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EXPONENT II



"Am I not a Woman and a Sister?"

Vol. 1, No. 1 July, 1974

WOMAN'S EXPONENT Revisited

"Every page of this one hundred year old newspaper, the Woman's Exponent, is relevant to us. In Exponent II we intend to reprint excerpts from the "Mother Book" in every issue. We believe the readers will find them as stimulating and inspiring as the editors do.

In the early issues of the newspaper this statement of purpose is given:

The women of Utah to-day occupy a position which attracts the attention of intelligent thinking men and women everywhere. They are engaged in the practical solution of some of the greatest social and moral problems of the age, and a powerful interest is manifested throughout the United States, and, it may be said, the entire civilized world, to learn from reliable sources the views honestly entertained by them on these questions.

They have been grossly misrepresented through the press, by active enemies who permit no opportunity to pass of maligning and slandering them; and with but limited opportunity of appealing to the intelligence and candor of their fellow countrymen and countrywomen in reply.

Who are so well able to speak for the women of Utah as the women of Utah themselves? "It is better to represent ourselves than to be misrepresented by others!"

For these reasons, and that women may help each other by the diffusion of knowledge and information possessed by many and suitable to all, the publication of Woman's Exponent, a journal owned by, controlled by and edited by Utah ladies, has been commenced.

The aim of this journal will be to discuss every subject interesting and valuable to women. It will contain a brief and graphic summary of current news local and general, household hints, educational matters, articles on health and dress, correspondence, editorials on leading topics of interest suitable to its columns and miscellaneous reading.

It will aim to defend the right, inculcate sound principles, and disseminate useful knowledge. Jan. 15, 1873

Confidence like this was not in short supply among the women of Utah in the 1870's. They had demonstrated their resourcefulness and capabilities in creating civilization in a wilderness and were used to putting thought into action. They were, by and large, "strong-minded women"--an emotionally charged term of the day used for those who advocated female suffrage and greater opportunities for women in education and employment. Eliza R. Snow, General President of the Relief Society and celebrated writer, traced out a suitable "golden mean" for sensible strong women to follow.

The status of women is one of the questions of the day. Socially and politically it forces itself upon the attention of the world. Some who are so conservative that they oppose every change until they are compelled to accept it, refuse to concede that woman is entitled to the enjoyment of any rights other than those which the whims, fancies or justice, as the case may be, of men may choose to grant her. The reasons which they cannot meet with argument, they decry and ridicule; an old refuge for those opposed to correct principles which they are unable to controvert. Others, again, not only recognize that woman's status should be improved, but are so radical in their extreme theories that they would set her in antagonism to man, assume for her a separate and opposing existence; and to show how entirely independent she should be would make her adopt the more reprehensible phases of character which men present, and which should be shunned or improved by them instead of being copied by women. These are two extremes, and between them is the "golden mean." July 15th, 1872

While the status of women was being discussed in the parlors of the nation, the women of Utah went into action. They organized suffrage soci-

eties throughout the territory, went to college to receive specialized training and worked as typesetters and clerks, bookkeepers, teachers and telegraphers. They felt women were especially suited to effect reforms in many areas of public and private life. They thought they might do better than some of the country's elected officials. A current political scandal inspired this comment:

For some weeks past the country has been ringing with what is called the "Credit Mobilier Scandal." Prominent members of Congress have received stock of the Credit Mobilier and the Union Pacific railroad to induce them to vote for certain measures which were expected to benefit the companies named. Emphatic denials have been given in public addresses, and have been sworn to before the Congressional Committees investigating the affair; and yet the charges have been just as emphatically sworn to, with the details given in a manner that looks very like convincing truth. But whether the charges be true or false, one thing is plain: members of Congress and prominent politicians, on some side, are guilty of the grossest perjury as they distinctly contradict each other on oath, and that where there is scarcely room to doubt that they know exactly whether they are swearing truly or falsely. This is a painful showing for the legislators of a great country like this, and is a strong argument in favor of the proposition that a few truthful, honorable women in Congress wouldn't hurt but would help it.

Jan. 31, 1873

The independent characteristics of Mormon women were little known outside the territory. The fact of polygamy lent the women an unjustified notoriety. The Woman's Exponent provided a forum for expressing their ideas and ideals. While commenting on current events, the editors revealed themselves as "strong-minded women," while showing themselves faithful to the standards of the gospel they espoused.

Susan Kohler

JUANITA BROOKS: Exponent Day Speaker

Juanita Brooks, author and historian, shared the stories behind her major works during the "Second Annual Woman's Exponent Day Dinner" at the Cambridge Ward, Boston Massachusetts Stake, June 1.

The event, "An Evening with Juanita Brooks," commemorated the 102nd anniversary of the publication of the Woman's Exponent newspaper and was sponsored by Mormon Sisters, Inc.

Mrs. Brooks said that Mountain Meadows Massacre was written to fulfill a promise made to an elderly man who had witnessed the incident. The man became acquainted with Juanita when she was a young girl teaching school in Mesquite, Nevada. He wanted her to write things his eyes had seen but his lips had never spoken.

"But it was MIA night, and I had a sparkler on my third finger, left hand, so off I went to MIA instead of writing down his memories." Years later, after the death of her friend, she kept her promise and wrote about the massacre.

Mrs. Brooks wrote steadily though she was a busy housewife and the mother of nine children. She kept her writing hidden in a laundry basket since writing was a questionable activity for a woman in St. George, Utah. When Mountain Meadows Massacre was published, her family was surprised. A daughter who was attending BYU at the time said, "Oh, no, that's not my mother. She didn't write a book."

The desire to research further the life of John D. Lee led her to undertake his biography, John D. Lee: Zealot, Pioneer Builder, Scapegoat. Juanita and her husband visited significant locations where Lee had lived to familiarize themselves with

his background. "I believe the first few years of a person's life are crucial in determining the rest of his life," the author observed.

The publication of the Lee book spurred new interest in her book about the massacre which has sold more than 40,000 copies.

Mrs. Brooks edited A Mormon Chronicle: the Diaries of John D. Lee 1848-1876 at the Huntington Library in California. She brought her children to the library so they would be able to visualize her when she was away from home.

The author is currently writing her autobiography Quicksand and Cactus. Some of her other books include Uncle Will, a biography of her late husband, and On the Ragged Edge: The Life and Times of Dudley Leavitt. She has edited several pioneer diaries and published many articles.

The University of Utah awarded her an honorary doctorate degree in 1973, and she lectured at BYU this past year.

The Cambridge Mormon Sisters discovered the Woman's Exponent while doing research on 19th century Mormon women and were fascinated to read about their sisters' activities. The Cambridge group sponsors an annual dinner to observe the anniversary of the founding of the newspaper. This year the women donated the food, prepared and served the dinner. Ticket sales paid Mrs. Brooks' travel expenses. The chairwoman for the evening was Judith Dushku.

Maureen Urnsbach of the Historical Department of the Church was the first Exponent Day Speaker. She came from Salt Lake City last year to speak about Eliza R. Snow.

Stephanie S. Goodson

FALL RETREAT

As dark settled on the rambling old farmhouse at Camp Hindigo in Western Massachusetts last October, eleven Boston area women with three nursing babies gathered before a welcome fire. As we sipped French Chocolate we explored our views towards motherhood and woman's position in the Church.

We were asking, "What is the shape of my life?" The shape started with families and for some a skill, or craft, or talent. But the shape of our lives was determined by many other things, too: our backgrounds and childhood, our minds and education, our consciences and religion, our hearts and their desires.

Our families and coping with motherhood were the primary focus of the weekend's conversations. Sharing goals and experiences and family traditions helped us to gain confidence in our ability to fulfill the responsibilities of motherhood.

In later conversations we delved into how our backgrounds, particularly Mormon aspects, influenced our lives. Current social pressures and educational or vocational pressures and their roles in shaping our lives were also examined. At breakfast Saturday morning the seed which evolved into this newspaper germinated. We determined that sharing views of womanhood should extend beyond the retreat and beyond this group of women. Many of us had perused copies of the Woman's Exponent and felt the need for a similar contemporary forum.

Sunday morning we closed the retreat with an unusually moving testimony meeting. As we shared spiritual experiences, the increased knowledge and awareness of each other gleaned from the weekend allowed much more intimate and meaningful revelations. The sense of isolation and frustration so prevalent among women today was relieved, at least temporarily, and replaced by a strong feeling of sisterhood. We returned to husbands and families with a greater understanding of the "shape of our lives" and a new found peace with this shape.

Heather S. Cannon



Exponent II Is Born

One hundred and two years ago a group of Mormon women began publication of a fortnight newspaper called the Woman's Exponent. This ambitious paper circulated worldwide women's news, reports of the Church auxiliaries, feminist editorials, suffrage progress, household tips, letters, humor and more to sisters from Salt Lake to St. George and throughout the territories. The Exponent was published until 1914.

The discovery of this newspaper has meant a lot to women today. Our foremothers had spirit and independence, a liveliness their daughters can be proud of. Devoted mothers and wives, they tended their homes and children, helped support the family, and turned out a dynamic newspaper on the side. Can we do the same?

The Mormon women of the Greater Boston area have been thinking and talking about Mormon women's issues for five years now. Our network of sisterhood grows constantly. Sisters write us from far off and come to visit our meetings. These relationships have enriched us all, and we hope to catch more of our sisters in this net of common experience and understanding.

To that purpose we begin publication of Exponent II, a modest but sincere newspaper, which we hope will bring Mormon women into closer friendship. Faithful, but frank, Exponent II will provide an open platform for the exchange of news and life views. We not only welcome but invite contributions: news articles, short essays on pertinent topics, poetry, suggestions and letters.

Exponent II, poised on the dual platforms of Mormonism and Feminism, has two aims: to strengthen the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and to encourage and develop the talents of Mormon women. That these aims are consistent we intend to show by our pages and our lives.

Claudia L. Bushman



JAROLDEEN EDWARDS SPEAKS IN BOSTON

"I believe it would be almost impossible to be a young adult woman in this society today and not be troubled and afraid of the design and the pattern of life ahead," guest speaker Jaroldeen Edwards said at a session of the recent Boston Education Series.

Sister Edwards, a former Boston resident and mother of twelve children, discussed the value of an eternal perspective in understanding oneself and one's sexuality. Other featured speakers included syndicated columnist Jack Anderson and business executive J. Willard Marriott.

They were part of the three-day series of lectures, demonstrations and presentations on subjects ranging from soap-making to constitutional change.

This year's event marked the fourth series to be organized and presented entirely by local Church talent. The series was originally sponsored by Brigham Young University, which provided both instructors and curriculum. The Stake took over the project when enterprising leaders decided to "do it ourselves with our own people." According to President Richard Bushman, Boston is apparently the first stake to accomplish such a program.

Sister Edwards, now a resident of Scarsdale, New York, described women's responsibilities as "one of the areas in which Satan has truly disoriented us...while some good has come from the problems that have been discussed and opened in our society, I think also that much harm can come unless the eternal perspective is secure."

She said the potential of wifehood and motherhood, which some women try to deny, "is as much a part of a girl's birth and her being as every part of her body and her spirit. And there is no way of throwing off that mantle; there is no way of denying that part of one's existence. We are either woman or man and we live in that relationship for eternity...The woman is physically prepared for the bearing and nurturing of children.

More than 50 years after it was first introduced in Congress, the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) appears close to passage. Though two states have since withdrawn their approval, thirty-two states representing a clear majority of the country's population, have ratified the amendment. (Ratification by 38 states is necessary for adoption.)

The precise impact of the ERA is uncertain. By itself, the ERA probably will not change social attitudes, abolish the family, or make basic changes in women's personalities. As drafted, the ERA does not reach private conduct. Thus, neither chivalry, chauvinism, nor their private manifestations are proscribed. Hopefully, the amendment's adoption will have an educative effect on individuals and will encourage re-evaluation of unnecessarily restrictive concepts of male-female relationships. Obvious governmental discrimination unrelated to individual capabilities and needs will be prohibited. So, for example, Ohio will have to permit women as well as men to serve as arbitrators in county court proceedings. Wisconsin cosmeticians will not be restricted to attending women only while barbers are permitted to cut both men's and women's hair. Penal laws which permit longer (or shorter) sentences for women than for men for the same crime will be proscribed. An Arizona law which stipulates that the governor, secretary of state and treasurer must be male will be destined for the scrap heap. In schools, differential spending on girls' and boys' sports will be restricted. Men will be entitled to the same social security survivor benefits as women.

Except in those instances where self-interest prevails, changes like these would appear to be beneficial. Opponents of the ERA assert, however, that ERA will have a detrimental impact, at least for women. Opponents fear that women will lose the benefit of protective labor laws and their rights to financial support in marriage. They fear sexual integration of public rest rooms, the legitimization of homosexual marriage, and the demise of whatever protection is afforded by forcible rape statutes. They recognize that women could be forced to serve in the military, to accept jury duty, and to share generally in other responsibilities of government. To avoid these "horribles" and preserve for women the best of all possible worlds (i.e. protective rights without responsibilities), ERA opponents suggest that equal rights for women be pursued, as they have been up until now, in a more limited fashion through alternative routes: Congressional and state legislative processes and test case litigation during the fourteenth amendment.

For the most part, the "horribles" imagined by ERA opponents seem specious. Challenges to protective labor laws rarely come from employers

who wish to over work women. Instead, they seem to come from blue collar women who wish to be rid of a system which "protects" them from higher paying jobs and promotions. Statutes protective in fact need not be eliminated under ERA. Rather, safe and healthful working conditions could be extended to employees of both sexes.

Women fortunate enough to have good husbands have little cause to think about support statutes and traditional property law which vests in men control of financial resources. However, for women less fortunate, the homemaker "protection" of support laws is largely illusory. Alimony and child support payments are usually insufficient to cover needs and women generally have little success in enforcing awards made anyway. Still, whatever the worth of support laws, women need not lose their benefit under ERA. Either husband or wife could be awarded support, depending on the division of responsibilities within the family unit and the needs and resources of each individual.

Since rape laws are based on the unique sexual characteristics of men and women there would seem to be no a priori reason to do away with them under ERA. ERA does not foreclose the possibility of continued privacy with respect to bodily functions. ERA's proponents have demonstrated no intent to integrate rest rooms--quite the contrary. However, for those troubled by the "potty problem" the airlines' approach suggests at least one solution.

The genuine controversy over ERA appears to concern extending equal responsibility to women for military service, jury duty and other civic responsibilities. Undoubtedly women can make important contributions in these areas. Some women would like the opportunity to serve in the military and would appreciate the chance to volunteer on an equal basis with men. (Currently women must meet higher entrance requirements.) For women as for men, the military might offer one way of rising out of poverty. It is worth noting that Congress has the authority to draft women and came close to acting on that authority in World War II. Likewise, some states have required women to serve on juries.

Many would argue that as a matter of justice and common sense equal rights and responsibilities should be extended to all citizens without discrimination. They insist that exceptions used to escape responsibilities of citizenship can too easily be used to deny equality to rights. Others insist that the two are separable and that women can capture the best of all worlds by rejecting the ERA. Determining whether the assignment of such responsibilities should be mandated by the Constitution will decide the fate of the ERA.

Kate Gardner

She has different hormones and, say what you will, her personality, her nature, her inner desires are going to be different because she is chemically and physically created different. And the same with a man."

Only by understanding this eternal sexual nature can an individual make the choices which ultimately bring happiness, she continued.

"I think that if there is a discontented wife or mother, a lot of the responsibility falls upon the husband...if he truly doesn't respect her role as wife and mother...if he truly doesn't regard that role as something of actual physical, emotional and spiritual value, and if in any way he makes his wife feel that, then she is demeaned in her own eyes. And I think there are few women who are strong enough to feel respect for themselves if they do not feel the respect of their husbands."

Sister Edwards asserted that Church members must learn to love themselves. The tendency for many, she said is to envision a model of what the perfect Latter-day Saint must be and to berate themselves for falling short of that model.

"I think so many Latter-day Saints go through life carrying this terrible weight of inadequacy, of ineffectiveness, of not being something that they think they should be. But I think this was not the Lord's plan. I think he wanted us to understand that we were part of a plan, part of a wholeness. And in this wholeness we can be ourselves because there are other people to shore up the places where we're not going to be effective."

"This is so often what we need to understand of ourselves within the Gospel--that we must function as we are, not as my next-door neighbor does, not as my best friend does, but as I do with my capabilities and my desires with the level of spirituality that I have attained."

During the hour-long presentation, Sister Edwards also commented on these subjects:

Child bearing--"...no one can tell you what kind of a family to have or when to have it or how to have it. Nonetheless, I bear testimony that if you will have the courage to bear children and if you will have as many as you feel capable of having and if you will love them and cherish them, that they will be the greatest source of eternal joy and pride, of accomplishment and achievement in your whole life."

Child rearing--"Your children are your eternal reward. What man or woman among you would make himself an eternal pauper? What man or woman here would not bear children, would not raise them, would not cherish them and with all your heart desire that together you could reach the Celestial Kingdom?"

Enrichment--"I will provide for my children...nurturing in the ways that I am best capable, and much of that involves providing for myself. Because unless I myself am enriched daily, I cannot enrich the lives of others."

Abortion--"One place where I feel that our society has truly lost not just eternal perspective but mortal perspective is in the passage of abortion laws...I'm ashamed that I would feel that a society as blessed as ours that would feel that any individual has the right to destroy life. I am ashamed to live in a society that claims that life itself is too much, that it is not welcome, that the world has become a world only for those who choose to live upon it, that it has become a world for a master race..."

Care of the elderly--"If the eternal chain is true, it is as true for the generation that goes before us as it is for the generation that follows. It is a hard thing to be the middle generation, and yet if we truly live in the perspective that is required of us, the caring for the elderly, the dependent, the helpless, becomes as much a part of our lives as the treasuring of beautiful infants."

Louise Durham

News

The Daughters Of Utah Pioneers Unite!

Lovers of pioneer history recently organized the Cambridge Camp of the DUP with Kaye D. Clay as Captain. The Cambridge Camp, a local branch of the mighty DUP headquartered in Salt Lake City, was founded for several reasons. Local sisters have lively interest in the women of nineteenth century Utah. Studying the past adds flesh to the bones of our own genealogies. And finally we are grateful to Kate Carter, longtime president of the national organization, for preserving so much of the pioneer heritage.

The monthly meetings have a standard form. After simple business is taken care of, an historical lesson sent out by headquarters is presented by one of the members. Next a member reads a brief family history; these histories are written up in standard form and submitted to the central office for their files. Then a "pioneer relic" is displayed and discussed. The Cambridge Camp is fortunate in having Ruth Smith, daughter-

in-law of the late Church President George Albert Smith, as a member. Her "relics" are real Mormon treasures.

Membership in the DUP is officially open to all directly descended from one or more ancestors who entered the Salt Lake Valley before 1869 when the railroad was completed. An astonishing number of Church members, even recent converts, do have pioneer ancestors. But any interested woman is welcome to attend the meetings. The DUP has been the one local venture which has successfully integrated women of two or three generations and married and single women. United by their interest in history, a wide variety of women meet on equal ground.

DUP headquarters will help any groups interested in organizing. Write DUP, 300 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah, 84103. Membership applications, rather lengthy forms dealing with ancestors and achievements, cost 50 cents and must be

filled out in duplicate. But the DUP staff is helpful in researching information for those who do not have it. A group of ten qualified members can begin an organization. Annual dues are \$1 a year.

Connie D. Cannon represented the Camp at the annual convention in Salt Lake City recently and was warmly welcomed. Though she was about fifty years younger than the average member, she noted that a campaign to recruit members' granddaughters is under way.

The final meeting of the year was held in the New England Mission home, a fine old colonial mansion. Sister LaRae Clarke, Mission mother and hostess, led the ladies on a tour of the house. Ann Romish lectured on the Mormon heritage in the Boston area.

The sisters of the DUP, locally called Dupes, find that their organization "turns the hearts of the children to their fathers" in a pleasant and social way.

Claudia L. Bushman

General Retrenchment Society Resurrected

The women of Salt Lake are organized! Perhaps not all of them as yet, but on the evening of Thursday, March 7, 1974, the first meeting of what has since been christened the Salt Lake "General Retrenchment Society" was held. The name was first adopted by an informal gathering of Salt Lake Women, including Eliza R. Snow, Emmeline B. Wells, Sarah Kimball, and other leaders of Mormon women's organizations, which met weekly throughout the 1870's in the old Fourteenth Ward Chapel. Members of the new group who meet at three week intervals hope that some of the vigor, creativity, and self-reliance of their namesake organization will rub off on them.

The initial meeting of the group was devoted to self introductions and a discussion of hopes for the future of the group. Perhaps the most frequently expressed need was to discuss woman's role in the contemporary Church with sympathetic people. At the second meeting Cheryl May's article on changes in the function of the Relief Society over the last century was discussed. Next Jill Mulvey presented a paper on Eliza R. Snow and the women's movement. Members reviewed the ideas of psychiatrist Martin Nalder on relative psychological "strengths" and "weaknesses" of Mormon men and women at the May meeting.

Average attendance at group meetings is about twelve. About one third of the members are single; the rest are married women with children. Occupations represented in the group include "happy housewife," historian, lawyer, artist, psychiatric nurse, government professor, and learning problems therapist. We have heard rumors that other groups in our area and elsewhere are discussing many of the same questions which concern us. We'd love to find out about them in coming issues of Exponent II.

Cheryl May

Women's Seminar In Chicago

Thirty women--students, student-spouses, graduate students, faculty wives, young adults and others--have signed up for a three-quarter Mormon Woman Studies course to begin this fall. The Institute of Religion at the University of Chicago is sponsoring the course. The first quarter will be used to research a topic on the subject of Mormon Women. Most of the papers will focus on the lives of individual women in the history of the LDS Church. Others such as the one planned by Ruth Vorwaller, stitchery designer and language teacher, will deal with the forces in and out of Mormon culture which have motivated accomplished Mormon women.

The second quarter will include the writing and the presentation of these papers. For the final quarter more discussion is planned. Hopefully by then the group will have developed the close rapport needed for frank interaction.

The course was organized by Vicky Burgess-Olson, a doctoral candidate at Northwestern University in counseling and family therapy. Vicky plans to do her dissertation on Family Structure in Polygynous Families in Utah from 1847 to 1890. She and her husband, Eric Jay Olson have two little daughters. Eric is working on his Ph.D. in Egyptology at the University of Chicago. Both enjoy being students and parents--sharing equally in the home and out.



CAMBRIDGE SISTERS COMPLETE SECOND SEMINAR

For two years Latter-day Saint women in the Boston area have given Institute courses focusing on the lives of Mormon women. In 1972-73 the emphasis was historical. The Institute director, who had heard about some research we were doing on nineteenth century Mormon women, invited us to organize a class. Each woman in our group of fifteen chose a topic and began to use the rich library facilities in this area. Several considered aspects of polygamy and homelife. Others wrote about women's political activities, their early suffrage and participation in the statehood struggle in Utah. We were anxious to have our papers discussed, and an Institute seminar seemed a good offer. We set up a schedule giving each woman one evening to present her topic to the class. We copied certain relevant documents, excerpted diaries and typed up reading lists for class members who wished to prepare for the lectures in advance. The Institute advertised the class and encouraged all interested people to come--male or female, single or married, employed or unemployed, student or non-student. Some class members attended regularly, others came for certain topics that interested them. About twenty people were regular attenders, but there were often more than forty people there.

We discussed the past in terms of the present. How did those early Mormon women called to be doctors manage to raise up good families, yet maintain their dedication to work? Could we do the same? Early LDS women were deeply involved in the feminist movement. Why are those of today hostile to the cause? Before the series was completed, interest in a new course grew, this time emphasizing "Current Concerns of Mormon Women."

Preparatory discussions were open so that all interested could participate in the planning. One or two women volunteered to present each topic and lead the discussion. Most women gathered statements from General Authorities, Church lesson manuals and other Church publications. They were encouraged to talk. Every session was invigorating. People bore inspiring testimonies of the truthfulness and helpfulness of the Gospel. Others expressed frustrations and difficulties in resolving some issues. What emerged from the course was the central thought that, while we could rely on each other for support, love and encouragement, our lives are sufficiently unique to require our strengthening our personal relationships with the Lord so that we could be inspired in making difficult decisions. Several women spoke directly to this ideal. They told of difficult decisions they had made, and it was refreshing to hear how and why they had chosen a particular course for their lives.

Some of the areas discussed were family planning, sex education and role indoctrination, education and career choices, community involvement, loneliness and isolation, and child care alternatives. The seminar ended with enthusiasm, and it seems likely that a new course will be generated for next year.

Judith R. Dushku

Woman of the Year

Judith R. Dushku, assistant professor of Political Science at Suffolk University in Boston, has been chosen Woman of the Year there. Judy was honored because of her concern for the students, not only as a teacher but as a class and club advisor. The yearbook editors said in their citation, "She has served with a sincerity and feeling which have won her the admiration of both students and faculty." At Cambridge Ward, Judy conducts a very successful choir and leads the music in Junior Sunday School. She is married to Philip Dushku, also a teacher, and is the mother of a young son, Aaron.

SPECIAL INTEREST

Special Interest members in the Palo Alto, California Stake, have discovered that when individuals in their group gain self-esteem, they are better able to handle their "singleness" in a family-oriented Church.

"With self-esteem, our members feel more a part of the whole Church and less alienated for whatever reasons," believes Ida Smith, vice president of the Stake APMA, in charge of Special Interests.

She said, "Those who have problems because of a lack of self-worth grow and develop because they are with 'winners' who are not failures as people just because they are single."

The Palo Alto Special Interest group stresses positive focus and avoids negative directions and feelings. Special Interest programs strive to help each person improve his relationship with himself, through developing his individual worth, with God and with his fellowman.

Sister Smith said, "We cannot make changes in any human beings but ourselves but as we are able to accomplish positive changes there, our influence for good upon others increases."

The group schedules regular firesides, monthly breakfasts with speakers from the "Know Your Religion" series, potluck dinners, excursions, ball games and regional dances. Family Home Evening groups are emphasized as a means to develop personal relationships in small groups.

The Outreach, a regional Special Interest newsletter, keeps members and Priesthood leadership informed of the programs and in touch with one another.

Stephanie S. Goodson

Wife Goes Mad

In 1640, Mistress Hopkins, the wife of the governor of colonial Connecticut, lost her mind. John Winthrop, the governor of Massachusetts ascribed her sad condition to too much reading and writing:

Her husband, being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her; but he saw his error, when it was too late. For if she had attended her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her.

John Winthrop, The History of New England, James Savage, ed., (Boston: 1853) II, 216.

Book Reviews

Sisters And Suffragists

One day last winter my thirteen-year-old son came home from school and said (with italics in his voice): Did you know that women didn't get the vote until 1920! I thought it mustn't have been about 200 years ago! His surprise delighted me. At the time it made me realize how little consideration I had given to the history of women's suffrage. I suspect that my own ignorance is not unusual. That few women know anything in detail about the struggle for the Nineteenth Amendment is not just the consequence of bad history texts. The school year usually ended before we got that far in the book anyway. It is also the result of ambivalence about assertive women. Although we accept the vote as a matter of right, most of us have a slightly queasy feeling about those odd suffragists who won it for us--grim-faced Susan B. Anthony and Amelia somebody-or-other in her bloomers. Mary Poppins illustrates the problem, breezing down from the sky with her lemon drops to convince Mrs. Banks that flying kites with Jane and Michael was more important than parading for the vote. So, on a more sophisticated level, did last winter's public television series on Edwardian England, *Upstairs-Downstairs*. The BBC writers were as skeptical of the school-girl pranks of the suffragettes as they were realistic about the stomach pumps in London's jails.

If my knowledge of the first feminists was fuzzy, however, I had done some thinking about Mormon women. Yet it occurred to me too late to tell my son: "Yes, but Utah women had the vote in 1870." Like many Mormons I had kept my secular learning and my Church history nicely separate.

It was with anticipation, then, that I turned to a new paperback edition of Eleanor Flexner's *Century of Struggle* (Atheneum: New York, 1972, \$3.95). Originally published by Harvard University Press in 1959, it is considered the basic text in its field and often turns up on reading lists for courses in women's history. It surveys the women's rights movement from its genesis in the anti-slavery crusades of the 1830's to the ratification campaigns of 1918-1920. The two pages on Utah note the phenomenon of female suffrage in a polygamist society without pretending to explain it, except to say that it was related less "to Mormon ethics than to an interplay of social forces": Brigham Young saw a chance to enlist female help in the Gentile controversy; the experience of Mormon women in Relief Societies and other church affairs had already made them active and articulate.

Mormon women can read that story elsewhere. The value of Flexner's book is in the wider context. *Century of Struggle* records the shifts in leadership, the squabbles and declensions, and the moments of drama in the hundred year effort. But it provides more than facts. It provides heroines as well. There is Susan B. Anthony, who in 1851 tramped through snowdrifts in New York state collecting signatures from isolated farm wives only to be laughed out of the legislature by cigar-smoking solons in well-heated rooms. Forty years later, at the age of seventy, she was touring South Dakota in the blazing sun successfully battling the combined opposition of the Knights of Labor and the Farmer's Alliance. There is Elizabeth Blackwell, who was turned down by twenty-nine medical schools before being admitted by the students of Geneva College on a lark. She conquered her own quivering nerves to graduate at the head of her class, going on to study in Europe and to found the New York Infirmary despite gossip and the almost unanimous opposition of the medical profession. There is Sojourner Truth, the freed slave, who silenced a hostile audience in Akron, Ohio by walking to the podium to answer a clergyman who had ridiculed the weakness and helplessness of women:

The man over there says women need to be helped into carriages and lifted over ditches, and to have the best places everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages or over puddles, or gives me the best place--and ain't I a woman?
Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me--and ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man--when I could get it--and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have born thirteen children, and seen most of 'em sold into slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me--and ain't I a woman?

There are villains as well. Among the illustrations in the book is Rollin Kirby's cartoon from the *New York World* for Nov. 3, 1915, printed after a defeat for women's suffrage. Four red-nosed, not-bellied, tobacco-reeking males congratulate each other, glasses in hand: "Well, boys, we saved the home." In describing the final years of the struggle, Flexner credits national liquor interests

with secretly managing opposition to the amendment.

Century of Struggle is a partisan book, emphasizing, and isolating the achievements of one sex. But that is of course what traditional history has always done. Flexner obviously believes that the Emma Willards and Lucretia Motts of this nation deserve to be as well known as the William Lloyd Garrisons and Horace Manns who were their contemporaries. Her book is sound and scholarly, yet open in its admiration for its heroines. She clearly believes they have something to tell us today:

Today's woman, armed with her ballot, her diploma, her union card, faces a dizzy complex world; inevitably she is often confused and paralyzed by it... It might help if we remembered more often, not only the lonely vigils of Washington at Valley Forge and Lincoln in the White House, but the doubts and fears that racked an Angelina Grimke or the seemingly intrepid Elizabeth Cady Stanton when she stood up to make her first public speech in the tiny Wesleyan chapel at Seneca Falls.



Page Smith wrote his *Daughters of the Promised Land* (Little, Brown: Boston, 1970, \$2.95) before the women's liberation movement had achieved full momentum, but delays in publication brought it out under the full attack of the new feminists--for obvious reasons. Yet Smith's biases are so open it is disarming. Following a whimsical title page is an even more whimsical dedication. Most authors give primary credit to wives for their patience, sensitivity, or typing, but he acknowledges that his wife had nothing to do with the writing of the book:

She viewed the whole enterprise with undisguised skepticism, interrupted me frequently to ask if the Joneses would make good dinner partners with the Browns or whether the Thompsons will go with the Johnsons, seduced me from my labors with delicious meals (so that my girl grew with my book), and, most unnerving of all, said periodically: "How you could pretend to know anything about women!" Which of course I don't. It is hard to quarrel with such honesty.

Smith has two major theses, that American women have blossomed as valued daughters of priestly fathers, and that harmonious relations between the sexes were altered by a "great repression" in the nineteenth century. Both ideas are interesting. There are a number of striking father-daughter relationships in the panoply of notable women. (If Smith had known about Susa Young Gates he could have added her to his list.) As for the repression theme, it is a favorite of literary critics. But at root both of these conclusions are markedly male. Thus women's greatest achievements are ultimately traced to their fathers, and the feminine turmoil of the nineteenth century is seen to originate in bed.

While very fond of women, Smith is skeptical of heroines. Which is precisely why we should read him. If Smith is simplistic in his approach, so are the fem-libbers who see a rapist in every bedroom. Mormon women can applaud his unabashed celebration of marriage even as they wince at his assertion that women tolerate boring and repetitive tasks better than men. His implication that the "woman question", as we

understand it today, is largely a heritage of the nineteenth century is a challenge to feminists (from Elizabeth Cady Stanton to Shirley Chisholm) who insist that women have been oppressed from time immemorial. Certainly historians cannot discount the many women who, like Smith's wife, serenely accept a supporting role. Finally, his suggestion that pioneer women of the nineteenth century were more self-reliant and less troubled than their genteel counterparts is an obvious invitation to Mormon studies. *Daughters of the Promised Land* should be read with bemused tolerance.

Smith admits to writing a generalizing book before all the monographs are in. Readers of generalizing books, Flexner's as well as Smith's, should remember that women's history is an exciting field because so much remains to be done. Even for the casual reader there is value in deferring judgment, foregoing answers, and dipping into the documents. Nancy F. Cott's *Root of Bitterness* (Dutton paperback: New York, 1972, \$5.95) makes this an easy task. Following a brief historical survey is a selection of fifty documents ranging from a seventeenth-century ballad describing the woes of an indentured servant to a critique of women's economic dependence written in 1898 by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. There are selections from Godey's *Lady's Book* and from Victorian marriage manuals, extracts from colonial court records and from nineteenth-century labor statisticians, passages from basic feminist documents such as Sarah Grimke's *Letters on the Equality of the Sexes*, entries from the diaries and letters of southern gentlewomen and western pioneers, sketches from Lowell mill girls and escaped slaves, and a delightfully ironic little tale by St. Louis novelist Kate Chopin.

(The majority of the documents come from the Schlesinger Library on the History of Women in America at Radcliffe College. Those far away from Cambridge can enjoy browsing in its archives through Nancy Cott's efforts. The library itself is open to the public. Visitors to Cambridge might plan to spend some time there. The Mormon chapel is a scant two blocks away.)

One of the more interesting documents of early feminism is Elizabeth Cady Stanton's memoir *Eighty Years & More* recently reissued in paperback with an introduction by Gail Parker, president of Bennington College. (Schocken Books: New York, 1973, \$3.95). Mrs. Stanton also wrote, with various collaborators, the multi-volume history of the women's suffrage movement detailing the chief public events of her life. This memoir was for the more personal story, for anecdotes, even for trivia. The mother of seven, she filled her book with grandmotherly reminiscences. Looking back from the age of eighty she saw that life had prepared her to be a suffrage leader. Thus, climbing out the window with her sister or nibbling the sharp edges of maple sugar cakes in the attic were not childhood pranks at all but the first stirrings of Freedom in the heart of a Reformer. The chief event of her childhood was her only brother's death. Embracing her weeping father at the bier she pledged to be all to him that a son might be. But when she struggled and won the prize Bible in Greek class, he only sighed and wished she were a boy.

A counterpoint to the rigid Calvinist upbringing of her parents was the mansion of Gerrit Smith in Peterboro where she met runaway slaves, had water and milk fights in the halls, and fell in love with the handsome young abolitionist Henry Stanton. Despite her long marriage and large family, Mrs. Stanton has little to say about Henry in the book. Perhaps a cryptic little note on his eightieth birthday is her comment on the marriage: A dinner was given him "by the Press Club of New York City, with speeches and toasts by his lifelong friends. As no ladies were invited I can only judge from the reports in the daily papers, and what I could glean from the honored guest himself, that it was a very interesting occasion." For a woman who spent her life going where ladies weren't invited, her exclusion must have been painful.

Her true soul mate was Susan B. Anthony: When Mrs. Stanton was loaded down with domestic cares, Miss Anthony would appear, pen in hand, portmanteau stuffed with facts and reports of "injustice enough to turn any woman's thoughts from stockings and puddings." Thus, whenever I saw that stately Quaker girl coming across my lawn, I knew that some happy convocation of the sons of Adam was to be set by the ears... We never met without issuing a pronouncement on some question. In thought and sympathy we were one, and in the division of labor we exactly complemented each other.... She supplied the facts and statistics, I the philosophy and rhetoric, and, together, we have made arguments that have stood unshaken through the storms of long years. It was said in their own time that Mrs. Stanton forged the thunderbolts which Susan B. Anthony delivered. Despite her domestic cares, Mrs.

Poetry

The Steward

Stanton delivered quite a few thunderbolts herself. In her sixties she went on the Lyceum circuit, taking pride in meeting all her commitments while less resourceful males languished in hotel rooms. When the train couldn't get through she took in a sleigh, sailing across the prairies wrapped in a buffalo robe.

To hear her tell it, she always had the last word. Once after addressing a legislature she was asked by some women in the audience what she had done with her children. "Ladies," she answered, "it takes me no longer to speak, than you to listen; what have you done with your children the two hours you have been sitting here?" On a western tour, a supercilious official said that the eight children his wife had presented him were a greater achievement than any political conquest. She looked him up and down and said: "I've met very few men in my life who were worth repeating eight times."

No reform was too petty or too sacred for Mrs. Stanton's attention. On trains she specialized in quieting fretful babies. In London she promoted stoves for drafty hallways. At the end of her life she tackled the Bible, an enterprise which she never regretted even though it alienated more politically-minded associates in the suffrage movement.

Curiously, she was quite happy to leave the Mormons as they were. Her memoir includes a six-page account of her visit to Utah in 1871. She was invited to meet with the women alone in the Tabernacle.

We had a full and free discussion of every phase of the question, and we all agreed that we were still far from having reached the ideal position for woman in marriage, however satisfied man might be with his various experiments. Though the Mormon women, like all others, stoutly defend their own religion, yet they are no more satisfied than any other sect. All women are dissatisfied with their position as inferiors, and their dissatisfaction increases in exact ratio with their intelligence and development.

She found Mormon women an attentive audience, despite the wailing of their babies which she said made "a sort of violoncello accompaniment" to all public gatherings in Utah's servantheed society. In composing her memoir, she included a letter from Emeline B. Wells written in 1894, regarding that Mormon woman voted as instructed by their husbands. "Every girl born here, as soon as she is twenty-one years old, registers, and considers it as much a duty as to say her prayers. Our women vote with the same freedom that characterizes any class of people in the most conscientious acts of their lives."

Mrs. Stanton was an immense woman--in spirit as well as body. Her zeal must have been trying. Her self-righteousness was certainly as overpowering as her wit. In an incisive introduction to *Eighty Years & More*, Gail Parker explored this aspect of her personality, concluding that those qualities least admirable point to the very source of her strength. "Although Elizabeth Gady Stanton's self-love may occasionally be hard to distinguish from self-indulgence, it seems in retrospect the only possible basis for a genuinely radical feminism--in the nineteenth or any other century." In Parker's view we must take our heroines as they are or not at all.

In 1895, Emeline Wells, long-time editor of the *Women's Exponent*, addressed the National American Woman Suffrage Association at Atlanta. When she finished her speech she was tearfully embraced by her friend Susan B. Anthony. If we are to make peace not only with our own past but with our heritage as American women, we must try to understand that embrace. If today's feminists seem too strident, we must ask "Why?" If our own experience has been different, we must ask "In what way?" Perhaps we have something to learn from a wider sisterhood. Our pioneer predecessors thought that they did. They also knew they had much to share.

Laurel Ulrich

Heber looked at his lands
And he was pleased.
He'd be leaving them tomorrow, and his hands
Hurt with anticipated idleness.
But he knew there was no other way
When a man is seventy-eight and has to make
Two rest stops with a full bucket of milk
Between the barn and the kitchen.
Condominiums--do they have gardens? he wondered.
His son had arranged the place for them in town
And he was ready. He sat down
On the rock that knew his body
Better than the front room chair.

Could it really be fifty-five years ago
That sitting right there
They had talked?
His father's voice had never left him:
"Heber, I'm trusting to you.
The most precious thing I've got.
I worked hard for this land. You know all about
The crickets and the Indians and the drought,
And the buckets of sweat it took
To make what you see today.
I'm giving it to you as a stewardship, son.
And when your time with the land is done
And we get together again
I'm going to call you to account.
I'm going to say, 'Heber, did you make it more
Than you found it? Did you watch it
And tend it? Did you make it grow?
Is it everything it can be?'
That's what I'll want to know."

Heber looked out on the fields
That for fifty-five years had been
Green and gold in proper turn--
On the fences and the barns and the ditches
And the trees in careful rows.
Even his father hadn't been able to get peaches.
He could hardly wait to report about those.

Margaret was finishing the last closet.
Just a few things were going to the city
And the rest rose in a mountain
On the back porch, waiting for the children
To sort through and take what they chose.

She opened the lid on a shoebox of valentines.
Perhaps just one or two for memory's sake?
But whose--whose would she take?

She put the box aside and reached again.
"What in the world?" In an instant her face
Cleared and in her hands was the old familiar case.
The violin. She hadn't touched it for forty years.
Hadden't thought of it for twenty at least.
Well, there they finally were--the tears.
Her mother's dishes hadn't done it,
Or the little Bible she had almost buried with Ellen.
Or the valentines--
But there they were for the violin.
And there was no holding them back.

She picked up the bow.
Had it always been so thin?
Perhaps her hand had grown so used to big things,
To kettles that weighed ten pounds empty,
And to milk cans and buckets of coal.
The wood felt smooth against her chin
As she put the bow to a string.
A slow, startled sound wavered, then fell.
How did she used to tune it? Ah, well,
No sense wasting time on moving day.
If Heber should come in he would say,
"Well, there's Margaret--fiddlin' around
With her fiddle again."
He always said it with a smile, though.

"I could have done it," she said out loud.
"And it wouldn't have hurt him.
It wouldn't have hurt anybody!"

He hadn't minded that she practiced two hours
Every afternoon--after all she got up at five
And nobody in the world could criticize
The way she kept the house
Or the care she gave to the children.
And he was proud that she was asked
To play twice a year at the church.
And music made her so happy.
If she missed a day things were not quite
So bright around the house.
Even Heber noticed that.

And then she was invited to join the symphony in town.
Oh, to play with a real orchestra again!
In a hall with a real audience again!

"But, Margaret, isn't that too much to ask
Of a woman with children and a farm to tend?"

"Oh, Heber, I'll get up at four if I have to.
I won't let down--not a bit. I promise!"

"But I couldn't drive you in,
Not two nights a week all year round,
And more when they're performing."

"I can drive, Heber. It's only twenty miles.
I'd be fine. You would have to be
With the children, though, until Ellen
Is a little older."

"But I couldn't guarantee two nights,
Not with my responsibilities to the farm,
And to the church."

"Heber, there's no way to tell you
How important this is to me. Please, Heber,
I'll get up at four if I have to."

But Heber said no.
What if something happened to the car?
And then it just wouldn't look right
For a man's wife to be out chasing
Around like that. What would it lead to next?
Once in a while he read of some woman
Who went so far with her fancy notions
That she up and left her family, children and all.
He couldn't see Margaret ever doing that,
But it's best to play it safe.
Two nights a week--that was asking a lot.
So Heber said no.

It was his responsibility to take care of her.
She had been given to him, in fact.
He remembered the ceremony well,
The pledges, the rings,
And he didn't take it lightly.
She had been given to him,
And it was up to him to decide these things.
So Heber said no.

She had seemed to take it all right,
Though she was quieter than usual
And more and more an afternoon would pass
Without her practicing.

He didn't really notice how it happened--
The shrinking of her borders,
The drying up of her green.
If Heber ever thought about it in later years
He marked it up to the twins.
Motherhood was hard on a woman.
And Margaret just wasn't quite the same after that.

She laid the violin in its case
And rubbed away the small wet drop
On her thin hand.

"I could have done it," she said aloud.
"Heber, you didn't understand.
I could have done it and not hurt anybody.
I would have gotten up at four!"

Slowly she made her way to the porch
And put the violin with the things
For the children to sort through.
"Will any of them remember?
I don't thing so."

"Heber gave a last look at his lands
And he was pleased.
He could face his father with a clear mind
"Here's my stewardship," he would say,
"And I think you'll find
I did everything you asked.
I took what you gave me--and I made it more."

He got up and started toward the house,
Putting to his lips
A long, thin piece of hay.
Better get movin'. Margaret will be
Needing me for supper right away.

Carol Lynn Pearson

Keeping Children Quiet In Church

Utah publishers are starting to fill the need for attractive books for LDS children. Two recent ones are as enticing as any on a library shelf.

Sound and Shhhhh (Trilogy Arts: Provo, Utah, \$3.50) written by Carol Lynn Pearson and illustrated by Sherry Thompson, is a delightful romp through all the sounds, movements, twitters and creeps that beset our youngsters in Church meetings and elsewhere. It illustrates that there are times for healthy noise and times for just as healthy silence!

The story begins by listing all the exuberant motions and noises native to children and then enumerates the times and occasions when still-

ness is most appropriate. The child is helped to see that producing a "Shhhhh" is just as interesting and requires as much of his talent and energy as producing a "Sound." The illustrations are "Zowie!"--bright water colors in the spirit of children's paintings. *Sound and Shhhhh* will be welcomed by any parent who comprehends children and their growth patterns yet also feels the responsibility to teach discipline and self-control.

Sacrament Time (Deseret Book: Salt Lake City, 1973, \$3.95) includes text by Kathleen Hinckley Barnes and Virginia Hinckley Pearce with black and white photographs by Don O. Thorpe. This picture book presents concepts which make it ap-

propriate for an older child, perhaps from ages 7-12. Younger children will enjoy hearing it read. Through photographs and scriptural paraphrase the book suggests topics for thought while partaking of the Sacrament. The illustrations speak loudest. They match daily familiar scenes with contemporary pictures of the Holy Land. They portray poverty and loneliness as well as love and caring, all of this creating marvelous images of the true essence of Christianity. These authors should be highly praised for attempting to take children from the robot state of compliance to a thinking and feeling state of understanding.

Ruth Leahman

DIVINITY STUDENT

Busy Jolene Edmunds Rockwood of Salt Lake City is presently finishing her first year at the Harvard Divinity School where she is working on a masters of theological science degree. She will take three years to complete this two year program due to heavy family responsibilities. She and her husband Fred, a second year law student at Harvard, have a one year old son Justin, and are expecting their second child during the summer.

Why Harvard Divinity School? As an English major at the University of Utah (1970), Jolene was fascinated by the overlap of theology with literature. But her limited knowledge of the Bible was a distinct disadvantage, and she wanted to know more. She has a strong interest in all the scriptures. During the summer of 1970, she studied the Doctrine and Covenants in great depth, and discovered profound change in every facet of her life, from her musical and literary abilities to her very personality. She decided then to become an Institute teacher for the Church so she could influence others in a like manner.

Her main area of study is the Old Testament. She lectures every Sunday morning to an audience --her Gospel Doctrine class at Sunday School. She thoroughly enjoys the opportunity to share her growing testimony with those who attend.

She feels no conflict between the divinity school teachings and her Mormon theology. Many of her professors, she feels, are Mormons in spirit. Her previous study and background in the Gospel enable her to reconcile conflicts and evaluate the material she is learning. She is learning Hebrew and was amazed to discover that the Old Testament in its original Hebrew seems closer to Mormon doctrine than the King James Bible does.

Two college students in one family, particularly a husband-wife team, are a heavy financial burden, but the Rockwoods were recently chosen as "dorm parents" at Grahm Junior College in Boston. This job provides food and shelter plus a salary. Before that Jolene worked as a consultant for the New England Bell Telephone Company where she wrote scripts for films and slide-tape presentations for company training programs. After Justin arrived, she wrote at home so she could spend more time with him.

Why attend school right now? Jolene wants a very large family, up to twelve children. She feels that it will be easier to attend school now than later. Another Mormon mother cares for Justin the six hours a week that Jolene is in class.

Jolene's determination is an inspiration to many of us who have dreams of returning to school.

Connie D. Cannon

A REAL HOMEMAKER

"It's like a fever. Once I started remodeling houses, I really enjoyed it," explained Wilma Paraskeva, a homemaker who does indeed make homes.

Wilma, the mother of five and grandmother of six, has nearly completed rebuilding a ten-room mansion on a four-acre site in Wakefield, in the Lynfield Ward, Boston Massachusetts Stake. She and her husband Alex purchased the brick home after the third floor had been burned. She and other workmen stripped all the plaster from the walls and started rebuilding and replacing burned timbers.

The Paraskevases moved into the third floor, rebuilt it, and then began working on the two lower floors and the basement, a total of 6,000 square feet of floor space. Wilma put in the ceiling and walls on the third floor, and a new slate roof. "We like living in an open area, so we eliminated walls, made a ballroom on the third floor and opened up the kitchen area on the first floor," she said. Off the kitchen is a butler's pantry where the butler and a maid served meals for former owners of the mansion.

Wilma began her homebuilding career by laying bricks for a house planter. She then began working along with a handyman. Together they designed rooms and then went to work on the plans. After her start in bricklaying, she worked at remodeling a couple of two-family homes and converted five mansions into apartment buildings. The Paraskevases lived in the two-family homes while working on them.

Laurie, a four-year-old daughter, enjoys painting along with her mom. Wilma touches up when Laurie is finished. Andy, a high school senior, and Jamie, a sophomore at Utah State University, have both assisted in the remodeling.

Wilma made major changes in the previous family home. She laid flagstone floors, put up sheetrock, plastered, painted, wallpapered, rewired, refurnished, and put in a swimming pool. "We put a special sand on the bottom of the pool by 40 foot pool and hand troweled it until it was like plaster. The sides of the pool were steel covered with a liner. With the dirt we hauled from the pool site, we filled in the yard evenly so we could build our patio and plant a garden," she said.

The homemaker remarked that her real love is gardening, and she has planted potatoes, tomatoes, corn, onions and beans. She plans to freeze and to can her produce. This year she is using old rag pads as a mulch and finds she doesn't have to water or weed because the pad retains rain water and discourages weed growth.

Wilma is originally from Rigby, Idaho, but has lived in the Boston area for 30 years.

Stephanie Goodson

RISE UP,
YE WOMEN
THAT ARE
AT EASE.
ISAIAH 32:9

Mormon Woman On School Committee

A Mormon mother of six children accepted the challenge of George Romney to become involved in local politics and last fall was elected to the school committee in Attleboro, Massachusetts.

Beryl Andrews of the Foxboro Ward, Boston, Massachusetts Stake was impressed by the remarks of Mr. Romney when he recounted his political beginnings. He spoke during Education Week in Boston in 1973. Beryl also felt one of her children was not being given the educational opportunity needed. As a school committee member, she would be able to influence educational programs. She had been working as a volunteer teaching aide in the school system and observed practices that needed to be remedied.

She credits her teacher training and in-service lessons with preparing her to speak to the citizens and to the school administration. "I feel as if I am able to speak on an equal level with the school administration. Many administrators have teaching backgrounds with training similar to that I received through the Church."

Beryl prayed about her decision to run for the office because of the sacrifice it would involve. Her family supports her because they realize she is involved for their benefit.

Serving as Relief Society president accustomed Beryl to unexpected interruptions similar to those she receives as a school committee member. "As Mormons we are accustomed to not seeing an end to our service," Beryl relates. "There is no pay for this job, and no one could pay me to perform the job. The position is one of service and commitment."

The issue of smoking in the high school is a current topic for discussion by the school committee. Beryl is backing a proposal to have those who smoke become involved in an educational impact assignment. High school students violating the school regulations on smoking would visit hospital patients and become acquainted with smoking-related diseases. They also would study insurance company statistics for smokers.

The Andrews family purchased a Greyhound bus, added living quarters, and drove the bus West so they could be sealed as a family in the temple. Beryl is an accomplished gardener and camper. She is the former Stake Mother Training Teacher. She now teaches the four-year-olds in Sunday School and is the Visiting Teaching Executive Secretary.

