

FIRST DAY

MORNING MEETING

The first session of the Conference was held in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square, and commenced promptly at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, April 4, 1942.

All the brethren of the General Authorities of the Church were present and on the rostrum.

President Heber J. Grant presided. President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., First Counselor in the First Presidency conducted the services.

PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

First Counselor in the First Presidency

President Grant has asked me to conduct the services this morning. I know I join with you in our heartfelt thanks that President Grant is with us again at our Annual Conference.

This is rather a change from the group that we see in the Tabernacle. I do not suppose I ought to say that I hope we make up at least in part in quality what we lack in quantity.

The singing this morning will be conducted by Brother Cornwall, Brother Asper is here at the organ.

The congregation sang the hymn, "High On the Mountain Top," (Hymn Book, page 134).

Elder Lorenzo H. Hatch, President of the Granite Stake, offered the invocation.

The congregation sang the hymn, "O Say, What Is Truth?" (Hymn Book, page 71).

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I SHALL not speak loud. In case you are not hearing me at the end of the room hold up your hands. I should like very much to deliver a long sermon, I can think of enough to talk to you people about for at least two hours, but it would not be wise to do so.

You all know that I have been very sick for more than two years. To start with I could not raise a finger on my left hand, neither could I touch my chin; my left eye was affected, also my left leg, necessitating me to go upstairs one step at a

time, and then lift the other leg up with my right hand. I can now throw my left arm any way I want to, and can go up and down stairs without difficulty, I am feeling at least a hundred percent, if not several hundred percent better than I did at the time of my first trouble. The doctors said it was not a paralytic stroke, but it must have been a second cousin at least. When meeting my friends and they ask me as to how I feel, the answer is, "Better than I was yesterday." There has been a steady improvement all the time.

The night before last I slept three hours, then lay awake until morning, when I dropped off to sleep for a couple of hours more. Last night I had a very good night's sleep and slept until five o'clock this morning. I got up and decided to dictate a sermon for this occasion. I dictated two cylinders and then decided not to give you anything I had said, but to come here and trust to the Lord to speak as I was led. I desire more than I have language to tell that what I say may be for your good and that I shall have the benefit of your faith and prayers.

I recall what to me was the most satisfactory sermon of my life. I saw my brother, the late Brigham Frederick Grant, in the audience and knew that he was seeking a testimony of the gospel. I prayed earnestly to the Lord that I might be inspired to say that which would touch his heart. I had prepared a sermon in my own mind. I took a book out of my pocket entitled *Ready References* and marked a lot of passages that I wished to quote. I followed Brother Milton Bennion who had just made a trip around the world. He quit speaking at eighteen minutes to three o'clock, and I decided to stop at twelve minutes after three, so as to leave time for Brother George Q. Cannon who had come into the meeting late.

I started on time and quit on time, and upon sitting down I heard Brother Cannon say to himself—he was sitting behind me in a chair facing north—"Thank God for the power of that testimony." I had opened my *Ready References* book and put it on the Bible, and when I got up to speak I told the audience that never before in all my life had I so much desired their faith and prayers in my behalf, as also the inspiration of the Lord. I forgot all about that book and all about everything

I had in mind, and I preached a sermon on the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the divinity of the mission of the Savior of the world.

When I heard Brother Cannon make that remark to himself—I could have touched him with my left hand as he sat behind me—I put my arms on my knees and covered my eyes with my hand and made a puddle on the floor, with tears of gratitude that filled my heart. And then, and not until then, did I remember the sermon that I had intended to preach.

THE very next morning my brother came into my office and told me that I had preached by the inspiration of God, that I was inspired. I asked him what my subject was.

He said: "You know what your subject was."

I said: "But I want you to name it."

He did so.

I asked him: "Are you seeking for a testimony of the gospel?"

He said: "Yes."

I said: "Well, what more do you need than to say that I spoke by inspiration—you have never heard me speak like that before—and that the Lord manifested His Spirit to me. You had better get your thinking cap on your head."

Before the week was out I had the pleasure of baptizing him.

