DIALOGUE

a journal of mormon thought

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CONTENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 4

IN MEMORIAM: T. EDGAR LYON (1903-1978)

- EDITOR'S NOTE — *Mary Lythgoe Bradford* 8
- IN MEMORIAM: T. EDGAR LYON (1903-1978) — *Davis Bitton* 11
- REFLECTIONS ON T. EDGAR LYON — *Lowell L. Bennion* 12
- CHURCH HISTORIANS I HAVE KNOWN — *T. Edgar Lyon* 14

ARTICLES AND ESSAYS

- LEONARD JAMES ARRINGTON: HIS LIFE AND WORK — *David J. Whittaker* 23
- BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LEONARD JAMES ARRINGTON — *David J. Whittaker* 33
- "I SUSTAIN HIM AS A PROPHET, I LOVE HIM AS AN AFFECTIONATE FATHER" — *An Interview with Edward L. Kimball* 48
- FATE AND THE PERSECUTORS OF JOSEPH SMITH: TRANSMUTATIONS OF AN AMERICAN MYTH — *Richard C. Poulsen* 63
- A SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP: J. BRACKEN LEE AND THE MORMON CHURCH — *Dennis L. Lythgoe* 71

FICTION

- ROAD TO DAMASCUS — *Levi S. Peterson* 88

POETRY

- MEMORIAL DAY, 1978 — *Ronald Wilcox* 100

AMONG THE MORMONS — *Edited by Stephen W. Stathis*

- SELECTED NEWSPAPER ARTICLES ON MORMONS AND MORMONISM PUBLISHED DURING 1977 — *Linda Thatcher* 104

NOTES AND COMMENTS

- EXPULSION OF A POOR, DELUDED AND MISERABLE SET OF VILLIANS: A CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNT 112

REVIEWS — *Edited by Gene A. Sessions*

- AN ENDURING HISTORY — *Dean L. May* 118
  Utah: A Bicentennial History by *Charles S. Petersen*

ROBERT LEROY PARKER ON FAMILY HISTORY *William G. Hartley* 119
Butch Cassidy, My Brother *by Lulu Parker Betenson*
In Search of Butch Cassidy *by Larry Pointer*

FRUITLESS WAIT *Jill Mulvay Derr* 122
Watch for the Morning *by Elisabeth Macdonald*

THE HINCKLEY INSTITUTION *John R. Sillito* 123
"I'd Rather Be Born Lucky Than Rich": The Autobiography of Robert H. Hinckley *by Robert H. Hinckley and JoAnn Jacobsen Wells*

SPITTING MAD *W. Corbet Curfman* 125
If You're Mad, Spit! And Other Aids to Coping *by Ben F. Mortensen*

BRIEF NOTICES *Gene A. Sessions* 126

ART CREDITS

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Photograph *Courtesy the Church Historical Department* 30

Photograph *Courtesy Edward L. Kimball* 55

Photograph *Courtesy J. Bracken Lee* 79

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

plaudits

I am a ten-year devotee of *Dialogue,* and though I have not always subscribed, I have begged, borrowed and bought enough second hand copies to keep up. I have been delighted this year in my English graduate studies at CSU to share *Dialogue* with a classmate who holds two doctoral degrees and an educated prejudice against Mormons as nonintellectual cultists. His concept mellowed considerably.

I have a tremendous interest in "Mormon Literature" and its development into an art worthy of its source. May I commend you for your part in its nurture. For those of us who are experiencing the care and nurture of children also, the commendation takes on special significance.

Carol Clark Ottesen
Los Angeles, California

I have just received the Summer 1978 issue of *Dialogue* and found it delightful since I have read most of the books discussed. Again, congratulations—the current *Dialogue* is more like the ones we read in its beginning years.

Beth Greenhalgh
San Mateo, California

I have enjoyed *Dialogue* since its first publication and would not like to be without it. It has filled a great need, a religious need, the need to approach problems in a prayerful, religious and intellectual manner instead of the blind obedience attitude. It is nice to know that scattered throughout the country there are other kindred souls who feel as I do.

Fawn Burt
Salt Lake City, Utah

10-year index

Your timing was perfect. I had scheduled myself to spend the entire evening looking through old *Dialogues* trying to find the references to more than a dozen articles that I had mentioned in a paper I had just finished, and that very afternoon the ten-year index arrived. Oh, what joy and rejoicing. Not only did it save me much time and trouble, but with its help, I discovered many articles which over ten busy years I had missed. The value of my *Dialogue* collection has been greatly increased. The index is comprehensive and the introduction to it is delightful. Gary Gillum is to be thanked and congratulated, as is the *Dialogue* staff.

Marvin Rytting
Columbus, Indiana

I have enjoyed receiving *Dialogue,* and I am a satisfied customer. I do, however, have one complaint, and it concerns the index issue. While I recognize the value of such an issue to a library or to someone with a complete set of *Dialogue,* it was, for me, a waste. The only library with a complete set, that I am aware of, is BYU. The local ward, stake, and seminaries don't have them, and in checking around I have been unable to discover anyone with a complete set.

For this reason I object to my subscription being used on indexes. I propose the indexes be compiled, and offered as an extra issue for those requesting it, but not given out as a general issue to subscribers who have no way of using such an issue.

Daryl J. Turner
Santa Cruz, California

Note: *The index was in fact issued as an extra issue, not supplanting any number of vol. XI. It was sent to our subscribers as a bonus, and we apologize for any misunderstanding.*

As a harried librarian I wish to commend *Dialogue* for its professional index to volumes I-X. It makes an already heavily used periodical even more usable. Not only is the index well done, but it was also out on time. Keep up the precedent.

Russ Clement
Laie, Hawaii

daniel's stone?

Dialogue is now an important part of my life. I enjoy receiving and reading each and every issue although I became a subscriber rather recently. And what a big surprise, joy and thrill to find my name and the title of my Master's thesis in "A Survey of Current Literature" in the latest issue. It encouraged me very much.

Jiro Numano
Hyogo, Japan

more IWY

Dixie Snow Heufner's article on "Church and Politics at the IWY Conference" in the Spring 1978 issue of *Dialogue,* and Elizabeth B. Ricks' letter to the editor in the Summer 1978 issue nicely point out the horns of the dilemma the Church faces in dealing with contemporary social issues. If the Church encourages participation by its members, but does not give them clear guidelines, those participating may not be able to fill the vacuum with their own thinking. Yet if the Church takes a strong position, many members may not feel free to explore the issue or to express differing viewpoints.

The IWY Conferences point out several aspects of this dilemma:

First, there is the problem of misrepresentation, where there is a lack of distinction between those who are officially representing the Church and other members who are representing themselves. Such misrepresentation borders on dishonesty.

Second, the general lack of knowledge of most church members is appalling. This is accompanied by a lack of sophistication and appreciation of the role of discussion and debate in exploring such issues. I believe this is tied to the tendency on the part of many to expect to be told what to think and what to do. If the Church itself doesn't give explicit instructions, then the next best course for most is to follow the direction of others, whose solutions may be oversimplified. Social issues are viewed by many as simple matters of right and wrong, black or white—just like the religious issues we are taught in Sunday School. Certainly some church members desire to explore on their own the pros and cons of a social issue but feel threatened by doing so and need to conform to someone else's official position.

Finally, the tendency of the radical right is to step in and tell us that their position is really that of the Church.

I believe that there are ways that the Church can confront social and political issues while avoiding some of the above problems.

If the Church, after adequate exploration, study and prayer, elects to assume a particular position, it should not only provide rational argument supporting its stand but also should affirm the right of individuals to disagree.

On the other hand, the Church may elect not to take a definite stand but instead encourage the membership to get involved, with the following precautions: (a) explore both sides of the issue, and (b) participate as individual citizens and do not proport to represent the Church by action or statements.

In either case, it is evident that church members will find themselves facing each other on opposite sides of an issue, often diametrically opposed. Condemnation and passing judgment should be avoided, and each should continue to accept the other as "fellow citizens with the Saints." It is also likely that members may incorrectly represent their positions as being official policy of the Church. Such allegations should be challenged, again with the spirit of brotherhood.

An important lesson in practical politics is that there are usually many sides to any question and often no overriding right or wrong answers but rather varying degress of truth and falsehood in each position. The task of those involved is to sort out shades of rightness and wrongness as best as possible to arrive at a personal position.

These options need much study and discussion. They are offered as a starting point and alternative to some of the problems encountered by Huefner, Ricks and others at the IWY Conferences. How do we begin? I would like to hear of other experiences of church members who may have avoided the problems encountered at the IWY.

Stanton L. Hovey
Tempe, Arizona

Ms. Ricks' ethical system (Letters, Vol. XI, No. 2) seems quite at ease with the Mormon precept of the end justifying the means (see I Nephi 4:13). She was quite willing by misrepresentation (the "borrowed license") to participate and vote in the IWY Conference. I find it strangely logical that she should choose not to question the clandestine nature of the Mormon involvement in the conference, but only whether these unethical activities should be directed by the Priesthood or the Relief Society. Nephi would be proud.

Ellen Morris

audiences

Edward Geary's article (*Dialogue,* Vol. XI, No. 2, Summer 1978) was most welcome. I think he is absolutely right about our opinionated generation; but this was part of the necessity to explain what we were talking about for an audience we hoped to find *outside* of Zion, never for a moment expecting to find one within. My idea was always that I needed every kind of character—believers, nonbelievers, lukewarmers, apostates—whose relationships might make the Mormon world more clear and understandable.

At dinner with my first publisher, Alfred Knopf, in New York a year or so ago, he told me about his disappointment to find that there was no way to interest the *natural* Mormon audience in books like mine. This audience he considered unfortunately captive. I have no reason to think he did not know.

Interesting that another dinner about the same time with Isaac Bashevis Singer should also have given me a thought for Mr. Geary. I told Singer what I have told Catholic writers like Graham Greene—I am envious of them because everybody who reads at all knows the folkways and day-to-day problems of Catholics and Jews. Their natural audience is universal—no need to "interrupt . . . stories to explain." Singer agreed about the audience he could command but said *he* was also jealous of me—I understood children in America better than he did and so got the Newbery Medal when one of his books was "only a runner-up."

Virginia Sorensen Waugh
Tangier, Morocco

knowledge without charity

I am writing in response to Hugh Nibley's "Zeal Without Knowledge" (Dialogue Vol. XI, No. 2, Summer 1978) which well deserves the label of "classic." I am grateful to the heart for this man's gifts: creative and inspired thought, relentless devotion to study and scholarship, and the ability to accurately communicate. However, as I read Brother Nibley's essay, I felt not only nourished and uplifted but increasingly uncomfortable: as evil is most often the distortion or misuse of goodness and truth, so I recognized in "Zeal Without Knowledge" a potential not only for edification but also for great destruction as well.

During the past year as I have associated with various individuals at BYU and elsewhere, I've come to realize that intellectual snobbery does exist—indeed seems to flourish—within the Church. Within certain circles I have sensed feelings other than intellectual ones. The prevailing attitude often seems to be that Saints who *know* less are somehow less than Saints, or *if* Saints, then inferior ones at best. I have heard such persons claim B. H. Roberts' statement, "Simple faith taken at its highest value . . . is not equal to intelligent faith," as a sort of motto, then seen it used as a rationale for prejudice, false pride and less than Christlike feelings. I believe that much of "Zeal Without Knowledge" could likewise be misused to foster and support such destructive attitudes. Brilliant in conception and execution, for many of us, "Zeal Without Knowledge" could easily become a latter-day Rameumptom.

I am reminded of the Apostle Paul's beautiful analogy which likens the church to a body in need of every member:

> The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: Nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body which we think to be more feeble, are necessary: *Add those members of the body, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we (should) bestow more abundant honour . . . That there should be no schism in the body: but that the members should have the same care one for another.* (I Corinthians 12:17-25, emphasis added)

In the Doctrine and Covenants the Lord further emphasized this important principle (D&C 47:11-12).

Within these scriptures I find no justification for intellectual conceit, but rather a plea for mutual love and unity. Gifts of the mind are to be earnestly sought for and developed. Yet we can be overzealous in our quests for knowledge if those quests lead us to make knowledge our god or education a generator of factions within the body of Christ.

If knowledge is the key to salvation, as the Prophet Joseph Smith declared and Brother Nibley has asserted, then we must examine the nature of knowledge itself. Too often the scope of knowledge is underesti-

mated, its meaning limited to the assimilation of facts, be they "secular" or "spiritual." Could it be that knowledge is not merely a matter of what we *think* but of what we *are*? If such is the case, are there not many things that those who have been blessed with intellectual gifts can learn from our brothers and sisters whose gifts may appear "more feeble," whose talents "less honorable?"

The church exists, Paul wrote to the Ephesians, "for the perfecting of the Saints . . . for the edifying of the body of Christ: Till we *all* come to a unity of the faith. . . . " Our purpose is not to judge or condemn, but to teach and be taught, to lift and be lifted, to love and be loved. I hope we can remember that intelligence is not something we acquire, but something we become, that we each start in different places, with varied handicaps and strengths, in our efforts to embrace it.

Dian Saderup
Provo, Utah

mormon letters

What a perfectly absurd idea (and an absolutely Mormon one)—an Association for Mormon Letters! The creation of great literature is a solitary act, an independent and a thoroughly honest one: three qualities anathema to Mormondom. So in defense we organize to hold meetings to cooperatively document the mediocrity of what's been written so far.

The only encouraging thought is that we must still instinctively sense our real literary task or we wouldn't bury ourselves so massively in meetings and busy-work to cover the guilt we feel at not having the nerve to pursue that solitary, independent and honest obligation.

(*illegible signature*)
New York City

revise the hymnal?

The broadening of church membership should make us also broaden the range of church music. Spirituals will certainly have to be accepted, perhaps with slight modifications:

Who's that yonder, dressed in red?
(Let my people go)
Must be the people that Nephi led. . . .

However, the doctrine in these songs is for the most part sound and no major changes will be needed.

Benjamin Urrutia
New York City

notice

The *Society for the Sociological Study of Mormon Life* was recently organized at the American Sociological Association convention in San Francisco. Anyone interested in participating or knowing of others similarly interested should contact:

Professor Glen Vernon
Sociology Department
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah 84112

Corrigenda

The gremlin in charge of typographical sabotage worked overtime last issue on biographical notes. Clinton F. Larson's biographical note appeared beneath Arthur Henry King's poem; whereas notes on Dr. King, Clifton Jolley and Kristie Williams Guynn did not appear at all. Dr. King is a professor of classical studies at BYU; Dr. Jolley teaches English at BYU; and Ms. Guynn, a recent graduate of BYU, is working on an M. A. at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. Our sincere apologies to these fine writers.

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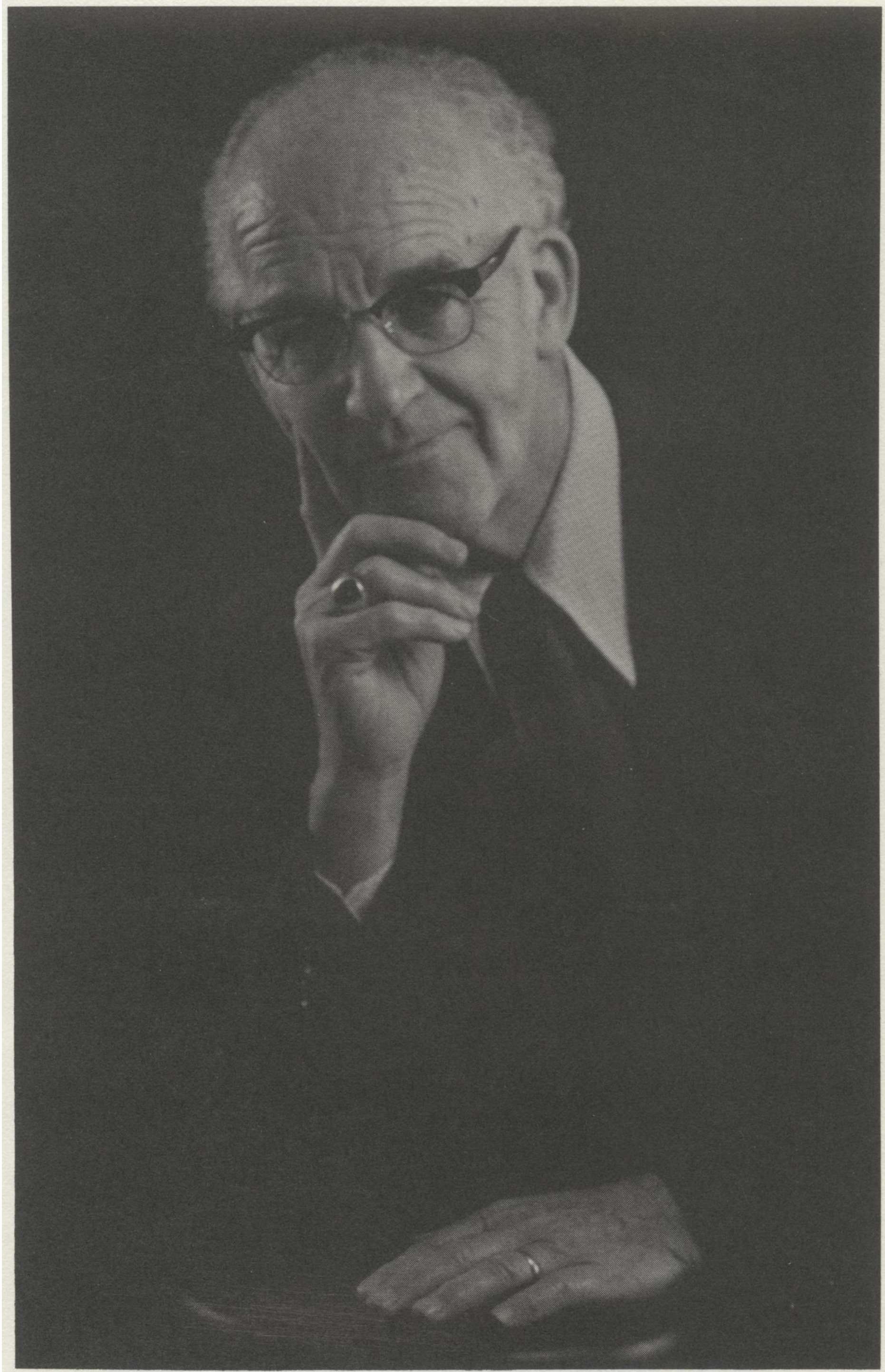
EDITOR'S NOTE

EARLIER THIS YEAR David Whittaker informed *Dialogue* that his long-awaited bibliography of Leonard Arrington's works was ready—and that it would coincide with the 20th anniversary of Arrington's trailblazing *Great Basin Kingdom.* We agreed that the winter issue would be the right place to hold the celebration.

Soon after that we learned of the deaths of three senior Mormon historians—Gustive O. Larson, David E. Miller and T. Edgar Lyon. Their influence upon Arrington and a whole generation of other historians cannot be denied. Dr. Larson, 81, was professor of history at Brigham Young University and the author of three important books: *Prelude to the Kingdom, The Americanization of Utah and Outline History of the Mormons.* Dr. Miller, 69, a University of Utah professor, was known for *Hole in the Rock: An Epic in the Colonization of the Great American West.* He was co-editor of *Utah's History.*

Because of T. Edgar Lyon's influence on the founding editors and on the present editors of Dialogue, we have chosen to use his picture on the cover and to publish one of his best-loved lectures. We have also included Lowell L. Bennion's funeral tribute and a brief biography from Davis Bitton. Doctor Bennion, founder and long-time co-director of the University of Utah institute program, was Dr. Lyon's close friend and associate for more than forty years. Dr. Bitton, a fellow historian, has worked with Dr. Lyon on the Nauvoo restoration.

"Brother Lyon" as he was called by a legion of affectionate students at the "toot" was the first teacher to make church history come alive for me. Although



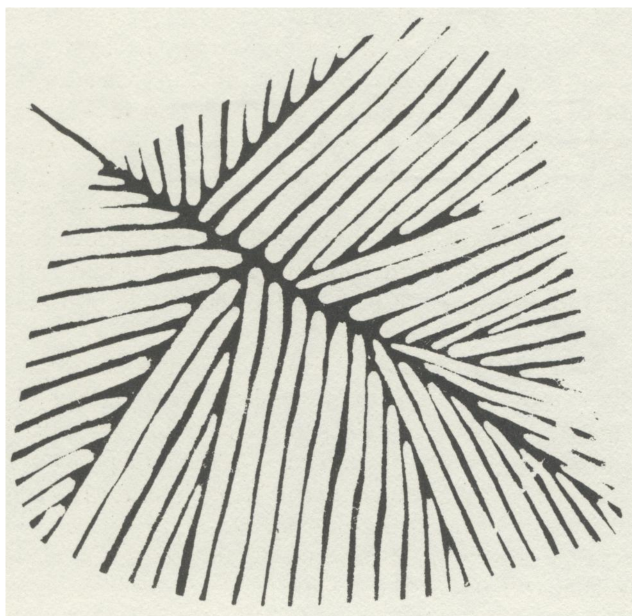
T. Edgar Lyon

I had studied it in church and seminary, it was Brother Lyon's twinkling-eyed lectures that changed the people of Mormondom from larger-than-life cardboard dolls to truly inspiring human beings, models with lessons to teach. My interest in those people and their times has never failed, just as Brother Lyon's energy never failed. We students used to speculate about the source of that energy. It was not what has been called "nervous energy." It came instead from some deep wellspring of vitality with an intelligence and a steady, calming cheer carried forth on a voice always on the verge of laughter. One of our number finally decided that he owed this energy to his cat naps—we had all caught him at them—sitting straight up at his desk during the ten-minute intervals between classes. (He always carried himself like a soldier—no one ever saw him slouch.) It was rumored too that he was able to catnap right in class, during his own lectures, with his eyes wide open!

I am grateful that I knew him then and grateful that I was with him at the Boston Education Week Series the year before his death. I heard him give his "Old Nauvooers" speech and was able to spend several private hours reminiscing with him. He had spent the previous months nursing his wife back from cancer, and though he attributed her healing to the powers of the priesthood, I knew that at least part of that power came from his own nurturing personality. For I had grown up in the neighborhood where he and his family lived, and I knew first hand of his devotion.

I taped his Boston speech, and I have played it several times since his death. The miracle of media reminds me of the miracle we, his friends and students, look forward to. I speak of that day when millions shall know Brother Lyon again.

Mary L. Bradford



IN MEMORIAM: T. EDGAR LYON (1903–1978)

DAVIS BITTON

T. EDGAR LYON, WELL KNOWN TO A GENERATION of students at the University of Utah Institute of Religion, died on September 20, 1978, at the age of 75.

Born and reared in Salt Lake City, Utah, he accumulated a remarkable variety of experiences in a life spanning roughly the first three quarters of the twentieth century. He was employed as an instructor in the seminary system of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1927. After teaching on the high school level in Idaho, he pursued graduate study at the University of Chicago in 1931–32, studying with Edgar J. Goodspeed and William W. Sweet, and earned a Master of Arts in Christian History. Having earlier served as a proselyting missionary in the Netherlands, he returned to that country as mission president at the age of thirty in 1933.

Upon his return in 1937, Ed (as he was known by his colleagues) began teaching at the Institute of Religion adjacent to the University of Utah, which had been started just two years earlier. There hundreds, even thousands of students attended his classes on the New Testament, Christian church history, and Latter-day Saint history. Always full of enthusiasm, he had a sense of humor and a warmth that won him the affection of those he taught.

Blessed with energy and an insatiable thirst for knowledge, Ed Lyon never vegetated. He exhibited great tenacity in pursuing a doctorate in history, which was awarded at the University of Utah in 1962. The author of several courses of study, textbooks, and a series of scholarly articles, Ed became recognized as the leading expert on Mormon Nauvoo (Illinois) and in 1963 was appointed research historian of Nauvoo Restoration, Inc. He was a past president of the Mormon History Association. At the convention of that organization held in Independence, Missouri, in 1974, he stood on the bank of the Missouri River, light rain falling, wind blowing his hair, and told of the role of St. Joseph, Missouri, in transcontinental trade.

After retirement from the Institute of Religion and from Nauvoo Restoration, Inc., T. Edgar Lyon continued to give talks and to do scholarly research, and (after his ordination as a Stake patriarch) give individual blessings. His knowledge of historical details was unrivaled, his memory phenomenal. At the time of his death he was preparing a volume on the Mormon experience in Nauvoo for the projected 16-volume sesquicentennial history of the Latter-day Saints.

In late 1974 I had the choice experience of interviewing Ed for the oral history program of the Historical Department of the Church. In incredible detail his memory brought forth experiences going back to his boyhood in Salt Lake City,

through his schooling, mission, high school teaching, University of Chicago experience, his return as Netherlands mission president, a generation at the University of Utah, Nauvoo Restoration, and his continued research in Mormon history. He also spoke with pride and affection of each of his children. Two years later, paying tribute to his wonderful wife and calling his students "the finest generation the Church has ever produced," T. Edgar Lyon made a statement that aptly expressed his attitude: "I have never been bored in my life."

Reflections on *T. EDGAR LYON*
A tribute given at his funeral

LOWELL L. BENNION

T. EDGAR LYON, A HEALTHY AND RUGGED MAN who had hardly known a sick day, died at age seventy-five after a short, losing battle with cancer. In his death, his wife, six sons, and thirty-two grandchildren lost a gentle, loving husband and father, and the Church a great historian and teacher.

Brother Lyon has written courses of study for the priesthood, Relief Society and Institutes, and hundreds of articles and book reviews, but his major work— *The History of Nauvoo*—he left only half finished. This is an irreparable loss to scholars and the Church.

It was my privilege to be his colleague at the Institute of Religion, University of Utah, from 1939 to 1962. During the first half of this time he and I were the only faculty. We were together daily, evenings, and on Sundays. Several summers we worked together painting houses, digging out a basement, building an upstairs. With several couples, we formed a study group which has met for forty years. I could never get enough of his company. In those twenty-three years at the Institute and the sixteen which have followed not an ill-feeling or a derogatory remark has ever passed between us.

Those early years at the Institute were the "Golden days" of our youth. There was no established curriculum. We built courses around the needs and interests of students as well as on subject matter dictated by history and the nature of religion. With a remarkable group of students we laughed and danced, counseled and worshipped, taught each other, and created a fraternity—Lambda Delta Sigma—to meet their social needs and to provide leadership experience. The fraternity became our laboratory for the gospel we taught.

Ed Lyon was a real Latter-day Saint, a worthy disciple of Jesus Christ. In him was a total absence of pretense. He never sought the honors of men. He never took the chief seats. His only interest was to serve, to give of himself, to lose his life in the interest of others. I was younger than Brother Lyon and much less prepared to teach religion than he was. However, because I was appointed the first Director of the Institute, I remained in that position. Ed Lyon was not envious nor resentful as my associate director, but wholly loyal and cooperative.

Ed exemplified the Beatitudes. He was humble, teachable, receptive of criticism without offense, meek, merciful, pure of heart, a peacemaker. I never saw him angry, deceitful, hypocritical, or selfish. In my memory, he will ever remain a saint of saints.

Brother Lyon was a fascinating teacher. He had a photographic encyclopedic memory, a remarkable ability to retain even the minutest details if they were relevant. He was at his best teaching historical subjects or the Doctrine & Covenants and the New Testament which he could make rich by feeding in historical background. A most delightful part of his teaching was his ability to relate stories and experiences apropos to the subject matter. His stock of tales seemed endless.

In our study group, if we were caught without a prepared lesson, we needed only to ask Ed a provocative question and he would entertain for the evening.

His teaching was informative and substantive. Ed Lyon never fed his students pablum, nor did he, as many religious teachers do, try to build faith on the esoteric and the unfounded myths and legends which grow up in any religious movement. He built faith on solid foundations, believing that the truth could stand the light of day. Ed's mother had been a bright, realistic woman who saw life as it really was, and her son appropriated this quality, which was strengthened by his studies at the University of Chicago and by his own integrity. T. Edgar Lyon was an honest man in whom I detected no guile.

He was also a man of deep faith. Much of this he acquired from his saintly father, Bishop David Lyon, whom he loved and admired so much. On his first mission in Holland, T. Edgar had the kind of spiritual experiences that only come to one who doesn't seek them but is ready to receive them.

His was not a simple faith. It had stood the test of the study of comparative religion, of extensive historical study, of sound scholarship. Ed was not ignorant of the human element in our history. He knew that a people as well as individuals can err. Church history presented him with problems as well as inspiration. He had great admiration and love for Joseph Smith and for the Saints as they made 150 years of history.

T. Edgar Lyon believed in Jesus Christ and in the eternal life of man. He was as ready to meet his Maker as anyone I have ever known. Therefore, we shall not say good-bye to our dear friend, but only *Auf Wiedersehen*.

Ed is gone but his qualities of mind and character remain in our memory and in our lives, beckoning us to pursue them. And these same qualities bear witness to the intelligent, creative, loving God who created him. Surely a universe that can create the likes of T. Edgar Lyon has also the power to preserve him. This is my faith—which his life has strengthened.

CHURCH HISTORIANS I HAVE KNOWN

T. EDGAR LYON

Address to the Mormon History Association, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 12, 1973.

THIS TALK IS NECESSARILY GOING TO BE "ORAL HISTORY." As such it is suspect, as most oral history must be. Time plays tricks on our memories. It beclouds our judgment, confuses people, bends our interpretations, and at times causes us to read back into history certain *presentisms* which were nonexistent when the incident occurred. For all that follows I'll assume full responsibility. I've endeavored to check dates, events, people, and my reactions at the time the incidents I will relate took place, but I reserve the right to retreat from what I've said if evidence indicates that my statements are erroneous.

Back in the days before we knew what a wicked thing it was to teach people to work when they were young, my father had a printing shop on Richards Street just down the street from the south gates of the Temple. Seven of his sons grew up in that shop because there was a lot of hand work back in the days before automation. One day—as nearly as I can figure out, it must have been the summer of 1913 when I was somewhere around ten years of age—I was sitting at a table interleafing office forms when a rather stocky man with a dark mustache came in. My father turned and said, "What can I do for you, B. H.?" And the reply was, "Dave, I want you to print a pamphlet for me." He handed him a manuscript. It was the manuscript of the King Follett discourse. He said, "I completed reading the page proofs of volume six of *The History of the Church,* Period I. The book went to press. Shortly before it was put on sale, I received a call to tour the mission, and I was gone for three months or so. When I returned I found on my desk a leather bound copy with my name stamped in gold on the sixth volume. I flipped it open and put it up on the shelf. A Sunday or two later I was speaking

at stake conference, and I referred to the King Follett discourse. Somebody came up and asked me if that were in print. I said, 'Of course it is.' 'Well where?' 'It's in the sixth volume of the documentary history.'"

Roberts went on to say that during afternoon session of conference—and we used to have two sessions in those days—the man handed President Roberts the book and said, "I have looked through it and I can't find it." Roberts replied, "I know it's in there because I wrote it." He turned to the place where it should have been, but the sermon wasn't there. Sixteen pages had been left out of the book.

