

Hubert Case



Alice Case

A Missionary of the Church

The Life of Hubert Case

By Alice Montague Case

A Mind That Sought the Lord

HUBERT CASE, the third son of James M. and Dorinda (Martin) Case, was born at Mondamin, Iowa, June 5, 1870. His father's parents were brought into the church by Oliver Cowdery in 1831. They were among the first of the church people to settle in Jackson County, afterward sharing the troubles and difficulties of the Saints in Clay and Caldwell Counties, and finally at Nauvoo. After the exodus from Nauvoo they moved to Keokuk, Iowa. Not satisfied, they went farther west and lived by the Des Moines River near the site of the present capital of the state.

It was not long until they went to Council Bluffs. They remained there for some time and finally journeyed northward about fifty miles, homesteading near where the town of Onawa, Iowa, now stands.

The father, James M., enlisted in the Civil War and served throughout with a regiment of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry. After the war he married Dorinda Martin of West Virginia, and they made their home on a farm near the village of Mondamin. It was there that they heard the gospel. It must not have been new to Hubert's father, though he had paid little heed to it. But to Hubert's mother it was entirely new. At the close of the series of meetings, the

parents, two brothers, and one sister were baptized. Hubert wished greatly to be baptized also, but was considered too young, although he was then nine years old.

Not long after their baptism Hubert's parents moved to a farm about six miles from the village of Moorhead, Iowa. They seldom attended church services, but the children of the neighborhood were from homes of church people. Hence it was that when a group of boys planned to ride on horseback to attend a day of the Western Reunion, Hubert and his brothers planned to go also.

They started very early and arrived in time for the first service of the day, a prayer meeting, which was spiritual and interesting. This was followed by a sermon which seemed to be preached all for him. He decided then that he would be baptized. So the following Sunday Elder J. M. Putney baptized him and his brother Oscar at Moorhead.

The Cases were farm people and always busy. But as Hubert drove his team in the field, or went about other tasks, he was constantly meditating and praying; often fasting, too, asking the Lord for light and guidance. It was not long until he was chosen superintendent of the Sunday school at Moorhead, and he went into that work with all the zeal he had.

Ordination

IN THE LATTER PART of the 1800's the gospel work, which had been preached in the western part of Iowa for many years, seemed to take on new life. Some of the old members

became more diligent, and many of the younger ones began for the first time to feel they had a duty to perform. The branch at Moorhead, Iowa, is the one which I am particularly designating, because my family, the Montagues, had belonged to it since its organization, and I since my ninth year, when I was baptized. Probably none of our crowd of young people could have given very intelligent answers to an inquirer, but somehow we became awakened, and began to study and really enjoy our church, our Sunday school, and a little later, Religio.

A new church had just been built and that aroused our enthusiasm still more. We tried to build up an efficient choir and were fortunate in having a good leader. Hubert and Oscar Case had been baptized a short time before that, and they gladly did their bit in choir work, or any other work they were called upon to do. Hubert was soon ordained a priest and found much to do in that office.

A Prophecy

At the reunion held in Logan, Iowa, in 1894, during a prayer meeting attended by hundreds of people, an old man arose from his seat directly behind Hubert and Oscar. He spoke with the gift of tongues and, laying his hands on the heads of Hubert and Oscar, and later on the heads of two other young men who

sat beside them, he prophesied that they should all preach the gospel and should be sent to far places.

The tongue was immediately interpreted, and it was not long until the three others of the group were ordained. At the quarterly conference held in Magnolia, Iowa, in March, 1894, Hubert was ordained an elder. There had been much talk all that spring and summer about the gospel boat, "Evanelia." We worked in every way possible to raise money to help build the vessel, without the smallest idea on our parts that we should be passengers on it.

When the call was made for volunteers for the South Sea Islands Mission, Hubert and Oscar were among the first to send their names. As a priest Hubert had worked hard among the scattered members of the branch, many of whom were roused by his visits to a new diligence and began to attend church much more regularly.

We, Alice and Grace Montague, were schoolteachers. We seldom were far enough away so that we could not attend church. My sister was usually the organist, but if for any reason she could not be, I was her substitute. She had married about two years before, but still attended church whenever possible.

When it became known that two missionaries were expected to go on the boat, and it also became known who those missionaries were to be, the interest became keener than ever. Our branch learned that Hubert and Oscar had been chosen out of a number who volunteered. The congregation felt honored, and when it was announced that President Joseph Smith was coming and would speak in our church on September 30, interest ran high.