Now, my dear brethren, this is a very wonderful gathering of men. There rests upon the General Authorities and you people who are here today the duty of leading the Latter-day Saints, now numbering over 800,000 strong. You have a great responsibility, and each and every one of you should determine, with the help of the Lord, to do the very best that you possibly can, and that you will set an example of intelligence and devotion to the work of

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the Lord that in all respects shall be worthy of imitation. I hope and pray that the Lord will bless each and every one of you abundantly.

I was intimately acquainted with Brigham Young from the time I was a little child until his death, and I came into the Quorum of the Twelve when I was a young man not quite twenty-six years of age. I was intimate of course with all the men who succeeded Brigham Young as president of the Church, and I want to bear witness to every one of you that all of those men, starting with John Taylor and coming down to President Joseph F. Smith, I know as I know that I live that they were inspired, wonderful men, that they had no ambition of any kind or description but to lead the Latter-day Saints in the paths of righteousness, to set examples worthy of imitation in all respects. They were in very deed men of God.

Perhaps the one man of all others who took the least interest in big business affairs of any kind was Brother Woodruff. He had been a farmer and a raiser of flowers and of fruits, and a man who I doubt ever engaged in any kind of business that amounted to \$20,000 a year. But in the providences of the Lord, perhaps he was the greatest converter of men we have ever had in the Church. Through the inspiration of the living God, in opposition to the best judgment of some of the leading men of the Church, he insisted on building a sugar factory and establishing an institution for the benefit of the farmers. Notwithstanding myself and others during the panic of 1891 recommended the contract to build the factory be cancelled which could have been done by the Church forfeiting the \$50,000 that it had already paid toward its erection, Brother Woodruff said: "We will build it. The farmers are entitled to

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that factory to get some of the products of the soil." In the providences of the Lord we did build it and many of us ruined ourselves by borrowing money to build it. We have been vindicated today.

Now on another occasion I personally was vindicated, by accomplishing something that I shall tell you about that to me is a marvel; it is a wonder, and it was through the inspiration of the living God in a promise made to me by President Woodruff that the thing was accomplished.

I went East. Men had subscribed for hundreds of thousands of dollars in our sugar business and many of them had failed to put up the money. Banks were failing all over the United States and money was lending on the New York Stock Exchange at one-half of one percent a day, which would be one hundred eighty-two and one-half percent a year. The bank of which I had been the president for less than a year lost about one-half of all its deposits, and to look at things naturally it would fail. I prayed about the matter and I felt impressed that with the blessings of the Lord I could raise the money necessary to save the bank. Brother Woodruff knew all about it, and he said: "Heber, sit down in this chair." And he gave me a most wonderful blessing. He told me that I should go to New York and other cities in the East, that I should return, and that I should get all the money that I went after, and more if needed.

So I started with an absolute assurance in my heart, having no doubt whatever that I would succeed. I shall now give you a brief account of my experience.

I first stopped at Omaha, and the president of the bank there with whom we did business laughed at the idea of buying from our bank a

note of \$12,000, signed by Zion's Cooperative Merchantile Institution.

He said, "I will give you some good advice. You go home, call a meeting of all your bankers and discuss the situation, and decide that these are perilous times and that you must lend a little more money than is considered safe and sound, and it will circulate around and come back into your bank and you will be safe."

I said: "Mr. President, I have not come to you for advice, I have come East for money, and if you will not buy one of these notes for \$12,000 of Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution I will go farther East and get the money."

He said: "Well, my friend, you are making a mistake."

I went to Chicago. I doubled my ante, as the gambler would say. I asked the president of the bank in Chicago to lend me \$24,000 and take two of these notes.

He laughed and said: "Mr. Grant, how old is your bank?"

I said: "Not quite a year yet."

"How long have you been in the banking business?"

"This is the first time I have been connected with a bank of this kind."

He said: "Well, I have been a banker all my life, and my father before me. You go home and call a meeting of your bankers and discuss the matter, and all of you loan a little bit more than is considered safe, because we are having to take care of our customers and are in as bad a fix, if not worse, than you are, and the money will go around and around and get back to your bank and you will be all right."