Well, Brother Roberts said when he got back in Salt Lake City he went to the bookstores and looked at the copies. The King Follett discourse was not in them! When he asked what happened to it, he learned that some of the brethren were not persuaded that the King Follett discourse was authentic. Now I don't know what the brethren meant in those days, but Brother Roberts did, and he said that he felt very unhappy about it! "David, I want you to print 10,000 copies of this sermon, and please hurry it through the press. I want to take them to the stake and mission conferences and give one to every member of the stake presidencies and high councils and bishoprics, and presidents of the missions and the branches. I'll give this wider circulation than that book will ever get."

This was the spirit I sensed a good many times later in the man: he was a scrapper! Brother Roberts passed the sermon around to a good many people. Some years later my father gave me one of the original copies—the little pamphlet Roberts had had printed and distributed throughout the Church to make up for the omission of something he had a strong conviction about. When they printed the six volumes of *The History of the Church* for the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums in the 1950s, they put the chapter back in.

The thing that interests me about this episode is this: I wonder what we lost when Roberts did not get that chapter in. There's some evidence, I think, that he became quite angry, even antagonistic about this. He did not continue these books from 1912 to 1932—a 20-year stretch. Although Roberts worked on the seventh volume, *Apostolic Interregnum,* he had originally planned a multi-volume series. He had been writing the material which appeared in the *Americana Magazine* between 1909 and 1915. When this magazine became defunct in 1915, he hurried his work through. He skimmed over church history very rapidly in the last chapter. He brought the story of the Church down to a summary of a church financial report in 1915, having covered the administrations of President Snow, President Woodruff, and the first years of the Joseph F. Smith administration in a very few pages. There are only a few people who have ever seen the originals of those articles. A member of the first Council of Seventy, one of the Seventy along with B. H. Roberts, Joseph W. McMurrin, subscribed to *Americana,* and saved every edition of it. Through the courtesy of Sterling McMurrin we have them in the library of the Salt Lake Institute of Religion.

By 1930, centennial of the Church, we were still lacking a history. When President Grant asked President Roberts what he could do about it, Roberts resorted to bringing in what he had already done. The Church, I understand, had paid for the plates—the illustrations—although there are here and there some that were not church plates, engravings of another type, pictures that the editors of the series apparently thought would be beneficial. So Roberts, in rather a quick

fashion, went through this earlier publication, doing some revising here, eliminating bits here, adding sentences there, making slight changes—not too many of them. This was published as the *Comprehensive History* for the centennial year 1930. I think he would have carried on both jobs had it not been for the earlier insult.

When World War I broke out in April 1917, we had a very small professional army in the United States. They mustered into service the national guard units, using them as a skeleton national army, recruiting heavily. Down on Main Street about where the Tribune Building stands, they put up a 75 millimeter fieldpiece. The Utah National Guard became the 145th United States Field Artillery. On the street, recruiters were working to build up their regiment for war strength. I was too young to enlist, but I was as excited about war as most kids are. When I had to make deliveries on Main Street, I'd walk a block or two out of my way on the way back to the shop to look at the gun and to see the people standing around it. One day I saw a much larger crowd than usual. I made my way through the crowd and got up on the front line. There I saw a man in a khaki uniform standing with his foot on the tailpiece of the cannon. It was the same man my father had called "B.H." At home I heard some rumblings from my parents and from other people who came in the house about the propriety of a general authority of the Church joining the Army as a chaplain. But how could a church leader better serve the spiritual needs of the youth than by accompanying them to battle—encouraging them to maintain their ideals and making himself available for wise and intimate counsel? Roberts' stock went up about 1,000 percent in my estimation!

Roberts kept his own political convictions. I was teaching up in Rigby Stake in Idaho in 1928 or 1930—it was an election year. Roberts, you know, was a lifelong Democrat. Our stake president was just the reverse—a red-hot Republican, a Republican National Committeeman, the Republican representative on the United States Commission, a man who nominated William E. Borah for the Senate and helped keep him there for thirty years. When I went to teach seminary he met me with three instructions: "Brother Lyon, we want you to settle down, buy a home, and vote the Republican ticket." This is how strongly he was committed.

It so happened that a good number of apostate Mormons were the leaders of the Democratic Party in Idaho. Having heard that Brother Roberts was coming to stake conference, they asked him to come a day early, at the same time a Republican rally was being held. There was quite a bit of trouble about it because the stake officers met Roberts at the train, the stake president took him into his car and the stake president addressed the Republican rally that night. On Saturday afternoon the stake president took Roberts away from the Democrats to meet with the official stake family. The stake president said to Roberts, "Do you think it's proper for a General Authority to attend a stake conference and to hold a Democratic rally at the same time?" I was present and I heard Elder Roberts' reply: "If John Henry Smith [formerly a counselor in the First Presidency and the father of George Albert Smith] could hold a Republican Rally while he went to stake conference, why can't I do the same thing for the Democratic rally?" Nobody pushed Roberts around.

In June 1933 or in the latter part of September 1933 just before Roberts died, I came down from Ricks College on my way to spend the summer at Berkeley,

California, to go to school. (Or was it when I was here in town being set apart to preside over the Netherlands Mission?) Anyway, Don B. Colton, former Congressman for Utah who had just been appointed president of the Eastern States Mission, was just going in to talk to B. H. Roberts. When he saw me in the hall of the church office building, he invited me to come along. Roberts met us at the door and told us to sit down. This is approximately what Don B. Colton said: "You spent four years between 1922–1927 as president of the Eastern States Mission. I am overwhelmed by the responsibility of directing the missionaries and making the mission productive. I'd like to capitalize on your experience so that I won't have to repeat your mistakes and can go ahead without a great deal of trial and error. If you were going back into the mission field today with your experience, what would you do that would improve the efficiency of the missionaries that you did not do when you were president there?" Roberts said, "I'd call all the missionaries into mission headquarters for three months and convert them to the gospel of Jesus Christ or send them home." Here was Roberts in the closing period of his life summarizing in one sentence the secret of what he thought was successful missionary endeavor.

B. H. Roberts, it appears to me, was the first historian who attempted to break away from writing church history as propaganda, making a conscious effort to move into historical objectivity. He tried to present both sides of the controversial events in our history. Without him we might still be waiting for someone to spearhead the movement so ably undertaken by this Davis County blacksmith.

My awareness of Andrew Jenson was well advanced before I knew what church history was or should be. Back in the days when I was a youngster, there used to be a service in the Tabernacle every Sunday afternoon at 2:00, except on Fast Days or when general conferences were in session. The Tabernacle Choir sang at those Sunday afternoon sessions. I remember Evan Stephens led the choir and John J. McClellan played the organ. I can't read a note of music as big as a barn door, but I have profound respect for that organ and for the people who play it.

We used to live about a mile and a fourth from church, and on Sundays my father and I used to walk down. Sometimes church work kept my father from doing it and I went alone. I was amazed to see what they were doing in the way of music. Although I had no adequate appreciation for it, it intrigued me. There were some speakers that I liked and some that I didn't, but I suffered through long and dreary sermons often lasting an hour and fifteen minutes just to hear the closing song. Some of the speakers I remember were President Joseph F. Smith, Heber J. Grant, Anthony W. Ivins, Charles W. Penrose, David O. McKay, John A. Winder, Anthon H. Lund, George Albert Smith, Joseph W. McMurrin, B. H. Roberts, Levi Edgar Young, J. Golden Kimball—oh, I loved him—and others.

Five speakers fascinated me in particular. This was because they talked about people and what people did, about pioneering in the early Church, about personality conflicts, events, the struggles of the Mormons who settled the intermountain states. The five—Heber J. Grant, B. H. Roberts, J. Golden Kimball, Levi Edgar Young, and Andrew Jenson—were all good story tellers. These are the ones who

fascinated me. Scriptures and theological discussions, talks about righteousness, admonitions that were never explained, exaltation and so forth, left little impression on me. But I could understand these men who talked about people. My father was also a personal friend of Andrew Jenson, often doing printing for him.

From time to time, when my father did an unusually good job, Andrew Jenson would come down to congratulate him. I tagged along a time or two and shook his hand. I was excited to think that I had shaken the hand of somebody who spoke in the tabernacle—one I understood and liked. I read his works, and I had great respect for him and the thoroughness with which he did everything.

In my work with Nauvoo Restoration I've been trying to run down the diaries and journals old pioneers are supposed to have kept. About nine times out of ten, after I think I'm hot on the trail, I find Andrew Jenson was already there. For instance, fourteen volumes were being held by the James Friedman Berg family up in Mantua, Utah. Jenson made two trips up there to talk them into depositing them. They were always going to do it, but they never did. I found some of the letters that the family had. (Berg built the two-story part of the building that's the Browning gunsmith shop in Nauvoo. He was also an ancestor of Brother Delbert Stapley.) Well, I found that I was following in steps where Andrew Jenson had already been. He either got the documents or he didn't, but if he didn't get them, nobody could!

I'm going to tell you a personal story about the man. We were holding a mission president's conference in Paris, France, 1937. Richard R. Lyman, president of the European mission, was presiding. George D. Pyper of the Sunday School General Board was attending a convention of Rotary International at Nice. Andrew Jenson and his daughter Eva, the mother of our good brother Earl Olson, were also there. They were on their way to Denmark to present the Rebild National Park with a covered wagon as part of a display that was to be put up there memorializing the part that Danish immigrants had played in the colonization and pioneering of America. They were also going to each mission to gather up documents accumulated since he had been there the last time. When we gathered together each morning, Richard L. Lyman would call on Brother Pyper to sing a solo or to lead us in a song—he was quite a singer. Brother Lyman would always start off with embarrassing eulogies and so forth. Brother Pyper, who was a mild and modest person, would take it, and take it, and blush, but it still went on day after day.

One evening there were ten of us sitting around the table. Brother and Sister Jenson and their daughter were there with some other mission presidents and their wives. Wally Toronto, the President of the Czech Mission, said, "There is one woman that cut Brother Lyman down to size. In Prague there was an American-born person of Czech descent. He knew the Czech language, and he was assigned to be one of the attaches to the embassy in Prague. He was married to an American girl. She had not been raised in the Church and did not sustain all of the general authorities, yet she was one of the few people who seemed to be interested in the message. When Brother Lyman visited Prague, they invited this woman and her husband to come to the mission home to have dinner with President Lyman. Brother Lyman had a great way with women. He would pass out flattery endlessly. She tolerated it about as long as she could, then she said to

him, 'Mr. Lyman, whether you cut it this way [→] or this way, [↓], it's still baloney.'" We laughed, but we tried to hush it because the other mission presidents were sitting at the table. We kept it as still as we could. I noticed that Brother Jenson was very disturbed. He didn't like it.

The next morning when Brother Pyper was called upon to lead the singing, and the big eulogy started, Brother Pyper said, "Richard"—Brother Lyman's hearing aid hadn't warmed up yet and he was quite deaf. Again he said, "Richard." No response. Finally, he said "Richard" and moved his arms → and ↓. That ended the eulogy. Brother Jenson was embarrassed, in fact, he was shocked. As we went out to get our lunch he said, "It was humorous, but Brother Pyper should not have done it. It showed disrespect for a General Authority. We must never indulge in such light mindedness concerning them." Andrew Jenson was an indefatigable collector of historical information, documents, oral histories, a chronicler striving for complete and accurate coverage, a man of profound respect for those in authority over him. He died in his ninetieth year, I believe.

Another assistant historian was A. William Lund, affectionately known as Will Lund. All historians had great admiration for the man, as I did, but sometimes he could be provoking. He was my quickest source of supply for years and years at the Institute—some thirty-three years. I was always getting questions, and if people wanted a quick answer, I could pick up the phone, and he could give an answer in short order. And they were usually pertinent answers. Sometimes he'd give verification based on his own personal experience and observations, sometimes salted with humor.

One day two students got into an argument about the Urim and Thummim. The question was, "Do they still have it or don't they have it?" One quoted from Joseph Smith writing in the *Pearl of Great Price* that he had delivered the Urim and Thummim to the angel Moroni in whose possession it was as far as he knew at the time it was being written. But a talk given by a religion professor at the institution south of here in the "Know Your Religion" Series claimed that the First Presidency used the Urim and Thummim every day in making their decisions. The argument got so hot that two of the listeners walked into my office and asked, "What do you think about it?" I said, "Let's call A. William Lund." He said, "I doubt the story. My father Anthon H. Lund was a member of the Twelve and the First Presidency from 1899 to his death in 1921. I came to work in the Old Historian's Office across the street more than forty years ago. I knew everything that was in that office, and I never saw it. When we moved into this building in 1918, I supervised the packing of every box that was packed, checked them out of that building, checked them into this office, and supervised the unpacking. It was not in the Historian's Office. I moved the office of the First Presidency from the old office east of the Lion House including the contents of the Church safes, and it was not there. It is not on any inventory. "He added, "Of course President Smith could have smuggled it into his office under his overcoat, but I doubt it."

I called Brother Lund often: when they introduced the sacrament in the Sunday schools, when water replaced the sacramental wine, when the Aaronic Priesthood program became the youth program of the Church rather than for adults, when questions about second endowments came up. Brother Lund and Andrew Jenson were unending sources of encyclopedic knowledge about the

Church. But Brother Lund fit into the old school who viewed the function of the Church Historian's Office in a very different fashion from what we see today. He saw it as a repository for documents and books which were to be *preserved* but not necessarily *used* for writing or interpreting historical events. The office was not one of production, but of accumulation. Underlining this concept I think was perhaps the command given to the Saints in the early days in the Midwest to gather up all material—encyclopedias, papers, books,—that would be witnesses against the enemies of the Church in case of court trials suing for redress or in preparation for the day of judgment. (You'll find this statement in Doctrine and Covenants—section 143: 1–8.)

Another side of A. William Lund was his defensiveness. One of the researchers in my office had the record book of one of the early wards or branches back east. It was a family tradition that one of her ancestors had been a member of the Church since Kirtland, Ohio when his parents had joined the Church there. But they had a record of his baptism sometime around 1885 in one of the wards in Utah, and they'd come there wanting to find out why there was a baptismal date in 1885 when it should have been back there in the 1830s. The researcher found it, called Brother Lund over, and said, "Here it is." It turned out that he had been excommunicated from the Church in the early 1880s for adultery and a few years later had been rebaptized.

She asked Brother Lund what she should do. "Shall I go and tell them or not?" His answer was characteristic of him. He said, "To provide the real story would destroy the pride of a large family in their ancestor and would embarrass them." His closing comment was that she should remember that the Church Historian's Office records are not to gratify curiosity but to build faith and respect for people. Brother Lund held pretty true to this idea.

When I began research on the Nauvoo Restoration Project, I was one day reading the *Nauvoo Neighbor* on microfilm, looking for material on the cultural and economic life in the city. I found an advertisement of Joseph W. Coolidge, who was a building contractor and cabinetmaker in Nauvoo, who as we know from the records, had the contract to build the Mansion House. He had a number of young men apprentices in his employ who lived in his home while learning the trade. Apparently one of them who had run away from his apprenticeship agreement had been sent by Coolidge to the various hardware stores in town to buy hardware items that they needed over in the shop. Coolidge published in the paper a warning to the Nauvoo merchants not to charge anything to his account ordered by this young man. He was not responsible, as the young man had left his employ. I made a copy of the advertisement because I thought it was pretty good. Here was a man large enough to have three or more apprentices working for him. Brother Lund saw me just as I was lighting the microfilm up and asked me what I was doing. When I showed it to him, he tore my note to bits and threw it in the wastebasket. I said, "Brother Lund, what's the matter?" He said, "Oh, you can't have that." I said, "Why not? This shows people trying to attain a high standard of achievement in their work. They're putting youngsters through a long apprenticeship to teach them the way things ought to be properly made—they tried to perpetuate the skills of their crafts!"

Brother Lund said, "Oh no, our enemies would use it against us." And I said,

"How on earth would anybody use a simple thing like that against the Church?"

"Oh, you'd be surprised how they twist these things around. They would make it appear that we had slavery at Nauvoo."

Well, I said to him, "Brother Lund, I can go down to the Genealogical Society and get it. I can go to the Utah Historical Society and get it. I can get it at the University of Utah Library." He said, "I'll have to call them and tell them not to let anybody copy it." He had what I think was a survival of a persecution complex; he couldn't get out of it. But he was a great man anyway, and we all loved him.

In 1969 Howard W. Hunter and his two sons, both residents of California—practicing attorneys and early morning seminary teachers—had decided to go east to prepare themselves for the next year's course of study in the seminaries. They and their wives flew to the east coast, rented a car, went up to Vermont, and started trailing back across the country back to the various church historic sites. They reached Nauvoo on the 20th of July. They were going to spend half a day touring and taking pictures. It fell to me to take them around on a tour. We reached the Wilford Woodruff house, and we were in the kitchen where I was explaining how the brick oven worked—that they built a fire and got a lot of hot embers, shoveled them into the brick oven, closed the door part way, and let the gas escape—the carbon monoxide. When the ashes had all cooled off they'd sweep it out and fill it again. When they got it hot enough to bake they'd put their roasts and bread in the oven and keep the fire steady in the grate to keep it from losing all of its heat. I said, "You know, this is where they got their thick crusted bread. Brigham Young used to say that a woman who couldn't bake bread with a crust an inch thick didn't know how to bake bread. This is how they were able to have a bread and milk supper; whereas if you try it today all you get is mush."

Elder Hunter stood there a minute and said, "I can almost smell the aroma coming out of that oven. I haven't tasted bread like that for years." My wife, who was standing nearby, said, "If you'll stay over, I'll cook some for you for dinner."

After dinner was over we were sitting there talking. My wife had fixed the dinner with everything grown locally that they might have had in the days of the Mormons living in Nauvoo. She gave them some locally corn-fed beef, some locally grown vegetables—green corn, summer squash, and so forth, topping it off with freshly picked wild blackberries and fresh baked cookies.

Then the questions began: They asked four questions. First, how did the Mormons, lacking capital, banks, and mortgage lending institutions, build Nauvoo to the largest city in the state in less than seven years? Second, what conditions led to the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith? Third, what caused the depression after they left Nauvoo in 1846? Fourth, how did they manage the moving of 16,000 people from Nauvoo, organizing them for the long trip to the Far West?

It was midnight before we had examined these questions in some depth. Time and again I tried to turn away from their questions, but you know when you have three lawyers after you it's a pretty hard thing to do. I'd dodge and try to change the subject, and they'd call me back. Well, I fear we slaughtered some sacred historical cows that night. I did my best to try to get out of it. Then they went to their hotel.

On May 14, 1970, while I was packing up to go back to Nauvoo for the summer, I found copies of some records that had to be delivered to Brother Olson. When I took them over to his office, I had to wait outside. Brother Hunter, who had been made church historian earlier that year, came out, took me by the arm, and led me in, where he began to tell Brother Olson the story of his visit to Nauvoo the previous year. Then he said, "My sons went back to California and they made their slides into an organized affair—took their tapes and made the record to go with it. And when they came up to conference they played it one evening for their family." Then he said, "Of all the historic sites we visited, the tour of Nauvoo was the most exciting. On other sites we saw physical objects and were told a story, but the places seemed to lack the human element. Nauvoo was the only place where people were alive so we could relate to them. We felt their hopes, struggles, frustrations, fears, and above all, their undying testimonies of the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, his successor, and their willingness to sacrifice their world acquisitions and creature comforts to maintain the spiritual values which they had acquired through accepting the covenant of the restored gospel. The real Nauvoo story is more exciting than the myth we have made up about it." Then Elder Hunter said, "That's the way I feel about it. It seems to me that the real story of the Church must include all facets of life—it must be people-oriented, not divorced from the problems of living beings and concerned only with abstractions." A new era was about to dawn in our church history interpretation!

The academic years 1937–1950 are a historical blur to me, commencing with one room on the first floor in the University Ward chapel on University Street which doubled as a classroom and office for me and served as a Sunday School and MIA classroom during the week. Our challenge was to build the enrollment of the Salt Lake Institute of Religion on the campus. In 1940 we had two classrooms, a library, two offices and the lounge shared by fellows and girls. We moved into our new office building on December 31, 1950, but we were swamped. There were two of us with more than 1200 students, and it took night and day, because we were functioning with them in social activities as well.

My historical interests had pretty much gone down the drain. For fourteen years I had done practically nothing in this field. My only contact in that whole period had been with the *Utah Historical Quarterly.* Then one day in the spring of 1950 a manila envelope came to the Institute, with a return address on it, Department of Economics, Utah State Agricultural College. Inside was a reprint of an article from the *Journal of Economic History* entitled "The Deseret Telegraph: A Church-Owned Public Utility," by Leonard J. Arrington. At the top, the author had written "For Ed Lyon." Thus was I introduced in a rather startling way to the present LDS Church Historian. Why he had chosen to honor me, an obscure institute teacher, with this reprint (and in the ensuing years with many of his reprints and monographs), I'll never know. But it was a turning point in my life. It reawakened in me an interest in Mormon and Western American history which had been slumbering. I take this opportunity to express my gratitude to Lenoard J. Arrington, for this generous prod of twenty-two years ago. It has meant much to me. And I congratulate him on his present assignment, which is to fulfill what I feel was Elder Hunter's viewpoint.

LEONARD JAMES ARRINGTON: HIS LIFE AND WORK

DAVID J. WHITTAKER

THE APPEARANCE OF LEONARD J. ARRINGTON'S *Great Basin Kingdom* in October 1958 was an important event in Mormon historiography. Reviewers hailed it as "one of the most important books ever produced about the Mormons and Mormonism"; "a significant and definitive contribution"; "easily the most informative single volume yet published on the Mormons in Utah." Lewis Atherton in the *Economic History Review* wrote, "This book has the virtues of intensive research and mature deliberation." T. A. Larson in the *Annals of Wyoming,* described it as "a masterpiece" and further said that "the work is objective, analyzing church successes and failures with admirable impartiality." With hardly less admiration, Dale Morgan in the *Utah Historical Quarterly,* wrote, "Few scholars working in the Mormon field have displayed an industry and energy comparable to that of Leonard J. Arrington . . . . As a descriptive work, *Great Basin Kingdom* is an immense accomplishment, and can be consulted with pleasure and profit." Leland H. Creer agreed, "it is probably the most definitive and provocative study on any phase of Utah or Mormon history published during the last three decades." In a prophetic note, W. J. McNiff wrote, "This book illustrates the fact that the mine of Mormon history has rich possibilities for an understanding of American life and beliefs."

DAVID J. WHITTAKER, *a Ph.D candidate in history at Brigham Young University,* *wishes to express his thanks to Leonard Arrington for access to the Cornwall biography, personal counsel, and for his assistance in making the attached bibliography complete. Thanks also to James B. Allen for suggestions on an earlier draft.*

The work was a labor of love. Like his many other publications, it reflects his appreciation for his subject and his involvement with it, an involvement that preserves historical objectivity. Its enduring qualities and Arrington's academic career have paralleled the rise of a new generation of Mormon historians, which has in turn led to a renaissance of Mormon studies. This twenty-year anniversary, then, affords the opportunity to pay tribute to the man and his work—to a man who exemplifies the best in Mormon scholarship and Christian commitment.

EARLY YEARS

Leonard James Arrington was born July 2, 1917 on a farm near Twin Falls, Idaho. Though few of his early experiences hinted that he would end up studying economic history, growing up in Idaho would later serve him well in the writing of Mormon and western history, for much of his work would derive from the rural, agrarian life of the Great Basin. Leonard was the third of eleven children, nine of whom lived to adulthood. His mother, Edna Corn from Indiana, and his father, Noah Arrington from Tennessee, lived for a time in Oklahoma. Noah Arrington was called to serve a mission for the Church after six of his children were born, and Leonard remembers that living without him was a turning point in their spiritual lives. His mission increased the family's church involvement and Leonard's economic responsibilities. He remembers attending stake conferences and being impressed with the sermons of such leaders as B. H. Roberts ("brilliant orator . . . although he always talked a long, long time"), Orson F. Whitney, Rulon S. Wells, Richard R. Lyman, J. Golden Kimball ("everyone kept on the edge of their seats waiting for a hell or a damn"), Melvin J. Ballard, Reed Smoot and David O. McKay ("so tall, so handsome, with such a big, infectious smile, and such interest in young people!").

Before and especially during the Depression years, young Leonard was able to add considerably to the family income by raising chickens, at which he became an expert. His interest in chickens led to active participation in the Future Farmers of America. He competed in state and local fairs, gaining confidence, leadership skills, and public speaking experience. He eventually served as the Idaho State President of the FFA and as national first vice president of the FFA. His membership on the Twin Falls High School debating team helped to develop his ability for logical presentation and smooth delivery. It also took him to various conventions outside the state.

Leonard grew up in a state that still exhibited strong anti-Mormon feelings, although he recalls being only slightly aware of his membership in a "minority" group.

Although his horizons were broadening, he remained a country boy at heart, loving the land and the people of his youth. A visit to the top of the Empire State Building in 1935 confirmed to his youthful mind that he was "exceedingly blessed to have been born on a farm." Sleeping under the stars during the summer reinforced his appreciation for his individuality and the goodness of the rural life. So strong were these feelings that when he graduated from high school in May 1935, he planned to earn a university degree in agriculture and return to work with his father on the family farm.

In September, 1935 Leonard became a freshman at the University of Idaho, and by the end of the year, he had changed his major from agriculture (because "it required too much chemistry") to economics. This change was so much to his liking that by his junior year he was working as an assistant to Professor Erwin Graue, who was, for several years, his mentor in economic theory. Dr. Graue "taught him to consider the personal drives behind the profit motive."

His college years brought intellectual crises. Leonard was puzzled by the conflicting theories of evolution, behaviorism and theodicy. Although he never fully answered the questions raised by these issues, he emerged with an open-minded faith tempered by the liberalism of George Tanner, director of the LDS Institute of Religion at Moscow. In Tanner, Leonard found a friend who listened to his questions and who counseled that the development of right attitudes was more important than quick answers.

After graduating with high honors in June 1939, he accepted a graduate teaching fellowship at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he quickly adjusted to southern life and the pleasures of teaching. He remembers that his first year introduced him to the Southern Agrarians and their regional and distributist approach to social problems.

During his second year at Chapel Hill (1940–41), Leonard was so thoroughly introduced to Keynesian economics that he strongly considered doing a dissertation on Keynes' precursor, Thomas Robert Malthus. Before he could carry out this plan, he accepted an instructor's position at North Carolina State College, in Raleigh, where he was allowed to continue taking classes in his minor—rural sociology. He also agreed to co-author a much-needed text on "the new economics in the field of agriculture economics," but, although he wrote fifteen chapters, the book was never published. As part of this study, he was introduced to the concept of regionalism by his new mentor C. Horace Hamilton, who pointed out that an interdisciplinary approach would open up new ways of looking at American history.

He reports that during this time he discovered Mormonism as much more than a theology and an ethical system. While reading T. Lynn Smith's *The Sociology of Rural Life,* he became fascinated with the "secular aspects of Mormon culture." He wrote,

> I immediately canvassed other works on rural sociology and found several additional references to the Mormons. I hunted through other monographs on the American scene—on American history, politics, economics, and literature—and discovered to my surprise and delight that there existed a whole literature on the "secular" aspects of Mormon culture.

This discovery coincided with his growing interest in the scholarly dimensions of the Church, an interest that he would later describe as leading to his "real conversion to Mormonism."

His renewed interest in his own religion led him to seek out other Latter-day Saints in the area. These were few, but their number was growing, and it was through this group that he was introduced to his future wife, Grace Fort. Grace had been reading the *Reader's Digest* condensation of Vardis Fisher's *Children of*

God, and had formed many questions to ask of a "real Mormon." These discussions led to their courtship, and Grace, a Presbyterian, would later join the Mormon Church.

THE WAR AND AFTER

Leonard had tried to enlist in the Army as an officer, but his height (just under the minimum 5 feet 6 inches) and his asthma prevented his entry. He arranged a leave of absence from North Carolina State and joined the war effort as a civilian in the Office of Price Administration. Finally, in March 1943, he was drafted and sent to Fort Bragg for boot camp. It was then that he and Grace were married, ending a courtship of eighteen months. By the time he was shipped off to North Africa, in July of 1943, his experiences had convinced him that he would settle his family in the West. He wrote Grace, "The best souvenir I'll have of my stay in the South will be you."

In North Africa he spent the first eighteen months "processing" Italian prisoners of war after which he was appointed "Allied Controller of the Central Institute of Statistics in Rome." Eight months in Rome led to assignment with the Committee for Price Control in Milan, where he joined in the invasion of northern Italy. Finally, after 33 months overseas, he was reunited with Grace on January 4, 1946. He later estimated that their separation had produced over 1000 letters.

While in Italy, Leonard had written to John A. Widtsoe asking for suggestions for a dissertation on some phase of Mormon economic history. Widtsoe had replied:

> If you desire to write a thesis dealing with some phase of the economics of the Latter-day Saint Church, you have a field at your command.

Since Leonard had not yet narrowed his interests, Widtsoe offered several suggestions, even promising personal help:

> After you make up your mind as to one or two themes, it might be well to write me again, and I will be glad to present them to the Authorities of the Church for their inspection and willingness to give the assistance you need, by providing material in the archives of the Church.

His former teacher, Milton Heath, continued to encourage him to do for the West what scholars were then doing for the South through a regional approach. Finally, he was able to obtain approval for a study called "The Economic Aspects of the Mormon Church Security Program." Knowing that several years of work lay ahead, he accepted a teaching position at Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, Utah.

The Arringtons saw Cache Valley for the first time in June 1946. After a brief glimpse, both said, "This is our valley." Many years later, when they moved to Salt Lake City, they announced that their "hearts had remained in Logan." Grace arrived in Utah a Presbyterian, but on September 15, 1946, Leonard's father baptized her into Logan's Tenth Ward.

Shortly after the Arringtons settled in their new home, John A. Widtsoe finally convinced Leonard that to give unity to his project, he should limit his topic but that he should also broaden his study to include the entire economic

contributions of the Mormons in the West. Widtsoe gave good advice on obtaining material from the church archives:

> First, he said, go in and ask to see published books. Read those a few days. Then ask for theses and dissertations. Read those a few days. Then ask for the Journal History. Use that for a period. And when you're through with that, ask for specific documents you need. This way you will build up their confidence in you, they will see you as a serious scholar, and they will give you about everything you want to use. Like the proverbial camel, you will stick your head in the tent, gradually move farther in, and ultimately carry the whole tent away with you.

At that time the archives were supervised by Church Historian Joseph Fielding Smith and Assistant Church Historian A. William Lund. Apostle Smith's approach to church history had been directed by his own father: "The more you say to [critics of the Church] the more opportunity is given them for criticism and faultfinding." Brother Lund discouraged Leonard's research. He seemed to think of the historian's office as a mere repository of records, rather than a research department. But Leonard finally obtained Joseph Fielding Smith's permission to spend his summers from 1946 to 1951 in the archives.

Following the advice of Apostle Widtsoe, he worked from printed works to documents, and then through the Journal History. By his fourth summer he was using manuscript material. He recalls that no document was ever denied him.

