into the disliked tasks of the day. Creativeness helps routine. Find new ways to do old tasks, new schedules for the different seasons. Think up timesaving ways to hurdle unpleasant responsibilities. It can be almost a game—this creative time planning.

If you have a time pattern, you will not have a life too busy to go see Joe play first base in the Little League, help Sue make doll clothes, let small hands form the bread dough, look pretty and relaxed when he comes home, develop his hobby, take a special class, say “yes” when asked to serve on a committee, prepare an interesting, worthwhile lesson for Family Home Evening, get acquainted with yourself, and enjoy each waking moment.

**IT’S A PICNIC**

There are dozens of different kinds of picnics, and if you are one of those people who say, “Picnics are for the ants,” be open-minded and experiment with one of these picnics planned especially for you and see what fun you can have.

**Pick-up-on-the-way Picnic**

Start from home with the family tucked away in the car; have joy in your hearts and paper napkins, cups, and a good cutting knife in a box. Decide on your destination: It could be high on a hill with a view, a site by the ocean (Continued on following page)
Time to Stretch
(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)
or lake, or even a friend’s back lawn. First stop at a store and buy a variety of breads, the fresher the better, some butter, cheese, and milk. Next stop at a roadside stand and let each choose his favorite fruit. Then be on your way without a care. You have the makings of a delicious lunch or supper, no work, just fun.

Unpack-and-serve Picnic
Sometimes it is most convenient to prepare a good hot meal at home and carry it to some picnic spot to consume. No need to make a campfire for this meal. All the cooking has been done at home.

*Spiced Corned Beef
*Baked Lima Beans
French Bread
Sliced Tomatoes Sprinkled with Garlic Dressing
Carrot Sticks
*Cake with Baked Frosting
Spiced Corned Beef
(6 to 8 servings)
4 pounds corned beef
Water to cover
1 medium onion, quartered
2 stalks celery, cut in half
½ orange, sliced
¼ teaspoon oregano
¼ teaspoon rosemary
1 teaspoon dill seed
1 bay leaf
6 whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
2 cloves garlic

Cover the corned beef with water. Add remaining ingredients. Cover tightly and simmer about 4 hours or until tender. A general rule is to allow about 1 hour cooking time per pound of meat. Chill in the cooking liquid. Wrap the corned beef in foil and carry to the picnic site. Be sure you remember to bring a sharp knife.

Baked Lima Beans
(8 servings)
2 packages frozen baby lima beans
10 bacon slices
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup grated carrots
¼ cup minced parsley
2 cans tomato soup, undiluted
1 cup buttered dry bread crumbs

Cook the lima beans according to directions on package until barely tender. Drain. Cook bacon until crisp, remove from drippings, and crumble. Cook onion, celery, carrots, and parsley in bacon fat for about 5 minutes, stirring. Drain and add to lima beans with half the bacon, the tomato soup, a little water if needed, and seasoning to taste. Turn into a greased casserole. Sprinkle with remaining bacon and the buttered bread crumbs. Bake uncovered in a 350 degree F. oven for 30 minutes. Remove from oven and immediately cover with aluminum foil. Wrap in newspapers and pack in box to take to picnic.

Spiced Cake with Baked Frosting
Mix a prepared packaged spice cake according to directions on the box. Pour the batter into a greased, floured 9 by 12 inch pan. For the icing, beat 2 egg whites until stiff and gradually add 1 cup sifted brown sugar. Beat until mixture forms peaks, spread over the uncooked batter, and sprinkle with ½ cup finely chopped nuts. Bake at 350 degrees F. for about 30 minutes. Cool and take to picnic in pan.

Cook-on-the-site Picnic
At heart almost everyone is a Boy Scout, and although not many of us rub two sticks together to make a fire, we do like to build a fire to cook over out-of-doors. Try this simple but delectable menu.

*Grilled Hamburgers with Spanish Sauce on Onion Rolls
Hot Tomato Soup in Mugs
*Roasted Corn
Toasted Marshmallows
Grilled Hamburgers with Spanish Sauce
(6 servings)
4 pounds ground beef
3 eggs
Spanish sauce (see recipe below)
1 teaspoon salt
1 medium-sized onion, minced
¼ cup melted butter
Onion rolls

Mix lightly the ground beef, eggs, onion, ¼ cup Spanish sauce, and salt. Form into 16 patties. Refrigerate until leaving for picnic. Brush the patties with Spanish sauce mixed with melted butter. Grill over glowing coals for about 4 minutes, sauce side down. Then brush top side with sauce, turn the hamburger over, and grill another 3 or 4 minutes. Serve on toasted onion rolls with extra sauce.

Spanish Sauce
1 cup catsup
½ cup minced onions
1 tablespoon brown sugar
¼ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon celery seed
¼ teaspoon oregano

Combine and simmer for 30 minutes. Chill in covered bottle and take to picnic.

Roasted Corn
Spread corn with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wrap each ear securely in aluminum foil. Roast for about 20 minutes over hot coals, turning while roasting.

Patio Picnic
There comes a time, on a beautiful evening, when you want to entertain special friends. For an enjoyable time and a delicious dinner try this patio picnic.

*Garden Soup
Cold Roast Turkey Rice Pilaff Tossed Green Salad
*Picnic Bread
Iced Melon

Garden Soup
(8 to 10 servings)
1 cup water
2 packages frozen peas
2 cups finely chopped raw potato
2 cups finely chopped onion
2 cups boiling water
6 chicken bouillon cubes
½ teaspoon celery salt
¼ teaspoon curry powder
1½ cups dairy sour cream
1½ cup dairy sour cream for top
Parsley

In a large saucepan cook the peas, potatoes, and onion in 1 cup boiling water until tender. Meanwhile in a
mixing bowl combine 2 cups boiling water, bouillon cubes, celery salt, and curry. In a blender, puree undrained, cooked vegetables until smooth; blend into bouillon and chill. Just before serving fold sour cream into the bouillon mixture. Top with small dollops of sour cream and a sprig of parsley.