Stephanie S. Goodson



Daughter, use all your gifts to build up righteousness in the earth. Never use them to acquire name or fame. Never rob your home, nor your children. If you were to become the greatest woman in this world, and your name should be known in every land and clime, and you would fail in your duty as wife and mother, you would wake up on the morning of the first resurrection and find you had failed in everything; but anything you can do after you have satisfied the claims of husband and family will redound to your honor and to the glory of God.

Brigham Young

WOMEN IN ACADEMICS AT BYU

It has been said that a graduating BYU coed deserves a tuition refund if the third finger of her left hand is minus a diamond. So pervasive is the idea that LDS women attend BYU only "to get a man," that the university has been dubbed "B-Y-Woo." The Women in Academics Lecture Series is dedicated to combatting this limiting mentality and encouraging academic achievement by women. Co-sponsored by the Academics and Women's Offices of student government, the series is designed to inspire BYU women to fulfill their potential, especially development of intellectual capabilities. Recognizing the priority of raising a family in the gospel and the eternal importance of the family unit, the goal of Women in Academics has been to present women speakers who espouse these goals and have made contributions outside the home as well.

The series was inaugurated in September by Mormon poet Carol Lynn Pearson, who stressed individual development in her speech "The Flight and the Nest: A Challenge to Women." The second speech of the series, "In the Meantime..." was given in October by Dr. Anne Osborn, who spoke

of her experiences as a single woman in the Church.

Lucille Johnson, Special Advisor on Family Affairs to the Commander in Chief of the US Army in Europe, lectured in November, admonishing women to cultivate self-esteem. In January, Claudia Bushman, historian, spoke on "The Best of Both Worlds" indicating ways to combine professional life with motherhood and dealing with problems of single women in the LDS culture.

A week of lectures by local LDS women closed the series, centering around the theme of "Experiencing Academics." The speakers included Maureen Urnsbach, editor in the Church Historical Department; Christine Durham, lawyer; Ruth Brasher, Chairman of the Department of Home Economics Education at BYU; Arta Ballif, actress and writer; Emma Lou Thayne, poet; Verda Mae Christensen, author; Juanita Brooks, historian; and V. Jane Ream, former medical researcher.

The diversity of the presentations has acquainted BYU students with the special challenges and opportunities open to LDS women. Women in Academics has been received enthusiastically by the women of BYU, and will continue with more outstanding women this year.

Susan Sessions

The Frugal Housewife

Dried Bananas

If you're an old hand at food drying or if you've never done it before but tasted marvelous dried fruits and always said that someday you were going to dry some, drying bananas is the way to begin. If you live where the sun is warm and the air is dry you can do it outside. I know someone who dries it on top of her car in the sun. If you are experienced and have a dehydrator you already have things set up. If neither of these is possible, you do have an oven; use that.

Choose bananas ripe enough to eat. Prepare frozen lemonade using only half of the water called for. Slice peeled bananas into fourth inch coins, and drop into the lemonade. Thinner slices dry faster and crispier, but they take up more drying space and are harder to handle. After dropping the bananas into the lemonade, stir with your hand to be sure they have been coated with the lemonade and lift out into something with holes to drain.

Have something prepared to dry them on. You could use a cake cooling rack, but they are small. The best thing is some kind of a screen. It could be made of either window screen wire or hardware cloth. Sometimes you will come across an old window screen that will fit into your oven. Since it will already be framed with wood, this is great. Avoid using a cop-

per screen because you don't want food to touch copper. The best would be aluminum. Hardware cloth can be used without the frame because it is already rigid. You should have some kind of fabric, such as window curtains with which to cover your screen and upon which to lay the fruit. The fabric need not be cotton, but a-void fiberglass. Just use something light and airy.

Take the drained bananas and arrange them with sides touching on the fabric, which you have laid over the screen. Spread out in one layer. Place screen where you will dry the fruit. If you are using your oven, turn it as low as it will go. That may be 140 degrees. If your electric oven does not go that low, turn the heat on and let it warm up and then turn it off.

Bananas are dried when you can peel them from the fabric without tearing them apart. The fabric will be stiff and you will have to let them cool a few minutes before you can peel them off. How long the drying will take depends upon humidity, how many you are drying, and how thick you've sliced them.

Store in a moisture proof container. They will store indefinitely if you keep them away from your family.

Lela Coons

We have heard much lately of the restricted sphere of women. We have been told how many spirits among women are of a wider, stronger, more heroic mold than befits the mere routine of housekeeping. It may be true that there are many women far too great, too wise, too high, for mere housekeeping. But where is the woman in any way too great or too high, or too wise, to spend herself in creating a home? What can any woman make divinier, higher, better? From such homes go forth all heroisms, all inspirations, all great deeds.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, *House and Home Papers* (Boston: 1864), 76.

Brooks Cake

In the 1850's Mrs. Nathan Brooks, president of the Concord (Mass.) Women's Antislavery Society, earned a considerable amount of money for the cause by selling Brooks cake. Antislavery sympathizers were glad to avail themselves of this speciality, served at every "tea-fight" in Concord.

Brooks Cake

One pound flour, one pound sugar, half-pound butter, four eggs, one cup milk, one teaspoonful soda, half-teaspoonful cream of tartar, half-pound currants (in half of it).

This makes two loaves; and, if such faithful hands and careful eyes as hers attend to its making, it will be fit for the banquet of the gods... When woman's work is recognized and valued as it should be, a new and good recipe will be as important a discovery as a "new figure of speech" or a new poem.

Harriet Hanson Robinson, "Memoir of Warrington" from *Warrington Pen-Portraits* (Boston: 1877) p.74.



EQUAL RIGHTS

TUNE:--"Hail Columbia"

RISE, Columbia's daughters, rise;
Heaven has surely heard your cries,
Yet to the world of us we must appeal.
Arise, ye mothers of the race,
Enjoy your heaven-appointed place,
Demand the rights the world accords
Freely to "creation's lords."
Now let woman's watchword be
"Equal Rights and Liberty."

CHORUS:

Sisters, brave of heart and true,
Now for simple justice sue;
Claim the birthright of the free--
"Equal Rights and Liberty."

Shall we longer count as naught,
Rights for which our fathers fought?
The rights which all their sons enjoy?
Can impartial justice sleep?
Servile silence shall we keep?
Need we bear for evermore
All our wrongs so deep and sore?
Why should women still be banned
Virtual slaves, in freedom's land?

CHORUS:

"Equal Rights," for small and great;
"Equal Rights," whate'er our state--
No more, no less than this we claim.
Let others think 'tis woman's fate
Always submissively to wait;
For equity we'll still contend,
And work to gain the wish'd for end.
Take courage, friends, and don't forget--
That "Equal Rights" await us yet.

CHORUS:

Emily H. Woodmansee
From *Utah Woman Suffrage Song Book*
(Salt Lake City: no date), 4-5.

While Exponent II will make no attempt to compete with journals specializing in household affairs, an occasional recipe of unusual significance or appeal will be presented.

Letters

Dear Editors:

I am delighted that the Woman's Exponent is being reincarnated. I am elated that it's a product of the mission field, that someone besides the General Board has taken to heart the commandment to do many things of our own free will.

With nobody's permission, I would like to voice my hopes for Exponent II:

1. In 1899 the Triennial National Council of Women debated a resolution which supported the barring of Brigham H. Roberts from Congress. For a full day "...there was a battle royal between the opposing forces, which, however, was carried on with the greatest dignity and consideration, and at no time degenerated into anything akin to a squabble..." (The Washington Post quoted by the Young Woman's Journal).

It was a fine tribute to those women that they could argue passionately without one unkind word or personal slur and come to a peaceable decision. I hope Exponent II can gradually become meeting ground for all kinds of Mormon ladies with all kinds of opinions, who trust and respect each other enough to disagree openly and peaceably. (I'd have voted for the resolution; a man with several families had no business gallivanting off to Washington. Besides that, he opposed female suffrage).

2. An early Utah sister wrote that even women who had "gone boldly" into the male world were troubled by a secret conviction that "eternal adjustment of sex values" limited how far they should go, while their husbands were to permeate both home and the world. It's a darn shame that any capable (or incapable) woman goes through life so certain of what divine "sex values" are. I hope the Exponent can serve in the stead of polygamy to remind us how much we can do and how flexible the Lord can be beyond a few essentials. I hope Exponent II can promote the goals of women that are compatible with the spirit of truth.

Becky Cornwall
Salt Lake City, Utah

To the editor:

It is past time, I believe, for Latter-day Saint women to more consciously and actively emulate the energy and initiative of their pioneer sisters. The Exponent II will be, I hope, a medium for church-wide communication, encouragement, self-expression, and personal growth for those of us seeking to explore all of the implications and possibilities of a "woman's place" in the Church and the community. I look forward with pleasure to reading of the efforts and learning from the concerns and thinking of such women.

Best wishes for a new adventure!

Christine Meaders Durham
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Exponent:

I am writing this letter because I feel that a voice from Wyoming can add dimension to any new enterprise.

I recall my intense feelings of nowness on a visit to Times Square a few years ago, when my home was on the Maine-New Hampshire border. The thing that said "time" the loudest was the instant news that seemed to be constantly available--from the moving, changing neon lettering above the news buildings to the Tuesday weekly news magazines out on Monday--newsboys hawking headlines at the break of dawn. I remember feeling some of the smugness of being from New Hampshire, with some of the Yankee skepticism and reserve that gave me license to know that the perspective was better just a little distance away from the action (or where the action claimed to be).

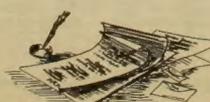
But Wyoming! The first week here, I tried to find a weekly news magazine (as this is one of my illusions of keeping informed). Maybe it was a bad week, but there was not one in town. When I finally did find one a week later, it had been delivered that morning to the newstand, but carried a dateline that was ten days earlier. Six weeks later, a subscription updated this receiving of news by about five days.

But if there is one thing moving to the casual isolated peace of this little community, it is PERSPECTIVE. Though these folks don't bustle a lot, they do a great deal of thinking, and most of them care intensely, if pressed to give an opinion.

Have you ever chanced across a newspaper stored in an attic or a woodbox and read the headlines of a year ago or a month ago or a decade past? It's revealing how incredibly wrong they were about so many things, yet how right about others.

My point is this. We need both instant judgments and long range analysis, old diaries as well as today's news, New Hampshire and Wyoming as well as Times Square. It would be good if easterners sought more often the viewpoints of their distant country cousins, and it would be good if our country cousins were a little less suspicious of their country kin.

Shirley Gee
Lander, Wyoming



EXPONENT II
Vol. I, No. I, July 1974

Published quarterly by Mormon Sisters, Inc., a non-profit corporation.

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ARLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02174

Mail subscriptions: \$2.50 yearly, \$3.00 outside the U.S.A. Subscriptions \$5.00 yearly for Friends of EXPONENT II. Contributions are tax deductible.

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EXPONENT II

"AM I NOT A WOMAN AND A SISTER?"

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WOMAN'S EXPONENT

1872-1914



A quarterly newspaper
concerning Mormon women,
published by Mormon women,
and of interest to Mormon
women and others.

July 1974 • MORMON SISTERS, INC. • Arlington, Mass.

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EXPONENT II



"Am I not a Woman and a Sister?"

Vol. 1, No. 2 October, 1974

The Making of a Missionary

After three years as the wife of the New England Mission President, working with nearly six hundred elders and sisters, and with a missionary son of our own in Austria, I have given some thought to how we, as parents, can help and guide our children to become better missionaries and ambassadors for our Father in Heaven.

First of all, let me say, that a mission is a very special time in the life of a young man or young woman. It is a time of absolute dedication to the Lord's work; it is a very spiritual time; it is a time of change and hard work; it can often be a time of loneliness and frustration; but it can also be a time of great joy and successful leadership.

As a young missionary comes into the field, he is given two challenges:

1. To change the people's lives by bringing them the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ.
2. To build and strengthen his own testimony by his work, study, and prayer and thus establish a closer association with our Father in Heaven.

To help our young people prepare for this experience and to rise to the challenges above parents might consider some of the following suggestions and ideas.

Parents can begin early to instill the 'missionary spirit' into their children's minds. In fact, they can begin at birth. The first baby gift our son Chris received was a five dollar bill from his grandfather to begin his missionary fund. When Chris was old enough, we helped him fashion a bank from a cardboard box and his missionary fund continued to grow.

Missionaries serving in our areas can be invited into our homes for meals. In this way our families can become acquainted with them, what they do and how they do it. Whole families can support the missionary program. Youngsters enjoy contributing some of their money to buy the paperback copies of the *Book of Mormon* to be placed by the missionaries. Or, if they live in areas where they can actually buy the books, themselves, let them do it and give the copies to the missionaries to place. As children begin school, in the proper circumstances, help them place books with their teachers, neighbors and friends.

Talk about missionary work and missionary goals in Family Home Evenings. At these gatherings, teach the basic principles of the gospel so the young people have a solid understanding and testimony. When rearing children in the Church, teach them that a testimony is a growing experience, that they usually gain testimonies by study, pondering and prayer, that testimonies grow in degrees and constantly and that usually we aren't 'struck by lightning' with sudden testimonies. No matter how knowledgeable we become or how old we get, testimonies can still continue to grow.

Be an example by attending your meetings and magnifying your callings with a cheerful, happy disposition. Speak positively about our Church leaders and the priesthood authority.

Support the children in their Primary, Sunday School, Young Women's and Priesthood functions. Encourage and help them to accomplish their goals. The scouting program can be a valuable asset for young men. As they earn their merit badges, teach them to sew the badges on their bands (ignore Elmer's glue). In this way, the young man learns to handle a needle and thread and when he gets to the mission field, he will be able to sew buttons on his clothes, mend hemlines and repair trouser seams.

Assign your children responsibility around the house: doing dishes, cooking meals, making beds, hanging up clothes, sweeping floors, dusting, shopping, washing, ironing, cleaning bathrooms, emptying wastebaskets, answering the phone and making phone calls. The experience will pay real dividends in the mission field. A happy, clean apartment is essential for a missionary's morale.

Help your children have a sense of humor, to laugh at themselves, at their mistakes. Teach them to learn from these mistakes and not make the same ones over and over again. This characteristic can do wonders in helping a missionary get along with a companion.

Expose your sons and daughters to cultural experiences--art, music, dance, theatre, literature--and cultural differences. Give them an appreciation for other races of people and the customs they endorse. Teach them tolerance and understanding, that we are all children of God and that we can live peacefully under the 'net' of the gospel.

Let your young people experience time away from home, away from you--visiting relatives and close friends, going to camp and youth conferences. Help them to learn independence; but also assure them that you are there if they need you. Too many missionaries coming into the field have never been away from home, never travelled on a bus, train or airplane. The shock of travel makes many a boy homesick.

On birthdays, Christmas or other gift-giving occasions, give your prospective missionaries books of 'their very own'--Church books and others--which they can read and cherish. Each child should have his own set of the standard works.

Love your children and teach them the power of prayer. Pray with your children and pray for your children. Involve our Father in Heaven in their lives.

As your missionary goes into the field, encourage him and help him. One sure way to give your support is to see that he gets a letter from you every week. I was appalled at the number of our missionaries who would go for months without a letter from home, and sometimes not even at Christmas time. Parents, write to your missionaries and do it conscientiously. One suggestion for your letters: don't make your sons homesick by saying "We wish you were home or it would have been good to have had you here on such and such an occasion." Tell them that you miss them, and tell them how proud you are that they have chosen to do the work that Heavenly Father would have them do. Encourage them in their every endeavor.

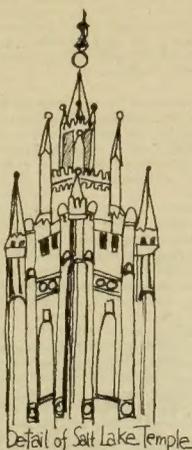
The Missionary program is an inspired program of the Lord and how blessed we are, as mothers, to be called in these last days to raise and guide choice spirits to be missionaries.

If ever I find that I need a "boost" as a mother, I like to read in the fourth section of the *Doctrine and Covenants* where it says

Now behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men. Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that you serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day. Therefore, if ye have desires to serve God ye are called to the work.

And, I know you have desire; I have desires for you and for me and it is my prayer the Lord will bless us all in bringing forth missionaries prepared to do His work.

LaRae Clarke
Rexburg, Idaho



Detail of Salt Lake Temple

THE FUTURE OF WOMEN

On July 12, 1974, Belle S. Spafford, General President of the Relief Society, delivered a talk on the history of the women's movement in America to the Lochinvar Club in New York City. Following are a few paragraphs in which she comments on women's current status and future.

"First, there are some things for which women are awaiting that merit support. For example, equal pay for equal work; non-discrimination in hiring practices when a male and a female applicant are equally qualified and whose personal circumstances are comparatively equal in meeting job requirements.

Personally, I am not in accord with those who believe that current problems and needs of women may best be answered by adoption of a Constitutional Amendment on Equal Rights. I am of the opinion that major advances embodied in the proposed Amendment could be achieved through regular channels of state and Federal legislative action without raising questionable results.

I believe, further, that by nature men and women differ physically, biologically and emotionally, and that the greatest good to the individual and society results where these differences are respected in the divisions of labor in the home, as well as in community life.

In a well-ordered home, husband and wife approach their responsibilities as a joint endeavor. Together they safeguard the sanctity of the home. Their personal relationship is characterized by respect and enduring love. They cherish their children. In child rearing, I believe, there is no substitute for a caring mother.

A woman should feel free, however, to go into the market place and into community services on a paid or volunteer basis if she so desires when her home and family circumstances allow her to do so without impairment to her family life.

Women owe it to themselves to develop their full potential as women--to exercise their mental capacities, to enlarge upon their talents, and increase

their skills--in order that they may give to the world the best they have in a manner that will be productive of the most good, regardless of the paths their lives may take.

I am convinced that the home will stand as it has stood during past generations as the cornerstone of a good society and a happy citizenry. While old activity patterns within the home may be modified by the impact of change outside the home, the enduring values which cannot be measured in terms of their monetary worth, their power for good, the need of the human being for them--such values as peace, security, love, understanding--will not be sacrificed on the altar of new philosophies which create spoilane in them and they will fend them off. It is in the home that the lasting values of life are best internalized in the individual. It is this which builds good citizens, and good citizens make good nations."

Belle Spafford
Salt Lake City, Utah



women: education

EXPONENT II: why?

We have been asked what we are doing publishing a newspaper for Mormon women. What purpose is served? What do we hope to accomplish? Of course, there are many reasons for the paper, not the least of which is that it gives us something to think about while doing the dishes. However, for this issue we will isolate three major purposes:

1. To give our sisters a little status. No one thinks of Mormon women today as exploited slaves but few people realize what extraordinary people they are. Is there another group that can touch them for service to others, efficiency, devotion, imagination, intelligence, education, beauty? Yet modest and supportive by long training, they limit their aspirations. Experienced teachers, speakers, and executives, our women could rise like cream in community organizations, yet they often hide their talents under bushels. *Exponent II* wants to shed light on the achievements of the sisters. Our readers are urged to share the triumphs of others, if not their own, as inspiration to all.

2. To disseminate useful information. We encourage our sisters to submit articles on subjects relating to or of particular interest to Mormon women. Two to six typewritten pages, double spaced, will do very well. Share your special expertise, or those long thoughts that finally solved your problem. Seeing your name in print is good for the soul.

3. To keep in touch. *Exponent II* aims to be entertaining and friendly, like a long letter from a dear friend. That some people need this friend is evident from the letters we receive. Let us hear from you.

Claudia L. Bushman

Dallin H. Oaks, President of Brigham Young University, delivered the following statement on the education of women earlier this year.

... About half of our BYU students are women. In my conversations with these women students and with faculty, administrative, and staff women I have detected some uneasiness and confusion about where we stand on education for women, especially vocationally oriented education. A great deal is being said in our society today about the role of women. Since some of these statements are quite contradictory to what we have been taught by the leaders of our Church, some uneasiness is understandable. Women's Week is an appropriate time to clarify these misunderstandings and to stress our aspirations for the education of women.

Our young women properly aspire to and prepare themselves for the experiences and blessings of motherhood, which is their highest calling and opportunity for service. As you are aware, the leaders of our Church have consistently taught that "mothers who have young children in the home should devote their primary energies to the companionship and training of their children and the care of their families, and should not seek employment outside the home unless there is no other way that the family's basic needs can be provided." (Letter of the First Presidency to Commissioner Neal A. Maxwell and President Dallin H. Oaks, May 14, 1973)

Our young women's primary orientation toward motherhood is not inconsistent with their diligent pursuit of an education, even their efforts in courses of study that are vocationally related. According to current life expectancies, a 20-year old woman can look forward to more than 50 additional years of life. Not all of that time will be spent in bearing children and raising families. In fact, from one-third to one-half of a young woman's remaining years of life will be spent in activities preceding marriage and the rearing of children, or following the time when children have left the home. A young woman's education should prepare her for more than the responsibilities of motherhood. It should prepare her for the entire period of her life.

Many of our young women will need to earn a living for themselves because they do not marry, because they do not marry until after some years of employment, or because they have been widowed or through other circumstances have been compelled to assume the

responsibilities of the family breadwinner. A mother who must earn a living for the family in addition to performing the duties of motherhood probably has as great a need for education as any person in the world.

There are other reasons why it is important for our young women to receive a proper education. Education is more than vocational. Education should improve our minds, strengthen our bodies, heighten our cultural awareness, and increase our spirituality. It should prepare us for greater service to the human family. Such an education will improve a woman's ability to function as an informed and effective teacher of her sons and daughters, and as a worthy and wise counselor and companion to her husband. Some have observed that the mother's vital teaching responsibility makes it even more important to have educated mothers than to have educated fathers. "When you teach a boy, you are just teaching another individual," President Harold B. Lee declared, "but when you teach a woman or a girl, you are teaching a whole family." (Address in Relief Society General Conference, October, 1964)

One of the most important purposes of a university education is to prepare men and women to be responsible and intelligent leaders and participants in the life of their families, their Church and their communities. That kind of education is needed by young men and young women alike. In short, we make no distinction between young men and young women in our conviction about the importance of an education and in our commitment to providing that education.

Dallin H. Oaks

TEMPLE IN THE EAST

Shortly after our arrival in Boston, we heard that work would soon begin on the Temples in Ogden and Provo. I was chagrined, realizing how far we were from a temple and how few our visits there would have to be. Why two more temples in an area where there were already so many? It seemed unfair. I better understood the reasoning after a trip to Salt Lake where we attended a very crowded session.

It was with great joy, though, that the Saints here received word a short time later that ground had been purchased in Washington D.C. and that a temple was soon to be built. The bishop of our married student ward called us together to ask that we learn the true meaning of sacrifice in order to make some contributions to this cause. He asked that we donate 5% of our income to the Washington Temple. I'll never forget the look on one naive new convert's face as he raised his hand and asked if this was in addition to the 10% he had already been asked to pay as tithing. A chuckle rippled through our ranks. Most of us were willing; we only reoriented that we wouldn't be in the East when it was completed. But, alas, it's 1974, the Temple is finished, and here many of us are! The excitement of being able to see the fruits of our sacrifice is very much in evidence among the Saints back here.

In the fall New Englanders head north to see the beautiful foliage. This autumn we're going South in great hordes to see our Temple. The Labor Day weekend found most local congregations depleted. The temple was open for a special preview to members only, and many had traveled there.

Some groups have been planning for months to tour the Temple before the dedication. The Manchester, New Hampshire Stake carried off their lengthy preparations at the end of August when they took 246 young people to Washington for a youth conference. They boarded six buses and traveled in tandem to Maryland where they stayed in the homes of members overnight. The morning they arrived at the Temple they were fasting, and their Stake President met them there to give them instructions concerning the purpose of the Temple.

They were deeply inspired by what they saw—the exquisite Bride's Room, the sealing rooms, and the Celestial Room. But the climax came when they entered the Solemn Assembly Room which won't be accessible to members after the dedication in November. They held a testimony meeting in the park below the Temple after the tour.

The leaders were touched by the spirit of the young people on this trip. All the common problems that come with taking 246 kids away for three days were profoundly absent. They came desiring to understand and be enlightened and they succeeded. Bishops in the Manchester Stake have noticed a remarkable change in the attitudes of many of the youth who were on the trip.

The completion of the Temple in Washington D.C. is possibly the greatest event for Saints East of the Mississippi since the Gospel was restored here over 140 years ago.

Bonnie Horne

Connie Cannon



Cooperative Child Care

In September of 1972 four of my five children had reached school age. The fifth, a two year old boy named Tristan, faced for the first time the prospect of being without sibling company during school hours. I knew he was young enough not to need much peer companionship, but I was concerned that he be exposed to the give and take of group activity. So with mixed feelings I attended a meeting organized by a friend to start a cooperative play group.

About a dozen parents with children of Tristan's age met to discuss the pros and cons of working together to get a play group started. Each individual's reasons for wanting her child in a play group were personal, but the emotional and intellectual development of the children concerned everyone.

Out of the initial meeting developed two groups --one met three days a week and the other two. I decided on the two day group. Each session met for two hours from nine to eleven in the morning. My group consisted of four children with three mothers and one father rotating the teaching.

Perhaps the largest problem that cooperative play groups face is finding a facility in which to operate. Using a private home or homes can end in disaster for either the house or the program. A group of two and three year olds can be very hard on the types of materials with which most people's houses are built and furnished. It is also an unusual house that has enough space to allow for uninhibited active play. Our group was very fortunate in obtaining the use of part of the local Boys' Club during its inactive morning hours.

In exchange for a twenty five dollar membership fee per child to the Boys' Club we have the use of two rooms on a regular basis and the gym when we schedule it in advance. One room is used for quiet play and didactic materials and the other for large muscle play and wheeled toys. Ball games and hockey are played in the gym or out of doors. The facility has no developed outdoor play space or playground equipment so, in good weather we take field trips to local parks and playgrounds. Currently the Boys' Club is constructing a swimming pool which will be available for our use in the coming year.

Each family contributed ten dollars for consumable supplies. A search of attics and basements and a sharp eye on trash day produced the necessary tables, chairs, dress-ups, cabinets, etc. Wheeled toys and games are brought in on a regular basis by the children for group use so they can benefit from having to share their "hot wheels."

The first year our approach emphasized cognitive, social, and emotional development and allowed a free choice of materials and activities by the children. The structure of the curriculum resided in the materials and the teacher's individual contact with each child. This approach was chosen partly because of the age of the children and partly because the low child to teacher ratio allowed for a lot of individual attention.

The second year our group was enlarged to include seven children. We increased our schedule to three mornings a week and two mothers taught each morning. A program approach not too different from the first year was used with a heavier emphasis on cognitive development. The daily curriculum was centered on activities planned by the teachers but not imposed on the children if they didn't respond. Our hope was to provide a curriculum that offered the children a wide range of experiences.

In the coming year, the group will include ten children. There will be three mothers teaching each morning and we will again meet three mornings a week. Our curriculum approach will be similar to last year's with the emphasis on cognitive development of the children who are now nearing the age when they will enter elementary school.

Tristan and I have both benefitted from our play group experience. I consider the program a success on a day-to-day basis as I feel pride in my involvement with the children (and very importantly my child) as they play and learn together. I could say that it would be just as easy to keep Tristan home and work with him there. However, we would both lose the experience gained from working and learning in a social environment. I feel it is worth the initiative required to organize and conduct a play group tailored to the needs of the individuals involved.

Neither is the man without the woman



Accounts of the creation found in ancient and modern scripture record that Adam was the first to inhabit the garden of Eden. I think Adam was allowed this time prior to the creation of Eve to gain a sorely needed advantage. Adam needed extra education and training in order to be equal to Eve in their life together, let alone to assume his role as her ruler. The Lord God spoke to Eve and said "... thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." (Genesis 3:16 & Moses 4: 22 PGP) This commandment is repeated in substance in our sacred temple endowment. From my own experience I see the wisdom in affording Adam a little more schooling in preparation for his awesome responsibility with Eve of becoming joint heirs with Christ in all that their Father in Heaven has.

Evidence supports the idea that Adam and all other men need extra help. Adam hearkened unto the voice of Eve instead of obeying the Lord God while in the Garden. He did so even after his time of personal communication and experience with God. Adam was easily influenced by Eve, the mother of all living. His descendants continue to be influenced by Eve's daughters in that special relationship between wives and husbands to the present time. Wives and sisters must take stock of their position and prayerfully seek the help of their Father in Heaven as they exert such significant pressure upon the destiny of their husbands, families and the Kingdom of God.

The priesthood brethren often fall short of the sisters in accomplishing the work of the kingdom. "Let the Relief Society do it and we'll get the job done right!" is a common statement. This suggestion is born in the realities of experience. With rare exception the effort of the sisters is more dependable and usually more successful. The success of the brethren in their own assignments is dependent upon the strong support of the sisters. The brethren require and should earnestly pray for the continuance of quality help from the sisters in fulfilling their role in the kingdom. The influence of the sisters is a powerful force and although often indirectly exerted it is always apparent. The importance of a woman properly fulfilling her role as "help meet" to her husband in the gospel plan of salvation cannot be overemphasized.

A husband who is living the gospel is earnestly striving to lead out in his priesthood responsibilities and be the head of his household. In that regard it is important to consider a couple of things in a realistic and serious way.

1. The calling of the Lord for each righteous woman is no less than Deity in her ultimate exalted immortal state.

That we have a Universal Mother in Heaven whose role with the Father was the begetting, birth and care of our spirits is clearly set out in Messages From the First Presidency, Vol. IV, pp 205 & 203.

Man, as a spirit, was begotten and born of heavenly parents and reared to maturity in the eternal mansions of the Father; prior to coming upon the earth in a temporal body to undergo an experience in mortality. . . . All men and women are in the similitude of the Universal Father and Mother, and are literally the sons and daughters of Deity. (emphasis added)

Every righteous wife and mother who receives the saving ordinances and obeys the commandments of the Lord is to be a God in her own right. In D&C 132: 16-21, after discussing the fulfillment of the law of celestial marriage and other essentials of attaining Godhood, the scripture states "Then shall they [husband and wife] be gods because they have no end; . . ." (emp. sic added)

Any husband who aspires to the highest degree of the celestial kingdom must recognize and treat his wife and the other sisters of the Church as potential goddesses.

2. As a bearer of the priesthood how shall I rule? How shall I treat a wife with such potential? The Lord has stated "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife and they shall be one flesh." (Genesis 2:24; Abraham 5:18 and Moses 3:24 PGP)

From the moment of marriage the most important person in the world should be his or her spouse and the two should be "one" in the righteous compromise of temporal objectives and in precise obedience to all the commandments of the Lord.

The Lord noted that it was not good for man to be alone; the same is true for woman. Although the scriptures make no specific definition of the term "help meet" it seems to mean "help mate" defined as "a companion and helper; wife or husband." I propose that in ruling his household the Lord intends the husband and priesthood bearer to be a "help meet" to his wife also. Although their primary roles are mutually exclusive in some respects a husband and wife are engaged in a joint venture and must strive in patience, kindness, love and devotion to help and sustain one another. A husband or a wife cannot achieve ultimate exaltation if either functions as a despot. The Lord provides excellent examples of how to exercise authority.

When others ministered to the Lord's needs by washing, anointing, providing him food and warmth etc. they appear to have done so out of love, respect for and recognition of Him. We should so live that those we love could feel that love and respect for us.

The Lord taught his apostles how to exercise authority.

Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life as a ransom for many. (Matt. 25, 26, 27, & 28. See also Matt. 23:11, 12 and Mark 10: 43 & 44)

No dissertation on exercise of authority would be complete without referring to D&C 121:34-46. If we undertake to exercise dominion or compulsion in any degree of unrighteousness the sanction of heaven is immediately withdrawn and we are likely to be instrumental in our own damnation. Authority should be exercised

... by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge which shall greatly enlarge the soul with-

out hypocrisy, and without guile--Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy;

The Lord never lost the dignity of his presence, his sense of values, or his terrible capacity to clear the temple, but his pre-eminent example was patience, justice, long-suffering, gentleness, and love. He did not need to be a despot in his authority and all should look to His example and follow it.

Two more points should be made concerning the God appointed role of the Mothers in Zion.

1. Contrary to what some unfamiliar with Church doctrine believe, Mormon women are not subjugated as lesser beings to Mormon men but are co-equal in the fulfillment of the Father's divine plan. All Mormons are expected to fulfill their primary roles in this plan but the gospel plan by its nature does not demean or limit anyone. We are all expected by God to obtain knowledge, intelligence, skills, health, beauty, charm, talent, etc., to broaden the scope of our participation and contribution on earth and beyond the veil of mortal life. (D&C 130:16&19)

2. With regard to celestial marriage and ultimate exaltation, unmarried persons should take note (and if their unmarried status is not unrighteously self imposed) should take comfort in the instruction of the prophets as follows:

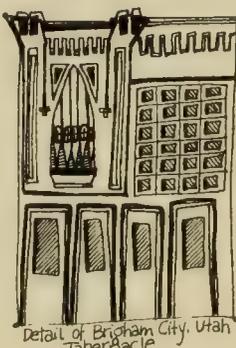
Before each person is resurrected the question of exaltation will have been settled, and if a person is worthy, not having been married for eternity while on the earth, the opportunity for this blessing will come in the spirit world. The necessary ordinances will be performed on the earth in a temple. Much of this ordinance work will be performed during the millennium. (Brigham Young, JD 14:97)

You young women advancing in years who have not yet accepted a proposal of marriage, if you make yourselves worthy and ready to go to the house of the Lord and have faith in this sacred principle, even though the privilege of marriage does not come to you now, the Lord will reward you in due time and no blessing will be denied you. You are not under obligation to accept a proposal from someone unworthy of you for fear you will fall in your blessings. Likewise you young men who may lose your lives in a terrible conflict before you have had an opportunity for marriage, the Lord knows the intents of your hearts and in his own time will reward you with opportunities made possible through temple ordinances instituted in the Church for that purpose. (Elder Harold B. Lee, Youth and the Church, pp 132)

Moran Lewis
Walpole, Mass.

... I believe in the same pay for the same good work. Don't you? In future let woman do whatever she can do; let men place no more impediments in the way; above all things let's have fair play--let simple justice be done, say I. Let us hear no more of 'woman's sphere' either from our wise (?) legislators beneath the State House dome, or from our clergymen in their pulpits. I am tired, year after year, of hearing such twaddle about sturdy oaks and clinging vines and man's chivalric protection of woman. Let woman find out her own limitations, and if, as is so confidently asserted, nature has defined her sphere, she will be guided accordingly; but in heaven's name give her a chance! Let the professions be open to her; let fifty years of college education be hers, and then we shall see what we shall see. Then, and not until then, shall we be able to say what woman can and what she cannot do, and coming generations will know and be able to define more clearly what is 'woman's sphere' than these benighted men who now try to do it.

Louisa May Alcott from a letter quoted in Maria S. Porter, "Recollections of Louisa May Alcott, John Greenleaf Whittier, Robert Browning," The New England Magazine, 1893



The Sisters Speak

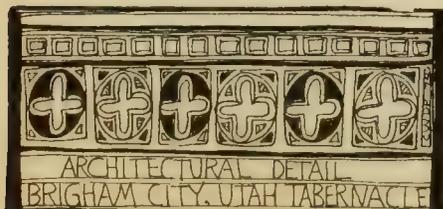
The editors of EXPOSITION II have been delighted at the response to our first issue. Clearly there is a widespread wish to share--both to tell others about ourselves, and to hear what our sisters have to say. Our goal is to facilitate that sharing. To make it easier we will print a question in each issue. Any interested woman may respond and we will print as many responses as we can in the next issue. All are welcome to write and send suggestions for questions too.

One question that our Cambridge group discusses at least once a year is HOW DO YOU DO IT?

We know that most latter-day Saint women are very busy. Because the gospel teaches us to improve ourselves in every way, and to magnify every talent, we often find ourselves with commitments to our families, Church, communities, jobs, hobbies, gardens, as well as to activities to make ourselves healthier, better-educated, or better-trained. As one such busy Mormon woman, how do you do it all? How do you accomplish what you want? How have you established priorities? What has helped you most to cope with your life's many demands?

Share your problems and successes with us on half a page, typed. Send your letters in care of Exposition II to

Judith Dushku



Husbands of Editors Speak Out

Behind each editorial board member of *Exponent II* is a husband who supports her. Support ranges from legal work to picking up popsize sticks.

Connie Cannon's husband, Jim, an attorney in Boston, drew up the corporation papers for Mormon Sisters, Inc., and prepared forms for the corporation's non-profit status. "It's a good outlet for Connie, and I encourage her working on the paper," he said.

Stephanie Goodson's husband, Gary, a patent attorney in Lexington, specializing in reproductive systems, did research on printing methods and costs for the paper. He distributed *Exponent II* at his office to show off the women's efforts.

Richard Bushman, husband of editor Claudia, serves as a sounding board. "But she really solves all her problems herself. Her involvement postpones work on her dissertation, but she fits the paper into her household routine. I think the paper is going to be very useful to many readers, as well as to those producing it." He is a professor of American colonial history at Boston University.

"I didn't want the paper to be male-tainted," remarked Rowland Cannon, husband of Heather. So, Rowland, doctoral candidate at MIT, took over some household duties freeing Heather to work on the paper.

A math teacher in the Boston public school system, Phil Dushku, Judy's husband, said he helped keep his wife awake so she could work on the paper. "There are many talented women, and it is too bad the paper wasn't started a long time ago."

"Gail reads my writing to see if it is comprehensible, but he doesn't really read women's literature," reported Laurel Ulrich concerning her husband's activity with the paper. "He supports me and thinks it's fine that I'm involved." Gail is an assistant professor of chemical engineering at the University of New Hampshire.

Bryan Kohler, an associate professor of chemistry at Harvard, lets the women use his office typewriters from 6 to 11 p.m. He and Susan distributed 2,000 copies of *Exponent II* during their Utah vacation which coincided with publication of the paper. "I'm delighted with the project. I think it's fantastic," he said.

Carrel's husband, Garret Sheldon, worked on layout for Church manuals while on his mission, and he contributes his experience on that phase of the paper. He is a computer programmer at MIT, and the women key-punch the subscription list on the machines there. "Carrel is very much happier and likes the associations since she has worked on the paper, so it is worth the investment in my time," observed Carrel.



Photo by Dianna Brammer
 First row left to right: Carrel Sheldon, Claudia Bushman, Maryann Mac'urray, Judy Dushku, Heather Cannon, standing. Second row: Stephanie Goodson, Carolyn Peters, standing; Joyce Campbell, Bonnie Horne, standing; Susan Kohler.

A landscape architect, Garr Campbell, advises Joyce on lay-out and the selection of lettertypes. "I think the paper is a very good outlet for women who want to express themselves," he said.

Another architect, Gerald Horne, Bonnie's husband, commented, "I haven't harassed her. I am not going to impede her upward flight."

"I was really excited to be involved in the sense Maryann was," commented Val Mac'urray, assistant pro-

fessor of sociology and clinical psychiatry at Tufts. "Our home was transformed into a print shop for five days. When I came home, I picked up popsize sticks, fixed dinner for a few extra kids and read proofs while the women intently fitted the stories to the pages." The Mac'urays moved to Calgary, Canada, in August.

Stephanie Goodson

NOTES ON THE SELF-CONCEPT

Assume you are in a preschool, looking at a self-picture drawn by a four year-old girl. "Read" the portrait. Does she look happy? Big? Pretty? What details are included? Action? Good feelings? Why do we associate the picture with the child's self-concept? Why can we say, this child... and then go on to describe the child's feelings about herself? Professor Kaoru Yamamoto at Penn. State University suggests that whatever a child draws must reflect that child's world, a view from inside. So a picture by Kris really should be signed "From inside Kris, with love."

How does a child build this personal world? Each person collects data about himself or herself -- impressions, interpretations, positive and negative reactions--much like pictures in a museum. Dr. Yamamoto suggests that there are two types of collections: The objective public identity--pictures other persons assemble found in credit bureaus and school files; and the subjective identity--pictures persons use in building their own private museums. Most of us have built a detailed self-evaluation, a very subjective interpretation through chance remarks, of places visited, and reactions of others to things we have done, own and are.

The one common element is that we are involved as the doer, owner, or the person responsible. We are in every picture tucked away into our self-concept, as is the child in the picture she draws.

Now our self-picture may be not at all representative of what we really are. But we tend to behave according to it anyway. If a child thinks of herself as an "ugly, dumb kid," she will behave as though she is an "ugly, dumb kid," whatever her true nature may be.

Dr. Yamamoto suggests that the self-concept can be likened to a map whereas the true person, the whole being or self can be likened to the territory represented by the map. A MAP IS NOT THE TERRITORY. A territory has far more to it than any map suggests: actual mountains, gorges, rushing rivers and streams of great beauty and vitality. The real self is also bigger, deeper, more complicated and vital than the self-concept. That is why miracles can occur; why "faith may move mountains"; why people at times far exceed what they and others expect of them. Most of the time we underestimate our real selves.

Pretend to follow a road atlas to Concord, New Hampshire. The map says we first come to Low Corners, then Concord. So we drive and drive, no Low Corners, but there is Concord. Why? To protect a copyright, map makers sometimes put in a "fake" city; if reproduced illegally, the "Low Corners" proves the map has been copied. All of us tolerate such errors of inconvenience on maps, and we also tolerate distorted self-concepts or pictures of ourselves. We sometimes say, "That's me" no matter how badly that conception underestimates us.

In fact, we sometimes think the purpose of our lives is to preserve, to maintain our self-concept. Some neurotics try heroically to keep the picture intact no matter how bad it is. Yet the self-concept should be the last thing we want to preserve or maintain. Unlike map makers, we want to revise our self-concept--to improve it by discovering the real areas of self-strength and goodness.

We must accept, for the time being, the best we can do today, even if that best is failure. We must be able to accept some failures without losing a basic faith in the real self, to say "Let the chips fall where they may," "That's the way the cookie crumbles," "So I muffed something," or "I wasn't so effective; maybe next time."

Often parents will not revise the pictures they have of a particular child. They would rather keep the picture and toss out the child. However good parents have a basic faith or trust in their children, as they are. Good parents allow their children, as well as themselves, to try and to fail without losing that faith. There are many ways parents convey to children a basic sense of faith, through the big and small things they do and say. But however we do it, success in conveying that faith (or trust) is crucial to the child's later life.

D. W. MacKinnon (1962) in his studies of architects and other creative people says "What appears to have characterized the parents of future creative architects was an extraordinary respect for the child and confidence in his ability to do what was appropriate. They did not hesitate to grant him rather unusual freedom to explore his universe and to make decisions for himself--and this early as well as late."

Burton L. White (1972) suggests that the A or good mothers have this same respect for their children. In his research, he found that these A mothers do not fall into a "status" category--They don't necessarily have a college education or wealth.

An A mother really attends to her child, and reinforces whatever the child's current interest is. When her child, crawling or walking, brings something for the mother to see, she reacts! Because she has an interest in the child she responds spontaneously--with the direct eye contact, with the verbal response that not only adds excitement to the subject at hand, but expands the child's thinking about it. When responded to with so much consistency and interest the child becomes a natural explorer of his environment. White's research shows that 85% of the time, changes are child-initiated. Dr. White suggests that intrinsic curiosity is bounteous in children under one year old; that the A mother is able to guard, feed, and nourish that curiosity.

Thus, with A mothers, the natural curiosity of the child is reinforced and the child is given the picture that what she likes, and finds, and shares, is interesting and good. The child comes to feel that she can ask questions and come up with ideas that really matter. Thus armed with basic faith in self, children of A mothers, according to White's findings, will succeed in every way later on in life.

If we do not respond well to our children, the evidence suggests that their basic faith in themselves will not develop. They will be unable to risk failure and success. Without successes and failures, children and then adults will never discover their real or potential selves. Their self-concept will be nurtured small, unnecessarily stunted. Our self-concepts are not sacred; basic faith in self--yes, self-esteem or respect--yes. But self-concepts are a "dime a dozen" to be changed, revised, and again as we ever discover new facets of natural potential.

We, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, should be able to change and revise our self-concepts and help our children to do the same. We believe we are children of God, with His potential. Furthermore, we are blessed with the Holy Spirit everytime we edge forward in our progress toward perfection. What more could we ask than that.

June Hamblin
 University of Arizona
 Tucson, Arizona

A DAIRY QUEEN

The matriarch of a thousand acre dairy farm in Ft. Plain, N.Y. is Mabel Logan, the mother of ten children and grandmother of eleven. Tall, broad, buxom and blond, Mabel is the prototype of the great earth mother. She radiates warmth and good nature.

Thirteen years ago, Sister Logan, a member of the Gloversville Branch of the Albany New York Stake, joined the church and moved to Ft. Plain, where there was limestone soil, and lots of room to expand. Now she, her husband Tom and three of their sons manage this huge dairy farm. They rent another 300 to 500 acres nearby. They milk 150 cows and have another 150 replacements growing up. The two other sons bought a neighboring farm just up the road. They share work and machinery, reciprocally. The men do all the veterinary work saving thousands of dollars a year.

This spring the Logans put about eighty acres into a massive truck garden. They plan to supply fresh produce to the community, instead of the "wilted garbage" available at the super markets. Mabel and fourteen members of her family and several friends spent seven hours just cutting the potatoes to plant.

Mabel's children range in age from thirteen to thirty years. The first five, all boys, were delivered by a male obstetrician on the far side of town. On the farm, time is of great importance and when a new female gynecologist moved in just a couple of minutes away, Mabel decided to give her a try. Dr. Martha delivered Mabel's next five children, all girls. Mabel always worked in the fields or on the tractors right up to the minute she went to the hospital. Her husband Tom would let her out at the maternity home and she would send him home to the cows who needed him.

The five Logan boys are all 6'4" and over. Two are 6'11". All are adept at farming and sports. The oldest son Tom was guaranteed a scholarship in football but left school to come home and farm. Arthur enjoyed basketball but gave up school sports to help ma and pa. Leonard won a trip to Europe for his FFA dairy records but refused to go because it was haying season. Jim, the bachelor son, enjoys fast cars and horticulture both outside and in. Ed, the fifth son, likes to race stock cars with his brother Art. Both boys have won many trophies and monies at drag races in the East. Arthur's wife Linda, wins awards too. The whole family enjoys snowmobiling and most of the winter is the only possible way to reach the livestock and care for them. Mabel and Tom don't ever want to be alone. As the children marry, they are given

lots of incentive to settle at home.

The Logan girls take no back seat to anybody. All are blond, beautiful, and 5'11" or more. When Valerie, the eldest, married, she brought her husband home to the land her parents gave them. She now has a year old son, but comes home whenever needed to milk cows, shovel manure or drive a tractor. The second daughter, Pamela, left school after her eleventh year and finished her high school education by correspondence, so she and her fiance could build their own eight room log cabin. She and husband George come home to help when possible. Beautiful Kolleen is 6'2" and stands tall. She has just graduated from high school and will enter college this fall, having won three scholarships and a gold watch for being the Best All Around Senior Athlete, 1974. She will study horse husbandry. She bought her own mare several years ago and has just raised a stallion, one-half Arabian. Her father pointed out to her that horses were not allowed with the cows and gave her a book showing how to construct a barn. She was told it was her horse and she would have to do the building, though she got plenty of advice from her dad. She built a steel barn, 12' x 12', and won several FFA awards for it. Kolleen has bought several registered heifers to show at local fairs. Her brother Tom, will milk these animals while she is away and reared them for her. She also raises "Guiding Eyes for the Blind" dogs.

Daughters Suzzette and Roxanne are still in junior high. Sue plans to train as a nurse until she is twenty one and able to go on a mission for the Church. Roxanne is undecided about her future but it should be lively.

Mabel also has four teenage foster children living with her, two retarded. Mabel loves to sew for her family, especially for her daughters who are so tall. For the recent Gold and Green Ball she made five long gowns in one week.

For many years Mabel has been a nurse's aide, caring for elderly people both in their homes and in nursing homes. "Old people love me," she says, "because showing them love and fun makes them forget their old age. This is a gift my Heavenly Father has given me." When her last patient died, Mabel began to stay at home and care for her brood of grandchildren so their mothers could go to work, some on the farm and some in the village. "Now I'm in a dither," she said, "as to who needs me more, the children or the old folks."

She also has a green thumb and a house and yard full of flowers.

Active in town affairs, Mabel is a beautiful example of the principle that the more you have to do the more you are able to do. She helped establish a youth center in Ft. Plain where she was director, chaperone and friend. While she was nursing in the village, she saw the kids hanging around the streets and felt sorry they had nothing but the wrong things to do.

As President of the Gloversville APYHMA, she gathers up neighboring young people and takes them to Church with her. At one time she was traveling 102 miles round trip. One night they just kept coming out of the home where she collects the young people and she ended up with twenty-three in her three seated station wagon. By the next week she had engaged a non-member parent, willing to assist because he had never seen his teen aeer so anxious to go to church before.

Mabel is most concerned that her neighbors and friends don't take offense at her sending the missionaries to their homes. The happiness she has received and the blessings innumerable, make her want to share this Gospel of Jesus Christ with others, that they might live in harmony with our Heavenly Father.

In 1967 the Johnstown N.Y. Leader-Herald named her Mother of the Year. It is doubtful that the editors will ever find another who surpasses the heroic achievements of Mabel Logan.

Claudia Bushman



OUR WOMAN IN WASHINGTON

Marjory Forsgren Hart, Arlington, Va., put together a career when her marriage was falling apart and has advanced to the top position in her field.

Mrs. Hart is the Federal Women's Program Coordinator for the United States Department of Agriculture and is heading the first Federal Women's Week for employees of the twenty seven agencies in the USDA this October. The week's conferences will include speakers, films, workshops and displays.

As coordinator for the USDA, Mrs. Hart is a full-time liaison between management and women employees. "My job is to help equal employment opportunity for women and to make recommendations for opportunities in management. We work to move women out from the dead-end secretarial slot and to better themselves. The work is both frustrating and challenging," she said.

Mrs. Hart just completed a year's service as area Governor of Area 19, Toastmasters International, the first woman to hold the office in District 36, which includes the Washington, D.C. metropolitan area.

"My experience in Toastmasters has helped in my calling as Stake Special Interest leader in the Oakton, Va., Stake and in my new government position. My Church experience in music and drama, as teacher and stake missionary has been helpful in my civic activities also."

The Special Interest groups in the region are planning week-end activities for other Special Interest members who are touring the Washington Temple. Groups may contact Mrs. Hart for details.

Mrs. Hart returned to school in 1961 on a part-time basis at Utah State University and a year later joined the USDA as a program clerk in the Franklin County, Idaho, Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service Office. She returned to college full-time at USU in 1967 at the same time two of her five children were attending. "It got to be a bit expensive, but I had the desire and was determined to finish. I am the only one in my family who has graduated, but my younger sister just finished, so I must have had some influence there."

Mrs. Hart received a bachelor of science degree in office administration in 1968 and transferred to Washington D.C. to work for the ASCS. She became a staff assistant and was reappointed as a personnel management specialist later. She has also served part-time as the Agency Federal Women's Program Coordinator since September 1972. Her present appointment became effective in February, 1974.

"I think I have been able to rise rapidly up the ladder because my record shows I returned to school and because I came to Washington when there was a push to give women an opportunity for equal employment," she remarked.

Stephanie Goodson

Sisters in Uniform

When the Pease Air Force Base "Airman of the Month" turned out to be a Mormon woman, hardly anybody in Portsmouth Ward was surprised. In this New Hampshire congregation, people are used to the idea of sisters in uniform.

No one was prouder of Airman IC Cynthia Douglas than Airman IC Paul Douglas, who joined the Air Force just six months before his wife. As a married recruit, Cindy is somewhat unusual.

More typical is Jani Manchester, a young airman from Richmond, Michigan. "I wanted to no away from home, but I didn't want to go to college, so my high school counselor suggested I talk to the recruiter." Jani is glad she did. While stationed at Pease, she heard about the Church and met her husband. Jani and Steve were both baptized in Portsmouth Ward and were married in July.

Beverly Hurst, a counselor in the ward Relief Society, also joined the service after high school. She spent three years in the Women's Army Corps. Now a civilian an the mother of three, she is going back to school on the G.I. Bill.

