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and light of the gospel come through.

In conclusion, the words of Robert Burns come to me: "An atheist's laughs are a poor exchange for Deity offended." There may be those who would scoff at temple marriage. Never offend our Eternal Father and Jesus Christ by not accepting one of their greatest and most important blessings.

May God bless us as parents to teach more earnestly this vital truth of temple

marriage and may our children respond to these teachings, I humbly pray in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

You have just listened to Elder John Longden, Assistant to the Twelve. Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve will be our concluding speaker.

ELDER SPENCER W. KIMBALL

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

MY BELOVED brothers and sisters, I should like to speak to you today about our Lamanite brothers. I quote from Nephite prophets:

... thus saith our God: I will afflict thy seed by the hand of the Gentiles; nevertheless, I will soften the hearts of the Gentiles, that they shall be like unto a father to them; . . . (2 Nephi 10:18.)

And again:

... the Lord God will raise up a mighty nation among the Gentiles, yea, even upon the face of this land; and by them shall our seed be scattered.

And after our seed is scattered the Lord God will proceed to do a marvelous work among the Gentiles, which shall be of great worth unto our seed; wherefore, it is likened unto their being nourished by the Gentiles and being carried in their arms and on their shoulders. (1 Nephi 22:7-8.)

Relatively little progress had been made since Columbus discovered America, until recent years. Hundreds of thousands of Indians were killed by the invading gentiles from Europe, 128,000 in New England alone, according to historians. The rest were pushed back, scattered, and finally placed on reservations. The battle of America continued for hundreds of years, the red people fighting for their families, their homes, their hunting grounds, and their very existence.

Finally the scriptures are being fulfilled. "Nursing fathers and mothers" are being raised up to bring the blessings of freedom and education and

health to the sons of Lehi. We can remember when the majority of Navajo children were without schools, and other tribes were considerably limited. It is said that "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." But their day is dawning. There has perhaps been more constructive consideration given to the Indian people in the last decade than in the entire century before.

In 1947 the cry was raised: "The Navajos are freezing and starving." You remember, I am sure. Truckloads of clothing and food were gathered here in Utah and taken from our Church welfare storehouses for these distressed Indians. Simultaneously, the press took up the cry and the warmhearted people of the nation, and particularly of the West, answered the call with bedding, food, clothing, and money. The echoes resounded from ocean to ocean and a sleeping nation roused itself.

Pictures and stories of want and starvation were printed in newspapers and magazines; pressures were brought to bear upon officials; and the important prophecies began to be fulfilled and the arms of the gentile nation which had scattered the Lamanites now opened to enfold them, and the shoulders which once were used to push them into reservations, now squared away to carry these deprived ones to their destiny. Even within the past two or three years, great strides have been made. Education, the common denominator and leveler, is coming to the red man. The clinic and hospital are available to him. Indian children are being

born in hospitals; sanitation is being taught; and the sun is rising on the Indian world with the government, churches, and many agencies becoming "nursing parents" to them.

Yesterday tribal people resisted education; today they grasp it eagerly. Not long ago nearly all Indians were illiterate and unschooled; today in 1956 nearly every Indian child in America may have some training. Yesterday Indian children were kidnapped from their parents and forced to school. Today parents beg for schools, and children eagerly attend.

Indian life is swiftly changing
Like the sand in wind-swept dunes,
Ever changing 'stablished patterns,
New strong forces, healing wounds.

(Spencer W. Kimball.)

Mr. Paul Jones, chairman of the Navajo Council, recalls his childhood in his inaugural speech of April 4, 1955:

The salvation and hope of our Navajo people lies in education . . . at one time we made our living on livestock and a little cornpatch. When we returned from Fort Sumner there were 9,000 of us. There are now 76,000. . . . We must be educated in order to be absorbed with the rest of the people of these United States . . . those of you who have been educated must tell your people of the benefits of education. . . . It is the greatest hope that we have for our Navajo people. . . . When they returned (from Ft. Sumner) they were reluctant to send their children to school. The Federal Government had to send police out to gather the children for school. . . . I remember myself distinctly. I was of school age at that time. My father and mother used to hide me under sheepskins and blankets when they saw a person coming who represented the schools. I was the only boy in the family. They used to hide me when they saw the school people or policemen coming. However, one bright day, they made a mistake. My parents were not on the lookout, and someone saw me, even though I was hiding behind the hogan. That person said: "That boy must go to school." So away I went to school. But our eyes are now open to the advantages that school has for us. . . .