**Picnic Bread**

1. package dry yeast
2. ¼ cup lukewarm water
3. 1 cup warm water
4. ¼ cup dry whole milk
5. ¼ cup honey
6. 2 eggs, well beaten
7. 1 teaspoon salt
8. 1 teaspoon nutmeg
9. ¼ teaspoon ground ginger
10. 2 teaspoons celery seed
11. 2 teaspoons caraway seed

4 cups flour, approximately
¼ cup melted butter

Dissolve the yeast in the ¼ cup warm water. Mix all other ingredients together, add the dissolved yeast and mix well, knead until smooth and elastic, place in a buttered bowl, and let rise in warm place until double in bulk, about 2 hours. Divide the dough into thirds or fourths and form into small balls. Place each in a small buttered pie plate. Flatten the dough with hand. Cover and let rise again until double in bulk, about one hour. Bake for 15 minutes in a 400 degree F. oven. Reduce heat to 350 degrees F. and bake until bread sounds hollow when tapped. Remove from pans and grease the tops lightly with butter. This bread is good served cold as well as hot.

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**Color Film Developing**

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**Teaching & Living the Gospel in the Home**

- Does your throat choke closed when you want to say, "I love you," to your husband or to one of your children? Do the words lie in your heart unable to rise and be heard? All you need is practice. When you have these feelings in your heart, let words be formed in your mind, then relax and look the person in the eye and say, "I love you." A light will come to his eyes you have never seen before.

A short time ago a fourteen-year-old girl wrote a letter to a woman she had heard speak. In this letter she said, "After what you said last night, on the way home, I did something I had never done before. I looked into my mother’s eyes and said, 'I love you; you are the best mother in the whole world.' You should have seen her face—it glowed. I know that when I am a little old lady I will still remember the look in my mother’s eyes that night.”

Too many of us wait until it is too late to express our feelings for those we love. To some it doesn’t come easy, but these words should and can be said. Practise. Begin the Family Home Evening sometime with the words, "I can never be grateful enough for the privilege of being your mother. I love each one of you very much." Then soon afterwards express your feelings to each child individually, and before you know it the words will come easy, and you will be surprised how often you will hear them say these words to you. A new feeling of love will be born in your home. FBP

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Is Your Yard Safe for Children?

BY BLANCHE CAMPBELL

- If you want your children to stay in their own back yard, give them enough equipment to keep them happy and occupied. And of course, this means the right kind of play equipment, where a child can have fun without danger of injuring himself or a companion. A little time and effort on the part of parents will assure your family a safe yard, where the children can play in contentment and will eliminate Mother's worry.

First of all, make sure there is no dangerous machinery around the yard for small children to get hurt on. Even a necessary tool like the power mower is nothing but an accident hazard if small children play where they can get to it. Children always find the forbidden fascinating, and for that reason alone they shouldn't be left around any kind of machinery that could result in crippling for life or prove fatal. Nowhere is that old saying more applicable, that it is so much better to be safe than sorry.

And when you put away that mower, make sure to drain off the gas and store the starter rope on a high hook. Too many accidents occur by not taking these precautions.

After all machinery has been removed from the yard, stored out of reach of small hands, make a careful inspection of the yard, making sure it is free of sharp, cutting objects such as broken glass, nails, bits of tin, scrap lumber, or rocks. Regular raking and hauling away of the trash that accumulates in every yard is well worth your time in sanitation, as well as cutting down accidents.

Beware of sprays, disinfectants, insecticides, or any other chemical compound you may have around your home. They can kill a child. Every year a number of small children lose their lives in this way. And the pity of it all is that it could have been avoided if some grown-up hadn't carelessly left chemicals sitting around. Keep all poisonous chemicals locked in a safe place, and keep the key out of children's reach.

For safety's sake also keep paints, sprays, cleaners, and other inflammable materials in a locked cabinet away from the children.

If you want to keep your children at home and happily occupied, give them the back yard and let them turn it into a play center. After all, you can have a lovely green lawn when the children are grown up and away from home. Let them use the yard for their ball games and croquet tournaments. Let them feel free to invite their friends to join them in games and fun.

This does not mean that you should let your children adopt a course of wanton destruction. But you should not fuss if a branch or plant gets accidentally stepped on or broken. Growing things in the yard will give you a chance to teach the child to protect and care for them.

Play equipment should consist of swings, a sandbox, and rings or bars. All of them may be bought in

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a varying price range. Or if Daddy is handy with tools he generally can make this play equipment at quite a savings. Regardless of whether it is purchased or homemade, all play equipment should be checked regularly to be sure that it is in a safe condition to turn over to children for play.

The child that is happy playing at home will not be tempted to stray away from home, outside his own back yard. With your own back yard the center of neighborhood fun, you'll have the youngsters right where you know what they are doing. And it follows that if the children have more fun at home when they are little, they will continue to do so as they grow older.

Playing at home with a few of the neighborhood children for company will keep children off busy streets where risks of accidents increase by the day. It will give Mother an opportunity to know her children's friends. Even unhappy disputes can be resolved more easily if Mother knows what the quarrel was about at the time it occurred.

**LAMENT FOR TWO TRUMPETS**

BY ELIZABETH SHAFER

Alan, eleven, is learning the trumpet.
(Some say it takes two years just to learn how to blow.)
As if that weren't enough, there's a boy in the next street
Who is learning to play the trumpet also.

And so every day after school is let out
You can tell the exact time without seeking the clock,
For the shrieks and the squeals are dreadful to hear
From Alan, eleven, and the boy down the block.

We listen, we cover, we wait for the end
As each younger begins—to the neighbors' regret—
To practise his trumpet, try to out-play the other
In a desperate, duel-it-yourself duel!
Two High National Honors

David M. Kennedy
- David M. Kennedy, chairman of the board, Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, was honored as “1965 Marketing Man of the Year” by the 800-member Chicago chapter of the American Marketing Association in January.