Cindy, Jani, and Beverly are agreed on the benefits of a military career. Adventure, equality, and education are high on their list.

"Where else could a girl be on her own at eighteen?" says Jani. She feels that the military environment is a good one. Beverly agrees. "I met some very fine people in the Army. I'd be happy to have my own children go in. Those years are a good time for a girl to have some fun and adventure."

Beverly worked as a psychiatric technician at Walter Reed and other hospitals in the United States and then for a year and a half in Okinawa. As she looks back on it, her job seems like "lots of pinno pon and pinochle." Social therapy was part of her responsibility, along with admitting and releasing patients and helping administer treatment.

Although Jani and Cindy both have clerical jobs, they have seen some changes in the past few months. "The Air Force is pushing male-oriented jobs, now," notes Cindy. "If I had a degree in Civil Engineering, I'd do ok. There are more and more girls in green fatigues on the flight lines."

Despite occasional outpounds and the annoyance of reporting to the Air Force Squadron as well as her own, Cindy finds the MAF the "best of two worlds." Women receive equal pay for equal rank, pregnancy leave (in 95% of the cases), and equivalent benefits. Yet in Cindy's all-male office she is not expected to do building detail. "The buffer threw me against the wall the first day I tried!" She

tries to do more than expected and not ask for special favors. "But I do wear a skirt every day."

"The military treats both men and women the same," says Beverly. Although her husband is employed full-time, she can claim him and their children as dependents and receive support money and tuition as veteran's benefits.

One inequality, which seems to be related to work specialty, presently turns to the advantage of women. They can get out of the service more easily than men. For a married couple this makes it somewhat easier to cope with the problem of separate transfer. Cindy feels that staying in a secretarial field protects her. "Every base needs a secretary." Paul was recently assigned to Rhein Main in Germany. Cindy's papers followed within a month.

Jani and Steve had a somewhat different problem. The Air Force respects marriages, but not engagements. When separate assignments loomed, they were married somewhat sooner than they had planned.

Jani is not sure how long she will stay in the service. Beverly decided three years was enough. She came home to Portsmouth, married, and began raising a family. She wasn't interested in college when she graduated from high school, but now she is. Because of her military career, she can attend classes two nights a week, pursuing a leisurely course toward a B.S. in accounting.

Cindy's situation was quite different. When her husband joined the Air Force, she already had one child and was hoping for more. When she came to New Hampshire she planned to be a "contented housewife." "But I was not getting pregnant and the world was closing in." When Paul told her about the new acceptance of married women, she decided to try. "While she was in Texas in basic training he took care of their child Bruce."

Cindy is comfortable about leaving her son with a babysitter because her own mother worked outside the home. "There were eight of us, five girls and three boys. We all did housework and laundry. We seem to have turned out ok." Temple marriages and missions have been the pattern. She realizes that her own childhood in a strong LDS neighborhood in Salt Lake City will be different from Bruce's upbringing. But at four, he seems quite happy about it all. Paul and Cindy's mothers both emigrated from Europe as young women. The Douglases are looking forward to meeting their relatives during their overseas assignment.

Laurel Ulrich
Durham, New Hampshire

Book Reviews

Home on the Range (and other realities)

Fifteen-year-old Mormon girl runs off with Gentile soldier only to be abandoned in a frontier mining town when he turns to demon drink. Finding her way to an outpost settlement of apostate Saints, she drops tears into the scrubwater and writes plaintive letters home to her father in England. Sounds like the plot for a dime novel. Or a Brigham Young sermon on the evils of fraternizing with the boys in blue. Not so. It's the beginning of the true life adventures of Emma Thompson Just, pioneer on the Blackfoot River in Southeastern Idaho in the 1870's-1880's.

Agnes Just Reid's *Letters From Long Ago* (University of Utah, 1973, \$9.50) was first published fifty years ago. Long out of print, it is available again as number two in the series, "Utah, the Mormons and the West." There are an introduction and notes by Brigham Madsen. The letters themselves are fiction, though they reconstruct the lost correspondence between Mrs. Just and her father. "My mother lived the letters," Mrs. Reid wrote in the introduction to a 1936 edition, "and I wrote them as the most plausible way of combining events of such varying character. . . Each letter was censored by my mother as it came from the typewriter."

As a censor, Mrs. Just was remarkably open. As a writer and an interviewer, her daughter was equally skillful. The book records not just Memorable Events and homely anecdotes, the sort of thing elderly women like to leave for posterity, but the self-doubts, the fantasies, the emotional assaults that seldom find their way into family history. Emma's voice is so clear in the letters, it is hard to believe they are not authentic. Mrs. Reid, who at 88 still writes a daily column for the *Blackfoot News*, recently told a reporter: "My mother was a good talker, and she had told those stories so many times I just copied them from her mind."

The story has the traditional themes of pioneering. There are the standard number of unattended childbirths, the expected evolution from dunout to brick, the usual worried pleasure at the coming of the railroad. But there are some interesting variants. For one thing, the Thompson and Just families were once followers of a dissident prophet named Joseph Morris who established his own kingdom on the south bank of the Weber River. A flashback refers to the "Morrissite War" which sent them fleeing to Southern Idaho.

For the period the letters cover--from December 1870 to May 1891--Emma and her second husband, Reel Just, were solitary pioneers, adherents of no religious movement. For readers of Mormon diaries, the contrasts are instructive. Loneliness, not polygamy, was Emma's bane. When her fourth son was born, she willingly offered one of her three rooms

to a quarrelsome Missouri family and was glad when they stayed the winter. She had her triumphs--as when an artist with the Yellowstone Park surveying party admired her butter. From that day on her cedar paddle sang to her with every stroke. In the letters she alternately counted her blessings, contemplated suicide, and begged her father to join her.

There is a telling reference in the book to *Peterson's Magazine*, a Philadelphia periodical which specialized in women's fashion engravings and sentimental fiction. Its presence in the Just cabin proves that romantic ideals, if not romance, could flourish among the sagebrush. While Emma lived her own soap opera, manufacturing stacks of hard cakes from tallow left from slaughtering a herd of cattle, she dreamed of the long lost grand passion of her life. After twenty years of home-steading with steady Reel, she could still think of herself as the "wife of a soldier" when a drunken Captain gave her a gold breastpin shaped like a sword.

I recently had an opportunity to look at a volume of *Peterson's Magazine*. There is a story in the March 1871 issue by Frances Hodgson, whose stories Emma Just especially liked. This one may have been of special interest. It tells of a lovely English girl named Bessie Arbutnot who is betrayed by a dashing but unprincipled officer. At last her good sense prevails. "I am not romantic, now," she tells her aunt. "I am going to marry the only man I honestly respect": stalwart Noel Craimiles. But in romantic fiction even level-headed second choice heroes have deep set eyes and sensitive brows and pledge undying love in well-appointed country houses. Nels Just unfortunately preferred a goww crop of hay to strawberries and once advised a young man, within his wife's hearing, that you had to lie to a woman to get her. For Emma Just, True Love remained--painfully--between the pages of books.

Romantic love was equally important to the two women George Ellsworth writes about in the third volume in the same series. *Dear Ellen: Two Mormon Women and Their Letters* (University of Utah, 1974, \$12.50) is based on a correspondence from the 1850's between two Mormons named Ellen. Ellen Spencer Clawson was the daughter of Orson Spencer, the sister of Aurelia Spencer Rogers, and the wife of Hiram B. Clawson, prominent Churchman and superintendent of Brigham Young's personal affairs. Her life as a plural wife in a prosperous Salt Lake City household was in sharp contrast to that of her friend Ellen Pratt McGary, whose life was as unsettled as that of her parents, Addison and Louisa Pratt, early missionaries to the South Seas.

The letters consume only a third of the book. An introductory essay by Prof. Ellsworth provides the

background for the correspondence and hints at some important differences between the two women. From the early days at Winter Quarters when her father was sent to England and she was left in charge of his motherless family, Ellen Spencer had been watched over by Brigham Young. Her life was lived at the center of the Church, and if she suffered the pangs of plurality, she knew who she was and what was expected of her. The Pratts, on the other hand, had condemned Polynesian polygamy. Their long stay in southern California may have been motivated by their distress at the public pronouncement of plural marriage on their return to the States. Mrs. Pratt's "five years of widowhood" during her husband's first mission foreshadowed a series of more troubled separations later in life and may have affected Ellen's own on-again off-again approach to marriage.

As the correspondence opened Ellen Spencer was in Salt Lake City; Ellen Pratt in San Bernardino. Matrimony was very much on the minds of both. There was gentle teasing--and not so gentle gossip--and, for all the light-hearted chatter and exchange of sentimental verses, perceptible anxiety at the direction the future might take. The letters are tantalizingly brief, a perfect setup for the concluding essay, which is titled, "The Romance and the Realities."

The phrase is a significant one. The two Ellens contended with their own ideals as strenuously as Emma Just on the Idaho prairie or housewives in any contemporary Mormon ward. Yet, Prof. Ellsworth backs away from his subject, giving us a succession of unassimilated facts, a compendium of his study notes, rather than the interpretive essay his fascinating material demands. The Pratt and Clawson papers are rich, and he is to be commended for searching them out and making some of their contents more widely available. With such thorough research, such abundant sources, such a compelling theme, he might have done better. Prof. Ellsworth should remember what a lady in Blackfoot discovered fifty years ago. History is more than data, it is art.

Still, the authors and editors of "Utah, the Mormons, and the West" deserve more applause than criticism. The first three volumes in their series are all important contributions to the history of women. The first book, Annie Clark Tanner's *A Mormon Mother*, is a superb memoir of plural marriage around the time of the manifesto. It has been available for several years in various editions and is already well-known to students of women's history in Utah. (See Charlotte Johnston's review in the Summer 1971 *Dialogue*.) All three books have been underwritten by the Tanner Trust Fund and can be seen as Obert C. Tanner's extended tribute to his mother. I say, write on.

Laurel T. Ulrich
Durham, New Hampshire

A Singular Life

by Carol Clark
(Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1974. \$3.50)

The outstanding element of this book by Carol Clark is its positiveness. There are appropriate ways for the single sister in the Church to approach her status in life, ways which lead to fulfilling and purposeful lives; and there are less appropriate ways, ways which nurture bitterness and stannation. Carol has certainly chosen the former and expresses little pity for the single woman who "wallows in despair."

Scriptural references crowd nearly every page and offer answers to almost every complaint a single girl might have. Carol is not just philosophizing--she is understanding the gospel and the fulness of God's love for his children, and she is offering the gospel's answers to questions of loneliness, self-confidence, and purpose in life. Indeed, the ultimate resolution of the sister who feels herself qivinn in to the temptation of despair should be a strengthening of her faith, so that she might more fully understand her personal worth throughout the eternities in the eyes of her Heavenly Father. A strong faith will increase her self-confidence and give her that vital quality of hope.

The second outstanding element is its practicality. Carol offers tangible solutions to a few of the problems which beset the largest majority of single sisters. However, as Carol states in her preface: "No congregation of thoughts about single women can be all things to all people." As a result many topics that relate directly to singles are not discussed.

The chapters of the book could stand alone as inspiring talks or lessons, as each one deals with a separate challenge to the single sister. However, they are unified by the wealth of scriptural references and the overriding idea that every child of God not only is important but has an obligation to fulfill, a promise made before we came here, that we would stand up to every test of life and by so doing, improve and enhance our characters and grow more like our Heavenly Father. Each chapter eventually focuses on that point. Where do I go from here? Managing money, personal appearance and preparation, the social scene, adding meaning to life, and resolutions--

these are the topics discussed, and within each one Carol quotes a variety of sisters who have come up with workable solutions, happy solutions, to these potential problems.

You may have your own set of problems in accepting singleness as your status for a little or a long while, or you may not have any difficulty with it at all. Either way, this is an inspiring little book and a refreshing change from both extremes: those who preach that a woman can be successful only in the home and that therefore life is devoid of meaning until marriage occurs, and those who seem all too quick to consider the woman's role as confining and thus drift away from the full light of the gospel. Carol Clark has a strong testimony of the truth of the gospel and of our Heavenly Father's love for all His children, including those of His daughters who may never marry in this life. There can be so much to life without marriage, although certainly marriage should never be avoided and joy and fulfillment can and do come to all people, not by shrinking away from the principle of eternal marriage and trying to forget its existence but by totally embracing the gospel with a vigor and enthusiasm which, if genuine, opens new doors and fills one's life with love.

Anne D. Harriman
Cambridge, Massachusetts



A DAUGHTER OF ZION

by Rodello Hunter
(New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1972)

Daughter of Zion, published in 1972, is a good indication of where we are in our quest for a literary City of Enoch.

Daughter is chiefly delight, from the rueful little notes:

There's no garden path to hell in Mormon communities. If you go down, it'll be a grinding struggle all the way.

to the exquisitely comic-pathetic encounters with Papa, Les Galleon, Cousin Cornelius and "the Mormon Triumvirate." The essay on pornography versus Biblical realism is lovely, and I have yet to see a sweeter, more straightforward orientation than her chapter on the Temple. There is to the book an underlying earnestness as deadly as eternity, but that strain is probably perceptible only to initiates. Others will respond to the poignant moments, as when a daughter realizes what she has lost in Papa, but such moments are understated and the tone remains one of amused if reluctant deference to life.

This is the record of Rodello Hunter's brief but brilliant activity in the ward auxiliaries where, she says,

Everyone can be a big frog in a little puddle, and there are millions of puddles.

Whenever they run out of puddles they divide the wards and stakes and start all over again with a new supply of puddles to fit every size of frog. I splashed around in quite a few of them.

Hers is the Mormon Experience: the "LDS passion for meetings to plan meetings to plan meetings"; the roadshow, "a specific type of torture designed to teach modern Mormons what the trek across the plains taught the pioneers"; the "cannery sneakers" who leave the welfare project to a few all-night long-sufferers. Her efforts with the Mia Maids are inspiring--they should be in a handbook for all Church teachers.

If the tale were confined to her good words, *Daughter* would be a Mormon bestseller. But she cannot resist detours--scores of them--into every Church doctrine and policy; she cannot stop asking questions. Where another might be satisfied that

Poetry

The Blessing of the Beds



Make the bed,
And make the bed,
The sheets are smooth
And the blankets spread.

Back and forth
Round the bed we go,
I and the child
I do not know.

If it should be
A son I bear,
May he be wise
And kind and fair.

Or if a girl-child
It should be,
May the blessings on
Her bed be three.

The first bed
Is the marriage-bed.
May Joy and Tenderness
Stand at its head.

And when in child-bed
She shall lie
May Victory
Herself draw nigh.

And when at last
Comes the third bed,
May Peace bend down
Above the head.

Ah, Love! ennoble
With thy breath
Bride-bed, birth-bed,
And bed of death!

Make the bed,
And make the bed,
The sheets are smooth
And the blankets spread.

Elizabeth Coatsworth
Harpers Magazine
October, 1930

After Surgery

No more brown eyed people will come to this house.

I have been hollowed and scoured and made
as polished as the inside of a drum,
and I echo with the silence of
unborn voices.

Come to me, all my children who will never be,
and I will tell you about the shortness of the summer
and how the pruned stubs throb.

We will be sad together for a while,
I have saved a lot of sighs to wrap you in,
and I will lay you down with songs of
how I might have loved you.

And then--goodbye,
Sleep softly. Murmur sometimes and I will
come to hush you in my dreams,
while all my days press forward, turning,
searching for another

season.

Orma Whitaker
North Hollywood, Calif.

s "carried away by the spirit," Rodello
"You mean...?" she asks. "I mean that
body parts and passions," says Brother
r. "Hmm," says Rodello, "There have been
births recorded in medical history. In
ases the woman has been bisexual--snails
re that way--but in all those cases, the
s female. A male child has to be the pro-
male chromosomes." Then she wishes she'd
it further, because later that conversa-
ve rise "to some wayward thoughts."
Incorrigible habit of thinking may put off
adern. Mormons bred to having answers may
oble simply enjoying the book without the
answer it. Certainly Miss Hunter's small-
moon background is no longer typical; a new
in Germany might be very glad for a visit
e bishopric, and a member in North Carolina
robably welcome a few more thorns along the
path to hell. But the doh-si-doh of reason
ling that pervades the story is such an ap-
suggestion of the dilemma we all face that
one, wasn't much bothered by the need to
tth her. Although I do wish she'd been less
ve with her charity. . . if The Authorities
ritatingly substantial and male in their
odium seats, they are also real men with s
of their own who need a kind word now and

e is not much depth to the work, probably
of the genre: somewhere between fiction
pir. We get whiffs of essence everywhere
e long for one deep breath--but wouldn't
world have missed the whiffs. I am not
d prefer more depth. Anybody who can wring
out of Relief Society work meetings ought
ad just as they are.
book was intended for Gentile readers, and
beautifying specimen of Mormon culture with-
Mormon preachiness. If anybody nets
d at, the Chosen do, proving that a real
r of Zion has to convert somebody. Perhaps
why I suspect the book is really for Mor-
ders--an "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." Reading
hat light, I am disappointed that Ms. Hunter
herself an inactive Mormon. The term is in-
late for an author of such actively compas-
writing. Beyond a few essentials, there
e ways to love the kingdom than can be shown
ward statistical report. Who knows--we may
learn it was Jack-Hebrews who gave us the
f Job and Ruth. Daughter of Zion is a step
their profound humanity.

REBECCA LORNWALL
Salt Lake City, Utah

For Equal Rights

arching Through Georgia."

the mothers of mankind, the daughters, sis-
ers, wives;
n weal we ever give our time, our strength,
r lives,
ll uphold the honest hand that ever nobly
rives
wave the flag of equal rights in Utah.

urrah:
urrah! hurrah!
urrah! hurrah! we'll light the way with
song,
e brothers, sisters, join the strain and
swell it sweet and strong,
e'll wave the flag of equal rights in Utah!

urn to wash and bake and brew in the best
l quickest way,
to sweep and dust and stew and not consume
a day;
er time to study, too, and teach our boys
a way
wave the flag of equal rights in Utah.

the world is old enough that womankind
old stand
reation's noble lords and help to rule the
d,
saloons, improve the schools and lend a
ping hand
wave the flag of equal rights in Utah.

thers must no lonner sail the ship of state
me,
ll help them out with that while they with
asure own,
dness is a woman, too; we call her from
throne,
wave the flag of equal rights o'er Utah

Belle D. Edwards
From Utah Woman Suffrage Song Book
(Salt Lake City: 1880's?), p. 22.

xious to each carping tongue,
my hand a needle better fits,
ben all scorn I should thus wrone
despite they cast on Female wits:
do prove well, it won't advance,
ay it's stol'n or else it was by chance."

Ann Bradstreet, from the prologue of
The Tenth Muse, Lately Sprung Up in
America (London, 1650)

Millie's Mother's Red Dress

It hung there in the closet
While she was dying, Mother's red dress,
Like a gash in the row
Of dark, old clothes
She had worn away her life in.

They had called me home,
And I was trying to get her heart to go
Like it used to, but it wouldn't.

When I saw the dress I said,
"Why, Mother--how beautiful.
I've never seen it on you."

"I've never worn it," she slowly said.
"Sit down, Millie--I'd like to undo
A lesson or two before I go, if I can."

I sat by her bed,
And she sighed a brier breath
Than I thought she could hold.
"Now that I'm pretty well old
And getting near to gone,
I can see some things,
Oh, I taught you good--but I taught you wrong."

"What do you mean, 'Mother'?"

"Well--I always thought
That a good woman never takes her turn,
That she's just for doing for somebody else.
Do here, do there, always keep
Everybody else's wants tended and make sure
Yours are at the bottom of the heap.
Maybe someday you'll get to them,
But of course you never do.
My life was like that--do for your dad,
Do for the boys, for your sisters, for you."

"You did--everything a mother could."

"Oh, 'Millie, 'Millie, I was no good--
For you--for him. Don't you see?
I did the worst of wrongs,
I asked of you nothing--for me!

Your father in the other room,
All worried up and staring at the walls--
When the doctor told him he took
It bad--came to my bed and all but shook
The life right out of me. 'You can't die,
Do you hear? What'll become of me?
What'll become of me?'
It'll be hard, all right, when I go.
He can't even find the frying pan, you know.
And you children,
I was a free ride for everybody, everywhere,
I was the first one up and the last one down

Seven days out of the week.
I always took the toast that got burned,
And the very smallest piece of pie.
I look at how your brothers treat their wives now,
And it makes me sick, 'cause it was I
That taught it to them. And they learned.
They learned that a woman doesn't
Even exist except to give.
Why, every single penny that I could save
Went for your clothes, or your books.
Can't even remember once when I took
Myself downtown to buy something beautiful--
For me.

Except last year when I got that red dress.
I found I had twenty dollars that nothing
Particularly needed. I was on my way
To pay it extra on the washer.
But somehow--I came home with this big box.
Your father really gave it to me then.
'Where you going to wear a thing like that to--
Some opera or something?'
And he was right, I guess.
I've never, except in the store,
Put on that dress.

Oh, 'Millie--I always thought if you take
Nothing for yourself in this world,
You'd have it all in the next somehow.
I don't believe that anymore.
I think the Lord wants us to have something--
Here--and now.

And I'm telling you, Millie, if some miracle
Should get me off this bed, you can look
For a different mother, 'cause I'm going to be one.
Oh, I passed up my turn so long
I would hardly know how to take it.
But I'm going to learn, 'Millie.
I'm going to learn."

It hung there in the closet
While she was dying, Mother's red dress,
Like a gash in the row
Of dark, old clothes
She had worn away her life in.

Her last words to me were these:
"Do me the honor, my dear,
Of not following in my footsteps.
Promise me that."

I promised.
She caught her breath,
Then, without question,
Took her turn--in death.

Carol Lynn Pearson
Provo, Utah

WOMAN'S EXPONENT Revisited

The first editor of *The Woman's Exponent* was a twenty three year old girl named Louise Lula Greene. While we are all more familiar with the talents and achievements of Eliza R. Snow, our fondness for Louise is particularly strong because she left such a stimulating legacy. Her previous newspaper experience was limited to writing articles for her ward's *Sunday School Gazette* and contributing poetry to the *Salt Lake Herald*. Edward L. Sloan, the Herald's editor, among others, encouraged her desire for a young women's magazine by suggesting its name and by providing technical assistance. Early issues of *W.E.* were printed in the Herald's office.

Louise who was single, wrote to her aunt, Eliza R. Snow seeking advice about accepting the responsibility of editing a women's magazine. In reply Sister Snow counseled:

To be sure, while unmarried, one cannot be fulfilling the requisition of maternity, but let me ask "Is it not as important that those already born should be cultivated and prepared for use in the Kingdom of God as that others should be born?"

The eight-page newspaper was first published June 1, 1872 and semi-monthly thereafter. Mormon women furnished fiction, poetry, articles and correspondence. Louise L. Greene's keen editing with its distinctly feminist slant brought news of the world and the nation to the women of Mormondom. Her editorials ranged from theology and philosophy to politics and domestic matters. Her devotion to the gospel and high moral standards is consistently in evidence.

Reform, to be of any permanent value must be based on personal virtue, not force; and the millenium will not be far off when each individual shall set about reforming himself, rather than society, and conforming his life to the great law of loving God and his fellow-men. *W.E.* Jan 31, 1873

For five years she tirelessly "cultivated and prepared for use" the women of Zion. Between the June 15th and July 1st 1873 issues she became Louise L. Greene Richards, marrying Levi W. Richards on the afternoon of June 16. In all she edited 123 issues of the *Exponent*. On August 18, 1877 in a farewell message entitled "Valedictory" she explains her retirement simply:



Louise L. Greene Richards

I have decided that during the years of my life which may be properly devoted to the rearing of a family, I will give my special attention to that most important branch of 'Home Industry.' Not that my interest in the public weal is diminishing or that I think the best season of a woman's life should be completely absorbed in her domestic duties. But every reflecting mother, and every true philanthropist, can see the happy medium between being selfishly home-bound, and foolishly public spirited."

On the same page we learn that on June 24 Louise had lost a second infant daughter.

Sister Richards continued to be an active contributor to *W.E.* Of her seven children, four sons grew to productive maturity. She was active in Church affairs until her death in 1944 at age ninety five.

Susan Kohler

Editorial Snatches

The majority of men hold such ideas (the rights of women) in derision. Woman, they say, is to be in her dependency, dearer, lovelier, more comparable than when she steps out of her sphere and to become equal in education, and self-reliance man..On the contrary, we argue that such mother as has disciplined themselves to rely more fully upon their own judgment, who have been educated to a high standard in all that the science of life can teach, in all departments of knowledge which pertain to the development of mental or physical faculties, will exercise such pre-natal and after influences over their offspring as will imbue the sons with noble intuition and higher aspirations than the mother whose most enrossing object in life is the diligent care of her husband's house and fear of losing any portion of his affection. To many women this fear is the bane of their lives, to obtain, and retain the husband's love, is more than the salvation of their own souls, or the present or future welfare of their offspring.

M. E. July 1, 1877

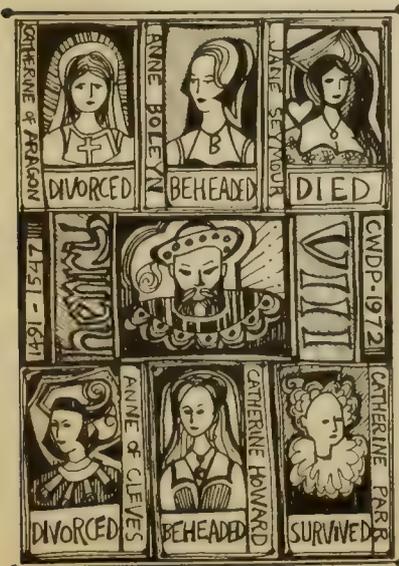
So surely as marriage is an institution grounded in human nature, no woman worthily and happily married is less fitted to aid the general progress of the world than she who stands alone with none to hinder; yes, with none to hinder, but with none to help her either, in the exercise of her best gifts. It is time that we utterly repudiate the pernicious dogma that marriage and a practical life-work are incompatible.

"E. August 15, 1877"

Cottage Industry

CAROLYN PETERS:

Wall Hangings



This column will feature women who have successfully established "cottage industries" or "at home" occupations. In addition to their biographies, samples of their workmanship will be offered for sale. If you or a friend wish to be featured, send a biography and a sample of your work to Cottage Industry, Exponent II.

It is appropriate that this first column should feature Carolyn Peters who designed our Tree of Knowledge seal. Carolyn holds an AB degree earned while producing four children. The diaper-routine imposed by four babies born one-after-the-other interfered with her study of art history and she was forced to put it aside.

Finding the orderliness of handwork restorative after caring for energetic children, she experimented in several media, forsaking in turn oil painting, enamelling and pottery because of the allened danger of lead poisoning to the children if they chewed on "Mommy's hobbies."

The only objection to stitichery was self-inflicted punctures, so she began her present phase of stitched wall hangings, banners or "tapestries" for the family as well as a mother-on-the-premises. She had her first one-person show when the youngest child was two years old.

What began as therapy against imminent insanity has developed into a part-time occupation which allows the artist to remain in the home and set her own hours, thereby providing extra income for the family as well as a mother-on-the-premises.

The wall hangings are appliqued layers of fabric sewn to a cloth background by sewing machine and hand stitichery. They range in size from 12" by 18" to 48" by 72". A recent work which had popular appeal featured Henry VIII and his six wives. A wall hanging featuring Brigham Young and his wives is contemplated.

Carolyn's work has been exhibited in private and public galleries and institutions in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. Commissioned pieces are owned by Harvard and Tufts Universities as well as private collectors in the United States, Europe, Africa, Israel and Latin America. Her next one-person show is scheduled for November, 1974 at Boston's City Hall.



Carolyn's Tree of Knowledge has been adapted to a colorful 12" by 12" needlepoint pillow or picture kit which can be ordered from this column. The kit including instructions, painted canvas and yarn costs \$12.50 plus \$1.50 postage. Make checks payable to Heather Cannon.

Heather Cannon

In retelling her life story to an oral historian Leah D. Widstoe, leader, writer, and exemplary inter-day Saint, complained jokingly that she had ways been known as somebody else's relative.

"When I was little," she explained, "they pointed me out as 'Brigham Young's granddaughter.' It was as my mother became known in the Church, I was Young Gates' daughter." My sister came home from Europe after a successful season as an opera singer after which I was 'Emma Lucy Gates' sister." I married, and became "John A. Widstoe's wife." He died, I guess I'm just nobody," concluded the woman whose name is widely recognized throughout the Church.

I mentioned her comment to an acquaintance. "Leah D. Widstoe," he puzzled, "Isn't that G. Homer Durham's mother-in-law?"

submitted by Maureen Ursenbach Beecher

Leah D. Widstoe? Isn't that Carolyn Peters' grandmother? Ed.

The Frugal Housewife

Pitting Cabbages

"When the world wearies and society ceases to satisfy, there's always the garden." It's true. Gardening is therapeutic and rewarding, and some of the greatest rewards have come from my vegetable garden. Our vegetables are abundant and delicious. This year the sheep have not as yet invaded my vegetable garden. When they do, they inevitably devour the cabbages first. And I love my cabbages. I plant enough for our family and friends, and enough to last us through the winter --if the sheep don't get them.

We raise Danish Ball Head Cabbage. This is a late variety which stores better than any other variety we have tried. It keeps very well all winter; we can have delicious cabbages in April or even May.

To store the cabbages during the winter, we prepare a trench for them. Granted, a trench is a trench and a pit is a pit, but for some reason the process has always been known as "pitting cabbages." If stored properly, the frost doesn't hurt the cabbages but actually makes them sweeter. Storing cabbages in a cool dry basement isn't satisfactory: they soon wither and spoil easily. Pitted cabbages remain crisp and sweet.

So we dig a trench about eight to ten inches deep, long enough to hold all the choicest cabbages, and wide enough so that all the leaves of the cabbage plant will spread out without being crowded. Nothing fancy. No straw or sand. Just a trench. We choose solid firm heads that haven't split even to a fine crack and pull the whole plant up roots and all. (The cabbages should be pulled up before the last hard freeze; in Cache Valley, Utah, that's the last of October or the first of November, although many times we have pitted cabbages around the 11th of November.) Then we place the whole plant--all outer leaves still intact--upside down in the trench, with its entire root sticking up in the air. We place the cabbages quite close together and cover them all with dirt. There should be visible about four inches of root sticking up in the air and about a six inch mound over the cabbages. That's it.

As we need them, we retrieve the cabbages from the ground before the ground freezes hard or after the ground partially thaws. I pull on the cabbage root and with the help of a spade, up it comes. The resulting hole I fill with loose dirt to protect the other cabbages in the trench. Sometimes, before the ground freezes, we pull two or three cabbages from the trench, wrap them in brown paper, and place them in a barrel with our carrots and potatoes. For me they are a little more accessible.

Winter storage for our carrots and potatoes consists of a fifty gallon bottomless barrel sunk in the ground. It must be in a shady spot, away from the sun. Here also, the vegetables keep until April or May. We place a burlap sack filled with vermiculite on top of the vegetables so they won't freeze. Then on top of the barrel goes a piece of plywood that is even with the ground.

Still, for cabbages, pitting seems the best method of storing. And on dreary winter days what could be more welcome than crisp sweet cabbage from your own garden.

Lucille Campbell
Providence, Utah



TVP: FUN MIRACLE FOOD

Everyone has heard of TVP. It raises blood essis, hopes, fears, and sometimes kids, all in multi-colored breath. But TVP--? What is it? A new kind of T.V. dimer with peanuts or anything? Well, that's another book, but this is about TVP--textured vegetable protein. A few more heads are nodding knowledgeably, but even more than a few as TVP sales levels and world-wide distribution continues. Textured vegetable protein is a meat-like product made from soybeans. It can be used alone or with other meats as an extender. In addition to everyone-can-think-of-that ways to use this miracle food, new roads are always appearing on the map. It is a fun, miracle food! How about a path to candyland for example? There's a new way to push a little inexpensive protein into the diet. When I saw the uncolored, irregular-shaped TVP, it reminded me of a lip rice cereal my children love mixed with marshmallows, butter or margarine, etc. to make a treat. IDEAL! Could I add TVP to this--disguised or at least unnoticed--and add seven grams of protein to my children's diet in a tasty, easy way? How about that for a start on this Fun Miracle Food? And would it taste different by adding more protein in the form of nut butter?

- RE: 1/4 C Butter or margarine
6-10 oz Marshmallows (about 40 or 4 C miniature marshmallows)
1/2 C Peanut Butter
5-6 C Crisp rice cereal
1 C TVP (uncolored, unflavored)

od: Melt butter and then marshmallows over low heat until melted any syrupy. Remove from heat. Add peanut butter, cereal, and last add TVP. You may add wheat germ, or nuts--sliced peanuts. You may use rice or wheat protein. Press warm mixture evenly and firmly into buttered 13"x9" pan. Cut into squares when cool.
se basic recipe--have fun. IDEAL! No peanut butter, use a package of strawberry jello.

write lunch box goodie or after-school snack it be:

- DROPS: 1/4 C Margarine
1/4 C Peanut Butter
6 T Honey (approx.)
1/4 C Cocoa or carob powder
E T (or more) Coarsely chopped unsalted peanuts
1/4 C Granola, or mixture of oats, sesame seeds, etc.
1/4 C Wheat or rice flakes or wheat flour
1/4 C Toasted wheat germ
2 T Instant nonfat dry milk
1/4 C Dried currants or raisins
1 t Vanilla extract
1/2 C TVP (unflavored)

od: Mix all well. Roll heaping teaspoonfuls in shredded coconut. Store in refrigerator. Makes 3 dozen unless you eat 1 dozen before the children come home.

Someone has said we are like tacks--we can go no further than our heads will let us. Think TVP. Nutrition and fun to your diet with the creation of this new protein.

From a forthcoming book by
Ruth V. Tingey
Lincoln, Massachusetts

The Joy of Doing

I'm sorry for you, I confess,
Who never made a lovely dress;
Who never had the chance to spread
Your table with your own fresh bread.

Who never saw your kitchen shine,
Nor pinned white clothes upon the line;
Who never made the dishes gleam,
Nor froze a batch of rich ice cream.

How dull to have another do
Every single task for you;
To only get to eat the cake
Another had the joy to make.

Caroline Eyring Miner

sauce à la mass.

over in westford
I bought some apples
rosy red
and juicy sweet
down on cape cod
where bogs are mushy
there are cranberries
right at your feet

took them home
and got to thinking
how to mix
a tasty treat
thought I'd try
a new temptation
cran-apple sauce
sounds hard to beat

now just sit down
and prop your feet up
take a bowl
that fits your lap
start to peel
those juicy apples
nibble the ribbons
that curl in a heap

four or five's
enough to start with
chop them up
in pieces neat
take a handful
of those berries
put in a pan
turn on the heat

quickly add
a bit of water
half a cup
right at the start
then stir in
a little sugar
a stingy cup
if they are tart

squeeze in
a juicy lemon
a nob of butter
won't be a waste
a dash of mace
is quite important
to give the sauce
a special taste

as it heats
now stir and smash it
mash the berries
some will hide
cook it slowly
gently stirring
cranberries popping
down inside

when it's thick
and soft and rosy
take it off
and cool it down
have a taste
just to be certain
all the flavors
spread around

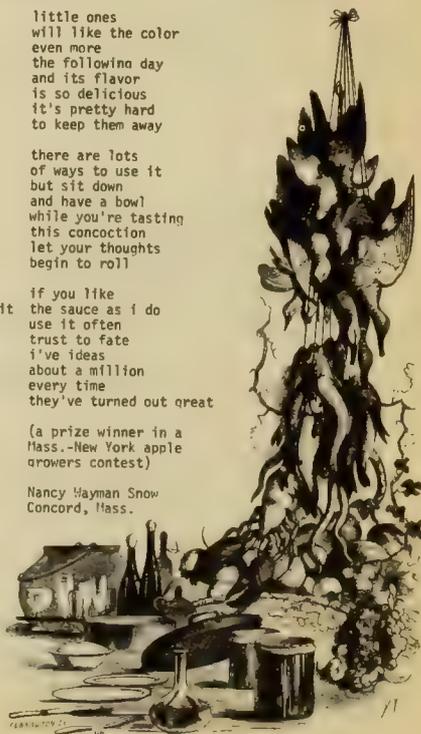
little ones
will like the color
even more
the following day
and its flavor
is so delicious
it's pretty hard
to keep them away

there are lots
of ways to use it
but sit down
and have a bowl
while you're tasting
this concoction
let your thoughts
begin to roll

if you like
the sauce as I do
use it often
trust to fate
I've ideas
gently stirring
cranberries popping
down inside

(a prize winner in a
Mass.-New York apple
growers contest)

Nancy Hayman Snow
Concord, Mass.



Letters



Dear Sisters,

When my sister-in-law handed me my copy of Exponent II my first reaction was negative. I hoped I'd like some of the articles but feared they'd be few.

I had been reading much of Gloria Steinem, Emma Willard, Women on 'ord's and Imanes, etc. preparing background for a talk I gave in Los Angeles recently before the California State Board of Education.

I was frankly very sick of Women's Lib, Feminists and Task Forces despite the worthwhile accomplishments of the movement.

What joy I experienced when I read Exponent II from beginning to end; joy, aratitude, inspiration, and a little envy.

I promptly sent my copy to a kindred spirit in Shaker Heights, Ohio.

There is one question I always have when articles mention women with many children who accomplish much outside the home. How have the children matured? Are they fulfilled, happy, active in the Church adults? I wrote the editors of the New Era asking this question about Susa Young Gates, but received no answer. I don't mean to imply it isn't possible. I know personally that it is. I only mention it as a point to consider.

Blessings on each of you,

Jan Hilton
Walnut Creek, California

Dear Sisters:

When I read the letter to the Editor in Dialogue about Exponent II, my first feeling was one of excitement. A newspaper for Mormon feminists? Far out! Maybe there is a place in the Church for women like me.

Susan J. Maas
Portland, Oregon

Dear Exponent II,

Please expose me to Exponent II for a year. I cannot avoid asking by the way, whether the lack of male contributions in your first issue is accidental or intentional, and if you intend to integrate. Regardless of your plans in that area I am sending the following poem, something I scratched out some time back with more feeling than skill, that may make a good target for your editorial d'art board.

"If you want it, I guess you deserve it"

today women,
liberated,
caucus and clamour
for straight--
grey-flannel-suit--jacket jobs
my generation
broke its neck to take off.

If my bit of doggerel doesn't appeal to you just wastebasket it, as my mall ego bruises easily. I'm looking forward to your next issue.

Gordon C. Thomasson
Ithaca, New York

Dear Editor:

The discovery of this newspaper gives me a fantastic feeling! I find it stimulating and enriching. I expect to introduce many sisters to its contents and hope to be able to contribute by way of articles and views in the future.

I feel it will truly provide an opportunity for the exchange of news and life views.

A vote of appreciation to all of you who have worked to make its printing a reality! Also--a pledge of support to further its cause!

Phyllis B. Welch
Tempe, Arizona

Dear Editor:

As a second year law student, wife and mother, I enjoy learning about sisters who have not submered their identities in the cultural roles that so many Mormons regard as ideal. In return I hope I will be able to make a contribution to them.

The California legislature has been seeking to rectify some of the many injustices suffered by women in our society. Recently passed laws have deposed the husband as head of the household and the sole controller of community property. Those positions are now held co-equally by husband and wife. A law has been passed prohibiting discrimination against women in the granting of credit. A bill altering the rape laws is presently being considered. Women of the Church have a fantastic opportunity to step forward and take positions of leadership in our society, positions they have been training for all of their lives.

Susan M. Howard
Northridge, California

Dear Sisters:

I'm an ambivalent sociologist, with a PhD and no publications, but temporarily teaching at the University of Texas at Austin where my husband is in graduate school. I feel "not of" the academic marketplace--but not quite of the 'lormon maternal role I entered 13 1/2 mos. ago. Gradually I'm developing some opinions on the contradictions and dilemmas presented by these two worlds, and perhaps some day I'll find a personal solution. I certainly welcome communication with Mormon Sisters who are grappling with feminist issues (whether I'm a feminist depends on whose definition is being used). If I had the time and energy to invest in sociological research meaningful to me, it would indeed involve modern American families with children (perhaps just 'lormon ones) where some of these issues are being grappled with.

Those of us who are grappling with some of the same problems and even live in the same ward don't realize it--simply because we are too busy and too silent.

Ann Graham
Austin, Texas

Dear Claudia and Staff,

Cheers and kudos for what you have done--a real live, exciting newspaper for which I am very grateful! I have told everyone about it, and give out your address to send in subscriptions, as if my life depended on it.

Your article titles were so stimulating to me, I must express myself on some of their subjects. Do you accept poetry? Most I write only letters to the Editor? Would you be interested in occasional pieces written about delightful projects others could emulate connected with genealogy and family history compiling?

May all 'lormon Sisters be assisted in keeping their wits, and improve them usefully and honorably wherever God has set them (Acts 15:26) by subscribing to Exponent II!

Carmel de Jong Anderson
Provo, Utah

Dear Editors:

I'm writing to thank you for an issue of your newspaper which my daughter, Juanita Brooks, sent me from Salt Lake. I am here in Idaho visiting two of my sons who live here. I thought I would give you a little of my history as you are asking for some articles for the "Exponent".

I was born in Santa Clara, Utah November 5, 1877 and am now in my 97th year. I have good health, can eat anything anyone else can, and sleep like a baby. My main trouble is my knees, as I can not walk far without my cane. I've outgrown my glasses, and Dr. says he can make me no better ones, so I get along without any, and am so thankful I can still keep up my correspondence with my family and friends. Which I love to do.

I am the mother of eleven children, Juanita is my second daughter--and I've never had a Dr. in my home. The good faithful midwives have delivered all my children--seven girls and four boys.

He had four little girls when my husband was called on a mission and our first son was born in three months after he left. The little girls were so pleased to have a baby brother that I was happy for them. My daughter Juanita was only six years old, when she came to the bed one day and said "Oh mother, isn't he sweet! Lets surprise Pa with another one before he gets back!" Well I laughed until I cried, and that "you sweet little innocent thing." He really would be surprised!

Well we got along just fine. The new baby helped to fill up the vacancy of his absence. He returned home well and happy. The years passed by and we had a little new baby about every two years, and I'm so thankful for each and all of them. All are faithful members of the Church.

Three of our sons have been Bishops. Seven of them are college graduates--three have their masters and two their PhD's. All have been married in the temple. Four have filled missions besides my husband.

We have fifty-two living grandchildren, two have died, and one hundred seventy-five great grandchildren and six great, great grand ones.

My husband died at the age of seventy-five so I have been a widow almost thirty years. I've spent a lot of my time at the temple, so I have done 6,200 endowments and hope I can do a few more. I am so thankful for my many blessings. I hope and pray that we may all live worthy to enter into the Celestial Kingdom in the Eternal world.

Mary H. Leavitt
Homedale, Idaho

P.S. I meant to say that I will remember reading the Mormon Exponent years ago and am happy to see this new edition.

Dear Editors:

I whole-heartedly support your desire to succeed LDS women with a voice in their own community. There is so much we can learn and need to learn from each other.

May the Lord bless you with the same honesty and faith which characterized the editors of Exponent "I".

With best wishes and high hopes,

Kathleen Flake
Provo, Utah

Dear Sisters:

Having just "devoured" the first issue of Exponent II, I want to assure you that your grocery budgets have produced a spiritual/intellectual/historical diet fit for the "queens" for which it is prepared. You have lifted my thoughts from the mundane and sweetened my dreams of fulfilling our TWP casseroles and whole wheat dishes with taste delicious to me this week--knowing our seeds are better fed.

After living in the East, the deep South, and California before settling down in Brigham City, it seems now as if the world is a newspaper headline and news broadcast. But in spite of our isolation, this is a lovely town and a choice place for rearing a family. Perhaps your publication can help me meet the challenge of keeping me going and close to my sisters scattered throughout Zion.

Congratulations to each of you for your courage and for caring. May the Lord bless you in your homes and in this adventure.

Janet Burton Seemiller
Brigham City, Utah

Dear Editors:

Cheers for Exponent II! As an outspoken, opinion-expressing woman, I often feel a bit out of place in Church groups. I know, though, that being a feminist and being a Latter-day Saint woman, wife, and mother need to be mutually exclusive.

I eagerly await reading about other "uppy" women."

Mary Frederickson
Columbia, Missouri

Dear Sisters:

I was thrilled to see that at last LDS women have a publication of their own again. I think we have lost ground over the last 100 years. Sisters unite!

And thank you!

Janet W. Mitchell
Salt Lake City

Dear Editors:

I was pleased to see that eleven 'lormon women, living in the Boston area, launched Exponent II. In late 1965, five 'lormons met in a living room near Stanford University to discuss plans for Dialogue. One of those five was later named "outstanding young woman of New Mexico." But initially she moved to Los Alamos from Stanford because her husband was offered a position there. And I'll wager that most of the "Boston eleven" reside in that eastern clime for their husbands' sakes.

Moreover I think that the Boston publishers are a bunch of foot-draggers--not up with the times. They lag behind the secular women's libbers because the Church as a whole lags behind the rest of society. The inane the Boston elites want to put forward is that of women who are progressive for being Mormon women. The amazing thing about the liberal 'lormon women of the late nineteenth century 'lormon's Exponent era is that they were up with their times, perhaps because these victims of polygamy were forced to become independent, living on isolated farmsteads, with U.S. marshalls chased after their hiding husbands.

I think that today's progressive Mormon women are primarily incensed about the priesthood's income confiscated the Relief Society's baby-sitting funds. They had to turn their treasures over to the bishops. You'll see: a year from now Exponent II will issue a ringing manifesto calling for the return of these funds. But until then editors of the new publication will be content to comb the Mormon scene to discover and identify modern 'lormon women who have amounted to something. The reason Exponent II is a quarterly newspaper is that this is a difficult task.

Kuster Pathmann
Rexburg, Idaho

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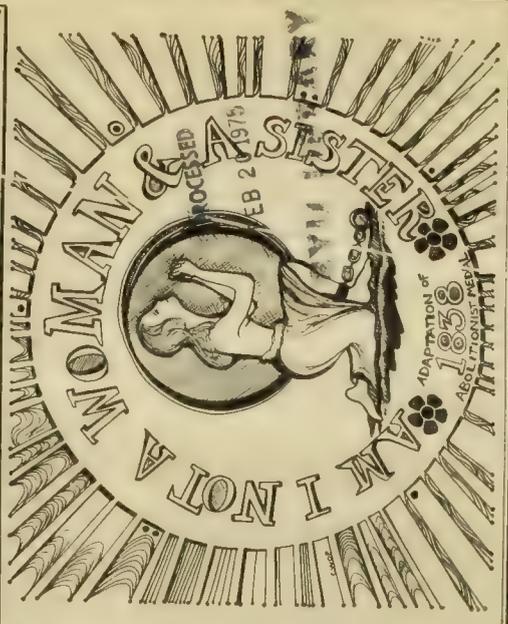
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EXPONENT II



The 2nd Issue of EXPONENT II The Spiritual Descendant of WOMAN'S EXPONENT 1872 - 1914

A quarterly newspaper catering to Mormon women published by Mormon women and of interest to Mormon women and others.

October 1974 • MORWEN SISTERS, INC. • Arlington, Mass.

↓ SUBSCRIPTION ↓

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EXPONENT II



"Am I not a Woman and a Sister?"

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Vol. 1, No. 3 December, 1974

WOMAN'S EXPONENT Revisited

The Exponent cordially extends to all its readers, friends and patrons, young and old in whatever nook or corner of the broad land, on this and the other side of the Atlantic, in the islands of the sea, on the Asiatic shore, to one and all the old-time greeting, "A Merry Christmas" and a happy one.

(Woman's Exponent 15 Dec 1878)

While we bespeak for our friends and patrons a merry, merry Christmas, Santa Claus's compliments, the rolling wheels of time bring again the season specially dedicated to festivity, and kindest expressions of sentiment, and good wishes. After providing good cheer for the least favored in the community, we naturally desire to make our hearts, and kindred and personal friends feel the warmth of genial sun-shine that fills our hearts, and as worldly gifts are always an acceptable medium of expression, we reflect upon what will please this one, what will become that one, and what will fit the other. Then the money question comes up, and we wish the J. Cookes, & Co. had all been honest, and let the currency of the country do its legitimate work—pay for honest labor. Then so many more little socks could have been filled, and so many more hearts made glad.

Many a corner that was devoted last year to the family Christmas Tree, must this year be vacant; many tables that (figuratively) roared under the weight of luxuries last Christmas, will stand, neglected by the wall on the forthcoming gala-day. And why is it so, while there is much money in the country, and just as many good things as formerly? It is because of dishonesty and bad management, together with a lack of financial ability in our country's representatives. Sad realities for a proud, experimental government to present to an approaching Centennial. Shade the picture. And heed the lesson—that it is easier to practice honesty and voluntary retrenchment, than to be compelled to eat the fruits of dishonesty and to practice compulsory retrenchment.

Sarah H. Kimball
(Woman's Exponent 15 Dec 1873)

As I sit thinking about Christmas, in my mind's eye I conjure up a fanciful picture of the past. I wonder whether any of our kind readers would like to know how we spent Christmas in the "long ago." I can see before me an old rambling brown country house and it is running over, full of little children all ages from the tall young lady and overgrown boy down to infancy. In all the "living rooms" the walls and pictures are ornamented with the evergreens, pines and hemlock boughs with which New England abounds; and the scarlet berries in thick clusters upon the vines and the tiny white-pine blossoms of the lily of the valley. The house resounds with merry laughter and shouts of glee, and from garret to cellar, in every nook and corner, the little children hide and cluster, as they romp and frolic in their delight; playing at "blindman's bluff," "hide and seek," and those old-fashioned games which seemed so particularly adapted to the cultivation of physical development and animal spirits. Presents, neither costly or elegant, perhaps, but precious indeed from the associations of friendship and affection, and appreciated with warm-



hearted enthusiasm. I can see, oh so plainly, the window-panes all crystallized over, and remember how I used to imagine cities, palaces, and castles, and associate them with fairy tales; and outside the snow lay so deep the roads must needs be broken with big heavy sleds and ever so many yoke of cattle and then the merry bells would jingle all day long as the sleighs flew past. I will not tell you of the delicious plum puddings and roasted turkeys, for you will soon have them in reality, nor the full stockings we found by our little beds in the cold frosty mornings, but I will tell you of the bright sunshine in our hearts, of the gladness of the happy childhood, of the greetings of dear friends, cousins, and all the long list of relatives gathered around the hearthstone at night, by the blazing fire of pine knots, and singing old-fashioned songs and telling wonderful tales, to please and amuse the little folks, who were never tired or sleepy, while they might be allowed this exciting pastime.

If it were not too sorrowful, I could tell you of a Christmas when there were no presents, no sunshine in the heart, when all was so chillingly lonely, that even though the day was bright outside, and nature sparkling in her richest robes of jeweled splendor, the tears fell and blinded us from seeing it, when the little ones looked in our faces and wondered what ailed us, and we could not choke down the sobs of anguish that rose up and stifled us. But my kind readers if you know where there is sorrow, or poverty or loneliness, if you know of a widow or little orphans, remember them on this coming Christmas, and God will remember you, and bless you, and it will be fulfilling

the dear Savior's words to whom this day is consecrated.

Do not let it annoy you, if your gifts are not rich or costly but have a sweet smile, and a bright face, and a merry Christmas for everybody, and your hearts will be light, and you will be happy in imparting happiness to others. Many, very many are the pleasant pictures of the past which present themselves as we look back, and a happy childhood is one of the fond recollections ever associated through life with feelings of tenderness and gratitude.

There is something about home, that touches the stoutest heart, the most hardened reprobate. And those who have a pleasant home, kind parents, loving friends and plenty, should never forget to thank God for all these precious gifts of his goodness. How often in the years to come, will these sweet reminders of happy childhood, flashes of vivid recollection, bring to us glad thoughts and for the moment we may almost feel again the brightness of the glorious past. God is pleased with us when we appreciate our blessings, we should never forget how tenderly He cares for us, and that all the precious blessings of our lives are dispensed from His bounty.