I said: "I did not need to come here to get your advice, sir; I had the same advice from the president of the Omaha National Bank. I told him I would stop off as I came home and tell him where I got the money."

He laughed and said: "Young man, have you read the morning paper?"

I said, "I have."

He said: "Have you read the financial news?"

"I have."

"What is money lending at in New York?"

I said: "One-half of one percent a day, and the way I learned mental arithmetic that is one hundred and eighty-two and a half percent a year."

"What do you expect to pay for money?"

"Six percent, the regular rate to customers."

"Well, my dear young man, it will be a long time before you come back. You say you will stop and tell me where you got the money. It will be a long while before I see you again."

I thanked him and told him I hoped it would not be so long as he thought.

I had no doubt that I would get the money.

I WENT to New York and I doubled again. I went to the bank that we were doing business with in New York and I asked for \$48,000. The man with whom I talked said: "The idea of your coming here the very first time we ever saw you and asking for such a loan in the midst of a panic."

(I would like you to remember that I had never talked with a banker before in Omaha, New York, or Chicago about loans of any kind or any description.)

He said: "The idea of your coming in here almost a stranger and asking for \$48,000. Why, we would not think of such a thing as giving you the money."

I said: "Would you kindly give me a sheet of paper?"

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"Certainly."

He gave me the paper and I wrote my name on it the size of the whole sheet of paper; and I hit my signature and said: "Do you know that signature?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, I did not come in here as a gold brick man, I came here as your customer from whom you solicited a bank account. I did not come here to be insulted."

He said: "I beg your humble pardon. I had no right to say we did not know you when we knew your signature."

I said: "Well, my friend, I am just a young man from the West. I am just thirty-five, and this is my first experience in borrowing money for our bank. I can give you some pointers as to how we do things in the wild and woolly West. When a man tries to borrow money from us and we are not sure of his security, we ask him for some more security, and we talk it over; and if he finally has sufficient security, we let him have the money."

He said: "Excuse me, sir, but we do not allow any customer to meet with our committee to discuss questions of that kind. We take a written application for the money, then we discuss it and make the loan or turn it down."

I said: "Will you kindly give me another piece of paper? I will make a written application. When is your committee going to meet?"

"In twenty minutes," as I remember it.

The letter I wrote (I wish I had kept a copy) was as near as I can remember, as follows: "I am asking you to purchase four notes of Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution. Being one of the directors of the institution I know it is able to pay these notes as they fall due, and I am giving you these notes with the en-

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dorsement of the directors. We bought them without any endorsement. The directors were perfectly willing to put their names on the back of these notes because they know that they will be paid. Now if you do not wish to take the notes of an institution that is as old if not older than your bank, that has never yet failed to meet its obligations, that now offers you its note with the endorsement of a half-million dollar bank, the endorsement of the directors (the endorsement was not on the note originally when we bought it), you take my advice and quit doing business so far away from home."

When the committee met, I noticed that the president of the bank was quite excited. I could not hear what he said, but he was very animated. I remained until after the meeting and spent my time praying to the Lord to soften their hearts so that they would give me the money.

I afterwards learned that he said: "Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution, with the all-seeing eye in the corner, and 'Holiness to the Lord!' Why, it is good for sore eyes; I haven't seen one of those notes for ten years. When I was the third assistant cashier of this bank my duty was to investigate commercial paper, and I was instructed by the former president, who is dead and gone, never to fail to buy every Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution note that was offered. I bought them time and time again as third assistant cashier, but there were no names on the back of them. The idea of a note which on the back is covered with the signatures of influential men and has the endorsement of a \$500,000 bank, not being accepted. If there is any one bank that we ought to take care of it is this identical bank. Take the notes and take them quick."

And I got the money.

I then went to H. B. Clafin and Company, and I asked Mr. John Clafin, the president, to buy five Z. C. M. I. notes of \$5000.00 each. He said: "The institution is so solid and so fine that I am happy to buy them from you."

I then went to Kunz Brothers Bank and asked them to buy \$25,000 worth of the notes.