Elder Kennedy, a native of Randolph, Utah, received his education at Weber State College, Ogden, as well as at universities in the East. As a young man he filled a mission in Great Britain, where he was president of the Liverpool District. He has served the Church as a counselor in the branch at Washington, DC, and then as a counselor and bishop in the Capitol Ward, Washington Stake. In Chicago he served as a member of the high council and is a former first counselor in the Chicago Stake presidency. He is a member of the board of trustees of the Nauvoo Restoration, Inc.

His life’s work has been in banking, on both government and private levels. He and his wife, Lenora Bingham Kennedy, are the parents of four daughters. The “Marketing Man of the Year” citation came at the seventh annual award dinner of the Chicago chapter of the American Marketing Association. Nominees for the award must be members of senior management whose function includes the formulation of marketing policy.

Members of the association are men and women professionals in the fields of marketing management, finance, marketing research, advertising, sales, and education.

Rosel H. Hyde
- “Staunch adherence to . . . principles . . . and your willingness to give so generously of your abilities and . . . energies, often at the cost of personal sacrifice, to carry out your obligations of office” was the expression of honor for which Rosel H. Hyde of the seven-member Federal Communications Commission was awarded the annual Gold Medal at the International Radio and Television Society’s twenty-fifth anniversary on March 10, 1965, at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Others having received the medal are Leonard H. Goldenson (1964), president of ABC and Paramount Theaters; Bob Hope (1963); Dr. Frank Stanton (1962), president of CBS; and John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon for their preelection radio-television debates in 1960.

At the IRTS presentation Mr. Hyde was introduced as one whose understanding of broadcasting and the inner workings of FCC is “unmatched” and whose record on the commission is “outstanding.” Broadcasting-Telecasting described the period he headed FCC (1953-54): “There has been smoother sailing with more accomplished than at any other equivalent period within recollection.” Mr. Hyde urges more public examination of the type of broadcast programs offered and suggests discontented viewers call their local stations to ask for what they want.

Commissioner Hyde was born April 12, 1900, in Bannock County, Idaho, and schooled in Idaho and Utah. He completed his law course at George Washington University in 1929. He married the former Mary Henderson of Arimo, Idaho. They are members of Chevy Chase Ward near the nation’s capital. They have three sons and a daughter.
Since Cumorah
(Continued from page 617)

star.” Speaking of the star of Bethlehem, an early Apocryphon says “it was in the form of a star” that Michael guided the magi to Christ. After long ages of darkness, says the Testament of Judah, “shall a star rise to you from Jacob in peace, and a man shall arise like the sun of righteousness, and the heavens shall be opened to him.” Or, as the Testament of Levi puts it, “Then shall the Lord raise up a new priest; . . . His Star shall rise in heaven as of a king . . . and the heavens shall be opened; I will bring light to the Gentiles.”

“The stars shone in their watches and were glad,” says II Baruch, speaking of God’s ministers as stars. “They shone with gladness unto him that made them,” and gladly responded when he summoned them. In the Battle Scroll the deliverer in war is called “the Star from Jacob,” and in the Zadokite Fragment the leader of the sect in its wanderings is called simply “The Star.”

The author of the Clementine Recognitions resents the pirating of Christian ideas by the Zoroastrians, who call their prophet “the Living Star.” In one of the early Apocrypha, Mary says to the Apostles, “Ye are shining stars.” All this is imagery having nothing to do with star worship: the early Christians avoided the pitfalls of astrology into which the later churchmen fell when they abolished flesh-and-blood prophets and depersonalized God, leaving the heavenly bodies as the only means of communication between heaven and earth. It is simply a conventional imagery, and the point to notice is the idea that chosen spirits which come down to minister to men upon the earth are conceived as circulating stars. This is the image behind the concept of the Seven Wise Men, but the explicit situation depicted in Lehi’s
vision is that peculiar to the early Apocrypha.

We have mentioned the Way of Light and the Way of Darkness as an expression of man’s life as a time of probation. The contrast of light and dark is, as is well known by now, an obsession with the writers of the Dead Sea Scrolls, but no more so than with the writers of the Book of Mormon.\(^2\) But since the contrast is a perfectly natural one and exceedingly common in religious literature, a more particular instance is in order to point up the common idiom of the Apocrypha and the Book of Mormon.

“These arrayed in white.” Such an instance is the image of the white garment, specifically, the “three men in white.” Recently Professor E. Goodenough has pointed out that the earliest known Jewish art represents “their great heroes . . . in white garments to symbolize their ‘luminous’ nature. . . . Another striking element . . . is the great prominence of groups of three figures, usually in this dress. . . . the choice of three was arbitrary, and the total number of scenes which represent a group of three seems

- \(\text{EVERYTHING TOUCHES EVERYTHING . . .}\

RICHARD L. EVANS

Nearly a century ago John Muir wrote My First Summer in the Sierra, in which, looking at the great expanse of nature, he said: “No Sierra landscape that I have seen holds anything truly dead or dull, or any trace of what . . . is called rubbish or waste; everything is perfectly clean and pure and full of divine lessons. This . . . interest attaching to everything . . . the hand of God becomes visible; then it seems reasonable that what interests Him may well interest us. When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe.”\(^3\) This sentence deserves second consideration: “When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe.”

There is awesome evidence of the oneness of the universe, of an infinite Intelligence and Administrator, of God and his eternal plan and purpose. In a sense, nothing is insignificant. No person, no pattern is unimportant; no act is inconsequential; no word, no thought fails to be recorded, no prayer unheard; no need unnoticed. When we pluck up any flower, its roots are attached to all the earth, as is every rock that is cracked away from every crevice. All the glory and the beauty of the spring, the growth of a seed, the harvest, the miracle of birth, of the body’s healing and renewing itself—all this and infinitely more adds its assurance of divine plan and purpose. All this gives faith and hope and peace, and overshadowing sorrow and dissension, wars and wickedness, selfishness and deceit. And the meaning of it all is that we may become more like him who made us in his own image, with possibilities that are limitless and everlasting as we search for truth, with courage to accept it when we find it. God our Father seeks only our salvation, as the hearts of fathers turn to their children and children to their fathers and learn of this oneness and worth. God help us to find our oneness with him and with one another, with the peace that comes with repentance and the assurance that comes with being part of his great purpose “. . . to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.”\(^4\) “When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe.”