Marriage

Hubert came over to my sister's to see me one night in September. We talked a great deal about the boat, the natives, et cetera, and then finally he got around to the question he had been trying to arrive at all evening, "Would you go?" I an-

swered honestly, "Yes, I would." So after Brother Joseph preached his sermon on Sunday, September 30, 1894, he came down from the platform, stood before the choir, and we two rose and were married.

Everybody was much surprised, although we had dated quite frequently in months past. My mother was inclined to think it was a matter of convenience on his part, but my father said, "This is as it ought to be." Of that I was sure.

Preparation for the Trip

During the week we learned that Oscar could not go after all. His wife and her people feared the sea; they could not bear to let her go. So, much to our regret, we started alone the next Sunday by going as far as Blencoe where Hubert's sister, Mrs. Emma Hogue, lived. We stayed there all night. In the morning, Emma brought me a set of silver knives, forks, and spoons. I had to carry them in my grip all the way to the coast, but of course I was very glad to have them.

We left early Monday morning for Council Bluffs and there changed trains for the West with no stop until we reached Ogden, Utah. Here we were met by Brother H. O. Smith who was pastor in Salt Lake City. He showed us the outstanding sights of the city and we continued on to the coast.

As the boat was not yet ready, we took a train for Gilroy to see some old friends, the J. M. Putneys, who lived near there and had long been members of our branch. Brother Putney had been branch president. After a nice visit there we returned to San Francisco and the gospel boat. How tiny she looked with those great steamers almost alongside! Their landing boats were almost equal to her in size. While they were waiting for last things to be done, we went up into the city and bought a little melodeon. I wanted a folding organ but didn't have enough money. The melodeon folded also, and it stayed that way until we were ashore again, because I was too seasick to try to play it.

Before we left the wharf, Brother Burton took on another man, William McGrath, in place of Oscar. He was a printer by trade. When he offered to go without wages, he was told to come back with references. In two days time he came back and was duly installed as a sailor. Hubert, too, was to be a sailor, though he hardly knew how to row a skiff. But both men learned—and soon.

To Papeete

We started on October 19, 1894, towed down the bay and out into the Pacific. It was not so quiet as the name indicated. Everybody got along fine and was able to enjoy it but me. I had to go to bed. We met a storm, and before we had traveled far, had to turn back to San Francisco Harbor. Sometime during that storm, Captain Burton called, "All hands on deck to shorten sail!" During the endeavor to shorten sail, someone kicked the binnacle lamp and broke the glass around it. There was nothing to do now but put back toward the bay. Captain Burton never left the wheel until we were in the bay. How he got there with no light to see his compass, only God knows. But when I came to my senses from sleep and seasickness, we were at anchor in Sausalito Bay.

We were delayed here nearly a week for repairs. We—the Burtons and ourselves—were invited to Brother and Sister Root's house on Sunday. Afterward Sister Burton and I took some washing up there and did it.

We left Sausalito on October 25. I wanted very much to see the beautiful sight of the sea breaking on the bar but got so sick I had to go below. It was like that for me all the way across. We had our regular meetings—prayer meetings on Wednesday night, preaching at 11:00 Sunday morning, and at 7:30 Sunday evening. Will McGrath attended every one but took no part. He was baptized, however, as soon as we reached Papeete on November 30.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

Part II

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL SCENE as the boat approaches Papeete. The island is mountainous and clothed with trees, shrubs, and grass. The pilot boat came out to meet the ship. I was much surprised that many of the men aboard the boat climbed up the ship's side and looked around, peeping in at portholes and causing the man in charge to reprimand some of them. I understood this better after we got ashore and went up to Brother Gilbert's house. The curious fellows were all there with the rest of our people who were in Papeete at that time.

Brother Wilmer Gilbert was waiting for us on the pier. He welcomed us for Brother and Sister Devore, as they were in the Tuamotus and so troubled with seasickness that they preferred to send a substitute.

We walked up the beautiful drive that runs along close to the shore from the landing to the part of Papeete where our people were located. It was very hard for me to walk that far as I had not eaten and retained my food for thirty-five days.

Reception by Church People

All our church members who were in Papeete were gathered in Brother Gilbert's house waiting for us. As we entered they began singing a song of welcome, and then we had to shake hands with every person present. After a little while they took their leave, and by the time each had shaken hands and said, "*Ia ora na*" we all knew that phrase used for greeting or going.

Brother Gilbert began getting dinner. Sister Burton helped him. Captain Burton had to return to the ship to look after business matters. I rested on Brother Gilbert's bed while Hubert tried to help. By and by we had dinner. How good it was to eat and realize that what I swallowed would stay down! In a day or so I

had fully recovered my strength and was able to do my share of the work.

