"What a world of grandeur is spread before us!"

John Wesley Powell

This year our nation honors the 100th anniversary of Major John Wesley Powell’s first expedition down the Green and Colorado rivers. The scene above recreates Powell’s campsite in the depths of Marble Canyon of the Colorado.

Terracor, to commemorate Powell’s journey, commissioned a series of eight paintings of the Great American Southwest by nationally-noted artist (and Utah native) Dean Fausett. These paintings, including the one above, will be on permanent display in Terracor’s new home office, the renovated Keith Mansion on South Temple in Salt Lake City.

The majesty and color of Utah’s Southwest, which the artist depicts, is the land in which Terracor recently began an adventure in creating Utah’s first planned recreational community—Bloomington Ranches/Country Club. Here, near historic St. George, the Terracor planners have developed a unique and totally pleasant living environment that provides for the active life of today, yet respects and enhances the beauty of this great land.

Terracor takes pride in being a part of the growing West. You can be assured that in any development of which Terracor has a part, the heritage of this magnificent country shall be revered.
On the cover:

Few events recorded in the Book of Mormon have engendered in the book's readers as much fascination and creative imagination as have the circumstances surrounding the burying of the plates of Moroni about the year 421 A.D.

Poets, dramatists, scholars, numerous writers, and now an artist have attempted to describe the event. However, few word descriptions will be as memorable as the recently completed painting of Moroni reproduced on this month's cover. The painting, commissioned by the Church, is by a well-known American illustrator, Tom Lovell, and will be used in Church visitors centers throughout the world. It is also probably destined for popular and permanent use by Latter-day Saints in their discussions of Moroni's mission of hiding the Nephite records in Hill Cumorah.

With the completion of this painting, Mr. Lovell has painted perhaps the most famous father-son combination in Book of Mormon history: Mormon and Moroni. In April 1968, the Era carried on its cover and reproduced inside the issue a painting of Mormon by Mr. Lovell. Careful observers will note that the artist has given Moroni the bracelet worn by Mormon in the earlier painting, suggesting the father-son relationship of the two prophet-historian-warriors.
I Am Most

As the harvest season closes, I am thankful to know that members of the Church, and so many people generally, realizing the fact that material possessions alone do not give happiness, are appreciating more than ever before those things which are of most value. I am happy to enjoy with my friends these most worthwhile possessions. To name only a few, I would say that I am most grateful:

1. For a noble parentage and a worthy name.

The family gives to the child his name and standing in the community. A child wants his family to be as good as families of his friends. He wants to be able to point with pride to his father, and to feel an inspiration every time he looks at his mother. It is a mother's duty so to live that her children will associate with her everything that is beautiful, sweet, and pure. It is a father's duty so to conduct his life as to be able to give his sons a good name.

Example is more potent than precept. Parents have the duty to be what they would have their children become. I am most grateful that such parents were mine.

2. For an abiding faith in a supreme being and in the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Faith in God cannot, of course, be other than personal. It must be yours; it must be mine; and, to be effective, it must spring from the mind and heart. It is in this sense that I refer to faith in Christ as the most important need of the world—a belief that determines a man's religion and his goals. It is a power that moves to action and should be in human life the most basic of all motivating forces.

To him who accepts Jesus of Nazareth as the very Son of God, to him who believes with all his soul that Jesus lives today and that he can and does influence the world, Christ's teachings as well as his personality become a reality.

3. For the ability and opportunities to enjoy the gifts of God as manifest in nature.

All the beautiful things of creation are mine merely for the seeing and the seeking. I have seen the brilliant colors of the water and the earth in the South Seas, and the vivid hues of vegetable and animal life there. I have marveled at God's bounteous goodness to man as Church assignments have taken me to six continents of the earth. And I have thrilled as I have taught my sons to plow a straight furrow, prepare a proper seedbed, plant good seeds, and watch for the
Grateful

first green spears of the crop to break through on my farm at Huntsville, Utah. I have stood side by side with them, caring for the crop, testing it to see if the individual husks were plump and full, watching the fields turn golden with harvest, and then gathering the harvest, even as my father taught me.

4. For affectionate family relationships—loved ones and loyal friends. He who has even one friend is rich, and I have many who have proved themselves to be true and loyal.

It is man's privilege to be happy as he chooses the path that leads to happiness. The truest source of happiness is found in the family and the home. Homes are made permanent through love. Permanent homes in which sweet contentment abides are the strength of any nation. Even as contented individuals living in unselfish and loving communion make the homes happy, so contented, peaceful homes make the progressive, peaceful community; and groups of such communities constitute a peaceful, progressive nation. The perpetuity of our modern civilization depends upon well-ordered, well-governed homes.

Life at its best consists in keeping the body pure, the spiritual and physical senses keen and appreciative of all things good and beautiful; in being able to rejoice in all that God has given us; in having friends, and being a friend, as well as having families.

5. For opportunities to render helpful service in the Church of Christ, and above all, for the knowledge that a kind and loving Father will give helpful guidance to all who seek him in sincerity.

The most worthy calling in life is that in which man can best serve his fellowman. The noblest aim in life is to strive to make other lives better and happier. Service and character are the only two things that we can take with us when we leave this world. Can you think of any organization in which you can serve more effectively in an organized way than in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? But, to be most effective, we must always seek the assistance of our Heavenly Father through humble and sincere prayer. He is interested in the work of the Church here upon the earth, and in those of us who do the work as his servants.

For these and many other blessings, my heart is full of gratitude, and I am most grateful.

October 1969
Christian Love

By John W. Bennion

The most distinguishing characteristic of a Latter-day Saint ought to be his love for his fellowmen. Jesus taught that love for God and man is the greatest commandment, and the apostle Paul emphasized that nothing can compensate for the lack of charity.

The meaning of Christian love is not as clear as some of the more concrete principles, such as tithing, the Word of Wisdom, or fasting. Part of the difficulty stems from the fact that there are different kinds of love. Most of us would agree, for example, that Christian love is not the same as the powerful emotional and physical attraction that a man and woman have for each other when they are "deeply in love."

There is a tendency, however, for people to think that Christian love is akin to friendship or family love. We have positive, warm, intimate feelings for family and friends based on common experiences, values, and special attachments. If we suppose that to have Christian love means that we have the kind of feeling toward all men that we do toward our family and friends, then the principle seems far too idealistic for most of us. How, then, can we love our enemies in the same way that we love our loved ones? How can we have warm, intimate feelings toward those who are indifferent or hostile to us?

Christian love is not the same thing as friendship or family love. It is based not on feeling, but on an act of the will. We are much better able to control our will than we are our feelings. We may not be able to generate warm, positive feelings toward those who hate us and spitefully use us, but we can exercise goodwill toward them. Having goodwill means that we have committed ourselves to act in the best interest of other human beings regardless of our feelings toward them. Our commitment is based on a belief that every person is an immortal child of
God with great potential for moral, spiritual, and intellectual growth. Each person, therefore, is of in-calcuable worth not only for what he is but for what he has the potential to become.

All Latter-day Saints should have a profound respect for the worth and dignity of every human soul, even though we may be saddened by what some people are currently doing to themselves or to others. In embracing the gospel, we have committed ourselves to do all we can to help each child of God realize his full potential. This commitment is the basis for universal goodwill. To me it seems that we discipline our will to act in the interest of others and for their good even though we may not have warm, intimate feelings for them. Our feelings may even be negative at times when we are confronted with hostile, hateful, unlovable people. The point is that we can and should exercise Christian love or good-will in their behalf even though we may not like them as we do our friends and people to whom we are naturally attracted.

To illustrate the point, let us consider the relationship of a good mother toward her children. The mother is deeply committed to the welfare of her children. She attempts always to act in what she believes to be their best interest. Her feelings toward them are usually very warm and positive, but the best of mothers have their moments of exasperation and anger. Feelings are never constant, and children are sometimes a trial. They may be successful in provoking negative feelings from time to time in even the most loving mothers. Yet a good mother does not cease to respond to the needs of her children when she is exasperated, frustrated, or angered. Her behavior is still guided by her sense of responsibility for their well-being, regardless of how she may feel toward them at any given moment. When they are hungry, she feeds them. If they are hurt or in danger, she comes to their aid.

Another example is the relationship between a highly professional doctor, lawyer, or teacher and his client. When we go to the doctor, we do not...
expect the quality of his service to be dependent on whether he likes us. We expect him to give us the benefit of all the expertise at his command, regardless of whether or not he is personally attracted to us. Likewise, we expect teachers of our children to be deeply concerned with and responsive to the children's educational needs even though they naturally have warmer feelings toward some children than others. This is one of the characteristics of a highly professional person. He can separate his feelings from his professional commitment and act in the best interest of his client regardless of his feelings. In learning to exercise goodwill, we can do the same toward all who come within our realm of influence and, in so doing, make Christian love a reality in our lives.

A frequent by-product of goodwill is the growth of warm, positive feelings in us and in the recipients of our goodwill. When we exercise goodwill toward the indifferent, hostile, or hateful person, he sometimes changes his attitude and begins to respond to us in kind. Such an outcome is always encouraging, but we must remember that it doesn't always turn out that way, and our continued goodwill should in no way be dependent upon a reciprocal response. Friendship is necessarily reciprocal; goodwill is not. Sometimes we feel better about a person when we exercise goodwill in his behalf even if he does not respond favorably. Christian love depends on neither our feelings nor the feelings of the recipient of our love. It is an act of the will, not an emotional response. Paul expressed the spirit of Christian love when he told the Romans to have equal regard for one another, and to be associated with persons who are humble. They were told to let their aims be such that all men would be considered honorable.

As we attempt to more fully incorporate the principle of Christian love in our lives, there are some pitfalls that we should be careful to avoid. One of these is the tendency to exercise goodwill in the abstract but not in the concrete. This does not have the desired impact and can mislead us into
thinking that we are living the principle when in reality we are not.

Our sense of goodwill toward mankind, for example, is not very meaningful if we do not exercise goodwill toward individual people with whom we come in contact in the neighborhood, at work, or in church. There are those who give lip service to the great value of education but who do nothing to support and help to improve the local schools. Others proclaim their love of country but are indifferent to their obligations as citizens by failing to inform themselves on the issues and candidates, and to vote.

Some of us speak of our love for the Church but do little at the concrete level by way of sharing our time, energy, and talents with our brothers and sisters. It is a temptation and source of self-deception to exercise goodwill at the abstract level but fail to make the concrete application.

Another serious barrier to Christian love is the tendency we have to be selective in exercising goodwill. It is often too dependent on such factors as common religion, race, citizenship, social class, and level of education. When such is the case, it is an indication that our goodwill is not sufficiently grounded in the conviction of the inherent worth and value of every human soul. Indeed, if our goodwill is limited to people with whom we have certain things in common, it is not Christian love. We are naturally attracted to certain groups with whom we have much in common. So is everyone else. There is nothing wrong with this, but we should not mistake it for Christian love.

Christian love is a great challenge and lifelong quest. To be able to exercise goodwill on the basis of need alone is our goal. Such behavior will surely be a prerequisite for living in a celestial society. We begin to learn and practice goodwill in the home and in church, but the ultimate test is our behavior whenever we meet the stranger, the unlovable, the bearer of ill will. Our conviction of the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man should be strong enough to enable us to meet the test.
Our destination that Australian summer (December 1960) was the New Zealand Temple, a journey that would take us five weeks from our home near Perth, in Western Australia, clear across the continent and the Tasman Sea.

It was amazing how the money became available at the last moment. This was a vitally important trip for our family. When the day of departure dawned, everything possible was packed into the van, and the children were climbing aboard, with the usual amount of noise and excitement one would expect from boys (ages 9 and 4) and girls (ages 8 and 5). We were really on our way!

That night we were 300 miles from Perth, heading east. Three of the children slept in the van, cramped in among suitcases, boxes of food, and drums of fuel and water. This was to be our home for the next week, day and night.

As we penetrated farther east, leaving even the wheat-belt towns behind, we felt the weight of responsibility become heavier. The bitumen road had now ended, and the first 100-mile stretch of gravel or graded earthen road was corrugated, creating discomfort.

An occasional vehicle was seen, often a heavy transport truck traveling in the opposite direction. This became part of another game. First, we would notice a thick
cloud of dust in the distance, to match the thick cloud that was swirling out behind our own vehicle. Whoever saw the approaching vehicle first would call out “Spotto,” and then we would close the front air vent until we had passed it.

We left the last stop before crossing the border between Western Australia and South Australia. With a full tank of petrol, vital parts of the vehicle checked, and spare petrol drums filled, it was time to press on again.

Those incessant miles made it necessary for my wife or me to drive while the other tried to sleep, propped up in the corner, with heavy eyes closed, but still feeling every pothole and bump.

Then the scenery changed. We saw fewer trees. We had reached our point of no return. How many more hundreds of miles of this unsealed road? Too far to go all that way back again! We must keep driving. The early Latter-day Saint pioneers in America didn’t have 1960 model vehicles for their long journey; after all, we had to travel only 3,000 miles, and the weather was good for December, not as hot as we had expected.

The Nullarbor Plain (meaning no trees) was well named. Low saltbush was now the familiar sight; out the left window, out the right window, away in the distance where the track disappeared on the horizon, and everywhere—saltbush.

We took turns driving, stopping only to empty drums of petrol into the petrol tank, or to check tires and feel hot brake drums. We had had the bottom of the car sprayed with proofcoating for rust prevention, and this saved us from having our petrol tank damaged by flying rocks, which was the fate of many motorists.

We had been very fortunate to have had little car trouble, being held up only once on this account. Suddenly we had no brakes! We rolled to a stop, looked around helplessly, then peered through some trees where a little side track led from the road. There in the middle of nowhere was a service station!

After what seemed an age, we arrived safely at Port Augusta, where we met the bitumen-sealed road again, then on south to Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia. It was midnight about the fourth night when we arrived at Adelaide. We were over the worst and now had good roads to travel, but we still had over 1,000 miles to go to Sydney.

The next evening we enjoyed driving our car onto a barge, which floated across a river; then on again we went, mile upon mile. We knew Australia was big, but we hadn’t realized it was this big!

There was only one thing that kept us from dreading the return journey, and that was the thought of our wonderful experiences to come. We were on our way to a temple of the Lord.

Upon arriving in Sydney on Christmas Day, we left our vehicle at a friend’s house and journeyed by taxi to the airport. It certainly took longer to travel the suburbs in this larger city than it did back home in Perth. Why did the taxi driver take so long to reach the airport? As we finally stepped from the taxi at the airport, we were greeted by officials. “Are you the Johnsons?” they asked. We could see that the engines of our aircraft were already going, and no other passengers were in sight. The aircraft had actually waited for us. No mechanical failure had prevented us from completing the trip right across Australia from west to east, and no aircraft was going to take off for New Zealand without us, for we had told our mission president that we would attend the temple that year, even though at the time we didn’t have the price of our fares. We knew we must get to the temple, even if it meant selling many things and making many sacrifices.

In New Zealand we traveled south by bus from Auckland to Hamilton, and then four miles west to Temple View, arriving there in the evening. What a glorious sight! There was the temple! We had made it! It stood beautifully floodlit as if glowing from within, and our hearts were full of appreciation and thanksgiving. Our breath was literally caught by the simple beauty of it. The next three weeks were wonderful and quite indescribable. We were so glad we had come. Now we had been sealed as a family, not only for time, but for all eternity. Heavenly Father had been very good to us. Our old days held lovely and exciting memories, but never was there such peace as the gospel brings, and now to have been to the temple as a family, and to have received our patriarchal blessings, was to be blessed indeed.

With this lovely feeling of contentment, we left New Zealand. We collected our vehicle in Sydney and started on our return journey across Australia. There was much quiet thinking. The temple ordinances could not be discussed, yet they should not be forgotten. With so much driving before us, it was possible to contemplate greatly on the

Isobel Johnson, active in genealogy and music, is the mother of four and the wife of Bishop Raymond Johnson of the Perth (Australia) Second Ward. She has an interesting background: former sprinter who decided against the Helsinki games, holder of the Australian altitude record for a specific light aircraft (17,000 feet), and partner with her husband in a gold mine before giving it up because of “the intense heat and numerous ‘death adder’ snakes.”

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events of the past few weeks and
to prepare ourselves for an even
greater dedication upon our return
home.

We were now well on the way;
we had by-passed Adelaide and
gone on to Port Augusta, where the
bitumen ended. Now it was un-
sealed road again.

Unexpectedly the temperature
began to rise, and by the next day
it had reached 100 degrees. The
van had no lining inside the roof,
and as we were loaded up, there
was little air gap left. The miles
stretched out. As we reached that
point of no return again, the
temperature was still climbing. The
thermometer in the van went up to
102, 105, 108. Mirages were some-
times seen, and a constant shimmer
of heat also rose from the bonnet of
the car in front of the windscreen.
Our faces became redder. Perspiration
dripped from the tips of our
noses and off our chins.

The temperature reached 110 de-
grees. We must stop! But no—the
engine would be damaged and the
van would heat up even more. The
temperature rose to 111, then 112.
If only we could open a window! Even
if the air was hot outside, we
might get a breeze of some sort
from our movement. The dust
still clouded out behind us. We had
sealed all the back up with masking
tape, but as we opened a front
window, fine dust was sucked in.
We coughed and choked, and the
dust settled in our throats and on
our perspiring faces. We quickly
closed the windows again but
didn't dare to stop the van, as the
huge cloud of dust would have
catched up with us and enveloped
us.

We kept on, opening up the front
vent again. The accelerator pedal
burned our feet so we had to cover
it with wet towels. It was a con-
stant job wiping the faces of the
children, who were dazed and red
and needed plenty of water.

Then the temperature climbed to
113 and finally 114. I don't remem-
ber looking at it after that. We
were being cooked under the metal
roof, but while the vehicle was
still running smoothly, we had to
keep right on.

We had left New Zealand so
cool and green on January 16, and
we knew that we were likely to
strike a heat wave on the Nullar-
bor Plain at this time of year. We
didn't expect it to be 114 degrees,
though.

I opened up our hymnbook and
it fell open at Number 170. With a
wet, red face, sore eyes, and dry
throat, I began to sing, "Dearest
children, God is near you, Watching
o'er you day and night."

As night fell and the temperature
dropped, the children slept; but my
wife and I had to take turns in
driving for fear of being caught in
another heat wave the next day. We
drove with one eye open, while
holding a wet towel to the other
cyc to refresh it. Then we would
open that eye and refresh the other.

One night we arrived at a small
town at 1 a.m., and we decided we
must both sleep. The next morning
dawn we continued on.

After we crossed the West Aus-
tralia border, we ran out of bottled
water. Because of the recent weeks
of dry weather, a few roadside
tanks were dry. We had a big
emergency water tank in the back
of the van, so we pulled off all
the masking tape and opened up
the back door. Because of the
bumpy, potholed roads, the water
had become stirred up. Apparently
there was some rust on the inside
of the tank, because when we
poured the water, we found it to
be very thick and rusty in color.
But we had to have water to con-
tinue our journey, so we used
towels to strain it, then mixed it
with a bottle of lemon cordial to
conceal the taste.

At last we reached the bitumen
sealed road again, and the first
proper town where clean water and
hot showers were available. We
were only 450 miles from home—
with 450 miles of good road ahead!

Four years later we returned to
the temple, again overland, but
this time in a lined station sedan
and without the children.

There is no other place on earth
to equal the temples of our Lord.
To visit one of them is worth any
necessary sacrifice. Our spiritual
and material blessings now far ex-
ceed anything we have sacrificed
or any discomfort we have experi-
enced in our journeys to the
temple.

An Inner Core of Certainty
By Evalyn M. Sandberg

Somewhere
in the deep
recesses of the soul
is stillness.
It lies there,
perennially quiet,
regardless of the
pitch or pace
of outward circumstance.
As with the
kinesthetic sense,
we may not know its nature
or exact location.
We only know
its function:
balance.
Elder John Longden

1898-1969

“I am young in spirit and can see the problems of the other fellow. My leanings have always been toward a missionary life, and I do feel that now, as never before, there is an excellent opportunity to preach the gospel. I have seen my own child laid away, have lost one home in the last depression, and numerous other things have happened to me which have certainly made me sure of the true values in life, so I do feel that if given the opportunity, I could help bring satisfaction, solace, and perhaps a little happiness to the lives of others.”

So wrote John Longden in May 1942. This attitude had charted his life for 43 years, and it was to guide him the remaining 27. Elder Longden, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, died August 30, 1969, at his Salt Lake City home. He was 70 years old.

Elder Longden was born in Oldham, Lancashire, England, November 4, 1898, to Thomas J. and Lizetta Taylor Longden. When he was ten years old, the family, converts to the Church, immigrated to Utah. He attended LDS High School, worked part-time as a cash boy at ZCMI, studied at LDS Business College and the University of Utah, and took correspondence courses in business law. His interests and natural ability in music and drama motivated him to study voice, violin, and drama. In time he was on stage throughout Utah and Idaho, playing juvenile and character parts, singing, and playing the violin.

In 1921 he accepted a call to the Central States Mission, where he presided over the North Texas Conference. Returning home in 1924, he became an assistant MIA superintendent in the Salt Lake Stake, began work as a life insurance salesman, and married Frances LaRue Carr in the Salt Lake Temple.

A year later he was called as bishop to the Nineteenth Ward, where he served for five years. During those years he changed his employment to electrical sales, a field in which he labored until he retired in 1960. He served as a sales representative for General Electric Company and Utah Power and Light Company, area manager of Westinghouse Electric Supply Company, and area manager of National Electric Products Corporation.

He and Sister Longden were blessed with three daughters. The firstborn, Helen Margaret, passed away in childhood. The two other daughters are Mrs. Grant (Gail) Hickman and Mrs. Loren C. (Sharon) Dunn. They and their eight children have given much joy to the Longdens.

The couple’s great support of youth activities found constant use in the Church. Sister Longden served 13 years in the general presidency of the Young Women’s Mutual Improvement Association. Brother Longden served as assistant superintendent of the MIA in the Yale Ward; later he was called to the high council in the Salt Lake and Highland stakes. During World War II, he served as assistant service-men’s coordinator in the Salt Lake City, Boise, and Las Vegas areas, and at Bushnell General Hospital, Brigham City, Utah.

In May 1950, he was appointed a member of the General Church Welfare Committee, and on October 6, 1951, he was sustained as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. He had been known in the Salt Lake City area for his generosity in sharing his musical and speaking abilities through singing and speaking at funerals and Church gatherings. These same abilities were now to be shared Churchwide.

Among his general Church assignments were supervision of Church units in eastern Canada and Alaska, the islands of the Pacific, and most recently the British Isles. At the Tabernacle pulpit during general conference, he once reflected how he had attended meetings in a little corrugated, galvanized meetinghouse in Oldham, and then, 56 years later, he had gone again to Oldham to dedicate a beautiful modern chapel.

Active in civic affairs, he served as vice-president of the Salt Lake Rotary and president of the Bonneville Knife and Fork Club, and was a member of the Salt Lake Country Club and Alta Club. He also served a term as president of the Intermountain Electrical Association, as a director of the area Red Cross, and for 20 years as a member of the appeal board of District 2 of the Selective Service.

Funeral services on September 3, in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square, were under the direction of the First Presidency. Speakers at the funeral noted that Elder Longden would long be remembered for his gentlemanly manner, his “rules of conduct for missionaries,” and his behavior in expressing his firm belief that people of all races and creeds are the children of God.

He will be genuinely missed.
How to Ev

Guidelines on how to determine your effectiveness in your Church calling

One's performance is successful if he achieves what he has planned to accomplish. There is an old saying: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it."

In approaching a program or a project, one would naturally establish for himself his objective. What does he wish to accomplish? This would be true whether his objectives were good or bad.

Satan can perhaps give us examples of efficiency. He really motivates. He has established and stated his overall objective. It is his plan to divert every soul, and to degrade him and enslave him. To that end, the arch deceiver has studied every way possible to achieve his ends, using every tool, every device possible. He takes over, distorts, and changes and camouflages everything created for the good of man, to make it desirable to men so he may take over their minds and pervert their bodies and claim them his.

He never sleeps—he is diligent and persevering. He analyzes carefully his problem and then moves forward diligently, methodically to reach that objective. He uses all five senses and man's natural hunger and thirst to lead him away. He anticipates resistance and fortifies himself against it. He uses time and space and leisure. He is constant and persuasive and skillful. He uses such useful things as radio, television, the printed page, the airplane, and the car to distort and damage. He uses the gregariousness of man, his loneliness, his every need to lead him astray. He does his work at the most propitious time in the most impressive places with the most influential people. He overlooks nothing that will deceive and distort and prostitute. He uses money, power, force. He entices man and attacks at his weakest spot. He takes the good and creates ugliness. He takes beautiful art and gives it sensualness. He takes divine music and

changes it to excite passion and lewdness. He uses sacred things to divert. He uses every teaching art to subvert man.