\(^1\) John Muir, My First Summer in the Sierra.

\(^2\) Moses 1:39.

quite beyond coincidence. ... Philo himself made the vision of the ‘three men’ into a vision of the essential nature of God.

The “three men” is a constantly recurring motive in the Apocrypha, and Cyrus Gordon has commented on the peculiar preoccupation of the early Hebrew epic with “triads of offices,” celestial and earthly. Enoch is conducted to heaven by “three who were clothed in white,” and in Jubilees when the Lord descends to see the tower he is accompanied by two others as in Genesis 18. In the newly found Sayings of Moses we learn that the Law was delivered not by Moses alone but by Moses and his two counselors, Eleazar and Joshua.

When we read in the Manual of Discipline that “God through His Anointed One, has made us to know His holy Spirit,” we are plainly dealing with three who speak to man. According to the Mandaean doctrine three celestial beings assisted at the creation and occasionally visited the earth; these were not the Godhead, however, but three messengers who later lived upon the earth as prophets.

The Book of Mormon has a good deal to say about messengers in white. Lehi’s desert vision opens with “a man, and he was dressed in a white robe,” who becomes his guide. (1 Nephi 8:5.) He is shown “twelve ministers ... their garments ... made white ...” (ibid., 12:10), followed by three generations of men whose “garments were white, even like unto the Lamb of God.” (Ibid., 12:11.) Soon after, Nephi also in a vision “beheld a man, and he was dressed in a white robe,” this being John who was to come. (Ibid., 14:19.)

“... there can no man be saved,” says Alma, “except his garments are washed white. ...” (Alma 5:21.) He tells how the ancient priesthood “were called after this holy order, and were sanctified, and their gar-
ments were washed white through the blood of the lamb.

"Now they . . . [have] their garments made white, being pure and spotless before God. . . ." (Ibid., 13:11-12.) But the most moving and significant passage is his formal prayer for the city of Gideon:

". . . may the Lord bless you, and keep your garments spotless, that ye may at last be brought to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the holy prophets . . . having your garments spotless even as their garments are spotless, in the kingdom of heaven to go no more out." (Ibid., 7:25.)

Here Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are the "three men in white." 72

FOOTNOTES

This was the theme of the second annual faculty lecture, given by the writer at Brigham Young University on March 17, 1965, under the title of The Expanding Gospel, now in the process of publication at the BYU Press.

Almost always makhshavah can be rendered "plan" in Isaiah and Jeremiah e.g.: Isa. 55:8, 9; 59:7; 60:2; 66:18; Jer. 6:19; 18:12; 29:11; 11:19; 18:18; 49:20, 30; 50:4-5; and in some cases it definitely should be: Jer. 29:11; 51:29; cf. Ps. 33:11; Prov. 19:21; 20:18; 2 Sam. 14:14; Mic. 4:12.

"There are two roads, one wide and one narrow," leading to two gates, where Adam sits to welcome his children into eternity, according to the Testament of Abraham, cited by K. Kohler, in Jewish Quarterly Review, 7 (1895), pp. 385f.

"All things have their opposites, good and bad: it is the good which is the foil and measure of the bad, and vice versa," according to Sefer Yesira, VI, 26; cf. Zohar, I, 23: If God had not given men a double inclination to good and bad, he would be capable neither of virtue nor of vice, but as it is he is endowed with a capacity for both." Early Christian writings carry on the tradition; see H. Nibley, The World and the Prophets, pp. 168-170; which is also familiar from the Classical writers, e.g., Cicero, De officiis, I, 52, 118; Hesiod, Works and Days, 273ff.

"O how great the plan of our God!" (2 Nephi 9:13) ". . . prepared for all men from the foundation of the world. . . ." (1 Nephi 10:18.) It is the "great and eternal plan of deliverance from death" (2 Nephi 11:5; cf. Alma 12:24, 13:29f), opposed by the counterplot of the devil, that cunning plan of the evil one; (2 Nephi 9:28.) For the Jewish parallels, see A. Aalen, Die Begriffe 'Licht' und 'Finsterness' im AT, im Spätjudentum und im Rabbinismus, (Videnskaps-Akad. Oslo, II, Hist.-Phil. kl., 1851, No. 1.)

"At that time the familiar Two Ways were no longer the ways of light and darkness lying before Israel or the Church, but the Way of the Church it- self . . . versus the way of the Opposition, whoever they might be." H. Nibley, in Church History, 30 (1961), p. 15.


"Nibley, Lehi in the Desert (Salt Lake City, 1952), pp. 17f. Reaching for a ready Egyptian text for illustration, we picked up the well-known Story of the Shipwrecked Sailor, which closes with the words, "Complete from beginning to end as found in the books of the able [lit. "excellent of fingers"] scribe Anoni, son of Anon'ah . . ." Though this colo- tion is not typical, it is interesting because of the book of Mormon flavor of the names of father and son.


"The formula appears no less than ten times in G. Reynolds, A Complete Concordance to the Book of Mormon (1937), p. 263.

"Discussed at length in the source referred to above, note 1. Speaking of the Battle Scroll, Y. Yadin writes: "Its main purpose is to give courage to the Sons of Light--able to despair because of their defeats--by telling them that this sequence of defeats and victories has been foretold in ancient tradition," Y. Yadin, The Scroll of the War of the Sons of Light against the Sons of Darkness (Oxford University Press, 1962), p. 8.