Today, Mr. Jones is the educated and cultured chief leader of the Navajo tribe.

The Treaty of 1868 with the Navajos

stated that the government would provide a school and a teacher for every thirty children between the ages of six and sixteen,—"who can be induced or compelled to attend school." Compulsion has now been replaced with an obsession for school in many families. It is a far cry from today back to 1744 when the Virginia commissioners made an offer to the chiefs of the Six Nations to educate six of their Indian boys.

It is of interest to note that in a feeble way the government has been trying for two hundred years to educate the Indians, and from a few at the inception of the nation, today we approach universal education for them.

The Virginia Commissioners received this reply from the Indian chiefs:

Several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the Northern Provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners; ignorant of every means of living in the woods; unable to bear either cold or hunger; knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, or counselors; they were totally good for nothing. We are however not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it. And to show our grateful sense of it, if the Gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make *men* of them.

That comes from the old records, and Dr. Ernest Wilkinson quoted it in the Indian Congress here last week.

Now may I tell you of our most perfect program and unselfish adventure in human relationships. The "outing" program had been attempted by others at times, but I think never on this basis. As we began to bring into the Church many faithful Indians, almost their first desire was that their children should have the schooling and church training which the non-Indian children enjoyed. Indian families working among us here in our beet, cotton, or potato fields saw the luxury enjoyed by white children who were well-fed and well-dressed, in comfortable homes, going to excellent schools daily. They saw their own little deprived fellows who must follow

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the family to the faraway fields so parents could earn money to feed them. Their dreams and yearnings finally forced the affectionate parents to become bold enough to approach a white employer: "Would you let our little girl stay with you and go to school after we have gone back to the reservation? She will be a good girl and cause you no trouble."

With the earnestness in their eyes and the pleading in their voices, who could resist? The experiment began. A few children were left in homes. They were happy and grateful. The foster parents were pleased, and neighbors wished also to participate. On the reservation, natural parents told their neighbors, who also wrote pleading letters for their own children. The number increased to twenty, sixty, eighty, and then last year to 253. It grew like Topsy. Arrangements at first were between natural parents on the reservation and willing foster parents in Utah; but when the Church determined to give it support, the plan was given legal status and brought under the Utah State Department of Public Welfare, children's service, through the state license of the Relief Society. Inasmuch as it is illegal for anyone without a state license to engage in any way in the placing or receiving of children, it is urged that neither missionaries nor members engage in the independent placement of children.

Here is how the plan works:

In August more than 250 Indian children move northward. The Begay family is typical. The Begays have a team and spring wagon and ride slowly across the hills and valleys and barren stretches to the gathering place. In the miles and miles of travel, Father and Mother Begay have time to discuss with Ruth and Billie the great adventure ahead: "Here is your opportunity," Father Begay is saying. "Our Church is taking you to a good Mormon home in Utah where you will be kindly treated and may go to school: You must be grateful and study hard and learn."

And now Mother Begay, in colorful velveteen, and her hair in a bob, is adding: "These Church members are doing this in the goodness of their

hearts. They are not paid for the food and clothes and shelter and training that they are giving you. They will treat you like one of their own. You must do your part like the children of the family."

At last they reach the Gap in northern Arizona. Other Indian families are arriving also in wagons and pickups. The kindly driver loads their belongings into the chartered busses. Our friendly Church chaperon meets the family and the children. Farewells are said, and tears are shed as affectionate parents and children part for the school term. Though already homesick and lonely at heart, neither parents nor children would change their minds, so grateful are they for the opportunities just opening. The Begays and the Chees and the Biligodys hitch up their horses, and with a tearful happiness, drive to their homes on the reservation, while the busses, filled with eager, excited children, drive northward.

One observer wrote this of the parting:

There were a few tears—tears of premature homesickness from youngsters leaving the reservation for the first time and suddenly reluctant and fearful of the future. Tears from little brothers and sisters, too young or otherwise unqualified for the great adventure. And there were a few furtive tears from parents, realizing at this moment of parting how long and lonely the months stretched out before spring vacation.