They said: "We do not do business with you at all, and you have never had any business with us."

I said: "Yes, but Mr. Hills of the Deseret Bank does business with you and he authorized me to say that these notes are absolutely perfect and will be paid and he knows it, and he hoped that you would let me have this money."

He said: "Well, I will let you have \$12,500; that is all I can do, that is more than our share as we are not doing business with you."

I said: "I haven't any notes of odd amounts, just make it \$15,000."

He said: "All right, I will take three of them."

I handed him the three notes and got the money.

Then I sent a telegram to the president of the Chicago bank, telling him I was to be there a long long time getting the money, that I had been there forty-eight hours and that I had got \$88,000; that I got \$15,000 at Kunz Brothers; \$25,000 at Clafin and Company and \$48,000 at the National Park Bank. "Kindly wire and ask for their confirmation of having made these loans to me at six percent, and when you get the answers I hope you will wire that I can send you the other \$12,000 note for which I need the money."

I thought he would answer "No," and that I would change my bank account as I was coming West, but he answered: "Send the note," and I sent it.

I WILL not go into further detail except to mention one more sale. I went into the National Bank of Hartford. The president had been here in Salt Lake with a letter of introduction to me from the president of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. I had spent the day with him. I had taken him into the Z. C. M. I. store, and I had let him walk all over the store from cellar to garret, and he was delighted with the institution and the way the goods looked. When I told him I wanted him to buy some Z. C. M. I. notes, he said: "Mr. Grant, I will have pleasure in buying a couple of them; I have a meeting of our committee, I will see you in a few minutes."

He spoke to a clerk and told him to buy two five thousand dollar notes, and immediately after he got through with the committee meeting he said: "Come with me," and we went into the First National Bank.

He said: "Mr. Grant is here trying to sell notes of the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution. I have been all through the store from cellar to garret; they show quick assets of four to one. They are absolutely sound, and I want you to buy two of the notes."

The man said: "Why, we are not buying any notes. Money is half of one percent a day."

"Neither am I, but I am taking care of my friends. This is my friend, Mr. Grant, and I expect you to buy a couple of these notes."

He said: "Oh, give me one; one is enough."

My friend said: "We took two."

The other gentleman said: "If you took two, we will take two."

To cut a long story short, I stayed there not quite a month, and I borrowed \$336,000 at six percent. To my personal knowledge George Romney, one of the truest friends I ever had and a man who had been

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on my note for many thousand dollars without sufficient security when I was in distress, thought it was ridiculous, and so did others of my friends, for me to go East and try to borrow money at six percent. They laughed at the idea and, I understand, talked about it in a meeting, the idea of my attempting to do this; but I not only went and got all I went for, but as Brother Woodruff promised that I should, I arranged for more if needed. (I had a perfect assurance that I would get it, and he said, "You can get a little more if you need it.") Just before leaving for the train in New York I received a telegram asking for \$48,000 more money. I felt sure that it was not needed. I wrote to Hartford asking for \$48,000, and the answer came to me at Chicago that I could have it.

I returned home and found that the extra money was not needed.

This was one of the greatest promises that was ever made, and I was able to fulfil that promise. Not for one moment did I have any fear that I would fail to get the money, because of the promise of that humble, inspired, wonderful man, Wilford Woodruff.

When I returned to Chicago, I stopped to see the president of the bank there, and explained what I had done, and secured the money for the \$12,000 note that he had agreed to purchase. When I called on him on my way East, he did not invite me into the office, but stood behind the counter and talked to me and gave me his advice. When I met him on my way back, he invited me in and was very friendly.

When I got to Omaha I called on the president of the Omaha National Bank as I had promised to do, and told him where I got the money. He immediately telephoned to the president of the Union Pacific System

telling him to come down to the bank. He said: "I want you to meet a young man who has borrowed \$336,000 in New York during the panic and got it at six percent. The Union Pacific Railroad ought to get acquainted with this young man, he is the kind of man the Union Pacific are dealing with."

I am grateful today that I am honored by being a director of that road.