"J. Enoch, 88:3.

"Lucifer who fell "like a star from heaven" is the best-known example. But the most fully documented identification of fallen angels with fallen stars is in the ancient tradition of the Watchers, with their cult of the Morning Star; Thalab, Qissas al-Anbiyâh (1340 A. H. ed.), pp. 35-37. For the background of this tradition, C. G. Jung, in S. H. Hooke, ed., Ritual and Kingship (Oxford, 1958), pp. 176ff. Among the Maya "Venus, as morning star, was feared as bringing death, famine, and destruction to all." E. Bacon, ed., The Popol Vuh (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1963), p. 163.

"Ignatius, Ep. ad Ephes., c. 19.


"Clementine Recognitions, IV, 38; for other references see note 10 in Migne, Patrologia Graeca, I, 127.


"Barkowski, in Pauly-Wissowa, Real- enzyklopädie des Altertumswissens, IIA, 224f.

"See Reynolds, op. cit., under "light" and "darkness"; in one verse, Ahu 19:6, the word "light" occurs six times.


"Secrets of Enoch, iii.

"Jubilees, 10:23.

"Sayings of Moses, I, 11f.


"Goodenough, op. cit., I, 26, notes that the identity of the three men in white varies considerably, not being confined to any particular three.

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UNBURDENED
BY EVA WILLES WANGSSGAARD

(The story is told that one young woman of a handcart company was so astonished to see the size and possibilities of the new Salt Lake City, which suggested a population large enough to give a young and willing woman employment sufficient to make her own way, that she pushed her cart off the cliff and strode ahead.)

She climbed a cliff to gain a better view,
A Mormon woman beautiful and young.
Behind her, handcart stragglers were strung.
On either side the Wasatch Mountains drew
A cordon of maww shadow-forms that grew
To purple depths where solemn fir trees clung
To rocky slopes and woven in among
Tall, white-barked trees, a silver stream thrown through.

Her spirits, crushed beneath the tragedy
Of snowbound weeks with hunger, cold, and death,
Rose like a bird. A city lay below!
She showed her handcart off the cliff. Said she,
"I'll not be needing that." A quick-catch breath
And she strode on unhampered, eyes aglow.

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY
“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:”

William Wordsworth, who wrote the above lines in “Ode on Intimations of Immortality,” had an almost prophetic view of man’s meaning. He understood that our experience on this earth is one stage of an eternal journey, not a trip complete in itself. Like the prophets, he knew that birth is not the beginning of a person, nor is death the end. We came here “trailing clouds of glory . . . From God, who is our home,” retaining only the dimmest occasional recollection of this earlier period of our existence. When we leave here through the door called “death,” we go on to continued experience and opportunity. Only the body is laid aside for a while, like a heavy coat we take off in the spring. We take it up again someday, in God’s good time, in the resurrection, when the body and spirit recombine as our eternal soul and we can begin to experience the “fulness of joy” which our Heavenly Father wants us to have.

“And the spirit and body are the soul of man.” (D&C 88:15.)
“For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and
spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive
a fulness of joy;” (Ibid., 93:33.)

These truths have been plainly taught by the prophets of God, and some of the poets have seemed to perceive them, also. Have you recently carefully read Eliza R. Snow's beautiful words to the hymn “O My Father”?

“O my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face?
In thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside;
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near thy side?

“For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou has placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth,
Yet oftentimes a secret something
Whispered, ‘You’re a stranger here’;
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

“When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then at length, when I’ve completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.”

The major quest of man is to learn for himself what is the “wise and glorious purpose” for which he is placed on the earth. Another poet helps direct us:

“The whole purpose of the world seems to be to provide a physical basis for the growth of the spirit.” (Goethe.)

Our most vital need and major mission is not the satisfaction of our physical wants and aspirations but the development of our spirit for the important creative work of eternal life, here and hereafter.
It was hot. As Barbara sat in the lifeguard chair, she watched the swimmers, thinking how dull the day and how hot and bored she was. Nothing ever happens. All I do is sit in this lifeguard chair all day. Is this what I want to do the rest of my life, she thought—sit and watch people swim?

She gazed intently at the swimmers, but her thoughts moved on. How exciting it would be to be playing a vigorous game of tennis, she thought. Anything but this constant sitting. Then she heard an airplane and thought that the life of an airline stewardess must be thrilling—high up in the blue sky, away from the noise of these screaming kids. As she thought about the possibility of another profession, she wondered seriously if she wanted to make swimming a career. It was summer after her senior year, and she had been filling in as a lifeguard. Now she wondered what she ought to do. Should she go to college to become a physical education teacher? There was always an opening for a physical education teacher.

On the other hand, modeling had a glamorous ring. One of her teachers had told her that she would be good modeling material. How glamorous it would be to parade before fashion-conscious women, wearing beautiful clothes. She’d feel like a queen.

If not a model, then she could see herself as a nurse because she had always liked to help people, especially those who were sick or unfortunate.

Suddenly she was jolted from her reverie. A little boy rushed to her crying, “I can’t find Billy. He’s lost. He can’t swim, but he said he was going out on the diving board anyway. And he fell off.”

With a shrill blast of her whistle, Barbara stood up, trembling. Her voice was shaky as she shouted:

“Everybody out of the pool, quickly!” Then she dived in and did the breaststroke along the bottom in the twelve-foot area searching for the little lost boy.

Groping, she felt the cold metal of the drain below
the diving board.

She thrashed about some more, eyes straining in the depths. Suddenly she felt his cold flesh. Instantly she cupped her hand under his chin. Her lungs were hungry for air, and her legs were weak. She’d been under too long herself. Twelve feet was a long way up. Could she make it? She had to—she held a life in her hands. With a thrust of her legs, and a fervent prayer in her heart, she headed upward. At last she felt the sun on her face and eagerly sucked air into her aching lungs.