Thus began the eleven-year project that became, in 1958, *Great Basin Kingdom.*

GREAT BASIN KINGDOM

In 1951, Leonard was able to begin publishing his findings in articles, some of which were later included in his dissertation. In 1952, under the title "Mormon Economic Policies and their Implementation on the Western Frontier, 1847-1900" the dissertation was submitted. Numerous other articles followed from it, all of them supporting his underlying ambition: to convince church members that their history is waiting to be discovered among a wealth of sources and that only a systematic study can make the past come alive. He was discovering aspects of Mormon history that no one else had even suspected.

During this time he shared research and ideas with a group of friends and associates he described as a "loyal community of scholars." These included S. George Ellsworth, Milton R. Merrill, Wendell Rich, Eugene Campbell, Richard Poll, Philip Taylor, Merle Wells, T. Edgar Lyon, Stan Cazier, Gaylon Caldwell and others. "We were confident," he recalls, "that we were doing a service for the Church, and I think we all believe that subsequent events have proved our work to have been useful and illuminating."

During this period, Leonard had become a father. In 1948 James Wesley was born, a year before Grace and Leonard had traveled to Chapel Hill to prepare for the Ph.D. exams. In Logan, just before he finished his dissertation, Carl Wayne was born (September 1951).

Leonard defended his dissertation in 1952 before a committee that not only approved it, but recommended it for publication. For the next two years he worked at revising the 600 page work, finally submitting it to the Committee on

Research in Economic History of the Economic History Association. The two main readers for the Committee, Herbert Heaton and Lewis Atherton, responded favorably and made suggestions for improvement. Leonard began further revisions then, but he found little time and energy for perfecting the product. Church assignments and professional responsibilities (he was still on the faculty at Utah State), and the articles he was publishing took up most of his time. But his reputation for excellence as a scholar and as a writer was reaching an ever-widening circle of western historians.

Reflecting this recognition, the Utah State University Research Council granted him funds enough to allow him to teach only half time, thus freeing him for writing, some of which went into a centennial history of Cache Valley.

All of his activities were exciting and important, but he had not yet finished his book. Finally, in 1956, he received a six-month grant from the Huntington Library and another six-month grant from the Department of Economics at Yale University. He soon became so involved in editing projects at Huntington, that his grant there was extended and his Yale grant postponed.

The year in Southern California was very rewarding. The "scholars paradise" he found at Huntington was more than he had hoped for. Its reference library in western history, the miscellaneous Mormon collections, and the Dale Morgan index of Mormon materials were just the items he needed. Besides the creative environment, his stay at the Huntington also afforded him a new circle of acquaintances. His own thinking about Mormon and western history, and especially about Mormon historiography was influenced during this period by scholars like Paul W. Gates, Austin and Alta Fife, and Allan Nevins. He specifically began to broaden his conceptual base for the study of Mormon history:

> We are still provincial and narrow—Salt Lake centered—in many ways. Our faith rests to a large extent upon parents, grandparents, etc., and the Utah experience. How much broader our concepts if we could see our history in terms of presenting the gospel in far-off Singapore, Cape Town, Hong Kong, and Jutland!

He considered making a proposal for a scholarly periodical which would be devoted to Mormon topics, and when he returned to Utah, was asked by Clinton F. Larson to submit material to the proposed *Wasatch Review.* This finally appeared as *Brigham Young University Studies* with Leonard as an early supporter.

By May 1957 he had completed the manuscript for *Great Basin Kingdom.* He sent a copy to George Ellsworth at Logan who thoroughly reviewed the work. Ellsworth's comments were important not only as a scholar, but also as a believer. Leonard was anxious to know how his book would be received by the general membership and by the leaders of the Church. Ellsworth did suggest some minor changes, but gave the work his approval, recognizing that it would be difficult to please both scholars and laymen, but feeling Leonard's book to be objective and fair. The book combined the ideals of the Mormons with their actual achievements. In the preface, Leonard defended his "naturalistic treatment" of Mormon history:

> The true essence of God's revealed will, if such it be, cannot be apprehended without an understanding of the conditions surrounding the prophetic

> vision, and the symbolism and verbiage in which it is couched. Surely God does not reveal His will except to those prepared, by intellectual and social experience and by spiritual insight and imagination, to grasp and convey it. A naturalistic discussion of "the people and the times" and of the mind and experience of Latter-day prophets is therefore a perfectly valid aspect of religious history, and, indeed, makes more plausible the truths they attempted to convey. While the discussion of naturalistic causes of revelation does not preclude its claim to be revealed or inspired of God, in practice it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish what is objectively "revealed" from what is subjectively "contributed" by those receiving the revelation.

In this way he sought to account for the spiritual and the temporal dimensions of Mormonism by dealing with its natural expressions as revealed through history. While the book's main focus was institutional, it included social and cultural history as well. This approach has since become the hallmark of a new generation of Mormon historians.

After making many changes in the manuscript, Leonard sent it to the Committee on Research in Economic History, which arranged to publish it with Harvard University Press. In the spring of 1958, the galleys were returned, and he spent much of that summer preparing an index and searching for appropriate photographs. The book finally appeared in October of that year, but Leonard did not actually see a copy of it until December. He had been sent to Italy as a Fulbright Professor of American Economics at the University of Genoa. He was accompanied by his family, which by then included a daughter, Susan Grace, born in 1954.

After Leonard's return to America, it became obvious that *Great Basin Kingdom* would be only a beginning. During his teaching of economic history, he had noted the dearth of textbook treatment of the Mormons, but his acquaintance with non-Mormon scholars had convinced him that this neglect was not intentional on their part. He concluded that the sparse coverage was due not to prejudice on the part of non-Mormon scholars, but to the lack of good scholarly monographs written by Mormons themselves. Utah history had always been studied as "family history" in a way that seemed to encourage a narrow elitism in which Mormon history was considered in isolation from the rest of American history. For the next thirteen years, Leonard would lead and direct studies which would serve to broaden this approach and to correct it. He explained the significance of Mormon history:

> First, [as] one of the few societies dominated by religious sentiments and managed by religious leaders, Mormonism had something to say about the relation of religious values to social development and of cooperative activity to democracy. Second, it illustrated the problems of settling a mountainous, semi-arid region. . . . Third, Utah was a model case study of how a region can develop primarily with its own capital. Fourth, Utah's institutions were distinct from the laissez-faire capitalism which predominated in nineteenth-century America, yet they were a capsule version of older American ideals of piety, a sense of destiny, and a dream of creating a new society—a kingdom of God. Fifth, and the best part about Utah history, was its accessibility; materials abounded—if historians could get to them.

Leonard James Arrington

The publication of *Great Basin Kingdom* provided the impetus for the "historical entrepreneurship" which has continued to this day. A summer grant from the USU Research Council, renewed for thirteen summers, gave support for large and small projects which he shared with a variety of graduate students and colleagues. His voluminous publication schedule since then can be partially explained by this prodigious team effort.

Early projects centered on institutional histories. These included studies of Utah's defense industry, the economy of the Wasatch Front, commercial mining in Utah, major federal irrigation projects and a study of the Utah and Idaho Sugar Company. These monographs and articles led him further into "the intellectual, social, and institutional history of Mormonism."

His growing contributions were recognized by Walter Prescott Webb, who in 1963 invited Leonard to give two TV lectures on the Mormons at the University of Texas. This so increased his demand as a public speaker that he found himself addressing a variety of groups on so many different topics that he was able to call upon his earlier experiences as a debator and teacher.

Throughout this period Leonard and his colleagues had discussed the need for a professional Mormon studies organization. Then, during the 1965 meeting of the Utah Academy of Science, Arts and Letters, Leonard was chosen to head up a temporary organization. Later in the year, during the meetings of the American Historical Association in San Francisco, the Mormon History Association, was organized, with Leonard as its first president. They also voted to publish a journal, to be tentatively titled *LDS History.* Plans for the journal were shelved, however, when it was learned that an independent journal called *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* had been founded at Stanford. The editors had already asked Leonard to serve as an advisory editor; so he promised that MHA members would submit essays on Mormon history to *Dialogue.* The Fall 1966 issue of the new journal was, therefore, devoted to the papers of the fledgling organization.

After his return to USU as professor of Economics in 1967, he joined the Western History Association. As vice-president and then as president, he saw the need for an official journal, and so teamed with George Ellsworth, professor of history at USU, to found the *Western Historical Quarterly.* He served as its first editor and then as its co-editor until 1972. During these same years, he served as the president of the Agricultural History Association, at the same time revising his biography of William Spry, began a history of the First Security Bank, and accepted an invitation to author a biography of Charles C. Rich.

CHURCH HISTORIAN

It was during the school year 1966–67 that Leonard was asked to substitute for John Caughey at UCLA. Caughey had made UCLA a center for Western American studies, and to stand in for him was a high honor. It was at UCLA that Leonard was introduced to Western literature by his assigned graduate assistant, John Haupt. They have since coauthored several important essays, and Leonard has continued to study the literary and historical preceptions of the Mormons.

While still at UCLA, Leonard had been invited by the Alfred Knopf Publishing Company of New York to write a one-volume history of the Mormon Church. Before accepting the offer, he wrote to President N. Eldon Tanner of the First

Presidency to ask for access to the church archives to prepare such a volume. When President Tanner assured him that the First Presidency had cleared the project, Leonard became the first professional historian in history to be granted complete and unrestricted use of the materials in the church archives. This paved the way for the phone call he received from President Tanner and the personal interview that followed in 1972, calling him to be church historian. Following three decades of preparation, the call represented a vote of confidence from church leaders and a new era in Mormon history. Leonard was the first church historian who was not a general authority and who was professionally trained.

As church historian, Leonard has initiated several important on-going projects: A sixteen-volume sesquicentennial history of the Mormons, each volume to be written by a professional historian; a heritage series of important church documents; two single-volume histories of the Church, one comprehensive, the other interpretative; assistance to archivists in guides and registers to the Church's rich collections; and scores of articles and monographs on all phases of church history.

His heavy administrative responsibilities have greatly increased his role as "historical entrepreneur." He writes:

> While I am listed as the author of each of [these] publications, they really represent the research and writing skills of a large number of undergraduates, graduate students, and colleagues who contributed their time and expertise in return for compensation out of project grant funds. It would not be possible to mention all of their names here, but they are credited in the prefaces of these publications. These books represent an attempt to demonstrate that bright students can get good experience and training in research and writing by working under a historian director—and they can produce a creditable product.

Many other projects are on the way, including a biography of Brigham Young.

CONCLUSION

In an address to *Dialogue's* Board of Editors in April 1968, Leonard Arrington surveyed the history of Mormon historical writing and described the "biases" pervading it. The biases were "the theological marionette bias"; "the male bias"; "the solid achievement bias"; "the centrifugal bias"; and "the unanimity bias". His attempts to correct the "male bias" are seen in his essays on women in Mormon history. He has devoted his life to correcting many of those biases, at the same time encouraging an honest and faithful retelling of the Mormon story. His own commitment to Mormonism and its central message has been strengthened by his work. As he told *Dialogue's* editors:

> History can give meaning and purpose to life; it can help to formulate attitudes and policies for the future. As we prepare to celebrate the sesquicentennial anniversary of the Church in 1980, we must intensify our historical inquiries. May the images conveyed by our historians help us to continue the restoration of the Gospel of the Master, and may they assist us in building the Kingdom of God on earth.

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AHR	American Historical Review
AW	Arizona and the West
BYU Studies	Brigham Young University Studies
BHR	Business History Review
Dialogue	Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought
EHR	Economic History Review
Ensign	The Ensign (Salt Lake City)
Era	The Improvement Era (Salt Lake City)
HLQ	Huntington Library Quarterly
IY	Idaho Yesterdays
JAH	Journal of American History
JEH	Journal of Economic History
New Era	The New Era (Salt Lake City)
PHR	Pacific Historical Review
PNQ	Pacific Northwest Quarterly
PUASAL	Proceedings of the Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts & Letters
SUP News	Sons of Utah Pioneers News (Salt Lake City)
WHR	Western Humanities Review

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"I SUSTAIN HIM AS A PROPHET, I LOVE HIM AS AN AFFECTIONATE FATHER"

AN INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD L. KIMBALL

In October 1978, Dialogue *interviewed Edward L. Kimball, youngest son of President Spencer W. Kimball and co-author of the popular biography* Spencer W. Kimball. *Dr. Kimball is a law professor at Brigham Young University.*

Dialogue: The biography of President Spencer W. Kimball by you and Andrew Kimball, published October, 1977, has already sold nearly one hundred fifty thousand copies. That has to be a runaway best seller in Mormon circles! Why is that, do you think?

Kimball: Because of its subject. Any book about President Kimball would sell well. So many members of the Church are eager to learn more about the man they accept as God's special representative that they might buy even a bad book. But I think a second factor is the book's readability. One young man, among the first to comment on it, said, "I read your book. And, you know, it was *interesting.*" His surprised tone said a lot about his expectations.

The book has had very warm reviews and excellent word-of-mouth advertising. It is already in its tenth printing; I will be interested to see how long sales hold up. I keep thinking we must be near the saturation point, but there is no slackening yet.

Dialogue: Have the reviewers expressed any reservation?

Kimball: James Allen, who published the first substantial review in *BYU Today*, thought the narrative style not particularly strong and pointed out the absence of issue analysis. Eugene Campbell, in *Sunstone*, felt we should have tried to explore Dad's motives and feelings more. Eugene England and Charles Tate, in *BYU Studies*, considered the organization a bit loose (especially in one chapter), the writing style occasionally flawed, the sources not varied enough, and the theme-versus-chronology challenge (common to biography) not always well resolved. But these criticisms appear almost as asides. The reviewers could hardly have been more kind. Of course they, along with a few others writing briefer reviews, have all been church members, prepared to give us the benefit of the doubt and pleased to see a church leader biography which was so candid. I would be interested to know how an outside reviewer would react.

One of my cousins praised the book as a fine family history, but commented, "Of course, it is not a biography." I suppose he would demand of a biography that it be analytical and that it have footnotes. The book is not analytical, but it was because we deliberately chose to let incident and journal entry tell their own story without interpretation. As for footnotes, while I pepper my professional work with footnotes, they seemed uncalled for here. The sources are almost all journal entries, personal letters, and interviews, none of which are presently accessible to other researchers, so it did not seem worthwhile to weigh down the book with citations.

Dialogue: Have you heard other criticisms?

Kimball: The only other real criticism has been from some relatives of people shown unfavorably in the book. We tried to avoid using names of people whose families might be embarrassed, but sometimes that could not be avoided. Richard R. Lyman's descendants were understandably disturbed by references to his problems and they felt that, in light of his posthumous restoration of blessings, the story as told was incomplete. Matthias Cowley's family correctly pointed out that the book implied his excommunication; whereas he had only been disfellowshipped and after some years had returned to full fellowship and to church service. Active church members named LeBaron regretted the identification of apostate LeBarons because some young people of that name have problems with stigmatization and self-concept. A number of women readers thought my mother's place in the book should have been larger. As to that, I can only say that we consciously tried to show how important she was all along and to reflect her presence and participation; but it was, after all, a book about Dad and (at least after he became an apostle) largely about his church activities. In that she shared less directly, though most importantly in her supporting role.

Dad criticized the fact that the other General Authorities hardly appear in the book except as background figures. One could get the mistaken impression that Spencer Kimball was moving the Church and its programs forward singlehandedly and that he was the only hard-working, dedicated church leader. In an earlier draft we did have more about other General Authorities, but that got squeezed out as we tried to tighten the structure. In the book he does appear a lot on center stage, alone, without wife, children, or co-workers.

Besides these criticisms there were a few typographical errors and a half-dozen minor factual mistakes. These have been corrected in later printings. The biggest change in later printings is the rewriting of the paragraph on the Third Convention (p. 231). That was written on the best information we had at the time, but I have since discovered at BYU Lamond Tullis' fascinating unpublished manuscript on the Third Convention which clarified the facts for us.

Dialogue: When did you begin the book, and why?

Kimball: Andrew and I conceived the idea independently and then joined forces. He began by collecting anecdotes from people who had known Dad. I began by taping interviews with my parents. At first my goal was just to preserve family history and to gather information about family events before my time. Publishing a book, beyond one privately printed for the family, was only a remote possibility. But in 1973 Andrew and I concluded that as long as we were going to write a book we might as well try to reach a wider audience. We knew a large group of people in the Church had been touched directly by Dad. And his position as president of the Quorum of the Twelve gave him the standing which added to the intrinsic interest his life held. In addition, we thought of it as a kind of memorial to him, since we didn't really expect to have it done until sometime after his death. So it was a personal project, not a commercial one. We would have done it even if there had been no profit in it. Actually, publishers said that biography does not sell well in the Church and that another book of his sermons like *Faith Precedes the Miracle* would be much better from a commercial standpoint.

We began to gather information and to do some preliminary writing. Then, when President Lee died in the last days of 1973, the picture suddenly changed. We knew that more people would immediately be interested in what we had to say. We kept on, now firmly committed to publication, but still part-time. Andrew was working on his master's degree in English at BYU, and I had my hands full teaching law. Finally in 1977, Andrew and I decided that the only way to finish the book in a reasonable time was for us to put nearly everything else aside for a while. We worked essentially full-time during that spring and summer; we were still working on the last chapter when the first chapters were in galleys.

Dialogue: What were your main sources?

Kimball: We had interviews or letters from dozens of people who had known Dad—schoolmates; neighbors and friends from the Arizona years; and missionaries, stake presidents and church members who had dealt with him. Then we had interviews with family members and with my parents themselves. We had correspondence, scrapbooks, photo albums and—best of all—we had journals. There were the journals of his parents, Andrew and Olive Kimball, and some useful though fragmentary journals from the childhood and Arizona years of both my parents. Beginning with 1943, we had a marvelous set of daily journal entries from Dad in thirty-three large ring binders, recounting, often in great detail, his activities and feelings during the whole period of his apostleship. I find it amazing

that such a busy man would take the time to write so extensively. It was as though he had a compulsion to record the events of his life from 1943 to 1974. Since the beginning of 1974, with the pressures of his calling, his journals have been less inclusive, but he still keeps them as best he can.

Dialogue: What are the individual journal entries like?

Kimball: They vary from a few lines to several pages of single spaced typescript. They tend to be factual, not introspective, but in the great volume of Dad's journals there are enough glimpses of feelings to give a pretty good idea of what is going on inside him. Sometimes he seems aware that others will read it: one note is addressed "to my readers" (p. 269), but at other times he seems quite unselfconscious. He doesn't seem to take much notice of the national scene—war and peace, boom and recession go on without explicit attention; they can appear as they affect the lives of people he is counseling, but they play little direct part in his life story. His calling is dominant, his family important but subordinate, and everything else more or less incidental.

As a reader of his journals, I appreciated the occasional recounting of all the events of a day in some detail, reminding me of the plain backdrop against which more dramatic scenes were played. His recording of dialogue adds to the liveliness of some incidents. His noting of personal reactions to events makes some entries especially interesting and helpful.

The sheer volume of his journals is intimidating, with the thirty-five years since his call taking up nine feet of shelf space in those large black binders. Most of what he has written is of no general interest, but with patience one can sift out the telling incidents. What interests one reader is not always what interests another, so a wide-ranging journal writer offers raw material for many kinds of readers. I would much rather work through a great volume for what I want than to have to hunt for and piece together scraps, and to speculate about what goes in the blank places.

Dialogue: Between the two authors, who wrote which parts of the book?

Kimball: That is almost impossible to remember. Our method was for each to write different segments, leapfrogging through the materials. Then the rough drafts were passed back and forth for revision—often for complete overhaul. Some parts went through many drafts. I don't remember having any important disagreements. We recognized that our joint product would be better because of our distinctive contributions. Andrew writes more colorfully, and I think I write more precisely. What you read is a blend of our styles. I am happy to call our relative contributions 50-50 and I believe he would agree.

Dialogue: Was your father reluctant to have the book published while he was alive?

Kimball: To my surprise, once the decision to publish had been made, he was

eager to see it published during his lifetime. I'm sure it was gratifying to have a biography published and I think he wanted to be around to deal with questions that might arise because of it; but the principal reason was his feeling that after he was gone, the book would be worth much less.

Since for most of his adult life, his involvement in church work has greatly reduced the estate he might otherwise have left to his family, he saw the biography as a tangible asset. He is fully aware that much of the deference accorded him is attributable to the office he holds. He is known and loved personally by thousands, but he is revered without personal acquaintance by hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—who have a testimony that he is the prophet of the Lord. What they can learn about the Prophet is more important to them than what they can learn about Spencer Kimball, the man. When he is gone, their attention will understandably and rightly shift to the one who takes his place.

I know he has been pleased about the book's warm reception. I think he felt some of the same amazement he has felt with the distribution of more than half a million copies of *The Miracle of Forgiveness.*

Dialogue: Did he read the manuscript? What was his reaction?

Kimball: Since his eyes are not as good as they used to be, he did not read it himself, but Mother read it to him. He seemed to feel good about the manuscript. He made a few factual corrections, asked us to delete some names where identification would serve no purpose, and grumbled a bit at a few items; but he allowed himself to be persuaded that we should be permitted to tell the whole story—that there was no need for cosmetics.

Dialogue: What are some of the things your father questioned?

Kimball: One was the excommunication of Richard R. Lyman. That was obviously a matter of some sensitivity that could painfully aggravate old wounds for the Lyman family. But I argued that the tragic and traumatic event had to be recounted for a true picture of Dad's first days as an apostle. It was after all, a matter of general knowledge and public record. Aside from Dad's part in it, I also thought it held important lessons for readers: position is no sure protection against temptation, wrong even in high places, will surely be dealt with when discovered and through humble repentance there is a way back.

He also worried about the incident involving missionaries who were excommunicated for immorality in Australia and New Zealand. Though Dad would rather it be unmentioned, in my mind the importance of that kind of warning and reminder to missionaries far outweighed the discomfort of acknowledging that missionaries can fail. I hoped that missionaries reading those events would be reinforced in their determination to stay morally clean. The agony felt by the young men and their families and by the leaders who took action should give them pause. And Dad noted, "Any one of at least twenty Elders could have saved the terrible thing which was to happen had they been courageous enough to have reported it to the Mission President before the condition became acute."

Still another item—he questioned our recounting the unhappy course of

events at the time of Mary Connelly's death. Though this was essentially a private family matter, it illuminated Dad's character in a significant way and those who appeared in a bad light had no descendants who might be embarrassed by our account.

Perhaps the most important problem was that the manuscript referred to a son who was inactive in the Church. No subject could be more distressing to parents for whom the Church meant everything; yet to ignore that stress in their life would deprive the story of one of its important dimensions. It is too easy for people to assume, despite all the scriptural examples to the contrary, that faithfulness of the parents will somehow guarantee faithfulness of the children. Many parents berate themselves unfairly as failures. I felt that the example of these faithful, concerned parents who suffered, loved and persisted might give solace to others in similar position. I am grateful Dad did not use his veto to override our judgment in these matters.

Dialogue: Could the book have been published without change if your father were not alive?

Kimball: I can't tell. At least Dad's chance to react to the manuscript offered protection against some critics. I would hope that church members and the Church as an institution are secure enough to allow the full story to be told without chagrin. Even so, I was glad there were no skeletons to deal with, both because it confirmed my impressions of my father and because it avoided any strain on our integrity as biographers.

Dialogue: One of the inevitable consequences of being a church president is that myths spring up. Has that been true of your father?

Kimball: One of the values in publishing a biography is that it tends to reduce the amount of myth-making. It provides a standard against which stories and rumors can be checked. Obviously, we could not include all the true anecdotes in the book, but we did characterize Dad in what we think is a fair, rounded way. If any story does not square with the book (either because it is less worthy or more miraculous) it is probably not true. Recently a man told me that a non-Mormon waitress described how Dad came into her cafe for lunch and she, not knowing him, said, "Would you like some Pabst Blue Ribbon?" He is supposed to have replied, teasingly, "No. Bud!" before he declined. The man telling me the story was delighted that Dad was willing to engage in that kind of repartee and that he would have known the nickname for Budweiser beer. When I asked Dad about the incident, he said, "What's Bud?" End of myth.

I am told that a speaker quoted Dad as saying that the Lord had revealed to him that Viña del Mar, Chile, was the Land Bountiful. Dad has said that Viña del Mar fits his mental picture of the Land Bountiful and that it could be the right place, but that falls well short of revelation.

Word-of-mouth accounts about the confirmation of his call to the apostleship which he received on the mountain above Boulder, Colorado, tend to grow bigger than the already-wonderful truth. One version portrays the snake he encountered

as unnaturally large, clearly implying that it was a devilish presence. Another version speaks of the ministering of angels. As I understand it, it was a dream-like experience, but not what I would call the ministering of angels. It was remarkable enough, in the peace and assurance which it gave to him, to need no exaggeration.

In 1976 rumor said that, upon being asked to speak in a sacrament meeting, Dad had asked for a show of hands of those who had stored a year's supply of food. Seeing a relatively few hands, he supposedly said, "If you have not listened to what I said before, there is no point in my saying more now," and then sat down. That never happened. It would have been a telling sermon, but it is out of character for him.

Dialogue: In a recent article on Susa Young Gates' biography of her father, Donald Moorman comments, "We do not see Brigham Young in his private moods of faith and despair, in his passionate righteousness or in his obstinate wrong-headedness; such full-figured portraits are possible only where there is a bold, arresting, total and truthful commitment to the figure in question." Do you feel you have managed a fairer portrait of *your* father than Susa Young did of hers?

Kimball: I hope so. There is ample attention to his private doubts and discouragements. There are indications of his mistakes—for example his pessimistic assessment of Franklin D. Roosevelt's bank moratorium and his impression that George F. Richards would live to succeed to the presidency of the Church. His reaction to the Utah centennial issue of *The Pen* magazine seems to have been rather extreme. In his youth he was a good boy, but he engaged in some foolishness. There are not a lot of illustrations of such things, because we simply did not learn of more.

I suppose our closeness to him and our strong affection could have blinded us to flaws or tendencies someone else could see, but our closeness also allowed us to see things, good and bad, others would miss. Readers have to judge for themselves, but I feel comfortable about the faithfulness of the portrait. You would hardly expect us to paint warts we could not see!

One of his admiring nonmember cousins once said to Arthur Haycock, "You know, they ought to make Spencer a saint, like St. Peter." When Brother Haycock reported that to Dad, he responded seriously, "Nobody can make you a saint; you have to do that yourself." Another time Dad said to Brother Haycock, "I resent the time it takes to fill the gas tank or pay the light bill." These private asides illustrate what we said in the preface, that this is a man of rare virtue and consistency.

Dialogue: Little is said about personal idiosyncrasies. Are there none?

Kimball: Of course there are. Some of them appeared in the first draft; but when deletions were made, they were the first to go because they did not seem very important.

Clothing is not very important to Dad. If his clothes are neat, he doesn't worry much about style; that is Mother's job. She helps him choose clothes and she sees that his suits are cleaned and pressed. She has to nag him to go shopping

President Kimball with Andrew E., Jr. and Edward L. Kimball.

when his clothes become shabby. His choice used to be to wear old clothes around the house; but if someone came to the house to see him, he would quickly change clothes if he could. He took seriously the advice of President George Albert Smith—that he owed it to his position to maintain a certain dignity in dress.

He likes his shoes shined. As a child, I could go to his closet and shine all his shoes at a nickel a pair any time I needed a little money.

Neckties have been almost a passion. He received them as gifts and bought them for himself until he had many dozens. He gave many new ones away again. He hates to tie his own tie. He likes the triangular Windsor knot but usually gets someone else to tie it for him. Then he slips the necktie on and off over his head. The knot, repeatedly pulled tight, gets smaller and smaller and the narrow end longer and longer. At least one time, rather than retie it, he just snipped off the long end of the necktie. He had a penchant for red ties, but as he grew older and more conservative in his dress, he moved to darker hues.

Mother once bought him a lounging jacket on sale to wear around home. When someone called it a "smoking jacket," he stopped wearing it. He often wore a sweater around the house, even after the elbows wore out.

The book mentions his lifelong frustration at being so short. He says he is like the Woolleys: he sits tall but he stands short. He jokingly blames his brothers for stunting his growth by making him carry five gallon cans of swill to the hogs. And he stored up annoyance at a fellow apostle who said of a newly-called stake president, "He is a good man, but he is such a little runt." Once Dad wrote home about how much he enjoyed riding on the elevator with two midgets because he so rarely got the chance to look down on anyone. Being short never kept him from anything important though. Even as a high school basketball player, his quickness and good shooting made him the star of the team, though he was the shortest member by several inches. His being short seems unimportant to me—but then I'm taller.

Dialogue: If you were doing the book over again, what you would change?

Kimball: I might look for ways to make Mother's role show through more. And I might try to get more people on stage, though I am not sure how we could do it without lengthening the book.

I wish it were possible to be more analytical about Dad and about his place in the Church and the world, to set him more in the context of the political changes, economic fluctuations, even the war and peace swirling about him—but that would be another book.

Dialogue: What were your father's greatest trials?

Kimball: Perhaps the greatest was the tremendous frustration he felt—when he suffered heart attacks, when he lost his voice to throat cancer and when he was totally exhausted before his open heart surgery—frustration about his inability to fulfill his calling completely. He reflected in his journals that he would prefer to die than to occupy a chair no one else could fill while he lived and be unable to carry out all his duties.

Another trial was the physical strain of pushing always to his limits, trying to give 100 percent, even when suffering from fatigue or boils or other illnesses. I always worried that his health would break under the pressure, but except for those three times, his health has held up remarkably well.

He has struggled against a sense of inadequacy. In proper proportion we call it humility; to excess we talk of an inferiority complex. Because the feelings of inadequacy have not interfered with his effectiveness but have been a spur to try harder, I think we can rightly say that he is a humble man. In his journals, I find evidence of pride in his ability to work hard, in his loyalty and in the success of some programs on which he labored. At the same time, he treasured up little compliments as though they mattered. It seems there has been a constant war between "Yes, I am doing well and doing all that can be expected," on the one hand, and "But if I were stronger or more talented I could do the job as it deserves to be done," on the other.

He has felt keen disappointment that some for whom he had high hopes failed to match his own great commitment to the Church.

And Dad has missed his own parents sorely. His mother died when he was eleven, his father when he was twenty-nine. In his journal, over and over, even as an old man, he notes their birthdays and muses about whether they approve of his life.

Dialogue: You dedicate your book to your mother as "equal partner."

Kimball: Yes. Dad would never have been as successful without the wife he had. From the beginning she was his strongest supporter, encouraging him to reach out and accept challenges, reassuring him when he had self-doubts, shouldering a major part of the family responsibilities without complaint, enjoying friends and travel and fun with him, yet being self-sufficient enough to find her own means of development. She has been a voracious reader; she loves plays, and until recently, she took courses at the University or at the LDS Institute of Religion.

She has always encouraged her children to stretch their minds. Though Dad is highly intelligent, Mother is more inquisitive. More than Dad, she is the one I used to argue with because it seemed that he could not comfortably debate things about which he felt deeply. She was my sounding board.

I also recall that we little children used to say before testimony meeting, "Mother, I hope you won't bear your testimony this time; you always cry."