And so our objective is basic. Is it to claim the mind and body of man and enslave him, or is it to take him as we find him and give him freedom to pursue his path to godhood?

In our work there are other questions we should answer. Are our motives pure? Is our total purpose lofty? Are we free from pride or other selfishness? What is the end result desired? Is it to encourage toward repentance? Is it to improve relationships? Is it to restore confidence? Is it to build faith? Is it to develop character? Is it to create personality? Is it to cause people to change direction? Is it to improve the crops on one's farm? Or upgrade the livestock? Is it to build a better car? Is it to sell more insurance or commodities?

Is it to increase spirituality? Is it to transform the sinner to sainthood? No matter what the objective may be, the success of the undertaking should be judged by the results obtained.

Certainly, in the evaluating process, one must be purposeful. He must know where he is going. The Lord revealed: "Wherefore, now let every man learn his duty..." Until he knows what is properly expected of him, how can he begin to judge his effectiveness? The scripture continues:

"...and to act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence.

"He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved shall not be counted worthy to stand. Even so. Amen." (D&C 107:99-100.)

In order that we may be worthy to stand, we must determine if our assignment is worthy and if an ap-
Evaluate Your Performance

Praisal of it is appropriate. So often there are those who see themselves as “serving time” in a church position, so that the idea of evaluation itself is never made legitimate.

It is hard to put one’s heart into a program that to him seems futile. I knew of one father with many sons who desired to keep them busy; and when he ran out of productive work for them, it is said he had them dig a ditch and then fill it in. If this were felt by the boys to be futile, they would be unhappy, and they would wonder about other jobs—if they were necessary.

Sincerity is important. If one believes his work is vital, his enthusiasm for it and his vigor will tend to create an acceptance of it.

For us to feel justified about our earthly work—the way Jesus did when he said, “It is finished” (John 19:30), “... now behold, my joy is full” (3 Nephi 17:20)—implies the existence of specific criteria against which we can actually determine not only when we have finished but how much we have achieved and are achieving.

We ascertain and establish acceptable standards of excellence in a given field and measure our work accordingly. We should be less interested in excelling others but more concerned with excelling our own past records and using our established ideal standards and perfection as our goals and the measurement of our attainments and our degree of progress.

The criteria we can apply to ourselves grow out of several sources:

1. One criterion involves the formal requirements of the position as contained in handbooks or manuals. These are too often ignored in the call and hence thereafter. Often expensive long-distance calls are made to ask questions that are answered clearly in the handbook.

It is expected that handbooks will enumerate in proper sequence the things to do without elaboration or supporting material or reasons. Anyone can follow the handbook, but many fail to use this important method of appraising efforts.

2. There are the specific and general goals and duties given us in the scriptures that pertain to our callings. For example:

As we build toward spirituality, the scripture says we must teach by the Spirit: “... and if ye receive not the Spirit ye shall not teach.” (D&C 42:14.)

Again, a specific instruction: “... I command you, all ye my saints, to build a house unto me...” This scripture says to send messengers and to come with your gold, silver, precious stones and antiquities, box trees, fir trees, and pine trees, and “build a house unto me...” (D&C 124:31.)

Concerning baptism, the scripture says: “All those who humble themselves before God, and desire to be baptized, and come forth with broken hearts and contrite spirits, and witness before the church that they have truly repented of all their sins, and are willing to take upon them the name of Jesus Christ, having a determination to serve him to the end, and truly manifest by their works that they have received of the Spirit of Christ unto the remission of their sins, shall be received by baptism into his church.” (D&C 20:37.)

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

3. An appraisal or evaluation may involve the element of time: How much of my time, myself, and my talent are being effectively used in my calling—adequate or too little?

There are extra tests of our performance we assess against ourselves, knowing how much talent and effort we are truly applying in relation to what we can bring to bear on our assignment. Often, by re-
fusing to make concrete and to apply the above criteria, we simply develop random attitudes and feelings—sometimes unjustifiably reassuring and unjustifiably self-condemnatory; we do not really test ourselves objectively.

4. There are the extra charges or mandates given to us by the individual who made the call and the things expected and wanted.

There are at least three steps in the making of a call: (a) the call itself, (b) the interview determining worthiness, and (c) the job description indicating what is expected within the call.

The leader invites into his office the person selected for a position. As he makes the call, he defines the position and its relationships; second, he will interview, determining the willingness, availability, and worthiness of the individual; third, he will give a job description, indicating what is required—in some areas, this is called the charge.

There are situational calls and charges in which the demands of the situation may go beyond the above criteria.

A certain man was recommended to be a bishop, not only to do the regular work of a bishop but also to use his promotion abilities in raising money and building a much-needed chapel structure. In the call, this would be made clear and his success would be judged by his achievement in all of the items mentioned in the call and interview.

There could be extra charges given to the individual, as in the call of a high councilor who had been a very successful agriculturist and who was asked to give special attention to a welfare farm or project.

There could be a call to a missionary couple who would go to a given mission where they would pick up the crumbling parts of a branch that was failing.

We assess the extra tests of our performance against ourselves, knowing how much talent and effort we are truly applying in relation to what we can bring to bear on our assignment. Here, one might have hidden talents that had never been brought out in public and that he himself was conscious of and could bring to bear upon the assignment. For example, a new family might move into an impoverished branch in a mission where there was no choir and no accomplished organist; one talented musician in the family, whose talents were unknown to the branch, would find a way in total propriety to let the talents be known.

Often by refusing to make concrete and apply the above criteria, we simply develop random attitudes and random feelings—sometimes unjustifiably reassuring or unjustifiably self-condemnatory—and thus we do not test ourselves objectively and, therefore, we fall short of the mark.

We can often increase our awareness of our relative effectiveness by sharing in appropriate ways the evaluation with those who direct us, such as employers, counselors, co-workers, and spouses. By opening the door for those about us to look at our efforts and talk with us, we can gain information and reactions that can add to the data we must include in our evaluation.

For example, we can be the feeling that co-workers may have about the poor quality of teaching in the quorum relates directly, in the case of a quorum president, to the ability of the quorum to build brotherhood and identify in the quorum.

Another example: Jimmie, the yard boy, went to the bank and asked the banker whose yard he tended if he could have the job working his yard. The banker, who did not know the boy, said: "I am sorry, son, but I already have a boy doing that work for me." Jimmie said, "Is he doing a good job for you?" The banker replied, "Oh, yes, his work is very satisfactory. We are pleased with his work." Jimmie said, "Thank you. I am your yard boy. I just wanted to know if my work was satisfactory, to check up on myself."

A certain bishop went to his stake president and indicated he was not being well received and that his work was not going forward well. He earnestly asked in confidence what his weaknesses were. In deep sympathy and understanding, and without criticism, the president pointed out that he was too brusque, that he was critical from the pulpit, that he embarrassed many people who came to him.

After his interview, there was a decided improvement in the communications and the relationships of the bishop and his people.

A stake missionary who had many opportunities to teach the gospel but seemed never to get a convert had a good "truth" session with his mission president.
and learned that he was too general, that he covered the whole gospel program and tended to confuse his hearer rather than make a definite impression upon a specific phase.

An insurance agent, personable, attractive, with a good voice and practically all of the qualifications necessary to write insurance, was not getting much business on the books. With deep humility, he went to his supervisor and asked him why. The supervisor accompanied him and then said to him in sincerity and confidence, “You talk too much; you convince people that the program is good, and then before they sign, you talk them out of it. Develop your program to a proper conclusion; then seal the deal.” His work improved.

We do not know if Moses invited Jethro’s constructive criticism or not, but clearly Moses created a climate in which listening really occurred.

Again, Moses apparently opened the door and permitted his father-in-law, Jethro, to counsel him, that he might be more effective. Moses had taken the flock of Jethro to the back side of the desert, and there he had his great experience of talking to the Lord through the burning bush. Moses had counseled with Jethro, asking freedom to return to Egypt in conformity with the instructions given by the Lord. Then Moses had accomplished the deliverance act; he returned to the desert with his father-in-law and became the judge of the people and handled their problems—marital, moral, spiritual, and financial. But Moses became overburdened and day and night tied with these problem cases, so Jethro came to him and evaluated his work, saying:

“What is this thing that thou doest to the people? Why sittest thou thyself alone, and all the people stand by thee from morning unto even?”

And then the wise father-in-law said: “The thing that thou doest is not good.

“Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou, and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone.

“. . . Be thou for the people to God-ward, that thou mayest bring the causes unto God;

“And thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws, and shalt shew them the way wherein they must walk, and the work that they must do.

“Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them, to be rulers of the thousands and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens:

“And let them judge the people at all seasons: and it shall be that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge: so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee.” (See Exod. 18.)

An effective organization came into being, and work was delegated. Thus the effectiveness of Moses could be greatly enhanced. He could teach all of the people and handle the weightier matters for them and thus be available to bring the blessings of his leadership to far greater numbers.

We must go beyond surface measurements to be sure our evaluations are quality ones, or if they are becoming a quick ritual only. Perhaps this could be exemplified in a temple interview. A bishop could go down the line and merely ask the conventional questions and listen only for the words of the answers. His effectiveness could be very poor. He might receive affirmative answers and yet the individual might be quite unworthy to go into the temple.

The bishop is entitled by revelation from the Lord to have discernment that would leave him uneasy about unworthy people, and thus he could prevent them from entering the sacred precincts of the temple. (See D&C 46:27.) An individual might be living the letter of the law on which he is questioned and yet be totally dishonest, heavily in debt, unscrupulous in his business dealings, a brute in his home. But if the bishop or stake president with this discernment goes far beyond the usual and the surface measurements, he could better evaluate his performance.

To be more specific, numerous leaders have asked in interviews, “Are you morally clean?” And the answer was, “Yes,” when the individual actually was unclean. Perhaps in an occasion of this kind, the one being interviewed did not intend to lie, but the question was a general one, and he gave a general answer; and because they did not have a meeting of minds as to what was morally clean, the wrong answer was given...
“Each person must ask himself: Am I doing all that inspiration and my imagination can dictate?”

This has happened too many times to count.

We can ask ourselves about what we have done specifically in the spirit of D&C 58—beyond the formal requirements of the position—that enhances our effectiveness.

The Lord said:
“... give ear to my word, and learn of me what I will concerning you.
“... he that is faithful in tribulation, the reward of the same is greater in the kingdom of heaven.

“Ye cannot behold with your natural eyes, for the present time, the design of your God concerning those things which shall come hereafter, and the glory which shall follow after much tribulation.

“For after much tribulation come the blessings. Wherefore the day cometh that ye shall be crowned with much glory; the hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand.” (D&C 58:1-4.)

“For behold, it is not meet that I should command in all things; for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward.” (D&C 58:26.)

Each person might evaluate himself in light of this. Is he doing not only all the things his position requires, and all with which his superior has charged him? Is he also doing all that his own imagination and inspiration can dictate? It is not enough to do only that which the charge requires.

“Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness.” (D&C 58:27.)

All men have been given special powers and within certain limitations should develop those powers, give vent to their own imaginations, and not become rubber stamps. They should develop their own talents and abilities and capacities to their limit and use them to build up the kingdom.

“For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in no wise lose their reward.

“But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned.” (D&C 58:28-29.) (To be continued)

Richard L. Evans
The Spoken Word
Let every man remember

Wherever we are, whatever we do, wherever we go, in time and space, there are always these unchanging facts to face: the need we have for others—always—and yet each man is always and forever inextricably himself, and carries his record with him. This is one of the sobering, yet reassuring realities of life: responsibility for our record, and the separateness forever of each within himself. Oh, think then of all things done and said and seen—think then of all things remembered. Think how childhood memories acutely return at times: faces, moods, words, impressions, sights and scenes. Sometimes the instrument seems clouded, sometimes acute, but the record is within us, of all we are or ever were, more surely than any graven image, more surely than any etching. Oh, please God, let every man remember that always he is inextricably with himself, and that his mind and heart are known to thee, and that the face, the words, the surface, do not change the inner substance. The record that we write within forever makes the man. This gives to each of us an absolute incentive to be honest with ourselves; with others also; to be faithful in marriage, true to loved ones; kind, sincere; to think with cleanliness of thought, to act with cleanliness of action; to intend no man ill or injury; to walk humbly; to deal justly, free from deceit; to give an honest day of work, and never take what isn’t ours; or never take virtue or innocence from anyone, or avoid an honest obligation. Oh, each man should remember how transparent he is before his Maker, and how truly written is the record inside himself, in time, and in eternity, as each remains himself.

“The unwritten only still belongs to thee;
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be.”


4Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Monunt: Salutatum.
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Anyone who has ever read the Book of Mormon cannot help but wonder about the circumstances surrounding Moroni when he finally buried the gold plates in the Hill Cumorah. In what season of the year did he seal up the plates, which were not revealed to mortal eyes until he personally showed them to young Joseph Smith fourteen centuries later?

Readers of the Book of Mormon, and all who learn of its message, can appreciate the circumstances suggested in the scene that has recently been illustrated. The few known facts of this event have been blended with thoughtful conjecture by the noted American illustrator, Tom Lovell. His paints and pigments portray Moroni kneeling in the snow, a lonely figure against a backdrop of great brooding trees. It is a moment of majesty as Moroni clasps his hands together, places them on top of the sacred record, raises his head, and with closed eyes offers a prayer, perhaps a dedication of this secret vault and its sacred contents. The metal plates catch the moonlight. The sword of Laban is seen in silhouette. The freshly dug earth has been spilled out across the snow.

Note, however, that this is not the forlorn figure of a desperate man, the sole survivor of an entire nation. The naked arms are those of a warrior; the uplifted face shows the quiet strength of a prophet. This is a man who had written: "I have not friends nor

Sketches by artist Tom Lovell show progressive development of the painting. Note artist's experiments with perspective and the head position of Moroni. The drawings are not necessarily in order of completion.
whither to go; and how long the Lord will suffer that I may live I
know not.” (Morm. 8:5.)

Why the gray hair? the tattered clothing? This is certainly not a
young man. Students of the Book of Mormon have pointed out that
while Moroni was perhaps a young man when he survived the last
great battle of Cumorah, which took place sometime between 385
and 400 A.D., it was some 36 years after the final preparations
for the Cumorah wars before he did his last and final writing. His
father apparently was in his seventy-fourth year when in 384 A.D.
he announced that he “began to be old.” Moroni may have been in
his early twenties or even younger, or perhaps in his thirties or forties
when he took charge of his ten thousand men at Cumorah. After
the final battle Moroni had no home that we know of, no place to
rest; he wandered, wary of death at the hands of the Lamanites. His
clothing no longer bespeaks the culture and refinement of the
Nephites. It may have been simple animal skins. However, on his arm
he wears the same striking bracelet that was seen on the arm of his
father, Mormon, in an earlier painting. (Era, April 1968, p. 12.)

The single sign of his erudition is the plates. Indeed, Moroni was
an educated man and had written: “And now, behold, we have
written this record according to our knowledge, in the characters
which are called among us the re-formed Egyptian, being handed
down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech.

“And if our plates had been
sufficiently large we should have written in Hebrew; but the Hebrew hath been altered by us also; and if we should have written in Hebrew, behold, you would have had no imperfection in our record.” (Morm. 9:32-33.)

Some readers point out that at 400 A.D. Moroni seems to finish the book, thinking perhaps this would be the end of his writing, saying, “Behold, I make an end of speaking concerning this people. I am the son of Mormon, and my father was a descendant of Nephi.” (Morm. 8:13.) Having finished his history, as he supposed, he may have put the plates away only to return later to do some more writing, translating, and abridging. Or perhaps he kept the plates with him in his wanderings.

President Brigham Young said to Warren S. Snow, as they stood on the Manti Temple site on April 25, 1877, “Here is the spot where the prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a Temple site, and that is the reason why the location is made here, and we can’t move it from this spot.” (Orson F. Whitney, Life of Heber C. Kimball, Bookcraft, Inc., 1967 ed., p. 436.) Hence, it seems that Moroni had considerable time to contemplate the importance of his calling as steward over the sacred records.

Some have suggested that Moroni at first may have ended his writings at Mormon 8:13. This is further borne out by his continuing to write long after he had indicated he had “but few things to write” and had made “an end of speaking concerning the people.” (Morm. 8:1, 13.) After making these comments, however, Moroni adds considerably more to the Book of Mormon, suggesting that he did so at a later time: he adds the lengthy Chapter 9 of Mormon, adds his translation of Ether’s writings, and concludes by giving a final book called after himself. The last date given is 421 A.D.

So it is a wiser, much older man who kneels in the snow and prepares to hide this second witness for Christ—a lonely man, perhaps, but one who had never failed in his testimony: “And I, Moroni, will not deny the Christ.” (Moro. 1:3.)

This is the mortal man who was to become the angel seen in vision by John the Revelator, “having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth. . . .” (Rev. 14:6.) The recognition by Latter-day Saints that Moroni was indeed the angel referred to anciently by John was also corroborated to the Prophet Joseph Smith in Hiram, Ohio, on November 3, 1831, when the Lord revealed to him, “O inhabitants of the earth, I have sent forth mine angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel, who hath appeared unto some and hath committed it unto man. . . .” (D&C 133:36.)

Ironically, Moroni’s farewell in his final chapter is “unto my brethren, the Lamanites” (Moro. 10:1), and he testifies to them of Christ and sets down his great exhortation in verse 4, which is a quotation frequently used by latter-day missionaries in helping prospective converts gain testimonies of the Book of Mormon.

In the new Lovell painting, this prophet-warrior-wanderer seems not so forlorn nor lonely when his great salutation—the final verse of all his writings—is read: “And now I bid unto all, farewell. I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit and body shall again reunite, and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the Eternal Judge of both quick and dead. Amen.” (Moro. 10:34.)

Priceless Package
By Dorothy Cameron Smith

The day is a jewel—
Uncut and unpolished as yet,
Set in the box of the morning,
Against the plush background of nature,
Reflecting the colors of the universe,
Gift-wrapped with the ribbons of dawn
Unfolding in their pastel beauty,
Marked with a tag from the heavens,

Presented to mankind in general,
To be worn in good taste,
Without merit of carat,
But weighed in the memory of the heart,
According to the care taken in handling the
merchandise,
Never to be returned or exchanged for something better—
Thread on the chain of eternity.
Bring on the Grandparents

By Bill R. Linder
Illustrated by Dale Kilbourn

One of the most unexpected complaints against modern society by its current generation of teenagers, as revealed in a recent study, is a lack of companionship with grandparents. Some surprising comments are:

"Why don't our grandparents live with us the way they live with their children and grandchildren in the storybooks?"

"Why can't we have them to be with us and to talk to?"

One researcher says, "They want grandparents like kids had 50 years ago, and they feel something is missing in their neat little suburban houses without them."

"Many of them feel very lonely," reports another counseling agency. "They are not sure who they are, why they are on earth, or where they are going. They're searching for identity."

What is it about grandparents that helps to fill voids in persons' lives—especially teenagers? Is it

Bill R. Linder, management analyst for the National Archives, Washington D.C., formerly was publications editor of the Genealogical Society, and is a member of the Vienna (Virginia) Ward.
"Youngsters learn to observe the aging process and to accept illness and death" the wisdom of years and experience, that surefooted confidence and firm approach to reality, or is it the tactful, well-offered advice that often brings a wink of thanks in ticklish situations?

Grandparents play many roles in family affairs. They serve as a link between the child and the preceding generation, bringing continuity to the family and knowledge of previous eras. "Tell me about Daddy when he was a boy" is bound to come up sooner or later. Through grandparent companionship, the child learns the human-ness and early experiences of his parents. The child has something on which to build his own personality and attitudes—different and separate, yet part of his family unit. The youngsters learn to observe the aging process and to accept and enjoy life, regardless of illness and death of the aged members of the family.

It is no wonder teenagers miss their grandparents. They want them to be as much of their routine as Saturday night dates. The older folks who talk about horse and buggy and kerosene lamps, but who can't comprehend modern fashions or the Beatles or surfboards, are merely partial looking glasses reflecting the same basic image years hence.

And if you want your future told, ask Grandma. She's no soothsayer, but grandparents know what the future will bring if we do this or that or if we don't. They know the secrets of living; they have discovered long ago, by the hand-me-down route, the all-important clues to finding continuity and purpose in life.

The family chain is by nature eternal, and each succeeding generation brings a fresh harvest of wisdom and experience to call upon. Even our grandparents' grandparents had to learn for themselves the basic lessons in life, and today we live by practically the same codes they did.

Today's teenagers are likely to live until 2020 or 2030. In their middle years they'll see a brand new century come, the twenty-first century, with its revolutionary new ways, means, schemes, and ideas. By then, the present after-school service station attendants and baby-sitters will be struggling to get their own children through college, or may even be shifting into an entirely different gear of living as grandparents themselves.

They'll rub elbows, personally, with two centuries, fore and aft. They will have heard their grandparents quote yarns about the Civil War, which they got from their elders, and the Gay Nineties to them were just that close. Mom and Dad remember well the Great Depression, and the names Goebbels, Himmler, and Hiroshima.

On the other extreme, teenagers today will know their own grandchildren and will look into their futures, which may extend on into the latter half of the twenty-first century. It is amazing how today is linked with yesterday and tomorrow.

Parents everywhere ought to heed the complaints of today's teenagers and give them back their grandparents. A Sunday at Grandma's house will be well spent and a pleasant day to remember. Inviting grandparents to come and spend time with the family will help cement family ties. Have them in the home, not only for family home evening but for several days at a time, and often. Give youngsters a chance to evaluate the relationships Mom and Dad have with their parents, for by watching these reactions and interrelationships, they can better gauge their own actions.

Invite the grandparents to talk. Nothing pleases grandparents more than to tell of things that happened "way back when." In the process, watch carefully. Somewhere buried in those pleasant remembrances, they'll be cluing your kids in on a secret. Don't be too surprised at the simplicity of its hiding place. Common sense will easily direct it. With alert ears to the past and sharp eyes to the present, while Grandpa talks, the children will discover their own future 50 years from now.

The simplest age-old principles for living will pour out of these oldsters. Do you know what they'll say first? Have you ever known a grandparent not to mention the importance of honesty and uprightness before God and fellowman? They'll do it almost every time—and who needs reminding more than today's teenagers? Moms and dads can stand a little reminding, too.

Grandparents like to turn the conversation to things of the spirit. If they have a testimony, they'll pass it on to you and your kids. This brings on a spiritual togetherness that is never forgotten and results in a continuing chain, past to present to future, generation to generation, father to son.

Without the past there is no future—and if we close the connecting links we will not only find the past, but we will be prepared for the future also.

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A Walk With Fear

By Garth Geddes

I slowed my step and looked to assure myself that no one was near. A single set of footprints trailing down the beach gave mute evidence that I was alone. The ocean churned over the reef and rushed onto the shore with a restlessness that seemed only to add to the urgency of my pilgrimage. I wanted to be alone. I hurried on, seeking perhaps for a "sacred grove" or a desert place where, like Jesus, I could be strengthened for the difficult days that lay ahead.

Things had happened so quickly. So much had been left undone and unsaid in the few short days that separated the receipt of my orders and my departure for Vietnam. Now I walked alone along the beach of an island that I hardly knew existed until just a few minutes ago, when our aircraft landed here. En route, I had been crushed years before by an angry sea and now lay restless within her bounds. I walked out along the broken timber and stood above a small, deep-blue lagoon. From an elevated view I commanded a thousand miles of sea and sand. I felt very small and very much alone in a quiet hush that surrounded me. I could have believed that I was the only living soul in all the world.

In awe and desperate need I bowed my head and prayed, "Father in heaven, help me. Let me live to see my wife and children again; bless them. I love them, God. I love them so very much. Bless us all. Give us strength to do what we must do."

I raised my eyes, pondering what I had said. I was impressed how an experience such as this puts things in their proper order. Momentarily I caught a glimpse of a swimmer slowly making his way through the surf and into the small lagoon over which I stood. Soon he was directly below me, unaware of my presence. As I watched, he released crumbs of bread from a small cloth sack he had tied to his waist. The water suddenly churned to life as hundreds of magnificently colored tropical fish flashed from the bottom of the lagoon to take the crumbs. His sack empty, the swimmer surfaced and lifted the goggles from his face. He said a surprised hello as he became aware that I had been watching. Hardly a dozen words had passed between us when, without forethought, the question, "Are you a Mormon?" tumbled from my lips.

"Yes," came the excited reply.

We embraced as brothers. He, like me, was lonely. He also had prayed for help. The only Latter-day Saint living on the island, he too longed for the strength that comes from the communion of Saints, of priesthood bearers.

How strange, yet how beautifully simple are the ways of God. Our lives inexorably crossed, and the impact of this strange rendezvous was astonishing to both of us.

