

habilitate their lives, the Welfare plan shall not have served its full purpose.

TRUE SERVICE CALLED FOR

Oh! I know that such an approach calls for patient, intelligent, devoted, and Christ-like service. I know that it is easier just to give money or to go and do the work ourselves, but just giving money and doing the work ourselves will not build up and rehabilitate our brethren. We often do for our children that which they should do for themselves, rather than spend the time and effort, and exercise the patience necessary to teach them how, and induce them to do it. But to what end? To the ruin of our children in many cases.

Through the Welfare plan we shall make a practical application of the divine command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself" (Leviticus 19:18). When we do, "the curse of idleness will be done away with, the evils of the dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift, and self-respect be once more established amongst our people." Then the Church shall "stand independent above all other creatures beneath the celestial world," in very deed "a light . . . for the gentiles to seek to."

God help us to speed the day, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

BISHOP MARVIN O. ASHTON

First Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric

If ever I prayed in my heart that I would have the Spirit of our Heavenly Father, it is today. I hope that whatever I say will be perfectly understood. If what I am going to say is not understood, I certainly will be in very bad shape.

CONFUSION OF WAR BRINGS WORRIES

This man Sherman who marched to the sea, gave a real definition of war—it starts with "h," the second letter is "c," and the last two letters are alike. I do not suppose there was ever a time when we did more real tall thinking, than today. The business man is wondering what is going to happen to his business, what is going to happen to his securities. He is worried. The educator is very much concerned. He is wondering if the clock is being turned back, going to be turned back, and if things considered fundamental are to be thrown in the ash can. Probably I am not putting it too extreme.

The man who champions religion is downcast. Yes, he is upset.

However, as we are brought close with death there are two philosophies facing one another—One "*eat and drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die*"—the other "*there are no atheists in fox holes.*" With men as they are brought, if you please, face to face with God, the latter philosophy is predominating. Men though sometimes skeptical otherwise, are turning to God as they never were before. Whether they admit

it or not, deep down in their soul, there is religion. Sometimes a man won't admit it—but in an unguarded moment—the bottom of his soul reveals itself and you see him in his true light. He lets the cat out of the bag—like the boisterous fellow who blats out, "My father was an atheist, my grandfather was an atheist and, *thank God*, I am an atheist."

A PILOT CONFESSED HIS BELIEF

I had the pleasure the other night of eating dinner with this man Whittaker, one of the co-pilots with Eddie Rickenbacker. He is one of those rough and ready fellows we read about, with no pretensions. He says he never went to church in his life. After the meal was over, I walked out in the hall with him, and I asked: "If you don't mind, I would like to ask you a question—very pertinent, or impertinent, whatever you would call it."

He said, "Go to it."

I said: "During those three weeks trial did you have anything of a religious nature come over you?"

He came back strong. "Decidedly so. I have two new words in my vocabulary—'*I believe*.'" He said: "We didn't pray to God, we talked to Him. If you were going down a lonely street and were waylaid by ruffians and you called and shouted, and the police came to your assistance, you would believe in the police, wouldn't you?" He concluded, "*I believe*."

Many details of that trip that man told us that were decidedly inspiring. As men get up against real trouble, they get more religious.

Last but not least, we are worried over our morals. To read the statistics of the liquor control in the State of Utah knocks you cold. In 1941, one small county consumed hard liquor to the tune of \$60,000—(you believe in eternal progression)—1942 it was \$180,000. Now just a few things like that remind us where we are going.

FRANKNESS FROM A YOUNG SPEAKER

Now we are at the point where we are getting onto a dangerous subject. May the Lord help me that I am understood. A typical young Mormon boy in one of the wards the other night made a talk. I had a copy of that talk given me by a friend, because she thought that maybe I might be interested in it. The boy started out something like this:

"I am going to be frank, I want to be. I hope that I am understood." (As the young people term it, he wanted to let his hair down.) He continued: "Generally when I am asked to give a talk in Church—a few days ahead Pa writes it, Ma corrects it and then Bill runs it off on the typewriter. Then, of course, I learn it off by heart. Now tonight I am not going to do that. I am going to speak just the way I feel." And by the way, I think we ought to encourage more of that kind of talks than we do; we ought to encourage originality; we ought to encourage people to have the courage of their convictions and say what they think. You know, if more talks were given extemporaneously we would get closer to the hearts of the people. Even Mark Twain said he believed in extem-

poraneous talks. He said he had been studying on one for fifteen years. When he got a chance, he said he wanted to give it. (Laughter) Now, I believe that.