Just a few hours and the busses are in Richfield, Utah. The kindly chaperon has kept the children happy and looked after their every need. It is very early in the morning at the reception center, but it is already a hive of industry, and keen expectancy is in the air. Sevier Stake becomes the host, and the stake presidency, members of the priesthood, and the Relief Society sisters are waiting. There is the smell of bacon in the air, and the young redskins, some of whom have been here before, file out of the busses and into the Church dining room for bacon, eggs, milk, fruit, and cereal, prepared by the Relief Society sisters.

Soon breakfast is over. The processing is begun. Kind sisters take the girls in one building and understanding priesthood brethren the boys in another.

where they are bathed and shampooed and made ready for the clinic. The food, soap, shampoo, and other things are furnished free by the Church. All who assist are volunteer workers, doing this like all other of their Church work, without remuneration. Six hundred towels are furnished free by a generous linen company, typical of many other favors. The children line up for the clinic where several physicians, furnished by the United States Health Service, senior medical students, technicians, and several nurses, on loan from the Utah State Health Department, all go to work. The little folk's chests are x-rayed; their hearts, eyes, skin, ears, teeth, and temperatures are checked, and a complete record made. Their fears are quieted by sweet, sympathetic women when tears of unhappiness follow the needle-jabbing of immunization and the blood test. They know this is for their good. Lunchtime comes, and another appetizing meal is enjoyed from welfare supplies. There is some rest, and there is supervised play and a movie.

Then come the foster families, hundreds of them, from all over Utah: unpaid families whose only desire is to provide unselfishly for the child and to "mother" and "father" him and train and guide him. They are driving in from Kanab and Salt Lake City; from Moroni and Escalante; from St. George and the Uintah Basin—unselfish families anticipating the new arrival to their family. There are stake presidents, bishops, mayors, editors, doctors, farmers—the finest people in the communities of Utah and of the world—each family to receive for the school term an Indian child, accepted by them to become a real part of the family. The white children present excitedly speculate as to which of the Indian youngsters, so hungrily eating luncheon, is to be their new brother or sister. In the stake tabernacle films are shown on Indian culture, and a talk is given on the part each is to play in this glorious human drama. Four days of this processing follow.

Now, for the school term, the Indian child is on a par with his new brothers and sisters. He rides horses, feasts at picnics, does chores, goes swim-

ming, takes music lessons. He goes to school and enters into every Church, civic, and community activity on an equal basis. Before the meal, the new family member takes his turn in family prayers and blessing the food. He goes to Sunday School and priesthood meeting. The little ones go to Primary and the larger ones to MIA, and all the family go together to Sacrament meeting. The child attends seminary and is advanced in priesthood and auxiliary activities. Many do baptism work in the temples. In school he fits into the regular classes, and if his language is faulty, likely the teacher will gladly give up her noon hour to tutor him. Foster parents write to natural parents, sending pictures. Case workers visit every child and family monthly and visit schoolteachers and principals often and assure themselves that harmony and understanding prevail.

The Indian children have proved themselves to be alert, brilliant, and responsive. They often take the lead in their classes, being elected to school offices, and they graduate from many high schools in Utah. They are going out into employment and are making good. The employer of one of our Indian girls in office work said:

"She is one of our best workers. I wish we had many more like her."

Four months and Christmas comes. The children remain in Utah where they share the Christmas gifts, parties, and other kindnesses equal to and the same as the white children. Latter-day Saints have a keen interest in the Indians and are willing to share with and sacrifice for them.

Five more eventful months pass and 250 Indian children are on their way back to the reservation. Though some might like to remain in Utah, all are sent home to keep welded the natural family ties. Again farewells are said, and tears are shed, and they reluctantly leave their Utah homes and the tearful family whose home and hearts they have been sharing, and they fill the chartered busses again. The selected bus driver is exceptionally kind; the chaperon is most solicitous. No baggage is mixed; no children are lost; and a happy group turns homeward. Home! Family! Hours of pleasant travel, and

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the distribution center is reached. The missionaries are here to greet them, and the Indian families to enfold them gratefully to their hearts. For three happy months they will cement family ties on the reservation, and then, off for another year of school.

