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The Gospel Goes to the Lamanites

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Abstract: Shows examples of how the missionaries are carrying the gospel to the Indian, Mexican, and Spanish-American people. The Book of Mormon is a great converter because it tells of their ancestry and the beginning of their race.



THIS DRAWING OF A PUEBLO WOMAN WITH HER BASKET OF DRIED CORN, THE STAFF OF LIFE OF THE SOUTHWESTERN INDIANS, STANDING BY HER ADOBE HOUSE AND BEEHIVE SHAPED OVEN, WAS MADE BY ELDER LAWRENCE G. DOWDING, PRESENT PRESIDENT OF THE COLORADO-NEW MEXICO DISTRICT.

NEARLY a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, history was being made in that vast expanse known as the Great Spanish southwest. During the hundred years before Miles Standish, Roger Williams, and John Winthrop were known in New England, Cabeza de Vaca, Francisco Coronado, and Friar Marcos de Niza through their explorations and adventures in that land of wonderful contrasts along the Rio Grande, were indelibly emblazoning their names on the pages of American History. Tales of immeasurable wealth and fabulous cities caused hundreds of Spanish Dons to leave their old world Villas and cross the sea in search of New World gold.

Along with these adventurers, serving to temper their iron hand, came missionaries, who, with more altruistic motives, succeeded in bringing the bronzed natives under the influence of the Spanish culture and religion. These same natives, to whom Columbus had given the name of "Indians," saw many of the invaders, led perhaps by the romance of the country, take to wife their most beautiful sisters and daughters, and thus they saw spring up on both sides of the Rio Grande a new race—a race that, although it retained

THE GOSPEL GOES TO THE LAMANITES

THROUGH THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION.

By VAUGHN GREEN
Secretary

and CARL H. JACOB
Formerly of the Spanish-American Mission

the Indian characteristics, drifted away from their traditions and acquired the language of their Castilian forebears.

During the following decades that saw their land wrested from Spain with the liberty of Mexico, and then in turn that part of it north of the Rio Grande become a possession of the United States, these two peoples, the Indians and their cousins, the Spanish-Americans north of the river and the Mexicans on the south, lived side by side, tilling the sun-baked soil, little dreaming of the glorious civilization that once was their forefathers' long before the Spanish conquerors made their appearance.

History in a measure is repeating itself, and to these people has come a new group of missionaries. These missionaries, unprecedented by the sword, and bringing no new language, have come to apprise them of that culture and glory that ex-

isted in the land of their fathers at a time when the Europeans were barbarians and the Romans a few scattered tribes on the banks of the Tiber. They bring the interesting information that long before Hernando Cortez first set foot on Mexican soil at Vera Cruz, the forefathers of the Indians were Christians, having been visited personally by the Creator and Savior of the world almost two millenniums ago.

The words of these modern disseminators are finding ready reception in the hearts of many of these original Americans, because they find many beliefs similar to those legends of their White God represented so prolifically by the plumed serpent on the Central American and Mexican temples.

BEFORE THE BASKETBALL GAME IN THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL GYMNASIUM.

The players are, reading left to right: Seated—Elder Val Despain, two young Spanish-American M Men, Ben Romero and Thomas Gomez. Standing—Elder Ralph Gardner, Elder Vaughn Green, Filadelfio Miera, one of the M Men, Elder Carl Jacob, and the four Lujan brothers, Joe, Henry, Cesario, and Jimmy. The Indian team is on the right, and the Mormons on the left.





A GROUP OF 150 PUEBLO INDIANS OF THE SAN JUAN PUEBLO IN CHAMITA, NEW MEXICO WHO SAW THE SLIDES AND HEARD THE LECTURE ON THE ORIGIN OF THEIR FOREFATHERS. THE FOUR L. D. S. MISSIONARIES CAN BE SEEN IN THE REAR OF THE TABLE WHICH HAS THE SLIDE MACHINE, LEFT TO RIGHT—ELDERS LAWRENCE G. DOWDING, VALDEN O'DONNAN, THOMAS KERBY, AND CARL H. JACOB.

This God, called "Quetzalcoatl" by the Aztecs and "Kukulcan" by the Mayas, appeared, they maintain, to their predecessors in the distant past to teach them the plan of life. These young proselyters, most of them in their early twenties, have brought a history written centuries ago in the language of the ancient Americans and translated a few decades ago for the world by a youthful prophet, that gives the very basis of these legends.