Garth Geddes, a career officer in the U.S. Army, is presently assigned to the Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He and his wife have six children.
How could it have been more plainly told that God knew we were there, that he was aware of our separate needs, that he had heard our prayers?

I had indeed found my sacred grove, my desert place. Oh, I was lonely still; I had no real assurance that I would not be killed in the mortal combat that was now just hours away. God had not revealed that all would be well with my wife and family. Yet I took from that tiny tropical island one small pearl of great price that I shall cherish forever: I knew that God loved me, and that even at the ends of the earth he knew where I was. He was aware of my suffering, of lonely hours, of tears shed in solitude. In his own way, God had spoken to me anew the words given to the Prophet Joseph in the dark chambers of Liberty Jail 130 years before:

"... my son... all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good. The Son of Man hath descended below them all. Art thou greater than he? Therefore, hold on thy way, and the priesthood shall remain with thee; for their bounds are set, they cannot pass. Thy days are known, and... shall not be numbered less; therefore, fear not what man can do, for God shall be with you forever and ever."
“Everything and one,” replied Tim Barnes, as his deacons quorum secretary asked for his attendance at priesthood meeting, sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and MIA, and his quorum assignments completed. I have heard those words many times as I have visited priesthood quorums (as have countless others who have worked with our Aaronic Priesthood youth), but today they seemed to have a special meaning.

It was not always this way for Tim. He and his mother moved onto the Swenson farm just four months ago. Our first attempts to bring Tim into activity met with failure.

He was a quiet lad. He had very little to do with the Church, or anyone, for that matter. He always seemed to be alone. His only companions were his dog Tip and his mother.

Two months ago Tip was hit by a car in front of the home of Billy Jackson, the deacons quorum president. Billy saw the accident, and he carefully carried Tip off the street, applied first aid, and put a splint on the dog’s right front leg. Then Billy and his dad carefully placed Tip in the back of the station wagon and drove to the home of the Barnes family.

“Thanks for bringing him home,” said Tim, “and for the swell job of patching him up.”

“Nothing to it,” said Billy. “We learned all about that in our Boy Scout troop.”

Their talking was interrupted by the sound of Mrs. Barnes' voice. “Tim, you had better get on the milking. It’s getting late.”

“Golly,” said Billy. “You mean you have cows?”

“Sure, and horses, pigs, chickens—just about everything. It’s kind of hard, though. My dad died after a heart attack a year ago, and my older brother won’t be home from the army for three more months. So there’s just Mom and me.”

Billy watched intently as Tim brought in the cows and locked their heads in the stanchions. “Will you let me put the milkers on one?” he asked.

“Sure, go ahead.”

Soon the milking was finished. Billy felt good inside. He had helped save Tip and had been able to learn about milking chores, but most of all he had made a friend.

During the next week Billy went to Tim’s home several times. On one visit he brought three of his friends from the quorum. They arrived just at milking time, so they all pitched in and helped with the chores. Tim’s mother then invited them in for cherry pie and cold milk.

Tim and Billy soon became good friends. Then late one evening, just after the evening chores, Billy said to Tim, “You know, we would sure like to have you come over to our quorum meeting next Sunday.”

“I’d like to come, but I just can’t get done with my chores and over there by eight o’clock. I’ll start when my brother comes home from the army,” Tim replied.

Billy said nothing, but he was thinking.

That Saturday afternoon he called a special quorum meeting at his home. The next morning Tim heard a rap at his door just as he was getting dressed.

“Hi, Tim! We thought we would help you with your chores so you could go to priesthood meeting with us.”

Tim was amazed. After what seemed like only minutes, the chores were done and the boys headed for their homes on their bicycles.
Billy called out, “Tim, my dad and I will pick you up in half an hour for priesthood meeting.”

Tim was ready and waiting. The quorum meeting that day had a special spirit, for the deacons had exercised their priesthood.

That was two months ago. The quorum members have been over every Sunday morning since, and Tim has not missed a priesthood, Sunday School, or sacrament meeting.

Tim’s brother Jack is home from the army now. He hasn’t been to church yet, but Tim says that he has promised to come out next Sunday. Mrs. Barnes has attended sacrament meeting with Tim and started attending Relief Society.

Now whenever I hear the words “everything and one,” as the quorum roll is called, I think of how the Lord has promised us everything he has if we are faithful. And I think of Tim, Billy, and the deacons quorum, and how the priesthood in action is changing the life of a boy, a family, and future generations to come.

Dale Quinlan, an industrial specialist at Hill Air Force Base, is first counselor in the Sunset (Utah) Sixth Ward.
In the Season Thereof

By Amy Hillyard Jensen

Illustrated by Dale Kilbourn

Amy Hillyard Jensen, a Sunday School teacher in the Bellevue (Washington) First Ward and the mother of eight, found the plot for this story in an incident involving friends whose son was serving a mission.
From the journal of Catherine Wyman

September 19, 1966

We put Doug on the plane for Salt Lake this morning, and somehow I found the strength not to weep. But I wondered, as I have so many times these past few months, how did it happen? How did my handsome Protestant son end up as a Mormon missionary?

We were so “understanding,” Richard and I, when Doug came to us two years ago and said he wanted to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His best friend, Alan Baker, was a Mormon, so we knew they were fine people. And maybe we really thought the whole idea would wear off, like some of his other teen-age fancies. I don’t know. All we asked was that he wait a few months to be sure.

But waiting only seemed to strengthen his determination. He went to church twice on Sunday and to every conceivable kind of meeting during the week. It was annoying, but we couldn’t really object. Then he was baptized.

I guess the turning point came when he decided to go to Brigham Young University. If only we had kept him here in Seattle! He could have gone to one of the community colleges or to the university. Instead, he went off to Utah with Alan, and his letters home were brimming with love for this new life of his.

What happened shouldn’t have come as a surprise, I guess. We knew the Bakers were planning to send Alan on a mission. But when Doug came home from college in June and told us he wanted to go too—well, I cried, and Richard was as grim as I’ve ever seen him.

“Doug,” he told him, “you know my business right now barely keeps the five of us going. I simply haven’t the money to finance your... whim.”

I’ll never forget the look on Doug’s face. “Dad,” he said, “this isn’t a whim. I want it more than I’ve ever wanted anything in my life. I’ve saved a little from my job and my bishop says the members of the elders quorum want to help finance my way.”

So that was it. Summer has rushed by, the days filled with inoculations and new suits to buy—the nights, with a mother’s tears. Now both Doug and Alan will be at the Language Training Institute for a few weeks before going to South America—Alan to Argentina, and Doug to Brazil.

This morning before we left for the airport, we all stood for a minute under the old apple tree that’s sheltered our family for so long. Then Doug gave a shooting-for-a-basket leap and grabbed a ripe apple. “This’ll have to last me,” he said.

Yes, I thought, as in a minute hedevoured what had been months in the making. It will have to last me, too. So I looked and looked and tried to memorize the lines of the face that has been mine to love for nearly 20 years.

Christmas Day, 1966

Elder Douglas Wyman
Caixa Postal 862
Sao Paulo, Brazil

Dearest Doug,

Merry Christmas!!! Dinner is over, and we’re each of us sitting here and writing you a letter, even Grandpa McFarland. We drove up to Bellingham and got him a few nights ago, and he’ll stay here over New Year’s.

I can see the apple tree from where I sit. Right now the branches are so bleak and dead-looking it’s hard to imagine that spring will ever come again.

But in Brazil I guess it’s already summer now. We’re so anxious to hear from you, to know that you’ve arrived safely and that everything is fine.

It was so good to talk to you Monday morning when you called from the Salt Lake airport—if you can call it talking. I’m afraid we were a pretty tearful bunch. Even Randy, who never does anything “uncool” if he can help it, went off by himself after your phone call. Laurie and I must have used half a box of tissue between us. And your dad—well, you know what an old softie he is!

The thing that was really the hardest to take—but the sweetest—was the prayer you said, right there on the phone. I don’t think we’ve ever felt closer as a family than we did at that moment.

We’re so proud of the way you’ve learned your Portuguese. It must be hard. But what an asset when you go back to college. I want to say I’m sorry for the way I’ve acted about your taking these two years away from your schooling. It’s your life, Doug, and
What Can You Do about Today’s $54-a-day Hospital Costs?

- Like everything else, the cost of being sick or hurt has gone up sharply. The average daily cost of a hospital stay has tripled since 1952—from $18.35 to $54.08 a day. Hospitals have done a good job holding down costs, but everything they buy costs more today, and they must make huge investments in modern, life-saving equipment.

These $54-a-day hospital costs have put millions of Americans in a dangerous spot, because their health insurance is no longer enough to pay the bills. They’d either have to pay the lion’s share out of their own pockets—or buy more health insurance, using money they’d rather save for the future.

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But unlike ordinary insurance, this plan means you no longer have to get sick or hurt to collect. If you stay well, you still get a big check. Instead of paying premiums which return no money if you have no claims, you get a cash refund of all your basic annual premiums at maturity. It’s like having an extra savings account set aside for your future security and pleasure.

You don’t even have to stay 100% healthy to get money back. If you collect benefits that are less than what you paid in annualized premiums, you get a cash refund of the difference.

So sick or well, you must collect! It’s the sensible, low-cost answer to today’s rising medical costs.

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Readers of Improvement Era can get a free copy of the GOLD BOOK by mailing the postage-free airmail reply card next to this page. There is no cost or obligation for this service.
we haven't the right to criticize.
There's just one thing, though, and I hope
you won't think I'm too stubborn. Remember
when you were little and used to sell
Christmas cards and Little League stickers?
Dad and I always ended up buying some to help
you out.
Well, it may seem strange to say this, but
I don't feel we should have the missionaries
call on us right now. It wouldn't be honest,
Doug. If we listened to the lessons, it
would only be to "help you out." Do you see?
This doesn't mean that we don't have a
great deal of respect for your church and
its teachings. We've seen quite a bit of
the Bakers lately, and they are wonderful
people. It's easy to see why Alan is such
a fine boy. His little sister Tina and all
the other children are so proud of him!
Well, I'll have to finish this up now.
Randy's having some of his friends over. I'm
a little worried about him. There's one
boy he's seeing a lot of that I can't truth-
fully say I care for—Bud something-or-
other.
I think this is the last winter we'll let
Grandpa stay alone. He's grown so thin and
frail-looking. Bless him, he seems to take
pride in your new calling. "My missionary
grandson," he calls you.
Well, take care, Doug. We love you and
miss you and pray that all goes well.

Bless you always,
Mom

May 16, 1967

Mr. Peter McFarland
Bellingham, Washington

Dear Daddy,
I've just come in from working in the garden, and
I'm bushed! But it's beautiful now. The apple tree is
magnificent, like a great cornucopia of candied
popcorn.
We so enjoyed our visit home last week. The kids
always love it. But Richard and I both agree it's too
much for you now. Are we selfish to want you to
come and live with us?
Anyway, you've promised to think it over, and
we'll do everything we can to make it easier. I know
how it will be, leaving everything that reminds you of
Mama. It hurts me, too. But it would hurt me more
to have anything happen to you when you're so far
from us.
We've finally heard from Doug, after another of
those long silences. The mail from South America
is so unpredictable! He's fine and has baptized an-
other family. It makes me feel terrible to think that
the one family in the whole world he wants most to
baptize is us—and I won't even listen to the mis-
ionary discussion. Well, I still may relent.
Daddy, plan on making the change soon, won't
you? Richard and I would take care of all the ar-
rangements. You could start listing the things that
need to be done. We'll come up Sunday so that we
can talk more.

Our best love,
Catherine

Dear Randy,
This little note is just to say I'm sorry I blew up
at you this afternoon. Forgive me for being such
a grouch. But I was disappointed in the kind of
language you were using on the phone when you
talked to Bud. I don't think you have to lower
your standards just to be a part of the crowd.
Doug has always set a good example for you, and
I'd like you to set a good one for Laurie.
Now would you do something for me? Laurie's
been feeling kind of blue lately, and Mrs. Baker
thought she might like to go to a special activity
at the church Friday night. Would you be a nice
big brother and take her over? Consider this a
hug and a kiss. I love you.

Mom

November 21, 1967

Elder Douglas Wyman
Caixa Postal 862
Sao Paulo, Brazil

Dearest Doug,
This is so hard to write, and I've waited
until I could tell you the whole story.
Grandpa died last Friday night, and we had
the funeral service today. How I wish you
could have been here.
He'd had a pain in his chest, but hadn't
said anything. When I realized he was ill,
I got him right to the doctor. He sent him
to the hospital immediately. That night
Organ virtuoso Virgil Fox rehearses for a concert on the Rodgers Custom Touring Organ.

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Write for full details.
he had a massive heart attack.

He was put on the heart monitor, under intensive care, and your father and I spent every minute with him that we could. It was so strange and unreal. They wanted him to rest, so we spent most of our time in the corridor, watching the electrocardiogram and the little light that registered his heartbeat. Off and on, off and on—such a precarious link with life. A scoreboard, I thought, Who's winning? Life or death?

Finally they told us to go home and get some rest. Your father said, "Do you want to go in and see him for a minute?"

I thought he was asleep, because they'd just given him a sedative. But he opened his eyes for an instant. Then he whispered, "Doug was right."

I could only nod. Then I kissed his forehead. It was so cool and damp. I said a little prayer, "Father, if he can't live—if it be thy will—let him go quickly." And Doug, that's just how it was. Only a few hours later the hospital called.

The Reverend Wilson, who had been Grandpa's minister for so long, conducted the service. It was nice, I guess. He said all the right things. But something was missing.

When your Grandmother McFarland died before you were born, I was content with the usual platitudes. But I was a happy young bride then, with all my life ahead of me. I had your wonderful father. I didn't realize then how mortal we all are, how quickly life speeds along. This time was different, somehow. I wanted Mr. Wilson to look me in the eye and say, "Catherine, I know that your father lives and is with your mother, and that you will see them both again." Instead he talked about what "we hoped" and "it must be so."

Darling, I'm sorry to burden you this way. I don't know what Grandpa meant when he said "Doug was right." Did he mean right that you decided for yourself what to do? Or something more?

God bless and keep you, Doug. Don't grieve for Grandpa. He'd have hated being an invalid. Write soon. We love your letters.

All our love,
Mom, Dad, Randy, and Laurie

P.S. Daddy talked to the bishop and we've arranged to carry your full support from now on. I think it would please Grandpa.

From the journal of Catherine Wyman
January 1, 1968

I want to remember this New Year's Day—the loneliness, without Doug and Daddy—but the snug and cozy way the rest of us have drawn together. Always there is the apple tree outside, measuring the seasons. We must prune it this spring. It's like a loved but neglected child in need of a haircut.

Christmas was new all over again, when I thought it would be desolate. It was less frantic, more mellow . . . because of the Bakers. I'll remember Christmas Eve at their place, a fire dancing. How good Ron Baker's voice sounded reading the beloved story from St. Luke in that rich baritone of his.

Then Tina snuggling close to me. "Sister Wyman"—she always calls me that—"Sister Wyman, do you think we knew each other in the preexistence?"

My head may have had an answer ready, but my heart spoke up first. "Oh, I'm sure we did!" Strange that it sounded so true.

February 11, 1968

Office of the Registrar
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah 84601

Dear Sir:

My son is considering attending Brigham Young University this coming year. He has already taken his American College Tests and would like to have the necessary application blanks to fill out. Also, we would appreciate information on housing, and a catalog for the school year. Enclosed is my check for $2.00.

Material should be mailed to: Randolph Wyman
633 12th Ave. East
Seattle, Wash.

Thank you so much.

Sincerely,

Catherine Wyman
June 10, 1968

Elder Douglas Wyman
Caixa Postal 862
Sao Paulo, Brazil

Dearest Doug,

Your latest letter came today, and it was good to hear from you. You must be so thrilled to have finally baptized your landlady. She sounds almost as stubborn as your mother.

Well, Saturday night was commencement for Randy, and I wish you could have seen him in his cap and gown. He's grown so much! Dad took a few pictures, which he'll send later.

Now for the bad news. We thought it was all settled that Randy was going to BYU, but last week he announced that he had changed his mind. He said it was silly to go off to "the sticks" when there was a good university right here in Seattle. (I can remember when I said the same thing to you, to my everlasting shame.)

The thing is, the hippie element at the U is a little alarming right now, and though I trust Randy, he's young. And now Bud Ellis (you remember his side-kick that troublesome junior year) has been after him to go to the U. They're even talking about taking an apartment together in the university district.

Your dad and I tried to find out what had changed his mind. "A lot of things," he said.

"Like what?" Dad asked him.

And then came the shocker. "Well, going to Mutual and everything has been okay," he said, "but I never really feel a part of it. After all, you and Mom hardly ever go. And if the Church is so great, how come you don't join it?"

That stopped us cold, and it really made me think. Dad would have had the missionaries over long ago if it hadn't been for me. So I know what I have to do. Perhaps there's something you could say to Randy. I don't know. But we still have Laurie to guide, and this time we want to do it right.

God bless you, darling. We're having family prayer every night now, with your welfare always first in our hearts.

Love from us all,
Mom, Dad, and children

Elder Alan Baker
North Argentine Mission
Casilla #17, Sucursal de Correo #9
Cordoba, Argentina

Dear Alan,

How hard these past few weeks must have been for you, not knowing for sure whether Tina would recover or not. Now that you've had the good news that she's out of danger, I wanted to write and tell you what a wonderful family you have, and what an inspiration they've been to everyone.

As your mother probably told you, the accident happened shortly after Tina left our house. Thank goodness Randy was home! When we heard the squeal of brakes, we both shot out of the house in a panic. When Randy saw what had happened, somehow he had the presence of mind to remember his first aid training. The doctor said later that he'd done exactly the right thing.

But we know that this isn't what saved Tina's life. It was the power of the priesthood, and the fasting and prayers of everyone who loved her.

Your family had the loveliest letter from your mission president. He said that after the cablegram arrived and you'd been called to the mission home to be told the news, you took it with the greatest courage and faith.

Alan, we want you to know that every member of your family reacted in that same way. You would have been proud of them. I've never seen such a demonstration of trust in the Lord and complete family unity. Its effect on all of us—and on Randy in particular—can never be measured.

May the Lord bless you in your labors. All of us can hardly wait until you and Doug are home again to stay.

Fondly,
Catherine Wyman

November 28, 1968

Elder Douglas Wyman
Caixa Postal 862
Sao Paulo, Brazil

Doug boy,

I was cleaning out my desk this morning and I found the funniest thing! It was a list I made just after you left on your mission—
a list of things I was going to do while you were gone to make the time go faster. I had planned to take up golf, refinish my mahogany chest, put all the family pictures in an album—and maybe even get a job!

And what am I doing instead? I’m singing in the ward choir, quilting in Relief Society, going with your dad to a million different activities, and loving every minute of it.

I guess I’m almost as busy as Randy. His letters from the Y are so happy. He loves his classes and is always talking about his family home evenings. The "father" of the family of students is a young returned missionary!

You know, looking back, there seems to be something almost inevitable about the way a testimony grows. It makes me think of the apple tree. To look at it now, dark and twisted against the sky, it seems without life. But its roots are buried in the moist earth, and within it lies the secret of leaves and blossoms and ripe fruit. The seasons change and the sap rises. Is there within each of us a remembrance of the gospel, learned in another time and place, that lies dormant until the seasons change? It seems it must be so.

Just a few more weeks and you’ll be home. I’m going to miss those funny green and yellow striped airmail letters. But if we’re lucky, there may be many more missionary letters in years to come, for Randy says he’d like to fill a mission too.

But now we’re looking forward to Christmas, when our returning missionary son can baptize his most stubborn converts. How glad I am that we turned out to be "golden" contacts after all!!! Just one thing worries me. Can you perform the ordinance in English? We don’t know any Portuguese!

Your loving family,
Mom, Dad, Randy, and Laurie

Argentine Sunset
By Barbara Clark

It’s supposed to have a natural cause,
A succinct, scientific explanation.
But who thinks of science when time stands still
And watches the sun say good-night to a nation?

All of us are aware at times of the fretfulness and frustrations of life—sometimes troubled, discouraged, discontent, as we lose the peace, the sense of purpose, that are always so essential to an inner calm and quiet. And these frustrations are added unto as we see days swiftly slip away, and see ourselves running, going, coming, using up the hours, not doing all we should, and, in our efforts to catch up and to recover, wavering with excesses, with ups and downs; high in spirit at times, depressed at others; so much undone and so much that is overdone. And so today, with some self-searching, we would plead for calm and quiet, for patience, contemplation, and for reappraisal of our purpose, with faith in the limitless and everlasting possibilities of life. And, along with faith, we need repentance, understanding, charity, forgiveness, as all of us come face to face with an appraisal of our past, with the uses of the present, and a turning to the values that will last the longest. And let us, please God, learn the uselessness of enmity—enmity toward evil, yes—but not enmity toward others who are sincerely trying to live and find their way in life. Oh, may we live our lives with more concern and kindliness for loved ones, more compassion for other people, more honesty, more gentleness in judgment, and even maybe more forgiving of ourselves, knowing that God lives, that life and loved ones are everlasting, that his law and power and purpose are over all—and thus find faith and peace, as we improve, repent, forgiving others, keeping his commandments, living the laws of health, the laws of happiness, indeed the laws of life—so living that, gently and sincerely, we can even forgive ourselves.

*"
The Spoken Word

Richard L. Evans

And even forgive ourselves

More Ride For Your Money...Conoco...means top quality products, service and value throughout the Rockies!

You get More Ride For Your Money...when you ride with the best...in everything from high performance gasolines and All-Season Super motor oil, to the latest in maps and Touraide travel information at your Conoco dealer's.

Add care-free enjoyment to your travels through America's scenic wonderland...and get MORE RIDE FOR YOUR MONEY...AT CONOCO...HOTTEST BRAND GOING!
Indian Student Placement

Some 4,000 Indian students from reservations and tribes throughout the United States and Canada recently met or returned to their foster parents at the beginning of another school year. Hundreds of young, eager Indians poured into selected stake centers throughout the Church, where they were checked by doctors, barbers, nurses, social workers, and others in preparation for their assignments to foster families. At the end of the school year the Indian students will return home to their Indian parents for the summer.

Tabernacle Choir Performs in Toronto and Chicago

Our widely acclaimed ambassadors of goodwill, the Tabernacle Choir, recently returned from a tour to Toronto, Ontario, Canada, and Chicago, where they presented a total of three concerts and won praises for themselves and the Church. Two concerts were held in Toronto, where the Choir had been invited to participate in the Canadian National Exposition. They sang before an estimated two-day total of 30,000 persons. They then flew to Chicago, where a concert was presented at the American Hospital Association's annual convention.
World Conference on Records Termed 'Tremendous Success'

The world's first conference on records, sponsored by the Genealogical Society of the Church, was recently attended by about 5,000 persons. During the four-day event, held in Salt Lake City, conference visitors from every state in the United States and from 45 nations attended nearly 200 classes and heard world-famous authorities and experts lecture on matters pertaining to genealogy, record keeping, and records preservation. Elder Theodore M. Burton, vice president and general manager of the Genealogical Society, termed the conference "a tremendous success."

Numerous awards of high standing were presented to the Genealogical Society: the Certificate of Appreciation of the American Society of Genealogists, "in recognition of outstanding service to genealogy as a science"; a Distinguished Achievement award for "valuable contributions to the state of the art of visual communications and records preservation," by Agfa-Gevaert, Inc.; Printing Industries of American Graphics Award; and a personal presentation by Dr. Labib Habachi, noted as the world's foremost Egyptologist, who presented an ancient hand-woven tapestry of Cleopatra VII (51-30 B.C.) to the Genealogical Society for its "incomparable efforts and successes in genealogy."
All-Church Golf Tournament

In the recent annual all-Church golf championships, Robert Andreason of Lakewood (California) Second Ward won the senior division's first sudden death playoff. Junior championship winner for the second year in a row was Jeff Ellis of Oak Harbor (Washington) Ward. Veteran division winner, also for the second straight year, was Larry Summerhays of Mountain View (Salt Lake City) Second Ward. The matches were held at Alpine and Wasatch Mountain State Park golf clubs in Utah.

All-Church Softball Championships

Champions of the annual all-Church softball tournament are: Senior fast pitch—Burbank (California) Second Ward, which defeated Bountiful (Utah) 13th Ward, 3-2; senior slow pitch—Mesa (Arizona) 22nd Ward over Westchester (California) Second Ward, 20-9; junior fast pitch—Chula Vista (California) Ward over Canoga Park (California), 8-4; junior slow pitch—Phoenix (Arizona) Tenth Ward over Westminster (California) Ward, 5-2. Sportsmanship honors went to the following: Senior fast pitch—Lehi (Utah) Fourth Ward; senior slow pitch—Marietta (Georgia) Ward; junior fast pitch—Canoga Park (California) Ward; junior slow pitch—Twin Falls (Idaho) Ward. Games were held at Salt Lake City's George Q. Morris Park.