She is a perfect complement for Dad.

Dialogue: Didn't having her husband gone so much ever cause her to feel lonely?

Kimball: She once wrote Dad while he was traveling in Canada:

> Anyone who thinks being the wife of one of the General Authorities is a bed of roses should try it once, shouldn't they. . . . sometimes I selfishly feel it would be nice not to have to share my husband with a million others. I do love and appreciate you, dear, and admire your sterling qualities. I wouldn't have you be one whit less valiant in the pursuit of your duty . . . , but it is

> comforting to be reassured once in a while that you realize I am standing by . . . .

The one recurring irritation I am aware of was his being so often late for dinner without calling to let her know. It seemed to her such an easy thing to call, but he repeatedly forgot. While attending to others' needs, he didn't think to telephone.

Dialogue: What are some of your father's outstanding characteristics?

Kimball: Don't hold me to any kind of order, but some of them are faithfulness, kindliness, good humor, diligence, intelligence and loyalty.

Mother has said, "I don't think he has ever had any doubts." That may be overstatement, but it is certainly consistent with my observations. I can recall only one thing that even hints at hesitation—his statement in this letter about his missionary days:

> I wanted to be very honest with myself and with the program and with the Lord. For a time I couched my words carefully to try to build up others without actually committing myself to a positive, unequivocal statement that *I knew.* When I approached a positive declaration it frightened me, and yet when I was wholly in tune and spiritually inspired, I wanted to so testify. I thought I was being honest, very honest, but finally decided that I was fooling myself to be reticent when the spirit moved me.

That was not to say he has not had times of discouragement—he has. But he seems to have the ability to banish gloom, at least most of the time. As I have said, his own ill health gave him good reason for depression, and occasionally it shows in his journals, but even then he kept up a relatively cheerful demeanor. There was occasional irritability, but much less than with anyone else I know. He was always kindly and slow to criticize—the sort who always did more than his share.

The characteristic most easily seen is his driving energy. I know of no one who works harder. In someone less eminent it might even be called neurotic. It seems in part motivated by great commitment and loyalty to whatever cause he espouses—whether religious, civic, family or business; he just does not know how to give less than his best effort. His drive may spring in part from a sense of inadequacy, but in my opinion, that feeling is irrational, since by any measure I know, he has always excelled in what he did.

Dialogue: Would you call your father an intellectual?

Kimball: *I* would, but *he* would resent the label.

If by *intellectual* you mean a person whose activities are largely those of the mind, pen and tongue, then surely he qualifies. When he scorns the label, he is thinking of the connotation "skeptic," which he would find offensive. He is a "positive thinker," believing that little is to be gained by stewing in doubt and looking for trouble or magnifying warts. He is in that sense a man of faith, not a man of "science."

He is a highly intelligent man and well-organized. As a result he has

accomplished a lot. His best conference addresses have memorable eloquence and power. Preparing them takes both talent and effort. Some of that ability comes out in the few poems he has written, mostly hidden away in a binder labeled "Verse and Worse." If he had worked at it, I think he might have written some fine things, but he was never serious about poetry.

He reared four children, who have ten college degrees among them, in a home where discussion and sensitivity to careful word usage were part of the daily atmosphere. There was always a dictionary next to the table where we ate. Of course, Mother is just as much responsible for that environment as he. Neither finished college, but both are very well educated.

BYU and Utah State gave Dad honorary degrees, based on his public service as a churchman, but in my opinion the universities in no way diluted their intellectual standards in conferring their degrees on him.

Dialogue: What are some of the things you learned from your father?

Kimball: He taught me not to take myself too seriously—to have a sense of proportion and a sense of humor. Both are well illustrated in his delighted retelling of Evans Coleman's coming into his office after Dad was called as an apostle. Other friends had streamed in to say how pleased they were and how inevitable it seemed. Evans said, "Well, Spencer, so you're going to Salt Lake to be one of the Twelve Apostles, are you?" Dad replied, "Yes, Evans, I guess so." Evans drawled out, "It's clear the Lord must have called you— no one else would have thought of you."

He taught me that our talents are given to us largely so that we may serve others. One of his main objectives in having his children learn to play the piano was for them to be able to play hymns in church meetings.

He taught me the virtues of thrift and hard work. He paid us for work around the home, but he expected it done. I had an account with him, and the dimes and quarters I saved, he invested for me in his business. Partly because he worked his own hours during my childhood. I had a sense for working as much as possible instead of setting limits. That makes it hard to be completely at ease because of a sense of guilt about work that always remains undone.

Loyalty was important. When we left Arizona, where he had lived for forty-five years, he said, "Now, boys, we have come to Salt Lake to live. We have left Arizona. From now on Utah is the best place in the world, the finest people, the best climate, the most wonderful schools." I can't imagine anyone I would rather have on my side, in anything. One or both parents almost always attended any performance their children participated in. They were high in expectation, generous in praise. They were intensely devoted to one another; they may have argued behind closed doors, for all I know, but not in my presence. They might state disagreement, but there was no rancor.

I learned from my parents how greatly children appreciate the time, attention and affection their parents give them. Though Dad was gone a lot, when he was home he spent the time working and playing with his family. We were partners in the family; it was not as though our parents "owned" us. There was a lot of physical closeness—hugging and kissing. He could express his disappointment

strongly, but I cannot recall a single incident of physical punishment. As a matter of fact, I can only remember seeing him really angry once, when the cow kicked the bucket over for the third time, and he kicked her. Other times there was annoyance, but not anger.

He tried to teach me something about the value of friends and that to develop friendship takes effort. When I was a teenager he once said that he would be happy with some B's in my school work if that were the consequence of my cultivating friendships.

He taught me something about kindliness by his example of unfailing courtesy and attentiveness to the comfort of any guest. Though I might resent the way people sometimes seemed to impose on his good nature, he never showed any resentment; he always took time.

There are probably a hundred other things he taught so naturally that I am hardly aware of them.

Dialogue: Did your perceptions of your father change in the process of writing the book?

Kimball: Not very much. Our research simply confirmed the views I had held, but enriched them with a lot of illustrations. I learned a good deal about my parents' lives before my birth that I had known about only vaguely before and I did come to appreciate how much mental and physical anguish my father and mother had gone through at that time. Beyond that, I learned mostly new examples of kindness or dedication or wit to add to the ones I knew at firsthand.

Dialogue: What were your father's reactions to the event which brought him to the presidency—the death of President Lee?

Kimball: First, sorrow at losing a close friend of thirty years. Then, a feeling of inadequacy for the task! An unexpected and nearly overwhelming responsibility was thrust upon him. At the same time, he accepted unquestioningly that the succession to the presidency was in the Lord's hands and that he could rely on receiving the Lord's help and the help of able counselors. When I spent some time with my parents right after President Lee's death, I saw that Dad had not the slightest hesitation in going forward with the best he had to offer.

Dialogue: What would you say are the main events of your father's administration?

Kimball: A burst of new temples! The Washington Temple was being built when he became president, but since 1974, he has announced new temples in Brazil, Mexico, Japan, Samoa, Seattle and the Salt Lake Valley. This is a product of his determination to "take the Church to the people," as is also the increase in area conferences and in solemn assemblies.

He first used the phrase *lengthen our stride* in trying to drive home the need for increased numbers of worthy, well-prepared missionaries. He has wanted a larger share of these missionaries to come from other countries, and so native missionaries have greatly increased.

Church administration has been more open to change. Besides revision of the genealogy program, the First Quorum of Seventy has been organized and the Assistants to the Twelve have been reassigned.

Finally, there is for me, the single most exciting event—the revelation allowing all worthy men to hold the priesthood.

Dialogue: Can you give us any insight into that revelation?

Kimball: I was in Boston when I learned about it. I was overjoyed, both for the change itself, for the evidence of vitality in the principle of continuing revelation, and for the honor to my father to be at the center of so significant an event. When I returned to Utah I felt that as a biographer, I ought to talk with my father and some of the other General Authorities about it. Although some felt themselves under constraint, others discussed their experience rather freely.

I think one day the story will be told more fully, but I can summarize it now: for some months at least, Dad had been exercised about the question; he could not put it out of his mind. He wanted to know the Lord's will in the matter, and he prayed about it frequently. He spent hours alone in the temple and many sleepless nights turning it over in his mind. Gradually, most of his doubts and questions faded away. On June 1, after the monthly fast meeting of the General Authorities, he asked the apostles to stay for a special prayer circle with him. He prayed for revelation on the matter and during that prayer, the men in the circle experienced an outpouring of the spirit that left them with no doubt about the will of the Lord.

The only remaining question was how to make the announcement. A week later the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve decided to do it by a letter to local church leaders. On Friday, June 9, the letter was read to the other General Authorities and then released to the public. Instructions were to make no interpretations or elaborations beyond the text of the letter, to avoid a circus atmosphere.

I have not the slightest doubt about the authenticity of the revelation.

Perhaps it is easy for me to accept the revelation because it fits so nicely with my personal predispositions. I can only speculate about my reaction to a revelation that went against my grain. I have sympathy with members who find the revelation a trial to their faith, and I hope their testimony is equal to the challenge.

Dialogue: How does it feel to be the son of the prophet?

Kimball: That is the one question young people most often ask me. It is a hard question to answer. I don't think my regard for my father is increased in the slightest by his position. I love him for his great personal qualities and for the love he bears me.

In a way, his position is a kind of barrier. If he were a retired businessman, we could spend an evening together without my feeling guilty. As it is, I hate to use up his time and energy when I know how heavy and important his responsibilities to others are. Perhaps in the next life there will be more opportunity to be together.

Though I would not minimize his virtues, I don't believe he is unique. There are thousands of men and women out there with the same marvelous qualities, the same selfless devotion to the Lord and His church. But Spencer Kimball was called to this position and they were called to others. As President Clark said, "In the service of the Lord, it is not where you serve, but how. In The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, one takes the place to which one is duly called, which place one neither seeks nor declines."

I sustain Spencer Kimball as a prophet, but I love him as an affectionate father.

FATE AND THE PERSECUTORS OF JOSEPH SMITH: TRANSMUTATIONS OF AN AMERICAN MYTH

RICHARD C. POULSEN

AT THE HANDS OF AN INCENSED MOB, Joseph Smith was murdered, early summer, 1844. The instant he died The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was given cultural birth. No meeting of a required six members, no ecclesiastical approval from any council or governing body could have given the Mormon Church its operational base as did the death of Joseph Smith. Now the Mormons had a martyr.[1]

The history surrounding this incident has received much attention from both Mormon and non-Mormon writers, but perhaps a more far-reaching and certainly more complex ramification of the martyrdom than mere documented historical details of the event can supply is a group of stories centering on those who participated in the murder. These tales, collected and published in a curious but popular volume entitled *The Fate of the Persecutors of the Prophet Joseph Smith,* by N. B. Lundwall, reflect a powerful current in the mainstream of Mormon folk belief.[2] The stories, which in their particulars are peculiarly Mormon, are nonetheless part and parcel of a larger body of legend which has clear antecedents in American folk belief.

According to Lundwall, these stories, which he called "historical data,"[3] show that those who persecuted the prophet met grotesque and untimely deaths. For example, in an interview with Lundwall, George C. King of Garland, Utah,

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reported the gruesome details of the suffering and death of one who had reputedly helped murder Joseph Smith. According to King:[4]

> The statement of Seth Howe had a lasting impression on me as he related: 'My grandfather was one of the leaders of the mob which murdered Joe Smith.' I questioned him further as to what became of his grandfather afterwards. He related that following the assassination of Joseph Smith his grandfather never saw a well day, although he lived for several years afterwards. His condition grew progressively worse and physicians of the day who called to attend him were unable to diagnose it as any known affliction, but his suffering was so intense that he frequently expressed the desire to obtain poison to end it all. His family very carefully kept anything of that nature out of his reach and at his final demise he actually had rotted alive, finally dying in intense agony.

While a prisoner in the jail at Liberty, Missouri, March 20, 1839, Joseph Smith wrote that God had assured him that, "Cursed are all those that shall lift up the heel against mine anointed. . . . "[5] Such curses are common in folk literature[6] and, according to these popular stories, Joseph's curse, or his reporting of the curse, had flesh and blood implications.

According to J. C. Cox, one Jack Reed, an avowed participant in the murder of Joseph Smith, met a horrible fate. In a diary entry Cox recorded that Reed had taken ill, suffering from a strange ailment. According to an Indian friend, Reed's flesh was worm-riddled and was a sight no white woman could be allowed to see:

> He was literally eaten alive by worms. His eye balls had fallen out, the flesh on his cheeks and neck had fallen off, and though he could breathe he could take nourishment only through an opening in his throat.

Pieces of flesh as large as two hands had reputedly fallen from different parts of his body.[7]

In the same entry Mrs. Cox asserted that Brigham Young had cursed the mob, saying that the participants would "utterly rot before they died."[8]

Ironically, some of the mobsters reportedly came to Utah, where they continued to suffer under the curse. About a pitiful old man living near Bedue Creek on the upper Weber River, Thomas Nichols wrote that:[9]

> The lower part of one ear was gone, a part of the left side of his nose had rotted away, and there were other repulsive sores on his face. He showed me his hands. There was very little solid flesh on them. I expressed my sympathy for him and he said his feet were worse than his hands. I asked him what had caused all this trouble and he replied: 'I don't know unless it was a curse God had placed on me.' He said some men had told him that was it, because he was with the men who killed Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet.

On some of those involved in the murder the curse began working immediately. From the *Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt* we learn that an Iowan named Townsend had participated in the martyrdom. A shot from Joseph Smith's pistol wounded him in the arm; soon the arm began to rot and was finally amputated.

However, the operation did not stop the strange rotting and eight or nine months after the operation Townsend died, "having literally rotted alive." Before dying, Townsend confessed he knew Joseph Smith was a prophet.[10]

Such deaths were not meted exclusively to those who murdered Joseph Smith. Many men who either persecuted the Mormons in the East and Midwest or who tormented Mormon missionaries met similar fates. Some were killed in bizarre falls, gored by rams, buried alive[11] or horribly crippled. Others froze to death, died of drunkenness[12] or were shot.[13]

About some of those involved in the martyrdom, Dallin H. Oaks and Marvin S. Hill note:[14]

> A persistent Utah myth holds that some of the murderers of Joseph and Hyrum Smith met fittingly gruesome deaths—that Providence intervened to dispense the justice denied in the Carthage trial. But the five defendants who went to trial, including men who had been shown to be leaders in the murder plot and others associated with them, enjoyed notably successful careers.

They go on to explain that:[15]

> The only principals involved in the Carthage trial who seem to have been stalked by tragedy in their later careers were the prosecutors, the sheriff, the judge and the governor.

But the central problem in these stories of death by divine retribution is not a historical consideration, but rather a problem growing from the Mormon ethos, from the unconscious self-image[16] the Utah Mormon subculture has fostered and nurtured. Although the incident around which these stories revolve, the actual murder of Joseph Smith, is historically true, the stories Lundwall compiled are probably not historically authentic.[17] Some historians immediately respond to them by dismissing such "clap-trap" as the ravings of fanatics, which cannot be historically corroborated. However, as William A. Wilson has noted:[18]

> What we must remember is that what actually happened is often less important than what we think happened. We [virtually all of us, since we all belong to many folk groups] are motivated not by actual fact, but by what we believe to be fact.

For example, one of the most widely shared folk beliefs among Utah Mormons concerns the coming of the Saints to the valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1847. Many Wasatch-front Mormons believe that Brigham Young and his company were led to the valley much the same way Moses and the children of Israel were led to the "Promised Land." This belief embodies what I have called the Mormon Migration Myth.[19]

Although there is liberal historical evidence that the Mormons knew exactly where they were going long before they left Nauvoo, cajoling, educating, arguing and scoffing do little to convince the folk of their "sins against history." On the contrary, many Mormons are ever-ready and willing to bear testimony of the "fact" that the Saints were led purely by revelation. The point again is that in the folk mind the things the folk bear witness to are every bit as historical as the fact

that a Georgia peanut farmer was elected President of the United States in 1976. The folk of the Mormon sub-culture make little distinction between folk history and empirical history; indeed, to them no distinction exists. Thus, whether Lundwall's claims are historically true or not, they are certainly true in the minds of the Mormon folk; since the tales are psychologically true, the question of their historical authenticity is not an important consideration here. Because the tales Lundwall printed exist in variants and are believed to be true by the tellers, they are legends. Whether or not they have a historical base, they are certainly "mythically" true.

Though the folk versions of the fate of Joseph Smith's persecutors may not be empirically authentic, they are part of a larger body of myth by no means limited to Utah. Richard M. Dorson has reported a similar curse and its accompanied divine retribution in a small town on Lake Michigan's Green Bay. Two brothers, the McDonalds, after a drunken knife fight during which they killed one man, were pulled from jail by an insane mob, hung, dragged through the streets of town by their necks and finally incinerated in a house of prostitution. Thereafter their remains were hung from two jack pines. According to Dorson, "Few legends spawned in American history can match the story of the lynching of the McDonald boys at Menominee, Michigan, in 1881."[20] Folk belief has it that the mob who lynched the brothers was cursed by Father Menard, a Catholic priest. Says Dorson[21]

> No trial was ever held, no arrests were even made, of the ringleaders. But it would not be correct to say that they never received justice. Sentence had been passed even before they reached the crossing sign with the dying men. Father Menard, whose church stood only a block away from the courthouse, pleaded with the gang to desist, as they careened down Main Street. When the bloodied men laughed at his face, he denounced them with this curse: that all who rode the bodies would die with their boots on. So say the French and Irish Catholics. Men of other faiths feel that divine vengeance visited the curse on the lynchers.

Tradition says that all of the mob died with their boots on, some in very bizarre and unexpected ways.[22] Interestingly, it was a belief founded in Christian zeal which spawned and passed on these tales in oral tradition in much the same way the stories about Joseph Smith's murderers passed among Mormons.

Thirteen years after Dorson collected this Michigan legend he heard another American variant. When attending a seminar on "American Folktales" with Hector Lee at Chico State College during the summer of 1959, Dorson heard Lee relate a "Narrative of the Lynching of Lookout Bridge," which occurred in 1901 in Gouger's Neck, California. According to Dorson, the Gouger's Neck tale contained "the same skeletal themes" as the Menominee legend:[23]

> The town resentment against a family of halfbreed ruffians, their arrest, the storming of the jail, a fight and the lynching, the exoneration of the lynch party, and their macabre deaths. In the phrase of the elderly townspeople, 'Hell overtook 'em, every one of 'em.' One walked in front of a train, another developed a cancer of the throat, a third died from a rotting in the stomach as if he had been kicked there.

Lee's legend from Gouger's Neck is similar in tone and consequence to stories circulated among Mormons about the deaths of the persecutors of Joseph Smith. Obviously, the death by rotting was also present in the Gouger's Neck tale.

Similar tales have been circulated in American tradition for centuries. Nathaniel Hawthorne in his tale, "The Gentle Boy," a story of Quaker persecutions by the Puritans, mentioned the activities of the Friends, noting that because of their religious zeal, which greatly annoyed the Puritans, "in the year 1659, the government of Massachusetts Bay indulged two members of the Quaker sect with the crown of Martyrdom."[24]

Speaking of John Endicott, governor of Boston, and others who persecuted the Quakers, Hawthorne wrote that:[25]

> The Quakers, whose revengeful feelings were not less deep because they were inactive, remembered this man [Endicott] and his associates in after times. The historian of the sect . . . recounts the judgments that overtook them, in old age or at the parting hour. He tells us that they died suddenly and violently and in madness; but nothing can exceed the bitter mockery with which he records the loathsome disease, and 'death by rottenness,' of the fierce and cruel governor.

The "death by rottenness" which Hawthorne mentions here is again similar to the supposed fates of many of the persecutors of Joseph Smith. Showing that he relied on history for such comments, Hawthorne mentioned "the historian of the sect" and seems at times to be quoting him directly.

The historian Hawthorne referred to was probably William Sewel, whose two-volume work, *The History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress, of the Christian People Called Quakers,* was published in 1823. In his work Sewell specifically discussed the death of Endicott, attributing to him "a loathsome disease, insomuch that he stunk alive, and so died with rottenness, his name being like to give a bad savour through ages to come."[26]

The reason why people tell and believe such stories as those surrounding the Menominee murders, the Gouger's Neck lynching, the hanging of Quakers by Puritans and the murder of Joseph Smith may never be fully known. However, it is likely that most of these tales are told to reinforce cultural norms and beliefs through a process folklorists call communal re-creation. That is, tales, jokes, legends, folksongs and other forms may be borrowed from one culture by another, then reshaped to conform to the norms (be they historical, religious, national or otherwise) of the new group. Such re-creation has taken place on many levels among the Mormons.

One of the most widely collected and studied folk beliefs in the United States is a cluster of tales, familiar to most Latter-day Saints, told of the ministry of and visitations by The Three Nephites, those holy figures from the Book of Mormon who, like John of the New Testament, were allowed to dwell on the earth in the flesh until Christ's return. Stories of Nephite intervention in man's affairs, often to aid a Mormon in need, circulate widely in the Church. According to William A. Wilson, "the essential truth of the Nephite stories . . . lies not in their actual truth or falsity but in the vision they give to those who believe them. . . . "[27]

The "vision" in Mormondom is that Latter-day Saints are God's chosen

people and that he will do much to protect, succor, buoy up and sanctify his children.

In the years immediately following the martyrdom, Mormons were consistently on the defensive.[28] It is then possible that the Saints adapted the instances and consequences of legend in oral tradition (like those told by the Quakers of God's retributions against the Puritans) to their own peculiar circumstances. As underdogs on the American frontier, the stories of the destruction of their enemies by a protecting God easily reinforced the belief that Mormons were the chosen; that the Creator would protect his children against the outrages of an unenlightened world, as he did Abraham, Moses, Job and even the Puritans; that in the hour of darkness the children could always look to the Father.

In those early days after the martyrdom, the tales told of the killers' deaths may have had a practical value foreign to the minds of modern Mormons. They created and reinforced group solidarity in the face of real as well as imagined dangers. But this does not explain the popularity of such stories among faithful moderns. Mormons of the twentieth century, as a subculture, are probably as conscious of the past (not necessarily the historical past) of their forebears, as any other folk group in the United States. They look with pride to the blood and tears of handcart companies, to privations, winter sufferings, persecutions by mobs and armies—because through all this the Saints have endured. Besides their obvious appeal to the macabre and the sensational, the dark stories of suffering and death meted out upon the killers of the Prophet affirm to a new generation of Mormons that the past is real, that the consequences of the martyrdom had effects and repercussions that the world still feels and will feel "unto the third and fourth generation."

Even more important than the viability of the past to modern Mormons is its glorification. One can believe that the past was real without being enlightened; but if one can trace the benevolence of the Lord in his acts among ancestors, then the past transcends historical considerations. As stated earlier, these stories are told and believed to reinforce a cultural norm; thus, in the telling, the horrors accruing to the ungodly become positive reinforcements of a lifestyle introduced by the Prophet himself. And in the telling, reading and believing of *the legends,* the past forever remains the present.

Folklore is a vibrant force in the lives of most Mormons, a force that helps identify cultural roots while helping the people cope with present and future. And very likely an understanding of the Mormon ethos can best be attained through a study of Mormon folklore.[29] Mormons, like other American folk groups, have augmented and adapted legends from oral as well as written tradition to their own peculiar problems and circumstances. In this respect, the peculiarities of Latter-day Saints have been and will be shared by other American folk groups to explain, reinforce and defend cultural norms.

NOTES

[1] This idea seems reinforced in a statement made by Willard Richards and John Taylor, who were in jail at Carthage with the Smiths at the time of the murder. In a letter of instruction and information to the president of the British Mission dated July 9, 1844, they said about the murder, "It will call down the wrath and indignation of all nations upon the perpetrators of the horrid deed, and will prove the truth of the saying, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church'." Found in the *Documentary History of the Church* 7: 174-175.

[2] The copies of the book in the BYU Harold B. Lee Library are among the most used in the building. Dog-eared, liberally marked and well worn, the volumes themselves testify of their use.

[3] See N. B. Lundwall, *The Fate of the Persecutors of the Prophet Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: No Publisher Listed, 1952), frontispiece. Lundwall's collection is actually a body of raw folk narrative waiting for objective interpretation.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 297.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 113.

[6] Folk motifs concerning such curses include M411.3, Dying Man's Curse; M411.4, Man pursued by hatred of the gods; M411.41, Curse by a god; M411.7, Curse by spirit; M411.8, Saint's (prophet's) curse; M411.18, Curse by priest. These motifs and their numbers are taken from Stith Thompson's *Motif-Index of Folk Literature* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1957), see volume 5.

[7] Lundwall, pp. 295-296.

[8] *Ibid.*, p. 296.

[9] *Ibid.*, p. 298.

[10] Parley P. Pratt, *Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt,* 4th ed. (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1950), pp. 424-425.

[11] Lundwall, p. 72.

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 321.

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 314.

[14] Dallin H. Oaks and Marvin S. Hill, *Carthage Conspiracy: The Trial of the Accused Assassins of Joseph Smith* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1975), p. 217.

[15] *Ibid.*, p. 219. For an interesting and insightful treatment of the martyrdom and Joseph Smith's status as hero from a folkloristic point of view, see Clifton Holt Jolley "The Maryrdom of Joseph Smith: an Archetypal Study," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 44 (Fall 1976), 329-350.

[16] Alan Dundes has recently noted that, "Folklorists should study folklore, not for its own sake (though it is fascinating), but because folklore offers a unique picture of folk. In folklore, one finds a people's own unselfconscious picture of themselves. Folklore as an autobiographical ethnography permits the folklorist to see a people from the inside-out rather than from the outside-in." See *Analytic Essays in Folklore* (The Hague: Mouton and Company, 1975), p. xi.

[17] Because these legends are formularized (the deaths are strikingly similar, as are the circumstances surrounding them), and exist in variants in oral tradition, they are very likely folk narratives. This point will be further substantiated as the article progresses. For definitions of folklore per se and discussions of its types and forms see Jan Harold Brunvand, *The Study of American Folklore* (New York: Norton, 1968), and Alan Dundes, *The Study of Folklore* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1965).

[18] William A. Wilson, "Folklore and History: Fact Amid the Legends," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 41 (Winter 1973): 54.

[19] See my article entitled, "'This is the Place': Myth and Mormondom," *Western Folklore* 36 (July 1977): 246-252.

[20] Richard M. Dorson, *Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers: Folk Traditions of the Upper Peninsula* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1952), p. 169.

[21] *Ibid.*, pp. 173-174.

[22] Dorson recorded the death of one lyncher as follows: "Bob Stephenson, who furnished the rope, died first, within a year after the lynching. A fire started in his lumber yard, among piles of four foot slabs, then used to fuel the lake boats. The space of a wagon road separated the two flaming piles, each several hundred feet long. Stephenson wanted his men to go between the piles and tip them over, to save the slabs. Neither they nor Randall, the fire chief, would enter the inferno."

"'By God, haven't you got guts enough?' asked Stephenson."

"He walked in between the piles with a hose. Flame swept across his face. He opened his mouth and gasped for air. Stephenson was full of whiskey. He inhaled some flame and his alcoholic breath caught fire. He ignited, like a human blow-torch. 'Boys, I'm done for,' he sobbed." (pp. 174–175).

[23] Richard M. Dorson, "Debate over Trustworthiness of Oral Traditional History," *Folklore: Selected Essays* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), pp. 217–218. See Hector Lee, "The Shadows from Lookout Bridge" (a television script broadcast from Radio Station KPAY, Chico, California, 9 January 1960), bound with other scripts in the series under the title "Campfire Tales of Northern California" (1959), 41, no. 13.

[24] Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Gentle Boy," *Nathaniel Hawthorne: Selected Tales and Sketches,* ed. Hyatt H. Waggoner (San Francisco: Rinehart Press, 1970), p. 69.

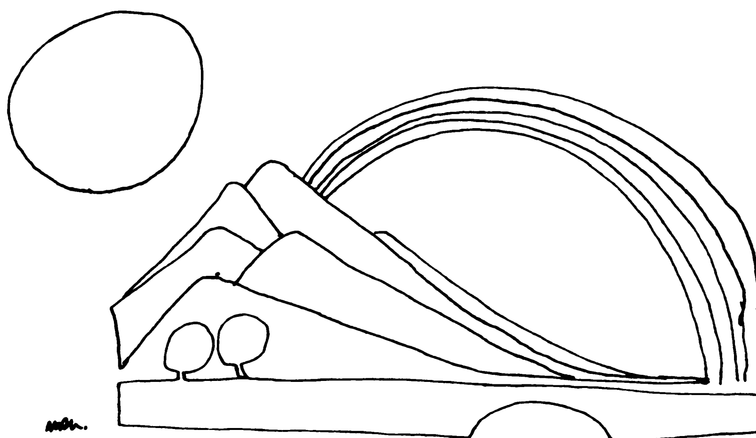
[25] *Ibid.,* pp. 69–70.

[26] William Sewel, *The History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress of the Christian People Called Quakers,* 2 vols. (Philadelphia: Benjamin and Thomas Kite, 1823), vol. 1, pp. 597–598.

[27] Wilson, p. 55.

[28] Such a defensive posture very probably led to the massacre at Mountain Meadows. See Chapter 2, "Defense of Zion," in Jaunita Brooks, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre,* for a discussion of the defensive attitudes of early Utah Mormons.

[29] See William A. Wilson, "The Paradox of Mormon Folklore in *Essays on the American West, 1974–1975,* Charles Redd Monographs in Western History, no. 6, ed. Thomas G. Alexander (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1976), pp. 127–147, for a study of Mormon folklore in general. Wilson carefully makes the point that we can learn at least as much about Mormons by studying their folklore as by studying their history or their literature. The article was reprinted in *Brigham Young University Studies* 17 (Autumn 1976): 40–58.



A SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP: J. BRACKEN LEE AND THE MORMON CHURCH

DENNIS L. LYTHGOE

J. BRACKEN LEE, A NON-MORMON in an overwhelmingly Mormon state, became its most colorful and controversial politician with probably a greater impact on his state and the nation than any Utah figure since Brigham Young. As a conservative Republican, his views often coincided with those of church officials. While Mormon governors often felt the need to demonstrate their independence from the Church, Lee as a non-Mormon could court the Church freely. In an enduring career as mayor of Price for 12 years, governor of Utah for 8 years and mayor of Salt Lake City for 12 years, as a perennial candidate for governor and senator, as a frequently mentioned prospect for president and vice-president, and as a forceful spokesman for conservatism, his impact was felt longer and was more effective than that of any other Utah politician.

In a vigorous defense of his fiscal conservatism as governor, Lee once advised, "Do it honestly, do the best you know how, and let 'em holler!"

J. Bracken Lee was born in Price, Utah, on January 7, 1899. His grandfather, Edwin C. Lee, came to Utah as a Mormon convert from England in 1855, and all of Edwin's sons were active in the Church except Arthur, J. Bracken Lee's father.