Thus, with the Book of Mormon some seventy-eight young Latter-day Saint Missionaries of the Spanish-American Mission under President Orlando C. Williams with headquarters in El Paso, Texas, are carrying to the thousands of Mexican, Spanish-American, and Indian people of the United States the true knowledge of their ancestry. Living in a scientific age, these missionaries have many advantages not

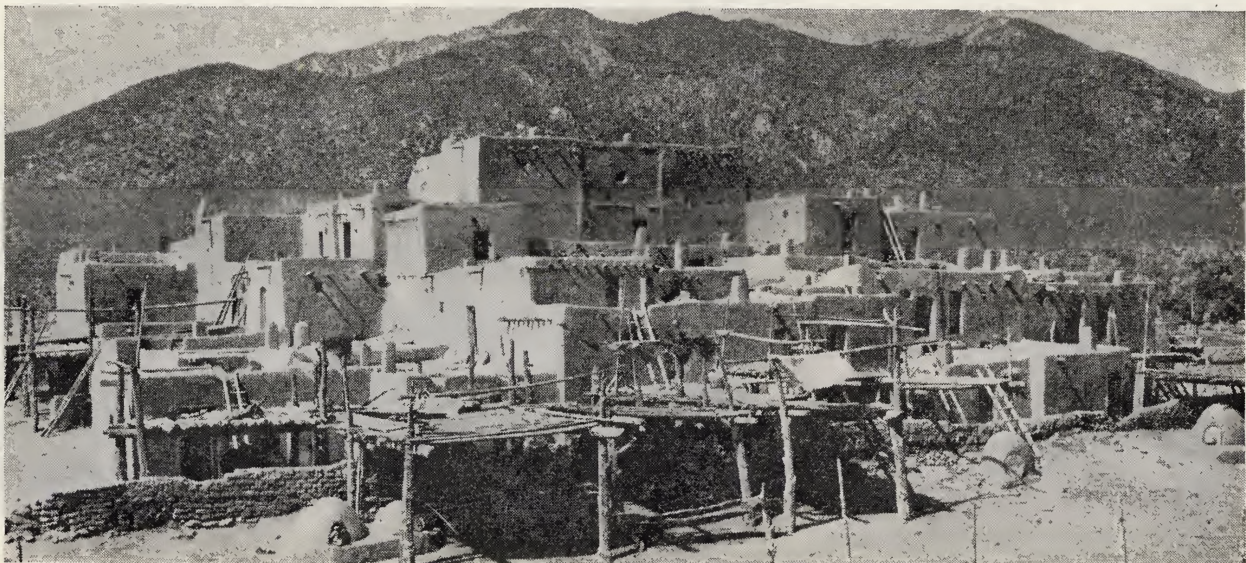
known by the Spanish or the earlier Nephite Missionaries to that people. They have found, like the modern theorists of education, that a large percent of all learning comes through the eye. Almost every pair of missionaries throughout the mission is equipped with a portable film projector and strips of film depicting anything from "Latter-day Saint Leadership" to the "Ruins of Mexico." Especially in the use of the latter kind of film, where there is a direct personal appeal for these modern descendants of those who left the archeological relics, have they been successful in the distribution of the Book of Mormon.

IN LESS than a month's tour over Colorado and New Mexico with the film "Before Columbus," put out by the Church Radio, Publicity, and Mission Literature Committee, Elders Carl H. Jacob and Vaughn Green, presidents of that district of the Spanish-American Mission, with the help of the local Elders, appeared before 2,228 Spanish-speaking people in seventeen meetings. By showing on the screen the tangible evidences of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon as discovered by

modern archeologists in Mexico, Central and South America, an interest in that remarkable record was kindled in the hearts of those in attendance, as evidenced by the fact that 162 remained after the meetings to ask for and receive a copy of the Book of Mormon in Spanish. The film was shown in schools, a C. C. C. camp, Indian Pueblos, sectarian churches, private homes, halls rented for that purpose, and on street corners. Perhaps the most unusual way the lecture was presented was before a crowd in a street meeting. To open the proselyting work in the new field of Carlsbad, New Mexico, Elders Green and Jacob, along with Elders Lawrence G. Dowding of Salt Lake, and Clayton E. Chantrill of Newdale, Idaho, obtained a vacant store window which they whitened with Bon Ami. Then re-

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THE TAOS PUEBLO, ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST PICTURESQUE OF ALL NEW MEXICAN PUEBLOS, SITUATED AT THE FOOT OF THE BEAUTIFUL TAOS MOUNTAINS. THE PUEBLO CONSISTS OF TWO COMMUNAL DWELLINGS BUILT IN THE TERRACED SKY SCRAPER STYLE, SEPARATED BY A LITTLE MOUNTAIN STREAM THAT FLOWS DOWN THROUGH THE PLAZA THAT DIVIDES THEM. IN THE CENTER AND BOTTOM OF THE EDIFICES IS A LARGE ROUND ROOM CALLED A "KIVA" IN WHICH ARE HELD THEIR MOST SACRED RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.