I love to see happy children, I love to see happy men and women, happy in doing right. And that we may, all of us, not only have a merry but a happy Christmas, is the real wish of

Aunt Em
Salt Lake City, 9 Dec 1875
(Woman's Exponent 15 Dec 1875)

The city is donning its holiday attire, the market places are teeming with varieties of good things, in the way of fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, fowls, and luxuries; and the merchants pile high and higher their stores of merchandise, and tempt the passer-by with tastefully decorated windows. Ornaments and toys of every conceivable shape and form, from the smallest trifle to the most elegant and costly article are staring at one on every side; indeed, one must walk blindfolded not to be conscious this is Christmas time. What a contrast to the Christmas of thirty years ago when a few hundred exiles, with their little ones, sipped on scant and homely fare and thanked God who had brought them where they could enjoy life, liberty and freedom of conscience.

(Woman's Exponent 15 Dec 1878)

The prosperity of the Latter-day Saints in the present day is almost beyond belief. Some of us who know the bitter past are simply amazed at the change. It is indeed wonderful to contemplate. We see, however, the fulfillment of prophecy in these things, and the prosperity of Zion should cause us to rejoice and sing praises to our Heavenly Father, who has vouchsafed to His Saints such blessings.

Christmas is a good time to make manifest our gratitude by ministering to others and proving our loyalty to the Master whose natal day we celebrate, giving liberally to those in need, whether of food or raiment, love or sympathy, remembering His words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

(Woman's Exponent 15 Dec 1903)
Susan W. Kohler

A Merry Christmas to our kind patrons.
May Peace & Goodwill abound in the habitations of Zion.
Woman's Exponent - December 15, 1877



HAIL AND FAREWELL!

New presidents were sustained to lead the Relief Society and Primary organizations at General Conference in October. Replacing Belle Spafford of the Relief Society and LaVerne Parmley of the Primary were Barbara B. Smith and Naomi M. Shumway. Sisters, we wish you the best.

We all owe Sisters Spafford and Parmley and their counselors Marianne C. Sharp and Louise H. Madsen of the Relief Society, and Naomi Ward Randall and Florence R. Lane of the Primary generous thanks for their years of service. They have made careers of their Church work, working themselves harder and for longer hours than most business executives.

Sister Spafford has served as president of the Relief Society since 1945, the longest tenure of any president. Eliza R. Snow held the office for only twenty years. Sister Spafford was editor of the now defunct Relief Society Magazine for almost ten years before taking on the presidency. She has ushered over a generation of LDS women into the Church's venerable women's organization. Under her direction the Society has steadily widened its membership from the earlier days. Younger married women were encouraged to participate, and now the Relief Society seeks to fill the needs of all the women of the Church, married or single.

Sister Spafford has also broadened the influence of the Relief Society by participation in national and international women's societies. Since 1951 Sister Parmley has been president of the Primary. Before her twenty three years in that office she served ten years as a board member and counselor. During her long tenure cub scouting and actual Boy Scout work were introduced to the Primary; Sister Parmley herself served on scouting's national council. Primary was extended into the summer months. The in-service training program was established. The services of the Primary Children's Hospital were substantially increased. Under Sister Parmley's direction Primary lessons were written, field tested, rewritten and used for many years rather than used once and thrown out.

Though the auxiliaries of the Church operate under the direction of the Priesthood, they take on the personalities of their leaders. The strong minds of Sisters Spafford and Parmley have been evident to all as they guided their organizations. We look forward to becoming acquainted with the leadership of Sister Smith and her counselors Janath R. Cannon and Marlan R. Boyer and Sister Shumway and her counselors Sara B. Paulsen and Colleen B. Lemon.

Claudia L. Bushman

TEMPLE DEDICATION A World Apart

"Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in His holy place?"

The Washington Temple stands on a hill, clearly visible to all who travel the Washington, D.C. Beltway. The winding road that leads to the entrance follows the lowlands below. Those who approach must look up to see the building. Straight saplings, surprisingly tall for such young trees, stand as though to protect. The sides of the building repeat the straight lines of the trees. Temple and trees reach toward the heavens.

My own ascent unto the hill of the Lord has taken me thirty-two years. I think back to that long ago day when I went into the waters of Baptism. Afterward, as we stood on the banks of the Susquehanna River, the two missionary elders laid their hands upon my head to give me the gift of the Holy Ghost. That gift has blessed and helped me through this long time of living and learning, of trial and testing, and has brought me now to this place of sanctification.

In my mind I can again see into the eyes of the Stake President as he admonished me to prepare myself for this experience. I think of the early saints who spent a year in the School of the Prophets preparing for the dedication of the Kirtland Temple. I pray that the years of my own preparation have been adequate. Soft echoes of Jessie Evans Smith's singing come from the shadows of my mind... "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully..." I look down at my hands into my heart and hope that they are clean and pure.

The General Authorities begin to come in to take their places. I watch with interest as their wives enter, exchanging tender greetings. I see LaPue Logsdon, a little bent by years, and witness the love that goes out to her from each person as she passes. My heart is caught within me when the daughter of my dearest friend comes in and sits directly in front of me, an occurrence neither of us could have planned. I feel the blessing that comes to me from the priesthood that is present in this Solemn Assembly Room. I think of the influence that has come directly into my life from many of these men, even though I have lived my life far from the center of the Church.

Now the hush deepens and everyone stands. President Kimball comes in followed by President Tanner and President Romney. They take their places high on the west podium, flanked by stake presidents and high councilmen. Dressed in white, they sit as though in silent blessing upon us. From this period of meditation until the final burst of the *Hosanna Anthem*, my heart is near to breaking in gratitude. I am in the presence of a prophet of the Lord. I am standing in this holy place. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

Descent from the hill is quick. We look up again to see the temple and the trees a final time before we slip back into the world.

Alice H. Karas
Melrose, Mass.



November Retreat

Leaving the children and the chores to willing but wary husbands, thirty women from Massachusetts and New Hampshire recently spent two days in "retreat" in Durham, New Hampshire at the home of Laurel Ulrich. The time was profitably passed in pursuit of greater understanding of ourselves and each other. To that end we shared several delightful meals and talked to all hours.

The open exchange of ideas, feelings, and testimonies was achieved through formal discussions: "A Mother's Child Care Problems and Solutions," "Woman and Her Alleged Inability to Give and Take Criticism," and for some of us "Exponent II: Progress Report, Problems, Solutions, Goals and Dreams"; as well as large and small informal talks. We also brainstormed new programs, jogged strenuously down the road or strolled through the November woods. We had left our daily cares behind us. By sharing frustrations and joys, weaknesses and strengths, fears and hopes, we drew closer to each other. Buoyed up by the mutual feeling of concern, we felt closer to the realization of our hopes. The achieved and potential greatness in Mormon women, those present and those who have shared their thoughts and lives through Exponent II, makes us all hopeful for the future. The hours were full.

We realize that there are many paths open to us as sisters and women in the Gospel. We can choose the path best suited to our talents, needs and dreams. Our Heavenly Father has given special qualities to each of us. With his help we can become what we and He would have us be.

Susan L. Paxman



The Ghost Of Christmas Past

My first two children were always nice to take shopping. They stayed close by me, one on either side, quietly looking, happily satisfied with whatever small treat the shopping trip afforded them, often helpfully carrying a package or two.

But the third one was a wanderer. After my first experience with her, I planned my uptown shopping at times when the two older girls, ever obliging baby sitters, would be at home. That time, I had looked down thinking Barbara was at my side, and she had disappeared. I found her in the manager's office sitting on his knee and telling him the story of my life in (Thank Heaven) the unintelligible Jaroon of a two-year old. She hadn't been taken there, she had simply walked through the first open door that looked interesting.

One Christmas season, two years later, I succumbed to her pleading and repeated vows to be good and took her uptown with me. It was the 24th of December, but I had only a few things to get and thought we would be able to do it easily in an hour or two.

It was a horrible day for me. The store aisles were so jammed with shoppers that you had to squeeze through gelatinous lines of them and push rudely up to the counters if you wished to get waited on. "Stay close by me," I warned again and again. "There are so many people, you can easily get lost." But everytime I looked down she had disappeared into the hundreds of leas around us.

I worked out a system. I'd choose my merchandise, get in the shortest line, pay for the package and then go look for Barb somewhere between this stop and the last. Time and time again I gave up my place in line to look for her. My arms were full and I warned her severely to hold onto my coat tightly, but she would see something fascinating and she would forget. I'd find her, nose glued to a display counter, not worried or fearful, simply hypnotized by all the tinsel and light and color she saw. She oohed and aahed at the decorations. She was enthralled by the escalators. She stared in amazement at the life-sized gold angels and glittering chandeliers and the shimmering carlands overhead.

It took all afternoon in one store! I had spent at least three-fourths of that time just looking for her. I was exasperated enough to have turned her over my knee and whopped her in public, but I didn't have the nerve--Christmas Eve, a mean cranky, disheveled child beater inflicting inhuman punishment on such an angelic child, who according to any observant bystander, was only looking!

I didn't dare take her onto the street to walk the two blocks to the bus stop. With my arms loaded and the street crowds almost as pressing as those in the store, I was certain I'd lose her, so I called a cab I couldn't afford. It was dusk as I hurried her into it. Once inside I turned on her in furious frustration.

"This is the last time I'll ever take you uptown, so help me. I've almost lost my mind over you today!"

"Ooh, Mama," she said, looking up at me in stunned bewilderment, the quick tears starting. "Did I be BAD?"

I was cross, thinking of the dozens of things left to be done before the night was over and she sat still and subdued all the way home.

Oh, how I wish now that I'd had the perspective then to have been able to see the difference between the important and the unimportant. I can't remember one item that I bought that day, but twenty years later, I can still see those big, round blue eyes and their hurt shock at my tone. I wish that I had been able to enter her special world that night. Christmas Eve, a world of wonder, and sparkle, and music, and billions of shiny things to fill it full of awe. She had never been Christmas shopping except in a nearby dime store to select her own small pile of gifts for others. It had been for her a day in a fairyland of color and sound and excitement, and I had dulled it.

I wish I'd held that little hand in mine and taken all the time she needed to absorb that wondrous Christmas city. And now it is too late. Flip-flop--in a day my children grew up! But it isn't too late for a lot of you. If you ever get the chance to enter fairyland--forget Aunt May's breast pin--take your child's hand and walk right inside, and have a Merry Christmas!

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Originally printed in the *Jackson Hole Guide*.

Rodello Hunter
Jackson Hole, Wyo.

(Readers who have been unable to find Rodello Hunter's book *A Daughter of Zion* reviewed in the last issue of Exponent II can order hardback copies from Box 1236, Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Price: \$6.95)

Some Suggestions For Our Contributors

1. Though we publish longer articles, we prefer the two to four page length.
2. Don't quote too much. We want your words.
3. If you want your manuscript returned, be sure to say so. A stamped, self-addressed envelope would help.
4. After writing, rewriting and writing again, type fresh double-spaced pages, one side only, with generous margins all around. Two copies would be appreciated.
5. Identify every page with your name and a short title. Put name, address, title and approximate number of words on the first page.
6. Contributions of art work--graphics, photographs, etc.--are encouraged. Be sure they are well identified.
7. Despite the above, pencilled philosophies written at 2 a.m. on the back of old grocery lists will not be ignored.

The Management

We apologize for the inconvenience that late or unrecieved issues have caused our subscribers and urge any readers who know of unintentional slights to call them to our attention.

Time yet remains to order Christmas gift subscriptions for your friends. Cards announcing your gifts will be sent to your friends before Christmas.

TRULY BRAVE WOMEN

The mother who voluntarily takes upon herself the training of her children, the care of their health and the cultivation of their minds, and diligently and firmly applies her time and talents to the arduous, unremitting tasks of nursery life, and well and wisely fills the mission she has chosen, requires more fortitude and strength of character than a woman in any other position in life, who, if she is blessed with children, places them under the care of nurse or governess, paying some one else for doing the greater and worthiest work the Lord has committed to her care, while she does only the simple and easier part, no matter what profession she may follow; and at the last is liable to regret having shirked that noblest work for woman to perform, when she finds it has been poorly done.

(Woman's Exponent, June 1, 1892)

To take the position described in the "Mother Book" requires more bravery in 1974 than it did one hundred years ago; but the stand, I feel, is as praiseworthy now as then.

While I am a firm believer in education, personal enrichment, and the development of talents, I hold that "to everything there is a season" and that we as Latter-day Saint women must carefully evaluate our priorities before engaging in any activity that will require a portion of our precious time. My own stand in regard to the role of woman is one that may seem ultra-conservative, if not archaic to many, but is the result of much soul searching.

The season for major interests outside the home such as formal education is while single, or when children are grown and have left home. Informal interests can be pursued while children nap or attend school, or later in the evening. As a young mother with small children, I have no time for major outside commitments but my university education is of great value. For me, education means not so much the gathering and weighing of facts and ideas, but the ability to think clearly, to sense beauty, to solve problems, to exercise creativity, and to manifest perspective in action. Certainly, all of these are necessary preparation for dynamic womanhood, wifehood, motherhood.

When I am not needed by my family or others, I can read, write, or whatever else feeds my hunger to keep my mind alive, my talents expanding. These moments are not abundant, but they are not wasted. They cannot and should not come at the expense of time for prayer, scriptural study, Family Home

Evenings, or Church work; but they can be savored now and then.

I feel that we as Latter-day Saint wives and mothers have, in our homes, the perfect opportunity to exercise the Savior's great art: to lose ourselves in the service of others. Within the walls of our homes we can, in purer form than anywhere else, learn to live the Law of Consecration. As Neal Maxwell explains in his article, "The Value of Home Life"

The love and thoughtfulness required in the home are no abstract exercise in love. They are real. It is no mere rhetoric concerning some distant human cause; it is an encounter with raw selfishness.

(Ensign, Feb. 1972, p. 7)

As women we cannot minimize or underestimate our importance in the home. Our husbands and children need our feminine devotion more than ever before—spiritually, physically, emotionally, and socially. I do not believe that a woman should be a slave in her home, with all the indignity that such a term connotes. A strong spirit of mutual respect and cooperation should be cultivated among family members; at the same time, why should a woman resent the healthy dependence of her family?

We are needed in our homes to magnify our stewardships as goddesses in embryo: to organize, to supervise, to instruct, to correct, to encourage, to praise, to comfort, to nurture, to nourish, to foster and inspire in our husbands and children a beautiful balance between self-reliance and humility, between strongmindedness and sensitivity, between taking and giving. It is our calling and privilege to use our innate resources in creating an atmosphere of stability, order, cleanliness, beauty, and warmth. All of this takes time, inspiration, blood, sweat, and tears, but the rewards are more than sufficient compensation for the sacrifices.

A message from a modern leader rings true to me as I reflect on my feelings about womanhood:

Brothers and sisters, do without if you need to but don't do without mother. Mother is more important than money or the things money can buy. Our Father in Heaven wants you to be in your home to guide these spirits as no one else can, in spite of material [or personal] sacrifices that may result. He created you to learn to be a good mother—an eternal mother. It is your first and foremost calling. No baby-sitter, older brother or sister, or even a loving dad can take your place.

(Ensign, May 1974, pp. 32-3)



To me, there are no such things as mother substitutes or child care alternatives. I do not subscribe to the ideas of equality of the sexes or feminism. I believe the concept is neither desirable nor correct.

As Latter-day Saint women, we have greater opportunity to exercise our God-given free agency intelligently than any other women.

If we are to stand as an ensign to the women of the world, it will be more by contrast than by comparison. As we wage war against the world's ills, let us carefully select our battlefield. Let us not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage.

Kathryn Ann Andersen
San Francisco, Calif.

A WORKING MOTHER

Elizabeth Hammond is a doctor and the mother of two sons aged four and two. Liz is a Mormon working mother. The example of her life has been helpful to me because I too am a working mother.

Elizabeth decided to become a doctor early in her life; she never seriously questioned the goal. Both her parents encouraged her although they did not push any of their four children toward professions. Liz felt that the service aspects of medicine (as well as the special abilities she discovered in herself as she grew up) were particularly compatible with the Gospel principles taught in her home.

Liz married Jack Hammond in 1964 while she was in her second year of medical school. Jack was studying architecture and was enthusiastic about his career, his wife's career and about having a family. He never suggested that Liz forfeit her professional goals for their shared goals. They alternated living and working for a few years in Sweden and then moved to Boston to continue their professional training. Their first son, Jonathan, was born when Liz had completed her residency in pathology. Though the demands of parenthood were great, they found they enjoyed the baby immensely. Both parents decided to cut down

on their outside work. When both parents were working, Jonathan was taken to the home of an LDS mother who had a child the same age. Liz and Jack helped Jonathan to feel that going to the sitter was a natural part of life, and that they were happy this other family loved him too. Jonathan enjoyed the days he spent with the sitter, and never seemed troubled by being left.

When Thomas was born in 1973, Liz and Jack found another family who would take him, and he also adjusted well. Unfortunately, Tom has had several babysitters during his first two years and some sudden readjustments. Difficult family crises during this past year have added to the pressures on the Hammond household, but neither of them has felt that quitting their jobs would solve any problems. However they have decided that family life is their top priority.

Finding good child care for Jonathan and Tom has been the biggest concern. They spend more hours worrying about babysitters, and more hours talking about child care than any other problem. Parents want sitters who share their goals and philosophies on discipline and other important things. They want sitters who will love their children. It is hard to hire someone to perform that job. Liz and Jack know there will always be problems.

Working parents are conscious that their time at home is limited and may be more sensitive to the quality of the time they spend with their children than others. Liz never does housework or anything else when she is with her sons. "When they are awake and home with me my time is their time and we play and talk." A cleaning agency does the housework.

It is clearly possible to have the best of family relationships in homes where both parents are working some of the time. An essential factor in having happy children in such a home is a positive attitude on the part of both parents towards their work. Parents who do not feel comfortable with both of them working will probably convey that to their children.

Presently, Liz works each day from 6:30 or 7:00 a.m. until 2:00 in the afternoon. By taking short lunch breaks and avoiding socializing with colleagues, she can accomplish a day's work. She often feels harassed by fellow workers who pay lip service to accepting the odd hours she must work in order to spend day time with her children, yet criticize her indirectly and accuse her of getting special treatment from the hospital because she is a woman.

After Liz leaves home each morning, Jack wakes the children, feeds and dresses them, and takes Jonathan to a morning nursery school. At 8:30 a neighbor, whose three children are now in school all day, comes to the Hammond home to care for

Tom and then picks up Jonathan from school. Jack is gone until about 6:00 p.m. Liz spends the afternoon with the boys, and prepares dinner. The Hammonds keep social engagements to a minimum so they can be home evenings.

Jack and Liz feel pressure at work and from society to spend more time at their respective jobs. The best rewards, the loudest praises, and the opportunities for advancement go to others who spend extra hours working. Though they feel guilty, Liz and Jack refuse additional assignments. Privately and together they have decided that their standards for success are simply different from those of their colleagues, but they still feel the pressures. Liz is concerned about her future in academic medicine; only with more than full-time work can she keep pace with the competitive group of academic doctors with whom she works. In our society professions are designed for full-time employment. Married couples who hope to pursue careers simultaneously should choose jobs where flexible hours and part-time employment are possible.

Liz was asked if she felt alienated from the Church because of the official discouragement that working women receive. Her response was mixed. Personally she and Jack have always been treated with love and respect. They have always been called to Church positions which they could conveniently fill. Many members have privately expressed admiration and envy for their life style. On the other hand, in most classes working women are either ignored by lessons or used as bad examples. "The hurt I have felt at many Church meetings when people have said some critical thing about working mothers has forced me to rely more heavily on the personal relationship that I have with the Lord," says Liz. "Soon after we had Jonathan, we knew we needed more help and support than we were getting, and we knew we could count on the Lord as long as we tried to serve Him, magnify our talents, and be the best parents we knew how to be. Our prayers have been answered, and we feel closer to each other, close to our Father in Heaven, and closer to our boys. It is strange how our career decisions seem to have encouraged us to work so hard for this. We are a very happy family."

Other working mothers have not expressed such wholehearted confidence in their situations, but then, few of us have given our lives as much thought as Liz and Jack.

Though we all share some common goals as Church members, different personalities, abilities, and life experiences lead us to different goals too. Recognizing that fact, and prayerfully finding a way towards these goals is a humbling challenge.

Judith R. Dushku



Culture and the Relief Society



As a graduate student in the humanities and a Mormon woman, the Relief Society was always a source of pride to me. The lessons touched every facet of life, and my only regret was that sometimes the great capacity for service inherent in the organization was turned inward on itself rather than reaching out to the larger community when that was possible. But my trump card was always Cultural Refinement. Here, I could point out to my sophisticated friends with justifiable pride, was a real effort to broaden the cultural horizons of our sisters, to

get beyond the women's club book review level of artistic appreciation. My husband expressed envy that the brethren did not have the opportunity for similar discussion. My most exciting and satisfying years of Church service were the two years I spent teaching cultural refinement in the University Ward in Eugene, Oregon.

I came to that position in the last year of lessons drawn from *Out of the Best Books* by Robert K. Thomas and Bruce B. Clark. Even with its limitations, that collection represented a solid contribution to literary appreciation and understanding. It provided a rich background against which the instructor could weave the necessary supplement of music and art to produce a set of lessons which were themselves works of art.

When the following year's text was announced as the Old Testament, my initial dismay turned to excitement at the possibilities of studying the Bible as literature. Although it required real effort, that year proved to be rich and satisfying. I was able to help other teachers achieve similar results as a teacher on the Stake Relief Society Board.

Then began what, after three years, I can only describe as a decline in the quality of lessons. At the least I find the change of purpose unfortunate. The basic text for 1972-73 was Talmage's *Jesus the Christ*. Although I can appreciate the need to acquaint the sisters of the Church with that theological classic, it is not literature and would have been more appropriate in the Spiritual Living lessons. As it turned out, at least in our branch in Switzerland, the Spiritual Living and Cultural Refinement lessons became indistinguishable.

With what anticipation I awaited the next two years' manuals! When the first one arrived (1973-74) I exclaimed, "At last, the Church is going to recognize that there is such a thing as folk art! and non-European art!" But, when the year (and now a second year) turned into a dreary tour of the "World Church" I had to concede severe disappointment.

My disappointment was acute, because the possibilities and my hopes were so immense. The General Board faced an immense challenge with the new unified manuals. They could no longer study only English-language literature, since their audience was now truly world-wide. But why not turn to world literature? And music and art certainly do not suffer that language barrier.

Rather than finding out that our sisters are like us because we all go grocery shopping, we could learn about the rich literary tradition of our international sisters. It may be interesting to find out what people in different cultures eat, but I do not find that knowledge particularly culturally refining. We do need to get to know our sisters of all nationalities, but this could and should be done on a much more meaningful level than anecdotal material on one sister of the selected country. Although I have attended all the Cultural Refinement lessons of the past year, and even taught a few of them myself, I must confess that I remember none of these sisters. In other words, in my case, that part of the lessons has failed.

The Church certainly has the qualified personnel to compile a manual of truly artistic material which will speak to the souls and inner longings of our sisters, in whatever part of the world they live. Translations are now so widely available and so good that there is no reason why our Japanese sisters cannot read Racine, our American sisters Goethe, and our German sisters Po Chi-yi. Brothers Thomas and Clark have already shown us that literature can be spiritually uplifting, and now the riches of the world can serve us.

It is true that this approach will present special problems in translation. Teachers will have to be well enough versed in literature to know the best available translations in their own languages, since they cannot be expected to translate the literature themselves. This problem could be ironed out by engaging a special literary consultant for each language.

Whatever the cost in effort, the results should be worth it. I have seen the results which can be achieved in a wide variety of contexts, from University wards to our small German branch Relief Society of seven sisters, when well-prepared lessons integrating the arts are given. The enrichment thus received transcends the aesthetic to approach the spiritual. I hope the Relief Society General Board will in the future make such experiences easier to come by.

Kathleen R. Snow
Pfullendorf, Germany

Two Different Worlds

In my roles of faithful Latter-day Saint and academic, I often feel that I am operating in two mutually exclusive worlds, particularly with regards to the subject of sexism. At Church I may be asked, "How can you, a 'good member of the Church,' possibly support the passage of the ERA?" Or "How can you be a Mormon and defend this 'women's lib' business?" In the University setting I am told, "I just do not understand how you can be so committed to women's equality and not compromise your commitment to the Mormon Church, especially considering its policies on women." Just recently after a particularly stimulating discussion in class about sex roles, an LDS student asserted, "Almost everything you said today is contrary to the Church. How do you reconcile the two?"

How do we answer the voices from our Church milieu on the one hand, and from the academic world on the other? How can we explain to our brothers and sisters at Church that we really are not heretical, or close to apostasy, or even "compromising to the world?" How can we answer so as to teach an appreciation for basic human dignity and the accompanying right of women not to be exploited and to be treated with respect? How can we explain to our good brothers and sisters in the academic world that we are not two-faced, compartmentalizing our religion from our knowledge, and using blinders under the guise of faith? How can we help them to understand that our Church really does not teach its members to be bigots, racists, or sexists, but that Mormonism is a basic expression of Heavenly Father's love for all of his children? How can we express adequately that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is liberating and beautiful, and is so for all of God's children—not just for his white male children?

In the face of the overwhelming difficulty of this task, we may be tempted not to consider these questions at all. Using the "let's be realistic" cop-out, we may prefer a silent response with an accompanying aura of serenity, believing that the Church and the secular academics will never understand each other. Let us not fall into this temptation, for a thoughtful response to these questions is our responsibility. With the understanding that "where much is given, much is expected," we cannot just walk away marveling at the myths others can believe. When there is an opportunity to teach ap-

preciation for secular knowledge to those who lack it, or even to those who regard it cautiously and with suspicion, we have the responsibility to do so. At the same time, if we are dealing with ignorance and prejudice with regard to the religious experience rather than to secular knowledge, we have the responsibility to teach our non-Church brothers and sisters. The question remains: what do we answer? How do we teach these things?

Even while we are formulating our replies, we should not neglect the fearful possibility that our questioners are actually correct. Perhaps being for "women's lib" is inconsistent with "being a good member of the Church." Perhaps the Church really is a sexist institution. I really had cause to wonder when on a recent Sunday we had a session of General Conference on television, a Stake Conference and a Sacrament Meeting. In every instance all of the participants on the programs (aside from choir members) were men. The men/women participant ratio was 27:0. Similarly, I have noticed that in Sacrament Meetings we always have a Melchizedek Priesthood holder as the concluding speaker. He has more time allotted for his talk than any other speaker. His message, by implication, is more important than anyone else's, and he is in a position to correct any false statements made by previous speakers. This implies, of course, that a sister could not be as knowledgeable in the Gospel as a Melchizedek Priesthood holder. On the other hand this spring, for the first time in the history of Brigham Young University, the Commencement Address will be given by a sister. Maybe things are looking up.

And so we are left with two questions to resolve: one from our questioners, and the other from ourselves. Armed with the faith that knowledge and revealed religion are ultimately harmonious, and that apparent contradictions are a function only of the incompleteness of knowledge and revealed religion, we can look forward to a fruitful and exciting endeavor. Lack of this faith may, for some of us, make the process and consequences too painful to contemplate. In the final analysis, the only appropriate conclusion to this chain of thought is your own.

Laurie Newman Di Padova
Norfolk, Virginia

MARY BRADFORD

Mary Bradford was recruited into government work and her skills are now being utilized by three different agencies.

Mary's areas of expertise include writing and editing, speech and communication. She is a consultant in the Office of Personnel Management in the U.S. General Accounting Office, a contract instructor for the Communications and Office Skills Training Center of the Civil Service Commission, and a contract instructor for the U.S. Department of Agriculture Graduate School, Special Programs Division.

When her last child started school, Mary found she needed some stimulation and was anxious to use her skills. She had earned her BS and MA degrees from the University of Utah, majoring in English, journalism and language arts.

The General Accounting Office allowed Mary to design her own courses, and to arrange her hours around her home commitments. "It was quite an adjustment trying to study and organize for the courses," she said. She has taught courses throughout the country.

In government work Mary finds that discrimination comes not in salary but in more subtle ways. "I don't have the support in my career that a man does. I work out of my home and the library, while the men have their own offices and secretaries." Some of the men assume Mary can fill in for them since she lives in close-by Arlington, Va.

"Competition is keen, and I have to fight to teach the courses I desire. Also, men consider that my job is merely a means of earning extra 'pin-money'."

Women are beginning to advance to higher levels of employment in the government, Mary has noticed, and now are included in her classes. "I am actually very impressed with the calibre of persons in my courses. The members are college educated, ambitious and anxious to improve their skills," Mary remarked.

A bishop's wife, she is active in the PTA and is the inservice teacher in the Arlington Ward.

Stephanie S. Goodson

"It begins to look ominous when the woman of the period wants her club; she used to be satisfied with her broomstick."

Deseret News Weekly
5 January 1974
Submitted by Jill Mulvay

Amanda Barr Neff Bagley 1867-1945



she shared the joy of accomplishment with counselors, board and others it was her drive and persistence that overcame the obstacles to success. From an article by Verl F. Scott published in the Deseret News March 25, 1944:

To God's Church replete with incidents of noble pioneering and accomplishments in the face of obstacles comes a story of modern pioneering worthy of attention. The Cottonwood Stake Maternity Hospital in Hurray, Utah is such an accomplishment.

Shortly after the close of the first world war, two women of the neighborhood died during childbirth from conditions which could have been prevented with proper care. This double tragedy and the resulting sorrow and hardship stirred the heart of Amanda Bagley with a desire to do something to prevent a repetition of this condition. Sister Bagley was then the first president of the Cottonwood Stake Relief Society.

She stated, "It was sad to see those children left motherless. I longed to do something for mothers. Knowing conditions and dangers in the home, I felt that the greatest need was to protect motherhood with hospital care."

These "modern pioneers" had first to sell the idea that such a facility was needed, that it was practically possible to establish a maternity hospital outside Salt Lake City, and that the Relief Society was the organization to do it.

Clarissa S. Williams, General President of the Relief Society, gave her approval and said she would use her influence with "the Brethren." Stake President U. G. Miller was a conservative man and had many reservations, but finally he was converted and the plan was presented to the Presiding Bishopric and the First Presidency of the Church. There were meetings and oratory, fasting and prayer among the sisters and finally "the Brethren" gave their consent. The Church would buy the building and property and the Relief Society would furnish and maintain the hospital.

If Amanda and her associates thought they had won the war they soon found they had simply won the first skirmish. Cleaning and furnishing the home and getting nursing personnel were major tasks; the wards rallied to raise funds and supply layettes and other needed items.

The hospital was formally opened to the public on December 10, 1924 with Apostle Melvin J. Ballard in his dedicatory prayer pronouncing marvelous blessings upon "this establishment founded for the aiding of motherhood."

A letter from Amanda to the Presiding Bishopric dated March 15, 1926 gave a detailed account of the operation of the hospital for the first seventeen months of its existence. Their patronage swelled from one patient during the first month to an overflow crowd.

"We have learned many lessons, among others, that the handsome residence is entirely inadequate and cumbersome inconvenient." She enumerates the inconveniences, among them, no place to bathe the infants except in the kitchen. "Is it any wonder we have so much difficulty retaining a cook? At the very time when she wishes to prepare the principal meals of the day, her kitchen is full of nurses and babies."

The real kernel of the letter is contained in the last paragraph. "We submit for your consideration the plan for a twenty bed hospital made by the church architect, which we desire built to the

south of our present building. Such a building would serve our community needs for many years to come. In the delivery room, we would gradually prepare to take care of the more difficult maternity cases which we cannot handle at present, and probably conduct minor operations. The latter would be a source of income to us. Such a building calls for the purchase of an additional acre of ground, which may be had for \$300.00 per acre; two acres would enable us to maintain a cow and raise our own vegetables. The ground is supplied with water by a large artesian well and with an irrigation ditch. The present building would serve as a nurse's home.

"There is a great need for a new hospital. Brethren, will you build for motherhood?"

Respectfully yours,

Amanda N. Bagley
President Cottonwood Stake
Relief Society

Again "the Brethren" were persuaded and the additions made, but Amanda was no longer running the show. Into a back injury, sustained when thrown from a horse, bone tuberculosis had crept, eating away the vertebrae. In 1925 spinal surgery was experimental and often fatal and Amanda decided against it. For six months she lay on a stretcher and for a year was in a body cast, but she recovered sufficiently to continue her vigorous hard working life, never without pain but never complaining.

She died at age 77 in 1945. Had she lived to 1950 she would have been gratified to read this headline in the Deseret News of November 8, 1950, "Cottonwood Hospital Mortality Rate Low. Not a single mother has lost her life in the Cottonwood Maternity Hospital during 26 years of operation, although thousands of babies have been born there."

As her picture looks down on the board room of the new hospital erected in 1960 she probably pauses in her acts of celestial compassionate service and smiles in gratification.

Hattie Danley Maughan
Logan, Utah



Cottonwood Maternity Home

Subscribe To The EXPONENT!

We must do something more in relation to printing. The Women's Relief Society are publishing a paper called the "Woman's Exponent," which is a very ably edited sheet, and one containing a great deal of information. I am surprised that all the gentlemen in the Territory do not take it. I invite all the Elders, Bishops and presiding officers in the Stakes of Zion, on their return home, setting the example themselves, to solicit all their brethren, and especially the sisters, to become subscribers to this little sheet, for I am sure that they will be interested in the instruction and information it contains. I will say that we expect in a short time, through the patronage of the brethren and sisters, that the ladies will be able to enlarge this paper, and to extend its influence far and wide.

Discourse by President George A. Smith reported by David H. Evans delivered at the adjourned general conference held in the new tabernacle, SLC, Sunday afternoon, May 10, 1874. *Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 17, p. 85.

Submitted by Bonnie L. Goodliffe
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Amanda Neff Bagley would have cringed at the suggestion that there was anything of the revolutionary or activist about her, and with the evil connotation of these terms in the last decade she would have been right. But in its exact sense she revolted against ignorance, injustice, apathy and ugliness. If activist may be used in a more exact sense as opposed to pacifist she was an activist, not content to give passive allegiance to a cause she believed in. But never was her approach to a problem contentious or abrasive. She was no hatchet swinging Carrie Nation. She disliked violence of any kind and the box elder limb switchings which she administered on the tender parts of her children's anatomies hurt her more than them. She had ten children, the first dying of child birth injuries.

She never held political office, or aspired to, but next to her love of church and family was her allegiance to the Republican Party. She considered herself a conservative. She regarded the wanton slaughtering of little pigs and the destruction of crops during the Great Depression a desecration of life and property which would surely bring down the wrath of God upon Franklin D. Roosevelt.

If asked about women's lib she would have appraised you with her beautiful gray eyes and in a voice of pure melody she would have said that she had always been a liberated agent, free to do anything in the feminine or masculine world of which she was capable. Her capabilities were extensive. The same hands that could administer first aid to her riding horse, cut by a barbed wire, could turn out an eight foot copy of Christ's ascension into heaven to hang in the ward chapel, or a dozen apple pies.

Amanda Neff was born in East Mill Creek in 1867 to Amos Herr Neff and Catherine Thomas. It was a home of abundance, in material things, spiritual blessings and opportunities for work and growth. Amanda attended the University of Deseret in Salt Lake City while her future husband, Edward Cyrenus Bagley (Rean) was attending the Brigham Young Academy in Provo. They were married in the Logan Temple in 1889.

A fine brick home was built on 60 acres of what is now 5600 South Highland Drive, Salt Lake County. Amanda's first struggle was against ugliness, to replace the sage brush and scrub oak with lawn, trees, shrubs and flowers. Evergreens were brought from the Bagley Big Cottonwood Canyon property. The rocky soil, once the bed of Cottonwood Creek drank up the irrigation water with an avid thirst. Rean was a rancher, away from home a great deal, so the beautification project was largely Amanda's.

Better county roads, better schools, netting electric and telephone lines extended into the community were projects which Amanda promoted. The Bagleys had the first telephone in the area, the first automobile and the first water system that delivered water in the house instead of having to go to the pump for it.

When B. W. Ashton, County Supt. of Schools, started his campaign for consolidation it looked as though the two room school was doomed. The proposal was that all the children of the Cottonwood area be sent to the school in Holladay several miles away. Had the proposal contained a provision for transportation, perhaps Amanda would not have fought it. She could see the advantages of larger classes with a teacher for each class, but for six year olds to travel that long distance through winter's cold just did not make sense.

She called a mass meeting of the parents to protest the proposed action and to make a counter proposal: that the little school not be abandoned but that the first five grades be kept there and the sixth, seventh and eighth grades be sent to the Irving School in Holladay. Amanda argued that the community was growing and that soon a new school would be needed to provide for the children. Not only was her argument sufficiently convincing to retain the school for the lower grades but she proved herself a prophetess. The old two room school was torn down and a new one built to accommodate the needs of a growing community.

Highland Drive was the main road to Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons, a constant hazard to school children walking on the roads. Amanda rallied the parents to persuade the county to provide sidewalks.

As President of the Ward Relief Society Amanda served an apprenticeship which trained her for the great work she performed as the first president of the Cottonwood Stake Relief Society. She was a one woman welfare agency long before the Church had a project. Care of the sick, laying out the dead, making burial clothes were activities in which she led the way.

She was appointed Stake Relief Society President in 1915 and served eleven and one half years until 1926 when she was released because of ill health. In 1922 she set up the free baby and pre-school clinic which served continuously for more than twenty years.

Her greatest Church and civic achievement was the Cottonwood Maternity Home. Hers was the initial vision which conceived the idea, and while

"He that is righteous is favored of God"

I have lived in many wards and branches in the Church and can say that only twice have I been a member of a ward where the bishop had some sort of "hang-up" when it came to women. Naturally, this attitude affected the whole ward. Men who were undecided as to whether they were superior to women suddenly came forth with an authoritative attitude towards them. Men who knew they were superior to women swaggered more than usual and the men who felt that women were humans and should be recognized for their brains and ability as equals were appalled.

Reading through some of *The Journal of Discourses*, I can readily understand why many people get the idea that women are inferior to men. Here is one example: *The order of heaven places man in the front rank; hence he is first to be addressed. Woman follows under the protection of his counsels, and the superior strength of his arm. Her desire should be unto her husband, and he should rule over her. I will here venture the assertion, that no man can be exalted to a celestial glory in the kingdom of God whose wife rules over him; and as the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man in the Lord, it follows as a matter of course, that the woman who rules over her husband, thereby deprives herself of a celestial glory.* (Brigham Young, JD 4:258)

In contrast here are a few examples from *Priesthood and Church Government* by John A. Widtsoe: *...it must be well understood that the Priesthood is operative for the welfare of the entire human family, not for one class or sex. Men and women share alike in its blessings and resultant joy; but for the sake of order and wise government our Heavenly Father delegated the power of Presidency in this order to his sons. Therefore, man holds the Priesthood and stands before his labor as the one who is responsible for all official acts in Church capacity for human welfare.* (p. 81-82)

Why should God give His sons a power that is denied His daughters? Should they not be equal in His sight as to status and opportunity to perform the labors of life? Since women are just as necessary in life as are men (indeed life were impossible without them), justice demands their recognition before their Father in Heaven. Surely, a just God can have no favorites! (p. 84)

There is indeed no privileged class of sex within the true Church of Christ; and in reality there can be no discrimination between the sexes only as human beings make it or permit it. (p. 92)

I hear many complaints that woman holds a secondary place in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Is this something new in the last twenty years or have women always thought this and hesitated to make it known?

When I was growing up in the Church (not in Utah), I never heard this complaint. In fact, I can't imagine any priesthood holder thinking he was superior to my mother, who knew more about the gospel than the majority of men. She led various organizations of the Church, as well as teaching in Sunday School, Primary, Relief Society and MIA. She gave talks in Church, was admired, listened to, and asked for advice on many matters.

I think women are to blame for the superior attitude of the priesthood holders. I have heard women speak as though the world revolved around their sons and husbands because they held the priesthood regardless of what kind of males they were. These women are teaching their sons to believe they are superior to women instead of teaching them that all human beings are the spirit children of God.

The man who arrogantly feels that he is better than his wife because he holds the Priesthood, has failed utterly to comprehend the meaning and purpose of Priesthood. He needs to remember that the Lord loves His daughters quite as well as His sons. It is but a small and puny-souled man who could wish to humiliate women as a class and keep them as an inferior sex; for men can never rise superior to the women who bear and nurture them. (p. 89)

If the men of the church are interested to know how they should act they should read *Doctrine and Covenants* Section 121: 41-46.

As women, in order to find our way in the church, I believe we will have to separate the meaning of church and gospel. The church is made up of human beings who have different understandings and ideas; who err through human failings such as superiority complex, inferiority complex, covetousness, jealousy, temper, lack of discipline, etc. The gospel is from God—the truth, the way and the light. The gospel is in the church regardless of how the members act or regard themselves.

I know that I am responsible for myself and that God is a God of justice and mercy. This is not the only life. In the end all will be made right. I believe what it stated in *The Book of Mormon*, 1 Nephi 17:35: *Behold, the Lord esteemeth all flesh.* *He that is righteous is favored of God.*

Estaleah Harmsen Baker
Manassas, Virginia

What hope is there for a nation of children, spoiled, coddled, never permitted an opportunity for adult growth, never taught responsibility of person, and personal detail? To me the great national calamity is the conspiracy of women to keep men in this state of almost imbecile childishness.

Rebecca Hounrich, "The Great National Calamity," *Equal Rights* (January 2, 1926), 371.

TURN-OUT 1837

One of the first strikes of cotton-factory operatives that ever took place in this country was that in Lowell, in October 1836. When it was announced that wages were to be cut down, great indignation was felt, and it was decided to strike, en masse. This was done. The mills were shut down, and the girls went in procession from the several corporations to the grove on Chapel Hill, and listened to "incendiary speeches" from early labor reformers.

One of the girls stood on a pump, and gave vent to the feelings of her companions in a neat speech, declaring that it was their duty to resist all attempts at cutting down the wages. This was the first time a woman had spoken in public in Lowell, and the event caused surprise and consternation among her audience. It was estimated that as many as twelve or fifteen hundred girls turned out, and walked in procession through the streets. They had neither flags nor music, but sang songs.

My own recollection of this first strike (or "turnout" as it was called) is very vivid. I worked in a lower room, where I had heard the proposed strike fully, if not vehemently, discussed. I had been an ardent listener and naturally I took sides with the strikers. When the day came on which the girls were to turn out, those in the upper rooms started first, and so many of them left that our mill was at once shut down. Then when the girls in my room stood irresolute, uncertain what to do, asking each other, "would you?" or, "shall we turn out?" and not one of them having the courage to lead off, I, who began to think they would not turn out, after all their talk, became impatient, and started on ahead, saying with childish bravado, "I don't care what you do, I am going to turn out, whether any one else does or not," and I marched out, and was followed by the others.

The agent of the corporation where I then worked took some small revenge on the supposed ringleaders, on the principle of sending the weaker to the wall; my mother was turned away from the boarding-house, that functionary saying, "Mrs. Hanson, you could not prevent the older girls from turning out, but your daughter is a child, and her you could control."

It is hardly necessary to say that so far as results were concerned this strike did no good. The dissatisfaction of the operatives subsided, or burned itself out, and though the authorities did not accede to their demands, the majority returned to their work, and the corporation went on cutting down wages.

Harriet Hanson Robinson
from *Loom and Spindle* (Thomas
V. Cromwell, Boston: 1898)



Tantalized? To taste these delicacies write: Dorothy Pollard, 630 N 2nd E, Logan, Utah 84321. The Cottage Industry column features women who have developed successful occupations originating in the home. In addition to their biographies, samples of their workmanship may be offered for sale through the column. If you or a friend wish to be featured, send a biography and a sample of your work to Exponent II, attention

Heather Cannon

Cottage Industry

Dorothy Pollard, Candy Maker

Dorothy Pollard, a working mother? Nonsense. No one thought my mother had a job (to family members it still seems more of a calling); but a woman who churns our 2,000 pounds of cream center chocolates at Christmas time, definitely works. To those of us close to the candy room, Mother just seemed to be involved with something she enjoyed.

Mother graduated from Mills College with a masters degree in Home Economics. Her thesis involved studying the texture of cream center chocolate and devising her own recipes for centers. So when Mother and Dad had a young family of four with big ideas for Christmas, it was natural for Mother to set up her business. Financially, it was only a modest business venture. Mother, at one point, figured she earned about twenty-five cents an hour. But I'm sure the candy still came in handy many times. We all grew to love her candy so, we never let her stop.

I have warm wonderful memories of my mother's candy kitchen. Once it was cold enough to dip chocolates (Mother dips in a very cold room so the chocolates won't be streaked with grey), our house always had the aroma of chocolate. And on days when the centers were cooked, the smell was even better. The best smell came from "Opera"—an old-fashioned cream caramel center; just thinking about that smell makes my blood run a little faster. It was wonderful!

It was a family business; we were all involved. After the centers had cooked (and before we had a stove in the basement), Dad would rush down the stairs with the huge pans of bubbling candy. Then he poured it out on the marble slab to cool; and after it had set "just-so," he would beat the candy until it became creamy. On dipping nights it was Dad's job to roll and cut the centers into pieces to be dipped. Although Mother made it look so easy, the dipping itself still mystifies me. Each flavor is marked with a special design: Coconut Cream has a squirrel, Orange and Lemon is an O, French Mint is a cross, etc. I once tried to dip peanut clusters—supposedly the easiest thing for beginners; but once I got both chocolate and peanuts in the cup of my hand, I could never get them off. We children did the cupping, putting the chocolates into little cups. And that had its

rewards. "Leaks" were candies that had not been thoroughly coated with chocolate, and part of the center had oozed out. They could not be sold and would go to the first finder. Those dipping trays were searched carefully for leaks—and possible leaks. We developed into quite a labor force: cupping, packing, boxing, wrapping, and sometimes even selling. We loved it.

Our friends loved my mother's candy business just as much as we did. When hunger struck we would sneak down to the cold storage room where the big twenty-five pounds bricks of chocolate were stored. Delicious. And at Christmas time, Mother always made special batches of peanut brittle and peanut clusters for our friends.

Our home industry had its hazards as well as its rewards. Once after Mother frantically mopped up an overflow in the laundry room, she realized the candy room was just beneath. When she rushed down, she found the candy storage boxes soaked, and the candy ruined. But there were pleasures too. Like the people who would come to buy candy. Inevitably, the morning of Mother's Day would arrive and there would be calls from sheepish husbands and fathers who had forgotten. Even a normal day's business would be interesting: there was a little old shoemaker who used to bring gladfola bulbs to trade for chocolates; there was a single, older man who used to buy considerable amounts of candy and put them away all by himself (relatives vowed); there was the Pineapple-cream-in-dark-chocolate fiend; and there was the man who always had to check to see if the girls had their shoes on.

Now removed from the bustle of Mother's candy kitchen, I'm amazed at the time and organization her business required. And yet nothing important ever seemed neglected. Oh, there were Christmas mornings when a present would be some material and a pattern rather than a finished dress; but there are presents like that under many Christmas trees. We all thought the candy was a delightful family project and our lives the richer—and sweeter—for it. Mother's card reads, "Dorothy Pollard's Candies of Distinction;" to her family they have been that and much more.

Joyce P. Campbell

Hiking Housewives

In a world where women are faced with the daily challenge of coping with their family needs, their environment, and their own self-realization, physical well-being ranks high on the priority list. A healthy, well-functioning body is the mainspring from which the numerous activities of the day are launched. Proper exercise, in turn, helps the body to maintain an optimum level of physical, emotional, and mental competency.

The options open to a busy housewife, mother, and/or career woman in the area of sports and physical activity are many. But from my personal experience as well as that of other enthusiastic women, hiking provides the best all around activity for many reasons.

First of all, it is inexpensive. As a matter of fact it doesn't cost a penny. Almost every trail and byway, no matter where one lives, is there for the taking--no fees, no entrance stickers, no contributions are asked--no one pays an admission fee to the great outdoors, in order to get out on the trail. Unlike golf, swimming, tennis or skiing, it requires no investment but your time.

Second, hiking knows no season as do so many other sports. The trails are beautiful in the summer, breathtaking in the fall, spectacular in the snow and colorful in the spring. In areas where snowfall is heavy enough in the winter to make hiking difficult, the hiking enthusiast can take to snowshoes; they are cheaper than skis and allow for cross country hiking even in heavy snow areas.

Third, hiking requires a minimum of equipment, nothing like a set of golf clubs, a good tennis racket or expensive ski equipment. The only prerequisite for all-year hiking is a good, comfortable pair of hiking boots, a knapsack and suitable-for-the-weather clothing. Hiking boots need not be expensive. For six years I've worn a well-fitted pair of engineering boots bought in the men's shoe department at J.C. Penney's or Sears. They are good for year round hiking, have sturdy ribbed soles, and are cut high enough above the ankle for protection. I would highly recommend that the novice hiker stay away from expensive European hiking boots. They are often too stiff across the ankles and inflexible in the sole. They aren't cut high enough for good protection against rocks, shrubs, or snow. Two pairs of good, clean socks are a must, and for cold weather hiking, one pair of thick wool socks helps keep the feet warm and dry.

A sturdy, adjustable knapsack or back-pack is also standard equipment. It needn't be large or

expensive--a canvas pack can cost as little as \$2.98. You just need room for your lunch, a small thermos, a sweater, windbreaker, or poncho, and a plastic garbage bag. The latter is indispensable for sitting on damp ground and has a great capacity for carrying treasures found on the hike such as pine cones, wild flowers and grasses, or even the debris and garbage left on the trail by others.

The fourth virtue of hiking is that it can be enjoyed in every country and climate. Mountains are fine, but so are beaches and desert or even the flat country of the Midwest. I was reared in the Wasatch Mountains in Utah and as a young girl hiked Timpanogas and the "V" Mountain many times. But hiking didn't become a way of life until we moved to Reno, Nevada, and I became acquainted with the High Sierras and a group of women who shared my enthusiasm for being out on the trail. The Hiking Housewives, as we humorously called ourselves, had been started a year earlier by three women who liked to hike regularly. A phone call to the Reno Recreation Department put me in touch with them and the next Friday, I joined the group. The experience was so invigorating and rewarding that a weekly hike into the mountains each Friday has taken precedence over all other activities in my schedule ever since. Our group soon expanded to eight and then to twenty-five Hiking Housewives. When I left Reno at the end of three years, I left with a lasting, affectionate friendship for my hiking companions and the determination to continue the weekly hike no matter where we lived.

One of the first things I learned while my husband was on the law faculty at the University of Illinois was that hiking would be different in the Midwest. I was not able to get a group of women active in hiking but with my husband as a companion, I hiked many beautiful trails in Allenton Park, Turkey Run State Park and other areas around Champagne. It was at this time that my husband became an avid hiker, a joy we have continued to share.

When we returned to the mountains of Utah last year, I wanted to continue hiking with congenial women. A short note in the local paper brought responses from twelve women and once again I was on the trail with Hiking Housewives. The qualifications for membership are simple but inflexible: a desire to get outdoors for a day, no smoking, no littering, no dogs and no children. The group needs to be unencumbered to hike the eight to twelve miles scheduled each Friday. The women enjoy the freedom and rejuvenation that comes from being away from the nagging responsibilities of family routine.

Hiking or walking, even in a city, is the best way to get acquainted with an area. We spent last spring in Freiburg, Germany and our hiking interests helped us get acquainted with the Black Forest area in a way that neither car nor bus could have done. Our knowledge of Germany was enhanced by our hours on the trail visiting mountain villages, trails and peaks.

Aesthetically, hiking provides stimulation to the five senses. The sight of a Cooper's hawk soaring overhead, the sound of cascading water, or a nutcracker calling, the fragrance of cut pine needles or sage soaked in sun, the feel of sun, wind or rain on one's face, the taste of pine nuts, rose hips or ripe Elderberries--all these are nature's gifts of serendipity to the hiking housewife.