Lee's maternal ancestors were also Mormon converts who arrived in Utah in 1849. When Lee's great-grandmother rejected her husband's plural marriage, she

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was kept in Utah by the personal intervention of Brigham Young (or so Lee claimed). She accordingly raised Lee's grandmother outside the Church. Lee's grandmother told him that her "own father patted her on the head at the age of ten and asked her whose little girl she was." She naturally raised Lee's mother outside the Church.

J. Bracken Lee never joined the Church, although he married a Mormon, Margaret Draper from Wellington, Utah. Their daughter, Jon, whom Lee called a "devout Mormon," tried very hard to convert him. "I told her, 'Now you believe *your* religion but you leave *me* alone!' And she has never talked to me about it since."[1]

Lee's philosophy of government made him one of the few genuine mavericks in American political history. From his earliest days in politics, he was charismatic, independent, supremely self-confident and candid.

He was one of the few Utah governors to be nationally known, especially for his fiscal conservatism and his vociferous opposition to income tax, foreign aid and the United Nations. His candor and gift for self-expression are immediately reminiscent of Harry Truman, although because of his opposing political philosophy, Lee would never accept such a comparison. Due to a penchant for invective and personal confrontation, he probably made more enemies than any other Utah politician, and some Utahns grew embarrassed and uncomfortable with his national reputation.

The most prominent example of his tendency to arouse controversy was probably his strenuous opposition to the 16th Amendment. After writing several letters to other governors, he made an appeal for national support at the 1954 governors' conference. Although most of the nation's governors hesitated to support such a radical point of view, other people who read about it voiced strong agreement. A national sensation overnight, Lee received an avalanche of mostly favorable, laudatory mail, suggesting he run for president and declaring that he stood out "like a lighthouse" because of his "valiant efforts in behalf of the American way of life" and because of his concern for problems outside his own statehouse.[2]

Then in October, 1955, Lee dropped a bombshell. He formally announced his intention to withhold that portion of his federal income tax not already collected or withheld from salary, in order to contest the right of the government to use taxpayers' money for foreign aid.[3] He placed the money in a trust account in Walker Bank in Salt Lake City, with instructions that the money be paid only on a court order.

The next day, officials of the Democratic Party in Utah accused him of defying national laws and demanded that he either retract his statement or resign.[4] Lee responded that he had not assumed the governorship to "please the Democratic State Committee."[5] Soon his office reported a flood of letters and telegrams from all over the country commending his decision.

By December, his office reported that 1,500 letters had been received with 99 percent favoring his stand; by May 1956 the number had grown to 3,000.[6] But criticism was manifested in other ways. Vandals decorated the governor's mansion with signs painted in oil-base paints on the front steps: "We pay you, you pay

too," "Pay Up, Brack," and "Grow Up, Gov." Lee reacted calmly, calling it "a very good paint job—well above average."[7]

In the meantime, George Humphrey, secretary of the treasury, warned Lee that if he did not pay by April 16th, the IRS would collect in the "customary and usual manner."[8] When Lee still refused to pay, the government attached his bank account in the amount of $1,203.10 without a court order and placed a lien on his possessions.[9] Although Lee advised bank officials that his consent was not forthcoming, they replied that they had no alternative but to release the funds.[10] The battle was over, and it was an unsettling one to Utahns who had been accustomed to low-profile governors who were never considered for national office. Lee's subsequent failure to win nomination by his party for a third term was undoubtedly based in part on the income tax imbroglio.

As mayor of Salt Lake City, Lee continued his antagonism toward the IRS in speeches around the country and in interviews, but he did not attempt court action again. For its part, the IRS continued to audit Lee's returns, providing him with adequate fuel for his tirades. "Now you tell me that you have freedom when you've got a Gestapo like this? Do you believe in the Bill of Rights? How in the hell can you believe in the income tax?"[11] In attacking the IRS, the Lee that his critics pictured as a neanderthal politician was actually ahead of his time and in denouncing income tax in the 1970s, his voice is no longer unique.

While his record as mayor of Price was in some ways laudable, it was also morally questionable to the typically religious Utah voter. But as governor, he gained immediate respectability for his emphasis on integrity and economy. His principal target for economy was education, however, and he soon made an enemy of almost every educator in the state (a fact that would haunt his political career). On balance, his healthy relationship with the Mormon Church probably saved him from the educators' wrath. When, however, toward the end of his second term, his candor turned to the national administration, in the person of the popular Dwight Eisenhower, his political career suffered. With church leaders, educators and politicians of his own party firmly opposed to him, his third-term hopes were dashed. Even as an independent for governor in 1956 and for senator in 1958, he exercised startling influence over Utah politics.

Lee proved his resilience by his three-time election as mayor of Utah's largest city, retaining an uncanny popularity with voters until his retirement in 1972. Finally, as an ex-mayor in his 70s, he demonstrated a continuing ability to influence the election or defeat of other politicians. He remained a respected though controversial figure because he seemed always to retain "the courage of his convictions."

II

While still mayor of Price, Lee was nominated for governor in 1944 to run against Democratic incumbent, Herbert B. Maw. Maw was also a member of the Sunday School General Board and therefore could be expected to draw Mormon support against Lee. But Maw was not a favorite of church authorities. In 1937, as president of the state senate, he had sponsored legislation striking at powerful utilities which were allied with General Authorities of the Church through

directorships. It was common knowledge that Maw's actions were not popular with Mormon leaders.[12] In 1940, church opposition to Maw was clearly delineated when he decided not to reappoint Apostle Stephen L. Richards and David O. McKay of the First Presidency to the governing boards of the University of Utah and Utah State Agricultural College, respectively. Maw believed that church leaders dominated boards and therefore should not not serve on them. He said it was clear that both McKay and Richards resented that decision.[13]

Presumably, church opposition to Maw also crystallized on moral grounds, due to his alleged connections as a private lawyer with wholesale liquor firms supplying Utah's state-controlled liquor stores.[14] Maw himself believed that church authorities had no good reason to oppose him, except that many of them were Republicans by conviction, "unless they believed the propaganda" about him. Maw was proud of his church membership and said he was under the impression that many church leaders supported him.[15] Some church leaders, however, were convinced that Maw's church credentials were less than perfect and that his political performance did not qualify him for support. For instance, Ezra Taft Benson, at the time a junior member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, declared that the Church supported Lee for governor. He said that they considered him a man of conviction and integrity and preferred him to Maw, "who was known to equivocate on some issues. Generally, the Church prefers a non-Mormon with high principles to a Jack Mormon." He said that "Brack had a deep spirituality," though it did not show on the surface.[16] That Maw never sought church support[17] may partially account for the coolness of church leaders toward him.

The election of 1944 was known for its moral overtones. At Maw's behest in a slow-moving campaign, Gordon Taylor Hyde, a former Mormon bishop, and Joseph J. Cannon, former editor of the *Deseret News*, prepared a seven-page pamphlet, "Morals and the Mayor," which made numerous moral allegations against Lee's administration in Price. After making a personal investigation in Price, Dr. Francis W. Kirkham, a Mormon educator, agreed to allow his name to be used as the sole author. The pamphlet charged Lee with running a "wide open town where gambling houses and houses of prostitution operate on the main street and liquor is readily available even to 13 year old boys."[18]

Mayor Lee allegedly hindered state officials from stamping out these conditions. For instance, when state officers tried to stop the illegal sale of liquor in Price, Lee had an ordinance passed prohibiting the search of buildings. "This subterfuge offered the Mayor an opportunity to molest the state's representatives."[19] One such incident concerned the Jones Club, where illegal sales of liquor were reportedly made by the mayor's bartender-brother, Robert E. Lee. State officials seized the property and locked the door, only to find the owner, the bartender and the mayor himself forcing the door open again at 2:30 A.M. Lee testified that when he sought admission to the club, Chester Dowse, state liquor enforcement agent, refused him entrance and asked, "Who the hell are you?" When Lee introduced himself, Dowse reportedly remained unimpressed. Lee claimed that Dowse's "eyes were bloodshot, and he talked in a thick voice." With the help of police, Lee arrested Dowse and the other agent, H. S. Bell, charging them with "high handed methods" and failure to cooperate with local officials.[20]

In his own account, Lee described a late-night phone call informing him that there were two liquor agents in the club with the blinds pulled down.

> But they don't know that you can peek through the edge of the blinds and see what's going on. And he says, "There's a gang down watching them and they've got a couple of girls in there, and they're playing the juke box and drinkin' Jones' liquor." And so I thought this'd be interesting, and so I got dressed and went down there and I watched them for awhile. I finally called the chief of police, and they were havin' a hell of a time—makin' a lot of noise . . . I would guess there must have been close to 100 people standin' around there at midnight on the outside.[21]

The pamphlet authors concluded that in leading "a mob to overthrow the rule of law," Lee had committed an act "repulsive to moral concepts." In an overtly religious appeal, they concluded that it would be unfortunate, especially "for our young people," if the governorship fell to a man who entertained different morals than the majority of the state.[22]

In spite of its usual interest in the moral issues of political campaigns, the Mormon Church wanted no responsibility for the pamphlet against Lee. The *Deseret News*, in a signed, front-page editorial by journalist David Robinson, which appeared just before the final election, dismissed it as a political ploy to "destroy J. Bracken Lee." The author claimed to have made an investigation into the "origin and aims of the pamphlet," but actually did not examine the city of Price to corroborate or defeat the argument. Robinson effectively reduced the moral argument by essentially ignoring Cannon and Kirkham, who were Republicans, and blaming the project completely on Gordon Hyde, a Democrat and chairman of Maw's state finance commission. Hyde's job allegedly hinged on Maw's reelection.[23]

Lee conceded the basic validity of the pamphlet, though not its spirit or conclusions. He said it was cleverly done and "captured the imagination with the first paragraph." He said he actually had no answer for it because prostitution and other problems *did* exist in Price, although not to the extreme claimed in the pamphlet. He thought it significant that while wrongdoing was "implied," neither the Democratic district attorney nor the county attorney had chosen to prosecute. Lee regarded it as a political smear, and claimed that "church people" in Price came to his immediate defense, including Catholic priests and Mormon bishops.[24] There is no evidence, however, to support his claim. Political analysts have been quick to ascribe to the pamphlet a prominent role in Lee's narrow defeat that year of only 1,056 votes.[25]

ELECTION OF 1948

Since Lee had come so close to victory, he again sought the governorship in 1948, when liquor was a crucial issue. In the past, Lee had created the impression that he favored the sale of liquor by the drink and had supported a plan to place the issue on the ballot for referendum in 1946. By 1948, however, he was saying that he was primarily against the corruption that had surrounded the state liquor commission and that sale by the drink was an issue for the people to decide.[26]

Practical politics dictated that Lee tread gently on the liquor question because

of the Mormon Church's position. Apostle Joseph F. Merrill chaired a meeting with Lee and nine General Authorities to discuss it. Merrill recalled an hour-and-twenty-minute discussion, during which it was made clear to Lee that the Church was unalterably opposed to liquor by the drink, "gambling in any form, and to the loosening of the Utah moral laws relative to youth." After Lee left, they decided that "there were insufficient reasons why any church committee should oppose the election of Mr. Lee."[27]

Lee's version of this meeting is different from Merrill's and outlines a role in Lee's political future for J. Reuben Clark, Jr., counselor in the First Presidency.

> When I ran for governor the Church was most interested in liquor. They wanted to know my stand on liquor. I was called up to the church offices one day, and there must have been 100 men there—General Authorities, bishops, stake presidents—all to question me on liquor. I couldn't quite get my point across. I said that I didn't approve of the present law, that I thought it was corrupt and unenforceable, and I wanted a better one, but I wasn't necessarily for liquor by the drink.
>
> Well, they wanted me to sign a statement saying that I would veto a liquor-by-the-drink law if it came across my desk. I wouldn't do it. Apostle Merrill read me the riot act. I said if that's what I have to do to be governor, then I don't want to be governor. . . . Well, I told him if I became governor, and I probably wouldn't now, if he ever came to my office and I talked to him like he talked to me just now, I would consider myself insulted. And I walked out.
>
> And I told my campaign manager that I'd just lost the election because I'd lost church support. He said I'd better call Clark. So I called Clark. I went up to see him. I asked him if he knew about the meeting, and he did—he knew all about it. I asked him if he knew about Merrill telling me I wouldn't get church support. He didn't know that. He said, "Don't you worry." And that was the end of it. I *got* church support and was elected governor. If Merrill had had his way, he would have hurt me with that.[28]

Since Apostle Merrill was known to be a Democrat, he would be more wary of Lee than Clark would have. If Lee's account is accurate, the meeting with church authorities could have spelled Lee's doom as a candidate instead of acting as the catalyst to the governor's chair. Rather it would seem that it was Lee's friendship with President Clark which overrode other considerations. Lee even went so far as to conclude:

> I never could have been governor without J. Reuben Clark. They can say all they want to, but I am convinced that church leaders do talk over politics and that they do in most instances decide who they're gonna support.[29]

Lee remembered that treatment from many delegates had been cool before Clark's endorsement, but that afterward support was "amazing." After a meeting with Clark, one delegate, a stake president in the Church who had withheld support, put his arm around Lee and said, "I've been in and talked to President Clark. You're all right." Before election and numerous times afterward, Lee sought what he always regarded as the best advice from Clark, whom he considered "one of the brightest men who ever lived in the whole country."[30]

Certainly the most explosive facet of the campaign was Governor Maw's famous "Dear Brother Letter," which he sent to fellow Mormons. In a direct plea for votes, Maw insisted that he was not writing as governor of the state, but "as an active and devoted member of our Church." To prove his activity, he cited his service as a teacher, member of a ward bishopric, member of a stake high council and various other positions. Equally important, he said, "I am still active in the Church and speak in some ward nearly every Sunday night." Maw accused the "underworld" of opposing his re-election by launching a concerted effort to make Utah an "open state." Liquor by the drink would be obtained, he said, by "electing a governor who will eliminate the State Liquor Police Force and close his eyes to law enforcement." He implored fellow Mormons to oppose Lee and "sustain" Maw in this moral effort, and signed it "Sincerely Your Brother."[31]

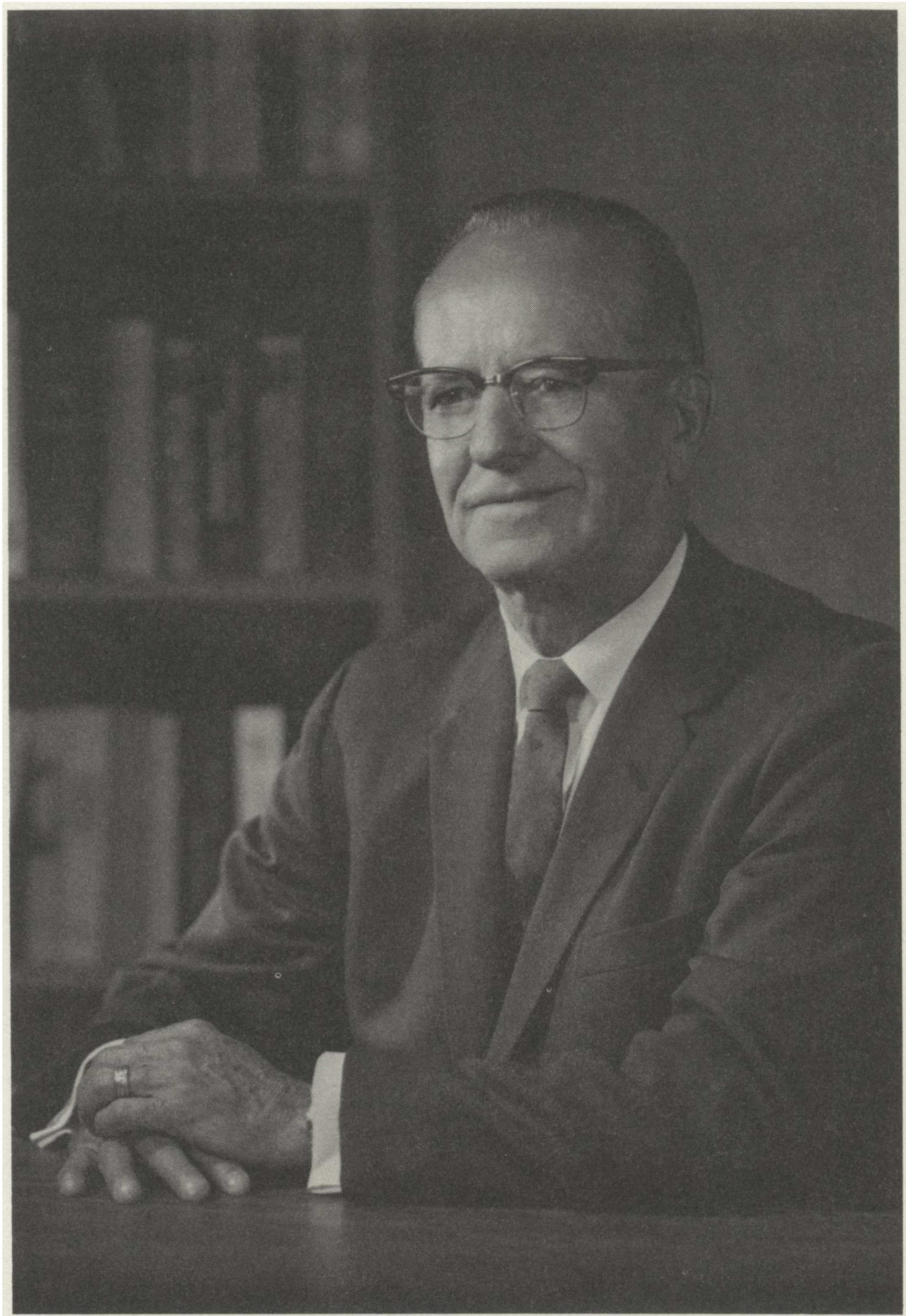
Criticizing Maw for so blatantly using the Church for votes, Lee said he did not believe that the Church "endorses the solicitation of its membership for political purposes."[32] He also promised to enforce all state laws, "including the liquor laws and those safeguarding the morals of the people."[33] Although he was heavily criticized, Maw stood by the letter, denying that it was intended for Mormons only. "Thousands of copies will be sent to members of all faiths, Democratic or Republican."[34] But the careful choice of words used in the letter belied Maw's words.

The most important repercussions came through an editorial in the *Mount Pleasant Pyramid*, written by Tom Judd, grandson of former church President, Heber J. Grant. Judd said that Maw had reached "the lowest level of bigotry," by waving a banner of virtue "in an obvious attempt to obscure the dirty hem of his own garment, soiled by his scandalous fumbling of proven bribery in the Maw-controlled state liquor commission." He concluded that "Governor Maw's record doesn't jibe with Brother Maw's letter." The editorial was a political coup, since Ab Jenkins, a Mormon and noted speed driver, reproduced it as an advertisement and placed it in newspapers all over the state.[35]

Republicans also tried to use the Church through a newspaper advertisement, purportedly from the "Law Observance Committee" of the Church in Salt Lake County. The committee had allegedly studied the positions of the candidates with respect to liquor by the drink, horse racing, slot machines, gambling and "other vices." They gave their "approval" to Lee because his positions were consistent with the "ideals of Utah citizenry."[36]

The Republican technique was actually similar to Maw's, and it was followed by a hasty Democratic retort, "Don't be Fooled!! The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has at no time endorsed J. Bracken Lee." Of course, that was technically true. The Democratic ad quoted a spokesman for President George Albert Smith: "No one can speak for the Church except over the signature of the First Presidency, and an action by a committee of Church membership does not even imply action by the Church itself." The Democrats accused the Republicans of "sinking to a new low" in misleading the "saints" and "whitewashing" the record of Lee, who as recently as March 9, 1946 had headed a committee advocating liquor by the drink.[37]

It was even more misleading than most people realized. The law enforcement and observance committee had not really endorsed *any* candidate. They listed



J. Bracken Lee

only those who were not favored one over another because of their positions on liquor, horse racing, and so on. The committee then included Lee and Maw as well as several other candidates of both political parties.[38] A negative endorsement at best, it suggested that there was no evidence to warrant opposition. The Republican ad was not only inaccurate, it was an unconscionable distortion.

Though not by official endorsement, the Church helped to elect Lee governor in 1948. While Truman defeated Dewey in Utah by almost 25,000 votes, Lee's plurality over Maw was 27,439.[39] Not only did Lee run ahead of Truman in Utah, he was the only Republican elected to state office and the first Republican governor in twenty-four years.

CHURCH INFLUENCE IN OFFICE

In spite of his key role in Lee's election, J. Reuben Clark, Jr. became much less visible in the day to day affairs of the governorship. The church official who communicated most with Governor Lee was a lower-echelon figure, Thorpe B. Isaacson, a member of the Presiding Bishopric.[40] Isaacson was a natural choice for the role because of his innate interest in politics. He made numerous attempts to exercise influence, beginning with a letter of congratulations upon Lee's election. Writing on church stationary, he predicted that Lee would be one of Utah's great governors. Then he expressed support for Lee's plan to reform the liquor system, and with the loaded phrase, "a number of us have discussed it," implied that the General Authorities supported it too. The evidence does not show that Isaacson was acting on behalf of the Church when he wrote to Lee, but he seemed to want Lee to believe that he was.[41]

Lee remembered it as "the most beautiful letter that you could imagine. I prized it, see. I took it home and showed it to my wife. He was a big Church man. Very flattering!" But two months later, Lee found a letter stuck to the top of one of his desk drawers. It had been written by Isaacson to Maw upon his election to the governorship eight years earlier, and "it was almost identical to the one he sent to me." The discovery naturally decreased the value of his own letter, and although Lee became friendly with Isaacson, he regarded him with considerably less respect.[42]

Throughout Lee's two terms, Isaacson's letters continued to be frequent and partisan. Sometimes he spoke in his coveted role as Chariman of the Board of Trustees at Utah State Agricultural College. His personal biases against the teaching profession were stronger than Lee's, and he opposed teacher salary increases because, he said, many were already getting more money than they deserved. He was not opposed to increases for teachers or professors who were outstanding, but he was opposed to flat across-the-board raises, because they encouraged "misfit individuals in the profession."[43]

When an education bill to increase teacher salaries reached the legislature, Isaacson wrote a letter to State Senator Elias Day, urging him to defeat it. "I have just sought counsel this morning, and I believe it is the opinion that now would be a very sad time to raise the taxes of our people . . . "[44] Isaacson sent a copy of the letter to Lee with an accompanying explanation that "I have talked to authority here this morning, and certainly House Bill 75 should be defeated . . . "[45] On the

same day, Isaacson sent a similar letter to Senator Marl Gibson in which the phrase was slightly different: "I have just come from a meeting where I asked for counsel and advice from some who I feel can give good counsel." He was allegedly told that it was time to say "no to these school teachers."[46] In the note to Lee, Isaacson added, "I sought counsel this morning, and I again can tell you that it is the feeling here that now would be a bad time to raise this tax levy in order to get more money for school teachers' salaries."[47] While the wording was purposefully obscure, the natural assumption is that the First Presidency or others of the General Authorities gave the counsel.

Lee evidently believed that Isaacson was speaking for the Church. "I actually don't believe that Thorpe ever did anything without consulting Clark." When Isaacson talked of consulting higher authority or seeking counsel, Lee interpreted it to mean J. Reuben Clark, Jr.[48] This explains why Lee could cultivate a relationship with Isaacson even though he did not respect him as highly as he did Clark.

At the 1952 annual convention of the Utah Education Association, Edgar Fuller, executive secretary of the National Council of Chief State School Officers and graduate of Brigham Young University, called for Lee's defeat in the November elections. He branded Lee "the worst enemy of schools among all the governors of the United States."[49] Shortly afterward, Fuller received a letter from the Presiding Bishopric of the Church reprimanding him for making a political speech critical of the governor of the state in a church building—the Assembly Hall on Temple Square. Since he believed that Lee's record was well known throughout the nation, Fuller was surprised that the bishopric would be "embarrassed" by his comments. He pointed out that the Assembly Hall had been used for meetings of a controversial nature and that the Tabernacle had been used only hours after that meeting for a political gathering.[50] As a member of the Presiding Bishopric, Isaacson had again used leverage in the name of the Church for a political issue and for Lee's protection.

Isaacson frequently requested Lee through grandiose letters to make key appointments, such as one requesting that Lee select a replacement for Trustee Matthew Cowley, a deceased apostle. Using his standard request style, Isaacson effusively praised Lee's leadership, claiming that never in the state's history had there been "such an honest government, free from graft or scandal, efficient, better roads, more money for schools," that Lee would always be admired and respected, and that he (Isaacson) was proud of his leadership. Finally, he got to the request; he wanted Cowley replaced with another apostle. "I don't believe anybody would object to such procedure, and I know no one would object to the appointment of Apostle LeGrand Richards." Richards, he said, had supported Lee loyally and had been a Republican all his life.

> I do hope we can have him appointed right away. We need him. He will enjoy it. He will be grateful to you, and I know many others will be grateful. As I spoke to you about it before, I sought the counsel of President McKay, and he concurred in this appointment.[51]

Such an obvious approach irritated Lee, and in this case, he chose to defy Isaacson. In a terse reply, he expressed confidence in Richards, but explained that

there were numerous other applications for the vacancy. "I do not believe I will be able to appoint Mr. Richards to this particular vacancy but I will certainly keep in mind for the future."[52] More than two years later, Lee did appoint Richards to the board.[53]

Isaacson was explicit enough to invoke the name of President McKay, something he had carefully avoided in the past. Perhaps a more subtle approach would have been more effective in dealing with Lee. It was obvious that Lee only reluctantly accepted Isaacson as a messenger from the Brethren, but he did succumb to Isaacson's wishes about other appointments and named several church authorities to governing boards.[54] He was not averse to such appointments, as Maw had been.

In fact, Harold Simpson, Lee's press secretary, remembered heavy criticism because university boards were dominated by Mormon appointees. In 1955, he counted an Apostle, a member of the Presiding Bishopric, a stake president and a bishop all concurrently serving on the Utah State Board of Trustees.[55] Some critics ironically accused Lee of being "anti-Mormon" in his appointments. Lee remembered rumors that "church people" were disturbed because there were not enough Mormons in appointive positions. Through personal research, he discovered that two thirds of his appointments had been Mormons, although he had never asked anyone what his religion was prior to appointment. Lee claimed that he compiled a list of people with their religions and took it to Clark, who disclaimed any interest in such a list and advised, "Don't you hire anybody anywhere unless you trust them."[56] The mere compiling of such a list aptly illustrates Lee's desire to please the Church.

Although Lee maintained that attempts by General Authorities to influence his appointments and decisions were rare,[57] there is considerable evidence to the contrary. During his tenure, Apostles Delbert Stapley, Henry D. Moyle and Joseph F. Merrill, and Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin, as well as many bishops and stake presidents, wrote to him frequently about appointments and political issues. Although some of the letters were written in assertive style on church stationery, none of them purported to be acting for the whole Church. Others were careful to draw the line between church and state by writing the letter on personal stationery and expressing personal motives.

For instance, when Wirthlin wrote Lee recommending an appointment,[58] he did it on personal stationery and made no reference to higher authority. Since Wirthlin was Isaacson's superior in the church hierarchy, this seems especially significant. Lee responded in standard fashion, as if he were writing to any other citizen.[59] Delbert L. Stapley wrote on church stationery to recommend Earl Hunsaker, a friend, to become superintendent of the highway patrol.[60] Lee was apparently unimpressed, for he wrote a standard letter to Stapley[61] and eventually appointed Joseph Dudler, former Carbon County sheriff, under Lee in Price, to the post.[62]

Henry D. Moyle wrote to Lee on personal stationery recommending the appointment of Homer Holmgren to the Utah Supreme Court and concluding that he was also "politically all right."[63] Lee responded in noncommital fashion, assuring Moyle that "the number of applicants for this vacancy is considerable,"[64]

and Holmgren was not appointed. One of the more obvious attempts to influence came from Franklin J. Murdock, president of the Highland Stake and head of Murdock Travel, the firm most readily identifiable with church travel accommodations. He recommended Judge Leland G. Larsen for the 3rd Judicial District, saying he had worked closely with him on the stake high council. Murdock promised Lee he would always be "at peace with his conscience" if he did the right thing and said he would watch the appointment with "keen interest."[65] It was evidently the wrong approach; Lee failed to comply. J. Leonard Love, a bishop, seemed to have more political clout through his business and social connections than some General Authorities. He complained to Lee about the dismissal of Judge Rulon Clark from the juvenile court, saying he had known him for twenty-five years and it was impossible to place a value on his services.[66] Clark was reinstated, and apparently Love's action on his behalf played a heavy role in the decision.

Lee recognized the important difference between persons with high church positions and church leaders who were delegated to speak for the Church. He was amenable to requests he interpreted as emanating from the Church, but resented requests from persons using their church positions to wield personal influence.

Lee believed that President McKay "didn't know anything about politics" and rarely interfered,[67] but he gave great weight to McKay's letters. Members of the Hillside Stake had complained about the presence of a liquor store in their neighborhood. As a member of the First Presidency, McKay requested that the store be moved to another part of the city. Lee discussed the matter with K. M. Doane, chairman of the liquor commission, who became irritated and according to Lee "bowed his neck against the church." McKay, however, was tolerant of the delay, and when the store was moved,[68] he complimented Lee for acting "wisely and well"[69] and expressed pleasure with Lee's contributions in office, especially in solving the "very perplexing liquor problem." McKay believed that Lee had "won the confidence of every clear-thinking person in the state."[70]

The liquor store issue was the predictable case of the Church injecting itself into politics because of a moral issue so clear that intermediaries were unnecessary. Lee had no need to doubt that this was the Church itself making the request with David O. McKay as spokesman, even though many individual church leaders voiced strong feelings.[71]

In 1953, Lee was forced to deal with the controversial issue of Sunday closing. A bill was introduced in the legislature providing for the closing on Sunday of all places of business except those which dispensed services or provided activities necessary to health and life. Its intent was approved by the Utah Council of Churches and the Salt Lake Ministerial Association, meaning that Protestants as well as Mormons strongly supported it. The bill was passed by the legislature, six to one in the house and nearly two to one in the senate.[72]

In spite of such convincing support, Lee vetoed it, arguing that such legislation must be "beneficial to all the people, without prejudice or discrimination to the few." He believed that Seventh Day Adventists, Jewish groups, and others whose principles of the Sabbath were markedly different from other Christian denominations, as well as the neighborhood grocer and other merchants who had to

depend on Sunday employment, would be discriminated against. "Social legislation is necessary in some cases, but there is truth in the axiom that you cannot legislate the morals of the people."[73]

The *Deseret News* attacked Lee for offending "the great majority of Utah's citizens." The editors said that most states had Sunday closing laws (thirty-one plus the District of Columbia) and that Utah, "of all states," must "remain one of the very few places in America where a man has to work on Sunday unnecessarily in order to hold his job." The *News* concluded that Lee had made a mistake and urged the legislature to override the veto.[74] But the legislators were influenced by the governor and the veto was sustained. Lee had offended the Church on what its leaders interpreted as a clear moral issue. The veto marked the first decline of his church support.

