

sion within the Church during the 1830's (p. 22). Actually, "the vision" references allude to the Vision of the Degrees of Glory which Church members for a while were told not to repeat because conflict often ensued.

But despite its shortcomings, the evidence in Stewart's book demonstrates that *No Man Knows My History* is an inexact portrait, not a history of Joseph Smith, and that scholars may profit by a serious re-examination of the popular biography. Stewart aims to alert the reader to Brodie's deliberate manipulating of her sources, and to urge him to proceed with caution and not complacently accept all that Brodie propounds as history. Hopefully, from a springboard such as *Exploding the Myth About Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet* a more trustworthy biography of the Mormon Prophet will emerge and the historical Joseph will be found.



## SHORT NOTICE

*Out of the West.* By Lu Jones Waite. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1968.

Richard Tracy, a champion rodeo performer, ropes Michael Van Vlete, III, a cowboy-man of the world and Harvard graduate, into going home with him to the Rocking T Ranch. Mike likes his new environment ("What an empire! What a way of life! Michael Van Vlete felt prickling goose bumps . . ."), and likes even more Richard's sister "Lovely Linda" ("teeth as even as matched pearls," "twin dimples," "round, hard and desirable"). *Out of the West* is the story of a Mormon family and the cowboy who becomes a part of it.

No one can quarrel with Mrs. Waite's sincerity; she no doubt sees the book as an inspirational guide to the problems and heartaches common to many L.D.S teenagers. Deseret Book Company anticipates that "this intriguing story will bring both tears and laughs to all who read it, and will help build faith and testimony. . . ." But the world she describes is old-fashioned,

an anachronistic era. It has never heard of urban blight, has never had its conscience nudged by James Baldwin or John Kennedy, or its religious security challenged by Malcolm Boyd or, even, a Baptist. It is a compote of simplicity offered to a generation of teenagers with emotionally and intellectually complex problems.

The characters are variations on the same prototype: the good man. Even the antagonists are really angels with human frailties temporarily grafted on. The only villain of some persuasiveness says to Linda, "Light of my life — you could have all this and more, if you'd say yes to Old Shep. You could even make a good Mormon out of his hull." Linda, her brother, and "Mater" are all well on their way to the Celestial Kingdom and speak saccharine lines of love and goodness. Grannie and Grandpa are paragons of virtue, but Grannie's sentences are characterized by a dialect that, hopefully, doesn't fall as unnaturally from her lips as it does on our ears: "Ye are too good Papa, but of course ye are right." And that is the trouble with the book. It is a narrative sincerely conceived and drawn, but it falls unnaturally upon a generation that knows little of the simplistic life it describes.

*Linda Lambert  
Beverly Hills, Calif.*