The Mission House was prepared for Captain and Sister Burton. We used Pae's house (pronounced Pie), one large room and a porch. A sort of kitchen was at one end, the bed at the other, and a table with two or three chairs—just for utility, not for beauty. We found this true of all the houses where we went.

One Sunday we had prepared to spend the day at Tiona (Zion). This was another little village of our people where T. W. Smith had lived part of the time. We drove out in an old two-seated spring wagon. It was four or five miles out of Papeete, situated on a hill. There was no wagon road up the hill, so we had to walk. This was hard on Brother Burton, who perspired profusely. We had a nice meeting in the church that Brother Smith had caused to be built. Many of our people from Papeete were there. They had arranged a dinner and had the table set out of doors. When they led us to our places around one end of the table, I was amused and rather startled to see my own silver knives and forks staring up at me. When we got back to Brother Gilbert's house, there were my knives and forks just where we had left them after breakfast that morning. We never lost anything through dishonesty while we were among those natives. In other places the people were not so well mannered.

Almost at once the French government began to be unpleasant about the "Evanelia." Owned by Americans and sailed by Americans—what right had she in French waters? After quite a long delay, the dispute was settled by making the native Bishop Metuaore the owner of the vessel and hiring a native captain. This was approved, but it took long hours of tiresome meetings for Captain Burton and Brother Gilbert,

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who always had to be with Brother Burton because he knew both Tahitian and English. Finally it was arranged so that we could sail for Kaukura to meet Brother and Sister Devore.

Visit to Kaukura

About the middle of January, 1895, we prepared for this visit. When we went aboard the boat I was filled with consternation! There were thirty-five people in sight—where once there had been seven. Their luggage was piled in every available space. As Brothers Scott and Neimann had returned to America, one berth was not needed for the Americans, so they piled it high with chests and boxes. One enterprising lad chose the chest nearest our berth for his bed. I spent most of the first night on board keeping his feet out of my face. He was not there the next night.

The weather was not very good, and we kept going, going, and not arriving anywhere. We had no cook, and nobody had much to eat but hard bread such as sailors formerly used, so Brother Gilbert became desperate. He came down and made a fire, hunted until he found some cans of beef and some potatoes. In the biggest kettle he could find, he made some nourishing soup. Everybody, including me, was glad to eat it. That is the only cooking I remember anyone doing on that trip.

On the tenth day Captain Burton got out his nautical machinery and "took the sun." He found we were badly off our course and took over the running of the ship. We landed in Kaukura next day, after he prevented our going clear by on the wrong side. There we met Brother and Sister Devore, who were very happy to see us all. They had been there quite a long while and were

earnestly trying to do the best they could, though neither of them spoke the language fluently.

We had brought our melodeon, and Brother Gilbert helped us with the singing. I have forgotten to say that Brother Will McGrath was on board also with our crowd from Papeete. He could not stand staying there and seeing all his friends leave for another island. Besides it was his object to see all he could of the island world.

The friendliness of the people won our hearts. We tried hard to be able to converse with them, but had not yet mastered enough of the language to prolong the talk. Hubert and Will were much ahead of me in talking with them. They would go out among them and learn words and sentences by hearing them said. I was learning by book. I had borrowed a dictionary and was trying to make myself a copy of it. It was quite an undertaking to copy in script and was some time before I finished it. I still have it.

At Makatea

We were supposed to go next to Niau, which was the home island of Pohemiti, but the wind was not favorable and Brother Burton was not on board to tell us where we were—so the captain decided we would go to Makatea. I have forgotten to say that Will McGrath went out from Kaukura in the small boat with us to reach the "Evanelia" as we started to see us off. It happened he was not in sight when the boat started back to shore, so he was obliged to go along with us. His clothes were on Kaukura where he intended to stay with Brother Devore. When we reached Makatea he went ashore with us, and we three went on studying the language and doing what we could about helping the natives. He shared Hubert's clothes.

Makatea is just a mountaintop rising from the sea. The mountain rises in a stony wall broken here and there by openings like caves. We climbed up to those places and found instead of floors of sand they

were like ponds of water extending far back into the earth. Then a half or quarter of a wall would rise, separating it from another lake of water. The natives told us that T. W. Smith baptized nearly the whole population of that island in one of those pools in the caves.

The little town was situated in a small half circle of valley land where the mountain drew back. There were about one hundred people living there. Vessels could not land there, and frequently passed by on the other side of the island. We wondered why the village had not been built over there in a similar valley. Probably it was because that was the windward side, and a high wind might do damage in such a valley.