All the experiences of hiking can be shared with others or enjoyed in solitude in well-traveled places, although I would discourage the lone hiker in wilderness or unfamiliar areas. Age is no barrier. Two of my favorite hiking companions are in their middle sixties and I myself am in my mid-fifties. It is a marvelous family-oriented activity. Some of our warmest family memories recall hours spent on the trail with our children and grandchildren. I love hiking with my husband. Our companionship and shared experiences take on new dimensions as we explore together. But I also find great joy in hiking with women who share my enthusiasm for the outdoor trail. A warm camaraderie of feeling develops high on a mountain top or discovering a beaver dam on some quiet stream in an alpine meadow. I heartily recommend hiking as an activity for any woman bored by housekeeping routines, the sameness of her day-by-day activities or the pater and prattle of small children. Get outside of your house, yourself and the limitations of your environment and see what God created for your enjoyment in His natural world.

Shirley B. Paxman
Provo, Utah



WHY WEIGHT?

"If only chocolate were against the Word of Wisdom!" wailed one bulging housewife.

"It isn't that I hate thin people," explained her twin-sister-in-misery, "it's just that I don't know what to say to them."

Watching one's weight is painful business at best when the scales go up instead of down.

Most overweight people know all about diets. They've tried the vinegar and vitamin B, the eight hot dogs and a cup of broth, the skim milk and banana regimen. They have had shots, swallowed pills and paid high fees for surgery. Sometimes they even lose all that weight! But success in taking it off has to be followed by success in keeping it off. That, too often, is the sad, sad story.

"When we first heard of behavioral modification techniques being used on both coasts for weight control, we knew this was the direction we wanted to go in the fight for fitness and attractiveness," said Elaine Cannon, one of two Salt Lake women who are helping people help themselves successfully control their weight and health. Mrs. Cannon and Evelyn Allen operate under the banner "Why Weigh?" in a serene establishment called The Lighthouse Clinic. (For history buffs, the charmingly refurbished Truman O. Angell building is a delight to browse, but for those interested in changing their attitude about food and fitness, as well as the scale reading, the clinic is an answer to prayer.)

Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Cannon implement a physio-psycho-therapy program under the direction of Dr. Jan Stout, psychiatrist, and Dr. Robert Romney, gynecologist. And it works. The clinic has been open since July and the patients are happily losing weight, learning to control their environment and gaining a new attitude about eating, nutrition, personal problems.

The challenge is different for everyone. Overweight is as personal as gallstones, ulcers, or heart disease! This is why appointments are private and treatment is personalized.

Learning a new behavior is proportionately difficult or easy, depending upon how dependent one is on that behavior, how often the act is performed, how deeply ingrained this activity is in the brain. Self-control of anything such as eating, brushing teeth, living within the budget, biting nails or toilet training is a learned process. The more of one's automatic responses that are positive and "good-for-you" then the more self-control it may be said that one has. Self-control is simply doing more things right (for you) and not doing things that are not right (for you). Overweight is not a character flaw. It is a condition that comes from a learned be-

havior of putting too much food too many times into one's mouth. One simply has to learn to eat in a more suitable way. At this clinic people learn the rewards of controlling what they eat and when they eat.

"Everyone wants to get thin fast," said Mrs. Cannon, "and like Euripides told the Pharaoh about his geometry, there simply is no royal road. People have to plug along until the challenge is met. Crash programs aren't the answer. Prisoner-of-war camps have proven that people lose weight when they don't eat. This clinic wants to help people change their eating-style to keep the weight off after they've lost it. So our thrust is two-fold--get it off and keep it off. For people who have a struggle with weight, chocolate is indeed on the word of wisdom list. For them it just isn't wisdom to indulge!"

In this program the physio- and psycho-therapists and the over-weight patient engage in a kind of therapeutic alliance--each agrees to cooperate as true partners. In this setting the patient will not merely submit himself or herself for specific treatment prescribed as a cure. Rather the therapist is the catalyst who guides the patient through certain procedures to help her or him reorient, refrain and modify his or her own behavior. The patient is not a bystander in a task that influences the total image, health and well-being. The clinic does not use surgery, for example, while you are dead asleep, to remove your fat! And it does not force your behavior to change temporarily through hypnosis or drugs. What it does use is constructive principles and methods suggested to help the patient draw some conclusions about himself and his eating habits that will be motivating to the point of self-control. This information coupled with a weekly check-in at the clinic and reinforcement of appropriate behavior is the answer. One does not lose intelligence as one gains pounds. Most people with a fat problem respond quickly to re-education about foods and the workings of the human body.

"No, fattening foods aren't listed in the scriptures as being against the Word of Wisdom. Surely they are against the spirit of the law if they are throwing a person's body out of kilter. Everyone has problems to deal with, don't they? Once an obese person begins to deal with his realistically, then weight control becomes a reality and self-esteem is restored," explained Mrs. Cannon. "When weight is maintained at normal reading, the many problems related to obesity disappear. Thin people are no longer a threat when one is thin, you see."

So why weight?

Healthful Hints from the Farm Journal

If a child is threatened with cold, strip his feet and fairly toast them before the fire for nearly half an hour, till they are thoroughly heated through; then put him to bed and rub his chest with vaseline until it glows, and give him a drink of very hot milk. Few colds can survive this treatment.

Women who sit with their legs crossed to sew or read or to hold the baby are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailments. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one limb across the knee of the other and rests it lightly there. A woman rests the entire weight of one limb on the upper part of the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, will produce disease. Sciatica, neuralgia and other serious troubles often result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper part of the leg are very sensitive, and much of the whole physical structure can be deranged if they are thus overtaxed.

When suffering with soreness of the muscles, or muscular rheumatism, sit, well covered, in front of a hot fire and rub the part affected with pure olive oil. Rub it in well, then put on a covering of red flannel or silk (old silk will answer) and wear it. Repeat nightly till well.

When you must go out in the rain, wrap your ankles above the shoe tops in paper, draw the stockings up over this and the dampness will not penetrate.

Sometimes, just a becoming new dress, with a chance to wear it to some pleasant occasion, staves off a nervous or bilious spell that might run into a more serious illness. Some pleasure and change are really necessary to health.

Letters



Dear Sisters:

I am one of those who never mourned the passing of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Its inane picture of happy Mormon homemakers blissfully solving all their problems through a combination of prayer and meek acceptance of a subservient role left me feeling angry. What's more, I suspected that other Mormon women were more like me than the fictional picture outlined in that magazine. So I congratulate you on the idea and the publication of the *Exponent II*.

It seems to me that your second issue (I missed the first issue) tends to be more of an heir to the *Relief Society Magazine* than the old *Woman's Exponent*. Women's problems in the church are serious and need to be addressed as such, recognizing that these problems cannot be discussed without heated controversy because they strike at the basic concept of patriarchal order. As a new publication in the field, you will soon have to decide whether you are going to meet these issues head-on or carefully sidestep them. The more difficult alternative is to sidestep them, just as it is more difficult to walk through a mine field than it is to lay one.

So that there is no question, I am talking about issues like abortion, birth control, homosexuality, divorce, working mothers, child care, women's voice in the decision making process of the church, dress standards, women's education, Relief Society, and yes such practical matters as balancing the household budget and counseling for women. My point is, to be a true heir to the *Women's Exponent*, you must act as a forum for these problems and you must approach the task professionally. My greatest concern is that you will disappoint the Mormon community. You have promised to frankly discuss a germane problem. If you fail to live up to your promise, it is possible that you might succeed as a newspaper partially filling a need, but you will do no real service for Mormon women.

I write this letter with concern and kindness. I wish you only the best.

Jerrie N. Hurd
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Sisters:

It would seem that you have not been informed that Latter-day Saint women have no need of a special publication edited by women. Whatever they have to say in print or otherwise can best be said by men who have been given official status as directors (so please watch it when dealing with such controversial subjects as "Dried Bananas" and "Brooks Cake").

However, the times may be changing. For many years I have read *Exponent I* over and over, rejoicing in the free, wide-open ideas expressed, the degree of comprehension and compassion, the talent and scholarship, and the devotion to many facets of a woman's life. As you know *Exponent I* was blessed with the approval and sponsorship of Brigham Young, and he wasn't a bit afraid of the ladies, so far as we are able to learn, and the "leading ladies" did not seem to be afraid of saying what they thought, even in print, in that enlightened age.

I suppose the greatest danger is that women will become "too uppity." As one father of mine too long ago, said to his daughters--it is better for a woman to marry young and go from her father's rule directly to the supervision of a husband, without that dangerous interlude of education, professional work, or travel which might tend to make her self-reliant.

Name Withheld
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sisters:

I am glad to see a publication that views women as neither housekeeping machines nor career machines, but feeling, loving, feminine people with special needs and abilities particular to the feminine sex. I don't believe that the traditional view of women as inferior has any place in a healthy society; however, it is so important for us to find out exactly what role we should play without casting out everything that was once labeled feminine. It is so refreshing to read a liberated paper which treats motherhood and homemaking with respect, but which also recognizes a woman's need for development in other areas.

Ms. Kyle Kerth
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sisters:

May I commend you for your energy, enthusiasm, wisdom, imagination and insight. I personally feel that Mormon women are by breeding and training certainly remarkable. Save Jewish mothers, there is no group of women in the world who can even come close to them. Yet in recent years, there seems to be a move afoot to level them en masse to the ordinary. Our pioneer foremothers must be twirling in their graves!

Yet I have little patience with the women who leave the Church and then carp about inequities from outside the Sisterhood. Help can never be delivered from without; it always has and must come from within. Your publication may be an indication the Sisterhood may yet save itself.

Lou Ann Dickson
Tempe, Arizona

Dear Sisters:

I am sincerely pleased to see a publication such as *Exponent II* surface among the women of the Church as I feel that it can assist in servicing many of the needs that we share as Mormons and, particularly, as Mormon women.

However, I would like to share this observation with you: it appears to me that little or no attention has been paid to a group of women within the Church who have an equal, or, perhaps, greater need to find validity in their roles as Mormons--they are single women.

Whether single or single again, these women form a sizable assembly looking not only for a solution to their role as a woman within a patriarchal structure, but also looking for acceptance and a chance to exercise their rights of membership, regardless of their marital status. For many, these goals are not easily attained.

While I am in no way intending to make light of marriage, family life, or the raising of children, I think that a publication of this type should certainly allow for the fact that there are LDS women who, for whatever reason, are not involved in these processes, and should strive to eliminate those prejudices that exist against these sisters.

I wonder, then, about the need to point out to whom one is married and the number of children that that union has produced. What effect do statistics such as these have on a single woman who has no such "credentials" to support her thoughts? Should she be made to feel (as she so often is) that her contributions are less valuable because of her singleness?

Hope that your intentions are to provide an arena where every sister's voice can be heard.

LuAnn Bovlan
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Exponent II,

"The Making of a Missionary" was such a good article that I read it aloud to my whole family. Several hours later, my twelve-year-old son cleaned both bathrooms--sinks, toilet bowls, bathtub, counters--cheerfully!!!! Without a single murmur or complaint!!!! Thank you, *Exponent II* and LaRae Clarke.

Grace L. Houghton
Binghamton, N.Y.

FURIOUS LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

What possesses you to devote the entire front page of your latest issue to the kind of stuff that can be read in any other Church publication? I say to you: they have their reward: they can be read elsewhere. Other voices must be heard in our rooms!

Such an obviously sexist comment (using the male pronoun throughout) as the missionary mother's letter makes me wonder why you don't do a really thoughtful essay on the problem of "lady missionaries."

How many women in the Church have been hurt because they were either turned away as missionaries or were discouraged from looking to missions as their goal? How about the practice of allowing girls to go only after they have grown older than the boys (in years as well as in maturity)? Consider the special treatment given the "girls" in the mission field in those areas where they are allowed more comforts even though they are older and wiser than the fellows (unfair to the fellows). How about mothers of lady missionaries? And how come we must call them "lady missionaries" anyhow?

All in all, a very suspicious beginning!

Mary L. Bradford
Arlinton, Va.

Dear Editors of Exponent II,

Right on, Sisters! And also WRITE on! *Exponent II* is the best thing to happen since *Dialogue*.

I tend to agree with Bob Rees' evaluation that "it seems to be trying so hard not to offend that it comes off as pretty bland." However, I doubt that this will continue to be a problem when Mormon women find that they have a forum where they can speak their minds. I am looking forward to some lively discussions about how today's Mormon women are finding identities outside their roles as the perfect wives and mothers we are encouraged to be.

Lael Littke
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sisters:

I had heard about your paper, and was delighted to receive my complimentary copy. I thought the most provocative item in the October, 1974 issue was Robert A. Rees' letter. I was also most disappointed in the women's issue of *Dialogue*, and hope *Exponent II* will be more forthright in speaking for Mormon women.

Marian M. Drubaker, M.D.
La Canada, Calif.

Some thoughts after reading a "dialogue" between Laurel T. Ulrich and Robert A. Rees.

It's not my first exposure,
This smoo, uncerillious
Disclosure.
Mormon women are Second Class,
Not influential.
Mormon mores atrophy
Their ids
Their minds
Their very potential.

Mormon Woman, Second Class.
Because she doesn't publish,
Doesn't exhibit?
Does this prohibit
First Class Womanhood?

Second Class to whom?
To the gentile his on the block?
Hogwash and poppycock!

Second Class.
Because she breeds and bears,
Creates from living sod
Children of the Living God?

Second Class.
Because she obeys her husband,
A man
A male?

Subservient!
Intimidated by the Priesthood.

Jesus was the servant
He washed their feet.
Did not his own will.
Second Class! Second Class!

Mormonism gives challenge
To expand her mind
Her heart
Her soul.
"The glory of God is Intelligence."
Godhood is her goal.

Exhilarated, exultant
Titillated by the vision,
She's queen
For a day,
This day
And always...

No, it's not my first exposure
This snide, simplistic
Disclosure.
But it always makes me mad.
In fact I'm furious
When the finger wags
Thus spurious.

Have pity,
Have compassion.
After all
It's only fashion.
You think of goals eternal,
Their's,
Merely temporal,
Not infernal.

Jan Hilton
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Sisters of the L.D.S. Church,

Yesterday I was surprised to find your newspaper in my mail box. And I just sat right down and read every word of it without stopping. I was enthralled and delighted, and greatly encouraged, at your courage and your intelligent views, and great purposes.

I knew Sister Juanita Brooks many years ago. She was kind enough, and interested enough, to send my grandfather six volumes of his diaries to the Huntington Library in California. I haven't seen her for all those years but how I wish I could. I'm an invalid now and an eighty four years old, so I don't get around much any more.

I, like Sister Brooks, am an author (wrote one novel, "A Utah Idyll," while a student at the University of Utah during the 1950's). But I didn't have it published. I'm so sorry I didn't.

Thanks so much to whoever put this marvelous newspaper in my mail box.

Mary B. Powell
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sisters:

At last a publication that asserts the woman's privilege to fully realize herself as a mother, wife and individual without precluding or berating any aspect of femininity. I have sought to express the Latter-day Saints enduring vision of the "Liberated Lady" to my colleagues at Yale but it will be wonderful to have a published supplement to support my position. More significantly I am anticipating with joy this forum for discussion among LDS women. Thanks for your initiative.

Annette Marie Lantos
'75 Yale University

IVORIAN WOMEN, A Report From West Africa

Watching African peasants in the northern part of the Ivory Coast Republic has turned back the clock for me. In the place of efficient, cosmopolitan western women, I see uncomplaining drudges, unliberated polygamous wives, supporting their children and managing farms. Their existence may not be an unhappy one, but African women lead a stoical, hard-working life that we would probably not tolerate. Nevertheless, they carry themselves with dignity and have a style of their own.

Examine a Senoufo woman through western eyes and what do you see? This firmly-rounded, fairly tall woman stands on sandaled feet. From ankles to waist she wears a *pagne*--a rectangular strip of print cotton two meters long--which she wraps around her waist from right to left and secures with a folding over the top. Under the *pagne* a solid waist band of disc-shaped beads holds a smaller cloth that she drapes from front to back between her legs. Above the waist her braless bosom is often covered by a sleeveless blouse of knit or cotton. Another length of material serves as an overwrap.

Nestled against the small of her back is an infant with his face pressed against her warm body. She ties him to her by leaning forward, settling the child on her hips, and holding his arms under her arm pits, while she passes a *pagne* under his buttocks and around his back. This she twists at her waist and again above her breasts to hold it in place. I have often wondered if these diaperless babies don't keep their mothers constantly wet, but the mothers place quite young infants between their feet and encourage them to urinate on the ground.

Finally on her head she wears a kerchief often wrapped like a turban, and on top of this kerchief she balances an enamel dish pan, heavily loaded with her stock-in-trade.

The passerby now only occasionally sees women with chests uncovered--even though their code of modesty does not include the upper torso. I am told that until industry brought more money and western fabrics to the northern Ivory Coast, most women wore only a skimpy skirt of homespun wool from waist to mid-thigh over their g-strings. Prosperity allowed purchase of western-style blouses and cotton *pagnes*. Even yet, to nurse a baby in public requires no artful dodges. The mother simply shifts the baby from her back to her hip where he can reach her nipple and raises her blouse. While he nurses at her bare breast, she continues to work.

An African woman loves decoration. Her ears are pierced and from them hang gold filigree earrings. Other jewelry includes necklace pendants, gold rings, and gold or silver bracelets. If she is wealthy, she punches holes through the cartilage in the top of her ears to hold gold ear pins. When not wearing jewelry, she keeps the holes open by inserting wooden pegs or tying a piece of yarn through them. For beauty marks, she has had dots tattooed on her forehead, shoulders, back, and abdomen. Muslim women paint a black strip under their lips, coat the bottoms of their feet to look like black slippers and may even paint the palms of their hands. In addition, tribal marks of the Senoufo are three scars in cat whisker-like slashes cut across the cheeks. The skin is cut from mouth to ear when a child is a week old. Juice from a tree is poured into the cut to keep it open and thus make the scarring more pronounced. Recent laws have outlawed such disfigurement but the scarred faces of young children testify to their violation.

In former years Senoufo women wore anklets--either several thin bangles or three-inch high solid brass ones that would be soldered around their legs by the village ironmonger. For added decoration, they pierced their lower lips in order to insert an aluminum nail. The head remained on the inside of the lip while the point protruded about an inch. Imagine trying to kiss a woman with such decoration!

As the Ivorian woman walks one notices the balance and swing of her hips. Carrying heavy burdens on her head, the African is an athlete used to walking miles each day from field to market. There are some medical people who feel that bearing such weight compact the spinal column and makes childbirth difficult. Certainly the incidence of abdominal hernias is high. And one sees sad cases of swayback begun when forced to carry heavy weights too young. Yet it is said that Africans can recover swiftly from serious operations because they keep their bodies in prime condition.

When the Senoufo woman removes the basket from her head, you can admire her strength as she reaches up both hands to grasp the pan and swing it in an arc to the ground. She keeps her legs stiff when she bends. Her back is arched but she is so limber that she can bend like a hairpin and work sweeping or hoeing in this doubled position.

In her courtyard, she stands to pound maize in a wooden mortar. Her long heavy pestle or pilon hits the bottom solidly and clicks against the side coming out. Two or three women may pound rhythmically in the same mortar. Then resting on a low stool or squatting on her heels, she stirs her pot over the fire with a long-handled, rounded wooden spoon.

Even sitting in an armchair, the Senoufo women duplicate this posture by leaning forward, arms beyond their knees, to eat or gesticulate, while westerners would sit back and eat from their laps.

Cooking is usually done in the open court between houses and is a social affair. In the middle often stands a thatched-roof grinding house. Each woman has her granite stone set in a mud table against which she scrapes her millet using another stone to crush and grind it. Ground maize, rice, millet, and

manioc form the basic diet. Sauces of tomatoes, onions, peanuts and pimentos--plus a piece of meat when available--are poured over the meal. Fruits like banana, mango, limes and oranges, kola and coconuts, and wild honey provide other nutrients.

Women are field workers and market vendors. After the husband prepares the soil, women plant and tend and harvest the crops. Then they walk with their produce to market in a town like Ferkéssedougou near us (*dougou* means large village). In the open market they rent a table and stool and begin to sell. Crowded together, the women have a social community of their own. There are specialists in rice, in karité butter, in palm oil, and in smoked fish. Some offer fruits and vegetables. Others sell prepared foods like roast meat on skewers, banana balls, grayish millet cakes, and fried corn doughnuts. They hustle customers by pointing to a small pile of onions or garlic or beans and chanting: "vingt-cinq, vingt-cinq" or "cinquante, cinquante." On a money exchange where 240 African francs equals one U.S. dollar, four tomatos cost about 12c.

I have studied the faces of these Senoufo women. When young, the flesh is firm and rounded on an oval bone structure. Many women are pretty in a western sense. Their hair, although kinky, can be teased back stiffly straight. On the most fashionable heads, two dozen or more "corn row" braids form elaborate knots and patterns. Many clip their hair close to the scalp to avoid lice. Pulled back, as the hair usually is under a turban or kerchief, the effect is one of contained neatness.

The expressions on the faces in the marketplace are concentrated and stoical. Older ones register suspicion when meeting strangers--or perhaps they are scowling at the brassy harlots soliciting business. When they see a friend, however, smiles come immediately and long formal greetings follow. Even to us as foreigners passersby will respond to our greeting by raising two arms in greeting, smiling with a sparkle in their eyes and responding, "Bonjour, patron."

A foreigner can penetrate only so far into the private life of an African family. Are the women happy? Do they love their husbands? Do they resent the marriage system under which parents sell their daughters--often in their early teens--and men "buy" wives like they buy a goat? Are they content to pound *foutou* and walk to market while their husbands learn the westerners' language and ride motorbikes?

For men are the privileged sex. In the village compounds, the husbands live in larger rectangular houses, while the wives and their children occupy round huts. On the roads women walk, carrying fantastically heavy pans of firewood or produce. A woman, except for the educated or the harlot, does not drive a motorcycle. But she may ride behind her husband, still balancing a basket on her head and porting a baby on her back.

One seldom sees husbands and wives walking together. When they meet publicly, their relationship seems cool, even formal. Our Muslim chauffeur keeps one wife in Bouaké, 200 kilometers south, tending his aged father. The other wife spends time in both towns. When we stopped to meet his family on a trip through Bouaké, he introduced us proudly, talked some business with his wife, but approached her no more closely than to touch her arm, although they must not have seen each other for some months.

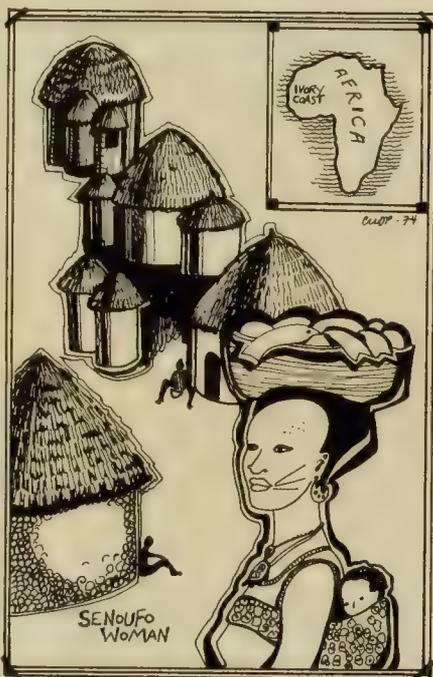
Perhaps in a culture where separation of duties relegates women to an inferior position, reserve is natural. Certainly women defer to their husbands' judgment, although they are capable of arousing about matters, arms waving violently.

The Baptist missionary in Ferkéssedougou reports one African's comment on his polygamous marriage: "When my wife and I were first wed, we loved each other very much. Now that I have taken a second wife, it's all palaver, and I spend my time breaking up arguments." While the first wife may welcome other wives to share the work load and provide a social circle, she wants to remain head wife, even though the youngest may be the favorite. The farmers reasoning is economic: he weds because he is a land owner needing farm hands. Every woman, even older unmarried daughters, must cultivate her share of the family land. Parents may keep a daughter unwed so she will provide for them. If she lives with a man anyway and has children by him, they belong to her parents to work for them, not to the father.

This system removes the man from much responsibility for his children. He is an independent agent instead of the head of the family, for, unless properly married, he is not required to support his children. Even then, men seldom discipline. Christian fathers will sit apart from their families in church, leaving all duties to the mother. (This is as bad as having a husband in the bishopric).

I have said that observing these African women has turned back the clock for me. They seem to live in a pre-industrial world, where sex relationships are primitive and discriminatory. These Senoufo women may little resemble the Utah women who started writing the *Women's Exponent*, despite some similar marriage practices. Yet when one meets educated Ivorian women making careers for themselves, one encounters the ambition and pride that stirred American suffrage movements. Peasant life here demands unremitting toil to survive; without love based on partnership in their homes, it is a tribute to their resiliency that they can still smile.

Cherry Silver
Ferkéssedougou, Ivory Coast
West Africa



Peace on Earth
Good Will to
All People

Despite the crowding, the smells of the market--other than that of smoked fish--are not overpowering. Human body odors are purified by daily baths. The African husband demands that his wife warm a bucket of water for him when he returns from work. If rivers are nearby, they swim and bathe there, males separate from females. The ubiquitous dish pan doubles as bath tub, too. And in the new villanes shower stalls are offered--sun-warmed water only. Bathrooms, when available, usually include showers and "Turkish toilets" in separate buildings outside the home. This kind of toilet consists of a hole in the floor flanked by two footrests. Above a water tank with a pull cord releases water in force down a pipe to cleanse the slanting water hole. To eliminate, one squats over the hole, supported only by one's own legs. Adults and children alike urinate in the open without embarrassment. And since they usually wipe themselves with leaves or twigs or a corn cob, transferring these outdoor habits to mechanical systems often causes clogged plumbing.

(Robert and Irma Welch, Baptist missionaries in the Ferkéssedougou area for twenty-seven years, shared their knowledge of village life, women's adornment--under and outer--and family relationships for the purposes of this report.)

Arizona Outing 1912

When I was growing up in Snowflake, we all knew there was a petrified forest off to the northeast some twenty-five miles away. My brothers had seen it, and they had told us about the bird flying over it that became frozen with its notes in midair, and about the goat that turned to stone half way in its leap from ledge to ledge. I was curious about the forest.

The opportunity to see it came when I was eighteen years old and my friends and I were casting about in our minds for a way to honor Theresa Maesser of Provo who had come to town for a visit. Theresa was a young school teacher, a good cook and an elocutionist with interesting readings. Many an afternoon relatives and friends gathered to sit on our porch in the cool shade of tall cottonwood trees, to visit with our guest and be entertained by her readings. She so endeared herself to us that we wanted to do something special for her—but what? We talked it over, and decided that a trip to the Petrified Forest would be a fitting gesture of our esteem.

This was not a simple undertaking to be accomplished by walking to the corner and catching a bus. At that time no one in our town owned a car. A model-T Ford, a "Jitney," went through town each day with the mail, but this mail route went nowhere near the forest. A team and wagon would be our means of travel. This being haying time, when teams, wagons and men were busy, presented a problem.

Grandfather John Hunt, full of wisdom and enjoying leisure as former bishop of Snowflake after nearly thirty-one years of devoted service, was not busy. He had passed his seventy-ninth birthday, but despite his years and his full white beard, he was a vigorous, capable man. He could handle a team, he knew this country as few men did, and he talked knowingly and well on a wide range of subjects. He could advise and give us aid. A delegation approached him with the proposition that he serve as guide, teamster and chaperon to some young ladies on an outing.

Being a kindly gentleman and always ready to serve where needed, Grandfather said he would be happy to join the party. And he gallantly offered the use of his team. Furthermore, he suggested that a neighbor lady be asked for the loan of her springwagon, a lighter vehicle than the usual farm wagon, with springs to soften the bumps. Also it had a low wagonbox with bows for a wagon cover. And there was a springseat up front for the driver. The owner, Sister Eliza Smith, graciously let us take her wagon.

With team and wagon assured, we proceeded with our plans. There were no accommodations of any kind at the forest. We must take beds, food and water. For how many? Seven: Grandfather, Ma and Frances, who were two of his daughters by his third wife; Aloy Larson's girls, Ellen and I; Ellen's friend, Pauline Willis; and of course the guest in whose honor this occasion was planned, Theresa Maesser.

Four bedrolls were prepared: Grandfather's, his daughters', one for Pauline and Ellen, one for Theresa and me. A box of food, grain for the horses, a small barrel of water, and a rolled up wagon cover were provided. Everything was in readiness to start right after noon dinner.

Relatives and friends gathered to see us off. A spirit of gaiety prevailed as the girls were told of the wonders of the forest, including the petrified bird and the stone goat. Grandfather clucked to the team and off we went. Theresa occupied the seat beside the driver, Ellen was mounted on her pony, the other girls sat on bedrolls.

We went down the lane leading east between alfalfa fields, crossed the wooden bridge over Silver Creek and passed Father's lower field. Then we turned left, following the Woodruff road going parallel with the box canyon through which Silver Creek makes its way north to join the Little Colorado River. Shortly, we left this road and angled off in a northeasterly direction over a far-reaching plateau, to get on the St. John's road running from Holbrook into Apache County. Not a soul did we see, even on this more traveled way. Grandfather told us to be on the lookout for a tree. Cottonwoods would point the way to a stream bed where the forest was located. Around 1906, a section of about forty square miles of the area had been made a national monument and later more acreage was added to it.

We chatted and sang and took turns riding the pony. At the pace we were going a girl could climb over the back end of the wagon and drop to the ground and the girl relinquishing the pony could get into the wagon while it was in motion.

At last a lone tree appeared a bit to the right on the far horizon ahead. We angled off the road toward it. Grandfather chose a camping spot beside the dry wash, on a bench above the stream bed. He knew that flash floods could make it risky business to set up camp in the wash.

One girl helped Grandfather with his horses. The harness of each horse was removed and before taking off the bridle a lead rope was slipped around the horse's neck. Then Grandfather asked for a pie tin. This was easy to get, since a picnic in those days called for tin plates. The horses were led down to what this experienced gentleman considered "a likely place." He knelt on the dry sand in the middle of the wash and scooped out a hole with the pie tin. It was some three feet wide and a foot deep. Slowly there rose in the depression a pool of milky water; the presence of lime and alkali gave it the milky look. Humans would find it unpalatable, but the horses drank it readily. Hobbles were put on the front feet of each horse before it was released to forage on the sparse bunch grass.

We ate our supper with zestful appetites, whetted by the ride in the open air. Before it got dark, we hastened to make down our beds. Grandfather chose to spread his beneath the wagon. Four of the girls could be accommodated in the wagonbox by having one couple's heads up front, the heads of the other couple at the back, with four pairs of feet mingling midway. Theresa and I elected to lay our bed on the bosom of mother earth with nothing intervening between us and the starry sky.

How vast, how endless, seemed the expanse of country round about us. We were as dots on a wide plain with the blue bowl of the heavens cupped down over us. As the day died out, the dusk hid everything but the firmament above. It was a "night of black velvet all buttoned with stars." There was no uneasiness in our lying unprotected in this great empty land. Sleep soon claimed us.

Sometime in the night we were awakened by the spatter of raindrops! A few large drops were hitting with a loud plop here and there. We lay quiet, waiting to learn if this was one of those storms that vanish after a few drops. But no, this time "Old Jue" really meant business. Grandfather advised us to get up in the wagon and stretch the wagon cover over the bows. This we did, and just in time, for the drops began popping out of the black night faster and faster. Soon a trickle of water found its way down from the upper rim of the arroyo to Grandfather under the wagon. He called for us to make a place in the wagon for him and his bedroll. This we did by each girl sitting up and wrapping herself in a quilt.

The rain poured down! Little trickles of cold water began hitting us in unexpected places as we sat huddled in the pitchy darkness. There were holes in the wagon cover! No one had thought to inspect it before we started our trip. Some of the girls tried to catch some of this fresh water in their mouths. It never hit where we thought it would. We got the giggles.

Grandfather called sharply, "This is no time for laughter. You should be praying!" Faces were buried in the quilts to smother all merriment. In the sudden silence there came the roar of swift water as a flash flood passed just below us. This was a fearsome sound. Our situation could be dangerous. We sat and listened in apprehension. Slowly the roar subsided, then vanished.

A lighted match had shown Grandfather the rain began at 2 a.m. by his watch. A second match revealed that in two hours the flood had come and gone. "When the rosy light of morning" let us see the fresh-washed world about us there was a mere trickle in the stream bed.

We were happy to get out of cramped positions and begin the day's work. Ellen went with Grandfather to find the horses. The others busied themselves around camp. A fire of greasewood (creosote bush) was started. Damp articles were hung near it to dry.

One girl wore her hair pompadour in the Gibson girl style, with the help of artificial padding known as a "rat." This beauty aid she found had absorbed some water, so it was hung near the fire. Another girl's stockings were damp. These long black cotton hose were placed near a bed of coals.

Someone, unacquainted with the nature of greasewood, put a generous supply on the coals. There was a lot of smoke, then WHOOSH, the whole pile ignited and yellow flames licked high, entirely consuming the rat and burning the feet off the stockings.

Gales of laughter met this unexpected incident. Nothing could be done about the rat, but ingenuity fixed the stockings. It was simply unheard of. In those days, for a young lady to go bare-legged even out in the wilderness. Strips of cloth torn from a handkerchief were attached to each stocking

leg to fit under the instep to keep the hose from slipping out of the tops of her high shoes.

Ita had breakfast ready by the time the horses were brought in. It had taken quite a walk to find them. They had wandered out of sight beyond the small buttes that characterize the area.

We continued our journey, using the creek bed for a road, as we made our way to the ancient forest a few miles from our camp. This forest was like nothing we had ever seen before. Strwn about in all directions were sections and segments and chipped pieces of stone in many colors. They had once been parts of living trees washed down as logs in some ancient time. Many lay prone in sections three feet long, but still aligned. One large log was intact. It was four feet in diameter and stretched across a small gully. We walked back and forth along it. When noontime came we sat under it for shade while eating our picnic lunch. A support of logs like railroad ties had been wedged beneath it.

In later years I read that it is known as Agate Bridge, a partly buried petrified log, 111 feet long. Erosion has washed away the soil underneath till the log forms a natural bridge over a forty-foot-wide arroyo. To prevent this largest piece of petrified wood in the park from cracking, rangers constructed a concrete support in 1934. A cowboy, who bet \$10 he could ride across its treacherous surface, removed the shoes from his pony for surer footing and collected the bet.²

We had taken advantage of our stop here to spread our rain soaked bedding in the sparkling sunshine so it would be dry by the time we started home. This created a strange scene with bushes, shrubs and stone logs draped in drying quilts.

One girl's straw sombrero had been sat upon when wet with the result that one side of the broad brim flopped down against her cheek, but she wore it 'till she hawked as it was. She was standing on the stone bridge when a carryall filled with tourists drove up. They had arrived at Holbrook on the Santa Fe railroad and had been driven out to the Petrified Forest.³

The passengers stepped out quickly and began to take pictures. Eagerly they called, "Are you natives? Are you real campers?"

"Yes," we answered merrily, for most of us had lived all our years up until then in Arizona, formerly a territory and only recently a state. These visitors were not native to Arizona; they appeared to be from back East. Anything beyond New Mexico and Colorado was back East to us.

So we lined up on the petrified log, a ragged assortment of stringy hair (without benefit of rat to make a proper pompadour), one squee hawked hat, a pair of footless stockings creeping out of high top shoes, and a background of drying quilts whose patchwork colors were outshone by the vivid petrified tree fragments.

For months afterward I had an uneasy feeling that this picture would show up in some magazine with the caption: Arizona Natives on Camping Trip. We packed our sundried articles into the wagon and departed, leaving no trace of our visit. We had not seen the petrified bird with its notes still in midair, and we had not seen the goat that froze as it leaped from ledge to ledge, but some eastern dudes had seen some real native campers.⁴

We made our leisurely way across a stretch of uninhabited wilderness, the beauty and wonder of its vastness enhanced by the night's rain. We were enveloped in a great silence except for the rattle of wagon wheels and the tinkle of harness chains.

On the outward journey, Grandfather and Theresa had caught up on their visiting, calling to mind that in the 1860's Grandfather had served as Counselor to Beaver's Bishop Shepherd, who was Theresa's maternal grandfather. Now on the homeward trek, the girls took turns sitting in the front seat. This gave each one a chance to express her appreciation to Grandfather for all he had done to make wifs outing possible.

Louise Larson Comish
St. George, Utah

1. A picture of John Hunt and a description of Snowflake appear in Mark P. Leone, "The Evolution of Mormon Culture in Eastern Arizona," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 40 (Spring 1972), pp. 122-141.
 2. *Arizona: A State Guide*, Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Works Projects Administration, (N.Y.: Hastings, 1940) p. 312.
 3. Strange that all my life, until now, I thought "A. T. Santa Fe" on railroad cars meant Arizona Territory Santa Fe. Actually it was the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. He always called it the Santa Fe.
 4. My father, Aloy Larson, as a young man drove a team and scraper to help make railroad bed and earn enough money for his wedding trip. He and May Hunt with seven other wagons of marriage-bound couples went from Snowflake to St. George to be married in the Temple there in 1881.
- The story of the petrified bird and song is not unique. With regard to petrified trees in the Yellowstone area, Jim Bridger is reported to have said there were "petrified birds" singing petrified songs." Karen and Derek Craighead, "A Walk Through the Wilderness," *National Geographic* 141 (May 1972) p. 585.
5. My mother, May Hunt, and Theresa's mother, Sadie Shepherd had been friends since their girlhood days in Beaver and had exchanged birthday letters each year since then. The Hunts moved to Snowflake in 1878. Theresa's paternal grandfather was the beloved educator, Dr. Karl G. Maesser.



The Frugal Housewife



A Festive Mousse

A mousse is a delightful concoction which consists of a base--fruit puree, chocolate, or egg yolk custard, for example--into which egg whites and/or whipped cream are folded. This recipe contains only whipped cream, though it could be extended by increasing the cream to 2 cups, or by adding 4 egg whites, which have been stiffly beaten after the addition of 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar at foamy stage. Egg whites should always be room temperature for greatest volume. Fold into the base 1/4 of the egg whites, then the remainder. Then proceed as below with the heavy cream.

- Cranberry Mousse (6 servings)**
 grated rind of 1 lemon
 grated rind of 1 orange
 1 tbsp. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. orange juice
 1 lb. fresh cranberries
 2/3 cup granulated sugar
 2/3 cup water
 1 cup heavy cream
 1/2 cup sifted confectioner's sugar
- Garnish**
 1/2 cup heavy cream
 confectioner's sugar to taste
 pure vanilla extract

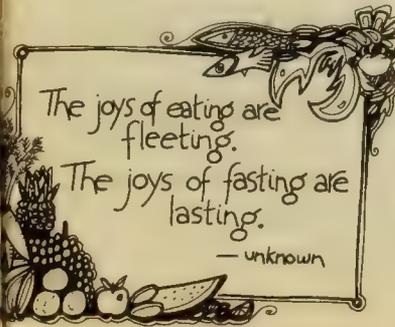
Put cranberries, lemon rind, lemon juice, granulated sugar and water in a heavy saucepan. Cook until soft and mush. Cool completely, puree in blender, push through a fine strainer with a rubber spatula. Add orange juice. In a chilled bowl, whip the cream (1C.) to the Chantilly stage (when the cream mounds slightly as the beaters are lifted). Add sifted confectioner's sugar and orange rind. Fold cream into base until color is even. Spoon into serving dishes and chill.

To garnish, whip 1/2 C. heavy cream to Chantilly; add confectioner's sugar and vanilla extract to taste. Whip until stiff and put through a pastry bag to make rosesets, or drop a dollop of cream on each serving.

Patricia E. Butler

I hate to see a woman spend a great deal of time and means on dress. But I hate worse to see a man spend his money in whiskey, and his time in the saloons, and then find fault with his wife for being extravagant. I hate to see a woman vain and frivolous. But I hate worse to see a man pretend that he has no vanity; and be always caressing his mouse-ear. And above all I hate to see a man, try to point out a woman's faults with whiskey in his breath, and a cigar in his mouth. Oft repeated crosses seem to sour the temper and harden the heart, I say seem because it is not a reality, it is an outward guise, a barricade to protect the inner soul. Let a kind word or action drop in suddenly, and the heart is melted and the eyes shed moulten tears. They do not judge from outward appearances, they are often deceptive.

From the Diary of Emily Dow Partridge Younn
 2 Nov. 1881, Salt Lake City



— unknown

WHEAT AND SOY FOR MAN

With bread prices rising, more and more women are baking their own bread. I have also discovered a recent trend among food scientists to develop a protein-enriched bread both for developing countries and for children and adults in the United States whose diets are nutritionally deficient. What do these facts tell us? I can answer for myself that while I want to be economical, I want to make my bread as nutritious as possible.

We know that wheat is for man, but let's not overlook the soybean. I recently learned that the soybean yields a quality of protein similar in food value to animal protein and that adding 16% SOY to WHEAT BREAD triples the amount of available protein in the bread. Well, I immediately started adding soy concentrate (70% protein) to my wheat bread. To my dissatisfaction, the result was small, heavy loaves with poor texture. My husband referred to them as his "hamburger loaves." Yes, they were high in protein but not very appetizing. Thinking there must be some way to retain the nutritional value but improve the quality of the bread we began some inquiries. An article in the November-December 1973 *American Scientist* had our answer. The author, Dr. Yeshajahu Pomeranz, director of the Grain Marketing Research Center, U.S. Department of Agriculture, has found that adding glycolipids and phospholipids will improve bread quality without changing existing wheat, soy recipes. "Great," I said, "but what is a lipid and where can I buy it?" I discovered that SOY LECITHIN (found at health stores) is a lipid and by adding only one tablespoon of the granules to my 3-loaf bread recipe I could produce light, moist, delicious bread!

If your interest has been sparked, try the following protein-enriched bread recipe. To add your own creative touch, put 1 cup of your water in the blender and add any of the following foods or leftovers, blend well and add to yeast water:

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| oatmeal | mashed potatoes |
| carrots (3 or 4) | a ripe banana |
| bone meal | wheat germ |
| brewer's yeast | cornmeal, etc., etc. |

WHEAT AND SOY BREAD

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cube margarine | 1/4 C honey |
| 2 C milk (scalded) | 1/4 C brown sugar |
| 3 C warm water | 1/2 C soy concentrate |
| 3 T yeast | 1 T soy lecithin granules |
| 1 T plus 2 t salt | 7-9 C whole wheat flour |
| 1/3 C molasses | 2-4 C white flour |

Melt margarine; add milk, scald and cool. In large container dissolve yeast in warm water. Add soy concentrate, soy lecithin, salt, molasses, honey and brown sugar. Add milk mixture and whole wheat flour. (If my flour is cold I add directly and don't cool the milk mixture. They counterbalance to a lukewarm dough.) Beat soft dough well. Add white flour slowly kneading well and keeping dough soft. Let rise till double in bulk. Knead down and put in pans. Let rise again till double in bulk. Bake at 350° for 40 minutes. Yield: 3 or 4 loaves. (3 or 4 carrots makes a moister bread)

My five growing boys like at least one loaf made with cinnamon!

Claudia Fisher
 Naperville, Illinois



TRUE ECONOMY

In early childhood, you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save everything,--not for their own use, for that would make them selfish--but for some use. Teach them to share everything with their playmates; but never allow them to destroy anything.

I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable and genteel with a little, as others can be with much. In this family, when the father brought home a package, the older children would, of their own accord, put away the paper and twine neatly, instead of throwing them in the fire, or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to play scratch-cradle, there it was in readiness; and when they threw it upon the floor, the older children had no need to be told to put it again in its place.

The other day, I heard a mechanic say, 'I have a wife and two little children; we live in a very small house; but, to save my life, I cannot spend less than twelve hundred a year.' Another replied, 'You are not economical; I spend but eight hundred. I thought to myself,--'Neither of you pick up your twine and paper.' A third one, who was present, was silent; but after they were gone, he said, 'I keep house, and comfortably too, with a wife and children, for six hundred a year; but I suppose they would have thought me mean, if I had told them so.' I did not think him mean; it merely occurred to me that his wife and children were in the habit of picking up paper and twine.

Economy is generally despised as a low virtue, tending to make people ungenerous and selfish. This is true of avarice; but it is not so of economy. The man who is economical, is laying up for himself the permanent power of being useful and generous. He who thoughtlessly gives away ten dollars, when he owes a hundred more than he can pay, deserves no praise;--he obeys a sudden impulse, more like instinct than reason: it would be real charity to check this feeling; because the good he does may be doubtful, while the injury he does his family and creditors is certain. True economy is a careful treasurer in the service of benevolence; and where they are united, respectability, prosperity and peace will follow.

Lydia Maria Child
 from *The American Frugal Housewife*
 (American Stationers' Company,
 Boston: 1836) pp. 6-7.

Pomander Balls

The traditional spicy clove-studded fruits, or pomander balls, were originally used for medicinal purposes. They counteract evil odors thought to spread disease. The word is derived from the French *Pomme*, or apple, denoting the round shape, and *amber*, referring to the fixative ambers. Today pomanders are used in closets, drawers, or wherever an aromatic scent is desirable.

Christmas is the perfect time to make pomanders, for they are as enjoyable to make as to receive. They should be kept in an open bowl as they are being made, and their pungent aroma fills any room with spicy smells, reminiscent of childhood Christmases. In this "recipe" thin-skinned oranges are used instead of apples.

Pomander Balls

- 6 thin-skinned oranges
- 1/2 lb. whole cloves
- 1 C. (total) of the following spices:
 - 1/4 C. cinnamon
 - 1/4 C. allspice
 - 1/4 C. ground cardamom and nutmeg, combined
 - 1/2 t. mace
 - 1/4 t. ground ginger

Divide the orange into quadrants and insert whole cloves in close rows about 1/16" apart. If the cloves are too close together the skin breaks. Too much space between the cloves allows the spice mixture to drop off. Allow thirty to sixty minutes to make each pomander. Mix the spices in a bowl large enough to hold all the oranges. After inserting the cloves roll each ball in the spice mixture. Leave the bowl open and let the pomanders sit in the mixture for a week. Quarter each ball with ribbon, and tie in a bow at the top. A fragrant Christmas to you.

Book Reviews

THE WORKING WOMEN

Cynthia Fuchs Epstein, *Woman's Place: Options And Limits In Professional Careers* (University of California Press: 1973) paperback \$2.45.

Felice N. Schwartz, Margaret H. Schifter, and Susan S. Gillotti, *How To Go To Work When Your Husband Is Against It, Your Children Aren't Old Enough, And There's Nothing You Can Do Anyhow* (Simon & Schuster: 1973) paperback \$2.95.

I overheard a conversation the other day in the waiting room at the pediatrician's. A Frumpy Mother leaned forward in her chair, one hand out to catch a catapulting child, as she listened to a Sleek Mother describe her new lifestyle.

"I like to cook--when I'm in the mood--and I really enjoy the homemaking things, mardenino, sewing." Her bare legs were clean-shaven and tan below the neat hem of her striped dress. "But there just isn't time for everything, now I'm working. It frustrates me sometimes, but I couldn't quit work. If I stayed home I'd feel guilty about that."

The Frumpy Mother seemed disappointed. I'm sure she only had two children with her, two little boys who looked just alike, but she seemed surrounded. "Didn't your women's lib group help you work out things like that?"

"Heaven's no! I was the only working mother there. To them a job was still glamorous." She promised to talk more later, but the nurse had given the signal.

If she has time to read, the Sleek Mother could find a name, if not a solution, for her frustration in Cynthia Fuchs Epstein's *Woman's Place: Options And Limits In Professional Careers*. She suffers from "status conflict," a condition to which modern women are particularly susceptible. I have always mistrusted sociologists; they seem to labor so hard to make the obvious obscure. Yet I found the Epstein book clear, illuminating--and very handy. Knowing that a \$50,000 a year New York attorney feels compelled to get up at 6 a.m. every day to do her own cleaning, helps me be somewhat more objective about my own need to make bread. Coming home from Primary to a research proposal as well as a week's washing, I can now recognize my "contradictory role expectations" with a grim but knowing smile, rather than simply scream. Though I'm not sure my husband's "status" are always as mutually reinforcing as Epstein says, I find it comforting to believe that they are, especially when he asks me why I'm so frenzied.

In all, I find concepts like "occupational

structure" and "ambiguity of socialization" much more descriptive of my own experience than specifiers like "male chauvinism" or "sexist exploitation." Social science has its values. Still, a bias is inherent in the very questions Epstein asks: "Why does it happen that, no matter what sphere of work women are hired for or select, like sediment in a wine bottle they settle to the bottom? Why do the best women--those in whom society has invested most heavily--underperform, underachieve, and underproduce?" Using tangible professional accomplishment--publications, salary, position in the hierarchy--as measurements, most women do appear to be under-achievers. But what if she were to measure total accomplishment, unpaid as well as paid work, intangible as well as tangible achievement, spiritual as well as material success, even physical and mental health as well as salary? That is a task for the angels, no doubt, yet even in a socialologist, single-minded emphasis on "meaningful employment" can be annoying.

On the other hand, by focusing stringently on one definable area of achievement, Epstein may make it easier for the rest of us to see our lives whole, to place professional accomplishment within our total scale of values. She takes the world of work out of the realm of fantasy and gives us some helpful analytical tools. For the woman who wants to excel professionally, she offers several suggestions based on a study of high-performers. Translated into everyday language these are:

1. Surround yourself with like-minded friends,
2. Have fewer children,
3. Limit participation in voluntary organizations,
4. Work full-time part of the year; stay home part,
5. Rigidly compartmentalize working hours and home hours,
6. Delegate some tasks (to children or domestics),
7. Increase the visibility of your work so that people leave you alone knowing how busy you are,
8. Rely on outside rules (deadlines, employer demands) to structure conflicting priorities.

Another technique, which she calls the "mechanism of redefinition," is especially interesting to Mormon women. Defining a job as an adjunct to more noble statuses makes do with much less difficult. Thus the woman who is working "for my family" or to "help my husband" has fewer conflicts than one who is working to advance her own interests. In Mormonism, the "church job," while it might be as demanding as paid employment, has

this sort of psychological advantage.

The reader can judge how many of these mechanisms are open to her and adjust her professional aspirations accordingly. If it is any comfort, Epstein points out that women often get more recognition for lesser achievement.

A *Woman's Place* might make a Frumpy Mother feel even more Frumpy, if not downright angry. At such a moment, a book like *How To Go To Work When Your Husband Is Against It, Your Children Aren't Old Enough, And There's Nothing You Can Do Anyhow* is a healthy slap on the back. Felice N. Schwartz, Margaret H. Schifter, and Susan S. Gillotti have put together a frankly pragmatic handbook with a platform and a program. Sponsored by an organization called Catalyst, it promotes the notion of part-time work. More than half the book is devoted to a "Career Baedeker," a survey of career opportunities and educational requirements in fifty-two professions ranging from actuary to urban planner. The Baedeker is in some ways less optimistic than the opening chapters of the book, which chant a high-pitched "you can do it." Part time jobs are indeed possible for low-level beginners in a few professions, but in many the easiest path to a part-time job is a degree and ten years experience first. But this is not always true. One of Catalyst's aims is to expand the possibilities.

The book is full of success stories. If many of them deal with fortyish women, that too can be encouraging. It describes mature women not so much "starting over" as building intelligently on what they have, including volunteer experience. It denies that it is ever too late. "It is not always apparent from the outside, but the corporations and institutions of America are staffed by many time-servers. Your contemporaries in your target job area may have reached the disenchantment stage and are either changing employers or settling into dead-end jobs. . . women, when they get their bearings on the job, move up the promotion ladder faster than they ever would have expected." If none of Epstein's professions, they certainly move farther than most of them thought possible.

Catalyst can be attacked from one direction for encouraging women to moderate their expectations, to take "half a loaf"; from another it can be praised for recognizing the importance of non-professional contributions, for holding out new opportunities without denying the value of traditional achievements. It offers the Sleek Mother her job and her garden too.

Laurel Thatcher Ulrich

The Rummage Sale

Donald Marshall, *The Rummage Sale* (Heirloom Publications, Box 304, Provo, Utah 84601: 1972), paperback \$2.50.