Fourth Biennial Explorer-Ensign Conference

More than 3,000 Latter-day Saint Explorers and Ensigns from throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico recently gathered at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, for the Fourth Biennial Explorer-Ensign conference. During the six-day event, the young men engaged in athletic events and career exploration and challenged in contests of cultural and mental skills. They also met in general sessions and heard General Authorities, Mormon astronaut Don Lind, and Lt. Col. Bernard Fisher, Medal of Honor winner.
How to send money to missionaries without transfer cost

First Security Bank offers a special service for families or sponsors remitting funds to missionaries in the field. We provide either bank drafts for foreign destinations or cashier's checks free of charge, regardless of the amount — and they are cashable anywhere. Whether your missionary is in the United States or abroad you may safely send any amount required, and there are no delays because you send the bank draft or cashier's check yourself. Both are readily available at any one of our banking offices. There is a First Security Bank near you.

For safe, sure and low cost handling of your own money, First Security provides:

BANK MONEY ORDERS — ideal for people who have an occasional need to send money. They are redeemable anywhere, completely safe and cost considerably less than postal money orders.

CHECKING ACCOUNTS — Choose either our REGULAR or pay-as-you-go CHECKWAY plans. A generous supply of checks comes with your name and address printed FREE with either account. Come in and see which is best for you.
It's Fair Time!

It's fair time in some parts of the world . . . a time when “all that's good and all that's fair” is placed on exhibition.

And not the least among the fair at any fair are youth whose “very memory is fair.” “And fair and twice as fair” because they are the best of their kind, they who grow soundly in mind and body and spirit and emerge at the brink of full adulthood, products of all that is indeed fair and godly in man.

In the phrase of poets, they are “wisely faire
and softe,” “fair friend and never old,” “wild and fair,” “so lovely fair,” “sae fresh and fair,” “divinely fair,” “so sweet pure fair,” “young and so fair,” “right and fair,” “fair women and brave men.”

These fair-haired youth move in a world made fairer by the labors of others and their own eyes behold it as a place most wonderful. In return they want a “fair adventure of tomorrow” with a fair chance to give their fair share and “if it prove fair” that all may fare yet better.
Two Little Hands

By Lu Ann Gull, 15
Illustrated by Ginger Brown

Hands can do so much to make life pleasant and happy, but they can also deal unjustly with another. God never intended that we use them to hurt our fellowmen. Hands are one of the most useful and important creations of God. They carry out good or bad intentions and perform many tasks.

The bishop uses his hands mostly to shake hands with each person who comes into the chapel. His hands make us feel welcome, loved, and secure.

A carpenter’s hands build houses—providing shelter for families and a living for his own.

The hands of a bus driver or pilot of a plane get people where they want to go.

A little child’s hands clap with glee when he sees Santa Claus or when his mother comes to lift him from his crib in the morning.

Hands can soothe hurt feelings, push baby carriages, do the breakfast dishes, plump pillows for a sick grandmother, and tenderly touch a little cheek as a soft goodnight is said.

Hands can catch a fish, pull a little girl’s ponytail, or trail a stick along Grandma’s picket fence.

God made hands to write a poem, paint a picture, fashion beautiful objects of art from wood and stone and metal, and play beautiful music.

God made hands to administer to the sick and to hold babies while they are being named and blessed.

God made hands to open doors, especially doors of opportunity and love and service.

Hands turn the pages of the hymnbook, that we might sing praises to our God and offer prayers to him in sacred melody.

The hands of the priesthood bearers break the bread and pour the water when the sacrament of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, is blessed. Hands of the deacons bear these emblems of his suffering to us, that we might partake and renew our covenants with him.

How grateful we should be for hands, especially for the hands of those who gave us the opportunity to come to this wonderful world in order to prove ourselves, who use their hands unceasingly and lovingly for our benefit.

Think of the Savior’s hands, pierced and bleeding for our sakes. How can we let our hands do wrong against one who loves us so dearly that he allowed these terrible things to happen to him, that we might live for all eternity in his presence?

These hands are shaped like God’s and so
Let them be careful what they do.
The Girls Talk About

The Boys!
**Editors note:** In the May 1969 Era of Youth, the boys talked about the girls. This month, seven girls from southern California give us their candid opinions about the boys. Panel members, ranging in age from 15 to 18, are Loretta Wallace, seamstress; Linda Brown, pianist; Ann Carol Peterson, dancer; Kim Bradshaw, cover girl for Seventeen magazine; Peggy Howell, flute player; Jennane Hale, member of the New Generation singing group; and Mary Lou Prince, organist.

**Moderator:** The boys are anxious to hear from you, so now is your chance, girls! What do you like about the boys of today?

**Jenneane:** I like sincere boys—boys to whom I can really talk. They help me to understand things that girls can’t, because boys see things from a different point of view.

**Loretta:** I agree. Most girls like boys who are honest and understanding.

**Ann Carol:** It’s more enjoyable being with boys who aren’t concerned with the big romance, but who just like to go out and have fun.

**Kim:** Right! If a boy has a good sense of humor and makes a lively evening, then you enjoy being with him.

**Mary Lou:** Boys who aren’t shy and who handle themselves well around my parents usually impress me . . . and my parents!

**Peggy:** I like boys who aren’t shy, too, and who try to have fun. Even if they’re like me and can’t do the new dances very well, they’ll still try.

**Linda:** I like boys who are sensitive.

**Moderator:** How do you like a boy to express his sensitivity?

**Kim:** Just by being honest and natural.

**Peggy:** A boy can show his sensitivity by his actions and by the way he treats a girl. But a boy who cries in a movie is something else!

**Loretta:** I think boys can be emotional and still be masculine.

**Moderator:** That brings up a good point. All boys can’t be football players. How does this quality of masculinity express itself in a boy who doesn’t play football?

**Linda:** Every girl can’t be a homecoming queen or a cheerleader, but some boys think that’s the greatest thing. As long as a boy finds some talent and works to develop it, he doesn’t need to be a football player.

**Linda:** If a boy is interested in something and becomes involved in it and is willing to put himself out for it, he can show his strength that way.

**Ann Carol:** I think that a boy seems more masculine and makes a girl feel more feminine when he opens the door for her or helps her on with her coat—uses good manners.

**Peggy:** I think a boy seems more masculine when he honors the priesthood that he bears. Then I can look up to him and depend on him.

**Ann Carol:** Most girls like to be dependent. They want the boy to be stronger than they are. They need this security.

**Jenneane:** That’s so true! Many times a girl will try to get her own way when she really doesn’t want it. She’s just waiting for the boy to make the decision.

**Mary Lou:** I don’t like a boy who can only talk about himself, his car, or other girlfriends.

**Peggy:** I don’t like boys who just say, “Well, what do you want to do?” and let me make all the decisions. I like boys who treat me like a lady and value my opinion, but they should be able to take a firm stand on things.

**Moderator:** What about a boy’s appearance? How do you feel about sideburns, mustaches, and hair length?

**Linda:** I like sideburns and mustaches, but a boy’s hair ought to be neat.

**Loretta:** I don’t like boys with long hair, especially when it’s not clean. But I agree with Linda—sideburns and mustaches are great if they look neat.

**Ann Carol:** A boy should always look neat and clean-shaven. Some boys look fantastic in sideburns, but a Beta cut is best.

**Moderator:** What kinds of things do you like to do on a date if the boy has no money?

**Jenneane:** Little things can be more fun than the big things. It’s fun just to go driving or for walks.

**Linda:** Little things mean more.
sometimes because that's when you can talk and get to know the person. But if all you do is go for walks, you might feel that the boy's money is more important to him than taking you somewhere.

_Jenneane:_ The important thing is to do a lot of different things.

_Linda:_ And to do things with other people, too.

_Moderator:_ What about going to the "adult" or "restricted" movies?

_Mary Lou:_ I think a boy should read up and find out what the show is going to be like first and not take a girl to a show that would embarrass her.

_Kim:_ I'd feel so embarrassed if I were at one of those "restricted" movies and my date and I were shrinking in our seats.

_Moderator:_ What will you girls be looking for in a husband? Is it important that he live up to gospel principles and be a member of the Church?

_Ann Carol:_ I'll want a husband who will make the Church an important part of his life but not more important than his family.

_Linda:_ The Church is so important to me. I would like to see a boy who is very strong and masculine praying to his Heavenly Father, because it shows his humility. It shows that he realizes there is someone much greater than himself.

_Jenneane:_ I think each of us wants to marry a boy who believes in the Church, because that's the way we've been raised. I want to be married in the temple, and I admire a boy who decides what he believes is right and then sticks to it, no matter what.

_Mary Lou:_ I admire the boy who honors the priesthood and will stand up for it, even when those outside the Church are trying to cut him down for honoring it.

_Moderator:_ Why is the priesthood so important to you as girls? What difference does this make to you now as well as when you are married?

_Loretta:_ I like the security of knowing that there's someone in the family with the power to administer to the sick if there is a need.

_Jenneane:_ I agree. Boys can be sure of themselves in ways that girls don't have the power to be. We need the strength of the priesthood in making decisions.

_Moderator:_ Would you all like to leave one last word of advice for the boys to help them get along better with girls?

_Linda:_ Be yourself.

_Peggy:_ Think of others and be understanding.

_Ann Carol:_ Just have fun and try not to be self-conscious.

_Kim:_ Don't act petty or small about things.

_Jenneane:_ Be honest.

_Mary Lou:_ And sincere.

_Loretta:_ Be honest and understanding with yourself and with others around you, and work toward your profession.

_Linda:_ Care about somebody more than yourself.
Delighting in the Scriptures

By Elaine Cannon
Illustrated by Ginger Brown

There are those who are skilled in the scriptures. They can recite them at the drop of an opportunity. They use them with facility and quote them at great length. They may be wise in the application of the word of God as well as in knowing chapter and verse.

Most of us need help in finding which principles of our Heavenly Father relate to certain situations. We can’t readily turn to the counsel that gives us the direction or the answer to our needs. We’d be glad to obey his commandment or heed his word when we stand at a crossroad if we could only recall what the Lord has said in such matters. Too often we “lean on the arm of flesh” instead of the word of God.

Believing as we do in a loving, caring God whose wisdom far outshines our own, let’s consider some of his advice to us in key areas of our lives.

What About Directions?

“If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.” (James 1:5.)

If there is some wisdom you lack, a point of decision in your life, a question in your mind, some direction you need, where better can you go for help than (as the scriptures suggest) to God? He has the answers. His will is for your benefit.

What About Success?

“Cease to be idle; cease to be unclean; cease to find fault with one another; cease to sleep longer than is needful; retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early, that your bodies and minds may be invigorated.” (D&C 88:124.)

Sounds as if it were written especially for teenagers! But when you follow that counsel and heed this promise, your measure of success is assured: “... if you do keep his commandments he doth bless you and prosper you.” (Mosiah 2:22.)

What About Endurance?

“But blessed are they who are faithful and endure, whether in life or in death, for they shall inherit eternal life.” (D&C 50:5.)

You can put up with the fear or unpleasantness of a stint in the armed services; you can withstand agonizing temptation; you can be patient in waiting, if you let your mind and heart dwell upon the ultimate joy of eternal life. That means dwelling in the presence of Heavenly Father, who is perfect in love and kindness and forgiveness and understanding.
A Letter from a Son

The attached letter from PFC (now Corporal) William George Hardy to his parents was referred to us from the office of President David O. McKay. With it was a letter from Bishop Robert S. Wilkinson of El Cajon Ward, San Diego Stake, to President McKay, explaining that Elder Hardy had voluntarily deferred a long-planned mission to accept induction into military service, and that in the Marine Corps he had been highly successful in combining service to his country with service to his Heavenly Father. The editors are proud to share with readers of the Era of Youth the lofty spirit of patriotism, courage, and faith of this representative young hero. Bill’s father, Warren G. Hardy, is in the bishopric of El Cajon Ward; one brother currently serves in the Norwegian Mission, and another brother has been honorably discharged after service in the Marine Corps.

16 June 1969

Hi,

By the time you get this letter I’ll be in Guam Hospital and you’ll know why. I want to tell you how it happened. My squad was traveling through paddies and some hamlets. We had just come through a tree line when we came under small arms fire. I started to run down a path that all but five in the squad had traveled on. Then it happened. I set off a command-detonated 105 MM round.

In about 20 minutes I was medivaced to Da Nang. I was immediately operated on along with four other Marines who got hit by schrapnel. When I got here I asked a commander about the exact extent of my wounds. He said I would lose my right leg just above the knee, and I might lose my left foot. Well, that’s the truth about what I did lose.

Today I head for Guam, which is very unusual, because men who aren’t hit half as bad as I was usually stay here four or five days. The doctor said my operation went so smooth that it was just short of a miracle and that my instant comeback was greater than that—nobody here can believe it. An LDS boy helped me get ready; he’s an elder—it was a real comfort having him near. A colonel took pictures of me and my Purple Heart medal which he presented. They were taken not much more than 20 hours after I got hit.

Mom, I don’t want you to cry about or feel sorry that I came into the Corps now just because of this. I feel fine, and losing my leg doesn’t bother me one bit (once in awhile I have some pain, but not much). I feel deeply honored to wear the nation’s oldest decoration.

Two more colonels and a first lieutenant came in just now. You know what?—I got a Bronze Star with Combat V and also lance corporal. I feel deeply honored to be able to receive this recognition; this is a big day in my life.

I know that you are pleased with my actions. I feel I’ve done my best for my country, and I wouldn’t trade places with anybody for anything in the world. I’m leaving here in a few minutes. I’ll write when I get to Guam.

Your loving son,

Bill
It was a proud night for Kristan Sparks and for many others when this 15-year-old Mormon Eagle Scout Explorer from Ammon (Idaho) Second Ward stood in the spotlight before 50,000 Scouts and Scouters at the Seventh National Boy Scout Jamboree at Farragut, Idaho, and was honored for his heroism. Boyhood, manhood, and humanity all rose a notch on the scale of virtue, and so did Kristan’s family, church, and country. He was the only person so honored at the Jamboree.

In June 1967, Kristan (then 13) and another boy, James Black, were helping Kristan’s uncle, Bryle G. Walker, in insect control work in the Targhee National Forest, when Mr. Walker was attacked by a grizzly bear and severely bitten and clawed. When they heard his cries the two boys, without thought of their own safety, drew the bear’s attention to them. Kristan, presenting himself as a target for the ferocious animal, was attacked and his arm terribly torn. The bear then turned to James, whom he also injured severely before leaving the three.

In intense pain, Kristan ran more than two miles through the forest to get help, returning with a rescue team to find his seriously injured companions still alive. More than 300 stitches were required to repair the wounds of Bryle Walker, and all three were hospitalized for a lengthy period.

For his selfless courage, Kristan was awarded the coveted Carnegie Hero Bronze Medal and a check for $500.00, and his brave act was selected from among many others to be honored at the National Boy Scout Jamboree.

Very active in his ward, priesthood quorum, and Explorer post, Kristan Sparks is a worthy example of the truth that in each of God’s children are the resources to meet crisis and difficulty with courage, if we will develop and express them.
It's contest time! Wish we could share the warm responses that winners of the 1969 Youth Writing Contest have sent us. They're that glad they entered. And won.

Winning is a real possibility. But you have to enter first. Smart young writers remember that it's a youth writing contest sponsored by the Era of Youth, a magazine for young readers. So judging is on the basis of good writing and appropriateness for this particular publication. Read back issues for ideas. Then put your own thoughts down on paper in story form (keep it around 500-1,000 words) or poetry or in a how-to-do-something style. But do enter. You'll be glad you did.

Contest Rules

1. Contest is open to anyone who is a senior in high school or under 25.
2. Winner must be in a position to accept the college scholarship for the fall of 1970.
3. A pen name must be used on each entry.
4. Each entry must have a sealed envelope attached with the author’s real name, pen name, age, address, and photograph included. Also include a statement that this is your own original work.
5. Specify which college contest you want to compete in. (Continental U.S. residents are not eligible for the Church College of Hawaii scholarships but may compete for scholarships to either Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah, or Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho.)
6. Your entry cannot be returned.
7. You may submit as many entries as you like, but each must have its own envelope of information (see rule 3).
8. DEADLINE: Entries must be mailed to the Era of Youth Writing Contest, 79 South State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111, postmarked by midnight December 31, 1969.
Should we cover it or cover it up?

"If broadcasting would only stop showing all that bad news, maybe we wouldn't have so much of it". Sound Familiar? Think of the questions it raises:

If Broadcast News disregard slums in the city, should it also disregard United States Rocketry? Drug Abuse? Political activities? Crime? Successful rescue attempts? Who will be the censor to tell us what news should be covered and what news should be covered up? Would covering up a bad situation remove it? Or make it worse?

The answers are found in our tradition of a free press guaranteed by the First Amendment to the Constitution. It recognizes that you have the right to know — the bad as well as the good.

Only a public that knows the facts can make wise decisions. That's why KSL has the largest, most experienced, and professional news team in Western America... to keep you informed.

KSL... THE FIRST WORD IN NEWS!

KSL-AM Radio
For constant coverage of the news 24 hours a day
DIAL 1160

KSL Television
Watch the Channel 5
Eyewitness News in color at 6:00 & 10:00 P.M.

KSL-FM STEREO 100
News on the hour 24 hours every day
Clement of Alexandria recorded an apocryphal story that was "handed down and preserved in memory." It concerns an incident involving the apostle John. During one of his missionary journeys, John met a young man in whom he took personal interest. After having spent some time in that area, John departed, leaving with the leaders involved a charge to watch over this young man.

Not long afterward, John was recalled to the city. Upon his arrival he inquired about his young friend. He was told the young man was dead. "How and by what death?" John demanded.

The answer came: "He is dead to God! For he has turned out wicked and desperate, and to sum up all, a brigand; and now, instead of the Church he has seized the mountain, with followers like himself."

John then asked for a horse. "Instantly . . . he rode away . . . from the Church and arriving at
the brigands’ outposts, was captured without fight or resistance, but crying, ‘For this I have come. Lead me to your chief.’ The chief awaited him in his armor, but when he recognized John as he approached, he was struck with shame and turned to fly [flight]. But John pursued him as fast as he could, forgetful of his age, crying out, ‘Why my son, dost thou fly [flee] from thine own father, unarmed, aged as he is? Pity me, . . . fear not . . . stay! believe! Christ sent me.’ But he on hearing these words first stood with downcast gaze, then flung away his arms, then trembling, began to weep bitterly, and embraced the old man when he came up to him, pleading with his groans, . . . but the apostle pleading himself . . . led him back to the Church and praying for him . . . and wrestling with him in earnest fastings . . . did not depart, as they say, till he restored him to the bosom of the Church.” (St. Clement of Alexandria, Quis Divinitus Satus, Chapter 42.)

This is a moving illustration of the concern for the youth of the Church that existed even in the time of the early apostles. In the Church today, the concern for the youth is just as personal and just as intense. Concerning this interest, the calling of bishop has special significance. He is president of the Aaronic Priesthood and, as such, has a special charge and concern for both the young men and the young women of the ward.

The youth of the Church have the responsibility of staying close to their bishop, heeding his counsel, and honoring his leadership. The calling of bishop is a very important and sacred calling in the Church, and the men who are called as bishops are special men. They are men whom the Lord has called through his appointed servants. And while they may have daily occupations as plumbers, farmers, teachers, or doctors, they are men called of God.

Paul outlined the characteristics of a bishop. He wrote:

“A bishop then must be blameless, . . . vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach;

“Not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous;

“One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity;

“(For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?)

“Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil.

“Moreover he must have a good report of them which are without; lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil.” (1 Tim. 3:2-7.)

Bishops today also should be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach, and patient. They are men who can be approached with personal problems or questions; they are men of inspiration and wisdom. They are dedicated men. They spend many, many hours a week devoted totally to their calling. A bishop is the spiritual father of the ward, charged with the care of the needy, responsible for the finances of the ward, and common judge among his people. His calling is most important and most sacred.

To function effectively, a bishop needs the loyalty and confidence of the youth of his ward. Sustaining your bishop is not only a sacred obligation; it is also an opportunity. In the Book of Mormon we read of Lehi’s request to his sons to return to Jerusalem to obtain the plates from Laban. Speaking to his son Nephi, Lehi said:

“Wherefore, the Lord hath commanded me that thou and thy brothers should go unto the house of Laban, and seek the records, and bring them down hither into the wilderness.

“And now, behold thy brothers murmur, saying it is a hard thing which I have required of them; but behold I have not required it of them, but it is a commandment of the Lord.

“Therefore go, my son, and thou shalt be favored of the Lord, because thou hast not murmured.

“And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father: I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them.

“And it came to pass that when my father had heard these words he was exceeding glad, for he knew that I had been blessed of the Lord.” (1 Ne. 3:4-8.)

The young man or woman who is obedient, without murmuring, to the counsel of his or her bishop will, like Nephi, reap the blessings promised those who follow the counsel of the Lord’s appointed servants. The bishop of your ward is interested in your welfare; he is concerned about you. Listen to his counsel and you will find him to truly be a man called of God.
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS OF The Improvement Era

Non-Group Enrollment Now Open

For folks who don't drink – you can receive as much as $10,000.00 extra tax free cash

Act now – your Enrollment Form must be mailed by Midnight Saturday, October 25, 1969, or it cannot be accepted

If you say, "No thank you!" to alcoholic beverages, then here is good news for you. That's right...if you don't drink you can now enroll-at a very substantial reduction in premium— in the Community Extra Income Health and Accident Plan which provides $100.00-a-week tax free income for you, plus special benefits for your family. Your benefits start the very first day you enter the hospital.

Regardless of your age, your occupation or the size of your family, your first month's coverage costs only $1, and your benefits start immediately!

Your Protection Plus Agency of Salt Lake City has been able to make special arrangements with Community Life Insurance Company to issue their famous Extra Income Health & Accident Plan to Total Abstainers with a ten percent-10% reduction in premiums!

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If Principal Insured is 65 or over on effective date, add $2.70 to above applicable premium. If both husband and wife are 65 or over, add $4.90 to above applicable rate.

NOTE: The regular Monthly Premium shown here (for your age at time of enrollment) is the same low premium you will continue to pay. It will not automatically increase when you or your spouse reach 65.

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Q. What do I need to do to qualify?  
A. Just complete and mail your Enrollment Form before the Deadline Date. It's that easy!

Q. What is the Extra Income Health & Accident Plan?  
A. It's a low cost hospital income plan.

Q. What is my discount?  
A. Your discount is ten per-cent (10%).

Q. What must I do to get my discount?  
A. You must be a total abstainer from alcoholic beverages, and you must enroll during the non-group enrollment period.

Q. Why do I need this extra protection if I already have insurance?  
A. In the face of soaring hospital costs, your present insurance is probably inadequate. In addition you will still need cash at your fingertips for those hidden "extras" that always appear when injury or sickness strikes.

Q. When do my hospital benefits begin?  
A. On the very first day you go to the hospital.

Q. How much will it pay me when I am hospitalized?  
A. $100.00 a week up to as many as 100 weeks for any one injury or sickness. Plus, for your spouse, $75.00 weekly up to as many as 100 weeks for any one injury or sickness.

Q. Will this Plan pay in addition to my other insurance?  
A. Absolutely. We pay-in TAX-FREE CASH—whether you are insured in a group, individually, or even under Medicare. Actually, our Plan goes hand-in-hand with Medicare. We'll pay even if you are covered by Workmen's Compensation!
Now... for people of all ages and families of all sizes

$100.00-A-Week when you are hospitalized
$ 75.00-A-Week when your spouse is hospitalized
$ 50.00-A-Week when your children are hospitalized

Only $1 enrolls your entire family for the first month

Q. Can I enroll even if I am 65 or over?
A. Certainly. Everyone is welcome—at any age, providing you have not been refused any hospital, health or life insurance.

Q. What benefits do my eligible, dependent children get?
A. If you choose a Family Plan, your dependent, eligible children, ages 3 months to 19 years, would receive 50% of all the cash benefits of the basic Plan and 100% of all its other benefits and features.

Q. May I add future dependent children to my policy after it is in force?
A. Yes, indeed, if you have the Family Plan. Just notify us and they will be added without evidence of insurability and without any additional charge.

Q. How can you offer so many benefits for so little premium?
A. When we enroll a large number of people at the same time, our processing and administrative costs are much less. We deal directly with you. We don’t pay salesmen’s commissions or charge special membership fees. All these savings come back to you in the form of low, low rates!

Q. Can I cancel my policy?
A. Of course you can!

Q. Will you cancel my policy if I have too many claims?
A. No. We guarantee never to cancel your policy because of too many claims, or because of advanced age. We also guarantee that we will never refuse to renew your policy unless the premium has not been paid before the end of the grace period or unless renewal has been declined on all policies of this type in your entire state.