LUCY WOODRUFF SMITH

LUCY WOODRUFF SMITH

a Tribute

By CLARISSA A. BEESLEY

SHE WAS our friend, our loyal, understanding friend. Simple and modest in dress and in conduct, one felt instinctively that any form of sham or insincerity was out of place in her presence. She was thoroughly genuine. These characteristics above all others, made her friendship of the highest worth.

The life of Lucy Woodruff Smith is beautiful to contemplate. By reason of her unfaltering faith, her splendid character and personal sweetness, her cheerful optimistic outlook, she seemed to dignify each event in her life's history. The events in that life may be summarized briefly. Her infancy "down on the Muddy," in Nevada, where her parents endured the rigors of pioneer life; her childhood in Randolph; her girlhood in Salt Lake City, during which the death of her mother, when Lucy was but nine years of age, brought a sorrow and tenderness which the child never forgot; her life with her grandparents under whose care and warm affection she developed into happy womanhood; her training in clerical work which made her an expert in record keeping and map making; her marriage to Elder George Albert Smith; her labors as a companion and missionary in the Southern States Mission and later in Europe; her public work in the Church; her beautiful home life, filled with devotion as a wife and a mother; her last sad months of illness—these are the mile stones only. It is left for her family and friends to fill in the story with their memories of the richness and beauty she brought into each period of her career.

How her family loved her! There was always a tenderness in the voice and eyes of her husband when he

spoke of her, and her children were bound to her in deepest affection. The lasting gratitude of a brother is hers for the influence she exerted over him during days of youthful heedlessness. When the advice of other relatives or friends had little or no effect upon him, this sister's love was a power which saved and guided him away from dangerous pitfalls.

Lucy Woodruff Smith was a womanly woman in the truest sense of the word. She was a daughter who loved and revered her noble ancestry. She was a helpmate who honored and sustained her husband in his high position as apostle in the Church. She was a mother who passionately loved her children. She was a sister and friend to many who came under her gentle influence. In her home there was often a place for another boy or girl who needed her motherly protection.

In our Mutual Improvement organization, Sister Smith was a shining light. During her girlhood days, she gave service in the Seventeenth ward. Later she became counselor in the presidency of the Salt Lake Stake, and was the first president of the Y. L. M. I. A. of that stake after its last division. Those of us who were privileged to associate with her then pay tribute now to her loveliness of character and disposition. She was capable, efficient and showed to us, her companions, kindness and consideration in the highest degree.

Sister Smith was an interesting and capable speaker. Her ideas were clear and she expressed them clearly and fluently. A friend said to her once, "You need only to open your mouth and the words seem to flow without effort." But it was the spirit behind those words which convinced her hearers, for that spirit was characterized by sincerity and deep humility. One always felt that she had

received a portion of the gift which had been her grandfather's—President Wilford Woodruff—the gift of speaking with power to convince the honest-hearted listener.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ meant everything to Lucy W. Smith. It was easy for her to be obedient to its teachings. She relied implicitly upon its promises and was, again like her grandfather, susceptible to the influences and promptings of the Holy Spirit. One of her sayings was, "If you put yourself in tune with the Spirit of the Lord you always receive a blessing." She looked forward longingly to the time when the Savior should come upon the earth knowing that only through His divine leadership will the problems of this weary world be solved and its sorrows assuaged.

She was our friend—and we shall cherish her memory until the time of reuniting.

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versing the film and putting their machine on the inside of the store, they attracted the attention of the passing Mexicans. While a large gathering of men gazed attentively at the beautifully colored pictures of the ancient cities of Mexico, which were seen very readily from the sidewalk, the four Mormon Elders sang and told them of the origin of the builders of those cities and of the coming forth of the history written by them. Four of the listeners asked for a copy of the Book of Mormon after the meeting.

One most interesting lecture was presented at the San Juan Indian Pueblo at Chamita, where Juan Onate first established the capital of New Mexico. Elders Dowding and Jacob with Elders Thomas Kerby of Douglas, Arizona, and Valden O'Donnal of Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico, had the opportunity of appearing before one hundred and fifty full-blooded "Lamanites" to explain to them by means of the slides the beginning of their race. In arranging for this meeting the Elders were permitted to attend a council meeting held in the governor's house. The Indians sat around in a circle in a large room. After hearing them discuss their problems in the Indian dialect, the missionaries explained in Spanish what they had to offer them. (All of the older Pueblo Indians speak Spanish besides Indian, and many of them, as

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well as the younger ones, speak English.)

The district presidency with Elders Ralph Gardner of Salt Lake City, Chellis Hall of Eagar, Arizona, and Val Despain of Prescott, Arizona, and several M Men of the Taos Branch appeared before three hundred Indians of the Taos Pueblo high up in the beautiful Taos Mountains near the famous artist colony of the same name, and afterwards were beaten in a lively game of basketball by the Indian team 28-12. The Indians showed a very marked aptitude for the game and were too fast for the Mormons.