"Junque," said my friend, dropping her hot banel on the Morning Globe. "I call this junk."

"What?" I asked.

"This." She held up a copy of *The Rummage Sale*.

"You don't expect me to believe there are really Mormons like the ones in these stories, do you. Well, I'm not stupid, you know. I mean we subscribe to *Atlantic Monthly* and I haven't missed Walter Cronkite in over a month, except when I had to take dinner in to Sister Rosevere after her gall stone operation. I mean the names in this book are absolutely absurd: LaRena Homer, Floydene Wallup, Ila Rae Dods, Reula Fae Dasturp, Evadene and Ernadene and on and on and on.

"I lent the book to Wilfreda Gulbranson and she agreed that the names are far-fetched and that Mormons don't give their kids weird names. She said that it must have been written by a Jack-Mormon or a gentile, so I checked and you'll never guess what I found out. It was written by a BYU professor!

"Oh," I said.

"I mean Donald Marshall is a BYU professor who teaches at Brigham Young University."

"Oh," I said.

"Do you know what that means?" she continued.

"No," I said.

"Well, he probably requires all of his students to read the book. And you know as well as I that a 19-year-old is very impressionable and is apt to believe the stuff and think that Mormons are stupid people and lose their testimonies and end up just like the boy in 'The Sound of Drums.'

"The Sound of Drums?" I asked.

"That's one of the stories in the book. It's about this guy from Heber, Owen Goulding, who comes East for four years and studies art history and then goes home for a visit and thinks he's too good for anyone in the town or the family, to boot. I can't tell it as well as the book does. Here, you read it."

"I thought you didn't like the book," I said.

"I don't. But I don't mind the writing; that part is good. But the people. It's the way they think, the dumb things they do that gets to me. Like LaRena Homer. Here she is in the Holy Land with her friend Thora [Elroy, her husband, didn't go on account of he swore he would never take an-

other bus tour] keeping a diary of everything she did. Only she never did anything except talk about how she "knew the ropes" and if you've seen one pyramid you've seen them all and if Elroy thought the Rancho Motel was swanky he ought to see the Cairo Hilton. And she told about how the Tel Aviv Hilton had turquoise rooms and big bathrooms and how she kept the maid in Athens from stealing the fuchsia camisole that Winna Mae Somebodyorother gave her. I really have to laugh at LaRena Homer, all right."

"You do? I asked. I thought you didn't like the book."

"I don't. But parts of it are funny. I mean sometimes. Like the letters that Floydene Wallup and Elder Calbert Dunkley wrote to each other. See, Floydene is this high school senior who makes bedspreads for a hobby and falls in love with Elder Dunkley sometime between their second letter (that's when she signs off, "Love ya, Floydene") and the fourth (when she signs off, "Love ya, Deenie!"). Elder Dunkley tries to be really spiritual and write inspiring letters about what a humbling experience it is to be somewhere Mormons are a minority and how 'oft times we take it for granite.'

"Anyway, it sure does bring back memories."

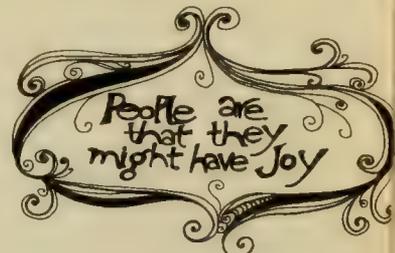
"Of what?"

"Of when I was writing Lamoni, of course, when he was on his mission before we were married. Our letters really brought us close together. In fact, Lamoni told me that whenever I wrote him he could tell before anyone ever told him a letter had come because he could smell the perfume I put on them. Anyway, I sure have to laugh at Floydene and Elder Dunkley."

"But that doesn't mean I like the book, you understand. In fact, there's one part in particular I can't figure out."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Well, right here on page 26 the title says, 'Contents of An El Roi Tan Box Found Under a Bed' and there's nothing to it but a list of things found in that smelly old tobacco box, like 2 Walnettos, 1 stick of Black Jack chewin' gum . . . And here on page 113 is another weird one. 'Notes on a Calendar Found in An Empty House After the Death of Viola Pratt.' Nothing to it, not a plot or anything. It doesn't even rhyme. Why you'd just as well publish my shopping list or the junk



Lamoni keeps in his pockets. One thing in that box was seven Milknickel wrappers. Remember Milknickels? Sure does bring back memories."

"I thought you said there was nothing to it," I said.

"There's not, really. It's just that you wouldn't imagine some of the things that were in that box. Like my old treasure chest in the attic. It just brings back memories, makes you daydream a little."

"Then you liked that part of the book?"

"Not really. And look here on page 88 at this one, 'Something Awful Has Happened and I Think Somebody Ought To Know.' That's about a family--very active in the Church and all. And one day when the mother, Reula Fae, was gone to Welcome Wagon or Primary Preparation Meeting or somewhere like that, the father, Orlo, began acting weird and the son noticed it but didn't say anything. Anyway the story goes on to tell about how Orlo picked up a dead cat and bashed it over and over again on a stack of cinderblocks. And Reula Fae didn't even know."

"I really don't like that story. It sends chills up and down my spine."

"Because it seems so real?" I asked.

"No, it's not that, I'm sure. But there's something about the way that Donald Marshall writes. . .

Louise Durham
Belmont, Mass.

Poetry

from The Women Of The Everlasting Covenant

We women of America give ear!
 Maternity, the voice of nature hear!
 Obedient, listen to the call of love,
 Descending with glad tidings from above!
 Too long hath Iron tyranny coerced
 The gentle heart forbidden e'en to burst;
 Too long hath haughty man's preclusive pride
 The need of woman's worthiness denied;
 'Tis finished. Hark! The thrilling battle-cry
 Of "Woman's Rights" now rends the echoing sky,
 As speed, on lightning wings, from clime to clime,
 The phantom heralds of a dying Time.
 Her sun, ascending like an orison,
 Beams brightly on the glowing horizon,
 Dispelling clouds that linger in its way,
 Like mountain mists before the god of day.
 Its course is marked, its radiance fair and true,
 Its origin of earth, to heaven due;
 Emblem of peace, of happiness and home,
 Its aim's the zenith of creation's come.
 Brave Zion, as the nations' pioneer,
 Harmonizes the legions of the main and rear,
 Ye women of the world! Eve's daughters all!
 Wake! Arise! Respond your leader's call.

Heed not the poisoned tongues of Zion's foes,
 Whose specious fabrications would impose
 A barrier to the union and redress
 Of wrongs, the ripened harvest of duress.
 Reck not of doctrine's wide, divergent ways,
 Nor resurrect the scenes of buried days.
 Let mutual friendship bridge the chasm o'er,
 And peace and union reign forevermore.

Brave daughters of the desert, tried and true!
 The muse would breathe a parting word to you;
 Who, heedless of the odium and scorn,
 Of ignorance or baser envy born,
 Through scenes of toiling woe and adverse fate,
 To make the soul of courage hesitate,
 Approved the wisdom of the stern decree
 That burst the bonds of woman's slavery,
 Roused slumbering Faith from self's ignoble zest
 And fixed the star of glory on her breast.

Admiring millions yet shall view thy name,
 Emblazoned on the storied shaft of fame,
 And while they read, and weeping, linger o'er
 Remembered deeds of ages gone before,
 Fair Poesy her golden harp shall string,
 And in her loftiest, smoothest numbers sing
 Of those who, braving still the skeptic's sneer,
 The Christian's hatred and the coward's fear,
 Wrought out the problem deep of social life,
 Made Womanhood the synonym for life,
 And nursed the chrysalis, whose glorious birth
 Soared heavenward and overwhelmed the earth.
 Hast fought the fight, the cross hast meekly borne,
 The wrath of man, the world's unreasoning scorn?
 In that eternal future, dawning near,
 Whose music even now salutes the ear,
 As turn, on golden hinges, the pearly gates,
 Transcendent recompense thy coming waits.

My mother! On thy pale and care-line brow,
 D'ershing with sorrow's wreath of silver snow,
 Outgiving fabled splendor's fairest gem,
 Shall shine, in heaven's light, a diadem;
 The tear-dimmed eye shall be forever bright,
 Thy form renewed and robed in living light,
 Where souls redeemed immortal glories share,
 And God is near, and love is everywhere.

Orson F. Whitney
 Elyria, Ohio January, 1878

The Poetical Writings of Orson F. Whitney
 (Salt Lake City: Juvenile Instructor Office, 1889)
 pp 42-44.



from For The Time Being A Christmas Oratorio

Well, so that is that. Now we must dismantle the
 tree,
 Putting the decorations back into their cardboard
 boxes--
 Some have got broken--and carrying them up to the
 attic.
 The holly and the mistletoe must be taken down
 and burnt,
 And the children got ready for school. There
 are enough
 Left-overs to do, warmed-up, for the rest of the
 week--
 Not that we have much appetite, having drunk such
 a lot,
 Stayed up so late, attempted--quite unsuccessfully--
 To love all of our relatives, and in general
 Grossly overestimated our powers. Once again
 As in previous years we have seen the actual
 Vision and failed
 To do more than entertain it as an agreeable
 Possibility, once again we have sent Him away,
 Begging though to remain His disobedient servant,
 The promising child who cannot keep His word for
 long.

W. H. Auden

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 Auden, by permission of Random House, Inc.

NO LA DEVEMOS DORMIR

We should not sleep
 Through the holy night.
 We should not sleep.

The Virgin wonders to herself
 What she will do
 When the king of endless Light
 Shall be born,
 Whether she will tremble
 Before his divine Essence,
 Or what she might say to Him.

We should not sleep
 Through the holy night.
 We should not sleep.

Fray Ambrosio Montesino
 1450-1514
 a translation

more from our readers

Being Me

The afternoon sun, shining
 Through the pepper tree
 Leaves,
 Leaves varienated patterns
 on my paper.

The life of a woman
 Is so much like these
 Designs,
 Designed to cross much
 light with dark.

Myself alone lifted aside
 The branches, striving
 To be free,
 Freedom came, so I
 can be me.

Marye Hanliss
 Mountain View, Calif.

Graham Cracker Glory

The crux of the dilemma is
 that in trading glory for graham crackers
 and diaper bags and high chairs,
 oftines the homemade or "mother" choice
 is not daily filling.

Fulfilling - rewarding - joyful - Yes. . .
 on an eternal perimeter,
 but day to day it becomes homely.
 She knows it's right;
 that stagnation is pivotal
 only on her carelessness,

yet
 self motivation is lonely.
 She chose the harder "righter" way
 but the kudoes of the outside are missed.

To be sure, she is needed here,
 but in a different realm.
 She misses open stimulation and interaction
 yet blessed to be by herself
 to kindle within herself sparks of any world
 she chooses.

Don't forget her
 she's at home.

Susan Hill
 Bloomington, Ind.

Boxes

There's pleasure in boxes
 tidy little squares
 squared
 tucked into wrappings
 strung and tied
 fitly.

I like them
 'though I know
 there's hoaxes in boxes
 neat little numbers
 numbered
 cockled in the wraps
 ribboned and knotted
 rightly.

Becky Cornwall
 Salt Lake City, Utah



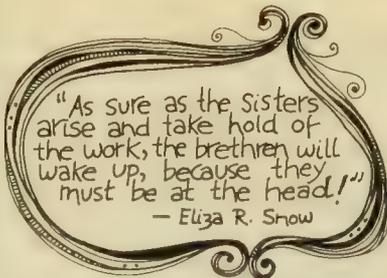
Here

After a million years I shall want to come back,
 To sometimes return to this place to look up at the stars,
 After so long that the last constellation has channed,
 And Mars is no longer like Mars.

For this is the place that I knew and the place that knew me;
 It was here I kept trying again, here I ached to the bone,
 And here that I pondered the truths that eternally lie a
 At the everlasting gospel's cornerstone.

Iris W. Schow
 Brigham City, Utah

Our Foremothers and the 1870 Franchise



During the winter of 1869-1870 Latter-day Saint women emerged as a sisterhood united in their own sort of women's movement. Intereaving their spiritual and temporal concerns they began to vocalize that curious blend of commitment to plural marriage, home industry and woman's rights that would characterize the women of "Mormondom until the turn of the century.

To the surprise of journalists and gentle crusaders who had lamented the plight of the "poor, degraded women of Utah," in 1870 "Mormon sisters engaged in their first fervent defense of plural marriage. The first federal anti-bi-nomy law had been passed in 1862 and in succeeding years additional legislative efforts such as the Cullom Bill proposed to forcefully eradicate polygamy.

On January 6, 1870, a group of concerned Mormon women gathered in the Fifteenth Ward Relief Society Hall to express their indignation at the Cullom Bill then being considered by the United States Congress. "Presidentess" Sarah M. Kimball proclaimed: *We would be unworthy of the names we bear and the blood in our veins should we longer remain silent while such an infamous bill [is] before the house, a bill whose object is attained would make of our men mental slaves. And if they make slaves of them, what do they make of us?* Eliza R. Snow, general president of all Relief Societies, rejoined: *The ladies of Utah [have] too long remained silent while they [are] being so falsely represented to the world. . . it [is] high time that we should rise up in the dignity of our calling and speak for ourselves.* This first small mass meeting sparked the fire of protest in Utah's women. The following week some five or six thousand women convened in the Salt Lake Tabernacle to register their protest against the bill--ritualistically retelling their pre-Utah trials as Latter-day Saints, bearing testimony of the principles of plural marriage, and mingling no words in attacking those who sought to outlaw practice of that principle. By March the *Deseret News* estimated that twenty to twenty-five thousand women had taken part in such "indignation meetings" throughout the territory.

This unexpected assertiveness on the part of Mormon women provoked national comment, but more importantly it seemed to hasten an historic decision from Utah's territorial legislature. At the first indignation meeting in the Fifteenth Ward one Sister Smith motioned that "we demand of the governor the right of franchise!" The motion carried, though whether or how the women made that demand is unclear. It is clear, however, that following a month of indignation meetings on February 12, 1870, "An Act conferring upon women the Elective Franchise" was signed into law by Utah's acting governor Stephen J. Hannon.

Latter-day Saint priesthood leaders responded favorably to the new law, as did the national press, albeit with very different expectations. But the most significant response to the act is that of the women themselves. Many of the women who had gathered for the first mass meeting began to meet regularly as a Cooperative Retrenchment Society. Retrenchment, originally an economic movement spurred by Brigham Young after the coming of the railroad to Utah, came to mean not only economizing in table settings and dress and promoting home manufacture, but removing "ignorance, the spirit of the world, and everything else that is opposed to noble womanhood and progress in the path of perfection." The Cooperative Retrenchment Society or General Retrenchment, attended by Relief Society and suffrage leaders from most of the wards in Salt Lake City, convened twice a month until after the turn of the century. Minutes of those semi-monthly meetings evidence that the "Mormon woman's cause" drew support from Latter-day Saint women because it was a composite of concerns fused by common commitment to gospel principles. Following are excerpts from the minutes of the second meeting of the Ladies Cooperative Retrenchment Society held February 19, 1870, just one week after Utah women were granted suffrage. (These excerpts and those cited from the Fifteenth Ward Indignation meeting are taken from Riverside Stake Fifteenth Ward Relief Society Minutes 1868 to 1873, under dates 6 January 1870 and 19 February 1870, located in the Library-Archives of the Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah. Since the secretary's style is not of intrinsic value here, spelling and punctuation have been standardized.)

President (Eliza) R. Snow arose and said: *It is our duty to perform all that comes within the province of woman. There is a great difference of opinion in regard to her sphere, but retrenchment is certainly within her sphere, and as President Brigham Young has given our beloved Sisters [to] love the mission to retrench the table in company and social gatherings, I feel that we should all assist her with heart and hand. It will save the sisters straining every nerve and also be a saving in means.*

Sister Horne has stepped forward and formed a nucleus, the effects of which will reach to eternity, and the sisters will follow in her footsteps. I have said enough. The mark that has been made will be felt in future generations.

Mrs. H[ary] I. Horne expressed her satisfaction at the willingness of the sisters in aiding her in what was required at her hands. Said pride must be conquered and we must reform our tables when we have company. Let the food be well cooked, plain and palatable. Said she believed this to be the starting point of the salvation of the people, and

now that we have said, "Let us retrench," let us do it, so that we will not have the ground to go over again. Spoke of the case of "Artha and Mary in the day of Jesus and exhorted all to be faithful and receive the blessing of God.

Miss E[liza] R. Snow arose and said to encourage the sisters on in good works she would read an account of our indignation meeting as it appeared in the *Sacramento Union*, which account she thought a very fair one. She also stated that an expression of gratitude was due acting governor Hannon for signing the document of woman suffrage in Utah, for she said we could not have had the right without his sanction. Said that other states had passed bills of this kind over the governor's head, but we could not do this. (The committee, composed of fourteen women, sent a letter of appreciation to the governor which was reprinted in the *Deseret News* [week] March 2, 1870.)

Mrs. S[arah] M. Kimball said that she had waited patiently a long time, and now that we were granted the right of suffrage, she would openly declare herself a woman's rights woman, and called upon those who would to back her up, whereupon many manifested their approval. Said her experience in life had been different to that of many. Had moved in all grades of society, had been both rich and poor. Had always seen much good and intelligence in woman. The interests of man and woman cannot be separated, for the man is not without the woman or the woman without the man in the Lord. She spoke of the foolish custom which deprived the mother of having control over her sons at a certain age. Said she saw the foreshadowing of a brighter day in this respect in the future. Said she had entertained ideas that appeared wild that she thought would yet be considered woman's rights. Spoke of the remark made by Brother Albert P. Rockwood lately, who said women would have as much prejudice to overcome in occupying certain positions as the men would in letting them. Said he considered a woman a helpmate in every department of life.

Mrs. Phoebe Woodruff said she was pleased with the reform and was heart and hand with her sisters. Was thankful for the privilege that had been granted to women, but thought we must act in wisdom, and not go too fast. Had looked for this day for years. God has opened the way for us; we have borne in patience but the yoke on woman is removed. Now that God has moved upon our brethren to grant us this privilege, let us lay it by and wait "till the time comes to use it, and not rush headlong and abuse the privilege. Great and blessed things are about. All is right and will come out right--and woman will receive her reward in blessing and honor. May God grant us the strength to do right in his sight."

Mrs. Dashab (Bathsheba) Smith said she felt pleased, had no objection to anything that had been said, but felt to be heart and hand with all. Said she never felt better, nor ever felt weaker and the necessity of greater wisdom and lint, but felt determined to do the best she could. Felt that woman was coming up in the world. (He) should be encouraged for there is nothing required of us that we cannot perform.

Mrs. Pricinda (Prescendia) Kimball said: *I feel comforted and blessed this day. Am glad to be numbered in moving forward in this reform. Feel to exercise double diligence and try to accomplish what is required at our hands. We must all put our shoulders to the wheel and go ahead. I am glad to see our daughters elevated with man and the time come when our votes will assist our leaders and redeem ourselves. But be humble, never fall and triumph will be ours. The day is approaching when woman shall be redeemed from the curse placed upon Eve, and I have often thought that our daughters who are in polygamy will be the first redeemed. Then let us keep the commandments and attain a fullness, and always bear in mind that our children born in the priesthood will be saviours on Mount Zion.*

Mrs. Z[ina] D. Young said she was glad to look upon such an assemblage of bright and happy faces, and was gratified to be numbered with the spirits who had taken tabernacles in this dispensation and know that we are associated with kings and priests of God. Thought we (did) not realize our priviledges. Be meek and humble and do not move one step aside. That will incur chastisement. But gain power over ourselves. Angels will visit the earth, and are we as handmaids of the Lord prepared to meet them? We live in the day that has been looked down upon with great anxiety since the morning of the Creation. Do we appreciate this? The brethren have borne with us in our weaknesses, now let us put our shoulder to the wheel and help them strengthen them in their duties and live in joy, peace and union. God help us to be worthy at his coming.

Mrs. [Margaret] T. Smoot said she was thankful to be in our midst and was one with the brethren and sisters in adopting all the principles that advanced. *We are engaged in a good work and the principles that we have embraced are life and salvation unto us. Many principles are advanced on which we are slow to act, but there are many more yet to be advanced. Woman's rights have been spoken of, I have never had any desire for more rights than I have. I have always considered these things beneath the sphere of woman. But as things progress I feel it is right that we should vote. I consider the path fraught with difficulties. I have always sought to vote at conference, and I then felt I had done all I desired to do. I have had a voice in my husband taking more wives; for this I am thankful. I have taken pleasure in practicing this pure principle, although I have been tried in it. Yet since the birth of our first child by the second wife, I have never felt to dissolve ties thus formed. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Sister Smoot continued at length in speaking on polygamy and the duties growing out of it, and exhorted the sisters to be true women of God, to improve and be faithful to the end.*

Mrs. [Hilmarth] East said she would bear testimony to what had been said. She had found by experience "that obedience was better than sacrifice." Felt to be on the safe side and sustain those above us. *I cannot quite agree with Sister Smoot in regard to woman's rights. I have never felt that woman had her priviledges. I have always wanted [to have] a voice in the politics of the nation, as well as rear a family. I was much impressed when I read the poem composed by Miss Emily Woodmansee, "Who cares to hear a woman's thoughts?" I then thought, I care to hear a woman's thoughts. My sisters this is a bright day, but we need more wisdom and humility than ever before. I am glad to be associated with you, those who have borne the heat and burden of the day, and I ask God to pour blessings on their heads continually.*

Mrs. Ballou expressed herself pleased and felt that much time spent now in cooking could be used to better advantage, and she desired to live humble and be saved in the kingdom.

President E[liza] R. Snow said there was another business item she wished to present to the meeting and motioned that Sister B[athsheba] Smith be appointed the mission to reach retrenchment all through the South, and woman's rights--if she wished to. Passed. Sister Snow suggested that the sisters in the ward where they had not held retrenchment meetings do so and set the example. "Sister Horne has not stepped forward a day too soon. The hearts of all are prepared for it. I wish you all to lead out that every good woman may join us if she will."

Indeed our foremothers spoke out, but with many voices. These minutes reflect their mixed reactions to receiving the franchise. All nineteenth century Mormon women were not feminists in the sense of seeking political, economic and social equality. For some of them--even some who made significant contributions to the woman's movement in Utah like Eliza R. Snow and Margaret T. Smoot--woman's rights were never the prime consideration. Their first loyalties were to Church and family. For others, like Sarah Kimball, woman's rights seemed the most significant cause. Certainly these foremothers as a whole were feminists in the broader sense: that is, they were concerned with women's interests. And as they were increasingly exposed to a variety of concerns through Relief Societies and the *Woman's Exponent*, their interests were not polarized, but widened, and their commitment to the whole of Mormon sisterhood was strengthened.

Hopefully Exponent II will continue to generate ideas and alternatives that will spark new mutual excitement and respect among the twentieth century Mormon sisterhood. To paraphrase Eliza Snow: The Cambridge sisters have not stepped forward a day too soon. The hearts of all are prepared for it. I hope we can all lead out--that every good woman will join us if she will.

Jill C. Mulvay
Salt Lake City, Utah





The Sisters Speak

In an effort to hear more about your lives and thoughts, we have decided to make "Sisters Speak" a regular column. Please limit your responses to the new question to one page or less and submit them by January 15, 1975.

Last time we asked: "How do you do it?" Our experience tells us that most Latter-day Saint women are very busy. Encouraged by the nosel to magnify each calling and develop every talent, we often find ourselves with a surfeit of commitments and are frustrated when we cannot accomplish all that we want.

Molly McClellan Bennion of Houston, Texas, the first sister to respond, is a law student at the University of Texas, where she is on the Law Review, in Advocates and works in a women's jail providing legal counsel. She and her husband have two children. She writes, "If I had an extra day for every time a sister has said 'I always wanted to be a lawyer but...' coping would be easier. Concerning the enormous pressure on her time, she goes on, 'I'm organized, yes--so organized I'm almost dull, but that isn't the key. No degree of organization can effect successful hyperactivity.'

Molly says that the question should not be 'How do I do it?' but rather "WHY?" Call it drive, desire, itch or a Type A personality, it's not simply 'I think I can' it's 'I must, I must.' Such compulsion is, of course, related to temperament, but it's not just that. 'I must' because I believe that we must each stand alone before the Lord and account for our stewardship. If we properly fear that accounting and sincerely try to develop all our talents, the Lord has promised to teach us prudence in the use of time.

'I must' because I know from experience and research that boredom offers all the exhaustion and none of the rewards of demanding work. 'I must' because my husband fears living with an empty, neurotic middle-aged woman, as I fear becoming one. I know too many accomplished women to believe that erosion of self-respect and competence are inevitable parts of being a woman.

Helen Ullman is Relief Society president in the Ft. Devons Branch, has a family and is active in school and community affairs in Acton, Mass. She

She writes, "How do I do it? If one takes the Gospel seriously, setting basic priorities is simple. I'm a wife and mother, so family needs are crucial. I also have three Church callings, and I want to serve God. Personal needs count too. To me these three things are equally important in that none can be ignored.

Praying and thinking can usually coordinate all three. But how do I do it? I enjoy planning. I liked school, so I give myself written assignments. Yearly, monthly and daily goals kept in a daily planning book help me get to the things I would keep putting off. A yearly goal of submitting fifty names for temple ordinances means a monthly research trip. I clear house thoroughly from January to March--this means daily projects. I check goals daily, weekly and yearly. Being efficient is a fun game. The trick is to do a lot without getting uptight. This takes planning for both busy and quiet moments.

Jorita Beer Nielsen has eighteen-month old twins. Since Jerilyn and Jennifer have entered her family she has completed her BA by correspondence from BYU and has served in the Relief Society presidency in the Cambridge, Mass. Ward. She types theses to help with family finances, while her husband, Shyrl, is in law school. She is a fine craftsman and seamstress.

Having twins may be efficient from a production standpoint, but I have found that without a carry-over of efficiency there can be "double" frustration.

Many times I've found that it's not the tasks ahead that weigh me down but the time wasted trying to decide what to do. It's not the "I need to, I should, I will or the I hope I see to" that gets things done and allows access to my other demands.

I try to "action orient" my plans. I subscribe to the view that seventy-five per cent of worry and frustration comes from things we cannot change or accomplish. A sorting and elimination process helps me more effectively zero in on my remaining projects or goals.

When the twins need a story or help to master their new toy, the dissertation I'm typing waits. Or when my husband needs to talk about a problem or accomplishment, the inservice lesson is deferred. As demands arise I analyze what needs to be done, what can be done, and then based on my priorities, I do it.

I've found productivity and efficiency are improved by sharing home duties. It took me too long to appreciate that a "husband-prepared" meal is not an insult to my cooking or organization but a boon to accomplishing goals important to both of us.

My focus is kept sharp by periodic Family Home Evening inventories. Every month or so I stop everything and prayerfully review my priorities. I check what I'm doing, what I'm planning to do and, most importantly, whether they are consistent with my eternal goals.

Dixie Snow Huefner of Salt Lake City writes about her life. "What am I busy doing? First I am involved, along with the crowd, in interpreting the world for myself and striving to mature. I am also a wife and mother. Together, these pursuits take my partial attention more or less all the time. But at this stage of my development and that of my family, they do not need to expand 'a la Parkinson's Law of Work' to fill all my thoughts and available hours. Therefore I am also engaged in developing competence in the field of learning disabilities. The latter pre-occupation involves finishing up a Master's

degree, holding down a board spot in a parent-professional organization, making occasional diagnostic evaluations upon request (for money!) and serving on the Utah Advisory Council for Handicapped and Developmentally Disabled Children. I live by a form of time-zoning; the latter set of activities must concentrate themselves into a 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. daily time frame, so that all my important philosophical, familial and professional priorities are not competing for my attention simultaneously. Many other pursuits, thought appropriate for the life style of a middle-class matron, I have foregone for now. Gone are the political activities, the PTA activities and even the Church activities of a few years ago. (I asked for and received a 'sabbatical' from Church assignments until my thesis is finished; the concept of a Church sabbatical is not a bad one, I decided.) I am about the business which concerns me most, no more, no less. So presumably are others. She expresses hope that society's patterns will allow both men and women greater flexibility in choosing what they want to "be about."

We are grateful for the responses of these sisters, and we encourage others to respond to the following question for our next issue.

Question: Is Church activity compatible with having close friends?

I was led to this question by thoughts expressed by women I know in the Church. One said she could not find close friends because she uses all her spare time for social activities in service and fellowshiping activities. While such things have their rewards, intimate friendships between equal and open people is not one of them. Another sister said that because Mormons are so self-sufficient in their family units they never express a need for others. Another sister said that most Mormons seem to judge each other and that this limits her willingness to comfortably "open-up" and be herself, hence, her closest friends are out of the Church. Another woman expressed frustration with the fact that she feels a desire and responsibility to be equally friendly with all the Relief Society and therefore does not have the time nor the energy to develop close friends. She misses the later. Others claim that their Mormon friends are their best and closest. What is your experience? Exponent II's readers would like to know.

Judith R. Dushku

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EXPONENT II
Vol. I, No. III, December 1974

Published quarterly by Mormon Sisters, Inc.,
a non-profit corporation.

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EXPONENT II



"Am I not a Woman and a Sister?"

Vol. 1, No. 4 March, 1975

Third Annual Woman's Exponent Day Dinner

Emma Lou Thayne To Speak

Emma Lou Warner Thayne, noted Utah writer and poet, will be this year's guest at the Third Annual Exponent Day Dinner to be held June 7 in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Thayne, who has been recognized by the Academy of American Poets, is also known for her contributions to the Church, her success in amateur tennis competition and her service to the Salt Lake City community where she and her husband, Melvin E. Thane, reside.

Besides discussing her poetry and personal history, the mother of five daughters will tell how she has accomplished so much, the reactions of others to her achievement, and what she considers to be women's "possibilities."

Men as well as women are invited to attend the commemoration, which will begin at 7 p.m. with an elegant dinner at the Cambridge Ward Chapel (4 Longfellow Park, Cambridge). In fact, the first fifty persons who write for tickets will be given free lodging (a floor, a couch or perhaps a bed) in homes of area Church members for the night of June 7. Requests should be sent to Judy Dushku, 5 Exponent II, Box 37, Arlington, Mass. 02174. Tickets are \$3.00 per person to cover the cost of the dinner and may be obtained locally from any member of the Exponent II staff.

This event will mark the 103rd anniversary of the founding of the *Woman's Exponent*. Not an "official" Church publication, it was for many years the organ of the Relief Society, containing reports of auxiliaries, advice from the brethren and coverage of women's activities around the world.

This year's observance is the third Cambridge celebration of *Exponent's* anniversary. The first, in 1973, featured Maureen Ursebach of the Church Historian's office telling about Eliza R. Snow. Juanita Brooks, writer-historian and author of the acclaimed *Mountain Meadows Massacre*, was last year's



guest.

Mrs. Thayne follows in the founders' expressed tradition of "honoring righteous, strong women of both past and present." Although she is quick to

point out that a list of her successes "doesn't mention all the failure on the way," Mrs. Thayne has an impressive set of credentials.

A native Utahn, she grew up with her three brothers "on horses," lakes, ski slopes and tennis courts. Her novel *Past the Gate* tells of growing up in Mt. Air, an area near Parley's Canyon where the Warner family spent most summers.

She received a BA from the University of Utah where she was named to several honorary societies including Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Mortar Board and Beehive. In 1972 she received an MA in creative writing from the same university, where she has taught English for nearly twenty years.

Her poetry has appeared in the *Western Humanities Review*, *The Roanoke Review*, *The Ensign*, *The Era*, and other publications. She has been honored by the Utah State Institute of Fine Arts and the Utah Poetry Society, besides the Academy of American Poets. Her books include *Until Another Day for Butterflies*, a collection of poetry written while she was recovering from back surgery; *On Slim, Unaccountable Bones*, published after the death of her parents; *With Love, Mother*, a prose and poetry tribute to mothers, and *Past the Gate*, mentioned above.

Mrs. Thayne has coached the University of Utah women's tennis team and been a frequent winner in local tournaments. She is a past vice president of the University of Utah Alumni Association and was chosen "Woman of the Year" in 1973-74 by the members of the Latter-day Saint Student Association (LDSSA) at the university.

For many years she was a member of the General Board of the YWCA. She is currently writing part of the history of the University of Utah as part of a bicentennial project.

Loise Durham
Belmont, Mass.

A Very Special Woman

We were sitting in the Union Building of the University of Utah, catching up on the almost twenty years that had passed since we had last had a chance to talk. She was a very special woman to me. We had worked together in the London office of the British Mission in 1950 and 1951 and had shared many memorable experiences during that time. Missionaries who laugh together, cry together, and work together develop a special feeling for their associates in the missionfield that even twenty years or more cannot totally dissipate. I had just told her, laughing, that one thing that had happened to me since our last meeting was that some people now considered me quite an authority on the emotional problems of Mormon women. "What do you think of that?" I asked.

"I think it's great," she replied. "Somebody should be. Tell me about me."

"You know I can't do that," I said. "But I really have learned a lot from the Mormon women I've been privileged to work with since I became a psychiatrist."

"Privileged?" She looked surprised. "What other profession permits a person to share some of the intimate thoughts and feelings of other people," I replied. "And if I know anything about what goes on inside the women of this Church, it's because I've listened to them and tried to understand."

She looked at me for a minute, searching my face as if trying to determine whether or not I was serious, then said simply, "Tell me."

There is so much to tell. LDS women, in my opinion, are amazing. They are bright, intelligent, educated, capable administrators, good organizers, creative, innovative, and hard working. They want very much to be good wives and mothers. They are responsible. Men to be with, adventurous, attractive, and supportive. And they are good cooks! They walk a fine line by trying to give encouragement and moral support to their husbands and children without going so far that they might be considered shrews or "nags."

"You make us sound like paragons of virtue."

"I think your virtues far outweigh your vices-- although you have a few of those too."

"Thank goodness!"

"But generally, you're good women in every sense of the word. Of course, you pay a price for your goodness. One Mormon woman commented to me recently that she got so tired sometimes of being "cheerleader" for her whole family that she felt like screaming. Then she laughed and said that if she did scream, everyone would probably think she was still cheering!"

"She and I are sisters in more ways than one!" She paused, then because she had identified with that feeling asked, "Surely that isn't what makes her come to a psychiatrist, is it?"

No. But it is the beginning of the process unless she makes some changes. She usually comes when she finds she has lost her enthusiasm for almost everything. Nothing seems to interest her anymore. Everything she does is an almost overwhelming effort. She feels sometimes as if the prospect of having to cook one more meal is going to turn her into a raving maniac! (Nobody uses that expression, however, with a psychiatrist! It is much too threatening, and perhaps much too close to what is actually being felt.) She cannot concentrate on anything. She feels like crying all the time. Of course, she does not. But she feels like it. And she is putting on weight. She knows she is eating many things that she should not: cakes, pies, ice cream, candy. But she cannot seem to stop. She has to eat something, and nothing else appeals to her very much.

She is not sleeping well at night. She is tired when she goes to bed and falls asleep without too much trouble, but she awakens about 2:30 or 3:00 a.m. and finds it hard to go back to sleep. She is not certain what she thinks about in those dark, early hours of the morning. She is not certain that there is anything specific on her mind. Many ideas pop in and out of her head.

The one thing she is certain of is that something is wrong, and true to the strength she has as a Mormon woman, she decides to do something about it.

Mormon women do not run away from problems. The same determination that helped them walk across the plains, encouraging their families and friends all the way, (cheerleaders even then!), helps them find the courage to seek professional guidance. In an environment where so many people equate the need for psychotherapy with an implicit admission of some kind of sin, ("If you're living your religion, you don't need psychiatry."), that does take courage. But because of that, she comes asking for help from a position of strength, not of weakness.

Psychotherapists have given these symptoms a name: DEPRESSION. In my experience, it is the most common problem with which Mormon women must deal. Seventy to eighty per cent of the women in the Church that I have treated in the fourteen years I have practiced psychiatry have been depressed. Very few of them could have identified what was happening to them as depression when they came to me. Most of them were relieved to learn what it was they were experiencing. Everyone has heard of depression, and something can be done about it. It is not fatal.

Actually, depression can be fatal. Many depressed people commit suicide. That is the real danger of depression. But if a depressed person does not commit suicide, he or she will get over the depression. Suicide is rarely, in my experience, a serious consideration among Mormon women. That would be a totally unacceptable course of action for her. But because she is depressed, the idea has come into her mind occasionally. It helps to know that such thoughts are common during the course of a depression, and she does not need to be ashamed of them. When she knows this, the thoughts of suicide are less frequent, and when they do make their appearance, she does not worry so much about them. Before long, they are totally forgotten. She is too busy doing the things she needs to do to get over her depression. That means she is in the process of looking at what is going on inside her, and she is recognizing that much of it has to do with her religious background and training. (continued on page 4)

At Home With EXPONENT II

Our masthead has blossomed with maiden names this issue, in response to the suggestion of a reader curious about our backgrounds. We have also made the first attempt to delineate individual responsibility. This job is harder than one would expect because while some do more than others, everybody does everything. More difficult, most of those who handle some aspect of the business workings, also have editorial assignments.

So it is that Susan Kohler who tends the mailbox, records subscriptions and corresponds about business matters, also scours the old *Woman's Exponent* for choice bits to reprint. Carrel Sheldon who virtually types the whole newspaper each season also writes articles and houses the whole layout operation in two rooms of her old mansion. Joyce Campbell who discovers and plans the art work, also selects the poetry. Connie Cannon, the secretary and historian of the operation, commissions and writes profiles. Bonnie Horne supervises the layout after choosing the Letters to the Editor.

All of the labor is voluntary. While subscription money and donations pay for printing, mailing, computer time and actual out of pocket expenses, the payment of even modest salaries would sink our ship in a hurry. Somehow it always works out that we pay, rather than get paid, to have our work published. Carrel and Susan take on more than their fair share of the dirty work but most others help. Vicki Clarke supervises the punching of computer cards, a heroic labor since she can't even type. Stephanie Goodson addresses the endless stacks of complimentary copies. The mailing operation is the least attrac-

tive dirty job and has caused two resignations. In less than two issues. The computer generated labels are quickly stuck on, but the growing piles of papers have to be sorted by zip code, tied in bundles, and hauled to post offices where unfriendly officials say cross things. We always think that next time the mailing will go better.

Layout has always been chaos, putting together the pages we could while biting our nails over the last few promised but undelivered articles, searching for fillers two inches long, suddenly growing in size by four pages at a clip when we could not fit and would not cut. But we have learned a few things. Now we work at night while small children are abed at home. This time we used large graph paper for paste-up eliminating the T-squares and rulers. A small group of practiced layers-out pasted up the whole sixteen pages in three peaceful evenings. "That which we persist in doing, becomes easier. . ."

All of the above is prelude to saying that at the end of four issues the staff of *Exponent II* is exhilarated rather than crushed by our labors and look forward to many more issues in the future. We thank our kind patrons for their moral and financial support, and we are particularly grateful to our contributors who send along ideas and manuscripts.

As a gesture of appreciation to our readers, and an effort to confuse future bibliographers, Volume I will include five issues. The first number which was given away free to thousands of people will remain free. Subscribers for whom this is the third or fourth issue should renew after receiving the June *Exponent II*.

C.L.B.

VINEGAR PIE

THE WISHES

Mother's Day, for me comes in November when I think back to that day when I first met Sally. The nurse put a small bundle of lumps cooed into a rough, hospital blanket into my arms and left us to get acquainted.

I lifted back the flannel flap and looked at a face about the size of and resembling an overripe tomato. Her eyes were so swollen that they could not open: two slits with three long, black eyelashes poking out from each of them. What should have been a forehead slanted back from two eyebrow wisps to a peak from which some oiled spikes of hair stuck straight up. A minute nose was mashed from cheek to cheek, and two dark bruises ran up each side of her face, above what seemed to be normal-shaped, purple-colored ears. Only the scrap of pink mouth was as I'd imagined it might look.

"Oooh," I gasped, "Oh, honey, you're just beautiful!" Then I carefully unfolded a pink fist to find a hand all of an inch and a half long including the fingers tipped with infinitesimal miracles of fingernail. The nails undid me.

"Little darling," I wept, "You've had such a bad time, but it's all over now. Nothing's gonna hurt you anymore." I swore fiercely. And then I held her as tight as I dared and made a wish: that she would someday be as happy as I was now.

The baby's father came in at visiting hours. He had stopped at the nursery window to see her, and he was gray with shock when he came into my room.

"Have you seen her?" I asked with bright anticipation.

"Just now," he answered with that shattering blindness peculiar to males, "I knew most of them were ugly, but isn't she awful? What are we going to do?"

"Do!" Suddenly a rush of mother love filled me so full, I've been slopping over with it ever since. "She's beautiful. She's the prettiest baby in the whole world. And you don't deserve her. So go home!"

It took a few weeks for the tomatoish look to leave, the bruises to disappear; a few months for her to turn into the adorable child she became, but we've been good friends since the very first day I met her.

She was my confidante before she could talk, and after she knew what I was talking about, she has been a perfect repository for all of the woman-type secrets I wanted to share.

I wasn't a girl popular with boys. I've always been trying to prove, long before Women's Lib, that anything they could do, I could do better. And that sort of attitude never makes a prom queen. But Sally had a male entourage when she went to kindergarten. Six little boys escorted her every morning.

I am certain that there was more delight in choosing and seeing her wear her first formal (pink ruffles to the floor) than I could ever have found in my own. She was the little girl I would like to have been, and because she was MY little girl I shared a lot of things I thought had passed me by.

When my daughter's daughter was born, I went to take grandmotherly charge of them both.

"You know, Mother," Sally confided one day before I left, "When they brought Holly in to me, I made a wish. I wished that someday she would be as happy as I was at that moment."

Sally may not fully understand the tears in my eyes for another twenty years!

Rodello Hunter
Jackson Hole, Wyo.

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Originally printed in the Jackson Hole Guide.



WOMAN'S EXPONENT Revisited

Work For Women

One of the most interesting and most important features of the late general Conference was the many excellent instructive suggestions, made by President Brigham Young, to the mothers and daughters in Israel. He called upon them, and especially upon the Relief Societies, to assist in the people becoming self-sustaining, and counseled them to save and teach the children to save "paper-rags;" and thus aid in supplying the paper-mill with material, so that the paper used by the Latter-day Saints might be made by themselves, thus keeping at home the means expended in procuring it abroad. He then touched upon the impropriety of large, healthy, able-bodied men, who should be engaged in farming, quarrying, stone cutting, and other suitable pursuits, being employed as type-setters, proof-readers, book-binders, clerks in stores, tailors; and in all such branches of labor, which were legitimately work for women, and should be largely performed by them. He wished the women and girls among the Saints to be educated to do all such work as belonged to women. He was desirous of seeing the school books used by children in Utah, made by the people here, and this also should be done to a great extent by the women. The female mind was naturally better fitted for such pursuits than that of the male. Generally speaking, girls would memorize spelling, grammar, arithmetic and almost anything taught in books, more readily than boys. It was a mistake to have girls taught nothing but to play the piano, and when tired of that to go to reading novels; they should be taught cleanliness, neatness of person, and the duties of a house-wife; with such branches of useful knowledge as might be desirable, as well as music and other accomplishments; while the useful and practical should always take precedence, and their education should be wisely directed in all things. The speaker urged that measures be taken to provide means by which the women and girls of Utah might obtain an understanding of and make themselves useful in type-setting, book-making and such other occupations as justly belonged to them; and that they should take in hand to furnish the schools and families of the Saints with suitable, intelligent and truthful reading matter; that the vast outside expenditure, for the purchase of books, which were no better, nor so good as many of the women of Zion

were capable of preparing, might be stopped. The officers of the Relief Societies, and, afterward, all the sisters who were interested in the welfare of Zion, were called upon to testify their willingness to sustain the proposed undertaking by raising their right hands. A fair vote was given; and unless the wives and daughters of the Elders in Israel prove themselves less faithful to the trust reposed in them than they have hitherto done—which, there is no cause to apprehend—much good will be the result of the suggested enterprise.

President Young proves himself to be the most genuine, impartial and practical "Woman's Rights man" upon the American continent, as he has ever done; his counsels, instructions and advice to women being always directed towards their progress and advancement in usefulness and the possession of valuable knowledge. And as these facts are well understood by the large majority of the women of Utah, we look for a prompt response to this direct call for united and energetic action on their part in furtherance of the great object of the community becoming entirely self-sustaining.

woman's Exponent 15 April 1873

Three young ladies were lately murdered, two in New Hampshire and one in Maryland, under most revolting circumstances and in a horrible manner. The Maryland murderer subsequently threw himself under a passing freight-train and was crushed to death. The New Hampshire one is now in prison awaiting his trial. Such reports are almost of daily occurrence, from large cities and country places; and show that with all the progress made in art, science and education, crime keeps pace with the boasted advance of the age, if it does not lead it. Were the self-proclaimed philanthropists who are so anxious to convert the people of Utah to a belief in the necessity of vice, corruption, outrage and bloodshed, to exert their influence towards repressing crime nearer home they might be of some service to society. And if they wish us to pattern after the society in which they are shining examples, it would be well to present us with a pattern for which they would not have just cause to hide their faces in burning shame. But while unbridled passion, bloodthirstiness and brutal desires are so rampant, we beg to be permitted to work out our own social problem in peace, and see if we cannot produce a better condition of society than is to be found anywhere else.

Woman's Exponent 15 Mar 1873

The Rev. J. D. rullton regards polygamy as far more scriptural than woman suffrage; and the agitation of the latter, he alleges, causes a great decrease in the number of boy babies. This is a serious matter; for if the theory be correct, the agitation will have to be stopped by granting the right of suffrage to the women or polygamy may become compulsory in another generation or so, to prevent the race from dying out.

Woman's Exponent 15 Mar 1873

Don't be efficient in men's affairs, such as leadership, making major decisions, providing a living, etc.

Develop feminine dependency, and need his manly care, or at least appear to need it.

Helen B. Andelin
FASCINATING WOMANHOOD
1971

Love At Home & Crime In The Streets

As the problems in our country intensify, we receive increasingly frequent instructions from the pulpit to be in the service of our fellowmen and to strengthen our families. We are admonished to be our brother's keepers, to stay in close touch with our visiting-teaching families, and to have family home evening, because finally, society can only be saved by strong families.

There is no doubt in my mind that these instructions are inspired and correct. What does concern me is our narrow application of good works, and an inward focus of family which can leave us isolated from our fellowmen and the larger community.

Too often fellowmen means fellow Mormons. We consciously and unconsciously exclude those outside our group. The exclusion is the by-product of a successful organization that keeps us busily running our wards, doing the Lord's work in our own vineyards and leaving very little time for other commitments.

I think that community work beyond the chapel is an extension of Church work and should be entered into with the same commitment and seriousness as ward or stake jobs.

A great segment of the population, not ready for the missionaries, would be receptive to specific services Church members could provide. And practically speaking, the problems of our neighbors and the decline of the cities very much affect the quality of life in our homes and the effectiveness of the Church in the community.

We have only recently realized that the resources of our world are limited. Our well-being is linked to that of our neighbors whether we like it or not. Gone are the days when we could pack up the wagon and leave if the community became oppressive. We now have to stay and fight the "mobs," whether it is for increased police protection or pollution control.

A few years ago the Church resolved one problem of growing urban decay in Salt Lake City by participating in a project to rebuild the area near Temple Square. This project could only succeed if the Church cooperated with Kennecott Copper and the developers of the Salt Palace, both largely non-Mormon groups. Resolution came only after months of meetings where trust was built between parties and mutual interest was served. It was clear that clean-

ing the Temple and painting Hotel Utah would not have stopped the urban decay of the neighborhood. It took a community-wide effort to deal with the problem.

Each of our communities has similar problems. The decisions made at city council or school committee meetings very much affect us. Our children spend six to eight hours a day out of the home in town institutions. Husbands and wives may spend equal amounts in their work responsibilities. It is in our own self interest to keep in touch with what is happening in the schools or town governments.

My work on the Board of a Cambridge, Massachusetts, social service agency has given me an appreciation of the contribution made to the community by thousands of volunteer workers who have many other interests and commitments. Agencies like ours could not survive if Board members did not contribute their time and expertise.

Cambridge Family and Children's Service is a private social service agency with a staff of ten social workers and three administrators providing services in adoption, foster care, home-based day care, counseling and family life education to families and individuals in Cambridge and the adjoining towns.

The Board of Directors consists of twenty-five members from the Cambridge community, representing a variety of backgrounds and professions. The Board is responsible for the allocation of funds and the implementation of the agency programs by the Executive Director and the Staff.

The agency is funded by the United Way, private foundations and government grants. Because of the present cut backs in government spending, the agency is looking to the Board for alternative funding resources.

As Chairman of the Program Committee, which monitors the agency programs, I have attended group sessions where our staff helps families deal with difficult human problems. I have seen the strength of one woman who would not give up on her son who was labeled "retarded" in the first grade because he could not read, and from that time on was placed in a class with "problem" children. With the support and direction of the group and the therapist, the mother finally got the child evaluated and

placed in a normal class. I saw another woman finally admit she had a drinking problem and needed professional help.

I have experienced a dimension of Cambridge life I would never have known about through my daily associations at Church and Harvard. I can see the difference it makes in some lives to have an agency like ours doing what we're doing.

In the last ten years, we have seen citizen groups and community organizations come into their own. Groups like Common Cause have been instrumental in congressional lobbying for changes in campaign funding laws. George Romney has led another volunteer organization. The consumer movement, which started out as a community group, has become a legitimate arm of governmental service. Tenant groups are running the housing projects, taking responsibility for maintenance as well as negotiating with landlords. All these changes are the result of concerned citizens giving time and thought to public issues.

To demonstrate our concern for the world beyond our homes and chapels, I would like to see community work considered Church work. All but the most talented and organized, who can do both, might rotate every two years with major ward or stake assignments. This kind of integration would develop information and attitudes which would encourage the Church to meet community needs where the Church is uniquely qualified. It could provide positive public relations, especially in towns where the Church population is small. How to structure such an amalgamation would depend on the size of the Church group and would need much thought.

My husband recently suggested that when Christ returned, he hoped most of us would not be aware of His presence at first because we would be working so hard, our heads down and brows sweaty, that we would not see Him. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a mandate to each one of us not only to be concerned about our friends and families but to reach out beyond the family and Church. We have a great deal to do. I hope that when the Lord comes we will be so hot and tired, so anxiously engaged, that at first we don't even notice.

Grethe Peterson
Cambridge, Mass.

HOUSEWORK: Are You Undervalued And Overworked?

I have always suspected that those time-saving, labor-saving conveniences that clutter up my kitchen could be the subject of an expose. My grandmother made her own bread, churned her own butter and milked the family cow twice a day. I couldn't do those tasks in addition to the work I now perform; there just aren't enough hours in a day. Yet according to one oven manufacturer I live better than queens did a hundred years ago.

I'm reasonably intelligent. I can add, subtract, multiply and divide. I budget my time closer than most anyone. Still I don't seem to have a lot of extra hours. Therefore I can only conclude that something must be wrong. Either those labor-saving devices are oversold or I'm inefficient. For obvious reasons, I favor the first explanation, but who am I to come to such a startling conclusion? I'm no management pro. I'm no time and motion consultant. I'm just a housewife who happens to have read Peter Brucker. Yesterday, however, I found an ally.

In the November 1974 *Scientific American*, Joann Vaneck compares a 1925 federal home economics study on time spent in housework to a similar study conducted by the University of Michigan in 1965-66.

Her surprising conclusion is that nonemployed women, those who do not have jobs outside the home, spend as much time doing housework as their forebears did. Employed women spend less time doing housework, but if the hours they spend on the job are added to the hours they spend in housework, their total workweek is considerably longer than that put in by their rural grandmothers.

There is every reason to believe that women today should be spending less time in the kitchen and laundry room than ever before. A profusion of products and services have come onto the market aimed at easing the homemaker's tasks. Yet according to Ms. Vaneck, women in 1924 averaged fifty two hours a week in housework. In the 1960's they were averaging fifty five hours a week. Vaneck offers a logical explanation for this phenomena. Let me quote her:

"Perhaps trends affecting the household have eased as much work as they have saved. If less time is required for producing food and clothing, time must be added for shopping. It is not difficult to think of a number of other time-consuming household tasks that must be done now, but were non-existent ten or more 50 years ago. Therefore the figure for time spent on housework probably conceals a shift in the amount of time devoted to various tasks."