Q. Will my rates be raised because I grow older?
A. Never. Regardless of how long you keep your policy or how old you grow, your rate will still be based on your age when you were first issued your policy. We guarantee never to adjust this rate unless we adjust rates on all policies of this type in your entire state.

Q. Is anything excluded from coverage?
A. Just these few reasonable exceptions: War, mental disorders, pregnancy.

Q. What about an illness I may have had before my enrollment and which may come back?
A. After your policy has been in force for just 24 months you will be fully covered for such illness. This is another quality feature of this unique Plan.

Q. Who’s covered by this special $1.00 rate?
A. You and all eligible family members.

Q. Is it really important that I join now?
A. Yes, it’s very important because accident or sickness strikes without warning—and you will not be covered until your Policy is in force. Remember, you absolutely must enroll by the deadline date—but it’s better to enroll right away, for the sooner you apply the sooner we will cover you. You have nothing to lose if you change your mind. Return your policy within 15 days for a prompt refund of your money.

TO QUALIFY DURING THIS NON-GROUP ENROLLMENT PERIOD,
YOU MUST MAIL YOUR COMPLETED APPLICATION BEFORE MIDNIGHT SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1969
SEND IT TO: PROTECTION PLUS AGENCY, 150 East Seventh South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
BE SURE TO ENCLOSE $1 WITH YOUR ENROLLMENT FORM

APPLICATION TO COMMUNITY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, PORTLAND, ME.
For The Extra Income Health & Accident Plan—CH 36—A

NAME (Please Print) ____________________________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________________________________

CITY ______________________ STATE ______ ZIP ______

OCCUPATION ____________________ DATE OF BIRTH ______ AGE ______

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below (DO NOT INCLUDE NAME THAT APPEARS ABOVE)

NAME (Please Print) ____________________ RELATIONSHIP ______ SEX ______ DATE OF BIRTH ______ AGE ______

Neither I nor any person listed above uses alcoholic beverages; nor has been refused any health, hospital, or life insurance. I hereby apply for the Extra Income Health & Accident Plan. I understand that I, and any person listed above, will be covered under this Policy for any injury or sickness I have had before the Effective Date of the Policy after it has been in force for a continuous period of 2 years, but not before; and that this Policy shall not be in force until the Effective Date shown in the Policy Schedule. I am enclosing $1.00 for the first month’s coverage. If, for any reason, I am not completely satisfied with this new protection—I may return my Policy within fifteen (15) days for cancelling and my payment will be promptly refunded.

DATE ______________________ X __________________________ SIGNATURE

Be sure to Enclose $1 with your Enrollment Form

October 1969
Today's Family

Soup's On

By Eleanor Knowles

Editorial Associate

• A favorite memory of childhood is of coming home on a chilly day to a lunch or supper of hearty homemade soup served with slices of bread still warm from the oven. No matter where you live—northern or southern hemisphere, east or west—soup can provide the basis for nourishing and delicious meals.

In Grandmother’s day, preparing soup often meant long hours spent over a hot stove, cooking the stock and then adding vegetables, barley, and other ingredients, and letting them simmer until a thick meal-in-a-dish resulted. Today, thanks to economical and tasty frozen, dried, and canned products, it is possible to prepare soup in a matter of minutes—and have it turn out every bit as good as Grandmother’s.

Soup is a versatile dish. It can be a main course or an appetizer. It’s good hot on a cold day or cold on a warm day. It can be made with meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, pasta products, even fruits. It may be thick and creamy or light and clear. Here are some favorite recipes for using “ingredients from scratch,” including basic soup stock, and for quick soups from products on the pantry shelf.

Beef Stock

4 pounds beef, cubed
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 1/2 pounds marrow bone
3 quarts water
1 tablespoon salt
3 stalks celery with tops

6 sprigs parsley
2 medium-size onions, diced
4 whole cloves
1 bay leaf
3 carrots, pared and cut up
Brown beef cubes in butter or margarine
in deep kettle. Add marrow bone and water; cover. Bring to boiling and boil 5 minutes. Skim top of liquid. Reduce heat and simmer 1 hour, skimming top occasionally. Add remaining ingredients. Cover; simmer 2 hours longer. Strain, cool, and chill.

**Ground-Beef Soup**

1 pound ground beef
1 cup chopped onions
4 cups hot water
1 cup diced carrot
1 cup diced potato
1 cup diced celery
2 tablespoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 bouillon cube
1 bay leaf
6 whole fresh tomatoes, peeled and quartered

Brown beef slowly in hot fat in heavy kettle. Add onions and cook 5 minutes. Loosen meat from bottom of kettle. Add remaining ingredients, except tomatoes; bring to boil. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Add tomatoes, and simmer 10 minutes longer. Makes 6 servings.

**American Minestrone**

2 tablespoons olive oil or butter
1½ cups thinly sliced vegetables*
1 quart boiling water, consommé or beef stock
1 sprig parsley
½ bay leaf
½ teaspoon thyme
Salt and pepper to taste
½ cup elbow macaroni or spaghetti

Sauté vegetables in oil or butter 15 minutes. Add remaining ingredients, and boil 5 minutes. Then reduce heat and simmer 30 minutes. Sprinkle each serving generously with grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 3 or 4.

*Any combination of tomatoes, celery, carrots, onions, turnips, cabbage, peas, green peppers, potatoes, zucchini, leeks, green beans may be used.

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October 1969
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For 70 real thing recipes, including the Babka below, send 25¢ for “Fleischmann's New Treasury of Yeast Baking”, Box 61E, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10559.
Chicken Broth
1 stewing chicken (4-6 pounds)
2 medium-size onions, diced
3 stalks celery with tops
1 carrot, pared and diced
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt
1 bay leaf
1/2 teaspoon pepper or 6 peppercorns

Wash chicken thoroughly. Put in a large kettle, and cover with water. Bring to boiling; reduce heat, and skim. Add remaining ingredients. Cover, and simmer 1 1/2 to 2 hours or until chicken is tender. Remove chicken, and cut meat from bones, to be used in recipes calling for cooked chicken. Strain broth; cool and chill. Remove fat from top. Serve hot as broth or use as a base for soups, sauces, and gravies.

French Onion Soup
6 medium-size onions, sliced
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
6 1/4 cups beef broth
1/2 teaspoon salt
Melba toast rounds
Grated Parmesan cheese

Sauté onions in butter or margarine in large saucepan until lightly browned. Add beef broth; cover and cook 15 to 20 minutes or until onions are tender. Add salt. To serve, bring soup to boiling; ladle into soup bowls or cups. Top each with melba toast and Parmesan cheese. Makes 8 servings.

Quick Vegetable Soup

Dilute one 10 1/2-ounce can bouillon or consommé as directed on can. Add 1/2 package frozen mixed vegetables, cooked, or one 10 1/2-ounce can mixed vegetables, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, and 1 teaspoon butter. Cover and cook slowly until vegetables are heated through. Makes 4 servings.

Quick Russian Borsch

Dilute one 10 1/2-ounce can bouillon as directed on can. Add 2 finely shredded small raw beets, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, and 1 cup finely shredded cabbage. Bring to boiling and simmer 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold, topped with a spoonful of sour cream. Makes 4 servings.

Quick Crabmeat Bisque

Combine one 10 1/2-ounce can pea soup and one 10 1/2-ounce can tomato soup. Add 1/2 cup rich milk and one 6 1/2-ounce can crabmeat, flaked. Heat slowly over low heat. Makes 6 servings.

Quick Oyster Stew

Heat 2 cups milk and 1/2 cup cream to boiling. Heat 1 pint oysters (with oyster liquid), 1/4 cup butter, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash each of pepper and cayenne, and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour into hot milk and serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

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Family Table Talk

By Annie Laurie Von Tungeln

• "But I have to talk to get my 'thinks' out," a little girl stated emphatically. Her mother, fearful that she was bothering the passengers on a crowded bus, had gently admonished her not to chatter so much.

Good communication should be a goal for all of us. As individuals we need not only to express ourselves but also to listen to other folks' "thinks." This should also be one of the basic goals in family life. Good communication leads to understanding, which has been called "the solvent of conflict."

Although there are various forms of communication, such as facial expressions, gestures, and use of the eyes, speech is the most common and important. The Master himself recognized this truth when he stated that what goes into the mouth is less important than what comes out of it. (See Matt. 15:11.)

The natural habitat for talk is the room in which the family eats, whether it be a stately dining room, intimate breakfast room, or a nook in the kitchen. Members of the family are generally at their greatest ease, both physically and emotionally, while seated around the table, particularly at the evening meal. The common objective, eating, is relaxing and enjoyable; and there are fewer distractions than at most other times of the day. This is the time and place when family living is, or can be, at its best.

Although there are times when a child needs to talk alone with one or both parents, the best kind of table talk is group conversation in which every member of the family takes part. No one hides behind a newspaper, completely absorbed. No one is glued to TV, eating a solitary dinner served on a tray. There is pleasant give-and-take; this means listening as well as talking.

Much human-interest talk is important. Members of the family tell about the activities of the day—their personal successes and disappointments. Maybe someone tells a joke or an interesting anecdote.

Some families set up a certain routine: a discussion of public issues, or an account by each member of the most interesting thing that has happened to him during the day. Such a procedure can be pleasant if it is not formalized or carried to an extreme. (Many times the charm and worth of an interchange come from its spontaneity.)

Other families make occasions of their dinner, building up rituals that eventually become traditions.

The most important thing is to make dinner a pleasant occasion when each one feels free to be himself—to open up his heart and disclose what is near to him. Legend tells us that in the days of King Arthur, to express the idea of having a heart-to-heart talk with someone, a person might make the felicitous statement, "I discovered

Annie Laurie Von Tungeln, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is a widely published author and poet. She has received the Freedoms Foundation Medal of Honor and is a four-time first-place winner in National League of Pen Women contests.
myself unto him." Such sharing is precious in the home.

Children pick up a wealth of information from table conversation—though it's not the time for a parental lecture or superimposed instruction of any kind. Teaching and learning grow naturally out of the situation. "Where do cranberries come from, Mommy?" may be an occasion to tell the child something about how the berries are grown. "What does pasteurized mean, Daddy?" presents an opportunity to acquaint the questioner with the great Louis Pasteur, who contributed so greatly to a process that has doubtless saved many lives.

Table talk furnishes not only fun, companionship, and nourishment for the mind and soul; it is also one of the most effective ways of exercising social control of the young.

Children need to be taught directly and consciously. "Did you notice how quickly Bobby put on his coat when his mother told him it was time to go home? I like such promptness, and I hope you will do the same when I take you calling with me." By such a statement a mother tries to indoctrinate her child with the ideas of punctuality and obedience.

But probably the osmosis or influence of family living is even more important than deliberate efforts to teach. Children readily absorb attitudes and patterns of behavior from family conversations. As a youngster acquires vocabulary, he is at the same time acquiring feelings associated with certain words.

A friend of mine says that when she was a child, the very mention of the word Republican made her usually placid father furious, and she was almost grown before she realized that there are decent, law-abiding Republicans as well as Democrats. Such "emotionally loaded" words may affect children's concepts and conduct.
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Can definite things be done to improve family conversation? Certainly. Analysis of the content and implications of talk in the home is the first step.

Research indicates that listening to a recording of family conversation that has been taped over a period of time is often helpful in determining the general trend. (Studies show that table talk tends to fall into very different patterns in different families.) A recording can point out positive and negative biases. It shows if any member is monopolizing the conversation or if there is general participation. It indicates whether there is a spirit of cheerfulness or complaint; of thankfulness or ingratitude; of humor or dourness. Above all, it gives an accurate picture of the love and respect—or lack of it—that members of the family have for each other.

A conscious awareness, whether made possible by a tape recording or by intensive listening and observation, can lead to setting up better standards.

When the Roberts family played back the recording that had been made over a period of a week, they found that one child was almost completely left out of the mealtime conversation just because she was younger and less aggressive than the other two, who bubbled over gaily about the activities of the day. The parents talked the matter over with Sam and Sally, who were very cooperative as soon as they realized that their shy little sister was overawed by them. Although they did not insist on Anita's talking, every member of the family made a definite effort from then on to draw her into the conversations. They asked her opinions now and then and encouraged her to tell about the doings of the day. Soon they found that she genuinely liked to contribute to the dinner talk.

Another family learned from their
recorded conversations that they were over-critical. The parents criticized the children's table manners. The children found fault with each other. All of them made disparaging remarks about a neighbor family. Even the mother (the only one who knew of the hidden tape recorder) indulged in a sarcastic exchange of words with her husband.

Looking at each other in shame as the telltale words were repeated, the whole family resolved to do an about-face. Soon they found that chatter about the doings of the day was not only more informative and uplifting but also more fun than harping on someone's faults.

Some families find that occasional guests add spice to a meal. They can enrich the conversation and help children learn to converse with persons outside the immediate home circle.

One family of my acquaintance has a “pretend” company dinner now and then. It started as a rehearsal for guests, but the children like it so much that it has continued. Members of the family dress up. The menu is a bit more elaborate than usual, the best dishes are used, and there are candles on the table. The special decorum appeals to the children, whose mother says there has never been an upset glass of milk at one of these dinners!

Probably nothing can improve family conversation so much as gratitude—to the one who prepared the meal, usually the mother; to the earthly provider, usually the father; above all, to the great Giver of all good things. Bringing our Heavenly Father into the family picture by thanking him aloud sets the tone for the meal.

Since communication is so essential to the creation and continuance of satisfying relations in the home, every effort to improve family conversation is worthwhile.

—

Old Salt Lake Theatre

By Alice Morrey Bailey

This house, erected in a wilderness,
Was mason-strong, and silk-and-velvet fine,
Noble in appointments and design
To fill a frontier people’s needs, express
Their pride and cultured talents, gently bless
Their sacrifice. Here tense or pithy line
Leased pent-up tears, erased the coyote’s whine,
And laughter-thinned their long-endured duress.

Here came the great in drama’s mighty art
To play their varied roles, each one a part
Of mightier drama, entrance, exit, caught
In history to weave a master-plot—
And those within whose hearts these memories lie
Will never let this old, loved building die.
By an Anonymous Church Member

- June 6, 1969, is my anniversary date of 21 years of activity in the Church. The motivation for writing this article is found in my desire to thank my Heavenly Father in a tangible manner for his great blessings bestowed upon me since I was 18 years of age, and in a desire to make observations from my experiences that may stimulate priesthood and auxiliary teachers and leaders to never “write off” any person under their influence. For obvious reasons, my name is not used. The fact that the following story actually happened is more important than to whom it happened.

If my experiences are typical, then it can be concluded that the process of dropping out is not a sudden or rapid experience. Rather, it is a fairly lengthy process that begins at quite an early age. The dropping-out process is not merely confined to quitting school; it applies equally to church, society, and home.

My breaking point with the Church came at age 11 or 12, when my older nonmember and inactive friends made it quite clear that Scouting and priesthood activities were not activities in which they, and consequently I, would participate. Up to this age I had been...
sent, not taken, to church. My father had never attended priesthood meeting, nor was he ever active enough in the Church to receive the Melchizedek Priesthood. In view of these conditions, it was easy for me to drop out of church.

Dropping out of school was a lengthy process. Starting around the fourth grade, I can distinctly recall feigning illness to stay home. During my junior high school years, evening employment in a roller skating rink caused me to lose much sleep. This intensified my already established habit of feigning illness to stay home and sleep. I just managed to meet the minimum requirements for graduation from junior high school.

In the fall of my first year in high school, at age 16, I went deer hunting, even though it was expressly forbidden by the school. As I was leaving my home, the phone rang. When I answered it, the assistant principal asked me why I wasn’t in school. My answer was rather cruelly put: I was going to go deer hunting, and if she didn’t like it, that was just too bad! She replied that if I did go hunting, I would be kicked out of school. She fulfilled her threat by removing me from school, and this gave me a sense of relief.

My departure from the mainstream of society was an outgrowth of my previous experiences. One night when I was in junior high, some of my older friends and I decided to see if we could find any unlocked parked cars near a dance hall. We found such a car and stole from it a woman’s purse, containing a compact and cigarette holder.

The next day, while shuffling school, a friend and I were picked up by a police officer. He checked us in at the police station. There our pockets were emptied, showing the compact and cigarette holder. The woman from whom we had stolen these items had reported the loss to the police; thus, we were caught red-handed. I was fined $75.00 for car prowling. My parents were not allowed to pay the fine; I could not do so myself during the next year, because by then I had quit school, and since I had no high school education, work was unavailable to me.

Finally, after a year my probation officer confronted me with three alternatives: (1) Pay the fine. This I could not do. (2) Be sent to the state industrial training school for delinquents. (3) Volunteer to attend a special camp in which I could work at a military installation during the day and live in barracks with other boys who were not quite bad enough to be sent to the industrial school, yet did not have adequate home situations. I chose alternative three, and by this decision my dropping out of society was complete.

The dropping out of home began in late grade school and early high school, when every weekend in the summer was spent camping and fishing with older boys. Before entering the training camp at age 16, I had made one serious attempt to run away from home. It resulted in failure. When I left the training
"The first connecting link
in my return to church was
a person of my own age who
was genuinely interested in me"

camp, rather than return return home, I lived in the
home of a widow, the mother of a former girlfriend.
This woman was not LDS. However, she gave me
more of a Christian home influence than I had received
in my own home.

At age 17 I left this situation and went to Yellow-
stone Park to work. After that summer of 1947, I
returned to my parents' home, having been away
well over one year. I then worked at a variety of jobs
and began to drink heavily. During this time home
was merely a place to sleep and sometimes to eat.

It was while I was in this condition that Heavenly
Father sent the gospel to me, which proved to be the
cure for my dropping out and which reinstated me
in church, society, home, and school.

On Sunday morning, June 6, 1948, a priest in the
Aaronic Priesthood, by assignment from the quorum
adviser, was sent to my home to invite me to church.
I had been drinking the night before and was trying
to overcome a hangover by drinking some beer. In
somewhat of a stupor, I responded affirmatively to his
invitation to go to priesthood meeting the following
Sunday, I went and was warmly fellowshipped, which
helped me from that point on to be a one hundred
percenter at all church meetings. However, I also
tried to keep up my old friendships, and this caused
me real mental anguish, because I wouldn't miss
church meetings, yet I continued to drink and smoke
with my old friends. Finally, after nine months of
earnest prayer and a particularly frightening experience
with alcohol, I quit drinking and have never touched
another drop since then.

By the fall of 1948 (three months after becoming
active in the Church), I had learned the emphasis
the Church places on education, and I returned to
school. Because of my newfound desire for education,
I was graduated among the top ten students of my class
in a large metropolitan high school. I also enrolled
in seminary and had choice learning experiences under
spiritual giants.

During this time my parents agreed to have a bless-
ing at our meals, which I usually had to offer. After
high school graduation I fulfilled a mission. There-
after my life took the course of a typical returned
missionary: college, temple marriage, children, mili-
tary service, a bachelor's degree, a master's degree,
and finally a good position in a profession. Parallel to
these activities, I have had the opportunity to give
service in the Church as a teacher in the priesthood
and auxiliary organizations, Sunday School superin-
tendent, district missionary, branch president, elders
quorum president, stake MIA superintendent, and
stake high councilor.

Readers may ask, Which is better, to have strayed
and returned or to have stayed faithful and never
wandered? The parable of the prodigal son (Luke
15:11-32) gives the answer very clearly. It is better
to stay. My personal experiences tell me that I
could have been further ahead in many areas if I had
not strayed.

The first connecting link or building block in my
return to church was a person of my own age who
was genuinely interested in me. Young people can
reach other young people in a way that adults never
can.

To teachers I would say: Never "write off" a student.
The power of the gospel is the most potent, construc-
tive influence in the world. A student who is off the
path needs only to recognize the great value system
the Church offers. Saul of Tarsus and Alma, the
younger, made 180-degree turns in their lives when
they received testimonies. My gospel teachers have
been the most influential forces for good in my life
in helping me on the right path.

And parents, please set the proper example! En-
courage your children to associate with active
Latter-day Saint friends, so that at critical ages in
their lives your own influence for good will be forti-
fied by that of other active young people.

As a dropout who has returned, I do not consider
that return to be strange or a great miracle, but
rather a demonstration of the power of the gospel.
I am so grateful to God that I have been able to ex-
perience that strength and to those who have been his
agents in teaching me by word and example.
A Woman’s Song
By Marlys Bradley

The sound of a woman—Humming at her work
Lively melodies that swing
A broom without a jerk,
That bubble the remnants
Of a luncheon date
From the smooth surface
Of the best china plate.
The sound of a woman—
Singing tuneful, delicate airs,
Musing in contemplation
Of daily affairs.
The sound of a woman—
Crooning a soft lullaby
To a fretful child
To still the whimpering cry.
The sound of a woman
In her unfettered song
Is the sound of happiness
Pure, unpretentious, and strong.

The Expert
By Carol Hatch

“Always take him with you
To the opera
And the zoo;
Give him cultural learning—
Go to plays
And concerts too.

“Let him scenic wonders see—
Thundering Niagara,
The rolling Mississippi,
Bryce’s rosy pinnacles,
And Washington, D.C.”

So—
We took him here,
We took him there,
Until at end of day,
As he snuggled into bed,
“Now, tomorrow may I play?”
How to Have Fun Making History

By Glen F. Stillwell

- No matter how ordinary your life has been, the world may one day be entertained and instructed by hearing more about it. Certainly family and friends will be interested in learning about your thoughts, words, and deeds, just as you may wish to know what life was really like for an individual a century ago.

You may be sure that someday you, or your kin, will be searching for information about friends and relatives of yesterday. What were they like? Where did they come from? What were their likes and dislikes? These and similar questions will flash through your mind until you feel that you must know the answers, so you'll look in family records and glance at old letters, pressed flowers, undated announcements, newspaper clippings, and unidentified photos.

These few mementos are actually more than many persons leave behind. In this age of speed there seems to be little time for the backward glance, the making of notes, and, of course, family records. It is regrettable, because collecting and storing autobiographical materials is fascinating and fun. At least Benjamin Franklin found it so. And he didn't have the advantage of typewriter and tape recorder.

Think how nice it would have been if our great-grandparents had dated those clippings and included with them a few pages from a day-to-day diary. Then we might have known that Great-uncle John, who left home to join the Union forces at age 14 and who spent long months in Andersonville prison during the Civil War, resembled us in many ways. Or perhaps we might have learned that Uncle Jeff was a personal friend of Teddy Roosevelt.

Your next questions might be: Who cares about little old me? Stop and think. Wouldn't it be of great interest to everyone to hear Mr. Average Person, born in 1839, tell in his own words what he did the first day of spring 1859? The time he arose that morning? The food he ate for breakfast? What he did from sunup to sundown? Such an account would surely make a place for itself in modern history, and think how it would be treasured by Mr. Average Person's descendants.

We know a lady who was so fascinated by her new tape recorder that she put it in the recording cycle early one morning and kept it going the entire day. The resulting "program" put the lie to the old saying about one picture being worth a thousand words. Of course, these were spoken words—words of telephone conversations, comments of callers, even the exclamation of pain when she pinched her finger. We doubt that she saved this tape, and it is too bad, because some day it might be the basis for a book.

We made the start of our own personal time capsule years ago, when we bought our first tape recorder. We have plastic duplicates of some of those first paper tapes. More recently we have broadened the scope of our recordings to include note of important national events, family history, discussions, achievements, comments, and descriptions.

Glen F. Stillwell, a former trade publications editor who resides at Manhattan Beach, California, reports he has enjoyed "making history since I bought my first tape recorder in 1953."
tions of places and people known intimately now or in the past.

Taping can now be done efficiently at extremely low speed, and long-play tapes are available. Hence, there is little need for excessive editing except perhaps to insert current comment. It might be well to advise the purchase or use of a quality four-track tape recorder in making personal time capsule tapes, since such instruments usually have add-a-track and editing facilities, along with other features. It should have a low tape speed of 3½-inch per second, or lower. Include in the “time capsule” a photo and description of the machine used in making the tape.

You might tape for posterity other sounds that are unusual as well as those that are ordinary—perhaps a bird call, the barking of a dog, the sound of a motor, kitchen clatter, and children’s voices. You might also include personal reaction to current events, clothing worn, entertainment enjoyed, topical humor.

Each tape should be identified. A good way to do this is to type the entire program in proper sequence on the face of a large manila envelope and store the completed reel in this. There is no need to use a new envelope, since an old one might be postmarked and, in addition, may have unusual cancelled stamps. This, of course, will provide an additional interesting item for the time capsule.

The tape and related additional items—all dated—can best be stored in a metal document box; for temporary storage, a metal fruit cake tin will serve. They should not be placed on a closet shelf and forgotten. Playing such a tape after a period of years will hold surprises even for those who made it. When a loved one’s death was yet fresh in our minds, we hesitated to listen to her voice, but no more. With perhaps greater understanding and insight we can now listen to our mother’s words, knowing that she would have liked it that way.