The following year, in an effort to mend church fences and support his economy drive, Lee tried to transfer Weber, Snow and Dixie Junior Colleges to the Church, which had formerly owned and operated them but had deeded them to the state in the 1930s. Saying that a transfer would take a heavy burden off the state educational system, Lee praised the Church's record in education and suggested the change would be beneficial to the colleges themselves. President McKay reluctantly agreed, promising that the Church would take them, rather than see them close. He said that acceptance of the obligation to operate the colleges (amounting to $1,000,000 per year) was sufficient and valid consideration and price for the transfer, but that the Church would still pay an amount considered to be fair and equitable. He promised that the colleges would be operated just as they had been in the past, with salaries, sabbaticals, tuition and so on remaining the same to avoid interference with normal operations and individual students. McKay pledged, in answer to critics, that they would not be transformed into "religious seminaries."[75]

Accused by some people of suggesting the transfer "merely for votes," an angry Lee pointed out that he had vetoed the Sunday Closing bill, even though it was desired by the Church, and a bill to grant Brigham Young University power of eminent domain.[76] He was so disturbed by the charge that he sent a copy of a critical letter he had received to President McKay with his own answer enclosed. He wanted to be sure that McKay did not think he was pushing the transfer for political reasons. McKay replied that he too resented the insinuation that Lee had selfish or ulterior motives.

> Whenever a person makes such an accusation, even by innuendo, as that made . . . against you, I cannot help but doubt his own integrity. I should put him in the class with the man who said, "There isn't an honest man in the world." Unthinkingly, he makes an admission that he, himself, is dishonest.[77]

The transfer never took place. Although the bill was approved by the legislature and signed by the governor, it was tied to a referendum ballot, and Utah voters rejected it.[78] The result fully illustrates the independence of Utah voters, even when the president of the Church may be involved. Yet Lee no doubt believed that he had successfully patched a sagging relationship with the Church in the wake of Sunday closing.

While Lee enjoyed church support in 1944, 1948, and again in 1952, he definitely lost it in 1956. He became critical of Eisenhower, who was revered by many Mormons, and much of the support faded. The veto of the Sunday closing law was indeed damaging, and by 1955, his relationship with church authorities was tenuous. In 1956, church support went to Republican George Dewey Clyde for the governorship instead of to Lee, and Clyde was elected. Lee believes that the erosion of support actually began when McKay became president of the Church and made Stephen L. Richards his first counselor. That choice meant that Clark would be moved from first counselor to second counselor. According to Lee, "When McKay demoted Clark and put in a man named Richards, a life long Democrat, I noticed a difference. The support started to fade. When I didn't get that support for the Senate, I went to Clark, and asked him what happened. He said he couldn't tell me. He said, 'I don't have any influence in the Church any more.' "[79]

J. Reuben Clark, Jr. did have a reciprocal respect for Lee, as evidenced by a letter he wrote to him upon his election as mayor of Salt Lake City. He began the letter by saluting him as "Mr. Mayor," complaining that he must abandon the former address of "Governor." Lee had just sent him a handwritten Christmas letter of appreciation and apparently Clark was moved by its contents, because he expressed deep appreciation for a very great friendship, which included Lee's wife and children for whom Clark had "deep affection." Hoping he could refer to Lee familiarly as "Bracken," Clark requested a favor concerning a piece of property on First South Street in Salt Lake City which the Church wanted to purchase from the city. Applying some gentle pressure, Clark said he always kept Lee's confidences, "but I did tell the Brethren that you had assured me orally that you would do whatever you might do for us within the law."[80]

In spite of Lee's recent statement, "Clark never once asked me for anything," Clark was clearly exacting a price for the help he had offered Lee in past years. Then he closed with more niceties:

> Again for all of your kindly protestations which I know are honest, of friendship and affection for me, I am most grateful, and mine come to you in return, and I assure you that the friendship which I have for you has never dimmed and I shall hope never to do anything that will make it dim and I receive with great joy your promise that the same situation is true of yourself.
>
> God bless you, Brother Lee, with every blessing He has that is necessary for you to possess and enjoy in this great responsibility which now comes to you.[81]

Hoping that Clark would continue to "honor" him by addressing him as "Bracken," Lee claimed that he had too much respect for him to address him as anything but "President Clark." He conscientiously explained that he was doing everything possible to meet Clark's request about the land sale and promised to expedite the matter.[82] In this instance, Lee wanted very much to assist the Church. Clark's request was clearly golden; since 1948, Clark and Lee had successfully maintained a "special relationship." Lee managed to make all the necessary arrangements for the sale within one month from the date he had received the letter from Clark.[83]

Lee evidently cultivated church support while he was Salt Lake's mayor, even though he believes that it is less crucial in governing the city and that it is possible for a non-Mormon to be elected in the city even though he could not be elected in the state. When asked about the importance of the Church in his political career, Lee wryly commented that it was about as important as the Catholic Church in Boston or the Baptist Church in Texas. He said that an anti-church candidate could not get elected to any office. Lee believes, in fact, that church officials often *prefer* non-Mormons to Mormons, and that non-Mormon governors have treated the Church more kindly.[84]

The latter statement may be an exaggeration, but the evidence suggests that church leaders do prefer politicians who clearly recognize the role of the Church as Utah's most important interest group. Some Mormon politicians, such as Maw, have had difficulty maintaining an effective working relationship because they have been afraid of being perceived as puppets of the Church. Lee had no such problem. He not only understood the role of the Church in politics, but he recognized the vital need to cultivate the relationship.

Lee's experience suggests that church influence in politics is an unquestioned reality, even though its form varies. When the First Presidency exerts pressure on a political leader because of a moral issue, the influence is overt and unmistakable. The brethren clearly represent the institution. Sometimes the First Presidency exerts quiet influence intended to protect the Church or promote its growth, such as in land sales and ordinances. Often there are educational, economic, or social issues about which the First Presidency takes no overt stand and about which other church leaders disagree. On these, the First Presidency purposely remains silent, but allows other church leaders to make private, personal efforts to influence politicians. Some of these personal efforts may be sanctioned by higher church authority or a higher church authority may have even suggested that the letter or phone call be made, but great care is exercised by church authorities to avoid the appearance of intentional influence. The Church does not wish to be regarded as such a dominant political force in Utah that church and state will be regarded as one.

While there are interesting pieces of evidence, it is impossible to prove, for instance, that Thorpe Isaacson exerted pressures on Governor Lee under direct authority from the First Presidency. Isaacson undoubtedly requested opinions or "counsel" from other church authorities to carry to the governor. It seems undeniable that he wished to leave the impression that he was speaking for the Church. Governor Lee accepted that role, and the product was church influence. In this case, Isaacson had enough effect on Lee that he was interpreted to be the emissary of J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and hence, the institution. Lee took the influence seriously, even though he occasionally chafed under it and sometimes even rejected it. His enormous success in Utah politics must be equated with his ability to create that special relationship between church officials and himself.

NOTES

[1] Interview with J. Bracken Lee, Salt Lake City, Utah, July 27, 1972.

[2] See Lee Gubernatorial Papers, Utah State Archives, Salt Lake City. Examples of letters: Letter, J. S. Kimmel, Sr., President of Davenport, Iowa Chamber of Commerce, to Lee, Oct. 13, 1954; Letter, William R. Todd, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Lee, July 29, 1954.

[3] *Deseret News*, Oct. 7, 1955.

[4] *Ibid.*, Oct. 8, 1955.

[5] Salt Lake *Tribune*, Oct. 8, 1955.

[6] Letters from Lee to Professor William H. Peterson, New York University, Dec. 13, 1955, and to Col. Slavko Trifkovick, Winchester, England, May 28, 1956. Lee papers.

[7] *Deseret News*, May 31, 1956.

[8] *Tribune*, April 14, 1956.

[9] *Deseret News*, April 30, 1956.

[10] *Tribune*, May 3, 1956.

[11] Interview with J. Bracken Lee, July 14, 1975. Lee recalls being so incensed that he wrote the Attorney General of the United States and requested an investigation of the IRS. He finally received the "snottiest damn letter from Henry Peterson," Assistant Attorney General, implying that Lee was a troublemaker. Lee sent copies of that letter to approximately twenty congressmen and senators as an example of a bureaucrat's treatment of a citizen. He suggested that Peterson should be fired. In his reply to Lee, Senator Barry Goldwater said he was surprised that a person of Lee's experience would think that Congress was running the country, "You *know* the bureaucrats are running the country!"

[12] Frank Jonas, "J. Bracken Lee and the Mormon Church," Utah Academy Proceedings, XXXIV (1957), 111.

[13] Interview with Herbert B. Maw, Salt Lake City, Aug. 1, 1972. Jonas reports that Maw wrote him a letter, April 21, 1955, saying that Heber J. Grant, Church President, publicly denounced Maw for this action. See above article, 112.

[14] Jonas, 111.

[15] Maw interview.

[16] Interview with Ezra Taft Benson, Salt Lake City, Aug. 15, 1972. Benson recalled visiting Lee in his home once when Lee had a severe case of flu. Benson told Lee that he'd "been praying for him. It touched him—you could tell." Apostle LeGrande Richards, also a Republican, expressed similar feelings about both Lee and Maw. Interview with Richards, Salt Lake City, July 2, 1972. (Unfortunately, much of this interview was "off the record.")

[17] Maw Interview.

[18] Francis W. Kirkham, *Morals and the Mayor* (1944), 3-5.

[19] *Ibid.*, 6.

[20] *Tribune*, Jan. 26, 1938; Price *Sun-Advocate*, Jan. 27, 1938.

[21] Lee Interview, 1975.

[22] Kirkham, 7, 8.

[23] *Deseret News*, Nov. 2, 1944.

[24] Lee interview, 1972.

[25] Jonas, 113.

[26] Lee said that the people should decide the issue in a letter to Jonas, Oct. 3, 1948, quoted by Jonas, 117.

[27] Letter from Joseph F. Merrill to Jonas, Nov. 6, 1948, *Ibid.*

[28] Lee interview, 1972.

[29] *Ibid.*

[30] *Ibid.*

[31] *Tribune*, Nov. 1, 1948.

[32] *Ibid.*, Oct. 15, 1948.

[33] *Deseret News*, Oct. 15, 1948.

[34] *Tribune*, Oct. 15, 1948.

[35] *Mount Pleasant Pyramid*, Oct. 15, 1948.

[36] *Deseret News*, Nov. 1, 1948.

[37] *Tribune*, Nov. 2, 1948.

[38] *Ibid.*, Oct. 30, 1948.

[39] Lee received 151,253 votes to Maw's 123,814. The only other Republican governor to win election that year was Arthur Langlie of Washington. In Utah, Truman received 149,046 to Dewey's 124,359.

[40] Isaacson was later made an Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles (1961) and finally, a counselor in the First Presidency to President David O. McKay (1965).

[41] Letter from Thorpe B. Isaacson to Lee, Nov. 3, 1948 Lee papers, Utah State Archives.

[42] Lee Interview, 1972. Maw does not have any recollection at all of the letter. (Maw Interview.)

[43] Letter, Isaacson to Lee, January 11, 1951, Lee papers.

[44] Letter, Isaacson to State Senator Elias L. Day, Feb. 2, 1951, Lee papers.

[45] Letter, Isaacson to Lee, Feb. 2, 1951, Lee papers.

[46] Letter, Isaacson to State Senator Marl D. Gibson, Feb. 2, 1951, Lee papers.

[47] Letter, Isaacson to Lee, Feb. 2, 1951. Lee papers.

[48] Lee Interview, 1972.

[49] Logan, Utah *Herald-Journal,* Oct. 12, 1952.

[50] Letter, Edgar Fuller to Presiding Bishopric, Oct. 20, 1952, Lee papers.

[51] Letter, Isaacson to Lee, Dec. 23, 1953. Lee papers.

[52] Letter, Lee to Isaacson, Dec. 29, 1953. Lee papers.

[53] Appointment document, Feb. 26, 1956 to July 1, 1956. Lee papers.

[54] For instance, Lee named Alma Sonne, assistant to the Twelve, to the Board of Trustees at Utah State almost immediately after Isaacson's request. Letter, Issacson to Lee, Jan. 20, 1955; Letter, Lee to Isaacson, Jan. 25, 1955. He had also appointed Matthew Cowley to the same board. Letter, Lee to Quale Cannon, Jr., Sec. of State Senate, Mar. 11, 1953, announcing appointment of Cowley. Lee appointed Richard L. Evans, an Apostle, to the University of Utah Board of Regents. Letter, Lee to Cannon, Mar. 16, 1955.

[55] Letter from Harold W. Simpson to Frank Jonas, Mar. 15, 1955. Lee papers.

[56] Lee Interview, 1972.

[57] *Ibid.*

[58] Letter, Joseph L. Wirthlin to Lee, Feb. 5, 1953. Lee papers.

[59] Since Isaacson was a counselor to Wirthlin in the Presiding Bishopric, it could be assumed that Wirthlin would carry more weight with Lee than Isaacson. Obviously, such was not the case.

[60] Letter, Delbert L. Stapley to Lee, June 30, 1952. Lee papers.

[61] Letter, Lee to Stapley, July 14, 1952. Lee papers.

[62] Logan *Herald-Journal,* Nov. 21, 1952.

[63] Letter, Henry D. Moyle, to Lee, Nov. 6, 1953. Lee papers.

[64] Letter, Lee to Moyle, Nov. 9, 1953. Lee papers.

[65] Letter, Franklin J. Murdock to Lee, July 2, 1956. Lee papers.

[66] Letter, J. Leonard Love to Lee, June 24, 1949. Lee papers.

[67] Lee Interview, 1972.

[68] Letter, Lee to Pres. McKay, Oct. 13, 1949. Lee claimed that several prominent Mormons were frequenting liquor stores and Doan obtained cards on a stake president and a bishop and members of the bishopric of the area who had allegedly been buying liquor on the west side of the city. Lee suggested that it was "embarrassing as hell," because Doan accused these people of being too cowardly to buy liquor from a nearby store so their neighbors could witness it. (Lee Interview, 1972)

[69] Letter, McKay to Lee, Oct. 31, 1949.

[70] Letter, McKay to Lee, Dec. 7, 1949. McKay said Lee's integrity was unquestioned and commended him on his instruction that no liquor be served at Christmas parties in the state capitol. Lee agreed that the use of liquor at such gatherings not only degraded the capitol but the office holder as well. Letter, Lee to McKay, Dec. 8, 1949. Lee papers.

FICTION

ROAD TO DAMASCUS

LEVI S. PETERSON

AT EVENING PAUL CONTEMPLATED TWO TREES on a distant ridge. They were both firs, one tall, straight, conical; the other curiously warped midtrunk into a great bent bush of a tree. The crippled tree troubled Paul. It seemed cruelly deflected, thwarted in its movement toward the open sky. Paul sat astride a slab of yellow rock. His mallet and chisel lay at his feet. The two men who had come that hot afternoon to work on the roof of his house were gone, but his resentment lingered. They were missionaries of sorts—stake missionaries set apart to preach the Gospel to men like Paul. He couldn't deny that they were good or that Christian love burned like a white flame behind their wind-blown faces. They had come without his asking and had started the rafters where Paul had brought the rock walls to their finished height. A good act. The rafters were there, installed and stable, ready now for sheathing. Yet he resented their having laid hands on his house.

One of them had admired the careful squaring and perfect seams of the stone walls. There was no stone cutter to equal Paul in central Utah. Paul chiselled and broke, handling his heavy hammers as if they were tools of spirit, the instruments of affection that broke not to destroy but to shape, to give dignity and identity to unformed stone. Brother Dalby said Paul's house was like the Church: each stone fit into its place, one upon another, with apostles for a foundation—twelve modern-day apostles, just as in the days of Jesus—and high priests, seventies,

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elders, priests, teachers, and deacons, and everybody else, depending one upon another in an exact well-fitted structure. Paul swallowed hard when he heard Brother Dalby's metaphor, but his wife laughed pleasantly. She had come from the little wooden house when the men arrived. She stood with them where Paul sat cracking squares of rock for the butter house. Regina liked Brother Dalby's figure of speech. She paced quickly to the walls of the new house and paused in the door. Looking at Brother Dalby, she said, "The door into the Church is baptism."

Paul felt a touch of fear. He dropped his eyes and studied the rock on which his hammer was idly tapping. These men were hungry to baptize him. He sensed that things were going to become more difficult. Once, weakly, without any good reason that he could think of, he had promised Regina that when the new house was finished, he would ask for baptism.

When the two men were gone, Regina came again from the little house. Paul sat in the gathering darkness, inert and languorous, his eyes still coming back to the ridge where the two trees stood. Regina strolled within the walls of the new house, quietly humming a hymn.

"It's going to be beautiful," she called. "Come and look."

He rose and went inside. Through an empty window they could see the valley declining gently toward a western boundary of jutting mountains. The valley lay with a thousand tiny lights sparkling up and down its miles. Cows bellowed distantly, ringing their remonstrance at full-dripping udders and empty mangers. Above the western mountains the sky glowed with the delicate peace of approaching sleep.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Regina asked.

Paul sat in the window sill.

Regina said, "I feel so much like . . . oh, I can't say how I feel. I have a burning here." She placed both her hands upon her breast. "Isn't that God?" she asked. "Don't you feel Him, Paul?"

Paul sighed and at last said, "No, I don't think I do."

She took Paul's hand and pulled gently until he stood up facing her. "Feel it! Around us, holding us. I think the night breeze is God's breath, it seems so cool and sweet. Our valley is His cupped hand."

"Don't say that kind of foolishness," Paul said. "I know you don't mean it, but don't say it anyway."

Regina's voice lowered with disappointment. "Maybe I do mean it."

Paul dropped her hand and walked to another window. "This is stone," he said sharply, patting the window sill, "and out there are some trees and a barn and our farm. It's stone, it isn't God."

"I know," said Regina. "It is stone and that is our barn. But He's there, Paul. God's real, I know that. He's waiting."

Paul turned and walked out from the walls. Regina followed him, and they stood again, looking toward the kerosene light in the window of the wooden house where they had lived for ten years. At first, it had been a two-room house. Then, as the children came, three other rooms had been added. Warped and weathered, the little house waited, and Regina waited, while the pile of yellow

stone from Paul's quarry slowly grew.

"I don't know what the matter is," Regina said. "You work so hard, you live righteously, you do things a man ought to do. Why can't you do just one little thing more for me? It's not so much."

"Lord, Regina," he said, "a man needs a little room. I didn't like those men up there setting my rafters today. They laid hands on my house. Up on the ridge yonder is a bent tree. How do you think things get bent like that? I just need a little room."

"I wish you didn't feel that way. I feel like things are so peaceful and full of light. I want you to feel it too." She came close and leaned against him.

"Won't you hug me?" she asked.

He put listless arms around her. After a while she said, "What's the matter, Paul?" He shrugged her away and walked off into the darkness.

The next day was Saturday. At dawn Paul haltered two mules and led them from the pole corral. The merest gleam of sun had struck the far western peaks, breaking the blue of dawn into rose on great rocks and cliffs and slopes of brush and pinyon. But the valley stood dew-wet and dark, waiting with its stretching hills of farms and fields, its long, broad lake lying blue and quiet, morning's mirror, all waiting for the sun to rise, to fill the valley with light, to fondle with warm love each house, each tree, every stalk of wheat and blade of grass.

Paul saw Regina in the door of the little house. He turned his back. He kicked one of the mules and jerked both animals forward to the saddle shed, where he attached packframes to the mules and loaded them with canvas bundles. When he looked up, Regina stood at the corner of the shed. She pressed her tired face against a grey, warping plank.

"You're going to go, are you?" she said finally.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going. I told the boys I'd come and I told you I was going. Now I'm doing what I said I would."

"Can't you go on Monday?" she asked. Paul didn't answer. He went back to the corral and brought his horse out. As he saddled it, Regina repeated her question.

"No, I can't go on Monday," he said. "I have hay to put up."

She rubbed her hand along the weathered corner of the shed. "Won't you come home tonight?"

"Too far," he said. He turned squarely upon her. "I know what's eating you. You think I'll be breaking the Sabbath. You think I'll get thrown off or drowned because God doesn't like people who have fun on Sunday."

She shook her head. "Paul, be sensible, for heaven's sake. I don't think that. I do think those men aren't the best to spend the Sabbath day with."

"Lord, I haven't seen them in three months," he said. "Anyhow, I've got to take this grub up to them. They're counting on it, and it's my part of the bargain."

"What kind of a game are they playing?" Regina said. "They aren't going to get anything out of that mine. What if they did? How would you haul it out of the mountains?"

"We're not going to go into that again," Paul said. He mounted his horse. He pulled up the lead rope and jerked his little caravan forward. Regina stepped into

the path of the horse and the animal stopped. She came to Paul and laid her hand on his leg, gripping his thigh with her small fingers.

"Please, Paul," she said.

He looked down into her face. A tired face, but still pretty, full cheeks, large, pleading lips, dark eyes that also pleaded. A depth of intense longing there, longing for him, and sadness, like Christ in the rustle of walnut leaves. She bent her face against his leg for a moment. From behind her she drew a small parcel, wrapped in white cloth.

"A lunch," she said, "if you've got to go. Be careful. Don't drink, will you, Paul?"

His face grew red.

"I know you packed whiskey," she said and walked away. At the corner of the shed she turned. "I wish you could be back tonight."

Paul kicked his horse forward. He slouched in the saddle, a tired man. On both sides of the lane in which he rode, the land bore testimony of his unceasing labor. On the right, wheat and corn; on the left, alfalfa, watermelons, sorghum and vegetables. The wheat stretched across ten acres, thick and green, rippled by the morning wind into slow waves of certitude. The corn, tasseled and tall, grew in straight, unvaried rows converging upon a point of infinity. With his draft horses, Paul had plowed, harrowed, and furrowed. With a heavy bag he walked the broad acres in the windy spring and sowed his wheat. He thrust seed corn into the ground with a sharp-nosed planter. He went at night as often as in day to take his turn at the irrigation water from the canals, laboring without thought for uninterrupted hours, bending his back, straining his arms, lifting out mud with his shovel, filling here and excavating there until his land had slaked its thirst.

This Paul did for Regina. He had taken land from her father because she wanted to settle in the valley and raise her children in the Church. Paul did not always quarrel with Regina. Sometimes she caressed his neck, kissed his forehead, looked on him with her bright face, her brows lifted musingly, her glance itself a caress of health and love and peace. She had soft hands, and in her eyes he saw a spirit, a breeze-blown emanation, an influence that moved out from her and wrapped about him, the caressing hands of peace that told him home was final and certain and that somewhere, far away perhaps, but somewhere surely and without doubt beyond the western mountains and then again beyond those mysterious purple peaks so far beyond them, somewhere was a golden kingdom, sun-brilliant, filled with utter day and the peace of peace, the place where God was.

Now he needed rest. He needed Sam. Regina had known that. She knew better than her sweet Christian conscience would allow her to admit that Sam was her enemy. Paul's heart quickened. The fresh wind of the canyon struck him, freed him, filled him with lightness and anticipation. For six years Paul and Sam had drifted from mine to mine and mill to mill. They worked hard, quit often, spent their cash prodigiously, laughed and gamed and drank. That had been a long time ago. Last year Sam had come back. He said there was a paying vein in the mountains to the east. He brought three young men with him and proposed

that Paul join the venture. The four comrades would sink a shaft, and Paul would keep them in grub. When the mine came in, all would share equally. Paul had accepted, not because he believed they would get rich but because he needed a place to go.

The horse had carried Paul beyond the farm country and now approached the mouth of the canyon through which Paul meant to penetrate the mountains. The mountains were thrust upward, thrown like gigantic fluids and frozen there, twisted and pulled by cosmic force. Everywhere the rising wall of mountains was lacerated and gashed by gullies, ravines and canyons. Forests of brush and fir and aspen grew upon the slopes. And beyond these mountains, Paul knew, were others, one range behind another, receding into a land Paul had not visited.

At first the canyon exhilarated Paul. The trail led generally along the bottom, frequently paralleling it some yards above, though at times leaving it for hundreds of yards and zigzagging back and forth over the steep canyon face. It was a faint trail, rarely traveled, slowly being reannexed into the mountain, as Paul hoped he too could be annexed. Glimpses of the valley far below told him how high he had come. He possessed the floating power of an eagle, he felt the unweighted swing of a diving hawk.

Then, as the day grew on, he lost that joy. In the late morning, he stopped at a small meadow in the canyon bottom. Heat waves rose from the tall grass of the meadow, and trifling breezes came from one moment to another, mingling odors of hot resinous gums and dank shaded mosses. Paul loosened the surcingles on his three animals, hobbled them, and left them busily cropping grass. He took the white bundle and crossed the creek. He sat with his back to a fir tree and ate the lunch. The food tasted good, yet it seemed peculiar, as if Regina's hands had given it a quality unknown to other foods. The day had become strange. He felt as if he were being watched. He turned and peered about, but he could see nothing unusual.

He lay in the shade, listening to the crunching and cropping of his animals and to the clear rattling of the little stream where at the meadow's end it began another hurried descent over rocks and roots. Finally he dozed. When he awoke, he lay with his eyes closed. Memories coalesced in his mind, hovered strangely and evaporated. He became aware that a wind was rising. The boughs of the fir tree overhead fretted and scraped.

The revolving rasp of a wagon wheel filled his memory. Jimmy, his brother, came in the cabin door. "The horses are harnessed," he said.

Their mother put on her bonnet and walked to the door. "Somebody coming with me?" she asked.

"I'm going to find the honey tree," Paul's father said.

"Might be other days for doing it," his mother said.

"Might be," his father replied.

"Ain't twice a year the preacher comes, and you got to hunt bees," she said.

Paul's father turned in his chair and began to tie the laces of his boots.

"You live in these dark woods, and your own boys ain't Christian," his mother said. Her voice was belligerent, but futility drooped upon her gaunt, seamed face.

The woods were not dark for Paul's father. In the cabin and in the cleared fields of his Ohio farm he was likely to be harsh with his sons and sullen to his wife. But in the woods or along the creeks, following a hound, hunting deer, taking catfish, he was another man. If his boys were along, he sang songs to them that told sad stories and he told them how it had been in the army of Ulysses S. Grant.

Paul's mother left the cabin and climbed into the wagon. She clucked and the horses moved forward. Suddenly Paul ran from the cabin. "Wait, Ma," he shouted.

Paul got to his feet and moved from the fir tree. He knelt at the stream and had a drink. The day was no longer warm. The sky darkened, a chill gathered, a wind swirled moaning and crooning across the forested slopes of the canyon. Paul felt an inexplicable anxiety. He looked in apprehension at his animals. They fed peacefully in the meadow. For no particular reason he gazed through the trees at the far side of the meadow. Suddenly his hair prickled with horror. A tall, thin figure came through the trees. Paul retreated and looked about to see where he might run. Out of the aspens into the meadow, drifting rather than walking, blown like a scuttling leaf in autumn, came a woman. She moved in the foldings of a long robe, and her mouth was bound by a cerement, like one prepared for burial.

"Regina!" Paul muttered, staring with transfixed horror, licking his lips with a dry tongue.

At the stream she stopped. She had passed between the horse and the mules, but they made no response to her presence. The dust of time filled the lines of her face. Her grey hair rippled in the wind. She stared past Paul. No rancor showed in her eyes, no hint of harm or evil. She merely wept.

"She's dead," Paul muttered, staring fixedly. His face contorted with remorse.

"Is it true, Regina?" he said. "Are you really gone?"

Only the wind sounded. It passed through a hundred thousand trees in a billowing roar.

"She is dead," he said with finality. His throat tightened, his breath rasped, and for an instant he thought that he too was on the brink of that world where spirits whisper and wait.

"I'm sorry, Regina," he said. "You cried on the day we were married." He took a step toward the stream. The figure retreated. He stopped.

"How do you think that made me feel?" he shouted suddenly. "What was I supposed to do?" He ran forward and splashed into the stream. In an instant the figure was gone.

"No," he screamed, running toward the meadow. "Come back, Regina. Don't leave me. Regina! Regina!" His cry was snatched up by the rushing wind and carried across the swaying forest.

A deep rumble answered him. He snapped back his head and looked at the sky. Dark clouds boiled over the edge of the canyon. In the south a thunderstorm was mounting. Paul looked around. His three animals stood in the meadow, their heads high, their ears pointed alertly toward him.

"Did you see her?" he started to ask. Then he felt ashamed. Talking to

animals! "Well," he said, still needing to hear a voice, "I'm glad nobody saw me running around like that."

Paul rode through the rain in a depressed and sullen mood. By mid-afternoon he arrived at the cabin. He brightened when he saw smoke funneling from the chimney. He thought about supper, the warmth of a crackling fire, the odor of pine logs and thick tobacco smoke. He knew there would be talk of large ventures, there would be laughter about old times, women they had known, tales of close escapes from death and law.

But when he had unloaded his animals and tethered them and entered the cabin among his friends, none of them laughed or asked him a provoking question. There were only three. Christopher, two days gone, lay somewhere lost in a fissure struck by the horizontal shaft of their mine. Sam had dangled into the fissure from a rope, had dropped rocks into the void beneath himself, but had heard no bottom and had seen no ledges where Christopher's body might lie.

"We ain't had the spirit to work," Sam said.

"No, I guess you wouldn't," Paul agreed.

"Lord, I wish we could at least fetch him out," Raymond said.

"I'll have to go look for myself," Paul said. "I don't know what to think."

"Nothing to think," Sam said. "You go look. I'll go down with you in the morning. But there ain't nothing you are going to do about it. You'll just have to report it when you get back to the valley. Maybe the coroner will want to come up, but it won't be no use. He's gone."

"Dammit all!" Paul exclaimed. "Don't I have enough troubles!"

"Who you feeling sorry for?" Raymond asked, lifting an eyebrow. "Hell, mister, we been eating, sleeping and working with that man for three years, and you say you got troubles."

"No offense," Paul said. "Things aren't so much fun where I live either."

"Why don't we just quit worrying about him?" James said. "He ain't worrying about anything. Why should we?"

"That's right," Paul said. "Let's think about something else. I was just hoping I could get my mind off things for a while."

"Looking for a change?" Sam asked, his eyes lighting with interest.

"Maybe so," Paul said. "I've about had a belly full of that farm."

"Do you ever think about getting on the trail again?" Sam asked. "We used to talk about Alaska."

"Wouldn't that be fun!" Paul said. "Hell yes, why not?"

"We ain't doing so good here," Sam said. "Some silver according to the assays, but it's got to get a lot richer or it ain't worth building a road."

They cooked supper and while they ate, they talked about Alaska. Afterward they sat before the open door of the stove, staring into the crackling flames and drinking whiskey. They relaxed and began to reminisce. When Paul crawled into his bunk, he felt secure and removed from any problem.

On Sunday morning, Paul went into the mine. The long, deep bucket held only one person, and Paul went first, dangling by a cable spun off a hand-operated windlass. The bucket clanked and banged against the walls of the vertical shaft, filling Paul's ears with dismal, twisted reverberations. Fine jets of water sprayed

into the shaft. The feeble light of Paul's lantern glinted upon the pasty slime of this gigantic intestine, this gut of stone.