She goes on to give an example:

"Probably no aspect of housework has been lightened so much by technological change as laundry. In the 1930's a great many houses lacked hot and cold running water. A large variety of soaps and detergents and automatic appliances have come on the scene, and the once burdensome requirement of ironing has been greatly reduced by wash and wear fabrics. Nonetheless, the amount of time spent doing laundry has increased. Presumably people have more clothes now than they did in the past and they wash them more often."

The woman who is employed full time outside the home, cuts her housework down to about twenty six

hours; she still works sixty six hours a week.

This reduction can be explained in several ways. Nonemployed women frequently have larger families and younger children who require more direct care than their employed counterparts. Nonemployed women may also have less household assistance than their sisters, who by virtue of their employed status may have more leverage for calling upon husbands and children for help. The real crux of the problem, however, is the economic value placed upon housework. Although cooking, cleaning, shopping and child care do have real value, our society does not regard them highly. Therefore, according to Ms. Vaneck, the non-employed woman merely keeps herself busy. She does, however, do some tasks better and more often than her employed counterpart. In the end, no matter how one slices the facts, modern life has not shortened women's work week.

Armed with these facts, a woman who desires free time to pursue her own interests, might wish to analyze her own work. First she could examine her own working habits. I compared the time it took me to wash my dishes in the sink with loading my dishwasher. I discovered that not only does my dishwasher not save me time, it uses excessive amounts of hot water and electricity. I am in no way advocating that women abandon their dishwashers. Women with newer machines, families with different eating habits and kitchens organized to fit their styles may find dishwashers great time savers. I wouldn't trade my blender for a second right arm, yet many women who own blenders hardly ever use them.

It depends on how and what you cook. Even the most practical books on household hints have limited value unless the reader is willing to adjust her lifestyle to the author's. Nevertheless one's own peculiar working habits can be improved. A good place to start is with those tasks which are done at a particular time of day or week rather than when they need to be done. If efficiency is uppermost in your mind, and if you are willing to experiment a little, you can find spare time. It requires thought to put housework in its place. In the end, I refuse to give housework an over importance. It's merely maintenance.

Next a woman might consider the economic value of housework. I've heard insurance salesmen place a monetary evaluation on many of the functions a woman fills for her family, but I am dubious as to how much truth they reflect. If I died, my husband would not hire a maid, a cook, and a nanny. Even if he collected double indemnity on me, he couldn't afford that kind of domestic help for long. So instead, I outlined the question of whether I should spend my time working in or out of the home in another way.

There are certain functions I perform which are essential. If I didn't do them, someone else would have to assume the responsibility. These chores include minimal cooking, cleaning, laundry, bookkeeping and child care. If I chose to work, I would probably continue doing these minimal activities except for child care. I would have to hire someone to watch my pre-schoolers while I was working. In my case, this negative economic factor would have to be deducted from the positive factor of my estimated

value.

Some other tasks which I regularly perform represent a savings. I can make the dollars in our budget go farther by providing my own labor. If I took out forty hours a week to work, I would have to curtail activities like cooking from scratch, canning, baking, sewing, raising a garden, mauling, and shopping for bargains. I would have to deduct another negative factor.

There are occasional tasks I do which represent substantial savings, like painting, making drapes and reupholstering. These most certainly would not fit into the time left after working a full day. I would have to measure these potential savings against any potential wage.

Some costs are associated with working. My bluejeans and cotton blouse wardrobe would have to be expanded. I would need gas and lunch money in addition to what I would have to pay for nursery care. I also need to figure on paying extra taxes, social security and tithing. After subtracting all these factors from my estimated earnings, in my particular case, the real economic gain would be minimal if not non-existent.

Of course each case would figure differently. Some women who have a particularly saleable skill or fewer child care expenses or fewer homemaking skills, will find a financial advantage in working. In any case, a woman should try to establish the dollar value of her work. If you doubt that housework has a real value, consider what would happen to this nation's economy if housewives went on strike.

The main criticism that might be leveled at my analysis of housework, is that I have overlooked the more militant alternatives. Some would argue that knowing that housework represents real time and real labor, women ought to agitate for equality of the sexes. Ms. Vaneck's report also notes that contrary to popular opinion, American husbands, whether their wives work or not, do little housework. The only real difference between reports in 1925 and the 1960's is that men today do more shopping.

Our society recognizes that everyone must eat and drink, so we have lunch hours and coffee breaks. If our culture also acknowledged that all people should prepare their own food, clean their own clothes, and straighten their own houses, maybe we would have housework periods in which everyone participated. Under this kind of system, a woman could enter the job market on a more equal footing.

I have heard it suggested that wives should bill their husbands for services rendered, thereby giving themselves real economic leverage. There may have been other systems proposed for recognizing a woman's labor. It seems to me, however, that before a woman can contemplate such far reaching possibilities, she must know her own case. Personally, I believe in the strength of an idea. If women stop underestimating and undervaluing their own labor, subtly and forthrightly they will begin to convey a new set of values to our society.

Jerrrie J. Hurd
Boulder, Colorado

Dr. Nalder's Class

Dr. Martin Nalder, a single, LDS psychiatrist, was the featured speaker at one of the meetings of the Women's Organization of the University of Utah Alumni Association in the spring of 1974. He was asked to talk to women about women. Dr. Nalder, a member of the University Faculty, has recently moved to Salt Lake City from Los Angeles where he was in private practice and on the faculty of UCLA for a dozen or more years. The response of the women to his talk was extremely enthusiastic and a number of us wanted to hear more of his ideas and experiences. He was approached to see if he would consider teaching an informal class spring quarter in the homes of the women. He consented.

Four of us each called four or five of our friends. We wanted about twenty participants but the group quickly mushroomed and we closed the doors at forty. It turned out that all of the women were LDS, in various stages of commitment and activity. We met weekly for ten sessions, usually on Wednesday afternoons. Three sessions were held on Sunday evenings, two with our husbands and one with our teen-age children and husbands.

The third meeting of the group answered two questions anonymously. This meeting was the most interesting because we shared our feelings, and everyone present contributed something of herself. Dr. Nalder asked each one to write what this group does not know about me that I want them to know. When the papers were passed in and read aloud, with no names, it was fascinating to discover that almost without exception the answers were "I am warm, interested, caring, concerned, compassionate, etc." The women seemed to think the group didn't know they had these qualities! The other question was what this group does not know about me that I do not want them to know. And the answers were most touching.

"I am married to a wonderful man but I don't love him."

"I don't respect my husband."

"I feel so inadequate."

"I wish I were more attractive and interesting."

"I am seriously considering having an affair."

"I am so unhappy with my husband's employment."

"The world thinks my husband is so wonderful--

if they only knew."

The first meeting with the husbands Dr. Nalder retold several stories which the wives had heard previously. Some husbands did not enjoy this because they had already heard the stories from their wives. Other husbands had not heard the stories and did enjoy them. How interesting the communication between wives and husbands--or lack of it.

The Fishbowl Session was intriguing. Teens 13 and over were invited but most of those participating were 16-18. A circle of a dozen chairs was set in the center of a large room and occupied by the teen-agers, only one per family. Parents and other children sat in chairs around the edge of the room. No one could talk unless they were in the inner circle of chairs. Those in the outside circle of chairs could only listen and if they had something to say had to take a chair in the center circle to be able to speak. Dr. Nalder started out by asking the teens what they would change

about the Church if they could and the discussion led to other problems youth encountered. Three or four parents came into the circle, participated and then returned to the outside group. One of the mothers told how difficult it was to accept and love a child who rejected all the values she has taught him. Two of the fathers in Church leadership positions have since used this method with ward young people.

Halfway through the course Dr. Nalder had to go to Europe for a week and the group did not want to miss even the one week together so an extra meeting was planned with one of the group leading the discussion. The temporary leader, who is working on an advanced degree in educational psychology, asked each one present to write in one word where *are you right now?* The answer could be mother, chauffeur, teacher, etc. Several wished they could be more *!!*FE but felt they were not spending enough of their time in that role. The other question was *where do you want to be?* The whole time was spent discussing these questions and very personal things were brought out. The group was critical yet supportive, reassuring and friendly. One widow of five years couldn't remove her wedding rings and begin dating again. One mother disliked and feared going anywhere alone, felt safer with her 5-year-old's hand in hers, another felt dominated by her mother, although she had grown children.

Recently several of us met together to discuss the class in retrospect. Following are some of our thoughts.

"It was most helpful for me to share with other

women our concerns and frustrations as Mormon women.

Dr. Nalder convinced us that change can occur if we really want it to."

"The course gave me much food for thought. It gave me a feeling of freedom in thinking about the Church. I felt I could accept my testimony where it is and also where it isn't without self-torture or self-criticism. An acceptance of myself and a discussion of these problems and ideas did not take from my testimony but strengthened my feeling of being able to fit and find a place in the Church."

"Many middle-aged women told how they had poured all their energies and strength into their children and husbands and did not regret this effort, except that they felt they received nothing back--no appreciation, recognition of their own needs, etc. and now had no place to go. Probably the strongest feeling that emerged for me was the need women feel to communicate on a meaningful level. The class provided a safe structure in which to do this and I believe the women actually wanted more of this sharing and less of Dr. Nalder's comments, although he provided subject focus."

"Not too many women knew each other as the class met for the first time. There was always an atmosphere which allowed frank questioning and expression of inner feelings. Any honest, contrary or unorthodox statement could be made and was listened to with respect. It was so impressive to see the reinforcement and support the group gave one another. The discussions about some personal problems and concerns were very open and rather piercing observations were made. Throughout the afternoon, there was a spirit of comradery and genuine concern for one another."

"Probably the more impressive classes were the ones which were opened to discussion where many participated in giving and expressing real feelings and emotions. The thought occurred to me how great it would be if such discussions could go on in our Sunday School, IIA and Relief Society. How stimulating to feel the freedom of expression in our Church."

"One of the surprising discoveries for me was the need among these women for stronger communication with other women. Dr. Nalder encouraged and achieved very open discussions, and the class provided a super vehicle for communication. Another good discovery was learning that many women I admire share some of my own frustrations. I did not share the opinion of some that the child-rearing years have been unappreciated and unrewarding. My greatest achievement in life to this point has been the raising of delightful children. But at this point in life, when my youngest child is fourteen, there are new avenues to explore!"

Sandra Allen

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Afton Bradshaw

Deverly Johnson

Jane Hebecker

Marion Smith

Harva Tobler

Salt Lake City, Utah

What does a woman want? ... SIGMUND FREUD

DESPITE MY THIRTY YEARS OF RESEARCH INTO THE FEMININE SOUL, I HAVE NOT YET BEEN ABLE TO ANSWER THE GREAT QUESTION THAT HAS NEVER BEEN ANSWERED:

What does a woman want? ... SIGMUND FREUD

A Very Special Woman cont.

Mormon women are not encouraged to express their feelings unless they are warm, loving, nurturing, and tender. But there is a whole spectrum of emotions which she is encouraged to ignore--feelings such as anger, resentment, hostility, irritation. It is reported, and I have never verified this, that President David O. McKay once said that the only time a woman should raise her voice in the home is if the house is on fire. Whether or not President McKay is being quoted correctly, the idea is still one with which many Mormon women must deal. They must remain in control of their aggressive feelings at all times, and they must only express love and warm, tender feelings in their homes, to their loved ones, and to their family and friends.

But the fact is that they do feel angry sometimes. They are irritated sometimes. Like everyone else, they want to raise their voices and just get mad--sometimes. But now it is a religious issue. If they give in to these hostile, aggressive feelings, they must look at themselves as no longer living their religion. Whereas the average non-Mormon woman can blow off steam and not be overwhelmed with guilt, the average Mormon woman cannot. So she tries to hold these "negative" feelings inside, and the effort it takes out of her, contributes to her depression. She is in a no-win situation. If she expresses her anger, she feels guilty and becomes depressed because she is an unworthy wife for her husband, an unworthy mother for her children, and an unworthy representative of gospel living. If she does not express her anger, the effort it takes out of her to control these feelings makes her depressed, and her depression makes her again an unworthy wife, mother, and member of the Church.

This already difficult situation is often compounded by another situation which is very Mormon. A Mormon woman is indoctrinated with the idea that the most wonderful thing that can happen to her is to marry a man who honors his priesthood and is active in the Church. Prestige comes to her through the advancement of her husband in the priesthood hierarchy and in his Church service. But Church service requires that the husband and father spend a lot of time outside his home. She often feels that she is being left alone to cope with family problems far too much, and besides, she would like to have her husband around once in a while when he did not have something else on his mind--usually his Church responsibilities and what he has to do before his next meeting. She would like some time and attention.

But she has no right to want that. What kind of a woman is she anyway? How can she possibly resent the fact that her husband is spending his time serving the Lord? With thoughts like that, she has no right to be married to such a fine man. She is not living up to the vows she made in the temple. She does not deserve the blessings she has received. How can a woman with such thoughts rear fine children with testimonies of the gospel who will go on missions, honor the priesthood, serve the Lord, and be fine examples of Mormon manhood and womanhood?

Such thoughts compound her already strong feelings of being unworthy. She is ashamed of herself. Above all, she does not want anyone to know--especially other Mormon women who have never had thoughts like hers. She is guilt-ridden, unhappy, and remembers that if she were living her religion, she would never be having emotional problems. Yet what is she doing wrong? How is she sinning? She is feeling things she should not feel, and they lead to thoughts she should not have. But she does not seem able to control what she feels. Does that mean she is having a "nervous breakdown"? Is she out of control? There is nothing more terrifying to a good LDS woman than the thought that she might have lost control of herself.

That is when she comes for help: frightened, unhappy, guilt-ridden, ashamed, unworthy, but with an inherent belief still that she can do something about it to change it for the better. That is why I say she is amazing and why I see her coming in strength for help, not in weakness.

"What do you do?" my sister-missionary asked. "Are you asking for psychiatric trade secrets?" I was being flippant. The conversation had become much too serious.

"I'd like to know." She was still very serious. "Well, I usually put her on anti-depressant medications, make her exercise regularly to work off some of the energy that hostile, aggressive feelings generate, and we talk a lot about emotions and how they affect our lives."

Emotions are not logical and reasonable. That is the first thing she needs to understand. Our whole Mormon training emphasizes reason and logic, and so when she is confronted with feelings that cannot be handled with reason and logic, a Mormon woman is confused.

"Is that only true for Mormon women?" "No. It's true for all of us--men and women, Mormon and non-Mormon."

women our concerns and frustrations as Mormon women. Dr. Nalder convinced us that change can occur if we really want it to."

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"Well, that's something," she said. "At least we're not different in that regard. How do you handle them? Your feelings, I mean."

There is not a simple answer to that question. That takes time and must be individualized. But the process involves accepting her feelings as a part of her--a valuable part, that is telling her about her experience with life. Then she must find a way to express those feelings that is acceptable to her. I do not advocate that any woman become a screaming shrew in her home, and if I did, she would not. That is not acceptable to her. But anger, resentment, and hostility generate energy which can be used for constructive, meaningful purposes. I think there was a lot of angry energy used up in that trip across the plains our ancestors made. But I also do not advocate sublimating all that energy. The expression of a little anger never hurt anyone, and it often does a lot of good. It permits others to express their anger towards us and clears the air. If we do it appropriately, and do not let it build up inside us, we never erupt like a volcano, and the intensity never gets so great that it is destructive.

My missionary friend was quiet for a moment, but she was smiling. Then she confessed. "I can identify with those feelings you're talking about," she said. "I've had them all. And I've thought those thoughts. I didn't know others had. And I certainly didn't know there were any Mormon men around who knew about them!"

"Recently in a class of women, when we discussed some of these things, one woman said, 'I've lived in Salt Lake City all my life, and this is the first time I have known that other women thought and felt the same way I do.' I thought that was sad," I said.

"But it's true," she said. "So now that you've told me and told your class, tell others. It helps to know."

She stood to leave. We shook hands--missionaries always do--and we smiled. Hers was not quite the same smile that I remembered from the mission field. It was more mature now and more wise. She had obviously grown and developed as a person during the years since we had last talked together. I expected that. She always had been, and still was, a fine Mormon woman.

Martin C. Nalder, M.D.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mormon Medical Women in Finland

How can a woman be Mommy, Dr. and Sister? Many of us have wondered, and some of us have found the way.

Himmu M. A. Hartiala Sloan has been in touch with three Finnish Mormon women doctors who have coordinated their lives to encompass all these roles. Himmu, who now lives in Harvard, Massachusetts, with her husband and three young children, was responsible for an LDS Institute class on 19th century Mormon women some time ago. In preparation for her presentation on "Mormon Women in Medicine," she gathered thoughts from Finnish friends in the medical profession. The doctors' comments were so interesting that she translated them from Finnish for publication.

She sent out a questionnaire asking for detailed information about the motivations in selecting, the problems in practicing, and the conflicts in coordinating a career in medicine with the life of a Mormon woman and received three particularly interesting individual profiles.

All three of these very bright women chose the medical profession at an early age. Dr. Annika Kaarina (Tuppurainen) Roto, from Kokkola, says *The thought of a career must begin early for little Finnish girls. Even before I went to school at age seven, I wanted to become a nurse; they could give shots to people as often as they wanted. I haven't come far from that dream. At an early age it was no problem to imagine myself simultaneously being a mother and a working woman. In the following years the picture became even more complex as I imagined myself (1) a doctor or scientist, (2) a writer, and (3) the wife of a story prince and the mother of twelve to fifteen intelligent children. That's the way to live!*

When my last years in high school were in sight, my dreams became more serious. I wanted to get married and have children. Spiritually that is the greatest and most important role. But there were few Finnish men of my age in the Church. I considered America, but I didn't want to go. I wanted a career which would be interesting, spiritually satisfying, and where I could influence people and enhance the position of the "LDS tribe" in Finland. The nice possibility was the medical profession. But the hard test period prior to acceptance at medical school was a big obstacle. So I put my profession to a spiritual trial leaving my test results to the Lord.

Dr. Roto was ranked number one in admittance to medical school. While in school, she began dating a fellow student whose career plans closely paralleled hers. Her future mother-in-law was a professional working mother in the modern Finnish vein, and she could not even begin to understand that any intelligent woman would want to be a "home mother." When I tried to hint gently of my interest in that direction, she felt it be understood that even the thought of it was nonsense, that I was lazy and trying to get out of studying. At that point I realized that it was almost right to work hard and succeed in my profession in order to sustain myself and my children in case something happened. I also received my second spiritual assurance that my career plan was right, for it was discussed in my patriarchal blessing.

She married the medical student and in their first year together their two careers caused no difficulties. She still can't believe that a man alone needs a home wife. Two adults alone should have democracy at home and at work. Each should serve the other equally.

Dr. Anna-Liisa Rinne, a pediatrician from Jyväskylä, Finland, did not choose her career for idealistic reasons. When I first seriously considered a career, I planned to go to agriculture school to be trained as a dairymaid because my boyfriend owned a farm. But my father felt that his children should become either druggists or doctors because they earned more money. He preferred pharmacy, but my two brothers and I all went into medicine. I graduated first in my high school class at 19. I saw in the study of medicine a new way of showing my superiority; but those illusions were pruned off rather quickly at the university, and in the very early stages of study, I became sincerely interested in the field of medicine. I saw it as a test of wits, some kind of detective puzzle and as an opportunity to show my skill.

The third doctor, Dr. Marja-Leena Kinnunen from Savonlinna approached the same choice from a slightly different angle. Getting a profession for myself has always seemed necessary to me. Education was important to my family and I was given the opportunity to study without financial worries. Since I wasn't the slowest student, I got by without much trouble in high school, and was eager to continue my education. My classmates remember that in my first year of high school I was sure that I wanted to be a doctor. I have tried to remember how I came to that decision, but I feel it has always been clear to me. I remember seeing a movie *The Doctor's Conscience* and identifying with the doctor in it. I think I was 13.

Himmu describes Lessu, as she is called, as a super-capable girl. She sings and plays the piano, flute, and guitar. She speaks fluent Finnish, Swedish, Spanish, German, and English, and has held many positions of leadership in the Church. Lessu has been a doctor with the UN in Arabic countries.

From these comments, it seems that the Finnish expect that women will achieve in the world. Despite personal conflicts, these women have lived up to those expectations, but their achievements have not been attained easily.

Dr. Kinnunen expresses her feelings about her career by saying I do not feel that this work more than any other is a special calling to serve the Lord, but I am especially thankful for choosing this career for myself. I can get close to people, I can help people, I can become a friend.

One has to push, working day and night, but it is the perfect career for a robust, single woman who is independent and free to come and go, and who doesn't have family troubles or children or a husband to keep her up at night.

Self-development is constant in this field. One is bound to learn by listening to people relate the grief and events of their lives; and, oh! how I have learned to love those people who in the midst of misery and sorrow are still living and willing to push forward with faith in life.

I would like to know a lot more about my own profession; it is like a bottomless well. That is why it is good to specialize and feel that somewhere you know something. I also would like to know about many other things, to read many books, and to become a wise woman. That would be a real satisfaction in and of itself.

Dr. Rinne feels that if I could choose again, I would not choose medicine. A doctor lives a thousand lives, and they are all painful. A doctor has unequal relationships with people; she must appear strong, trustworthy, and secure. A doctor is always dealing with unpleasant things. For a woman who has children, this profession is difficult because she must neglect her family so much. And finally a doctor knows so very little. We can never give an answer to "why?". One can never have full command of one's profession because every patient is so unique and surprising. If I had chosen to carve wooden shoes for an occupation, by now I would have mastered that skill and would be able to make perfect wooden shoes. But I chose stupidly, and it is my unwarding role to realize daily how little I know and how little the whole of mankind knows.

Regardless of the fact that I think my chosen career was unwise, I am thankful for what it has required of me. As a pediatrician, the fact that I am a woman and a mother has helped me to understand other mothers and their children. However, I have been the head of a large hospital for some years. This job took me away from working with people and my work as a research scientist in the area of the rehabilitation of mentally retarded and defective children. I don't feel that I have measured up to the usual standard for great professional achievements because I have had to spread myself too thin to cover all my responsibilities.

Dr. Roto, the mother of three children and the wife of the Kokkola Branch President, faced many personal and economic conflicts as she contemplated re-entering the medical profession after the birth of her second child. I am still standing in the same crossroad, slightly distressed because I am still facing the same unsolved problem. I wonder if it will be resolved before retirement. Friday I wrote an application, Sunday I said I would stay home, today, Monday, I told my husband that I hoped he had remembered to mail that application.

Economically my guilt is washed clean. I must work.

Spiritually, if I stay home that seems to be right (even though my background is full of spiritual experiences pointing in the opposite direction). On the other hand, I can't think that the medical profession is a more spiritual calling than any other work. It is a service job; though I admit it carries more responsibilities and requires a higher level of knowledge.

If I stay home, I will regret it when my youngest child is 14. And what if I should become a widow when the children are still dependent on me.

If I stay home I will be miserable knowing I am missing professional experiences and development.

And, if I am truly honest, I know the ambitions in me will mourn for the lost glories. My female medical colleagues despise and scorn women who cannot be both doctors and mothers. In fact, I do know many women doctors who have from four to eight children. On the other hand, I know one who quit, and I know what the others think of how she measures up as a human being and a doctor.

So the social pressure is great. And as you know, it is hard to find 'home mothers' in the Church here. It is not by matter of choice that they work; it is an economic must!

Anyway I would like to stay home, and I believe that the children would like it too. I will be happy when I retire. It is hard for a woman to divide herself.

Some of these feelings have been shared by Dr. Rinne. She was left alone with four children ranging from 4 to 11 years, and although she felt she had not spent her time in medical school wisely, trying to be a mother, the wife of a medical student, and a student herself, she was grateful that the experience was behind her and that she, as a doctor, was able to support her children.

I tried then to give more time to my children by being home as much as possible, and we tried to have exciting, interesting, and stimulating summer vacations. It was a relief when the youngest child went to school and wasn't always waiting for a mother who didn't come. I think my relationships with the children were good. They used to sit on my bed and talk for hours in the evening. But too often my work demanded my time, and I had to break some promises to my children. I couldn't work full-heartedly either since I was always in a hurry to go home.

She and her family joined the Church when the youngest child was eight years old, thus adding a new dimension to her life, about which she says, I owe my thanks to the Church for the insight that in serving the people, I am indeed serving the Lord. I am so thankful to the gospel for the realization that people do need love, sympathy and protection... and that they need someone who can be trusted and who cares for them with more than drugs, surgery, and other treatments.

Dr. Kinnunen has not yet faced some of the problems that the other doctors are resolving, but she seems to be prepared to meet those questions. She concludes, I have dated men of all kinds without falling into the "peaceful harbour" of marriage. I consider all the neighborhood children my own; my "attic club" of thirty boys and girls, ages three to fourteen, meets once a week, and we have all kinds of fun. That's quite a lot of family, enough for me anyhow.

If I get married, I don't think it will change my professional life too much. I want to work, even though maybe not as hard as I do now. But I do see it as my duty to practice medicine because there are too few doctors in the world, and the schooling was long and expensive for me and my country.

I would like to care for my own children, but I don't believe that it would be necessary for me to do the washing and cleaning. My wishes are for a big family, a good housekeeper, and a job which doesn't have too many "on duty" times.

I love this work, regardless of the fact that sometimes I get tired of listening to people's complaints and worries, but even that is "fun." I would like to do research, and of course, my Church work and hobbies will easily fill all possible free time.

Each of these women has shown constancy and courage in coordinating the many roles open to a Mormon woman.

We are grateful to Himmu Sloan for obtaining these profiles and for the excellent translations.

Susan L. Paxman
Cambridge, England



Jane Breinholt Seizes Bicentennial Opportunity



Gail Reifsnnyder and Jane Breinholt

Jane Breinholt lives in Devon, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia, where anticipation of the nation's 200th birthday is at a peak. She has seized upon this rare opportunity to perform a service which is both unique and creative. Along with another local Chester County woman, Anne Cook, Jane originated the idea of *Project 1776, A Bicentennial Program in Early American Culture for Elementary School Pupils*. The project is designed to involve children and their teachers in the Bicentennial celebration by giving them a glimpse of life as it was in the days of the Revolution.

Jane conceived the idea in 1971 when her children's elementary school celebrated its 100th birthday. Jane was on the planning committee for the celebration, and plans rapidly mushroomed into very elaborate classroom involvement in colonial life.

At the end of the six week celebration, nobody wanted to quit. They soon conceived the possibility of expanding their exciting ideas through funding from the Bicentennial committee.

The project went into action last Spring. Phase One offered an inservice training program for teachers including craft and library workshops as well as lectures. The teachers in Chester County became familiar with the era, studying early colonial activities and crafts that are still part of our lives. In Phase Two skilled and knowledgeable people brought museum objects into the schools and demonstrated their use, directly involving students with the crafts and skills. The children had the opportunity to dip candles and spin wool. Phase Three saw the culmination of the project with the restoration of Hopper House, an 18th century farm, in Frazer, Pennsylvania, where school classes spent a day participating in a variety of daily colonial chores and activities necessary to survival. With this method as with no other, children truly caught the vision of living in the past.

Jane and her group hired twelve people to research colonial toys, skits, games, recipes for early American food, herb recipes and over fifty authentic crafts. Jane and Anne edited the material and prepared a manual for elementary pupils in grades three to six. They added an adaptation for children of the Broadway musical hit *1776*. The manuals are currently selling all over the country.

It is not surprising that the Project was awarded the Freedom Foundation's Medal of Honor because of the cooperative effort between museums, schools, and county and state legislatures, in addition to the Award of Merit from the Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies, and a Letter of Commendation from the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration.

The project has inspired similar activities in other parts of the country. One effort currently underway in Arizona is under the direction of Julie Curtis, Jane's sister, and a group of women in Utah including Susan Anderson, Ann Larsen and Sally Berger, is seeking funding to bring this kind of learning experience to schools there.

Born in San Marino, California, Jane Thody Breinholt graduated from the University of Utah in elementary education and has lived in Boston,

Provo, Palo Alto, and near Philadelphia, where her husband Bob teaches at Wharton. She has five active children ranging from eleven years to ten months. Jane has served as Primary President and is now teaching the inservice lessons for the Primary and working on a stake committee to include the Bicentennial celebration in Stake Primary activities. She is also involved in other projects such as Girl Scouts, and PTA. Each day, however, includes work on *Project 1776*--telephoning, writing, and thinking at home, or traveling to school districts around the state presenting workshops to teachers and attending to related business. We applaud her initiative in conceiving, launching, and carrying out such a worthwhile undertaking.

C.D.C.



Barbara Harris and Kathy Ewing

Alberta Baker

"I'm an incurable optimist. I'm always getting into scrapes, and coming out of them well. I think I have an angel on my shoulder who's always looking after me," remarked Alberta Baker of Somerville, Massachusetts.

Alberta probably is an optimist because she's too busy, at eighty years old, to take time out for misfortunes. She may be making a bride's wardrobe, braiding a rug, practicing the piano, reading or writing a new "jingle."

Alberta started her sewing career by making a pot holder for a silver teapot, then she worked on doll clothes. "I'm still making Barbie doll clothes, plus some clothes I like, and some I hate," she said. She has a thriving business as a dressmaker and can put a dress together in a couple of hours. A long time ago she apprenticed with a milliner, but when her training was completed, hats were being manufactured.

Alberta knows all the bargain places to buy fabric, buttons and trims in Boston. She braids rugs constantly and has no compunction about asking someone to donate her new coat when it's worn.

When she moved into a new apartment a year ago, she quickly made a large rug for her floor. Then she moved in the piano she had been unable to fit in for thirty years.

"It took me a while to get used to the piano again because my fingers weren't keeping up with my eyes," she remarked. She has been away from music for some time but took music lessons when she was young and was a member of a "pie-eater's band" that played at picnics. She loves opera.

Two years ago she began wondering what a girl would do with all the gifts enumerated in the song, "The Twelve Days of Christmas," so she wrote a monolog in the form of a letter to a friend explaining how she had disposed of all the gifts, to zoos, entertainment spots, butchers, and so on in the Boston area. She recites the piece for special Christmas programs. An original "jingle" usually accompanies her gifts. Some years ago she gave one family a braided rug and she takes it back to add a new width each time the family adds a new member.

Alberta taught herself to read in six weeks when she was four years old and reads voraciously--"es-

pecially adventure and happy ending books." She recalls her punishment was not being able to read anything except school books when her grades slipped. She taught speed reading for a couple of years.

She learned about the Mormons during a bus tour in Salt Lake City. "The people were so lovely that when I returned home, I wanted to know more. I attended Relief Society and that was my undoing. I knew I wanted to join the Church."

Alberta had a strong Biblical background gained from her parents who taught Sunday School. She taught Sunday School in the Congregational Church, and has taught many religious classes since becoming a Mormon.

Alberta was a secretary until she retired at the age of sixty-seven. She began her secretarial service to the Church by working in the Mission Relief Society presidency with the wives of five New England Mission Presidents. She was a mission Relief Society counselor for one year and president for one year. Presently she teaches the social relations class in the Cambridge I Ward Relief Society.

S.S.G.

MAMIE GRAY: SELECTWOMAN

Sister Mamie Gray of Stoughton, Massachusetts, is one Latter Day Saint woman who is an expert at "filling time," not "killing time." In spite of a long list of achievements as a homemaker, gardener, 4-H leader, professional teacher, Church worker, and selectwoman, she is characterized by humility and concern for others.

Mamie Gray is a Southerner by birth, and the mother of six children, five boys and a girl. New England became her home twenty years ago when she and her husband James came to do graduate work at Harvard University.

Putting aside her own brief career as an educator for the good of her expanding family, Sister Gray was a full-time wife and mother until her children were all in junior high school. One family project undertaken during this time was the clearing of two acres of their land for farming. Now, with only one child still at home, these two acres produce more than enough food to keep the family through the winter. Mamie cans and freezes an incredible

amount of produce. Last year she did seventy five containers of lima beans alone in addition to corn, tomatoes, beans, asparagus, turnips, okra, and black-eyed peas.

Several years ago, feeling that her children were sufficiently mature and self-reliant for her to go to work, Mamie accepted a position as a teacher of junior high school mathematics in Brockton. Unlike many teachers on this level, Sister Gray really enjoys young teenagers, and she is proud of them.

Her latest achievements have been in the political arena. Last spring, after several unsuccessful bids, she was elected to the Board of Selectmen for a three year term. This office means a great sacrifice of time and energy, but she willingly serves because she believes she is obeying the Lord's will by being active in government and community affairs. Strong in purpose and uncompromising in what she believes to be right, she soon established herself as a woman to whom attention must be given. Her position on zoning and possible illegal appointments

did not make her popular in some circles, but she has shown herself to be a person of courage. The support of her husband James, head bacteriologist for the Massachusetts Department of Health, has been an important factor in her political involvement.

Sister Gray's dedication to her callings is evident whether she is working as assistant librarian for Foxboro ward or teaching an inservice lesson for Sunday School teachers. A convert of twelve years, she has used her artistic talent and creativity for roadshow scenery and decorative bread flowers as well as the design of three floats for the 4-H parade on the fourth of July.

As we all should know, successes in education, community affairs, and political office are meaningless unless they are accompanied by success in the home. If the achievements of children are reflective of the success of parents, then Mamie and Jim Gray have succeeded.

Carol Ann Manning
Franklin, Mass.

COMING ABOVE GROUND

I forgot I had it on until the boy behind the ice cream counter asked me what it meant as he handed me my ice cream. He was referring to an "ERA-Yes" button I had pinned to my jacket. I was tempted to tell him I was the magazine representative for my ward and leave it at that, all the while thinking "ONLY in Utah."

It really can't be too critical though: When I first got back to the States after my mission and saw the "MIA—where are they?" bumper stickers, I thought the Church must be having attendance problems at Mutual.

But as a former missionary I couldn't pass-up the boy's request for enlightenment, so I gave him an Equal Rights Amendment First Discussion, gesturing dramatically with my chocolate almond ice cream cone. I have to admit he was less than enthusiastic.

Questions like his are relatively easy, safe to answer, but they eventually lead to the question: "You're not one of 'them' are you?" (assume the posture and tone of Joseph McCarthy for total effect). In fact, it's amazing how little time it takes people to ask the question, especially in comparison to how much more time it takes to think of an answer.

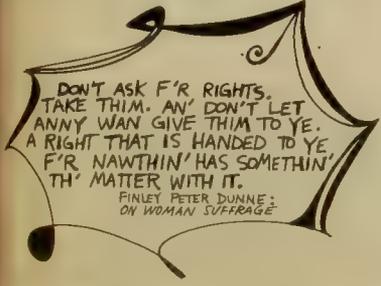
At first I'd respond with, "Of course not, but much of what they have to say is interesting. Don't you think so?" quickly changing the subject to something safe, like "the spirit of the Y" or the gardens on temple square. Then as my library grew, I began saying things like, "They seem to have identified the problems accurately but they can't find the proper solutions," ending with a

superior, "but that's true of most worldly institutions and movements." Then it became "Their assessment of the situation may seem a little extreme to us because we don't have the same problems in the Church, but...."

Well, I don't know how long I let myself believe that "we," as opposed to "them," didn't have problems. But the inevitable "click" had to come—I took the giant step: "they" weren't "them" any longer; "they" became indistinguishable from "me" and "I." It became impossible to intellectualize them away. The question became a little more difficult to answer after that. When someone would ask, I'd say, "Don't you think it's as natural for me to be interested in the feminist movement as it is for the Blacks to be interested in the civil rights movement?" After I explained what "Black" meant, they usually didn't think either one of us was "natural," but how could they dispute the logic of such a Socratic answer?

It's been a year and a half now, and the answer has become much simpler. Now I just laugh and say, "Yes! Simpler and happier and prouder: 'Yes, I'm a woman.'" For the first time, no desire or compulsion to apologize or equivocate. In fact, now it's hard not to indulge in a Pentacostal "Hallelujah Yes, Yes, Yes!" And sometimes I think I hear all my grandmothers' chuckled "Amen's"...not to mention the relieved sighs of future daughters.

Kathleen Flake Provo, Utah



Golden Years

It's a very ancient custom to look to one's elders as a source of inspiration. Blanche Kimball Richmond, my grandmother, makes it easy to see how such a custom came about. After a long life of service to others, she is still going strong at age 91. Preparing dinners for widows, babysitting great-grandchildren, and looking after aged neighbors are just a few of the ways she works off her energy. She still cranks out the handwork projects (quilting, sewing, and crocheting), as if they were done by machine. For Christmas this year, she crocheted several hanger covers for each of her 26 grandchildren. Then on Christmas Day she actually sat 54 down to dinner in her home! However, she finally did retire from sewing many hours for the Church welfare program this year.

Still involved in such groups as Daughters of Utah Pioneers, she frequently opens her home to meetings and gatherings of various kinds. Living across the street from the ward, she has been convenient for many favors as well as much hospitality. No one involved will forget the time the MIA borrowed her living room furniture as scenery for the ward play or the time the Church furnace broke down just before a funeral which ended up in her living room.

After the third of seven children was born back in the early 1900's she and my grandfather, Charles B. Richmond, were called into the Church offices. With no warning, he was asked to leave his young wife, three sons, and an excellent job for a two-year mission to Australia. They both agreed that he should accept this call, so young Blanche gave up their home and moved back in with her parents to cut expenses. Several decades later they both went to Australia as Mission President and wife. Such sacrifice for the Gospel typifies many of our ancestors and is largely responsible for the stability of the Church today.

Grandpa, who is also still living at age 93, and Grandma Richmond have 55 great grandchildren, and she can remember the name and details of each one! The Richmonds' 73rd wedding anniversary last September came and went with no celebration as usual, since Grandpa and Grandma are afraid of "seeming old" to others if they announce such a collection of years. It's true that no one would ever guess.

Their devotion to each other is great. Grandpa can no longer drive, but he still meets Grandma at the beauty salon after her weekly appointment as he has for many years. Now he walks her home to keep her company.

When people walk along 8th East in Salt Lake City today they are likely to find Grandpa out raking or mowing his own yard and those of the neighbors. Grandma is usually inside fixing up baskets for the needy or making afghans for dear friends.

It is refreshing to find an elderly couple so productive. They are able to carry out the main theme of their lives—constant service to their fellowman.

Mareen Duncan Salt Lake City, Utah



STICK TO IT!

Stick To It

I am currently serving as Young Special Interest Representative in my ward. This position entails coordinating and planning activities for the Church members from twenty-five to thirty-five who find themselves single by choice, divorce, death, or bad timing. I have nick-named the group the LOS Desperates.

Many of these fine people are preoccupied by the idea that they are over the hill and still not married. Panic is written all over them. They need the chance to meet each other on a relaxed, casual, basis. Unfortunately the program is still geared to pairing off and dates. These partnered activities make even the most confident of us uneasy and add to the desperate feeling of the others.

In order to find a comfortable niche and get away from the pressure of society, many singles settle for someone they would not have considered in previous years. Too many promising LDS young women are willing to compromise on the "List of Qualifications" for husbands they set down when they were idealistic eighteen year olds. Then there was no question that they required a faithful member with the priesthood, a good husband and father, someone emotionally, socially and intellectually compatible. As the years go by and this paragon does not appear, the desperates are tempted to "settle" for a man, any man! Though many of these compromises work out well, the settled-for-man may have some undesirable characteristics. Some are insignificant, others major. The White Sock Syndrome. While you don't marry a man for his wardrobe alone, sometimes his clothes can be an embarrassment. A prospective mate should not be dismissed because he can't spend much on his clothes, but surely one pair of dark socks, preferably knee high, should be possible. Here's a chance to improve someone else's prospects by a little sisterly advice to the white-socked.

Well, He Is A Little Short! Celestial glory is not determined by feet and inches, and elevator shoes may help a little. But to be 6'2" to his 4'11" is the road to eternal embarrassment. There must be someone else!

Oh, He'll Join the Church... Eventually. No excuse on this earth will ever salvage, smooth, or compensate for a relationship that is spiritually void. How painful to be a superwoman in Church, to be queen of the local Relief Society, to sit on a General Board as a noted authority, and then come home to a "settled-for man" who prefers nights out with the boys and bets on the Sunday Superbowls, glad to have you away at Church all day.

The immature age of eighteen may prove to be the wisest time of all. That list of qualifications, if prayerfully and honestly made, may save a girl from an otherwise disastrous decision.

My advice is STICK TO IT! Don't compromise on one point, item, quality, or requirement for your prospective mate. No matter HOW long you may have to wait. If the requirements that you have set for yourself are true to you, then surely, in faith, the proper ending will come to pass. Your joy will be full, and you will lead a life of happiness, with a suitable companion, because you were faithful to your goals.

Linda E. Flannery Salt Lake City, Utah

One Alone

Most women will someday be widows. The time when the weaker sex frequently died in childbirth has passed. Today the majority of women outlive their husbands.

Making the transition into widowhood is never easy. The loss of a marital partner whether due to death or divorce is always traumatic. The woman, however, who allows herself to develop as a competent, independent individual is much better prepared to handle her life alone. In any marriage there is a certain amount of division of labor. Certainly this allows for more efficiency, but it is a mistake for a wife to leave the baffling areas of family finances, balanced check books, insurance policies, bills, loans, and debts to her husband. Surely we should use our common sense and become familiar with financial matters. Our husbands are here to explain now. They may not be here later.

Many husbands groan at the prospect of explaining their complicated financial matters to their wives. Whether it is because our housewife minds are slow at grasping these complexities, or because our men simply don't wish to contemplate their own demise, it is a sad fact that few wives have adequate understanding of these important facets of family life. Perhaps a series of written instructions would be the most sensible. Lynn Cain in her book *Widow* suggests that husbands prepare written instructions and place several copies in strategic places such as with the family lawyer or the safe deposit box, thereby ensuring that whoever survives will be able to handle these family matters properly.

A young widow with four children once commented to me how sorry she was that she had let her husband make all the plans and decisions for the family. She was totally unprepared to handle the family alone. The ensuing problems which developed were clear evidence that she was right. This is the practical side of widowhood. Then there is the

psychological side.

Many women are emotionally unprepared to face widowhood because they have not developed their own individual identities. They see themselves as someone's wife or mother. Their whole existence is justified in relationship to their families. When left alone they have many memories, but few interests of their own, how very depressing. It is not that these women lack talents or abilities, it is that they have refrained from developing these aspects of themselves. The husbands provided financial support and the responsibility of the wives was the home and children. Often wives will let husbands shoulder the worries and responsibilities of major family decisions without taking an active part themselves.

A marriage needs to have mutual dependence between the partners, but on the other hand, a strong marriage can't help out be more effective if both partners are independent and capable individuals.

At any rate, when a woman is faced with being single again, it is a very difficult transition from relative passivity to active decision making. She will need to rebuild her self confidence to enable her to act independently and effectively. Many women who marry early, go straight from their parent's home to their husband's and never have the opportunity to "test their metal" as single individuals. Most of these will have a chance some time in their lives. It will be a frightening and disturbing challenge. Is it not wise to prepare ourselves now for this most likely eventuality?

Kitty Lambert Lincoln, Mass.

Exponent II will publish the experiences and practical advice of women who have coped with this crisis. Send them in. Ed.

Book Reviews

Delivery Of A Heritage

Claire Noall, *Guardians of the Hearth* (Horizon Publishers, Bountiful, Utah: 1974), 185 pages.

The midwives and women doctors who star in Claire Noall's history *Guardians of the Hearth* are intelligent, hardworking, strong-willed women of vision. Their dream: to successfully deliver the babies of their sisters in the gospel, to ease the suffering of their neighbors during the fevers and epidemics that frequently sweep across the Great Basin to replace the backward medical practices of 19th Century Utah with vaccination, inoculation, sanitation.

The story Mrs. Noall tells includes characters ranging all the way from the humble community midwife to the woman doctor trained at a reputable eastern medical college. Short introductions and sketches of individual women establish the Mormon midwife as more than just a deliverer of babies. We see her, sometimes, as the only person in town and for miles around with any experience at all in medicine. We see her as doctor, herb gardener, and folk physician. We see her collecting her meager fee of \$3.00 and/or a bag of potatoes for delivery of baby, care of mother, and ten days of housework. We see her being set apart by the Elders of Israel to serve as a midwife, a calling which included the responsibility of summoning a priesthood holder to administer to patients after the midwife did all she could.

As the dawn of scientific advancement began to break in the East, the need for increased medical training was felt acutely in Utah. Mrs. Noall correctly interprets the important role played by Brigham Young and other Church leaders in the alleviation of this need. She writes:

Medical leadership moved from almost complete reliance upon the laying on of hands by Mormon elders for the healing of the sick to the calling upon trained medical doctors for professional advice. The transition was born of necessity rather than of choice. The encouragement and advice of Mormon leadership accelerated the transition. (p. 117)

President Young formally called not only men but women to study for medical degrees. *Guardians* includes an accurate account of the difficulties and discrimination that had to be overcome by these female healers in setting up their practices. The book goes beyond this to the personal lives of the women in a successful attempt to establish them as not just archetypes of the 19th Century educated woman, but as individuals. All but one of the six women doctors Mrs. Noall describes had gotten married before going to medical school. Three of the six women were divorced, and two more lived with unhappy marriages. Mrs. Noall maintains that these developments were caused by the great differences in education between the women and their husbands, and frequent separations due to education, mission calls, and travels to avoid arrest for living in polygamy.

The book's pleasant style sometimes includes unprofessional devices such as fictional conversation and romanticized portrayals of events. The real defect of the book, however, is the conspicuous absence of the spiritual side of Mormon medicine, an aspect that only now is beginning to be

recognized and explored in books such as Carol Lynn Pearson's *Daughters of Light*. Although Mrs. Noall acknowledges the existence of spiritual gifts, she includes very few of the fantastic healing stories--sometimes true, sometimes exaggerated--that the women included in their diaries.

Mrs. Noall allows the women in *Guardians of the Hearth* to tell their own stories. This is the real power of the book, the presentation of true stories of real women. Mrs. Noall is also adept at using colorful, appropriate examples and details. Rather than stating that early Mormon midwives used traditional remedies, Mrs. Noall includes Patty Session's recipe for eye water: "Wrap two eggs in a wet cloth and roast them till quite hard, then grate or grind them fine, then add one pint of warm rain or snow water and keep it warm for three hours, after stirring or shaking it...strain it through a fine thick flannel and bottle it up for use." (p. 36)

Mrs. Noall has a talent for presenting moments of crisis and decision. For example, at the beginning of her second year of medical school, Ellis Shipp discovers that she is pregnant; when Romania

Pratt comes home to Utah in the summer to earn money for tuition, she is asked to take a nonpaying Church job that will require full-time attention; Martha Cannon is offered the chance to run for the state senate, with a public health platform, against her own husband.

Claire Noall who died in 1971 has long gone unrecognized for her noteworthy contribution to Mormon literature. Her biography of Willard Richards, *Intimate Disciple*, was for many years one of the few good biographies of Mormon leaders. Her book *Guardians of the Hearth* is a timely discussion of the vigorous, ambitious Mormon woman who is currently being rediscovered with great interest. This book is especially relevant now because of the return of women to the field of medicine and the training of midwives. These resurrected stories involve more than just the birthing of babies. Claire Noall, a sort of midwife in her own right, has delivered a Mormon heritage, alive and vibrant.

Chris Rigby
New York City, N.Y.



Bellevue Hospital c. 1890
New York City

Poetry

Plea from the Pedestal

My dear,
Must you treat me as a goddess?
I do not like the height.
Face to face is comfortable and right
For making love,
For meeting halfway,
For sharing prayer
Or breakfast,
Or a clear-the-air-with-rain-and-thunder fight.

Consider me your queen?
Please -
I'd rather just be woman, ME:
Free to laugh
And free to question,
Free to disagree.
Give me a level eye and a listening ear any day
Over majesty.

Can't we simply be two halves of us,
Each one a whole part of the pair,
Holding soft hands
And hard conversations
That split the midnight air?
Forgive me if I reject your throne just now
For a good straight chair.

Let me be a person first;
Together we can grow
From there.

Orma Whitaker
North Hollywood, Calif.

A Fascinating Study in Highs and Lows

Half a million people come there
Every year to see the view.
In fact, the pictures
On the postcards she had bought
Were taken from this very spot.

Her husband opened the door
And took her hand.
Rocks and sand
Found their way through
The straps of her little shoe,
And the wind blew
A curl out of place.
Her finger touched her face
And felt a frown.
"Oh, dear," she said
"It looks such a long way down."

"There are railings," he said,
"And it's just a short walk."
Everyone says the view is just great."
She took his arm, then flattered.
"I know," she smiled up at him.
"You go. I'll just sit here and wait."

He started to speak,
But with a girlish giggle
She kissed him on the cheek
And said, "Now don't be mad
At your little wife. I've always had
This awful fear of falling.
Oh, how can I expect you to understand--
You're so brave and strong.
I'll just sit here.
You won't be long."

He turned her around.
"No. That wouldn't be any fun."
And he followed her back to the car,
For they were one.

They sat there a moment
While thirty-three people passed by
Of the half a million that come there
Every year to see the sights.

"And shall we try for heaven, my love?"
"Oh, dear, you know I've always been--
so afraid of heights!"

Carol Lynn Pearson
Provo, Utah



ZANWRITER: R. R. Knudson

Three years ago, at the age of thirty nine, Rozanne Knudson quit her college teaching job and launched a full-time writing career. In three years, she has published four novels for young readers (with a fifth scheduled for publication next fall), and has made a grand total of \$12,000. Undaunted, Zan says that a children's writer usually takes about five years to get established and start making a living. I am going to try to get through the next two years without going back to the classroom, though with inflation this may be impossible.

In an interview for Exponent II, Zan Knudson talks about being a writer.

EXPOSITION: How did you sell your first book?
Zan: When I did Sports Poems, I sent the manuscript to about four publishers. It came back swiftly. Then I remembered I had a friend who had had several books published at Dell. I called him and asked him to tell his editor that my manuscript would cross her desk. She liked it. She bought it. Much in publishing is done this way, by friendships and by luck. It is hard to get a first reading at a publisher if you are a complete unknown. Once I was in Dell, the rest was easy, because Zanballer, my second book, was well reviewed.

EXPOSITION: Why do you write under a pen name, R. R. Knudson?
Zan: Dell felt that sports books would sell better if they appeared to be by a man. I agreed at that time. I wouldn't today.

EXPOSITION: Where do you get your ideas for stories?
Zan: I have more ideas than I can develop in a lifetime. I write out of my experiences growing up. Zanballer is very autobiographical. Right now there is a market for sports books about girls. I have always been an athlete.

EXPOSITION: How do you develop next fall is a good example of how I develop a story idea. About three years ago, I found myself at the hideous weight of 180 (I am 5'4"). I decided I needed more exercise, and began running every day, until I was running ten miles a day last winter. Along with losing forty pounds, I got fanatical about running. I went to track meets, subscribed to track magazines. Around the same time I saw the Jim Thorpe story on TV for the tenth time—I'm always moved by it. So when it came time to start a new novel, I decided to write about an Indian girl who runs a sub-four-minute-mile in the Olympics. That was my original intent—the book came out another way: A Mescalero Apache girl, whose relation with her grandfather is all important, trains with a track team at the Y and eventually influences all of these kids to run for different reasons, different causes. My ideas usually start in games, events, points scored, and then take on wider meanings.

EXPOSITION: Has college education influenced your writing?
Zan: Yes, to the extent that for course after course I wrote term papers, and every sentence one writes teaches what to do with the next sentence. Also, at Stanford, where I earned a Ph.D. in 1967, I had very good minds reading and commenting on my work. And I had fiction courses from Wallace Stegner, who taught me a lot about fictional techniques, how a writer handles material—also, he was inspiring.

EXPOSITION: How do you choose to live in New York?
Zan: It is easier for a writer to be near her agent and editor. Originally I bought my house on Long Island Sound because it is close to where I was teaching. Actually, I spend very little time there, only the summer. Winters I spend in California, Arizona, or Florida in a rented apartment near a library and a gym. Spring and fall I spend in a beach house I own with my mother in Delaware.