These Pueblos are two of eighteen villages which lie along the upper part of the Rio Grande, which winds its way from the mountains of Southern Colorado to the Gulf of Mexico. In these villages, in the very shadow of the ruins of the ancient people that populated the Pajarito Plateau, live some eight or ten thousand Pueblo Indians. This name, which in Spanish means "town," has been applied to them because of their gregarious habit of living in villages, in many of which the houses are stacked together to form an edifice much like a tene-

ment. Some of these have as many as four or five stories, and are built in the set back skyscraper style. The higher and inner rooms are only accessible by ascending a ladder from the roofs of the lower homes. Made of adobe, these Pueblos appear to be part of their surroundings and to have grown up from the ground.

In visiting the towns of San Juan, San Ildefonso, and Santa Clara, where they talked to the governors (a governor to rule the pueblo is elected each year from among and by the Indians themselves) of each pueblo, the missionaries were exceedingly interested to learn that the prevalent religious symbol in the Pajaritan pottery is that of the feathered serpent called the Awanyu which, like the plumed serpent so common in the ruins of Mexico, represents the, perhaps not so mythical, God of the pre-Columbian aborigines. According to Edgar Lee Hewett, the well-known authority on the southwestern Indians: "It can hardly be doubted that the combination of bird and serpent, emblematic of deific power of sky and earth, called the Awanyu by the Pueblos is the Quetzalcoat of the Aztec Mythology." (Hewett, *Ancient Life in the American Southwest*, p. 214.)

Thus are these legends and traditions of the Indians being substan-

tiated by the history of their forefathers, written so long ago by their Prophet Leader, Mormon, and given to the world so recently by the modern Prophet Joseph Smith. In carrying this history to these people, these young missionaries are fulfilling a remarkable prophecy written in that work over 2,500 years ago:

"... There shall be many which shall believe the words which are written; and they shall carry them forth unto the remnant of our seed. And then shall the remnant of our seed know concerning us, how that we came out from Jerusalem, and that they are descendants of the Jews. And the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them, wherefore, they shall be restored unto the knowledge of their fathers, and also to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which was had among their fathers. And then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God. . . ." (Book of Mormon, II Nephi 30:3-6.)

The Spanish-American Mission is young, having been divided but recently from the Mexican Mission, but with all the zeal of her youth she looks forward to the great work that lies in store for her among this indigenous people. Surely through her and her sisters, the other Lamanite missions, shall the promise come to pass:

"... Their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a white and delightsome people." (Book of Mormon, II Nephi 30:6.)

None But The Brave

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around the tiny room in not many more strides. Suddenly he stopped and then said abruptly, "I'm going away, Linda."

Linda sat rather breathless and answered, "Yes?" There was so much to say but only Harvey could say it.

"You know I've been hoping for a chance to go west—to get into the ranching game. I suppose it sounds foolish to you that anyone would want to leave the city, but I've always had a yearning for the so-called wide open spaces and now I have an opportunity to rent a ranch from an uncle. Perhaps in time I can buy it. I had hoped at first to take you with me—but it wouldn't be fair. I couldn't ask you to leave the comforts of the city for the hardships of ranch life."

He walked over and touched her coat. "I guess it was this coat that sort of scared me out. Beautiful things belong to you, Linda. You're

too lovely to have only the drab in life."

Linda sat stricken and dumb. Her hopes had crashed so suddenly and completely that she couldn't find any piece large enough to take hold of. Somehow they said goodbye, and Linda was left alone. Mechanically she picked up the coat and hung it up. She gave a hysterical little cry as she closed the closet door.

The dreary winter somehow dragged itself out. Spring came and she greeted the first robin indifferently, wondering why he was so foolish as to come to a city when he was perfectly free to go west and live on a ranch.

The hope that lived on in one small corner of her heart was suddenly rewarded one day when at last a letter came. She tore the envelope off and read eagerly:

"My dear Linda:

"Some smart guy once said, 'Go West, young man,' and I am sure that he had me personally in mind. I get up at five in the morning and

milk hundreds of cows and then I feed them all day and milk them again at night. I go to bed so weary that I forget to wind the clock. But the sky is blue and the winds are fresh. I am doing a man's work and some day I shall look over these acres and call them mine.

"I have even learned to be courageous. I was a coward when I left you. I was afraid of a fur coat. Now I have become brave to the point of asking you to share these acres with me. It's hard work for a woman too, but I believe that you also have courage. There's something very fine in your soul, Linda. Something I couldn't resist."

Linda finished the rest of the letter before she drew a real breath and then she flung a glance of superiority at the fur coat hanging in the closet. "*Piece de resistance*," she scoffed.

She put on her new hat at an angle exactly attuned to spring and then went out to hunt for the nearest florist for she knew that she simply must have a rose-colored hyacinth.