Still gripping Billy’s chin, she clamped her other arm across his chest, quickly examining his face for signs of life. She noticed the blue tinge on his lips. What if he were dead! She wished she could make better time. She moved through the water slowly, straining with every stroke as she hauled the little boy.

She was so tired—so very tired. Yet on she swam. Another stroke, then she closed her eyes and thought, I just can’t make it. But even as she thought this, she felt her arm pulling through the water in its steady rhythm, as if under some power other than her own.

Billy was a little boy, but now he seemed very heavy. Reach. Pull. Another stroke. Then one more. At last her hand reached the edge of the pool. She breathed deeply, then struggled to push Billy within the grasp of the pool attendant.

“Call an ambulance. Bring some blankets.” As she spoke she scrambled out of the pool to the lifeless boy’s side. Tilting Billy’s head back, she sealed her lips over his blue lips and breathed into his mouth. Again and again she breathed for the inert boy.

Suddenly everything was swirling around, and she felt herself swaying—dizzy from the deep breathing. The boy had not responded. Was he . . . no, she would not think such a terrible thing. I can’t breathe for him much longer, she thought. Surely the ambulance will be here soon with the resuscitator. She was dimly aware of the crowd of swimmers gathered around her, the low hum of questions, the tension of their watching. Her tortured mind kept commanding her to breathe—breathe for Billy, breathe for him until you collapse.

Miraculously Barbara sensed a change—the beginnings of a first feeble breath in the boy. Then she saw his chest rise and fall uncertainly. One breath, followed by another, but each irregular and struggling, as if it would be the last! She watched, suspended between fear and hope, willing each breath out of the small body. She did not hear the wail of the ambulance and was startled at the two attendants who suddenly appeared by her side. She looked up gratefully into their competent, professional faces. “He is breathing. He just began,” she said and swayed suddenly back against the swimming pool fence.

She was only half aware of the siren receding in the distance and listened without really understanding to the excited conversation of the children who had been in the pool. Billy’s little friend was in the spotlight—he was witness and authority. “But why did he jump off when he couldn’t even swim?” someone asked.

“He only just went out on the board to see what it was like. But then some big kid came up and wanted to dive, and he yelled at Billy to get off. And I guess it scared him, because he just kinda fell off. He never learned how to swim.”

The story had to be repeated over and over for everyone’s benefit. One thing impressed itself on Barbara’s tired mind. “He never learned how to swim.” Through her confusion and mental exhaustion, she sensed clearly, calmly, the answer to her discontented questionings about her own future.

To teach them how to swim, to teach them how to use the water for sports, to keep them safe—that’s what she was meant to do. That’s what she was going to do. And she would never doubt its value again.
Feeling on top of it
Up in the clouds—
While your feet are still on the ground!
Happy, happy cloud life
And some ways to get there

- Cuddle a newborn baby
- Establish a going thing with a new friend
- Shake hands with a General Authority
- Resist a temptation
- Clean your room
- Earn your Eagle
- Feel safe with someone
- Get THE phone call
- Get your driver's license
- Participate in an all-church event

Participate in an all-church event
Dear Sue,

I nearly flipped when I got your letter saying that you didn't go to camp this past summer—just because you had moved into a new state and didn't know any of the kids very well. I mean, really! Don't you remember how we made all sorts of good friends from other wards at camp our first year? But if you think that was fun, let me tell you about camp this year—it was the most!

First—we went to a new camp (new to us, that is) called Camp Liahona—yes, it's owned by a church group as the name indicates—and it's up in the High Sierras. Next new thing was that we went on Saturday and stayed a full week. You know, we had never camped over Sunday before, and I didn't like the idea too much myself, but that was the way it was set up. But Sue, you can't imagine how wonderful it was up there under that beautiful blue sky with the wind blowing through the tall pines. It was so peaceful and quiet just like Heavenly Father made it. That afternoon at Sacrament meeting we had the same wonderful spirit—and the talks were really fitting for camp.

Fireside was fun too—with a real bonfire no less. We had a talk on the Indian legends that tie in with the Book of Mormon and church teachings (our theme was Indian), so you see there was planning long before we got to camp.

Monday we started our certification program with a bang!!! I didn't even have time to breathe! We learned more in three days than most Boy Scouts learn in a year. You should have seen Jack when I came home and lashed a tripod better and faster than he could! Not only that—he never even heard of finding north by the sun. Did I feel good about knowing something my big brother didn't know!

Thursday we went on our all-day hike—and I dreading it—but it was terrific—I felt like I was discovering new things at every turn of the trail. We had one counselor with us who knew everything about plants and trees and moss and stuff like that. She showed us things that were edible and what to stay away from—she even made conservation and nature make sense to me.

We had three cook-outs during the week and two of them were good—but one was a mess. We tried to cook shish kebab, but we got invaded by cannibal flies. We were glad that was a noon cookout because we knew we would have good food for dinner. And speaking of food, did we ever have good meals. We had the same cook we had our first year, only she outdid herself. I gained five pounds.

All of our campfire programs were terrific (you should have seen Jean and me doing that skit you and I used to do—it brought the house down), but Friday night's was best of all. We pretended that it was Christmas Eve! We had a tree decorating contest (we used our big colored curlers and colored Kleenex to decorate our tree, and we won), carol singing, and Santa Claus even came (it was our priesthood representative) all dressed up with a bag of goodies for all of us. After we said our family prayers in our groups, we hung our stockings, and our counselors put a little gift in each one. What a blast!

We had a tremendous staff this year. All our counselors were nice, but ours was the best of all. Our camp director kept helping the Beehive girls think up pranks to play on their counselors; she didn't think we knew she was helping. The junior counselors kept trying to pull a prank on her, but she was too cagey for them. One day they (jr. counselors) put shaving cream on her Jello (everyone else had whipped cream), and she wouldn't eat it, but the assistant camp director did! You should have seen the look on her face!