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EXPOSITION: It sounds like a foot-loose existence. What about friends—are they important to you?
Zan: My friends are scattered around the country, and I have a very limited social life. I don't like big groups—I do some lecturing and guest-appearing on radio and at libraries and conventions, and there I see enough mobs to get my fill. Frankly, I've never much liked people. I have very high standards for them and like to pal around with the famous. I've always preferred to hang out with people I can learn from—older people mostly. I tell people I'm a Mormon—a rarity in the circles I run in. I'm sometimes asked if I'm a member of the King family—I point out that my hair is too short, also not bouffant.

EXPOSITION: You make yourself sound a little difficult to get along with.
Zan: At my worst, I am arrogant, willful, pushy, smug, hyper-energetic, sarcastic, and rude. Ask anyone who knows me. But at my best I am generous, hard-working, funny, and willing to pay the price of whatever I want to excel in.

EXPOSITION: What about your attitudes toward yourself as a woman—has being a Mormon influenced those?
Zan: Not in most respects. I've never wanted to get married. I don't like children. I don't like to be around them, and I don't want their demands on my time and attention. At the same time, I realize the blessings of wifehood and motherhood, but when I am around some of my friends who are married, I feel they have good minds that are wasting. The demands of motherhood and ironing shirts have kept them semi-vegetables.

EXPOSITION: What about your attitudes toward your work—writing is hard work. I think my background sees me through a lot of the difficult times at the typewriter. And prayer—I believe in the power of prayer. At times when I get stuck on discouraged, I kneel down and pray. I cannot always say that I receive immediate help, but I'm never stuck long. And sometimes I can feel the help at once. When I report this to agnostic friends, they say it's my muse. I prefer to believe in God. I do think faith helps me as a writer—including faith in myself, which the Church encourages.

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EXPOSITION: Why did you choose BYU for your undergraduate education?
Zan: I didn't. I grew up in Washington D.C., and wanted to go to Smith or Vassar, but my family was opposed to that idea. I didn't like the V for a lot of reasons, but in retrospect, I'm glad I went. I made up for all the education I didn't get by going to other, better schools, but those schools would not have kept me in the Church.

EXPOSITION: Has being a Mormon influenced your writing?
Zan: Sorting our Church influences on my writing is difficult. Sometimes I think I began writing for children and teen-agers because I am too prudish, thanks to the Church, to deal with so-called adult subjects.

EXPOSITION: How do you choose to live in New York?
Zan: It is easier for a writer to be near her agent and editor. Originally I bought my house on Long Island Sound because it is close to where I was teaching. Actually, I spend very little time there, only the summer. Winters I spend in California, Arizona, or Florida in a rented apartment near a library and a gym. Spring and fall I spend in a beach house I own with my mother in Delaware.

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One bishop with whom I had a long talk about women in the Church asked me to speak in Church several times. Once I did it. I opened the meeting. When he asked me again, I said I wanted to be the last speaker, the featured speaker. He said no. So did I.

EXPOSITION: If you aren't yet making a living with your writing, how do you survive?
Zan: I taught for many years and saved my money. That's from my home background; waste not, want not. Three years ago I decided to take a chance on making a living writing. I had \$20,000 in the bank, a paid-for house, a car, a Ph.D. So I fell back on. All these I had earned by getting a good education and using it. So far I have made about \$12,000 from writing—as you can see, not enough to live on without my savings.

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Humble Teats

Teats that now are pimples,
 Growing over skin
 On the childish bosom
 Innocent of sin,
 Teats now little boils,
 Nature's growing teats,
 Make the maiden wonder
 What itches her contents.
 Still they keep on growing
 Until they're little knolls:
 Then stirs the maiden

Letters

Dear Editor,

My husband was floored to discover timely LDS-related articles inside the folds of your paper--the cover was hardly the run-of-the-mill illustration that often gives away a Mormon publication's identity. I was impressed at the in-depth views given by some of the sisters on subjects that I find myself grappling with--especially that of knowing that although marriage and motherhood are the highest callings we can have, they are far from being our only callings. I would love to hear from other college graduates, as to how they keep active in their fields and incorporate their education for the betterment of community and family. I don't want to be a professional in my field, but I don't want to let five years of college go to waste either.

Linda Stolle
Oildale, California

Dear Fantastic Sisters!

I came across the reference to Exponent II in a recent *Dialogue* letter which you wrote, and I received a sample copy in the mail a month or so ago. You girls are wonderful! Keep up the fine work.

My wife has, she tells me, subscribed already on her own, and the one I am asking for here in my own name is for myself, so that she and I will not again have to argue over who gets to read it first!

Your fine little publication is doing a real missionary service to my dear wife.

I am sure that you have not intended Exponent II as the beginning of a "counter-Relief Society" (and I am not advocating any such thing), but the prospect of some such alternative to Relief Society materials is exciting to all in our family!

May the Lord bless your endeavor (I'll bet He even reads it!).

Armand L. Mauss
Pullman, Washington

Dear Sisters,

I have just read my complimentary copy of the December 1974 Exponent II, and am reminded of what I consider to have been much unnecessary frustration. I am just this moment 30 years old. I have been married. By profession, I am a translator, a successful, educated, undiscriminated-against businesswoman who has risen to a salary and career position supposedly coveted by legions of my less "fortunate" sisters. But my experience has motivated me to reject much of this and to reject the longing and striving toward it which is represented by "women's lib." I think that most of the unfulfilled yearning I encounter in your pages and among vocal women generally is motivated by two unfortunate and unjustifiable factors: greed and conditioning. I will give an example of each.

Greed: Ladies, for what is all this power and money required? What are we proving? I have bought the lovely suburban split-foyer and the thousand-dollar rosewood credenza and the latest model car and have been forced to admit that I really didn't need any of that. What I needed was a table, a chair, and a bed. That's what I needed. The rest was proving something, something unchristian and unnecessary--and certainly unhealthy. Women have the intellect and the capacity to create what is exquisite and tasteful and charming, practically out of thin air. They should do that, and be blessed.

Conditioning: We are taught to be in tune with our surroundings, to avoid being shamed by what we imagine in others' eyes. I believe this is a most valuable tool for the destruction of character in our society. We must have the courage to live with the dignity and distinction which is our birthright. We must not lose ourselves in the mass conditioning that is so pervasive as to be mostly invisible to us. If you will cut yourself off for one week from such sources of the standard opinion as television, radio, magazines, etc., you will discover that you have missed nothing and gained much: you will notice the irritant that continual bombardment from outside really is, because within the week you will begin to think for yourself. The media are a crippling addiction. Women, so naturally desirous of approbation, should look to the scriptures and the sages for that, and be blessed.

Brigham Young said, "Then let every person say: 'I will live my religion, though every other person goes to hell! I will walk humbly before my God and deal honestly with my fellow beings.'" For what do we need more? Of course, I don't mean this silly kowtow-to-the-Priesthood attitude everyone delights to play with. I don't mean shut-up and get a nose-ering. I mean stand up and be a woman. If we live the Gospel we have a full-time job and a promise that our needs, temporal and otherwise, will be met.

Carol Joy Miller
Laurel, Maryland



Dear Editor:

Your handsome Exponent II arrived, and was a super sort of Christmas card. Thank you for it and the look into your world. Who has done the wonderful job on illustrations and lay out? It is fascinating reading for a non-Mormon to pick up. And as baffled as I remain by your (or any other) Church, I am convinced that there are some quite special people within it. Exponent II reinforces this.

Susan Hinerfield
Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors,

My Exponent II arrived today and I am delighted with the way my article turned out. The photograph and the picture reproduced beautifully. It is a delight to read a magazine so meticulously proof read and edited that you are not affronted by mistakes in every line.

The articles are varied and interesting. Having enjoyed *The Rummage Sale*, I was enchanted with Louise Durham's back handed review of Marshall's book. Would you call it subtly obtuse, or obtusely subtle?

I notice a few dissidents among your correspondents. That is good. If all you heard were peans you might become smug. On the other hand don't let a few dissenters panic you into becoming more militant. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." The voice of reason may have two points of view. Do I sound like a senior citizen advising the younger generation? Well of course I am, advising I mean.

Hattie B. Maughan
Logan, Utah

Dear Editors:

Finally I, like Mary Frederickson, no longer feel alone. I feel that your paper has given me an alternative to abandoning a Mormon heritage which I love, but which seems to be in discordance to the beliefs of the lay majority.

I too am outspoken and feel that feminism and Mormonism are to a great extent compatible. In terms of fulfilling human potential, their methods differ radically while the basic goals are the same. After studying both ardently (as a life-time participating Mormon and a three year participating feminist) the only true disagreement I see is on the bearing of children, and sexual freedom. The feminists are wrong, but why condemn people whose eyes are not yet opened by the gospel?

I eagerly await further, hopefully more outspoken, issues of Exponent II.

Heather Sather
Huntington, Utah

Dear Friends,

I'm glad you're there! What can be more refreshing than a breath of the old days when Eliza and her crew flew at any problem with the zest and unconcern for the status quo of the wind. (Bad syntax, but maybe the great concern for the syntax of things, as Cummings says, is what precludes the real embracing of the world.)

Please continue in your looks at the many sides of what it all can mean and be. It's comforting to recognize blithe spirits in whatever camp they may choose to occupy, and best of all it's just fine to know that the choice is still possible.

Thank you for ruffling my day with your many breezes.

Emma Lou W. Thayne
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sisters:

Congratulations on No. 3--both for surviving to produce it and for doing an excellent job.

Want you to know that I talk about both the Exponent and Exponent II in a new course I'm teaching this quarter on women and the mass media. My only problem is classifying you--religious publication? alternative press? women's movement?

But then, perhaps your miscellaneous character is the secret of the paper's appeal.

Sherilyn C. Bennion
Arcata, California

Dear Editors:

My neighbor has just been good enough to loan me her first issues of Exponent II. I was delighted, as she knew I would be, to see the results of your efforts. I became interested in your "group" at the famous publication of the "pink" *Dialogue* issue, and am happy to see the latest experiment in contacting Mormon women.

As a convert, perhaps I am more aware of the great diversity among Mormon women. Many will appreciate your efforts to show the variety of interests and talents. And many will find kindred souls in your pages. Would it be possible to print complete addresses so kindred spirits could write to one another?

Best wishes on your enterprise!

Carolyn H. Cragun
North Logan, Utah

Dear Freedom Fighters,

I'd remove my bra to hail you, but the resultant crowds of fawning male devotees and the mountains of fan mail would be too much for me to handle.

Diane Saint-Thomas
APO New York

Mesdames:

The idea of a periodical by, for and about Mormon women thrills me. I am sorry that your first issues did not meet my expectations.

We are made of sterner stuff. We are brighter, more perceptive, more aware, better educated, and spiritually tougher than you seem to think. (Even out here in the Nevada hinterland.) Let's not worry about Dialogue being sexist--let's work to put ourselves on the literary map, so to speak, with articles worthy of the kind of women we are or hope to be. Our forbears, particularly those who first published *Woman's Exponent*, have given us a lot to live up to. I hope Robert Rees of *Dialogue's* board of editors will never again find it so easy to make Exponent II and Mormon women look foolish. His letter was, by the way, one of the best in your second issue!

The poetry was delightful. And even a few recipes are not objectionable. But please--more meaty articles, more food for thought.

Good luck. Yours is a noble effort.

Julie C. Moore
Reno, Nevada

Dear Exponent II:

How good it is to know you're out there--other LDS women who believe in faith, repentance, and the gift of the Holy Ghost by one in authority, but who also have some questions, frustrations and confusions about independence and equality for women and how that fits into the divine role of Motherhood.

I am the mother of six children, ages 11, 9, 9, 8, 1, and 1 (yes, two sets of twins). I will receive my Bachelors Degree and teaching credential in June and am in the field of Communication Disorders (speech, language and hearing pathology). My husband has a Ph.D. in Speech Pathology and is presently the Second Counselor in the Bishopric. I'm really enjoying going to school. I find it very flexible (whereas most jobs are not), and very easily integrated into my life as a mother and housewife. The past year I've carried six to nine units and have had my baby twins at a sitter for less than nine hours per week. Prior to their birth, I carried ten to twelve units per quarter. I'm feeling extremely pleased with myself that I will at last be a college graduate. I decided to go to college four years ago after some time of feeling bored and restless. I didn't want to work since I also wanted to raise my own children, and school has turned out to be just ideal for me and my circumstances. I plan to begin graduate school in the Fall for a Master's Degree. Since returning to school, there have been a lot of bonuses like new respect from my husband, children and friends, and a much greater willingness from my family, husband and kids, to take on more of the daily chores necessary for living. So at least I'm no longer the servant of all but the head household administrator which is much more healthy for all of us. It's amazing how much more willing children are (I didn't say willing but more willing) about chores when they're not just for their training or to be done while Mom reads the latest novel, but rather to be done because their work is really needed.

I was pleased by Robert Rees' letter to Laurel Ulrich in the letters to the Editor section of the latest *Dialogue* and by Cynthia Crowl's remarks about *Woman's Exponent*. They are what really broke through the inertia that has prevented me from responding for so long. I tend to agree with both in that I would like more boldness from Exponent II and yet I understand the lack of boldness in that it also describes my own dilemma. But let's press forward and grow in boldness together.

Muiriel Ruttinger McGrath
Seattle, Washington

Fiction

The Sisters

Sister Walters had knocked again and the two ladies had waited and were just turning away when they heard the inside door opening. Turning back they could see a young woman in the gray dimness through the screen, one hand still holding the door and the other closing the throat of a bright yellow kimono.

"Yes?"
"Sister Jeffrey? We're your visiting teachers."
"Oh, yes, I think I remember from Relief Society--Sister McGuire and Sister--Walters?"

"Walters. There wasn't a car here, and when you didn't answer at first we thought you weren't home."

"My car's getting fixed and I was in the bathroom. I'm sorry."

Bathing, the two ladies supposed, noticing now that the young woman inside stood closer to the screen, a dampness about her hair and a sort of dew on her cheeks and upper lip.

"That's just fine. We're so glad we caught you at home," Sister McGuire smiled.

"May we visit you a few minutes?" asked Sister Walters.

"Of course. Please come in." Changing the hand that held her kimono, the woman unlatched the screen door, and the sisters stepped inside, wondering if she had taken time to put on anything else, a bit reproachful at the thought that she might not have, and concerned. It wasn't exactly decent.

The living room felt a little strange, with an exotic-looking rug and hangings, and it was dim from pulled-down shades that glowed the color of ripe pears. But tidy, not slovenly, unless you counted the scads of unframed pictures--studies, Sister McGuire supposed they would be called--stuck all over the walls. She spent a lot of time doing arts and crafts, Sister McGuire guessed--natural enough in her situation, only the one child to care for. Without meals and dishes three times a day, and endless loads of wash, and a man's grunting and needs, time would hang heavy.

Switching on a hanging lamp with a big cracked glass ball for a shade, Sister Jeffrey motioned the two ladies to sit on a low, backless and armless divan, a sort of daybed, but hard, while she sat on an even lower round cushioned thing, her bare feet together at an angle to one side, folds of the kimono gathered over her knees and one hand still holding it at the neck. Her back straight, chin tilted, she leaned toward the two ladies with frank, kindly eyes.

For a moment neither spoke to the young woman sitting almost at their feet.

Then, "You're new in the ward," Sister Walters began.

"I mean--"
"Well, we've seen you at church," Sister McGuire interrupted, "but this is the first we've come to visit."

"I'm not really new. You've both moved in since I left."

"Left?"

"Ten years ago I went away to school. After that the ward was divided, and my parents moved over into the fifth. And lots of other families have come and gone, so not many people remember me now. The ward used to be just our neighborhood. But then I've changed too. I used to skin my knees skating on the sidewalk right out front. My mother helped me find this little house when Howard--my husband--and I were divorced."

The Relief Society President had prepared them for this information. "Dear, that must have been a trial," Sister Walters said. It was an awful thing: her husband had sinned next to murder and would not repent, though it meant losing his eternal blessings. Simply an abomination.

"It was." The young woman still spoke in a frank, gentle voice. "I couldn't believe it was happening to me--to us. All my life I'd dreamed, and it was all coming true with the Temple. Then five years later, a nightmare."

"Just terrible for you," said Sister McGuire. "So young. And to think a man's passion could make him lose sight of eternal values. Oh, it happened, all the time, but Sister McGuire couldn't comprehend it. She and Othel had been to the Temple and that was that: a man just stuck to his covenants."

"Some of the trial is still going on," Sister Jeffrey was saying. "Mother pays my rent, but I want to find a part-time job; I have to. But when I tell people why, they find reasons not to hire me." Her voice rose a little, strained a little. "This is where I was born and baptized and grew up and got my MIA awards, and it's as if I'd brought back a virus."

"Oh, but it can't go on that bad. There's good in the people here," Sister Walters soothed.

"I hope so. I have another interview this afternoon."

"I'm sure it will turn out well." Sister McGuire wanted to sound confident, not just wishful.

"The hardest thing is, it has made me feel-- strange, somehow--foreign to the church. And I don't know why."

"Oh, but you shouldn't," Sister Walters reassured. "We all have problems, we sin by omission or commission--"

"I didn't sin."

The gently definite young voice seemed almost to snap, but the light, clear eyes neither flashed nor narrowed.

"We didn't mean--I mean--" Sister Walters stammered.

"Of course you've had to try to forgive a big thing," she was saying. "You've had more experience with that than we ever will." That was heartfelt but even to her own ears it sounded somehow cruel.

"Oh, it must have been such a trial." Sister McGuire felt a real pang at the thought. To be deserted, stripped of the blessings of Temple marriage and left to raise a child without the priesthood in the home. If Othel had ever... she would have forgotten him just so quick, as if he'd never existed.

"I forgave Howard. I loved him that much. Before the divorce I told him so and begged him to come back." The voice had lost its gentleness, sounded stretched like a membrane about to tear.

"I would have taken him back, any way at all," she sobbed. "But he wouldn't. And I needed him."

Sister McGuire felt drawn to comfort the young woman, to gather the poor weeping head against her shoulder. But they hardly knew her, she might think it forward. Thank the Lord she had never needed Othel like that. Could younger people never keep their appetites and passions within bounds?

With a startled rush of feeling, to which she felt her words hopelessly inadequate, Sister Walters said, "A woman needs the strength of the priesthood."

"I needed him most. I forgave him and I still love him--Howard." Sobbing the name, the young woman covered her eyes and her wet and reddened cheeks with her hands, and her dark hair fell forward around her face like a tent.

Neither of the ladies knew what to say. They sat while Sister Jeffrey held her face in her hands for a long moment in utter stillness. The neck of the yellow kimono had fallen open, and Sister Walters saw that she did have on more, and silently rebuked herself for her bad thought at the door. Sister McGuire noticed three small charcoal studies, all of the same striking young man's face, and realized with a shock that they must be of the husband--Howard--and done from memory; and they looked forgiven, loved not hated. For a second she had an awful thought: this young woman's passion for a damned man was her cross, and forgiving him was one more nail. Then on a stand near the door she saw that what she had taken for an abstract composition of dark flowing lines represented something--probably unfinished, but it looked like a single bare foot, flexed, walking, and behind it a hand reaching, trying to hold something that flowed back from the lifted heel. She thought she knew what it meant, how hard for this wronged wife to let go.

The child's thin voice called from out back: "Mom-mom--come see-ee!"

A door slamming loud somewhere in the back saved her from needing to go on. Then a child, a girl about four, ran in, bright, noisy, hands and knees smudged, and stood bumping her bare middle against her mother's legs.

"Mom-mom, come out and see the rug I made for my dirt house. Come out and see." Her hair was light brown, almost golden, much different from her mother's.

The young woman stroked her child's shoulder to turn her a little. "Cindy, these ladies are helping Heavenly Father."

The child became quiet and looked at them.

"Like the missionaries, and angels."

"Yes, honey." All three women laughed lightly. "Now go back out, and Mommy will come soon." She gave a guiding pat to the child's bottom.

"She's sweet," smiled Sister McGuire when the little girl had left. And apparently untroubled, not like you'd expect a child of a broken home to be.

Sister Walters was remembering her duty. "All the Relief Society messages this year have to do with charity," she began.

The motto, thought Sister McGuire, 'Charity Never Fails': but people did, and then how could charity stand?

"--and this month it's on the importance of forgiveness."

As if on cue, Sister McGuire chimed in, "The Doctrine and Covenants tells us, 'I, the Lord will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men,'" and immediately rued her glib tone.

"One thing I think," Sister McGuire took up the slack, "is, it's always harder to forgive the countless little everyday irritations than it is to forgive something big and obvious."

"It's always the little things that count," Sister McGuire added, then wondered if she could forgive herself for that triteness. They should have realized how awkward it might be to try to talk about this message. Sister Walters seemed to sense it too.

Sister Jeffrey raised her head and wiped her eyes with her fingers, then wiped her fingers on the folds of silk over her knees and looked at the ladies, her eyes clear again. "Forgive me, I shouldn't get so maudlin." Then, as if unable to resist, she laughed brightly, "Forgive me: we can't get off that topic, can we?"

Sister Walters was standing, so Sister McGuire stood too, saying as she did, "If there's anything we can do-- Well, let us try to be your friends."

"We won't keep you any longer," Sister Walters said. On their way over they had talked of having prayer with this sister they hadn't really met, but neither of them quite felt like it now, though Sister McGuire wished she did, and wished she had the courage to suggest it even if she didn't. And was she even supposed to forgive herself for failing like this?

"Yes," Sister Jeffrey was saying, "I have to finish getting ready, and there's Cindy's dirt house rug." She smiled warmly as she showed them to the door.

Passing the odd picture, Sister McGuire decided it was definitely unfinished. Yet it already had a title scribbled at the bottom--"Who Touched Me?"--that didn't fit with what she thought, didn't fit at all.

"Goodbye. It has been nice meeting you."

"I hope we find you home again."

"Please try."

It was some seconds after Sister Walters had let the screen fall shut, with a disturbingly loud slam, that they heard the inside door close.

Bruce W. Jorgensen
Ithaca, N.Y.



Mormon Woman Elected To Town Council

Kay Brockbank Webber, a registered Republican, was selected as a candidate by the Democratic Committee. On November 5 she was elected to the New Castle (New York) Town Board.

Prior to her election she was a member of the League of Women Voters, serving on the League Board and as an observer at the planning board meetings. She has also served as co-chairman of an independent library study group working on the proposed new Chappaqua library and on the School Board nominating committee. She has been a cub scout den mother, a brownie leader, a PTA class mother, and (according to the local newspaper, the *Patent Trader*) a "regional director of the Mormon Church."

Kay is a graduate of Brigham Young University and holds a teaching certificate. She and her husband Bob have five children, ages five to sixteen. They have lived in the New Castle area for fifteen years.

Kay's family supports her in her political efforts by taking over some of the household duties. During the campaign period each person prepared the evening meal one night a week. The children also helped manage her campaign.

Kay's successful campaign and subsequent election is a tribute to all of the Webbers, and especially to Kay. New Castle's Supervisor Richard Burns describes her: She is "articulate, bright, has wide exposure to the town and is familiar with it. She's very very competent."

S.L.P.

The religious superstitions of women perpetuate their bondage more than all other adverse influences.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

GRANDMA'S EARLY JOY TAKES SORROWFUL FLIGHT

When our first grandchild was born, I was ecstatic. I had a bright badge which proclaimed "I am a Grandmother," and I wore it to the office for two days so that everyone would know. It was foolish and funny, and when fellows who had been making obligatory passes the week before bawled out "Hey, grandma," I loved it.

It is five years later now, and as our three children have continued to bless us with little people, some of the glamour has worn thin. Let me tell you, being a grandmother is not all laughs. Sometimes it is downright harrowing.

Since we are a close-knit family, everyone is excited about everyone else's baby, and there is a constant exchange of advice and equipment. One traumatic grandmotherly experience came when I was pressed into service as an unwilling carrier for some of that equipment.

I had been visiting our son in the midwest, and it was time to plan my return flight. The day before I was to leave, we visited a friend who had just purchased a new (for her) home. It was a delightful old structure, boasting all the most modern conveniences, but clinging strictly to its original character. The front garden had been planned by the owner-builder eighty-seven years ago, and when I paused to exclaim over the lush beauty there, I set in motion a dreadful chain of events. My hostess was pleased with my enthusiasm, and insisted that I would enjoy even more the vegetable garden in the back yard. I'm not all that big on vegetables, but I exclaimed appropriately over the carrots and radishes. My comments on the cauliflower were not so much approval as amazement. Rows and rows of it, giant-size! Whatever it was that I said, my friend interpreted as enthusiasm for cauliflower, and immediately began searching out a head to offer me as a going-away present.

The first one she picked was not quite ripe enough, and she regretted having cut it as soon as she saw a more mature one. This she also plucked, and then she saw a larger one, which as a cauliflower lover, I must surely have. Before I could restrain her, she had picked five huge heads, they were stuffed into two big brown shopping bags, and these in turn were thrust into my unwilling arms.

Back at my son's house, my daughter-in-law and I looked at each other in distress. What could we do with five giant heads of cauliflower? We were completely cowed. Only one thing I knew for sure; we couldn't waste it. I grew up in less affluent

times, and I still have a reverence for food, any food. We do not waste it!

Since I was leaving the next day, my son kept insisting I take it home with me. Reasonably enough, he pointed out that it had been given to me. Besides that sneaky kid doesn't like cauliflower. I was adamant, however, I could not possibly fit it into my suitcases, and I had no intention of buying new luggage to haul cauliflower to California.

So the matter rested until the next morning when I was actually packing. My son came into my room with a Toddler Toidy, and informed me that no one in his household presently needed it, and I should therefore bring it home to grandchild number three. A toddler Toidy is all pearlized plastic, with a trap door, and an easily portable bowl that can be kept sterile--the works, just like the real thing, only smaller. Unfortunately, not smaller enough! Once more I was faced with an item that would not fit into my luggage, but in view of my encompassing maternal love, this was clearly an object that had to be brought home. While we were rigging up a horrendous, cumbersome, and unserviceable paper package for the precious potty my daughter-in-law marched in with a head of cauliflower that met the exact circumference of the bowl, and I was committed!

It was the week of the government-imposed mandatory search of hand luggage. If I had had the slightest notion that my package was going to be suspect, I would have refused to bring it even if grandchild number three didn't achieve potty training till his basketball coach sent him to the showers. I just didn't dream I would be a target for nervous guards looking for skyjackers.

Passengers at O'Hare that day were confronted by a pair of burly security men, conspicuous in uncoated white shirts with heavy revolvers on their thighs, and twitchy hands that dangled frighteningly near the holsters. They were so obviously "heavies" that I considered them more ludicrous than threatening. Nevertheless, I scanned the boarding passengers trying to pick out the skyjacker profile experts had written about. It appeared to me that all my fellow travelers were fairly normal, and I anticipated being assigned a dullard for a seat partner, and I wondered how many people were hoping they wouldn't get me!

Then it was my turn to pass the metal detectors and the visual inspection of the guards. My purse

was swinging wildly from my shoulder while I clung awkwardly to my Toddler Toidy, pushing it from side to side as I moved resolutely forward.

You know the rest, of course. How they closed in on me, demanding to know the contents of the crazy-shaped package in its wrinkled and rattling brown paper. You can guess that the cauliflower didn't fit as snugly as we had expected, and since I couldn't handle the package without constantly shifting and clutching at it, the lid and the seat chattered lightly against each other without let up. To newly-hired guards determined to put an end to air piracy, it was suspicious enough! When I explained the contents as a head of cauliflower in a Toddler Toidy, they regarded me with real horror. I think they could have handled a skyjacker with a bomb more comfortably. They had envisioned themselves on the eleven o'clock news, heroes who had out-manuevered a maniacal desperado. It was something of a come-down to be dealing with a nut with a potty chair.

I was hustled into a side room while they sent for a matron to search me. The offending package was gingerly turned over to another guard, presumably a demolition expert. Gradually the aura of pure panic dissipated.

When it was all over, I made the flight home in a petulant mood. Luckily more than a week elapsed before I had to face a grandchild, and by that time my resilient sprightliness had pretty well resurfaced. I do, however, want to make one thing perfectly clear. I shall never eat cauliflower again!

Ruth Wilson
Costa Mesa, California

The number of restless and bad men, that are now on the streets of Salt Lake City at night, render it necessary that ladies should be careful how they travel the streets after dark, unless accompanied by a male protector. Time was it was not so, but changes have occurred.

Women's Exponent
15 February 1873

Cottage Industry

Nursery School In Home

It started out small--just one morning a week, a basement, and a few neighborhood pre-schoolers. But before long Sally Berger and Julie Romney, sisters, discovered that their little nursery was in demand. "Actually," explained Julie, "the motivation wasn't money as much as the excitement of being involved in an outside project while remaining at home." Both Sally and Julie graduated from the University of Utah in Elementary Education

and had taught only briefly before their children began to arrive. The "neighborhood nursery" idea seemed to fill many needs: They could use their educations, make extra money, and have their children involved in the activities.

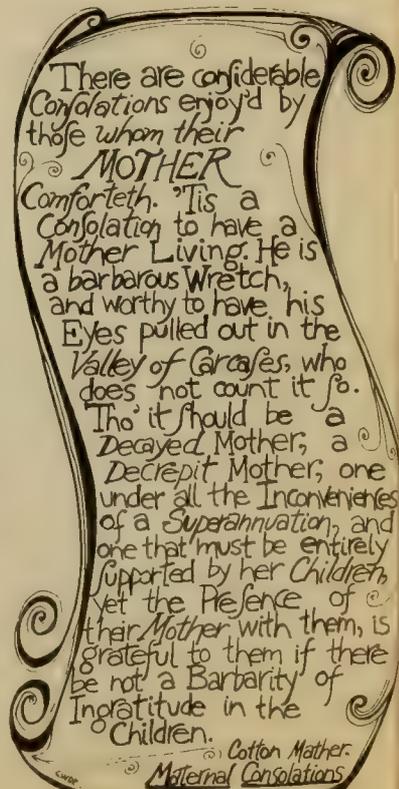
The second year, however, neighborhood mothers were clamoring at their doors, and they found themselves teaching two mornings a week with different children on each day. Sally gave up the project after the third year when she moved to California, but she sold her house, nursery included, to Julie's close friend Leslie Oswald who agreed to take over her half of the nursery partnership.

When I visited Leslie and Julie two years ago, they were busy in Leslie's basement, painting tiny chairs, tables and other juvenile furniture to improve on their already-nice equipment. Little did they know that within another year they would move from a basement operation to their own custom-built facility and be running a full-time pre-school!!! At that point, in order to remain at home with their own growing families, teachers were hired to do the actual teaching. Leslie and Julie continued to do most of the administration from their homes between diapers and peanut butter sandwiches.

Small Wonders Pre-School at 3422 East 70th South in Salt Lake City now has 160 children enrolled, and employs a staff of eight teachers and a full-time manager who lives at the school in a built-in apartment. Children between the ages of three and five attend either half or full day sessions two or three days each week.

In December, Julie Romney became the sole owner of Small Wonders Pre-School. She supervises scheduling and employment and plans the total curriculum. Relying upon her past experience as a teacher, current research, and field observations, Julie, still at home, writes all outlines used in the classrooms. She has only recently been released from her ward Primary Presidency and she still sings often with an excellent women's quartet. Her three children (soon to be four), ages 7, 5, and 3, have attended their mother's nursery school and have benefitted immensely. Julie plans to continue with the development of the pre-school as long as she finds it rewarding.

C. D. C.



The Frugal Housewife

Ode to the Vegetable:

Ratatouille

Ratatouille (rah-tat-too-ee) is the French noun for "stew"; a hearty version is presented here that is easily expandable, and its all-vegetable composition makes it economical as well. It is especially tasty served with thick slices of onion bread, still warm from the oven.

"Add garlic [to ratatouille] according to conscience and social engagements," says Craig Claiborne.

RATATOUILLE (10 servings)

- 1 medium-sized eggplant
- 2 Tbsp. salt
- 1/4 C. olive oil
- 2 large onions, sliced thinly and separated into rings
- 6 cloves garlic, minced or put through garlic press
- 2 green peppers, cut into strips
- 4 medium-sized zucchini squash, cut into bite-sized pieces
- 6 medium-sized ripe tomatoes, cut into wedges
- salt, freshly ground pepper
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 Tbsp. finely chopped fresh parsley
(1 1/2 Tbsp. dried parsley can be substituted, but the taste of fresh parsley is superior and worth the extra effort)
- 1 can tomato paste
- 1 tsp. oregano

Cut eggplant into 3/4" thick slices and then dice into small cubes. Spread out on a jelly roll pan and sprinkle with the 2 Tbsp. salt. Allow the eggplant to stand for 30 minutes; then rinse well and pat dry with paper towels. Heat oil in large skillet; sauté the onion and garlic for two minutes. Add green peppers and cook for two minutes more. Add eggplant; cook three minutes, stirring constantly; add zucchini and stir for three more minutes. Add tomatoes, thyme, bay leaf, parsley, tomato paste and oregano. Salt and pepper the mixture to taste. Simmer uncovered for forty minutes, or until all vegetables are tender, but not mushy. Remove bay leaf.

Note: Leftovers may be combined with additional tomatoes and/or meat and served over noodles or spaghetti.

P.E.B.



Onion Bread

- 2 envelopes dry yeast
- 1/2 C. warm water
- 1 pkg. Lipton's Onion Soup mix
- 1 1/2 C. boiling water
- 2 Tbsp. shortening
- 1/2 C. sugar
- 5-6 C. flour

Dissolve yeast in 1/2 C. warm water; set aside. Put boiling water in large mixing bowl; add shortening, sugar and then add soup mix, stirring to dissolve thoroughly. When soup mixture is lukewarm, add the yeast mixture. Stir in flour and mix well.

Knead dough until smooth and elastic. Put to rise until double in bulk. Punch down, shape into 2 loaves and rise until double again.

Bake 25-30 minutes in a 350° F. oven. Brush tops with melted butter after removing from oven.

Note: Packaged soup mixes (as well as bouillon cubes) contain excessive amounts of salt, so none is necessary in this recipe.

P.E.B.

Would you help your child and yourself at the same time? The next baking day, when your child begs to help, let him help. The usual excuse that the child receives is that the mother is too busy and can't be bothered. I thought I would give my children the chance to really cook, and what is the result? On baking day I can turn part, or the whole of my baking over to my fourteen-year-old son and my eleven-year-old daughter. They cook equally well and take pride in what they do. I do not ask them to do too much, just enough so they are always desirous of doing more.

Good Housekeeping's Book of Menus, Recipes, and Household Discoveries. New York, 1922

Use it up,
Wear it out,
Make it do--
Or do without!
--old Yankee proverb

Beef Jerky

Jerky, or dried meat, makes a delicious addition to lunch boxes. It is always a hit as party food, and a fine item to send to missionaries and those away at school. I don't know a more popular snack food for the family.

To prepare meat:

Use lean meat. (I prefer a rump roast.) Trim off any fat. Place in the freezer until firm enough to slice easily, but not hard. Slices should be no more than 1/8 inch thick.

Marinate all day--10 to 12 hours--in refrigerator in a jar large enough to avoid crowding. Lay the jar on its side, and turn it each time the refrigerator is opened.

Before bed time, drain meat in a colander, then place slices singly on a cookie sheet. (I put parchment paper under the meat to make the clean-up easier. Parchment paper, if you cannot find it elsewhere, is available at dairy supplies establishments. Ask for paper milk can gaskets.) Bake 30 minutes at 125°. Turn each slice over. Bake all night at the same temperature. Put in container with tight lid when thoroughly dry and cool (if it lasts that long).

Marinate (per 1 1/2 lb. meat):

- 1 tsp. liquid smoke
- 1 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 tsp. onion powder
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup worcestershire sauce

Try it, you'll like it!

Ina J. Hobson
El Cajon, California

Camomile Tea

Camomile tea somehow sounds good to me though I don't know its properties and I'm not sick in the usual sense. The word I recall from a soft tale read to me when I was little A rabbit child taken in from the world lay sick in bed was mothered and fed ..Camomile tea sounds good to me.

Elizabeth Chipman
Salt Lake City, Utah



Fathers At Sacrament Meeting

Priesthood officers are urged to give foremost attention to their families. They should sit with their families whenever possible in sacrament meetings and other Church meetings that families attend together, especially where small children are involved. For example, a high councilor or quorum president attending sacrament meeting without an official assignment may sit in the congregation with his family.

The Priesthood Bulletin
Vol. 10, No. 3 The Church of Jesus
Christ of Latter-day Saints 1974



George Edward Anderson Collection
Brigham Young University Library

The Sisters Speak



Is Church activity compatible with having close friends?

Kris Davis of Yankton, South Dakota, a musician and mother of two, now teaches music part-time. She has taught school and worked for the Republican National Committee in Washington, D.C. She writes: I'm hardly the person to attempt an answer since I've never felt the desire or need for close friends.

I think, though, that too many of us tend to blame on the Church things that are simply of our own making. I could easily say that because I live in the mission field, have numerous Church responsibilities, am responsible for visiting with my husband some eight to ten inactive members each month, have different beliefs than most of my associates, and finally am heavily involved in musical activities both teaching and performing, that I have no time for close friends; and even if I had the time there are no people with life styles and beliefs compatible with mine. Not so! True, the Church responsibilities take a lot of time; so I've learned to be efficient. If, on the other hand, I'm looking for a friend whose life is a mirror of my own then I live a dull existence.

I've had people make slight attempts at closer friendships and always find myself backing off because of the fear that such a relationship would entail a certain loss of freedom. I don't want to have to make explanations to anyone for my actions. I do want to feel free to do what I like with whom I like. As to having someone to confide in: I've never wanted that. A certain distrust in the ability of my own sex to keep confidences, I guess.

Again, if I don't have close friends, the fault is mine not the Church.

Nelda Bishop describes herself as a retired English teacher, wife, frustrated mother of five young children, and future professional college student and/or congresswoman. She is from Lake Oswego, Oregon and writes that CHURCH ACTIVITY IS NOT COMPATIBLE WITH HAVING CLOSE FRIENDS for at least three reasons:

1. Mormons have an anti-"wasting time" ethic that makes us feel guilty about just visiting. We feel that we really should be busy baking bread, preparing a Church lesson, taking dinner to a sick neighbor, or reading the scriptures. We can't waste our time just talking to someone who's happy and well and doesn't need fellowshiping.

Non-Mormon neighbors drop in for a cup of coffee, but Mormons can't come up with such a casual excuse to be friendly.

I know a general board member who happened to meet her daughter and grandson out walking. After talking only a few minutes, the grandmother said, without thinking, "Well, I guess I'd better quit wasting my time." And that's the Mormon ethic. Keep busy!

2. Mormon mothers of a "quiver full" of young children can't be close friends because, even if we ever could get the dishes done and the last diaper changed, we can't just drop in on someone-with five kids. We can't even visit after Church or Relief Society for a few minutes and still keep an eye on our pre-schoolers. Daytime babysitters are expensive and hard to find, and by the time the baby is delivered to the sitter, Johnny will be home from kindergarten in 45 minutes.

3. We expect Mormon women to be content to stay home performing duties that are 80% meaningless and putting their own enrichment last. So often, Mormon gatherings end up with the women together discussing morning sickness, recipes, and other trivia. If Mormon women are interested in philosophy, politics, the latest best seller, or any liberal idea, they have learned not to mention it. Iris W. Schow, a recently retired school teacher from Brigham City, Utah, writes, I don't think it's Church activity that is incompatible with having close friends, so much as that the whole pattern of life today is incompatible with close friendships. During forty-five consecutive years as a school teacher I have had very congenial, cooperative on the job relationships with other teachers. But the minute one of them left the school, her involvement with her new situation and my involvement with all my tie-ups put an end to close friendship, though the old regard and good wishes remain. Sociology tells us that no relationship between two people stands still, it is always either increasing or diminishing.

Working in the Meetings Library as Sunday School Librarian I find my respect and liking for the two ladies I am with part of every Sunday is growing, but except for Sunday, there is no relationship among us, as our trails never cross. As

Second Vice Capt. in DUP I am drawing closer to the other officers and seeing many charms and virtues in them, that I had not observed though I have known them all since the 1930's. Attending Relief Society regularly for the first time in my life, I feel closer to all of the women in the ward and more as if I "belong" than I ever have in all the years since coming here in 1935.

I believe this is as it should be. We are all so busy with whatever we are trying to accomplish for immediate family, all relatives, jobs, church, clubs, community and sometimes even a little self-expression through writing (my hang-up), music, painting, or crafts, that we just can't be pale with anyone as we were as school girls. But the old regard remains. I think family is the only constant in one's life, and even there the relationships are ever changing.

Karen Sorenson Smith of San Diego, California is a twenty-eight year old first year law student, mother of one, and wife of a student. She says she is vitally concerned with the role of women as defined by the Gospel, and she is also concerned with the quality of relationships from the standpoint of involvement and analysis. She writes: One of the reasons I feel it is difficult to establish good friendships within the Church is that it seems Church members are more reluctant to disclose themselves as they really are. Perhaps this is due to a fear of admitting to others (described as "themselves") areas wherein they do not concur with or live up to the many criteria and expectations set forth by the Church. Despite our doctrinal challenges to be individualistic and our dare-to-be-different banner outside of the Church, within the Church there exists a very real pressure to conform to the "good Mormon" stereotype. Although in this life all of us are supposed to be on the road to working out our problems/imperfections, it is interesting how easy it is to feel compelled to act as if we were already there.

Cheryl Lynn May of Salt Lake City, Utah, wrote a full scale answer to the question that is so good I'm including it whole even though it exceeds the one page limit. Cheryl has been a professor of government and is presently working on her dissertation.

Does the Church inhibit the development of close friendships? Many close ties exist among Church members, but can these be described as "friendships"? If not, why not? What is it, if not a friendship, that so effectively binds Church members to one another? In this short space, I wish to suggest a few factors which may prove to be relevant to a full-scale examination.

The first factor relates to what a social scientist might call "functional imperatives of 'movement' organizations." Today's Church, in its unabated proselytizing zeal, in the total selfless devotion it demands from its members, and in its utopian vision of a new and perfected Christian kingdom to come, is similar to a number of mass ideological crusades which have sprung up in the last two centuries. Current examples include the "social revolutions" now taking place in China and Cuba, and among the Christians the new "Evangelical Movement" within the Catholic Church. It might be suggested that the development of close, intimate friendships is not particularly functional for "movement" organizations. A cardinal principle of all such groups is that adherents be willing to sacrifice personal gratifications to promote the goals of the organization. Intimate, enduring friendships might be considered one of these personal "luxuries." Such friendships take time to develop and nurture, time which might better be devoted to projects promoting the cause. It might be suggested that an association of "Comrades" (as the word is used among Communist Party members) would be more valuable to a movement organization than an association of friends. A comrade is a trusted associate who can be counted upon for aid and support. But he does not make the demands for time and concern that one expects of a friend. Nor does he threaten the primacy of the movement by providing an alternate source of comfort or satisfaction to the individual.

Leaders of the Church, like those of many other movements, warn their members against the tendency to root themselves emotionally to one particular place. Members must be willing to move into new wards, new missions, and new callings throughout their lives if the expanding operations of the Church are to go forward. Close friendships often make one reluctant to accept new ward boundaries, mission calls to far away places, and other such disruptions of one's present circle of friends.

The time required to develop and nurture intimate friendships was mentioned in the previous section. Active Mormons are unquestionably given the opportunity to spend a good deal of time with one another. A typical member might expect to run into many of the same people four or five times a week in the course of Church activities. In addition to Sunday meetings, ward members associate with one another at weekly auxiliary and preparation meetings, while participating in welfare and building projects, and at the many parties, dinners, showers, etc. sponsored by the ward itself and by individual members. It appears to be the case however, that these contacts are not in themselves sufficient to produce close and intimate relationships. Close friends have usually developed the kind of relaxed and trusting relationship that allows them to abandon the more formalized roles and behavior patterns that the world expects of them. Mormons, in both their formal meetings and less formal parties, seem compelled to structure their time and activities to a very high degree. Several months ago, as I pair-fusedly pushed a threadpool down a clothesline with my nose during the fourth "game" of a Mormon baby shower, I was reminded that most Mormons seem suspicious of gatherings where people simply get to know one another better. Even socials are expected

to be "supervised activities," highlighted by games and programs. It could be that this penchant for structuring formal and informal activities inhibits many from the mutual self-revelation and discovery that lead to true intimacy.

While these factors may restrict the development of close friendships within the Church; other factors encourage such relationships. The Church, in its basic doctrines and activities, embodies the principles of mutual love and concern at the foundation of healthy friendships. Most Mormon families give children the security and respect which allow them to develop permanent, rewarding relationships when they mature. But it is my observation that the majority of close friendships among Church members are spawned not through the "normal channels" of regular Church meetings and socials, but through other types of shared experiences. Close bonds often develop between college roommates or missionary companions, or from sharing the joys and problems of raising small children. The Mormon women's groups now active in Boston, Salt Lake, and Provo are one response to the need some Church members feel for more spontaneous, relaxed, and supportive relationships with their sisters and brothers in the gospel.

In conclusion, I might venture the personal opinion that while close, intimate friendships are one of the great treasures of life, they are not the only value worth pursuing. A devotion to the work of the Lord might at times involve a degree of loneliness. Jesus warned the faithful on many occasions that they would be required to leave their families, friends, and earthly possessions when necessary for building the kingdom. I see no indication that this warning has been rescinded in the present dispensation. Active devotion to the Lord's "movement" may require the sacrifice of close friendships.

In the June issue The Sisters Speak will consider work. A great many Church members who are mothers of small children work outside their homes. How do you feel about this explosive issue? What opinions, experiences, problems, and solutions can you share with us? Be sure to limit your letters to one page and send them by March 15 to The Sisters Speak.

J.R.D.



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Sports

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS

Since the body is not only the "temple of the soul," but also its servant and friend, the means by which it is able to make impressions on tangible things, it has claims to care and culture, education and development, only secondary to those of the soul itself. If it be true that a cramped body can only give imperfect impressions to the desires and capabilities of the soul, how manifestly important that no pains should be spared to unfold every latent power, and train to the utmost extent of useful action, every bone, muscle, organ and nerve which the body contains!

This article is written especially in the interest of girls, for custom has long demanded for boys vigorous and healthy exercise, which is the legitimate means of giving harmonious vigor to the body. But custom has also forbidden for girls such exercise, because forsooth, it is ungentle to wrestle, run and row; and scarcely dare the slaves of sex and fashion indulge in equestrian exercise; certainly not without various trappings and restrictions which fetter free movement. It is time that more common-sense views were entertained on this subject, especially by the people of Utah, whose aim is the renewal of the primeval strength and longevity of the human race. There can be no valid reason why we may not break through the trammels of foolish and groundless customs, such, for instance, as the deep prejudice against whistling. If it is proper for a boy to whistle, why be shocked so deeply when under similar circumstances a girl indulges in the harmless pastime! Not that to be debarr'd from whistling would be a great privation, but little things exemplify great ones; as the Bostonians argued respecting three cents a pound on tea.

It is not enough that one sex be trained to bodily strength and symmetry; that is doing the work in halves. Let the girls also have due attention on this point. And do not let all their exercises be drudgery, either. Washing, sweeping and churning are all very well in their place; but if "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy," I contend that it will also make Jill a dull girl. She should learn to skate, to swim, to play ball, and—yes, to shoot! Self protection demands this last in these wild, western countries, and to my mind it would be far more pleasing to see our girl going out on shooting excursions with her brothers and sturdily bearing home at night the game she has captured, than faced up in corsets, with smelling bottle at nose, giving little plaintive screams if she should spy a mouse, or a frog, or any of God's



harmless creatures which should awaken admiration for His boundless wisdom, instead of fear or even disgust. It is high time that such nervous timidity, not to say such affectation, should pass into disfavor. And the very best way to accomplish this desirable end, would be to give the girl such confidence in her physical prowess that she would feel herself equal to any small contingencies.

It would be a pleasant sight to see commodious play-grounds attached to every schoolroom in the land; where both boys and girls should be encouraged to engage in active games suitable to their age and strength. And more; well ordered and well conducted calisthenisms should be established where girls might hoard strength of nerve and spine, which shall enable them to defy the many ailments which to-day afflict their mothers and almost make their lives a burden. Like all good things, exercise must be used with due moderation; but so long as it does not pass that boundary, it is the great tonic which will give lithe limbs, bright eyes, and straight spines to the next generation. No better physicians can be found than pure air, regular habits, cheerfulness and judicious exercise. Give these to the girls as well as the boys, and see how soon feeble, incapable, wornlooking mothers will be replaced by rosy, smiling matrons, whose well-ordered households and beautiful, sweet-tempered children, bear witness to their great capabilities.

Lu Patton
Woman's Exponent 31 Jan 1873

Women & Athletics

There are myths and realities regarding equality for women in competitive athletics. Women can't play football because they'll damage their reproductive organs—they'll develop bulging muscles—there's no protective equipment for women's breasts, not to mention menstrual irregularity and the fact that female bones break easier.

In reality, the female uterus is the most shock resistant of all human internal organs, and certainly more so than male external genitalia. Bulging muscles depend on the amount of male hormones a person has, while breast protectors could be designed for women, if necessary, just as easily as protective equipment has been for men. Olympic women athletes have won athletic competitions at all stages of their menstrual cycles, and as far as bone structure, women have smaller bones, but not more fragile ones.

What makes female athletic injuries significantly different when lacerations, sprains, and broken bones are treated the same for all people?

Physical education departments are the only sex identified body of knowledge in the school curriculum. We don't have boy's math and girl's math—or women's physics and men's physics. The real inequalities are seen in facilities, equipment, personnel, kinds of programs, and officiating services.

I wonder if women will ever officiate men's games and did you know that women's games were easier to officiate because they have more accommodating and less skillful players?

Lee Corso, a football coach at Indiana University hired a female assistant coach and made the statement that it was not for the purpose of helping with the coaching process, but to tutor the players who were weak in academic areas!

An interesting pattern exists for men in sports. They compete in games that require strength and endurance—and touching. (Other than "Give me five.") Those reserved to a great extent for females are figure skating, dance, diving and gymnastics.

At all levels of education women are welcomed into sporting circles to support the male endeavor. They are cheerleaders, baton twirlers, or part of the drill team.

Athletics reflect cultural norms. The myths and stereotypes perpetuate what is "right" for men and what is "right" for women. American sports emphasize and reward traits in which men tend to excel.

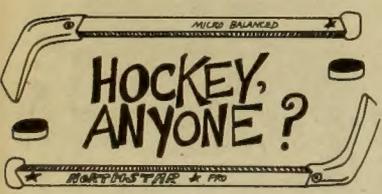
Myths are slow to die. Attitudes towards women in sports need to incorporate the idea that all men are not superior to all women in all athletic skills.

Sue Stevenson
Ogden Utah

Some Suggestions For Our Contributors

1. Though we publish longer articles, we prefer the two to four page length.
2. Don't quote too much. We want your words.
3. If you want your manuscript returned, be sure to say so. A stamped, self-addressed envelope would help.
4. After writing, rewriting and writing again, type fresh double-spaced pages, one side only, with generous margins all around. Two copies would be appreciated.
5. Identify every page with your name and a short title. Put name, address, title and approximate number of words on the first page.
6. Contributions of art work—graphics, photographs, etc.—are encouraged. Be sure they are well identified.
7. Despite the above, pencilled philosophies written at 2 a.m. on the back of old grocery lists will not be ignored.

The Management



Yes! Complimentary copies are still available for your friends. Send ten names with addresses and zip codes to the Expo box.

We regret that the columns of Estaleah Harmsen Baker's article "He That is Righteous is Favored of God" in the last issue were reversed.

Friends

Encouragement is offered to the Exponent in many instances from friends whose judgement and candor as well as their open heartedness we esteem very highly, and we are happy in acknowledging our obligations and in tendering our thanks for the same.

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EXPOSITION II
Vol. 1, No. 4, March 1975

Published quarterly by Mormon Sisters, Inc., a non-profit corporation.

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