Now, my dear brethren, I could go on talking to you by the hour of things that have come to me that have demonstrated to me beyond the peradventure of doubt the inspiration of the men who have preceded me as the presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On the day that Brother Joseph F. Smith bade me good-bye, and he died that very night, he told me that the Lord never makes a mistake. He said: "You have a great responsibility resting upon you. The Lord knows whom He wants to preside over His Church and He never makes a mistake." I can testify to you that He has not made a mistake in my case any more than He did with each and all of my predecessors.

I shall take the time to relate one more incident. Never did Brother Taylor direct the course of the apostles without inspiration, neither did Brother Woodruff, nor Brother Snow, nor Brother Joseph F. Smith. God to my knowledge inspired those men and directed them.

Brothers Francis M. Lyman and John Henry Smith were told by President John Taylor to go to some town—I shall not mention where it is—and to have a man sustained as the president of the stake. Undoubtedly there are some of you men who know where it was, I won't give the name—I won't tell that.

Brother Lyman said: "Why, Brother Taylor, I know this brother,

and I know that the people will not sustain him."

Brother Taylor said: "You and Brother John Henry Smith are called upon a mission to have him voted for and sustained as president."

Brother Lyman later in the day said: "Suppose these people won't sustain that man, what are we to do?"

Brother Taylor said: "But you are called upon a mission to have him sustained; that is what you are to do."

Brother Lyman brought it up again a third time and Brother Taylor said: "Do you understand English? Don't you know what mission I have placed upon you two men? It is to have him sustained."

Later in the day Brother John Henry thought the president had not thoroughly considered the matter, and he brought it up.

Brother Taylor said: "Didn't you hear what I said to Lyman? You two men are called to go to that place and have the people sustain this man."

Brother Lyman gave me the credit of feeding him more meals and giving him more opportunity to sleep in my house than all the rest of his relatives in Salt Lake City combined. He made my home his home during the two years that I presided in Tooele, and after I became an apostle he made my home his home whenever he came in to Salt Lake from Tooele.

As we came past the president's office after our meeting in the Endowment House, he said: "Heber, President Taylor does not understand the condition; those people have rebelled and they will not sustain this man. He was busy with our regular meeting, and he did not get it into his head that it cannot be done. I will step in here. You tell

your wife I will be a little late, but don't delay your dinner until I get there. Go home and eat it, and I will come along later."

I said: "I will wait for you." I thought it wouldn't be long.

He came out in a moment and said: "I wish I had not gone to see the president. Heber, fast and pray for us; I do not see how under heaven we can change this condition. All the bishops and their counselors, the high council, the patriarchs, and the presidency of the high priests quorum have requested that this good brother be dropped and that they have another president. Brother John and I will have to pray all the way from Milford until we get to the place."

WHEN they arrived, Brother Lyman brought all these people together who had signed the petition and said "Now, brethren, we do not want a great number of you men to confess the president's mistakes, but we will step out of the room, and you appoint one man to do the talking. You tell him everything you can think of against the president. If he has forgotten anything, give him a chance to speak again, and then we will come back and hear it all. We have come here to fix up things, and we are going to do just what you people want us to do."

When they got into the other room John Henry said: "For heaven's sake, Lyman, did you lose your head? They want a new president, they have signed their names for a new president."

Brother Lyman said: "Well, it must have been a slip of the tongue. We will have to pray just that much harder."

When the man who had been selected to be their spokesman got through with his talk of nearly an

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hour, Brother Lyman said: "Has he forgotten anything?"

They said: "No, he has told the truth."

Brother Lyman said: "Well, that is marvelous. We had never dreamed that this man had so many faults and failings. Really, if there is somebody who would like to tell something good about him we would like to hear it."

A man got up and said: "I can say something good about him, about his generosity, his liberality." Then he commenced weeping, and said: "Brother Lyman, will you scratch my name off that list and let me vote for him."

Brother Lyman said: "All right. Does anybody else feel that way?" About one-third of them got up.

He said: "Well, you may go home, it is rather late, and the others of us will discuss this matter further."