I saved the best for the last. As always we had a sunrise testimony meeting Saturday morning. We hiked up a trail to a rock outcropping where none of us had been before. We could look out over the whole valley and at all the other mountains for miles around. Our stake president and one of his counselors came up the night before just so they could conduct the meeting. There were one hundred and fifty of us up there; we would have stayed until every single girl had borne her testimony if they had let us. There was such a feeling of love there that you could almost reach out and touch it. I get all misty just remembering it.

I hope I haven't rambled too much about one week out of the whole summer, but I feel like it was my whole summer—it will stay with me always. I've already told my MIA president to put my name on the list for camp for next year, and I hope you'll do the same, Sue. I've used words to tell you about it, but my heart feels so much more that I can't put into words.

Give my love to your family.

Your friend,

Kathy
Announcing: Improvement for young members
In cooperation with

OBJECTIVES:
To:
ENCOURAGE writing by youth in the Church
STRENGTHEN the quality of church writing
PRODUCE wholesome, vital material written by youth for youth.

ELIGIBLE ENTRANTS:
High school seniors (1965-66)
and college-age
(under 25 years old on 1 January 1966)

CATEGORIES:
SHORT STORY
RESEARCHED ARTICLE
ESSAY
POETRY
(All entries should be suitable for publication in the Era of Youth)

JUDGING:
Judging will be done by college faculty members and the staff of The Era.
Era Youth Writing Competition
of the Church
Brigham Young University and Ricks College

RULES:
Entries must be typewritten on white paper 8½ x 11 inches, double-spaced, on one side of paper only. Entries generally should not exceed 500 words in length, but longer entries up to 1,000 words will be considered for judging and publication if they are especially meritorious. Entries must be designated by a pen name and must be accompanied with a sealed envelope containing: 1. The pen name. 2. The author's actual name, address, telephone number, ward and stake, title of entry, and age of the writer. 3. The following statement: “This work is original,” signed by the author. (Original means that it is the work of the writer and not something copied from some other source or planned or written by others.) At the top of the first page of the manuscript, the author should write either BYU or RICKS, to designate which school he/she would be interested in attending if the entry merits a scholarship award.

AWARDS:

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS!!
CASH AWARDS!
IMPROVEMENT ERA SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Two great church schools are offering scholarships to writers whose entries are adjudged winners:

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
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Two Scholarships for Tuition and Fees
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(All Scholarships are for One Year)

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A total of thirteen choice scholarships to these outstanding church schools!
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IN ADDITION: CASH AWARDS! Twelve cash awards of $50 each. Twelve three-year subscriptions to The Improvement Era. Grand total of thirty-seven desirable awards for young church writers!

TIME:
Entries must be mailed to the Era of Youth, 79 So. State St., Salt Lake City, Utah 84111, postmarked not later than November 1, 1965. Winners will be announced in the February 1966 issue of the Era.

PUBLICATION:
Winning entries become the property of The Improvement Era. The Era reserves first publication rights of all other entries. Payment will be made upon publication. No entries returned.
July is the anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers in what is now Salt Lake City. All of us recall the hardships that were endured. We remember the covered wagons that crossed over the frozen Mississippi as the Saints fled from Nauvoo. We see women and children and old men and young men pushing handcarts across the dry plains in the heat of the summer sun with only the remnants of all that were once their personal possessions. And we see these hardy people literally carving wagon trails through the steep canyons as they crossed the Rockies.

The lives of those pioneers were indeed arduous. But our day is not without its difficulties either. In their day, life was brutal; in our day, dangers are insidious.

Alone in the wilderness, facing hunger, Indians, disease, and cold, the pioneers had few alternatives. When his son fell ill, a father had little choice but to turn to the Lord in mighty prayer and exercise the healing powers of his priesthood.

But today we have many alternatives. Will our prayers be fervent and our faith strong when we know there are doctors to care for our sick? Is it not difficult to be humble when our families are well, when they are clothed and provided for, and we are financially secure?

The problems we face today are just as onerous as those that confronted the pioneers. The trials of the pioneers were manual and physical. Our trials are mental, moral, and intellectual.

They overcame their obstacles with their hands, their shovels, and their rifles. But how can you swing an axe at an untruth or at an evil philosophy? On the trail when a child was bitten by a rattlesnake, the pioneers could take a knife and lance the wound and let the poison flow out. But how do you take a knife and drain the poison out of a young man's mind who has been convinced by conspiring men such as Korihor of old that what a man does is no sin? (See Alma 30.) How do you focus the evil ideology of communism in the sights of a rifle and kill it?

Survival required that the pioneers turn to their God to accomplish things they knew they could not accomplish alone. Leisure and affluence in our day tempt us to deny a need for God.

Our difficult age requires a different kind of stamina. We need spiritual fortitude and intellectual prowess. We need moral strength to believe that Christ was the actual Son of God when a majority of religious leaders believe he was only a man. We need the Spirit of the Lord and the promptings of the Holy Ghost to resist temptation and discern truth from the sophistries of men.

Let us strive to meet the challenges of this day even as the pioneers met the challenges of their day, that we, too, might see our difficult journey to the end.
WHAT'S YOUR C.Q.*?

The success of a play generally hangs on the roles of the characters. Are they appealing? Sympathetic?
The following quiz was designed to reflect YOUR character.
The answers? They’re obvious—if you “know the score!”