Let's encourage more freedom of speech. It is as refreshing as a drink from a cool fountain. Let's have more expressions that are spontaneous—yes, if you want, call it *spontaneous combustion*.

The boy proceeded. He started to talk about his friend John. "John was raised in a good family, good parents, good home atmosphere. He goes away to school, gets away from the home fireside, and the first thing you know, John starts to smoke."

John is like some other good men. He has weakness. You bishops of the wards, what attitude is yours with John? Are you *kind* or are you *rigid*? Do you take an attitude, do the people of your ward take an attitude that means John is not wanted any more? If I understand Christ, that was not His attitude. Do you want to drive him away from Church?

That boy is somebody's good son; some mother loves him; some father wants him to keep the standards of the Church. Are you going to drive him out, or are you going to put your arm around him and bring him back. "To err is human, to forgive divine."

A PLEA FOR THE BOYS IN THE ARMED SERVICE

I did not say we should have less regard for the standards of the Church; we ought to have more regard for them. We ought to put them up higher; but when a lad makes a mistake, let us be kind. Do you think I am getting too broadminded? Bernard Shaw says: "Be open-minded, but don't get in the draft." Do you think I am in a draft? Oh no, I don't think so. I would rather die of *pneumonia through getting in a draft* than I would die from *hardening of the arteries*. A lot of people die of that. In plain American English, are you too rigid?

Now, you have 25,000 boys in the service; you are preaching to them; you are corresponding with them. They are in a new world. They have been taken from the workshop into this new life; they have been taken from the farms, from taking care of beets, into this new life. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." I am not saying those men are particularly idle, but there are moments when they don't know what to do with themselves; they are tempted as they never were before. What about the boy that stays at home and is not tempted? What about that boy that is tempted? What are you going to do with him when he comes back. Is your attitude going to be one of rigidity, or are you going to be kind to him?

The sun and wind had a meeting one day, and the wind said: "I can take that fellow's coat off quicker than you can." The sun replied: "Go to it." The wind started to blow, and the harder it blew the harder the man pulled his coat around himself. The coat stayed on. The Sun said: "All right, give me a trial." He beat down on that fellow's back, and soon the coat came off. *Kindness*.

A STOREKEEPER AND A POUND OF BUTTER

My mother told me a story once I never forgot. It was about a

Sunday, April 4

First Day

fellow who had sticky fingers. (I'll try to make myself clear.) He went to a shop and when he thought the merchant was not looking lifted a pound of butter. He concealed it under a big stiff hat that he wore. It was in the days of the big beaver hats. Some merchants are like some schoolteachers—they have eyes in the back of their heads—the store-keeper knew where the pound of butter was.

Now, he's going to call the police—he's got him hands down. That's what you think. But the grocery man had another way of teaching that fellow a good lesson. Yes, he was going to turn on the heat—but with kindness. It was winter. He led his friend over to the fire and with all the warmth of hospitality beckoned him to the stove. "Sit close up to the fire, John; it's a cold day." Yes, he put on the coal. The stove was a crimson red.—So was John. Now John began to sweat. It wasn't a question of rendering lard, it was *rendering kindness*.

Well, now, the shop man got his butter back. The story is a little far-fetched I agree, but John will never again "worlds without end" make a larder of his hat.

AN APPEAL FOR KINDNESS TO THE ERRING

Now, in closing: let us be kind; do not forget that the man who has his weakness is that fellow that charges up San Juan hill to give you your liberty; that fellow that leads his fellows in battle with: "We lick them today or Molly Stark is a widow"; yes, the daredevil that bares his breast to Japanese bullets at Guadalcanal. He may have his weakness, but when you put on your slippers at night and huddle yourself to the fire of liberty, do not forget there is somebody out there who has faults, but who is the one that dares to face death to give you your liberty.

Judge not the working of his brain,
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

—Proctor

May the Lord help us to be kind. Someone, when asked the definition of heaven replied: "*Heaven is the place where everybody is kind.*" And we will get twice as far if we will be less rigid and more kind.

So many Gods and so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is what the sad world needs.

—Wilcox

May the Lord help us in it.

"Guide Me To Thee" was sung by the Men's Chorus of the Tabernacle Choir.