Much planning and prayer and fasting have gone into our program. In the summer the social workers travel through the reservation. They visit each home or hogan and get acquainted with the children and the parents, catching the spirit of the family, its background, the training of the children, and their individual needs. With our missionaries, who nurture them constantly, these special workers urge the parents to have the children examined and treated for dental and medical needs. Proper legal contracts are secured, and arrangements are made whereby missionaries will pilot them the coming August to the proper place for embarkation. Careful studies are made for efficient and understanding placement for the coming year.

Now the workers return to the Utah communities and visit the white families who have previously signified their willingness to co-operate. The home and its facilities are studied to be sure the child and family will be comfortable and happy. The family is interviewed and, through a visit to the bishop of the ward, is evaluated and their worthiness determined. No child of trusting Indian Church members is placed in a broken home or one which is not an exemplary one. No child goes into a home where liquor is used or where there is friction or delinquent children. He goes into a well-ordered home where there is the rare combination of kindness and discipline, firmness and affection; into a praying family, a religious, devoted family of character, faith, and love. Here is opportunity at its best for the Indian to get away from his worst enemies: idleness, liquor, and immorality.

It is heartwarming to see the friendly co-operation of government, state, and local and school officials and teachers. Our Church classes have absorbed the little fellows into their groups, and timid, shrinking children have become happy, normal playmates and work-

mates and family members. One young Indian, after five consecutive years with a delightful, co-operative family, graduated from a Utah high school where he was student-body president, and with a \$350.00 Standard Oil scholarship, attended Brigham Young University; he is now in the Northern States Mission on a full, regular mission. Two other Indian boys are filling regular missions in the Southwest Indian Mission, where Oneida Indian girls have also filled missions. This is the beginning. The future is most promising.

We expect our graduating youth will continue from these high schools into Brigham Young University. At first there were a few, and some of them discontinued, but last year with thirty-four representing eighteen tribes from east to west, and this year with even more, they are already taking hold and stabilizing themselves. From now on we expect that Indians in ever-increasing numbers will be numbered in the graduating classes of Brigham Young University.

The Church has generously provided for an intermediate program whereby Indian students who have come a little short of collegiate requirements may have special tutorial service from skilled teachers. Scholarships are provided to assist worthy students in the university, but many of our Indian children are already paying their entire way.

Hundreds of our Indian youth are receiving character-building and religious training wherever they go in government schools in Kansas, Oklahoma, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and in the great Intermountain Indian School at Brigham City, Utah, where we have a branch of the Church comprised of Indians. Here, President David O. McKay last winter dedicated the commodious chapel near the school wherein our youth are taught correct principles, all the virtues and the doctrines of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Our program is appreciated by the Indian people. When some opposition threatened the program last summer in one area, a petition was sent to us signed by many Indian parents pleading for the continuance of the program,

and reservation officials were also approached. The petition read:

We parents feel that your organization has done wonders for our children, and we wish you would try every effort to place our children this year.

One prominent non-member observer wrote us:

You have the most perfect program for Navajo children that has ever been initiated to this time. We are all grateful for its outstanding success.

Another said:

I have never enjoyed a more wonderful experience in wholehearted co-operation and complete harmony of effort than I enjoyed at Richfield.

A tribal leader wrote us:

. . . This is very gratifying to our Navajo people in that your organization has taken such interest in our Navajo children. . . . We deeply appreciate your service to our Navajo people. . . . There have been several notifications reporting the foster homes for educational purposes by your child placing agency as a very important and noteworthy help. . . .

Two missionaries wrote, when the children had returned home for the summer:

Yesterday in our testimony meeting, a mother of one of the girls who went to Utah this year got up and told how grateful she was to our Father in heaven that her girl had been able to go up to Utah where she could learn to pray, speak English better, cook, sew, and gain the schooling that she wanted her child to have that she herself didn't get.

One sister wrote of the first Sacrament meeting after the return of the children from Utah, how without embarrassment they had taken part in the services, giving talks, songs, and how some had borne testimony with such poise and impressiveness that the parents were amazed, as were Indian children who had been away to other schools.