Don’t fail to date all stored material at the time of storage, and to announce the current date, time, and place on the tape. With a modern recorder, this is easy to do without erasing the original recording. Anyone familiar with the instrument will show you how this is done even though there are no controls for the purpose. The recorder’s erase head is insulated with a slip of cardboard when the additional material is added to the tape. An easier method of revising a tape is to remake it with the use of a borrowed recorder.

The only thing left to do is to get started on your own personal time capsule today. Tomorrow may be too late, and your descendants may regret that you left to them little in the way of accurate family history.

Richard L. Evans

The Spoken Word

“All your danger is in discord”

There are these lines from Longfellow to which our hearts turn at this time: “All your strength is in your union. / All your danger is in discord. / Therefore be at peace henceforward. / And as brothers live together.” And he might have added—as husbands and wives live together, parents, children, as business partners; as neighbors and nations live together. “All your strength is in your union. / All your danger is in discord.” The strength, the joy of life is in harmony at home, at work, in the world—and the danger of discord could hardly be overemphasized. Discord is among the greatest tools of the devil—quarreling, contention, friction in families, husbands, wives, parents, children, neighbors, nations quarreling and contending with each other, almost as if without awareness that a little friction can go a long way—and to cite a current source, “can trigger chain reactions,” and “shake the whole delicate balance of office or workshop or home [or of the whole world]. . . . Friction does not have to be screechy . . . to be dangerous and evil.” Small frictions grow to large ones and lead to hostility; and happiness leaves the home, the heart; and the hope and joy of life are less. More and more we need to know, that families, neighbors, men, and nations can destroy each other in quarreling and controversy. More and more we need to “turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers. . . .”

A sense of belonging, a secure place in the family circle, is forever among life’s most priceless possessions. “. . . if ye are not one ye are not mine,” said our Savior. God grant that husbands, wives, children, parents, partners, fellow workers, men of all faiths, indeed that all the children of God may turn hearts toward each other—and also that a man should not quarrel with himself inside, but keep the commandments and have a quiet conscience. “All your strength is in your union. / All your danger is in discord.”

3Mal. 4:8.
4D&C 38:27.

May I tell you how very much I appreciated the article "Keep Cool." This kind of advice and help has been needed for a long time.

A MOTHER IN MARYSVILLE, WASHINGTON

Thank you from the hearts of thousands of parents and grandparents everywhere for the understanding and helpful letter to anguished parents, "Keep Cool," God is patient and loving and forgiving to us, and we must return those qualities to our younger generation. God bless you for printing such an article.

GRANDPARENTS WHO WAIT

I was glad to see the article "Keep Cool." My daughter, who is 15 years old, ran away from home three weeks ago. I know the general area where she is, but neither I nor my family nor friends nor the police have been able to find her. She is in an area known for its hippie-type youth and drugs. Your article did something that nothing else and no one else have been able to do—give me at least a little hope that maybe things will eventually turn out all right. I will continue to serve my God and pray and love, and maybe my daughter will come back and yet grow up to be a fine daughter to me and to God.

A MOTHER IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Buffs and Rebuffs

"Keep Cool"

Today when comfort and reassurance were sorely needed, I found the article "Keep Cool" [August], and tears of gratitude sprang to my eyes. The words of other parents may be in need of the solace I found from these words, but who would never see them. Would it be possible to have single copies made and given to bishops, who in turn could give them to "waiting parents"?

It seems that a "flower child" is a "hush hush" problem because of the stigma attached to her generation, and in the eyes of some members of the Church it seems that the "judgments are raised," "enough wasn't done for that child," "such and such was done." Upon analysis one realizes, however, that when we face our children, we have loved to the best of our knowledge, and we recognize that we are all limited in our capacity to gain knowledge. When you face drug usage by your child, you at first stand helpless in your lack of knowledge, and you walk through your garden of Gethsemane alone. You are only able to ask, "What have I done? Did I hurt the child?" As knowledge is gained of the problems involved, a balance of self is eventually established. As the article says, "Everything can come to him who waits." Carl Sandburg stated, however, "The crying is lonely." I wish I could sign my name, but since it seems to some that we wait in shame, I can only say, ANOTHER PARENT WHO WAITS

It was a comfort to know that we were not alone ["Keep Cool," August]. We too lost confidence in our ability to raise children after our eldest child, a girl, traveled the same path to hell that the article's author had experienced. Now we look back: it has been two years, and we all have changed. Thank goodness for time, for prayers, for good overcoming evil. Thank goodness for the Church, which helped in so many ways.

Our scars have not healed yet, but we hold our heads high, knowing we did our best to raise our child with love, close to the Church. The standards of our home have not changed, because they were and are good standards. The question re-
my thanks to you for a very enjoyable magazine; every feature was so interesting and inspiring. I don't believe anyone who needs help but can't get away from it inspired to do his genealogy, with a stronger testimony of the truth of the gospel, or even a better cook—I tried the potato salad out on our Trailbuilders, and they loved it.

I was particularly impressed with the feature "Reports of the Faithful."

Since you published some experiences, may I please tell you mine? As children, my brother Billy and I were very close. It was a very sad day when the Lord called him home; he was only 15, but there was much work for him to do. How much work I learned ten years later. I was married and had two little girls then. Billy came to me in a life-like dream—he looked beautiful, with no signs of the sickness that took him from us. He stood there smiling, holding out to me a handful of papers; and not moving his lips, he told me that our people wanted, and I waited long, to have their temple work done.

I knew very little about genealogy. All mother could tell me was that Great-grandmother Barbara Niemes was born in a Gruenstadt, Germany. I knew no German and didn't have the foggiest idea where Gruenstadt was in Germany.

I wrote to Gruenstadt for the birth certificate of my grandmother and was thrilled with the reply. Not only did I receive the birth certificate, giving me the names of her parents, but the order also wrote the names of her grandparents on the back, and more thrilling, said that for $8 he would send me her pedigree back to 1600.

Genealogy became like a drug to me. I couldn't leave it alone. After feeding breakfast to my family and sending Daddy off to work, I found it hard to resist writing one quick letter. That quick letter many times would find me still doing genealogy when Daddy came home looking for his dinner and a clean house.

It was during such a period of interest that I received a very large envelope from Germany giving me information. For three nights in a row I was awakened from a deep sleep, and sitting up in bed, I could feel the room filled with people and feel their pleas to send their names to Salt Lake City so that they could have their temple work done. They won, and I filled out the family group sheets as best I could.

I received a letter from the Genealogical Society telling me that I didn't put the names in correctly, and I was a little worried until I received a second letter asking me in which temple I wished the work done. I replied, "The temple where the work can be done the quickest, so that we can all receive some rest." I then told them my story. There have been other experiences, and I know that there are many people waiting on the other side for someone to do their temple work for them. I'm sure many people will be inspired in reading the July Era.

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What Can We Read?
I have just received my June Era containing the general conference talks. In reading one of the talks, I found a remark by one person that he would not have most well-known magazines in his house. This reminded me of a question put to me by some MIA girls a few years ago. I found that they had brought into the MIA class I was teaching some magazines of the "confession" type—trash with a "moral" feebly tacked on at the end of the story to excise its existence.

I pointed out to these girls the low quality of story content, low quality writing, and crude advertisements for indecent clothing and pornographic material. The girls, some of whom were without Latter-day Saint guidance in the home, had been deceived by the "morals" of the stories and demanded, "What are we supposed to read, then? It doesn't take us a month to read the Era, and anyway, we don't want to keep our noses glued to church publications all the time."

What are Latter-day Saints supposed to read? There are, of course, classics in literature, but most of them are 50 years old; and many of the younger members would like to read stories with a current theme. I feel that they need current stories, too, so that they can more easily identify with the hero or heroine.

Unfortunately, most books and stories now printed concern anti-heroes who allow obstacles to overcome them and who yield to temptation so readily it is not considered to be temptation at all, but merely "nature."

By diligent searching it is possible to find something fit to read, and I believe many good books must be published of which I have no knowledge. In view of the high quality of the Era of Youth contest winners' works, could a magazine of Latter-day Saint writers' works be published separately for the entertainment of Latter-day Saints? Latter-day Saints ought to enjoy reading, but we need something fit to read.

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On Lines Not Written
By Paul Armstrong

A big idea crossed my mind, But then I couldn't seem to find A moment free; Now I see a page blank, white, Where all those lines I didn't write Escaped from me.

Mrs. Edgar Fine
San Antonio, Texas
Genealogy: the Great Equalizer

By David H. Pratt

Genealogy is a systematic study of the personal history of the race in order to determine one's ancestry. It is dependent upon the existing records of the past and a skillful analysis of them through insights provided by history, geography, and allied studies of human connections and movements.

Latter-day Saints view genealogy as a tool to weld family ties between the living and the dead. The family is the basis of the Lord's kingdom, and entrance into the highest degree of the celestial kingdom will be possible only for those who have been sealed into one eternal family.

We are laboring under the spirit of Elijah when we marry in the temple, when we hold our family home evenings, and when we exercise the patriarchal priesthood in righteousness, but the whole vision is not obtained until we recognize genealogy as the means of extending our family circle even beyond the veil. Then will we begin to grasp the full significance of the Prophet Joseph Smith's statement, "the power of Elijah is sufficient to make our calling and election sure."

In addition to the spiritual goal of genealogy, perhaps we Latter-day Saints need to be reminded that genealogy is not just a means to an end. Let us not overlook the significance and potentiality in genealogy for other areas of life. Genealogy will assist any student of history to gain a more solid foundation for his studies. The background of entire regions or events could be traced through the genealogies and the personalities involved to project why they thought and acted as they did. The cultural strains that shaped their habits and problems and the roots of their institutions could be more easily determined. Genealogy is the skeleton of history, and its students recognize that their quests are linked, as one writer has stated, "with the movements of human history and entwined with the roots and branches of human nature." (Anthony R. Wagner, *English Ancestry*.)

The role of genealogy may have even deeper significance in these changing times. Modern technology and industry have freed man from the drudgery of the past and given him more time and wealth for educational and spiritual pursuits. But at the same time, these advances have unintentionally weakened the family structure and often left man rootless as he attempts to cope with the problem of how to use newfound leisure time. The trivial

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David H. Pratt, Instructor in genealogy at Brigham Young University, was formerly assistant supervisor of research at the Genealogical Society. He serves as high priests group leader in the Pleasant Grove (Utah) Fifth Ward.
recreations with which many persons fill what is increasingly becoming the major part of their day only add to the unrest, lack of purpose, and false goals that plague the present. Genealogy could perform a dual role in helping man to use his free time more intelligently while obtaining a better understanding of the past, but more importantly, by helping “to reconstitute human links which may restore to his life lost dignity and meaning.” (Ibid.)

Baron de Montesquieu informs us that it is impossible to honor “deceased parents without being led to reverence the living.” Genealogy truly is a leveler in that it brings people closer together in an awareness of and appreciation for their common heritage. Genealogy is no respecter of persons, and its pursuit should lead one to be tolerant of others as he learns how tangled and intermingled all our pedigrees are.

Genealogy is not a subject for the dead; rather, it is the unifier of men living and dead so that they might be sealed by the power of Elijah. There is no place in our theology for the man who cries that he has no time for his family, either living or dead. The power is within each of us to attain this goal.

*  
Richard L. Evans  
The Spoken Word  

Now make the most of it!

Somewhere the story is told of a talented girl who seemed not to be doing enough with the gifts and abilities that she had been given, and under some strong impulse her mother one day impatiently shook her and, in substance, said: “I’ve given you life. Now you do something with it!” We could conceive of the Father of us all saying about the same: “I’ve given you life. Now make the most of it! I’ve given you time, opportunity, talent, intelligence, the good earth and all it offers—now use it, do something with it!” This brings to mind a line, not often heard or said these days, but much full of meaning: “We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.” One of the most wasteful wastes in the world is the waste of time, of talent, of opportunity, of creative effort—indifference to development, indifference to learning, indifference to work—the don’t-care, drop-out, what’s-the-use attitude. There are times for preparation, and times for serious, responsible performance, and we had better be finding direction, finding ourselves, and moving forward, avoiding indifferent drifting or wasteful delay in using the priceless abilities and opportunities God has given. One of the steadying factors in this broad and blessed land, and in each one’s life—one that would reduce restlessness and discontent—would be for all of us to make commitment to develop and use in more useful ways the best of our abilities, perhaps with a sense that the Father of us all might somehow, somehow, shake us, and unforgettably say (which he has, in more ways than we seem to be aware): “I have given you life. Now, make the most of it!”

**“The Spoken Word” from Temple Square, presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System July 27, 1969. Copyright 1969.**
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E-10

The Church Moves On

July 1969

28 "America's Witness for Christ," with a cast of 500 performing on 25 handsomely designed outdoor sets at the Hill Cumorah in upstate New York, began its week-long presentation this evening.

August 1969

2 The annual Hill Cumorah Pageant closed its 1969 season this evening. New lighting and a new five-channel stereophonic sound system made it possible for all to see and hear better than ever before. The estimated attendance at the six performances approached 100,000.

3 Some 5,000 persons attended a convocation of the World Conference on Records in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. There they heard the Tabernacle Choir and organ and addresses by President Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency and Elders Harold B. Lee and Howard B. Hunter of the Council of the Twelve. Conference seminars will begin Tuesday, August 5, and will continue through Friday, August 8.

7 The annual all-Church golf tournament opened at Alpine and Wasatch Mountain golf courses in central Utah. Last evening a banquet was held at Brigham Young University.

8 A sudden-death playoff, the first such playoff in the all-Church golf tournament senior division, was won by Robert (Bud) Andreasen of Long Beach, California. Jeff Ellis won the junior division, and Larry Summerhays the veterans' division.

The World Conference on Records closed this evening, after a gala banquet and program at the Salt Palace in Salt Lake City.

14 All LDS missionaries laboring in Ireland are safe during the present civil crisis, Irish Mission President Theron M. Ashcroft advised the Missionary Department. Missionaries in the Londonderry area have been moved to safety.

16 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Charles Grob of Salt Lake City to be president of the Swiss Temple, succeeding Walter Trauffer.

The following appointments to membership on the general board of the Relief Society were announced (residence is Salt Lake City unless noted): Helen Gygil Lach, Orlene J. Poulsen, Johna Mary de St. Jeor, Beverly Jensen Pond, Marian Louise Richards Boyer, Amy Young Valentine (Provo, Utah), Marjorie Merrill Reeve (Kansas City, Missouri), Aline Rawson Pettit, Anna Jean Bullock Skidmore (Logan, Utah), Ada Jones Jones (Chandler, Arizona), and Inez Tolman Waldron (Logan, Utah).

The reappointments of George I. Cannon and Robert L. Backman to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association were announced.

18 Members of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir left Salt Lake City this morning for Toronto, Ontario, Canada. This evening some 15,000 attended their concert at the Canadian National Exposition.

It was "Play ball!" beginning early this morning as the annual all-Church softball tournaments got underway at George Q. Morris Park in Salt Lake City.
President W. Stanford Wagstaff of the Gulf States Mission notified the Missionary Department that all missionaries were safe and accounted for after Hurricane Camille.

Utah Day was noted at the Canadian National Exposition as the Tabernacle Choir gave its second concert in Toronto.

The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir returned to Salt Lake City this evening after presenting a concert in the Chicago Amphitheater during the convention of the American Hospital Association. Nearly 40,000 persons in all heard the concerts in Toronto and Chicago.

Results in the all-Church softball tournament were:

Senior fast pitch: Burbank (California) Second, championship; Bountiful (Utah) 30th, second; Monument Park West Fifth (Salt Lake City), third; Van Nuys (California), fourth; and Long Beach (California) Third, fifth.

Junior fast pitch: Chula Vista (California), championship; Canoga Park (California), second; Whittier (California) Seventh, third; Hollywood (California) Third, fourth; and Taylorsville (Utah) Fifth, fifth.

Senior slow pitch: Mesa (Arizona) 22nd, championship; Westchester (California) Second, second; North Jordan (Utah) Sixth, third; Yucaipa (California), fourth; and West Suburban (Illinois), fifth.

Junior slow pitch: Phoenix (Arizona) Tenth, championship; Westminster (California), second; Twin Falls (Idaho), third; Raymond (Alberta, Canada) Third, fourth; and Merced (California), fifth.

The appointment of Melvin R. Brooks as director of distribution and translation for the European areas of the Church was announced.

The appointment of Addie Fuhriman to the Young Women’s Mutual Improvement Association general board was announced.
"IN THIS HOLY PLACE"

The story of a young family facing the trials of the illness and death of a loved one. The film teaches how strength can be drawn from the gospel in critical times. Narrated by Elder Richard L. Evans.

INspirational LDS films
Available from your nearest LDS Film Library
BYU Educational Media Service
Herald R. Clark Building
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah 84601

These Times

Moon Message 1969

By Dr. G. Homer Durham

Commissioner and Executive Officer, Utah System of Higher Education

- Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin have set foot on the moon. Michael Collins helped get them there and back, piloting Columbia, the command module. A President of the United States, Richard M. Nixon, talked to Armstrong and Aldrin by telephone shortly after they set foot on the satellite, July 20, 1969. Ten days later the President was in Romania.

The two events were not isolated. The trip of the President of the United States was undoubtedly planned to follow the moon landing. Successful or not, the President's swing-across the Pacific, through southeast Asia, and on to Bucharest was well assisted by the success of Apollo 11.

At the turn of the century, Theodore Roosevelt sent the U.S. Navy on its first cruise around the world. It was a demonstration of national power for nationalism's sake. It was the time of nearly a dozen "great" or aspiring powers.

It did not require Apollo 11 to demonstrate American power in 1969. The technical elegance of the Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo missions has conveyed many lessons, including the demonstration of national power. The planting of the Stars and Stripes on the moon's surface constitutes national pride that all the world can understand. But the message, "We came in peace for all mankind," was also planted.

Neil Armstrong, correcting the verbal relay and the press reports, said that the first words spoken on lunar soil, and by him, were: "That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind."

What can be said, viewing the successful mission? What does it portend?

1. Apollo 12 will follow Apollo 11. Space exploration will continue, to the moon, Mars, elsewhere.

2. The explorations may be greatly stimulated by the analyses of the 60-odd pounds of lunar material returned by Armstrong, Aldrin,
and Collins. Not a California gold rush, perhaps, but curiosities will be piqued. Eventually, economic consequences will be weighed.

3. The Russians are undoubtedly, as a national system, seized with new concerns for their space program. Scientists and engineers throughout the world will face new frontiers.

4. There will be much discussion in Congress, in the public media, indeed, throughout the world, as to how much American resources should be committed anew to the space program, and how much should be left for, and what will be the effects on, domestic urban needs. There will be advice and opinions from all quarters.

The foregoing are among the obvious consequences.

What may be less obvious and possibly more important?

1. I think there will develop some fundamental emphases and attitudes that will notably affect education. Young people have been orienting themselves more and more to the engineering sciences since about 1890. For 12 years, since Sputnik, American elementary and secondary education has enlarged its emphasis on science, mathematics, and engineering subjects.

In the universities and colleges of America, since 1946, the former liberal arts, so-called, have virtually all become specialistic disciplines. Formerly, most universities limited strictly the amount of work taken in a major subject. Today, the English, philosophy, sociology, and political science major student, no less than the science, business, or engineering student, tends to spend the bulk of his university time in one department—or in closely allied work. In many universities, a student in business administration or engineering may frequently have more breadth in his educational work (so far as numbers and varieties of subjects are concerned) than

Salt Lake City from Tempe, Arizona, where Dr. Durham has served since 1960 as president of Arizona State University. While there, he guided a university that grew from 10,640 to 26,264 students and increased substantially in new buildings, and he directed the development of a sophisticated and respected academic program. Previous to the Arizona State presidency, Dr. Durham served as academic vice-president at the University of Utah, where he also headed the political science department. In 1959, he was elected president of the American Society of Public Administration, an organization he helped found. Since then, he has held many important national and international governmental and educational assignments, which have frequently taken him to other lands. A native Utahn (born in Parowan), Brother Durham has his roots deeply imbedded in the Church and has authored and edited a handful of Church books, including some of the writings of his father-in-law, the late Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve. (He married Eudora Widtsoe, and they have two daughters and a son.) Era readers have long enjoyed Dr. Durham’s comments in “These Times,” a regular department since August 1946. However, he was a consistent contributor of articles and book reviews beginning in July 1937, at which time he was pursuing his doctorate at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Readers of Dr. G. Homer Durham’s highly interesting, informative, and provocative column will be interested to know of his recent appointment as Utah’s first Commissioner of Higher Education. The new post requires the relocation of Dr. and Mrs. Durham to

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some philosophy or language majors.

The net result portends, I believe, that eventually the so-called humanities and social science majors will fall behind in various areas and enterprises of human competition in the future. Some, in many cases, will have an education largely based on the cultivation and recultivation of texts, words, and criticism, rather than a knowledge of things, forces, and processes. Society will always need the refiners of texts, of ideas broadly considered, and of words. The individuals, whether theologians, professors, managers, or politicians, who lead other men and direct them by the powers of words, ideas, concepts, and language are a vital component of civilized life. But if the Frank Bormans and Neil Armstrongs of the future arise, men who have mastered technical skills and, at the same time, have developed mastery of words, ideas, and concepts, they will have an advantage over the former.

There may be a slow trend in that direction already, aided and abetted by the technology underlying computers and mass media.

How does this come about? Formerly, the humanist-speakers, writers, orators, combining their skills, competed with the warrior-leaders for social dominance, for exerting the influence that leads to organization skills. In many instances the warrior-leaders, despite greater strength, skill, and the power of example, eventually came under the dominance of thinker-organizers who had verbal skills. The engineers who rose to lead nations, corporations, churches, and other large human organizations were few in the nineteenth century. In the past two decades, more and more have emerged.

A pattern is beginning to be noticeable in the universities. Men study science or engineering, then do graduate work in business administration, law, or occasionally a social science. They filled their group requirements just as the English and history major did, but the latter didn't acquire a mastery of science; didn't take the lab courses and the mathematics; didn't learn computer programming. It is true that the engineering or business administration major didn't take political theory, comparative literature, the course in the modern novel, or the "History and Culture of the Far East." But throughout his life, on color television, in a flood of printed matter from newspapers, periodicals, and paperbacks, the engineer—if he has the desire and uses the "fifteen minutes a day" that used to be advertised for the Harvard Classics—can and will see modern Chaucerian tales nightly on television; he can read (as the social science and humanities student learns to read) nontechnical literature on everything from social mores to cultural conflict. He will never be as precisely informed in the social sciences and humanities as professors and majors of these subjects. But he will be better informed in their subjects than they are in his. Therein may lie the clue to a rather fundamental shift in education, both in what parents encourage their children to study and in what they request their school boards and legislatures to provide.

The classics, largely in Greek and Latin, constituted the curriculum for an educated man or woman only a century ago. Chemistry and physics were held at arm's length at Harvard and Yale—in the so-called "Sheffield Scientific Schools." What a revolution has occurred in American
higher education! Both in curricula and, of course, in the shift from education for a small elite, to higher education for the masses in all varieties of talents, in such unheard of fields as accounting, agriculture, home economics, journalism, physical education, teacher education, counseling, social work, and business administration! One cannot find those in a college catalogue in 1869—at least in what was considered a "respectable" college.

It is quite likely that in the next several decades, there will be even greater encouragement of specialties, of specific interests; that these will come in the early college years, rather than insisting on "filling all the groups" first. Secondary education is now "filling the groups." The university departments, including those in the former liberal arts and sciences, are rapidly becoming quasi-professional schools. General, liberal education is being diffused through the mass media as well as by the university specialists in those fields. Language, of course, will continue to be fundamental. But the extension of language power through computer print-outs, electric circuitry, loudspeakers, television, and mass media may provide some interesting challenges to schoolteachers who believe in the primacy of the printed word.

A case or two in point: Who is the Senator from California, Mr. George Murphy, and how did he get there? What was the influence of mass media and film on the career of Governor Ronald Reagan and thereby of the state of California? Who are better known in America today than Walter Cronkite, Frank Reynolds, Huntley and Brinkley? Of course, some good English or journalism or political science majors help produce the words they speak to waiting millions, wreathed in living color. But who explains the pictures from Mars from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena? And who will write Walter Cronkite's copy and replace him in 1989?

2. This brings us to the second, and more obvious, outgrowth of the moon mission: centralization. The world has been centralizing its institutions, slowly at first, since about 1500 A.D. It will now proceed much more rapidly. The World Conference on Records held by the Church in Salt Lake City in August symbolized what could happen if knowledge, technology (such as control of earth-circling satellites), and leadership could all be concentrated at one spot. It would make logical economics for space enterprise in the twenty-first century to be based on international as well as national systems. It would make logical sociology for men to strive to solve their problems and conflicts, among nations, by law and peaceful means. But who and what and how will decency, kindness, gentility, civility, and love be nurtured among mankind? By materialists? How will we kindle and encourage the greater spiritual values? Who was it that said man does not live by bread alone?