1. Do you make your life a “motion picture” by doing rather than just watching?

2. Do you take part willingly when asked?

3. Do you “dramatize” or “make up” the stories you tell?

4. Do you give others reason to feel that you handle money maturely?

5. Do you “stage” get-togethers of your own as well as accept invitations?

6. Do you “act” your own way, rather than follow “directions,” when handling a car?

7. Do you let useless “props” clutter up your room and become obstacles to efficiency?

8. Do you play a touching “scene” whenever you don’t get your own way?

9. Do you make a big “production” out of schoolwork to avoid helping at home?

10. Do you play “puppet” and “string” along with what the crowd is doing, regardless?

*Character Quotient
Layton Stake, Utah, has established a record to be proud of. Mrs. Roy (Tibby) Simmons and David Adams have led a growing group of M Men and Gleaners through five years of inspiring entertaining, instructional experiences that have changed the lives of many members of the class. In fact, at a recent reunion the fellows and girls pointed out that many of them had met in class and ultimately married, that returned missionaries had been welcomed back and helped to adjust to ordinary living through the class, that inactive older teens had been brought back into the gospel fold and had redirected their lives toward more purposeful goals, that temple marriages had increased from 19 percent to over 70 percent. The devoted leaders of this group have skill in teaching and directing discussions but, more importantly, feel a real love and concern for youth. No wonder they are so well respected by M Men and Gleaners who've come under their influence.

Mrs. Roy W. Simmons and David E. Adams, Layton Stake M Man and Gleaner leaders.
Earl and Pam Rogers look through the Simmons’ library.

Jackie Bloxham and Dennis Adams share Tibby Simmons’ pleasure in her silver. Dennis and Jackie were married in June and held their reception at the Simmons’.

Nancy Paxman, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Monroe Paxman, Provo, Utah, has walked off with top honors in Seventeen magazine’s national hostess contest. She was featured in the magazine, was winner of fabulous prizes and a trip. She’ll be a senior at Provo High where she’s a Girls’ State representative, debator of note, popular with friends, and famous as a terrific party-giver. She’s organist in her ward and member of a devoted LDS family. To achieve and to strive to grow in the gospel is the ideal of Nancy’s life.
Loi Anne Bailey has been trailing some clouds of glory wherever she goes. She hasn’t just won queenly honors in her young life; she has won a place in hearts of LDS youth who have heard her bear testimony and play the violin, and who have smiled in response to her personal radiance. Winner of the Most Talented Musician Award of the 1964 Miss America Pageant, Loi Anne has spent an exciting year making personal appearances, speaking before youth groups and in Sacrament meetings. She has moved many a person to a better way of life and greater interest in the gospel. The stories are too numerous to mention, but they’re on record. She’s the youngest member ever to be accepted into the Utah Symphony (only sixteen when admitted three years ago!) and holder of an impressive list of honors, awards, scholarships. An actively participating church member, she gives much thanks to her Church and family for all that she enjoys today. Her parents are Loile J. and Anna Fugal Bailey, Salt Lake. Her grandmother, Lavina C. Fugal, Pleasant Grove, Utah, was named American Mother of 1955.

Here’s an example of Laurels who have extended their church service and church training to help in the community. Eighteen girls from Scottsdale, Arizona, Stake YWMIA completed twenty hours of classroom participation and twenty hours of hospital service under the direction of the American Red Cross. They received graduation certificates in a special program in one of the wards from a member of Red Cross Hospital Volunteer Group.
Seminary in Audubon Ward, New Jersey (Philadelphia Stake), is a favorite thing with teens in that area. It means rising early (really early!) and traveling great distances before school, but all agree it has been well worth it. Testimonies have grown. Convictions have been strengthened. It's easier to stand firm for high standards of clean living when you are in the minority if you know why you believe what you believe. Seminary helps!

Elizabeth Kircher, Rena Marks, Lu Jean Rawlins, Louise Romney, Kathy Steele, Elizabeth Warner.

YWMIA President Evelyn Beck of Glendale, California, Stake writes glowing reports of activity in her area. At a recent fathers' and daughters' evening, fifteen girls who had heretofore been inactive joined the 445 others in a memorable time of dining, toasts, and a variety program. Renowned harpist Zhay Moore, world's Gold Medalist for her talent and for many years under contract with motion picture studios gave the guests some music of the angels. President Robert C. Seamons expressed the deep desire in the heart of every father that his daughter would live a clean, virtuous life.
When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature’s God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.
—Thomas Jefferson, Preamble of the Declaration of Independence

If wrinkles must be written upon your brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should never grow old.
—James A. Garfield

I dare do all that may become a man, who dares do more is none.
—Shakespeare

Humility is the ladder to divine understanding. If you feel you have no faults, that makes another one.

On a gloomy, rainy morning, it came little eight-year-old Tommy’s turn to say the blessing at breakfast. “We thank Thee for this beautiful day,” he prayed. His mother asked him why he said that when the day was anything but beautiful. “Mother,” said he with rare wisdom, “never judge a day by its weather.”

The tongue, being in a wet place, is likely to slip when going too fast. Freedom is not the right to do what we want, but what we ought. The Summer looks out from her brazen tower, Through the flashing bars of July.
—Francis Thompson

Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it. Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. —Joshua 1:9

A well-known speculator on the stock exchange was sitting in a friend’s office one hot July day, and during the conversation, which was chiefly about stocks of different kinds, he informed his friend that he had picked up a cheap thing during the winter. “It stood at thirty-three then, and yesterday it touched ninety-four!” he said. “My, what an extremely lucky fellow you are! What was it?” said his friend. “Only a thermometer,” was the quiet reply.
A summertime of Nature's Freshness (cool, quiet, and garden crisp)

Only LENNOX brings you Nature's Freshness. LENNOX works many wonders with a single, silent system. The magic of cool, spring-fresh air, with summer's noise vanished. Cool, glass-filtered spring-fresh air, with summer's dirt locked out. Crisp and dry-as-autumn air (LENNOX wrings out summer's wetness). Gently flowing (no drafts, no blasts, no rush, no roar). Your nights are cradled in cool silence. Your days freshened with silent coolness. Nature's Freshness! Yours year-long with LENNOX, in your home today, in your home tomorrow. 5000 LENNOX dealers coast to coast. See your Yellow Pages. Or, write for today's "freshest story" on air conditioning and heating. Address: LENNOX Industries Inc., 2200 South Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
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Your responsibilities would include your mortgage or rent payments; provisions for your children’s education; your own retirement; provision for accident and illness, and your family’s needs if they were required to live without your income.

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