At the bottom, Paul climbed from the bucket, stood aside, and heard the bucket rise clanking above him. Its sound grew fainter and fainter until only a weak drumming pervaded the fetid air. He was to wait for Sam, but he could not force himself to sit quietly. He stooped and labored along the horizontal shaft of the mine. It opened suddenly into a cavern. Paul did not think he had gone far, yet as he held his lantern forward, he saw the void before him. An orifice opened at his feet, a gulping interstice of treachery. It gaped like a toothless mouth, a silent, humid grin.

Paul knelt and held his lantern over the fissure. It ate the weak light. He peered more intently.

"Christopher!" he shouted.

Echoes converged from a hundred points. "Christopher! Christopher! Christopher! Christopher!"

Paul edged back. He set the lantern by his side and groped for a rock. In coming about again, he tumbled the lantern over. Desperate, he lunged for it, but it was gone and his chest fell against the emptiness of the fissure. He watched the lantern with a horrified stare until it struck far below and went out. He listened for what seemed a long time as the lantern continued to bounce and ring into a gradual death of sound.

He drew himself gingerly back from the hole, found the damp wall of the cavern, and sat against it. He was seized by claustrophobia. He wanted to run and scream. He thrust his hand before his face. He tried to see it, he compelled himself, he willed vision with a desperate surge of energy. But everywhere was unyielding, absolute darkness.

And then it seemed, right at his side, not two yards away, something sat. Paul held himself perfectly still. He could not risk so much as a motion or even a thought. He heard the faint distant rush of subterranean waters. And also, though he at first refused to hear it, he told himself it could not be so, he heard a deep, labored breathing, like that of an asthmatic or a stricken animal.

A cloth brushed his face. It was a thin, dangling strip. It smelled of the seepage of a wound, and it was crusted as if with blood. Paul convulsed hysterically, he tore at his face as if it were covered by ants or wasps. His hands found nothing.

"Help me," he whimpered.

He saw flames licking hungrily around a great black kettle. Soap bubbled and writhed, foaming over the lip of the kettle, redoubling the fire. The sun glistened through the haze of Indian summer. The clearing was littered by autumn leaves—red, orange, brown. Some of them hung yet in the walnuts and maples. Here and there sifted by the breeze, they relinquished their hold and drifted to the ground.

"No!" Paul shouted. "No, no, please, no!" He started up. Then he remembered the fissure. He wrapped his head in his arms and tried to suffocate the vision.

Then a voice spoke. "Do you hear me, Paul?"

"Yes," Paul said at last, "I hear you."

His mother came from the house. Paul followed her. She stumbled at the fire. Her scream drowned in the bubbling soap. In a moment she pulled herself from the kettle and ran into the woods. Her shrieks hurtled through the air, one upon another. Her skin came off in large pieces and her eyes were gone. The doctor wrapped her in thin strips of cloth soaked in boric acid. Paul was asleep early one morning in the corner of the room where she lay. He was awakened by a stir among the big people and he knew she had died.

"I can't stand it," Paul said. He got onto his hands and knees and began to crawl. He rose and started to slide along the wall. On which side did the fissure lie? He had forgotten. He sank again, his back to the wall.

"Do you know me, Paul?" the voice muttered.

"Who are you?" Paul shouted.

His echo rebounded. "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?"

The voice said, "Yes, who am I?"

"I know you," Paul said.

"You have known me always, haven't you, Paul?" the voice said.

"Yes," Paul said quietly.

"I am your lord, am I not, Paul?"

"Yes," he said.

"It will not be long and I will come for you."

Paul's temples pounded with the oppression of the vast evil about him. His intestines pushed against their outlets. Violence and fire possessed his mind. He dropped into senselessness and rose again a dozen times. Then suddenly there came the clank of metal on rock, the muffled sound of the descending bucket.

When Paul and Sam came up from the mine, they found Raymond alone at the windlass. On the hill above the cabin, at the edge of the little mountain lake, James stood, stark naked, a bottle in one hand and a book in the other.

"He's taking a bath," Raymond said. "He's already drunk."

"We better get up there before it's all gone," Sam muttered.

Paul panted heavily on the steep slope. Sam looked back.

"You don't look so good," he said. "Do you feel sick?"

Paul nodded. "I feel pretty bad. It was cold in the mine."

James set the bottle and the book on the ground. He waded into the lake, swam a few strokes, then turned back and leaped from the water, shouting and laughing. He grabbed a towel made from a flour sack and rubbed his body dry. The other men sat on a log and watched, warm in the brilliant morning. Drops of water sparkled on delicate white flowers and on pale, drooping mountain grass. A blue jay screamed in the trees and a squirrel clattered along the rough bark of a fir.

Sam picked up the bottle, drank, and handed it to Paul. Paul reached for the bottle, then stopped and smiled apologetically. "Maybe I shouldn't."

Sam stared at him. "You paid for it, for hell's sake. Come on, boy, you wanted to get away from things in the valley. Drink up. You'll feel better pronto. No reason why we shouldn't sit here in this sunshine and feel good, is there? I got some stories to tell you ain't heard."

Raymond picked up the book from the ground. He held it before his friends. It was the Book of Mormon.

"You know," he said," maybe Paul shouldn't of drunk that whiskey. Look, a Mormon Bible."

Paul stared at the book. "Where did that come from?"

"It was wrapped up with that bottle," James said. "Mixing your religion with your fun, ain't you? Or maybe you meant for old Sam and Ray here to read this Bible while you and me took care of this whiskey. I call that gentlemanly of you."

Paul took the book and leafed through it. It was Regina's.

"I didn't put it there, boys," he said. "My wife did it."

"Don't worry about it," James said. "I ain't ashamed of it. I'd be glad to have a Bible. If you don't want this one, let me have it."

"Well, it isn't a Bible," Paul said, "not exactly, anyhow. Dammit all, why did she do that?"

"Some men ain't afraid to knock their woman down if she needs it," Raymond said.

"Cheer up, Paul," Sam said. "It don't make no difference. Have another drink."

Paul shook his head gloomily. "The fun's ruined," he said.

"No, it ain't," Sam said. "Paul, there ain't anything to keep us from saddling up our horses and hauling ourselves out of here for Alaska."

"She sent that book because she knew it would remind me," Paul said. "In any corner of my house, out in the milk shed, in the hay field, no matter where, she's there. She doesn't say much, but I know what she thinks. The Church wants this, or the Church wants that, or God won't like you doing this, or God won't be happy if you do that! God!"

Paul leaped to his feet. With a violent heave, he threw the Book of Mormon into the air where it fluttered open and fell with rustling pages into the lake. Stunned silence held the men while the book splashed and circular waves receded from the spot where it struck.

James shook his head. "You shouldn't of done that."

Paul ran to the edge of the lake and dived in, boots, clothes, all. He was engulfed in snow-cold water. Like hammers the cold pounded at his body. He flung his arms about, feeling wildly for the book, but grasping only water. Down, down, down. Then his hand touched it, the sacred book. He closed on it, took it firmly, let his feet sink below him to find the bottom and shove himself upward. There was no bottom. He kicked and stroked but still he sank. A scalding fear swept his veins. He knew he could not swim with his heavy clothes and clumsy boots.

His lungs convulsed. They asked only one breath of air. To pull and draw again, to suck so easily in and out the animating air! He began to dream dreams and old days came back to him. He sat with a plate of sliced tomatoes and a shaker of salt. The cabin door was open. Specks of dust and lint floated from the darkness of the room into a bright shaft of noonday sun. His mother came from the hearth, her skirt scraping the puncheon floor. She forked a chop onto his plate, then sat by him.

"They say Jimmy drinks," she said. "What'll I do if he goes the way of his pa?"

Paul stared at his plate while his mother wept. He saw obliquely the

convulsions of her body. Her fatigue lanced his shoulders like a scalpel. Then his tight-clenched jaws and his retching throat brought him back to the water closing fast over his sinking body.

Somewhere from above, in the water or out, he could not know, swirling amid glistening bubbles of air, circled about by a luminous aura, a woman came smiling. It was Regina, he thought. She called in a gentle voice down to him, and he thought she said, "Paul, repent."

He peered upward and there was no water. Regina stood there, clothed in white with bare feet, and her golden-red hair floated in a breeze. Her face shone with a transcendent loveliness, a reflection of light from far away, from beyond the western mountains in that sun-filled kingdom where dawn has broken forever and oceans roar a chorus of infinite praise to God and God Himself sits in blinding robes and utters the word that elevates continents and casts off globules of stellar fire.

"I love you, Paul," she said.

He stroked once more, crying now to his limbs for a strength they had never before possessed. He felt nothing but the grind of his tight-shut jaws and the flowing force of his arms and legs. She retreated above him, and he stroked to reach her. Above the bank where they pulled him, while he lay gasping like a fish and his face slowly turned from black to red, unseen in its approach in the high mountain air came a bird, a mountain mourning dove. It stopped in mid-air above him, confused. It fluttered in the sun, then turned and flew away.

When he had come to his senses, Paul looked about at his friends with shame and uncertainty. He pulled off his boots and drained them of water. Piece by piece he removed his clothes and wrung them out and put them on again.

Finally he nodded at the three men and said, "Thanks."

He walked to the log where his horse was tethered. He bridled the animal and led it to the saddle hanging on the side of the cabin.

"Heading off?" Sam asked.

Paul nodded. "Let's just call it quits. You've got the grub. I'll throw in my mules and packs if you want them. Maybe you'll hit it rich. But don't count me in. I won't be back."

"Don't walk off on me again, Paul," Sam said.

Paul ignored him as he finished saddling his horse. When he looked up, Paul had tears in his eyes. "I can't help it, Sam."

"I thought maybe you had had enough of settlements," Sam said.

Paul said, "I hope you won't look me up again."

"Damn, Paul, you don't just walk out on friends. What we going to do about that body in the mine?"

Paul mounted the horse, "I'll tell the sheriff," he said. His horse swung about nervously, pulling against the bit. "Don't look me up anymore, unless you want what I've got."

Sam raised his eyebrows.

Paul added, "But I don't think you will. There's nothing to say except goodby."

He kicked the horse in the ribs with the heels of his boots. The horse snorted and broke into a gallop. Paul reined the surging animal in and pulled it about.

"Keep the mules," he shouted. Then he waved and gave the horse its head.

Paul rode hard until he came to the high ridge where the trail overlooked the western valley. He paused there and dismounted. A patchwork of fields and pastures spread across the valley. A dusty haze hung over the little towns. The lake glistened in the afternoon sun. Paul peered closely, and there, far below, he could see the squares and blocks of his own farm. Across the canyon from where he stood he could see two trees. He recognized them instantly. One was tall and conical, the other bent and bushy. Paul looked for a moment, and then, leaning his head against the shoulder of his horse, he wept bitterly. At last he shook his head, mounted his horse, and rode into the canyon.

Ronald Wilcox

MEMORIAL DAY, 1978

Morning

My father's body sounds,
those noises keeping him alive,
I hold dear and dumb, my own:
his son's heart pounds
as if doing will always thrive
and time calling names alone
will keep the pat breath
easing in and surely out
and there's the rub, saying it.
He woke early; death
stirred beside him without
a word, neither betraying it:
the old fear of ceasing.
He's not afraid, just knows,
as I do, the sum of things;
yet I measure the leasing

Ronald Wilcox *is writing novels in Ogden, Utah. His first,* The Rig, *has been published by Tower Publications.*

of my life as it goes
by me in my father's coughings,
conversations of the body
with itself, letting the past
breathe again soft against
itself in the throat, to die
as if by practicing the last
breath in solace of the breast
he could give it back
to himself, start over new,
pretending it happens that way,
like play-acting Jack and
the beanstalk, climbing to
heaven hand over hand,
breathing yesterday today.

Afternoon

We walked among the graves
looking for the names
matching our own last name
to those long out of sight,
playing the kind of games
we play out to the end, apparently.
He walked straight and tall, my father,
looking for his mother
like a boy who had stayed out too long
wanting permission to come home.
I'll never forget it; I was proud.
He had forgotten where the marker was.
He asked a young family for directions.
They knew the answer no more
than he did but looked for him.
A child found it, his mother's name,
came running, "Sir! Sir!"
They showed him. They were proud
they had helped him. I stood

watching over him protectively
as he read the names: his mother,
his sister, his brother. Another,
the name of the man his other
sister, still alive, drove to suicide;
an early grave. A secret.
We spoke of it; it still puzzled him.
My father's buried elsewhere, he said.
We moved on, not speaking now.
Later, another graveyard: Mother.
My mother. His wife. Still a girl
in his eyes, fresh as flowers.
One stone: two names.
Hers, completed with dates.
His, an open interval
to be dated later. Who knows
the numbers to be? Not I. Not he.

Evening

His head bends forward
as into the mirror of his life,
seeing all that went before
infinitely future tense.
He sleeps softly in front of the TV.
Softly snores, occasionally.
We had a big day today.
I cut his hair quietly
this morning, preparing the day,
neatly clipped, a best suit,
clean shirt, new garments.
I look into his face
as I would my own
years hence, I being lucky.
Narcissus knew himself
as another, a stranger.

I wonder if he will outlast me,
even now, at eighty-four,
forty years my senior.
I wish I could collect
myself, my thoughts . . .
He wakes, he smiles. I love him.
Why were we made to feel
what we cannot understand?

Night

Silence now,
as if he's gone:
He sleeps in the bedroom
he and Mother shared,
wraps in rough blankets,
gets cold easily,
remembers nothing
of now, knows the world
as it was then, intimately,
as he knew her.
Sleeps soundly.
I sit in front of
late night TV, waiting for
something to happen, soon, story
interrupted at intervals
for messages.
I doze. I wake up.
Woke myself breathing
too hard. I am older.
I fell asleep.
TV proceeded without me.
I wait for messages.
I am alive.
The TV smiles.

A SURVEY OF CURRENT LITERATURE

STEPHEN W. STATHIS

TODAY THERE ARE MORE THAN 1,700 daily newspapers in the United States, many of which have circulations of several hundred thousand. Yet once a particular day's news is superseded by the next, what remains is available only to the few who are willing to search reel after reel of microfilm for that elusive article someone vaguely remembers seeing somewhere. Few of America's dailies publish indices or have anything resembling a comprehensive clipping service.

For those who are interested in what is being written about Mormons and Mormonism in newspapers, the means are now available to retrieve stories that in the past would have been lost. Linda Thatcher, a librarian with the Utah Historical Society, has compiled what is perhaps a first in Mormon bibliographic studies using the monthly clipping scrapbooks of the Church's Public Communications Department and several other sources. Although most of the newspapers cited may be relatively obscure, the care with which many of the articles have been written makes their reading worth-while. These writings represent an important and frequently overlooked aspect of the popular perception of Mormons.

Not included (with one lone exception), are the numerous articles which have appeared in the weekly *Church News* section of the *Deseret News.* Also beyond the scope of this bibliography, but nevertheless of significance, is A. J. Simmonds' weekly historical column "Looking Back" in the Logan, Utah *Herald Journal.*

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

EXPULSION OF A POOR, DELUDED AND MISERABLE SET OF VILLAINS: A CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNT

Copies of a unique collection of letters, recently discovered, have been sent to Dialogue *by Dr. and Mrs. J. Laurence Manwaring of Warrenton, Virginia. The correspondence was authored by members of the William Bradford family, originally Virginians, who moved to Missouri about 1830. The letters give interesting insights into the personal circumstances of at least a few of the anonymous "old settlers" who, contrary to the broader stereotype, were clearly upper middle class Americans, with meaningful national contacts. The letters also provide an instructive, if startlingly unfavorable, summary of contemporary hearsay on the early Mormons. Relevant excerpts of the more extensive correspondence are published below with a brief background note on the family.*

THE BRADFORDS OF FAUQUIER COUNTY, Virginia, traced their Virginia roots to John Bradford (c1690–c1750). The family was apparently well-to-do, and John's son Daniel (1723–1800) is described as having large land holdings in Virginia and Kentucky. Daniel's oldest son, John, moved to Kentucky, where he began the *Kentucky Gazette* in 1787. Later he was a member of the Kentucky legislature, trustee of the town of Lexington, and chairman of the Board of Trustees of Transylvania University. John's sons, in turn, founded newspapers in Tennessee and Louisiana.

Unlike his older brother John, William Bradford (1751–c1825) remained his entire life in Fauquier County, Virginia. He married the daughter of a distinguished line of Virginians, and they had eight children—the principals in the extant family

correspondence. Little is known of William, except that he was sufficiently wealthy to will slaves to five of his children and land to at least three. Several years before William's death, his oldest son estimated his own personal worth at $50,000, in those days a very considerable sum.

"Major" Thomas Grayson Bradford, "Esquire," was William Bradford's oldest son and the recipient of the letters excerpted below. Born in 1784, he traveled as a young man to Tennessee with his brother Theodorick to join his cousins in the newspaper business. There, in 1808, he married the daughter of a prosperous slave-holding family with landholdings in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri. In 1813 Thomas bought a small newspaper, the *Nashville Clarion*, which he published until 1820 when he suffered both the death of his wife and major financial reverses in a national banking crisis. He returned to Fauquier County, Virginia, where he remarried in 1822. Altogether, he fathered seven children, only two of whom lived to adulthood.

In Virginia, Thomas Bradford briefly resumed his newspaper career, publishing for a time the *Virginia Gazette*. By the early 1830s he was working in Washington, D.C., with the "Pension Office." Later in the decade he became one of eight "Clerks" in the Office of the Secretary of the Treasury. To judge from the correspondence, he was the effective head of the Virginia-Missouri branch of the family, and clearly had the greatest financial assets and most influential political contacts. In addition to his Virginia lands, he owned or held patents on several tracts of military or bounty land in and around Carrollton County, Missouri. He was regularly asked to use his influence to obtain appointments to local Federal positions. That Thomas Bradford still felt some financial pressures, however, is suggested by his efforts to document and recover loans and other obligations from several family members. The family also felt the necessity, in the 1830s, to sell some of the land that had been in their possession for generations.

Thomas Bradford's landholdings in Missouri were a source of several problems, exacerbated by his disinclination to visit Missouri. Among other problems his brother, Frederick—an unmistakable villain in the family correspondence—had resided "temporarily" on a choice tract for many years and refused to move or pay back rent. Thomas Bradford's son, William G., who had studied law, was dispatched to Missouri in the mid-1830s to resolve the legal difficulties involved. His efforts ended in 1835, with his death at the home of his uncle in Carrollton at the age of 24.

Arthur Issachar Henry Bradford, in whose home William G. died, was another of Thomas's brothers and author of two of the extracts included below. He was one of the youngest of the Bradford brothers and had also lived in Tennessee for a time. He returned to Virginia where he married in 1825. By the early 1830s he had moved to Carrollton, Missouri, for reasons that are not clear. There, amid the Mormon difficulties of 1838, his wife died also, of "congestive fever."

Edward Allen Lampkin, another of the correspondents, was brother-in-law to both Thomas and Arthur Bradford, having married their sister Rowena. Additionally, Arthur's wife Elizabeth was Edward's sister. He apparently went to Missouri shortly after William G.'s death in 1835—and shortly after the death of

his *own wife* and child as well—in an attempt to settle the Bradford estate. His letters, most of which are not included below, are largely a record of his efforts to this end. The final outcome of the family struggle with brother Frederick, a tobacco and hemp farmer who had already contended successfully with an Indian uprising in 1829, is not known.

The final correspondent was William Barbee, an indirectly related family friend (his mother-in-law was Thomas Bradford's cousin). Barbee moved to Missouri several years earlier than the others, apparently from Tennessee (although Barbee family members were also in Virginia), and eventually became a justice of the peace. In 1837 he wrote that he was "assessor for this [Carroll] County" and that he intended to stay in the area "to attend stock raising & farming." His primary motive for writing to Thomas Bradford was to induce him to speculate further in Missouri lands.

The family "history" of the Mormons (with original punctuation and spelling):

Arthur to Thomas Bradford, Carrollton, Missouri, August 13, 1838

The crops in this state are very fine and the farmer must from the present prospect reap a rich harvest—There is a considerable stir in this and the adjoining counties at this time in regard to a sect who call themselves Mormons there are several families of them who have contrary to the expressed wish of the citizens of this county settled in it—The Counties of Davies and Caldwell are almost entirely settled by them they are a poor deluded and miserable set of beings. Mr. Freeman and family are all well as also Mr. E. A. Lampkin and family Frances is going to school, she learns very fast . . .

Edward Lampkin to Thomas Bradford, Carrollton, September 8, 1838

Elizabeth Bradford has got well or nearly so, she was confined to her bed about ten days with the fever, Frances has also got well, she had chills & fever for 3 or 4 days There is still a good deal of excitement with the people of Carrol & Davis Counties, and the Mormons of Caldwell Cty. there are strong aprehensions also of hostilities by the Indians from the cherokees having built a large council house and inviting all the other tribes, and holding secret consultations, it is generally thought that we shall have war with the Mormons & Indians both, meetings have been held in adopting measures upon the Mormon subject

Edward Lampkin to Thomas Bradford, Carrollton, September 23, 1838

Since my last communication to you stating the death of some of my acquaintances, I have witnessed its fatal agonies in a near relation, Sister Elizabeth, after recovering from a severe attack of congestive fever, took a relapse and after nearly two weeks severe illness expired upon the 20th of this month about 3 oclock A.M. I was with her nearly every day during her illness, she expressed a willingness to die and said she felt like going to Heaven, and requested me a short time before her death to write to you and Caroline and inform you of the particulars of her sickness & death & tell you to try to meet her in heaven, I trust she is better off than when she was with us, exposed to the troubles that this life is always subject to. There has been a great deal of sickness & a number of deaths

throughout the state, as far as I have heard from, Mr. Freemans family are well at present, several of his family having just recovered from severe illness, Mr. Bowles youngest child died a short time since he is very sick at this time himself with the fever Arthur is complaining a little though not much the matter with him I think. myself and family are in tolerable health except Asbury & Caroline who have very sore eyes which has been quite distressing to them though they are something better than they have been, it seems to be a disease that the people of this country are much more subject to than they are in via. as I have seen more people affected with them this fall than I ever saw before. There has been much confusion with the people of this county and several of the ajoining counties in consequence of the dificuties between the Mormons & the other citizens. I am in hopes they have subsided for a while at least, I expected about a week ago, that before this time they would had a severe battle but there has been a treaty of peace in in some degree effected, some of the citizens of Carroll have become so much alarmed as to sell their farms at less than half that they could have got for them one year ago, and a great many others intend leaving the county, emigrants will be detered from setling here in a great measure this season which will reduce the price of lands, and other things in proportion, corn may be bought at this time at 75 cts p barrel

Edward Lampkin to Thomas Bradford, Carrollton, October 14, 1838

The tax title on the N.W. qr 20-53-22 is owned by Wm M. Kirkpatrick he lives only 6 or 8 miles from here & I think I can redeem it in a few days from this time, though it is with much difficulty that any business can be attended to in our county on account of the confusion with the mormons, there are 2 or 300 mormons at Dewitt, they have the whole town to themselves, the town is about 15 miles east of here on the Mo. River & nearly all the men of our county have been called out against them, & have been stationed within about a mile of Dewitt for about 8 days, the militia have been called out to suppress the mob, but I believe they intend helping to kill them, they have taken a few shots & the report seems to be established that about 5 mormons have been killed, one of our men has been wounded by the mormons & another by our own men through mistake, the City of Carroll is ruined for some years to come agreeable to my judgment & that of many others. I wish you to attend to a small matter for me that is, to see Philips Ficklin (Fiskland?), I sold him my corn when I left va . . .

Arthur to Thomas Bradford, Carrollton, November 13, 1838

I feel some anxiety to hear how my dear old mother is, but to judge from your last letter to me I have thought she was ere this time numbered among the dead I have had a hard time of it for three or four months, my own affliction, and that of my poor Elizabeths, with her loss, blended with the difficulties which we have had to encounter with those poor deluded creatures the Mormons has almost run me crazy. I have until recently been disposed to pity all (except the leaders) in them I never had any confidence. the mob which raised in this County some weeks since and drove those who had settled in a little place called Dewit—I did not at first approve of, but I finally believed they were right and I joined in with them. I am convinced history does not afford a deeper laid scheme of vallainy than that which has just developed itself in regard to the course persued by that

sect—their acts of villainy had become so notorious in the Counties bordering on Caldwell that the Governor of the State thought proper to call into service some three or four thousand of the militia of the State and punish if possible the ringleaders and drive the balance from the State, according to order the troops from this County took up the line of march for the Headquarters of the Army on this day two weeks ago, we proceeded on to Richmond the place appointed to rendezvous, but on our arrival there, we found, that Genrls Lucas, Parks, Acheson and Donaphan had taken up the line of march for Far West — About two hours before we reached Far West most of the leaders had given themselves up and the town had capitulated — The leaders who have been taken are Joseph Smith & brother, Lyman Wight — Sydney Rigdon — Robeson, who married a miss Rigdon — Parley Pratt — Doct Everard and Col Hinkle — Rigdon, Robeson, Everard & Hinkle are men of Talents and no doubt worked the wise or in other words laid the schemes for the others to go by. Smith has nothing about him that indicates a man of intellect. he is one-whose manners would please the vulgar. They had succeeded in making proselytes from most of the States of the Union I found a mong them some Virginias, a good many foreigners had crept in also, — The Cite of Far West is the most beautiful I ever saw and it was laid out on a magnificent scale I would judge it contained a bout four hundred famil[ies], The leaders whom I have mentioned with fifty of their followers are at Richmond awaiting their trial — my opinion is they will all be executed — I am keeping house but it is very lonesome — I have not determined as yet what I shall turn my attention to after this year I may sell out and go to Texas, my mind is quite unsettled If my poor old mother lives until Spring I will try and come in to see her — You will please present my respects to all and accept the same yourself Your brother A.I.H. Bradford

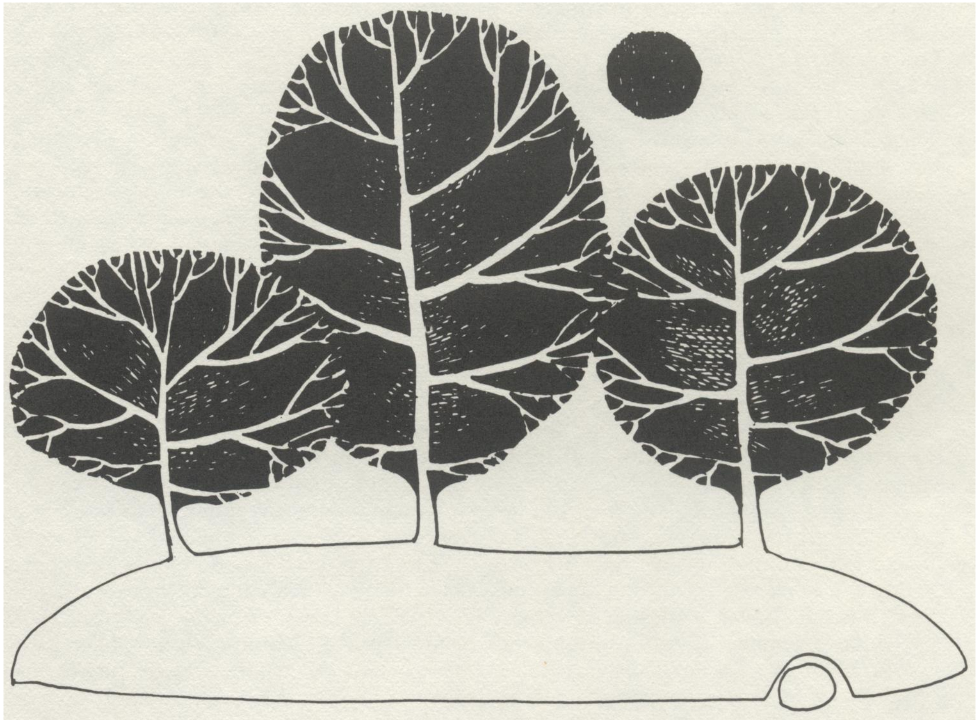
P.S. We have had an unusually cold time for the last ten days Snow has fallen from 12 to 16 inches on two occasions and for the last 24 hours rain almost incessant and wind [?] from the [?] I suffered very much on my way home from Far West —

William Barbee to Thomas Bradford, Carroll County, Missouri, April 22, 1839

I presume you are anxious to hear how the Mormons are getting along from information from the upper Counties they have nearly all gone and are getting off as fast as possible there were 5 prisoners who have been confined in Clay County Jail got a removal of their trial to Boone County and one day last week about 12 miles north of this the sheriff who had charge of them suffered them all to escape (no doubt in tentionally) among the prisoners were Joe Smith the propet and his brother With the military chief they were charged with murder arson & treason I presume the official accounts of these people wil[l] now be published and I have no doubt they are a[s] infamous as those of Murrell [?] we are now clear of them and will continue so under the name of Mormons I understand they intend petitioning the genl government for a grant of lands in Iowa or Wisconsin On politics our state is safe although the federal party are not disheartened by defeat Write as soon as you conveniently can as I wish to obtain land for my children in this neighborhood the 2 oldest being married
I am yours very respectfully

Thus, for the Bradford correspondents, the Mormon episode was a very brief, if intense, problem—and one that was secondary to more important concerns of health and economics. The sequel is well known to Mormons. Very little is known about the Bradfords. Arthur, after his wife died, married a young woman who could "spin, weave, cut out and make garments of all sorts and is a pretty nice housekeeper" whose father was "said to be wealthy." He was also able to report in January, 1840, from a neighboring county, that corn was selling for $1.50 to $2.00 per barrel. William Barbee continued to reside in Missouri for many years. During the Civil War he was caught up in a cross fire in Clay County, but according to the county history was saved by a militia officer who recognized his Masonic sign of distress. The others seem not to have left much of a trace.

These letters were brought to Dr. Manwaring's attention by a patient, Caroline J. Olinger, a descendant of Thomas Grayson Bradford's only surviving child, Caroline. The biographical sketch was prepared from information collected from family records by Madeline Manwaring and Lester Bush. Much information was also found in Mrs. Philip Wallace Hiden, The Bradford Family of Fauquier County, Virginia, *Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Magazine* October, 1945, *27*:114–139.



REVIEWS

AN ENDURING HISTORY

DEAN L. MAY

Utah: A Bicentennial History. By Charles S. Peterson, New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1977. $8.95.

The States and the Nation Series is a set of histories of each state and the District of Columbia "designed to assist the American people in a serious look at the ideals they have espoused and the experiences they have undergone in the history of the nation." The project was funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities and administered by the American Association for State and Local History as part of the bicentennial celebration. James Morton Smith, general editor of the series, requested that authors avoid the near-irresistible impulse to make a new scholarly statement. They should provide instead, he proposed, "a summing up—interpretive, sensitive, thoughtful, individual, even personal—of what seems significant about his or her state's history." Charles S. Peterson's *Utah: A Bicentennial History* succeeds as a history to the extent that it ignores the first part of Smith's instructions, offering in lively narrative a fresh and useful short history of Utah. The volume is solid and scholarly, its more personal interpretive passages obviously taking second place in the author's mind to a serious intent to write an enduring volume.