One small step for a man on the moon. How do we make small steps for men to live together on the earth?

The moon accomplishment inspires. It provided an atmosphere in which the President of the United States could go abroad in July and August, could speak and be heard as a man among men of different nations—and probably be listened to with greater interest. It is well that this was done and done as well as it was done.

Dr. Billy Graham, however, has been credited with pointing out...
In the burst of enthusiasm marking the astronauts’ safe return and their landing on the Hornet, Mr. Nixon termed their achievement the greatest event since the Creation. Such enthusiasm, delivered without a script or TelePrompter, is understandable. But Dr. Graham suggested there were at least three events since the Creation of greater importance: the first Christmas, the event of the first Good Friday, and the first Easter.

All Christians cannot help but agree. The incarnation, the human death and resurrection, reuniting the mortal body with the immortal spirit, conveys meaning, if true, far beyond a 240,000-mile trip to the moon and back. Such faith gives meaning to the great journey. For non-Christians, it can be suggested that such faith ennobles the concept of man, ennobles it beyond anything suggested in the brilliant achievements of NASA. Faith and belief in man’s godlike origins, his godlike mission and aspirations will support and sustain tolerance in the midst of centralization, pluralism, and freedom in education, and encourage life’s pursuits in an expanding universe. The astronauts’ message, “We came in peace for all mankind,” was, after all, a literary echo of an earlier message from outer space to earth, heard in the Judean hills. It still is struggling to be heard: “Peace on earth; good will toward men.”

The true meaning of those words is worth thinking about in these times: “Peace on earth; good will toward men.” Without belief in God, what man will take even a small step, save in his own self-interest, whether narrowly or broadly conceived? This is something to think about every time we view the moon from now on.
Mr. Jones: They wouldn't be good Egyptians if they didn't break the rule sometimes, but the rule is there, all right. In the Joseph Smith Papyrus No. 1, ten doors are clearly drawn. So everything is in order. But are these the pillars of heaven? Dr. Mercer scoffed at the idea when he wrote, "Figure 11 represents rather the pillars of earth than the pillars of heaven." But where, I ask you, do the Egyptians speak of "the pillars of earth"?

Dick: Didn't they have the djed-pillars?

Mr. Jones: If any Egyptian pillars could qualify as pillars of earth, the four-in-one djed-pillar, as the symbol of enduring solidity, would be it— it has its place in the Osiris cult and the underworld, yet that would seem to be secondary, for Professor Bonnet is emphatic in his conclusion that the original and only function of the compound djed symbol is to denote the pillars of heaven. Very recently W. Kornfeld has reexamined the djed-pillar and found it to be the prehistoric symbol of durability both of the temple itself and of the dynasty that erected it; as such it always has a cosmic, astral significance, and is to be identified with the pylons of the temple facade. Busiris is the city of the djed-pillars, which play a prominent role both in the coronation of the king and in the raising of Osiris from the dead; the "raising of the Djed-symbol" represents the establishing of the world-order, since the multiple-pillar symbol itself stands for the cosmic supports that extend from earth to heaven. Since Mercer's day the palace-facade and serekh design have come to be understood in a new light: It represents the gate by which the big Horus-hawk passes between earth and heaven, by which the spirits pass between worlds above and below: "This communication," wrote Lacau, "was one of the great preoccupations of the Egyptian. The stele was the instrument of this communication." In the first chapter of the Book of the Dead we stand before the gate of the underworld, but who is the figure in the tomb of Seti I between the uplifted arms of whose Ka-crown are five of our gates? It is Shu, the god of the upper regions, and what he holds are the pylons of the heavens. Their nature is clearly and unmistakably indicated on two portable shrines, depicted on the walls of the great temple of Amon at Karnak. One shows Rameses III as four men standing in a row supporting the symbol for heaven (pt) with upraised arms. The arrangement and attitude of the four portraits, in which the Pharaoh appears once as a priest and three times as king, show that he is meant to represent the four Sons of Horus supporting the sky; the figures all stand on a palace-facade design with the familiar row of pylons.

Jane: How many gates are there?

Mr. Jones: Just as many as the artist has room for. When he reaches the end of his space he does not hesitate to cut one of the gates neatly in two, making 16 1/2 in all. In the other picture a later Pharaoh appears as three kings—the priest is missing this time—supporting the heaven-symbol in the identical manner of Rameses, only this time the pt-sign is adorned with stars and the king himself is a heavenly being, "beloved of Amon-Re," as the inscription says, "endowed with life like Re." The three kings here stand on a row of nine pylons. In our 24-niche archaic tombs, incidentally, there were always nine niches on a side with three at either end, so this probably harks back to the ancient form, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that the row of gates is supposed to be supporting the heavens. In many gate-and-pillar designs the top rim is decorated with stars, showing that the pylons are supporting the heavens.

Dick: You say that the Egyptians don't talk about the pillars of earth, as far as you know. Do they ever talk about the pillars of heaven?

Mr. Jones: Indeed they do, and they leave us in no doubt as to what they refer to. An inscription in the temple of Amenophis III at Luxor tells how the temple's "pylons reach to heaven, joining themselves with the stars." This is "a stereotyped expression," and here is another: "Its pylons reach to heaven like the four pillars of heaven. . . ." Also the tall cedar flages that flanked the pylons were said to reach the stars. Such expressions make it perfectly clear that the temple pylons, going back to the old palace facade, were, in the words of the Book of Abraham, "designed to represent the pillars of heaven, as understood by the Egyptians." Another feature of the palace facade was the "window of apparition."

Jane: What was that?

Mr. Jones: A ceremonial window-and-balcony arrangement to provide a theatrical appearance for the Pharaoh and the royal family. The window was a sort of elevated stage above the great gate; there the king would appear to his worshipful subjects in the court below, to cast down golden gifts among them in the manner of the beneficent
Concerning Facsimile 1, Figure 12, "Raukeeyang, signifying expanse, or the firmament over our heads." In relation to this subject, the Egyptians meant it to signify Shaumau, to be high, or the heavens, answering to the Hebrew word Shaumahyeem." While "Shaumahyeem" is given as a Hebrew word, no indication is given of the origin of "Raukeeyang" and "Shaumau"—neither is put forth as Egyptian, and it needs no demonstration to show that both of them, written with meticulous care to indicate pronunciation, are meant to be Hebrew.

(A) Here the zigzag lines represent the expanse of the heavens. The inscription above the head of the deity with upraised arms tells us that it is Nu, supporting the Sun-bark as it passes over the heavenly sea. In Nu the primordial waters and "the firmament over our heads" were always identified by the Egyptians. In the careful and accurate drawing of the zigzag series, guide-lines were obviously used, but not drawn in as they are in the small and hasty sketch of Facsimile 1.

(B) Here a series of five bands of zigzag lines is plainly meant to indicate the waters of life. Exactly such a series is represented in Figure 12.

(C) When the artist does not pay sufficient attention to the guidelines, the zigzags get out of line, as can be seen from the right end of this panel. Note also the line of doors or pylons below as in Facsimile 1, Figure 11, and the indication of human sacrifice in the beheaded figures.

(D) Here we see a crocodile surrounded by zigzags, exactly as in Figure 12. This carving, from the Middle Kingdom, demonstrates both the antiquity of the motif and the difficulty that artists had with keeping their zigzags neat and regular without the aid of guidelines. That is why the scribe of Facsimile 1, Figure 12, not interested in producing a work of art, did not hesitate to draw in the horizontal lines to enable him to finish the zigzags in a hurry.

There is no doubt whatever that Figure 12 represents water and that the Egyptians always thought of the "expanse, or the firmament over our heads," or the high heavens to be a vast sea of water. The Egyptians thought of two such primordial seas, one above and one below the earth, meeting at the horizon. The concept is perhaps reflected in the word Shaumahyeem, which is a dual.

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covered with zigzag designs which sometimes represent woven screens but are sometimes quite obviously water symbols, showing the life-giving waters descending from heaven. We mustn't get too involved with this sort of symbolism—it would take us all over the world. But it is in order, I think, to point out that the line of pillars that we always associate with Greek temples were called the kionon ourania, "the pillars of heaven." But I think we have said enough to make it clear that it is quite correct and proper to refer to the line of pylons in Papyrus No. 1 as "representing the pillars of heaven."

Jane: But if they are the pillars of heaven, then all those zigzaggly lines above them must be heaven!

Dick: It looks more like water, if you ask me.

Mr. Jones: And water is exactly what it is supposed to be. Any doubt about that is removed by a fragment from an XI Dynasty tomb which shows just such a crocodile as this one against just such a zigzag background as that shown here. These horizontal rows of hatchings in alternating directions are a common Egyptian way of showing big waters. On the Conoph of Seti I they are used to depict the waters of the cosmic ocean. But the most instructive parallels to our papyrus, I think, are found in the tomb of Rameses IX. Here in one scene we find above just such a series of pylons as our "pillars of heaven" just such another series of five long horizontal bands of hatched lines, the strokes moving in contrary directions to give a zigzag effect, and upon this mass of zigzags the heavenly bark is sailing. It is very neatly done, for this was being put on the wall of a great king's funeral chamber, the horizontal bands are perfectly straight, and the hatching-strokes perfectly even and regular—it was all done with rulers, though the guidelines today are invisible. In a subsequent scene, however, the artist tried to do the job freehand, and though he was very skillful, he got tired before he finished and his horizontal zigzag strips got all out of line. Now the artist of Papyrus No. 1 was not making a carefully supervised adornment for an everlasting royal memorial but merely dashing off a small free-hand...
sketch, so to get his five lines of hatching straight he does not hesitate to draw in guide lines. The neat way would have been to use a ruler, but that would also have been the hard way, and there can be no doubt that the same waters are being represented in the papyrus as in the tomb.

Jane: What waters?

“There is nothing to exclude any of the interpretations given by Joseph Smith.”

Mr. Jones: Ah, that is just the point. Notice the ship that is sailing on the waters in the tomb-drawings; it is the heavenly solar bark, and the deity who kneels before the huge sun-disk in the center of the ship is Shu himself, the god not of the lower but of the upper spaces. These are the waters of Nw, the primordial heavens. You may recall that it was from these heavenly waters that the crocodile emerged in the manner of the sun-god Re. And these were, of course, matched by the waters of the underworld.

Dick: Why “of course”? Mr. Jones: Because the sun spends half his time in the heavens above and half in the heavens below—he must negotiate both by ship.280a Everybody knows that water comes out of the ground from below and out of the heavens from above. The Egyptians devised some very sophisticated ways of describing these heavenly phenomena, of which Professor Anthes wrote, “If any simple Egyptian wanted to view these images as actual pictures of the heavens, he would necessarily become totally confused.”290 We can avoid confusion by sticking to one well-known and firmly established idea, namely, that the Egyptians started out with the common sense concept of heaven as “a flood, spreading its expanse of blue waters above the earth,” the lady Nut and the Hathor cow, though quite “primitive,” being “nothing else but personifications” of this “great Flood.”301 This remained the basic Egyptian theory of the firmament forever after—it was a vast expanse of waters, the very waters depicted in the tomb-drawings and in our identical design in the Joseph Smith papyrus. “The expanse or firmament over our heads” is exactly what these hatched horizontal strips were meant by the Egyptians to signify. The explanation adds a special, secondary meaning to the design, and explains that this is not the ordinary one: “... but in this case, in relation to this ship, the Egyptians meant it to signify Shuam, to be high. ...” That is, they wanted to emphasize in the special context one particular aspect of the heavens—their height and aloofness.

Dick: Would the Egyptians do that—just pick out certain things like that from all the rest?

Mr. Jones: They were up to that sort of thing all the time. Here is a votive stauary offering of Rameses II depicting a typically Egyptian combination of a solar disk, a child, and a falcon. Do you get the message?

Dick: You mean that each figure symbolizes something?

Mr. Jones: It goes farther than that—the composition actually spells out a name. A smart Egyptian would realize that the sun disk was Ra-, the child—mes- (an Egyptian word for child), and the reed—ses.

Dick: Spelling Rameses of course; but what’s the hawk doing?

Mr. Jones: He signifies, according to Stademann, “that Rameses places himself under the protection of the Near Eastern god Horun,” just as the kings of the 4th Dynasty (whose style is being imitated here) used to place themselves under Horus.292 So here we are back in Canaan again, with the Egyptians playing charades. There is nothing at all to exclude any of the interpretations given by Joseph Smith to the various figures in Papyrus I, and a great deal to substantiate them. I’m not claiming for a minute that any of this is proven, but I am claiming that the experts who condemned the Prophet without a hearing were not playing a very gross game.

Jane: But why would anybody bring the pillars of heaven and the expanse of heaven into this particular Abraham episode?

Mr. Jones: Because what we have here is not merely the telling of a story, but the placing of that story in its proper context of timeless significance. What happens to Abraham and what he does is of enduring effect in the history of the whole human race, past, present, and future. He is one of those key figures in whom all the events of the past are brought into focus as by a burning-glass, and whose actions are in turn projected into the future as an ever-expanding image. What we see here is a moment of immeasurable significance in the history of the race: the messenger-bird is there to represent the Ruler of All; the crocodile is no less necessary to represent the ancient opposition in all things; the lion is in (early Jewish and Christian parlance) the relentless force that consumes all material things; the lotus is the symbol of the Egyptian man’s mystical milieu; the crocodile is the hostile and dangerous world—everything has a meaning, and the pillars and expanse of heaven remove the whole story from this transient world to its proper relationship to the eternal plan of things. That’s one way of looking at it.

FOOTNOTES
286ibid., p. 46 (p. 42, line 32); T. Dombart, in Egyptian Religion, Vol. I, (1953), p. 98. The poles as well as the crossbars were supported of hewn stone, see H. Nibley, in Western Political Quarterly, Vol. 19 (1966), p. 604, for references.
287The most dramatic representation is the famous scene from the tomb of Eye, B. Lepsius, Denkmäler, III, 103-9.
291C. H. J. Jequier, Considerations sur les Religions Egyptiennes, p. 92 (1960), and a similar notion is put forth in the Papyrus of the Bull of Heaven.
294Illustrations may be found in note 275 above. The lotus origin of the design is apparent in W. B. Emery, Archeic Egypt, p. 178, Fig. 100, and p. 181, Fig. 103.
295Most strikingly illustrated in The Tomb of Pepi II, Pt. xxii, xxvii, 15, 17, 19ft. in G. Jequier, Fouilles a Saqqarah (Serv. Antiq., 1936), and 1933, p. 13. When the scribes are drawn horizontally down the whole length of a pillar, the meaning is unmistakable, H. Bonnet, in Bilderatlas zur Religionsgeschichte (Leipzig, 1924), No. 157. With the lotus in the Tomb of Puymore, Vol. 2, Pt. Ix, line Goes, the inscription: “Thy mother bestows the water of heaven in her capacious abode” (Coffin Texts (De Buck), 253-54).
299ibid., Pt. lxv.
300See above, Note 149.
302H. Bonnet, Reisslexikon, pp. 502f.
303Stadelmann, Sprach-Faustenichtische Gottheiten, p. 87.
Setting the Stage -
The World of Abraham

Part 9:

Hard Times Come Again: One of the main objections of the higher critics to the patriarchal stories as history was that they were altogether too idyllic in their peaceful pastoral setting, which belonged to the bucolic poets rather than to the stern realities of life. But as Professor Albright now reminds us, the calm pastoral life of the Patriarchs has turned out to be a myth. And the myth was invented by the scholars, for neither the Bible nor the Apocrypha gives it the least countenance: the world of Abraham that they describe was little short of an earthly hell. Furthermore, the peculiar nature of those terrible times as described in the written sources is in such close agreement with what is turning up in the excavations that it becomes possible to assign to Abraham a very real role and, possibly within a short time, a definite date, in history.

In reconstructing the world of Abraham, it is customary procedure first to determine upon an approximate date for the hero and then to look for things in the history of that period which fit into his career. But since the world of Abraham has already been described for us in the traditional sources, we are going to reverse the process and withhold any attempt at dating until we have the clearest possible picture of what was going on: then, given enough details and particulars, the dating should pretty well take care of itself. What justifies such a course is the remarkable clarity and consistency of the accounts of the Bible and the ancient commentators when they describe the physical world of Abraham, the state of society, Abraham’s reactions to the challenges that met him, and the wonderful body of covenants and ordinances that he handed on to us. Let us consider each of these briefly in order.

Each of the great dispensations of the gospel has come in a time of world upheaval, when the waywardness of the human race has been matched by a climactic restlessness of the elements. When Adam was cast out of the Garden of Eden, he found himself, we are told, in “a sultry land of darkness” where he was lost and confused, where temporary survival was a matter of toil and sweat amidst the all-conquering dust—for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” (See Gen. 3:17-19.) Worse still, Satan was on hand to add to his burdens, deride his efforts, and make fearful inroads into the integrity of his progeny. Who but our first parents could have sustained the appalling “birthshock” of sudden precipitation from one world to another, from the presence of God to thorns, thistles and dust?

If we fancy Noah riding the sunny seas high, dry, and snug in the ark, we have not read the record. The long, hopeless struggle against entrenched mass resistance to his preaching, the deepening gloom and desperation of the years leading up to the final debacle, then the unleashed forces of nature—the family absolutely terrified, weeping and praying “because they were at the gates of death,” as the ark was thrown about with the greatest violence by terrible winds and titanic seas. Albright’s suggestions that the Flood story goes back to “the tremendous floods which must have accompanied successive retreats of the glaciers . . .” is supported by the tradition that the family suffered terribly because of the cold, and that Noah on the waters “coughed blood on account of the cold.” The Jaredites had only to pass through the tall end of the vast seven-cycle of Noah’s day, yet for 544 days they had to cope with “mountain waves” and winds that “did never cease to blow.” Finally Noah went forth into a world of utter desolation, as Adam did, to build his altar, call upon God, and try to make a go of it all over again, only to see some of his progeny in short order prefer Satan to God and lose all the rewards that his toil and sufferings had put in their reach.

All of Moses’ life was toil and danger, the real, intimate, ever-present danger such as only the Near East can sustain at a high level for indefinite periods of time. No one would ask to go through what Lehi did, or Jared and his brother, or Joseph Smith in his dispensation. And the one who suffered most of all was the Lord himself, “ despised, rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” In short, the leaders of the great dispensations have truly earned their calling and their glory, paying a price that the rest of the human race could not pay even if they would. Preeminent among these was Abraham, whose life, as the Rabbis remind us, was an unbroken series of supremely difficult tests. As in some frightful nightmare, the narrator ticks off the principal episodes: “But Sarah was barren; she had no child (Gen. 11:30). . . . Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house (12:1). . . . going on still toward the south. And there was a famine in the land (12:9-10) . . . the Egyptians beheld the woman, and the man and the woman was taken into Pharaoh’s house (12:14-15) . . . And Pharaoh . . . said, What is this that thou has done unto me? . . . and they sent him away (12:18, 20). . . . And the land was not able to bear them . . . and there was a strife (13:5-7). . . . [The kings came and made war.] And they took Lot . . . and his goods (14:1-2). . . . I go childless, and the standard of my house is this Elizer of Damasc (15:2). . . . lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him (15:12). . . . My wrong be upon thee: I have given my maid into thy bosom; and . . . I was despised in her eyes: the Lord judge between me and thee (16:5). . . . Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? . . . Oh let not the Lord be angry (18:23, 30). . . . lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace (19:28). . . . and Abimelech king of Gerar sent, and took
Sarah (20:2). . . . they will slay me for my wife's sake (20:11). . . . And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar . . . and sent her away (21:14). And Abraham reprieved Abimelech because of a well of water, which Abimelech's servants had

Abraham's life was filled with "an incredibly severe time of probation..." violently taken away (21:25). . . . Take now thy son, Thine only son, Isaac, whom thoukest, . . . and offer him there for a burnt offering (22:2). . . . I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead (23:4)."

Any one of these crises is enough to break any man's spirit. There are various standard lists of the classic "Ten Trials of Abraham," and while the later lists are confined to events mentioned in the Bible, the earlier ones significantly give a prominent place to Abraham's imprisonment in Mesopotamia and the attempt to sacrifice him. But all are agreed that Abraham's career was an incredibly severe time of probation, and that the problems he had to face were forced upon him largely by the evil times in which he lived.

*Signs in the Heavens:* On the night Abraham was born, his father had a party to celebrate the event. As the guests were leaving the house very late at night, they were astonished at the sight of a great fireball that came from the east at great speed and broke into four parts as it passed overhead, the parts seeming to converge as it passed on and out of sight. There have been times of intensified meteoric showers in history, and Abraham's time seems to have been one of them. G. Lanczowski has pointed out significant resemblances between the Genesis account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah in Abraham's day and the famous Egyptian tale of the shipwrecked sailor, who was told by a great serpent how his whole race was wiped out by a huge flaming star that fell upon their island home. Of this, G. Wainwright asks "whether the detail of the destruction of the serpents may not be the romanticized record of an actual event," in which the island, which he identifies with Zebeger or St. John off Ras Benas, was blasted "by the fall of a meteorite" or by an eruption... not later than the XII Dynasty. The Jewкама tells of a time when "great dragon-like monsters had taken over the earth," until God cut them off suddenly, and also of a "planet" that comes out of Scorpio and "spews gall and a drop of unhealthy blood that fouls the waters of the earth." To a great comet that appeared periodically in the north and destroyed crops and kings in East and West, the Greeks gave the name of Typhon, identifying him with the Canaanite Resheph, the sky-god who came from Palestine to Egypt as a fiery meteorite rushing through the heavens and whose sacred symbol was an iron meteorite in his shrine. Now Resheph had warred with Abraham, and we are told that "the stars fought for Abraham" the night he marched against the marauding kings, and slew his enemies "by the almighty power of God." The Egyptians were, according to Wainwright, convinced that "destructive falls of meteorites" were an affliction particularly reserved for the wicked. It has been suggested that the remarkable interest in stargazing that meets us in the Abraham traditions and is so vividly brought home in the Book of Abraham may be the normal result of a period of unusual celestial displays. Thus the Sefer ha-Yashar reports that it was by observing the planets that Abraham was able to calculate that the earth itself was behaving erratically on its axis. This misbehavior, according to the same source, had been apparent ever since the days of the Flood and the Tower, since when "the world no longer stood firm, the order of the creation having been altered." The people of Abraham's day believed that "the heaven shifted once every 1656 years," and they devised a means to prevent this by building a series of towers, of which the great Tower was the first; for their folly Abraham denounced them. This is supposed to be the first time that the planets had been disturbed since the days of Adam: "Before the Fall the planets moved with greater speed and in shorter orbits than after." In Abraham's day, Jupiter is said to have changed its orbit, and even the fixed stars were troubled: "Because men had perverted the order of life, God altered the order of nature: Sirius became irregular and two stars were removed from their places." Egyptian observers seem to say that Sirius was earlier a variable star, "ruling all the other stars," wrote Horapollo, "as it changes its brightness." We have already seen that Abraham's contemporaries were singularly devoted to the star Shagreel—Sirius—which they associated with the sun, according to the Book of Abraham and other sources. The great mural discovered in 1929 at El-Ghassul, thought to be one of the "Cities of the Plain" of Abraham's day, is dominated by a huge and impressive star figure that has been identified with both the sun and Sirius and has been hailed as establishing "the meeting-point between the two great empires of Egypt and Chaldaea, where celestial phenomena played such an important role in the moral life of men." We can avoid the enticing twilight zone of science fiction by confining our conclusions to the minimal speculation—which seems quite safe—that unusual displays in the heavens, whatever they were, belonged to the general disturbances of Abraham's restless world. Far more conspicuous in the reports are seismic and volcanic disturbances. When "the Lord broke down the altar of Elkenah, and of the gods of the land, and utterly destroyed them..." (Abr. 1:20), it was no doubt in the same manner in which he dealt with the proud and wicked Nephites: "...that great city Moronihah have I covered with earth...I did send down fire and destroy them..." (3 Ne. 9:5, 11). Just so in the days of Abraham he dealt with Sodom and Gomorrah, which, like the American cities, lay along one of the great seismic earthquake zones in the world. No minor catastrophe or the death of a single haughty priest would have caused "great mourning in Chaldea, and also in the court of Pharaoh." (Abr. 1:30.) The overthrow of the altar and the wide destruction are confirmed by the legends. Just as Abraham prayed on the altar, "there was a violent upheaval of the heavens and the earth and the mountains and all the creatures in them..." An older account, the Pseudo-Philo, says that "God sent a great earthquake, and the fire gushed forth of the furnace and broke out into flames and sparks of fire and consumed all them that stood around about...83,500 of them. But upon Abraham there was not any least hurt by the burning of the fire." The attempted sacrifice is sometimes placed at the site of the Tower, in northern Mesopotamia, where the rites are interrupted "by a vast burst of roaring flame," which destroys many people and saves Abraham, but does not bring the people to repentance. The traditions consistently associate earthquakes with fires bursting from the earth, as at Sodom and Gomorrah.
which were overthrown while fire enveloped them from above and below (see Gen. 19:24-25): "the rivers of the region turned to bitumen, we are told, and the ground became sulphurous and burned, while the five cities on their elevations were all toppled over."