He then said to the spokesman: "Get up and tell that story again, because it is news to us; we never dreamed this brother had so many failings."

So the man got up and told it over again.

Another man jumped up and said: "Brother Lyman, please take my name off that list. Let me vote for him."

Brother Lyman said: "All right. Does anybody else feel that way?"

About half of them stood up.

He said: "All right. Your folks are wondering why you are out so late; we will excuse you."

Then he said to this man again: "Now get up and tell us that story again."

The man got up and told the story once more.

Brother Lyman said: "Two men have tried to tell something good about this man and failed, but have

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asked permission to vote for him tomorrow. Is there anybody else here who feels to sustain him?" And they all stood up.

He said: "All right. Good night, brethren." And he turned to John Henry and said: "John, will you sustain him?"

John laughed and said: "I will."

By this time I think it was after half past twelve or one o'clock in the morning. The next morning Brother Lyman was able to say to the people: "All of the bishops and their counselors, the high council, the patriarch, the presidency of the high priests quorum, every one of them has asked permission to vote for Brother So and So as the president of your stake, and we have agreed to let them do so. If any of you want to vote the other way there will be no condemnation." They got a unanimous vote to sustain that man as president of the stake.

When Brothers Lyman and Smith returned they made their report of what had happened. Brother Taylor, when something pleased him immensely, used to shake his body and laugh; and he said; "Twins, twins, twins, (he nearly always called those two men twins) it wasn't such a hard job after all, was it? Now, this brother is a big-hearted, fine man, but he makes mistakes. He is sick abed now, and he never would have recovered, he would have died a broken-hearted man if he had not been sustained. He will be well in three months and feeling fine. Go down there and put your arm around him and say: 'Now that the people are loving you and have unanimously sustained you, don't you think it would be well to resign?' and he will jump at the chance and you assume the authority to accept his resignation."

And that is how it worked out.

THERE are things that I could go on by the hour telling you regarding advice given by President Taylor. You have all seen in *The Improvement Era* the account of my nearest and dearest friend's staying in the army—Richard W. Young—under the advice of President Taylor, and how it worked out. It was marvelous.

I want to tell you that starting with Brigham Young and coming down to your humble servant, the Lord has been with us and has directed this Church. May the Lord help us so to live that you will sustain us, and may I never live long enough that when I am in favor of a thing and all the brethren are in

favor of it, such as was the case when we were opposed to bringing whisky back, that Utah and the Mormons will be in opposition to us. I would almost have staked my life, knowing that the people know that we did not want to have whisky again, that the people would not have voted to bring it back. If we would pay our tithing to God, and if we and all the people of this nation would stop using tobacco and drinking tea, coffee, and liquor, I do not care if this war cost \$110,000,000,000—we could pay it all.

God bless us by His Spirit always, I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

First Counselor in the First Presidency

We who work with President Grant know that he is a prophet of God, that God does direct him and give him His inspiration, just as he has testified to us about his predecessors.

PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

BRETHREN, it is a pleasure to be here in this meeting at the General Conference.

We are highly blessed in having with us this morning President Grant, and to see that he is holding up splendidly and that he speaks with power and authority. We rejoice to sit under the sound of his voice, and I am sure it will be a pleasure also to the brethren who are assembled to hear from the counselors in the Presidency, the Twelve, and other Authorities in the order in which they will be called. These men are clothed upon with power—the power of the Priesthood. I take it that every man in this room this morning holds the Priesthood because the Priesthood has been vested with great power and authority and that is shown by the

printed word, by the revelations of God unto His Church.

If a man would ascend to exaltation and glory he must have the Priesthood. Without the Priesthood we are helpless. With the Priesthood we can accomplish much.

I take very great pleasure, my brethren, in referring you to the eighty-fourth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, which is a revelation from God and refers to the work in which we are engaged. Of necessity I must speak very briefly. I will read a few words from this revelation, commencing with verse 32:

And the sons of Moses and of Aaron shall be filled with the glory of the Lord, upon Mount Zion in the Lord's house, whose sons are ye; and also many whom I have