Here and there Professor Peterson has taken unfelicitous liberties with the language. For example he says that Brigham Young and other leaders, during the exodus from Nauvoo, "in an explosion of activity . . . whipped together" the Camp of Israel (p. 32). Though in several instances such extravagance of expression seems unnecessary, the general reader, to whom the book is addressed, will no doubt find a net gain in the liveliness and color of the narrative thus offered. The colorful writing style does not obscure the underlying quality of a remarkably comprehensive and reliable survey of almost every aspect of early Utah history. Though the strict limits of space imposed by the editors lead the reader to wish one or another episode or theme could have been taken up more fully, it would be difficult to propose where the cut should be made to permit fuller treatment elsewhere.

Peterson places considerable emphasis on the nationalistic aims of Utah's early leaders, using Thomas F. O'Dea's phrase "near-nationalism" as a conceptual reference point from which to examine developments within the Mormon kingdom between 1860 and 1890. The phrase, regrettably, is not sufficiently versatile to do justice to Peterson's sound insights and eventually loses its effect through repetition, detracting from an excellent discussion. The concept works well, but not the phrase. The denouement of the episode, as recounted in the volume, is the issuing of the Manifesto, marking, in a commonly held point of view, the transformation of Mormonism's early reformist zeal to a staid me-too Americanism.

Peterson (and other writers) at this point turn their attention from Mormonism as such, and begin to look at economic developments, politics, and the growth of ethnic communities—noting in general, an increasing pluralism within Utah and a loss of distinctiveness compared with other western regions. Peterson makes an important point in this context, that rural Utah towns continued for many years to harbor a more-pristine Mormon culture than urban Salt Lake City, but fails to tie this to the theme of post-manifesto accommodation. In turning his eyes from Mormonism as a belief-system and as a distinctive social system, the author has failed to see in the everyday church life of involved Mormons

the persistence of a pattern of culture every bit as reformist and deviant from American norms as was Mormonism in the 1890s. Peterson's view, I hasten to add, is that of most scholars on the subject, but in failing to describe the Mormon belief system, he has closed for his readers the possibility of such an alternative interpretation.

Peterson has taken great pains to produce a balanced history. His chapter on the economics of nationalism offers the best short description available of economic developments in Utah toward the end of the nineteenth century. He gives deserved attention to the role of working men in the mining and smelting industries, describing the contract labor system used to bring immigrants to Utah from Eastern Europe and incidentally to enrich a few labor "czars" such as Leonidas Skliris. The chapter on "Other Utahs" offers a brief review of the development of various ethnic communities. A full twenty percent of the book deals with the twentieth century, perhaps much too little, but still far more than one is accustomed to seeing.

The volume contains a brief bibliography and sixteen-page "photographer's essay" by Joe Munroe, with several fine photographs. The continuing dominance of the landscape in the face of human incursion is suggested in several of the frames. Taken as a group, however, the photographs seem to say little more than the traditional travel film cliché that Utah (or any region in the universe) is a land of contrasts.

In 1978, what enduring purpose is there in a bicentennial history? Many of the States and the Nation Series will probably have little lasting value, the more personal and introspective insights of the authors quickly dating them out of use. Professor Peterson, in this volume, however, has offered a history of Utah which, because it is less personal and is scholarly and concise, will serve to introduce the general reader to the colorful story of Utah's past and to provide the more serious student of history a balanced review of the essential material.

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ROBERT LEROY PARKER ON FAMILY HISTORY

WILLIAM G. HARTLEY

Butch Cassidy, My Brother. By Lulu Parker Betenson. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1975. xiii + 257 pp., index, maps, biblio., illus. $7.95

In Search of Butch Cassidy By Larry Pointer. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1977. xvii + 258 pp., index, maps, biblio., illus. $9.95.

What interest can two books about an outlaw have for *Dialogue* readers? An obvious answer is that Robert Leroy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, was a Mormon boy who went bad, but another is that these books have something to teach us about how to do and how not to do biographies when putting together our own family histories.

Butch grew up near Circleville, Utah, with a Mormon mother and a Jack Mormon father. By age eighteen he left the family and began a life of crime. He became a legend in the West, not quite of the stature of Jesse James, and the likeable subject of a smash-hit movie thanks to Newman and Redford. Controversies still swirl around him, especially over whether or not he was killed in South America. Both of these books challenge much fact and fiction surrounding Cassidy and, for very different

reasons, argue persuasively that Butch died not in Bolivia in 1911 but in the Pacific Northwest in the 1930s.

Pointer's book, a superb job of sleuthing, packages what he thinks is a Cassidy autobiography. In 1934 William T. Phillips of Spokane wrote "The Bandit Invincible, the Story of Butch Cassidy." Only a faint handwritten copy survives. Pointer painstakingly compared it with known facts and records and concluded that only Butch himself could have authored the account. Phillips, he argues, was in fact Butch Cassidy. To those barely schooled in bandit history, the case is convincing. Others, however, wait to see if there cannot be another equally plausible explanation of Phillips and his manuscript.

Betenson shakes the historian's earth, too. She shares with readers a family secret, breaking a family oath to do it, about Butch's visit with them long after his supposed South American demise. In 1925, ending a forty-one year absence, Butch dropped in on his family, a visit she describes in Chapter Fifteen. She heard first hand the shame he felt for his life and the sorrow it brought to his family. He told about his crimes reluctantly and only to answer their questions. Because he had started a new life, having gone straight for sixteen years, he made them swear not to tell anyone of his visit.

Pointer asks us to judge the authenticity of a possible autobiography. Betenson asks us to judge the accuracy of her memory. By historical standards these are tough requests. And yet, compared with the personal and family histories Latter-day Saints generate, the books have much to teach. Good family histories should meet certain basic criteria. If these two books are judged by those same criteria, how well do they measure up?

Readability. One general failing of many LDS biographical efforts in behalf of our relatives is that they chronicle rather than tell a story. A story arouses interest and flows smoothly. By this standard both of our review books score well. Dora Flack is credited by the publisher with writing Betenson's story for her.

Thoroughness. Are all the essential bases touched? Or are there unforgivable gaps in the story? Here we judge what is not said, as much as what is said too thinly. These two books both cover Butch's life chronologically, Pointer going into greater detail and adding episodes missed by Butch's sister. While many LDS biographies may not merit 250 pages, few suffer from being too long; instead we have too many sketches. Governor Jerry Brown to the contrary, more is better when writing family histories. Pointer's epilog points out one way to improve our histories: provide follow-up information about characters mentioned in our story (old boyfriend, missionary companion, divorced aunt, etc.)

Accuracy. So many family stories are good, and get better with each new generation, but are they true? How much is hearsay? How much verifiable? "Through the years Mother repeated the details many, many times in almost the same words," Betenson says regarding the story of when Butch left the family hearth for good. Constant retelling of family stories may cement the truth; but it also can cement an erroneous memory. Such stories need corroboration whenever possible. But corroborated or not, information used in a history or biography needs to be documented, the source identified. Mrs. Flack lets us down here. A good story is told, the readers ask "how can she know that?" and no source is even hinted at. Pointer is much more careful to document his statements. Family histories generally have no problem with overfootnoting; instead they too often stand on undocumented information, and their credibility declines accordingly.

One technique, fashionable among journalists but damaging to truth, is to create dialogue. This is fiction, or at best "faction." Pointer does not make up dialogue but he does occasionally borrow some manufactured by others. Betenson and Flack, by carelessly (but interestingly) inserting made-up conversations, make the discerning reader wonder how much of the rest of their book is spun from someone's imagination.

Accuracy increases in ratio to research done. The Flack-Betenson book's lean bibliography shows they did not do hard detective work. To be fair, their purpose was to create not a definitive Butch Cassidy study but a simple, first-person memoir of some aspects of Butch's life. That's fine, as long as other books give the more definitive treatment. Too often in our family histories

we get this barely-researched type of recollection as the only version, which makes no effort to double-check facts found in church and government records, newspapers, diaries, letters, or other published histories.

Context. Too many family histories seem oblivious to local and national settings. They depict individuals living in vacuums. What land laws, weather cycles, economic trends, technological breakthroughs, health practices, and social customs affected them? Credit Pointer and Betenson with doing a good job with context; Pointer giving good backgrounds about banditry while putting Cassidy in foreground, and Betenson describing Circleville situations, including problems caused by large cattle operations squeezing small homesteaders.

Is the forest treated or just the tree? In family histories are other people treated adequately? What about parents, close friends, the spouse, the children, the brothers and sisters. Butch's sister, after saying that family background is important in understanding Butch, then fails to discuss the life course of any of the children other than Butch and herself. Can more be told about the bishop who did the family harm? Pointer, more concerned about bandit activities than Parker family matters, wisely discusses Butch's associates in good detail.

Analysis. Much family history quits in exhaustion after pulling together the "whats" and the "whens." But the "whys" and the "hows" are the frosting for the descriptive cake. Why did Grandpa not finish school? What did he learn from his mission? Why did the family move to Malad? How did Grandpa like being ward clerk for twenty years? Why did his son leave the Church? Betenson's basic purpose is to answer why Butch went bad (father absent and not strict, Butch's stubbornness, the poverty of the area, a bishop's unfair decision, wrong kinds of friends, false accusers, and so on.) and why so many people respected him (he loved children, always kept his word, used his bad money to do good to the poor, and so on). Pointer's book wrestles well with a big why—why the Phillips manuscript was written by Butch Cassidy.

Packaging. While book-of-remembrance typescripts do the job, they seem anemic when compared to better-packaged histories with careful chapters, appropriate headings, photographs and maps, tables of contents, indexes, at least minimal footnoting, genealogy charts and letters placed in an appendix, and a durable binding. Both the Pointer and Betenson books are well-designed, illustrated, and bound, although the browntones used in the Pointer book diminish the clarity of the photographs.

In addition to the above standards for good family histories, the importance of interviewing the older generation is underscored by these two books. Mrs. Betenson waited until her ninetieth year to write her memoirs; what if she had died earlier? Pointer interviewed fifty people, many of whom claim they knew Butch after his South America years. Despite the tricks that memories play on people, it is better to collect wheat and chaff from their memories than not to try to get the facts at all. Families need to turn on tape recorders and interview older members, especially those who know the most about present and past family matters.

Both of these are good books, well-written, well-packaged and good reading. Both exhibit characteristics of scholarship and story-telling that more LDS family histories and biographies need to adopt.

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FRUITLESS WAIT

JILL MULVAY DERR

Watch for the Morning. By Elisabeth Macdonald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1978. 270 p. $9.95.

Kate and Mary Ann Hamilton, mother and daughter, are nineteenth-century Mormon women whose romantic dreams are serially shattered during the forty years spanned in this novel, a story, hopes its author, that "has something to say about all women, in all ages and circumstances."

Kate, an orphan scullery maid in an Anglican household in Liverpool, becomes a Mormon in 1850. Dismissed by her mistress for her blasphemous behavior, she seeks and finds consolation in Burns Hamilton, the local convert-elder who baptized her. Kate and Burns marry, emigrate to the Salt Lake Valley and then respond to church assignments that take them to Provo and St. George. Burns acquires three plural wives, property and church position, but as the family moves south, Kate—who had once cherished "the knowledge that she was Burns's true and only love"—moves inward. Mary Ann views her mother as one who over the years "closed herself in a shell," and by contrast this eldest daughter is carefree and outspoken, unwilling to conform to what she perceives as the mold for Mormon women. She swears, rides her horse astride, turns away suitors who woo her into plural marriage and falls passionately in love with her Indian foster brother. Her hopes too are disappointed, and the end of the novel finds mother and daughter alone together about to arise phoenix-like out of the ashen remains of their dreams.

Macdonald has placed her characters within a Mormon context that is, for the most part, well documented. One historical anachronism that detracts from the story's believability, however, is the missionary experience of Kate and Burns's oldest son Brigham. In the early 1870s the nineteen-year-old elder leaves St. George for a two-year mission and is subsequently met in upstate New York by the mission president who within months issues him a dishonorable release, an unlikely event inasmuch as close supervision of missionaries by mission presidents was rare at the time. While Brigham Hamilton's succumbence to the temptations of the flesh is timeless, the trappings of the incident (which absorb some thirty pages) are at least twenty years out of the story's time frame. But this departure from historical accuracy is the exception in a novel whose author has obviously worked hard to verify names, events, times and places in order to make her story credibly Mormon.

But *Watch for the Morning* falls short of capturing the nineteenth-century Mormon experience. In attempting to reach "the core of truth, the reality behind the stereotype of the sturdy Mormon Pioneer" (as Macdonald proposes in a press release on the book), the author has appealed to non-Mormon, even anti-Mormon stereotypes of Latter-day Saints. Kate is a woman oppressed by polygamy and the Mormon Church. She is bright and her conversion is never to Mormonism per se, but to a man she dearly loves who eventually deceives her. Burns is the sometimes-lecherous polygamous husband, turned ambitious and self-seeking by the Church's power structure. Unlike Maurine Whipple who, in *The Giant Joshua,* develops one happy plural family as a definite contrast to her protagonist's marital experience, Macdonald shows only sorrow and perversion within the polygamous system of marriage. A young wife dies bearing a child conceived in horror rather than love. Two plural wives find satisfaction as lesbians. A son's oedipal relationship with his mother ends in suicide.

While Mary Ann finds her father "a source of pride to her," and Kate sees her marriage as "one long series of emotional estrangements and reconciliations," such phrasal glimpses of humaneness do little to temper page after page of tear-jerking heartbreak in polygamy.

Kate Hamilton resigns herself to watching for the eternal morning of the life after death, but the novel affords us few if any convincing flickers of spiritual light. Mother and daughter find it difficult to pray; father's prayers are unfeeling and pietiestic; brother's continual fasting and prayer only increase his melancholy. In no character is there a sense of religious conversion or commitment that is soul deep. In fact, most of the triumphant moments in the book (and there are some good ones, such as when Kate, who has managed her husband's St. George property, informs him that she holds the title and will not sell to his appointed buyer) come when a character subverts the Mormon system. Not that sorrow, subversion and sabotage were/are not part of the Mormon experience, but by carefully avoiding other aspects of nineteenth-century Mormon life, Macdonald seems to have replaced one set of stereotypes with another.

The plot itself tends to de-emphasize the characters' development. At times Kate and Mary Ann seem to move through the novel like tokens on a gameboard of nineteenth and twentieth-century dramatic clichés. The death of an innocent child, attempted rape, young love lost and illicit sex are spaces where the characters stop at least once, and often twice. Upon a second reading of the novel, however, one is less encumbered by this melodrama and the characters emerge more clearly. Kate Hamilton is impenetrable. We know more of her dreams and their shattering than of her private struggles, but her inward-turning and her mounting bitterness make her a believable, though hauntingly unknowable woman. Mary Ann's candor and moldlessness bring her closer to the reader. Her relationships with others are healthy and she is accustomed to making her own way. Open to new experiences, she is the foreshadowed focus of the novel's revelatory denouement. Unfortunately, the subtle moment is overshadowed by the murder and suicide immediately preceding it.

In one sense, at least, *Watch for the Morning* is a story, as its author hoped, "not limited by time and place." Life is unfair and has "a way of exacting payments you never anticipated," just as Kate and Mary Ann proclaim. But we must guess at Macdonald's conclusion—"that fulfillment comes only from within oneself"—we don't experience it. There is little blending of outward circumstance with internal reconciliation—none of the sublime cathartic struggle of a woman for selfhood portrayed by Annie Clark Tanner's autobiography, for example. Like Kate, we are left watching for the light that seems never to dawn.

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THE HINCKLEY INSTITUTION

JOHN R. SILLITO

"I'd Rather Be Born Lucky Than Rich": The Autobiography of Robert H. Hinckley. By Robert H. Hinckley and JoAnn Jacobsen Wells. No. 7, Charles Redd Monographs in Western History. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1977. 160. pp., index, biblio, illus. $4.95.

Robert Hinckley is clearly one of Utah's most distinguished sons. In a career spanning over a half century, both in Utah and on the national level, he has worn a number of different hats—politician, government official, businessman, rancher. Through all of his career, however, he has maintained

an active involvement in politics. Indeed, his personal credo seems to emphasize a two-fold commitment— to democracy as the best form of government, and to politics as the means of attaining it. His exposure to political life came at an early age from the example of his parents: "Mother and Father never missed voting in an election, and both of them usually took part in the local nominating conventions. And they brought me up on the basis that politics is an honorable profession and would always be so long as there were good people in office."

These attitudes instilled in youth come as no surprise to anyone associated with the University of Utah, where, for over a decade, the name Hinckley has been synonymous with political activity and analysis. In 1965, Hinckley established the Hinckley Institute of Politics at the school, and under the able direction of J. D. Williams, R. J. Snow, and others, the institute has sponsored political and governmental internships, mock conventions, and a weekly bull session where students meet and discuss current political questions with practitioners of the art.

The Institute has also brought scores of national political figures to the campus as "politicians in residence" to lecture and meet with students informally. From Jim Farley to George Romney, from Hubert Humphrey to Harry Dent, the guests have covered the political spectrum. The internship program has proven a great success and over 600 interns (this writer included) have experienced first-hand political and governmental life. Hinckley says with justifiable pride that after a decade of running the program, "five of these interns sat in the Utah State Legislature, and one on the Constitutional Review Commission. One was chairman of the Democratic party in Davis County, and one was administrative assistant to U.S. Senator Jake Garn."

Like the institute that bears his name, "Bob" Hinckley has made a mark on the political record of his state and nation, and on his times. But as F. Alan Coombs has noted, to say that Hinckley is a remarkable man is not to say "this is a remarkable book." The book is unfortunately marred by a variety of flaws that detract from its overall significance and impact.

One serious impediment is the poor job of editing and proofreading. Although a lengthy errata sheet is included, there are many other errors of fact and misspellings that are quite distracting. For example, it was Don *Colton* not Colten who served as a congressman from Utah in the 1930s. Moreover, the California Progressive governor and senator was *Hiram* Johnson, not Hyrum. At the same time, Hinckley's assertion that John F. Kennedy was nominated for President over his opponent Lyndon B. Johnson before the roll call ever got to Utah is a clear contradiction of the fact that it was the fifteen votes from Wyoming that put the Massachusetts Senator over the top. I suspect that a few more hours in the library running down some of these facts and names would have considerably enhanced the quality and readability of the book.

A far more serious flaw is Hinckley's failure to define his allegiance to Mormonism and the role it played in his life. Some of the usual signs of commitment are recounted: two years in Germany on a mission, marriage in the temple, and so forth. Yet there is not much more than occasional scratches on the surface veneer of his personal beliefs. He recalls that Sunday church attendance for his family was as routine as Saturday night baths, and notes, "We would all go to church—Father, Mother and their whole brood, polished and looking as though we belonged. I dreaded Sundays, but despite my pleas, I went to church—always by my mother's hand."

An additional, if still incomplete, understanding of his ties to the Church comes in the sections of the book dealing with his mission. The impression given is that Hinckley, like many others, served a mission out of a sense of obligation and not because he had a burning desire to serve. Church callings in those days, he remarks, were commandments. He states that he "dreaded" the trip abroad, and that it was only the encouragement of Mission President Thomas E. McKay that saved the experience from being worse than it was. He says, "Missionaries in those days were in no way prepared for their callings—at least I was not. And because of my lack of knowledge about church doctrine in general I was loath to go. In fact, had it been possible for me to hitchhike home after I arrived in Germany I would have done so."

Such sentiments are not unique to Robert Hinckley. Yet they are important in

understanding his later political career. Why was he "turned off" to religion as a youth? Why did he lack knowledge of "church doctrine in general" as he left for missionary service? And, more important, how did these attitudes affect his views as a government official as he came into contact, and often conflict, with the Mormon Church on political issues?

If not explicit answers to these questions, Hinckley does give some hints. He disregards a standard symbol of "Mormonness," the abstinence from liquor, as he "strikes a blow for liberty" with Vice-President John N. Garner or shares a drink in Gracie Mansion with New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. Other inklings come from his disagreements with the criticism by LDS general authorities of relief efforts of the Roosevelt administration and his differences with Heber J. Grant, who called politics a "dirty business" and "the stinkingest kind of 'tics there is." Such sentiments directly oppose Hinckley's political faith and may have affected his attitudes toward Mormonism.

Somehow Hinckley's ties to Mormonism, tentative as they seem to be, must have conditioned much of his political and public life. Though he does not show evidence of promoting the policy, he quotes Benjamin Franklin's homily that "he who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of a primitive Christianity, will change the face of the world." It is unfortunate that the insights into this aspect of Hinckley's life are so limited.

If Hinckley's commitment to the faith of his forebearers is cloudy, his attitude toward Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal administration of which he was a part are beyond question. He is a Roosevelt admirer who agrees with the liberal view that FDR was a great reform leader. He believes that it was only through Roosevelt's "courageous measures and bold moves" that America survived the Great Depression. Moreover, it was Roosevelt, with a strong assist from Hinckley's boss Harry Hopkins, he asserts, who saved this country from becoming communistic during this crucial period. While historians may argue with his conclusions, there is no doubt where Robert Hinckley stands.

The remainder of the book admirably outlines Hinckley's public career. After more than a decade of service in the Federal government, the Utahn turned to a distinguished career in business and became an early pioneer in the television industry. Throughout these years he maintained his active interest in politics and supported the Democratic party, believing that the Democratic party was for people while the Republicans were for "things . . . like high tarrifs to protect business." He was a strong supporter of Harry Truman and maintained his friendship with him through the years. In 1960 he joined with John B. Connally and others to devise strategy to promote the presidential ambitions of another friend, Lyndon B. Johnson.

That Robert Hinckley is a remarkable man with a remarkable career makes these memoirs somewhat disappointing. I can only hope that future biographers, drawing upon the recently processed Hinckley papers at the University of Utah, will give a more-balanced account of Hinckley the man and of his impact on the times.

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SPITTING MAD

W. CORBET CURFMAN

If You're Mad, Spit! And Other Aids to Coping. By Ben F. Mortensen. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1978. 96 pp. $3.95

Dr. Mortensen's book is readable; it has a flowing style and is brief. The author is entertaining, effectively using case vignettes to illustrate his points. Perhaps because of

the brevity and ease of reading I found the book somewhat simplistic and directed as much to the public as to an audience of counselors. There was not a plethora of new information or new approaches to therapy for those experienced in the field, but for novices or beginning therapists many of his ideas are important and valid. The bibliographies included after each chapter can aid further exploration of the topics covered.

I was pleased that several areas were emphasized throughout: First, that putting a high premium on introspection, self-exploration, and knowing one's own needs, feelings, motivation, prejudices, is a prerequisite to helping someone else. Second, that all of our feelings are part of us and that we should accept them. The author says, "Yet most of these forbidden emotions . . . are part of our human biological make-up and although we should learn to control these negative feelings, it is not evil to have them." (And it may do more harm if we deny them.) Finally, that using our rational, reasoning minds to come to more mature decisions is better than reacting to the emotional aspect immediately.

In the outline of specific "aids to coping," Mortensen's work and experience with youth came through well, as did his expertise with marital and family therapy. The check-lists for prospective spouses and his assessment of the importance of a good sexual relationship and lack of selfishness for successful marriage were particularly full of insight.

Probably the weakest sections of the book were the chapters on psychosomatics, obesity and hypochondriasis. Because these chapters overlap with medicine, as well as psychiatry/psychology, I found the postulates and explanations quite simplistic and without the depth these very complex topics need. Much of Mortensen's theorizing seems to be derived from psychoanalytic theory. There is much new thinking in medicine and psychiatry concerning these topics, and caution should be used in applying these formulations to patient/client care.

Mortensen's book is well written, though somewhat brief in covering the wide variety of topics examined. Anyone not affiliated professionally with mental health, as well as beginning therapists will find the information useful, but more-experienced therapists may find their time invested better elsewhere, though the brevity of the text would encourage a quick perusal and assimilation of meaningful data and ideas.

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BRIEF NOTICES

GENE A. SESSIONS

A Comprehensive History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Century I. Edited by B. H. Roberts. 6 volumes, index. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1978. pb, $9.95.

Following the publication earlier this year by Deseret Book of the Joseph Smith *History of the Church* in paperback, the appearance of the *Comprehensive History* in paperback for ten dollars has brought tears of joy and disbelief to the souls of those scholars convinced that the days of the penny jawbreaker and the fifty-cent paperback were gone forever. Like the paperback edition of the so-called "Documentary History," this version of the Roberts series has its drawbacks—small print, cheap paper and binding, and so on—but its accessibility at such a price (Deseret Book recently ran a sale in which it sold both sets for $15) makes such problems meaningless. Unlike the paperback *History of the Church,* this set is an exact reprint of the last hardbound edition, with no new preface or other introductory comments either in the six volumes

published by BYU in 1965 or in the index produced through Bookcraft in 1968. Despite the controversy still swirling around the merits of B.H. Roberts' monumental work (see Davis Bitton in *Dialogue* II and Richard Roberts' response at the 1978 Mormon History Association Meeting), this set of books represents an essential foundation source for any study of Mormonism's first hundred years. At this price and packaged in a compact case, it ought to become a part of the library of every student of Mormonism, regardless of his or her relative degree of economic poverty. Indeed, even those Mormons whose poverty is of a more lamentable sort will now want to have Roberts on the shelf just because it will look impressive between copies of *The First Thousand Years* and *Prophecy, Key to the Future.*

Key to the Science of Theology and *A Voice of Warning.* By Parley P. Pratt. I volume. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1978. 245 pp. $4.95.

Also in the genre of a happy reprint is this hardbound volume containing two of Pratt's most intriguing and potent efforts at pamphleteering. *Voice* first appeared in 1837 and quickly became a standard missionary tool. Assisting the traveling Mormonite elder with his telling of Joseph Smith's teachings, it represented a fascinating excursion into the pre-Nauvoo world of Mormonism. Appearing as it did before the official version of the First Vision, its history of the Prophet and his movement received a treatment that will seem somewhat strange to the uninitiated reader more familiar with current versions. *Key* came out in 1855, just two years before Pratt was murdered in Arkansas. Representing his justification of Mormonism in terms of natural law, it established him as a fine thinker and among the best of the early Mormon intellectuals. The two pamphlets published together will now combine with reprints of Pratt's *Autobiography* to give the student of the Mormon movement ready access to one of its finest minds.

Mormonism and the Negro. By John J. Stewart. 4th ed. rev. Bountiful, Utah: Horizon Publishers, 1978. 92 pp. $4.95.

Winner of the black priesthood publishing sweepstakes, this quick reissue of a 1960 exercise in shallowness contains four pages on the new revelation of June 1978 and was on the bookstands within a month of its announcement. Stewart's book as now presented is still a regrettable mess of pottage, bearing as it does a cereal-box type of flashing announcement on the cover that it "NOW CONTAINS NEW REVELATION," but at least Duane Crowther proved that he is faster than Lester Bush and more lucrative than *Dialogue,* whose reissue of Bush's treatise on the issue trailed Stewart's to the stands by some six weeks.

The Mormons. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1978. 104 pp. $3.95 pb.

Similar to the old *Meet the Mormons,* this new image-makers' version of modern Mormonism strikes an impressive mold. Broadening its view of the Church to include those outside of middle America, *Mormons* presents a compendium of well-done color photographs hoping to display the Latter-day Saints as an international, positive active group of people. While it contains the familiarly stiff family-home-evening and church-activity scenes, it makes a fairly successful attempt to capture Mormons as they are engaged in more "normal" and appealing activities. A nice postum-table book, *The Mormons* might provide the Saint with a good opportunity to introduce nonmember associates to LDS culture and religion.

In the Company of Man: Twenty Portraits by Anthropologists. Edited by Joseph B. Casagrande. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1960. 540 pp., illus.

Benjamin Urrutia, an avid *Dialogue* reader in Guayaquil, Ecuador, noticed an intriguing passage in this book's segment on an Innuit hunter named Ohnainewk:

> Just before he died, he dreamed again of the placid sea turned to storm. Thick darkness gathered around him and it seemed to him as if he were doomed. He was ready to sink into despair and abandon himself to the waves, when a pillar of light, exactly overhead, rested on him, and a being whose brightness and glory defied

> all description, standing above him in the air, spoke to him, calling him by name, telling him to follow.

Either Joseph's experience had a peculiar way of universalizing and then inspiring nearly the same account, or Edmund Carpenter's version of this aboriginal Christian's last vision has in some other way come to rely upon the Prophet's choice of words.

The Silmarillion. By J. R. R. Tolkien. London: Allen and Unwin, 1977; New York: Houghton-Mifflin, 1977. 365 pp., maps, genealogical tables, index, appendix. $10.95.

Ben Urrutia also calls our attention to seven pages of Tolkien's popular book that comprise the *Ainulindalë*, or Music of the Holy Ones, in which an account of the Creation appears that ought to be of special interest to Latter-day Saints. God (here called Ilúvatar, Father of All) first creates the Ainur (Holy Ones), and then delegates them the task of organizing Eä, the World.

> Thus it came to pass that of the Ainur some abode still with Ilúvatar beyond the confines of the World; but others, and among them many of the greatest and most fair, took the leave of Ilúvatar and descended into it. . . . Therefore they are named the Valar, the Powers of the World. But when the Valar entered into Eä . . . it was as if naught was yet made which they had seen in vision [for] the Great Music had been but the growth and flowering of thought in the Timeless Halls, and the Vision only a foreshowing. . . . (p. 20)

It is unlikely that Tolkien ever read the Book of Abraham or the Book of Moses, yet cosmogonic principles are here demonstrated that are found elsewhere only in Mormon theology.

How to Make a Good Mission Great. By G. Hugh Allred and Steve H. Allred. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1978. 66 pp. $3.95.

It is now almost certain that every missionary will receive a copy of this little volume before he departs for Babylon. He might even get two, one from Grandma and another from his girl friend, or maybe three or four of them, if his elders' quorum president and Uncle Fred visit a bookstore just prior to the testimonial. But what is important to the Allred writing team is that every time someone buys their little book, they will be almost sixty cents richer. And inasmuch as this obvious gift volume contains nothing more than a rehash of a few old missionary handbooks and a couple or three welcome-home sermons ("The best two years, etc."), it well deserves this quarter's Milk the Mormons Award. Hugh Allred is one of those quasi-professors at BYU who makes a living teaching college-level seminary classes and publishing an annual book on *How to Make a Good Prayer Great*, or some such, and his son Steve summarizes his qualifications by announcing that he was a district and zone leader in the mission field. Indeed, the entire thrust of their book seems to be that if you play the game just right, you will win. What you win, however, may not be exactly what you thought you were bargaining for when you signed up for the Big Adventure of young Mormonism. We wait in vain for someone to write a well-received book on what Mormon missions are really like, without all of the best-two-years nonsense in the trimmings.

Put on the Whole Armor of God. By Leon R. Hartshorn. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1978. 129 pp., index. $5.95.

A more-famous member of the BYU faculty who also makes a fine living teaching seminary classes and writing for the church-book market is Leon Hartshorn. In this little book, he manages to mold one of the oldest Christian sermons in the world into an inane product that will net him almost ninety cents every time the cash register rings. The unfortunate thing is that the Hartshorn version of the great Pauline sermon and its meaning is not nearly as good as each of the last fifteen times a general authority expounded upon the same things in general conference.

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