In our great country times are changing. Schools are provided for practically every Indian child, and tribal funds are made available for determined but impecunious students. True religion and faith in the Eternal God are replacing superstition; the physician is taking

the place of the medicine man; and administration by the priesthood is replacing the sand patterns and the signs for the Latter-day Saint members. Young couples are obtaining licenses from court clerks and being married by ministers and bishops. Bodies are being buried much the same as the white dead. The Indians who still place on the grave meats and fruits and other foods cannot understand why the dead of the white man can smell the flowers any more than the Indian dead can enjoy the food. The destructive custom of burning the home and its contents when death occurs therein is giving way. One of our sweet Apache sisters wrote this at the death of her husband:

I live in my house. I do not burn it like other Indians. I believe what the missionaries tell me. I think they are my brother.

This is our adventure in good citizenship and righteous living, our experiment in human relationships carried on by this, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Knowing the origin and destiny of the red men and believing the promises of God as recorded in the Book of Mormon, our people are willing to sacrifice for the progress and development of these whose deprivations pyramided mountain high but whose curse is now being lifted. Hundreds more sacrificing Latter-day Saints may yet have the opportunity of providing temporary homes for Lehi's children to get an education and to learn the gospel and to become Church leaders.

This is not a proselyting program, for we bring from the reservations those Indian children who are already members of the Church and whose families generally are members. The program will make good young people, stalwart adults. It will fortify them against the evils of the world; it will train them to become self-sufficient; it will develop them into leaders prepared to return to their own people and bring to them the benefits which can come from education.

This program has many advantages: It has at once the multiple advantages of the boarding school, the day school, the home, the refining and cultural influences of an improved community.

The children are taught in superior schools, fully accredited, and among the best in the nation. They have sufficient companionship of their own race to retain their pride in and love for their own people, for in the same community and school are other Indian young people. They have the environment of the best communities where are found the least in the world's vices and the most of its culture and refinement. They retain their family ties with natural parents by correspondence, pictures, relayed reports, and also letters through the case workers, and they return to their homes for the summer months to keep bound their home and family loves and loyalties. They grow naturally into the culture of America at its best, attending with a minority of their own group and a majority of the non-Indian children, activities in school, community, church, and family. They are not institutionalized but individualized and become recognized members of the family where they are integrated and "counted in" for every family pleasure, adventure, or sacred experience.

Our program is unique. Here is no family of marginal income who must take in a boarder to supplement the family living. Here is no mercenary care. But here non-Indian families in a very real and lovable way absorb the Indian children as new members of the family. These families, give, give, and give as only dedicated people will give. There is no remuneration for them; but their total compensation for the food, clothes, shelter, care, and love they give is the satisfaction which comes in giving opportunity for an enriched life to one who could not otherwise have it.

We rejoice in the greatly accelerated schooling of Indian children by the government, the states, and other churches

and agencies, but we present this program of training in home and school and community as the finest program conceived of man for the rapid and permanent advancement and progress of the Indian child so long deprived. Let them have one generation of this sustained program, and see a new Indian world of prosperity, culture, and happiness.

In conclusion we say: God bless these selfless hundreds of families who have become and are yet to become "nursing fathers and mothers" who will continue to carry the chosen children of the ancient prophet Lehi "in their arms and upon their shoulders," I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve has just addressed us.

I am pleased to announce that the Combined Scandinavian Choirs will be with us again this afternoon. We thank you for your presence and your inspiration. They will now sing, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," conducted by Elder R. Hulbert Keddington.

The closing prayer will be offered by Elder George W. Romney, president of Detroit Stake, after which this Conference will be adjourned until two o'clock this afternoon.

Elder Alexander Schreiner has been at the organ.

Singing by the Combined Scandinavian Choirs, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

The closing prayer was offered by Elder George W. Romney, president of the Detroit Stake.

Conference adjourned until 2:00 p.m.

SECOND DAY

AFTERNOON MEETING

Conference reconvened in the Tabernacle Saturday afternoon, October 6, at 2:00 p.m.

The Combined Scandinavian Choirs furnished the music for this session. R. Hulbert Keddington was the conductor, Roy M. Darley, organist.

President David O. McKay:

The great Tabernacle on Temple Square in Salt Lake City is filled to capacity. Every seat, so far as we can observe, is taken, and people are standing in the doorways at this, the Fourth