Earthquakes take the form of rumblings, vibrations, rumblings, sulphurous smells, etc., all go together in the story, as they do in nature. "For 52 years," according to a well-known tradition, "God warned the godless" by a series of preliminary rumblings and quakings; "he made the mountains to quake and tremble, but they hearkened not to the voice of admonition." The last 25 years were particularly ominous, with the earth subsiding and quaking almost continually. All through the life of Abraham, even before the fall of the Cities of the Plain, we meet with earthquakes.

The Abraham cycle includes the traditions of Abraham's birth, his receiving the call, his departure from Haran, and his journey to Canaan. "The firstborn of my womb," Abraham was called, "was swallowed up by the earth and one-third was burned by fire from heaven. The Pearl of Great Price itself tells us that when Enoch led the people of God against their enemies, "the earth trembled, and the mountains fled . . . and the rivers of water were turned out of their course; and the roar of the lions was heard out of the wilderness, and all nations feared . . ." (Moses 7:13.) The Jewish tradition is that in the days of "Enos," when men started to worship idols, the mountains on which men once farmed became broken up, rocky, and no longer arable. The passage from the Book of Moses reads like an accurate description of the great Assam earthquake of 1955—including even the "roar of lions . . . out of the wilderness." When Abraham's grandfather Nahor was 70 and his people had become confirmed idol worshipers, there was another great earthquake, so violent that all the people fell down unconscious—but for all that they only increased in their wickedness.

One of the best-known stories of the childhood of Abraham tells how the boy's father, out of patience with his son's lack of respect for the king's claim to divinity, took him to the palace for a personal interview with Majesty, hoping the boy would be properly impressed. Just as the father and son entered the throne room, there was a short and violent earthquake, which shook the throne and threw all the courtiers off their feet. This shattered their dignity, and the king, impressed by the coincidence of the tremor with the supposedly divine appearance of Abraham, said: "Truly thy God, Abraham, is a great and mighty god, and he is the King of all Kings." In another version it is Pharaoh's palace that is shaken by an earthquake while Abraham is visiting there. Carrying things to extremes, the Apocalypse of Abraham reports that when as a youth he was one day leaving his father's house, "there was a great clap of thunder, fire fell from heaven and burned up Thera, hit him, and all that was in it for 40 ells around." This seems to reflect the story of the death of Haran, who got involved with the idol worship of his father and suffered death as a substitute for Abraham while trying to extinguish supernatural fires. One report has it that Nimrod sacrificed his victims in inextinguishable fires of petroleum, which Abraham nonetheless extinguished. All in all, fire and earthquake go well together in the Abraham traditions: "... and the fiery furnace fell down, and Abra-ham was saved." "In Abraham's day," says the Clementine Recognitions (1:39), "the world was afflicted by fire, which begins with Sodom, threatened to destroy the entire world." After the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Abraham had to leave his beloved Mamre, because the entire region had been completely blighted by the catastrophe. All plant life was destroyed, and seeds transplanted from Sodom would not grow anywhere. No wonder Lot's daughters, hiding in a cave, thought they were the only surviving mortals. "The entire landscape was desolation; there were almost no travellers; everything stopped." Archaeology confirms the general picture of disaster in Abraham's time. "Our archaeological discoveries in the Negeb," wrote Nelson Glueck, "are in harmony with the general historical background of the accounts in Genesis 12, 13 and 14." Southern Canaan right to Sinai is marked by many sites of permanent settlements and caravan stopping places, reminding one that "all the plain of Jordan . . . was well watered every where, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar." (Gen. 13:10.) Then suddenly "all of these sites are destroyed at the end of the Abrahamic period, and for the most part were not reoccupied even again or not until at least 1000 years, and in most cases . . . not until 2000 years had elapsed." In Ghasul, the only City of the Plain that has been located so far, "everything was ruined completely by an earthquake." Otto Eissfeldt, one of the most sober and cautious of scholars, believes that the stories of Sodom is "a very obscure and distorted memory of a real historical occurrence," noting that a great earthquake actually did take place at the southern end of the Dead Sea some time in the second millennium B.C., and concluding that the best solution to the problems of the stories of Lot and Abraham in Genesis 19 is to regard them as real history. While R. Graves and R. Patai observe that "the shallow basin south of the Lisan (the tongue of land that protrudes into the Dead Sea from the east) may once have been a plain encroached upon by salt water after severe earthquakes about 1900 B.C.," they would explain away the fire from heaven as a description of "the intense summer heat." An easier explanation would be those fires which, according to seismologists, are always the main cause of destruction when cities suffer earthquake.

A century ago B. Beer listed a number of ancient sources reporting the rather sudden formation of the Dead Sea. Yet until recently scholars have rejected the whole story as impossible. "The total destruction," writes F. Corneli-us, "is not impossible. The inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah are purely fantasy"; yet it now appears that the Jordan Valley is a very active earthquake zone, and Corneli-us calls attention to disturbances that afflicted the whole ancient world about the middle of the seventeenth century B.C., when "an enormous earthquake destroyed the Cretan palaces, Ugarit and Alalah VII. . . ." It is quite possible," he notes, "that the southern end of the Dead Sea, a plain which is only 4 to 6 metres under the level of the sea, was formed at the time of Sodom and Gomorrah." Though there is no lava in the area, "the ignition of earth gases among the tarps (Asphaltees) is virtually unavoidable in an earthquake," such as is described in Genesis 19. A. Parrot speculates that "Sodom was destroyed perhaps by an earthquake accompanied by a sinking of the ground-level, which caused a moderate extension of the Dead Sea which could have submerged the cities." He suggests that we take seriously the notoriously persistent place names of the desert, which still designate features of the region as "Mt. Sodom" (Djebel Usdum), Zoar, etc., remembering that St. Jerome, who lived in Palestine, reported that the latter village was actually swallowed up by an earthquake in his day. The fate of Sodom and Gomorrah reminds us of the account in the Iliad XXI, 139-204, of how Hephaestus dried up the river Scamander and chased the Greeks out of the place, with a mighty flame. The fact that earthquakes of appalling violence have occurred within that very area within the last few years is a reminder that the disasters described, if not the mythical beings, who personify their destructive wrath, can have been
The world of Abraham—a world of "earthquakes, famine, and trouble"

Typhon was not only the flaming meteorite; he was also the bringer of great storms and disastrous flood, according to the Egyptians, while Horus and Osiris held back the waters and cleared the skies. The three great floods of water, wind, and fire were assigned by the old desert sectaries to the times of Noah, Abraham, and Lot, respectively; a tradition kept alive in the Old Syrian Church has it that when the Great Wind destroyed the generation of the Tower, only Abraham was saved. It is interesting that Abraham should be made the central figure of some of the old stories of the great winds, even the story of Ram and Rud, the righteous brothers whose language was not confounded at the Tower and who wandered back toward Eden, makes place for Abraham, for while Rud may be a Mandaean form of Jared, Ab-ram has been suggested for his brother. What made it easy to confuse the two periods was the persistent report that Abraham did indeed have to cope with great winds and storms—but mostly hot winds. In the one hundred year of his grandfather Nahor, "God opened the vessels of the Winds and the gate of the storms, and a great hurricane swept over the land, carrying away the idols and covering the settlements with sand-hills which remain to this day." The poetic language is remarkably like that of Ether 2:24, " . . . for the winds have gone forth out of my mouth . . ." but the reality of the winds is attested in many old Egyptian and Babylonian sources, such as "The Lament for Ur" (Abraham's city), in which we read of "the evil winds of Gibil the fire-god . . . the great heaven-storm with its floods, and the hot wind that darkens the sky," scatters the flocks, lays bare the fields, and depopulates the cities and the holy places, "like a field desolate after the harvest." The Egyptians have left us a whole literature of lamentation vividly describing the dire circumstances that attend the hot desert winds and the low Niles at times when even the ultra-stable government of Egypt was shaken to pieces. Even the flood story of the Egyptians, according to Anthes, "goes back to far distant climatic changing—not speculative, but a real experience of the human race." The best attested account of a super-storm, however, is found on the stele of the Pharaoh Amenophis. In it, that monarch recounts in a dry, factual manner his tour of inspection of the disaster area: the face of the land was changed, a major valley was formed overnight, the land was in total darkness, so much so "that it was impossible to light a torch anywhere," and the most awesome aspect of the thing was the total silence in the sky; wherever he went: "the population sat in total silence in the east and in the west, after God had shown his power." Parallels to the Book of Mormon and Abraham 1:20 are no more striking than the genuinely religious interpretation that the pious Amasis puts on the even:

World Food Shortage: But far more conspicuous in the Abraham traditions than the raging storms and floods is the blasting heat and drought that bring famine to the scene. In the Book of Abraham, the prophet, even before the conflict with the people of Ur of the Chaldees, learns from the Lord that there is going to be a famine in the land; and after his escape from the altar the famine descends in earnest, blotting the whole land of Chaldea. (Abr. 1:29-30.) Leaving the country, Abraham, as his first act on crossing the border into Canaan, sacrifices to God, praying "that the famine might be turned away from my father's house, that they might not perish." (Abr. 2:17.) But even in Canaan the famine only got worse and worse, forcing the patriarch to go clear to Egypt for food, "for the famine became very grievous." (Abr. 2:21.) Of the ten great famines to afflict the world, according to Jewish tradition, the greatest was that in Abraham's time, it being the first worldwide famine. Needless to say, hunger was one of the Ten Trials of Abraham.

In the last days of Methuselah, when men began to apostatize and defile the earth and steal from one another, God purposes to cause the harvests to fail. This tradition is clearly recalled in the Pearl of Great Price, Moses 8:3-4. With the birth of Noah, things began to improve, and Noah himself sought to improve conditions by inventing plows, sickles, axes, and other agricultural machinery. Next, when men reverted to evil "during the time of the scattering from the Tower, the time of God's wrath, it did not rain" — the great winds were dry winds. In the "Lament for Ur" we are told how "the good storm, Nannar, is driven out of the land, and the people are scattered. . . . everywhere corpses lie withering in the sun; many die of hunger; the heat is unbearable; all government collapses, parents desert their children. . . . " Kenan, the son of Enos, is said to have recorded the great famine that followed the preaching of his father. Then in the days of Terah, just before the birth of Abraham, "Mastema [Satan] sent ravens and birds" and by the starving birds the people were robbed of their grain and fruit and "reduced . . . to destitution." So we find Abraham at the age of four hundred years saying that "he has seen the land of Canaan from the fields, but politely explaining the situation to them and reaching an amicable understanding as he does so." All his life he is escaping from heat, drought, and hunger, or helping others to escape from them. Everywhere he goes he digs wells and plants trees (most of which perish); he invents important improvements in agricultural machinery and methods, and distributes food wherever he can. He undertakes search-and-rescue missions for wanderers in the desert when "it was as hot as the day of judgment, God having released the fires of hell on the earth," and tangles with marauding bands "amidst dust and stubble." But above all it is in a ritual capacity that Abraham is involved in the business of checking heat and drought. This may seem very strange until we realize that the running of the waters and the tempering of the blasting heat is the Hauptmotiv of the great yearly ritual assemblies of Abraham's day from one end to the other of the inhabited world. The Book of Abraham is aware of the strange system in which human sacrifice and famine are closely connected. The ancients, though they knew perfectly well that the heat of the sun that dried up the earth, nevertheless attributed the most deadly heat and drought to the Dog-star, Sirius, who in Abraham's day was propitiated with "the thank-offering of a child," as "the god of Shargueil." (Abr. 1:10, 9.) It was when famine prevailed in spite of everything that Abraham's father decided not to make such an offering of his own son: " . . . a famine prevailed throughout all the land of Chaldea, and my father was sorely
tormented ... and he repented of the evil which he had determined against me, to take away my life." (Abr. 1:30.) But Abraham's brother, Haran, died in the famine. (See Abr. 2:1.) We are not told why this was permitted while the rest of the family survived, but numerous legendary accounts have it that Haran died as an offering in the fire in the place of Abraham.47

As we have seen, Abraham's delivery from Abraham's altar in the Land of the Chaldees is often described as his escape from the fire or the furnace of Chaldaeans, and we are told how at the moment he was cast from the altar into the flames, the latter became a lush and lovely garden.48 In the most mysterious episode in all his career, we find Abraham driving off birds of prey from a sacrifice while he is overcome with a tardema, which some scholars interpret as sunstroke.49 The first altar Abraham built, according to Abraham 2:17, was for an offering and prayer "that the famine might be turned away from my father's house. ..." What is most significant for our study is that the "E curios" type of sacrifice, of which our Facsimile No. 1 is an illustration, has the specific object of propitiating the heavens in time of drought and famine.50

A World in Trouble: The great insecurity of life accompanying major natural upheavals, when men can no longer count on the stability of the earth itself, is not without marked psychological effect. A basic teaching of the Talmud is that there is a definite correlation between the behavior of man and the behavior of nature. The universe is so organized, according to this, that when man revolts against God's control over him, or over other creatures conform, he finds himself in the position of one going the wrong way on a freeway during rush hours: the very stars in their course fight against him. The blight of nature follows the wickedness of man in every age. Thus, when Adam fell, an angel cut down all the trees of the Garden but one; when Abel was murdered, all the vegetation in the world withered until Seth was born, when it bloomed again; but when men started worshipping idols in the time of Abraham's great-grandparents, "the sea rose along the whole eastern Mediterranean seaboard, flooding one-third of the land from Akko to Jaffa"; and when in the last days of Methuselah men again defiled the earth, God caused all the harvests to fail.51 This same philosophy is strikingly expressed in the Book of Moses of the Pearl of Great Price, especially in the seventh chapter, where we even hear the earth itself personified as "the mother of men," weeping for the wickedness of her children that have defiled her. (Moses 7:48.) It was because of wickedness among the people that he caused them to destroy their crops when Abraham was a child.52 As it was in the days of Noah, so in the days of Abraham, a very old Christian writer explains, the world was ripe for destruction, according to the principle that whenever men fall away completely from God, destruction must follow.53 Indeed, the people had sunk so low, says one very old source, "that God caused their civilization to degenerate back to the stage of cave-dwelling, and brought Abraham out of the land."54

After the Flood, men were haunted by an understandable feeling of insecurity, to overcome which they undertook tremendous engineering projects; among these was the famous tower, which was to be the symbol of man's ultimate mastery of nature, being so ingeniously designed and solidly constructed as to be absolutely safe against flood, fire, and earthquake. Within the walls of the tower was to be stored the sum total of man's knowledge of the physical universe, enabling him to meet and master any situation that might arise—and it was all done out of fear of another flood!55 A great economic boom and commercial expansion enabled them to undertake "all kinds of engineering projects for controlling a dangerous nature, but the Lord fooled them by altering the course of nature and creation."56 That was in Abraham's day: the Nimrod legends are full of marvelous gadgets and structures—super-buildings, mechanical thrones and altars, flying machines, and whatnot. It was a time of great scientific and technical progress; the Abraham stories, including the Book of Abraham, are unique in their concern for a scientific understanding of the cosmos, as against a purely religious and moral teaching—but toppling on the edge of destruction: those hot winds were breathing down everybody's neck.

In desperation, men turned to worshipping idols. Why idols, of all things, in a scientific age? It was "because in the whole world the people were without a teacher or a lawgiver or any one who could show them the way of truth. ..."57 Of course, there was Abraham, but they didn't want him, and precisely therein lay the convenience of having idols. Even when the boy Abraham argued with his father that the idols were blind, dumb, and helpless, as any one could see, and therefore could not possibly help others, Terah stuck to his idol business. The one salient, outstanding, universal, undeniable characteristic of all idols is their utterly passive helplessness; and if men persist in worshiping them, it cannot be in spite of that quality, but because of it. The sophists, the people of the time, wanted the sanction of holy beings which at the same time were one hundred percent compliant with their own interests and desires, just as people today search out those scriptures which support their interests and push the rest aside. As Brigham Young pointed out time and again, the enlisting of systematic piety in the interest of private greed and ambition is the very essence of idolatry.58 We can believe that the smart and cynical people of Abraham's day were sincere and devout in their idol worship—after all, Abraham's own father was willing to put him to death in support of the system.

Move On: The Bible does not tell us why Abraham left Ur,59 but the Book of Abraham (1:1-2) clearly implies that he found the general atmosphere of Mesopotamia unbearable. There are indications that he was swept along to the west with many others under the pressure of world unrest and political crisis: "When you see the Powers fighting against each other," says the Midrash, "look for the feet of the Messiah. The proof is that in the days of Abraham, because the great powers fought against each other, greatness came to Abraham."60 Recently E. MacLaurin has suggested that "the advancing armies of the great Semitic ruler Hammurapi were probably the cause of departure from his native city of Abraham."61 Others emphasize religious reasons; he was escaping from the idolatrous rites and ceremonies of the fathers, according to Judith (5:6-8); there left Ur because he hated the atmosphere of the place, says Josephus (Ant. I, 152); and when the family moved, Abraham was in serious trouble with both Chaldeans and Mesopotamians, and finally had to leave the country altogether (I, 157). He left for the west, according to the Pseudo-Philo (VII, 1-4), because his homeland had become completely degenerate, and because he had become disgusted with the tower building and the whole business.

The religious background of Abraham had been Babylonian, "Chaldean" rather than Egyptian, and that at a time, as F. Cornelius puts it, "when Babylonian religious degeneracy was flooding the Syrian regions."62 It was to escape this spreading miasma, some have maintained, that Abraham fled to the purer air of the west.63 While on a return visit to Haran after 15 years in Canaan, according to one story, Abraham was terribly shocked...
by the general immorality of the old home town and yearned for the simpler frontier life of Canaan.85 A Roman soldier with a keen eye and a sound head has left us a description of the hot, sultry, mosquito- and lion-ridden district of Hasmonea, with its voluptuous, rich, carefree, immoral inhabitants, and though his account is as far removed from Abraham's day as it is from our own, still this particular corner of the "unchanging East" has indeed remained unchanged even down to our times, as A. Parrot has strikingly demonstrated.86 The ancient Ur to the south has been described by its excavators in much the same terms as are the great contemporary cities of the Indus Valley by their discoverers: they were depressing places to live—huge, ugly, monotonous, geometrical, rich, sultry, joyless metropolises.

But Abraham could not find a suitable place to escape for long. The fabulous prosperity of the cities of the Plain turned them too into little Babylonies.87 The only "city of the Plain" yet discovered, El-Ghassul, displays astonishing luxury and sophistication, the style being Babylonian rather than Egyptian, and apparently "already in a state of decadence" just before its destruction by an earthquake.88

Some have explained Abraham's departure to the west simply as a test—he migrated because God told him to do so.89 If it was a test, it was a severe one: Professor Albright has recently pointed out that the ancient pioneers, far from finding a Golden West awaiting them, were "ethno-political intruders in the West,"90 and as such "were not well received but were closely watched and were usually driven away by the local inhabitants, who bitterly resented any attempt on the part of outsiders to move in and take over their fields or pastures."91

Even in Canaan, moreover, the Babylonian kept following the Patriarchs, who was forced to leave Damascus, according to a very ancient source, because of military and political pressure from the East.92 In Canaan, Abraham's nephew Lot, catching the spirit of the times, declared that he preferred suburban Sodom to the society of his uncle, saying, "I want neither Abraham nor his God" and moving down into the crowded and prosperous plain.93

(To be continued)

FOOTNOTES

4 T. J. Brin Curzon, Sagen der Juden, I, 333.
5 We have discussed the reality of such a "fall" in Western Political Quarterly, Vol. 19 (1966), pp. 600, 628-29. The specific mention of thistles, thorns, and dust in Gen. 3:17-19 is a clear indication of arid climatic conditions.
6 Bin Gorion, S.d.J., I, 186.
7 Albright, op. cit., p. 86. We discussed this in The World of the Ancient Israelite, pp. 250-51.
8 Milgrom, Rabhah, XXXII, 11 (H. Freedman, tr., 1935).
9 F. Bohl, Zeitschrift Albrams, pp. 356.
12 T. Boehl, loc. cit.; the older list is in G. Friedlander, Pirke Rabbi Eliezer, Ch. 26, pp. 187-92.
16 Bin Gorion, S.d.J., I, 12.
17 Ibid., II, 910.
21 Beer, op. cit., p. 165.
25 Bin Gorion, I, 104.
26 Th. Haflal, Qisas al-Anbiyah (Cairo, 1340 A.H.), p. 54.
27 Biblical Antiquities of Philo, VI, 17.
29 Bin Gorion, S.d.J., II, 238.
30 Cohn, op. cit., pp. 288f.
32 Beer, op. cit., p. 41.
33 Ibid., p. 9, n. 84, for sources; also bin Gorion, II, 59. See ha-Yashar, Ch. 23-31; B. S. Marcus, 1969; P. R. Eliezer, Ch. 24.
34 Bin Gorion, I, 164.
35 The Cave of Treasures, 25-17.
36 Bin Gorion, II, 45. In some legends God shakes and even overthrows the throne of Nimrod and, as a warning, says any mention of Abraham, H. Schuetzinger, Umsprung der arab. Abraham-Nimrod Legende (Benn, 1961), p. 74.
37 G. Weil, Biblische Legenden der Musul- Immiser (Frankfurt, 1945), pp. 226, 245.
38 Apocalypse of Abraham, 817.
39 He was consumed by fire from heaven while Abraham was saved, Beer, pp. 10-17, cit. S. ha-Yashar; a fragment of Josephus says that he tried to put out the flames that were destroying his father's idols and house. R. Eisler, op. cit., Vol. I, p. 583.
40 Schuetzinger, op. cit., p. 100.
41 Pseudo-Phil, VI, 18. The two phenomena meet most dramatically in volcanic activity. The Egyptians have much to say about "the fire-island that emerged from the waters" at the time Egypt was first settled—perhaps a volcanic island emerging from the Mediterranean, G. Roeder, Egyptian Religion, Vol. I, p. 10.
42 Beer, op. cit., p. 165.
45 Bin Gorion, S.d.J., II, 238.
46 Beer, op. cit., p. 44. Also at the attempted sacrifice of Abraham, fire burned all the birds and made all the surrounding region desolate, Thalalbi, loc. cit.
48 A. Mallon, in Melanges Masspero, I, 1, 87.
49 O. Eissfeldt, in Ex Oriente Lux, Vol. 10 (1963), pp. 139-44.
51 Bin Gorion, op. cit., p. 137.
54 Apollodoros, Epita, IV, 1.
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A timid knock on the door of the bishop's office interrupted a Halloween evening meeting. Outside, grotesque in their costumes, were the children of the bishopric. "Trick or treat! Trick or treat!" they shouted. The bishop explained that a meeting was being held and no treats were available. "That's what we thought. Have some of ours," the children responded, as they passed around their paper sacks filled with candy, cookies, and apples gleaned from generous neighbors.

—M. G. Fairbanks, Orem, Utah

A stake presidency, a high councilor, and a returned missionary were traveling from California's bay area to Salt Lake City for general conference. Enjoying a midnight snack of canned juices as they traveled over Donner summit, they were startled when the flashing red light of a highway patrol car stopped them. After probing the interior of the automobile, the officer removed his hat, scratched his head, and said, "Five men heading for Reno in the middle of the night drinking V-8 Juice? I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it. What will the Chief say when I report this one?"

—Ted E. Madsen, Concord, California

While waiting for the Tabernacle doors to be opened to admit early arrivals at general conference, a group of Californians was enjoying the falling snow. One young boy near them, however, remarked with a shiver, "Faith can move mountains but it can't open that door!"

—Lydia Stewart, Los Angeles, California

If there is no conflict, I cannot gain a victory; if I cannot gain a victory, there is no crown of reward.

—President Brigham Young

The young boy, reading the evening newspaper, turned to his father and said: "Dad, it says here that a certain man was a financial genius. What does that mean?" "That means," the father replied, "that he could earn money faster than his family could spend it."

Sign seen on rural highway: Drive safely—someone may want your heart.

The spectacle of a nation praying is more awe-inspiring than the explosion of an atomic bomb. The force of prayer is greater than any possible combination of manmade or man-controlled powers, because prayer is man's greatest means of trapping the infinite resources of God.

—J. Edgar Hoover

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Millions of people have bought these confections to support thousands of different projects—large and small—all year long! It's easy: We send the candy you need...enough to raise $50 or $5000 or more...and we even pay the shipping costs. You pay nothing until 60 days after the shipment so there is no risk.

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