One day while we were writing our copies of the dictionary the cry arose, "A ship! A ship!" It was the "Trevaroa," and her captain came in with another man to call on us. He said that Mrs. Devore was on board and as soon as she was ready the boat would bring her in. She soon came, and we were very glad to see her. She had planned this visit as the Sunday school was soon to have its *Mahana oaoa*, or picnic day. She wanted to see that it was done right, as she was superintendent of the Sunday school in all the groups. She took charge at once and we all helped her in every way we could. It was over before long and was indeed quite a nice picnic.

Black Leprosy

This island was the place where we saw our first victim of black leprosy. Hubert and I, with Will of course, went to call on a man who, the natives told us, was sick. We asked him what his trouble was. He unwrapped a not too fresh bandage from his leg. As soon as Will caught sight of the series of black spots on the leg, he caught Hubert by the arm. "Don't you touch him, Hubert! That's black leprosy! I've seen it in Chinatown!" He almost pulled Hubert with him out of the door. I said a few words to the poor man, then said, "*Ia ora na*," and followed them out.

Black leprosy is not easily contagious. We didn't know anything about it at that time, but saw quite a bit of it later. Sister Devore had cautioned us always to wash our hands after we had shaken hands with a number of natives, but she had not mentioned leprosy. We saw many of them after that on various islands.

First Conference

The time soon arrived when we were to meet the "Evanelia" at the place of landing. We had to walk across the top of the island. Steps were hewn in the rock so one could climb to the top. After that it was mostly level, but we had to walk single file. It was not far as the island is not very big.

We have heard since that some product has been discovered there that has made fortunes for the finders. I'm afraid they spoiled the natural beauty of the place. We were soon on board and starting for Rairoa where the conference was to be. After two or three days of sailing, we arrived at our destination. If Brother Burton had had charge, it would have taken about half the time. We found the natives friendly as usual, and they had a nice lodging place for us, and also for Sister Devore, who was with us on the "Evanelia." Shortly after we got there, the Kaukura people came with Brother Devore. Brother Newton also came from one of the more distant islands. He was an Englishman, and the "h's" he constantly put in interfered with his use of the native language. He had fully made up his mind to return to America as soon as conference was over, which he did. We had a good conference. The meetings were quiet with almost no altercation. When the sessions were over, Brother Gilbert announced that he was considering returning to the States to get a companion before he finished this mission, and in due time he did.

(To be continued.)

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Part III

Experiences at Rarotonga

We found when we reached Tahiti that our mail had been sent to Rairoa. It was a terrible disappointment. Until one has tried going without mail for a month at a time, one just doesn't know what that means.

We stayed in the mission house on this occasion. It was roomier than any other house we had lived in since we came to the mission. We put it in order and proceeded to enjoy life in the tropics. I had not been at all well while on Rairoa, but seemed much better on Tahiti. We spent some time at Tiona, and both of us kept studying to improve our use of the language. By that time Hubert was preaching in the native tongue, having made his first effort on Rairoa just before conference began.

When we returned to Papeete, we had a letter from Brother Devore, asking us if we would be willing to go to Rarotonga. This is an island of the Cook group, on the way from Tahiti to New Zealand. The steamer from Australia and New Zealand made a monthly trip from there to Tahiti, stopping at Rarotonga.

We decided to go, even though we had little time to prepare. The steamer was already in, and we had not packed anything. On inquiring, we learned it would leave early on Sunday, so we began to get ready immediately. Of course we took all our belongings. Our idea of South Sea Island natives was that they were all alike. Mostly they are, but not when they are obeying someone who has authority over them. We were to learn that later. I was touched when the women shed tears, and even some of the men could not speak for sobbing. Meturaore made the prayer for us in our living room, crowded with the congregation from the church. We had heard their way of kissing was to rub noses, and for the first time we had our noses rubbed in the caressing way that means a kiss. We should have known that there was something different we were running into, but we didn't. However, the Almighty has his own way of helping his people out of difficulties.

Seven Lost Sheep

We didn't know a soul on the island of Rarotonga and had only a list of the names of seven persons (natives) previ-

ously baptized by one of our men, Kehauri, who had been lost in a storm in a small vessel with several others. They finally were swept ashore in the wreck of their boat. The natives took care of them, and in the long time they had to wait for a chance to return to Tahiti Kehauri preached the gospel to them. He succeeded in baptizing seven of them. They were the ones we were to seek. The list told us where they lived, but that was all.

We had to go to a restaurant for our dinner that day. It was a good dinner, but we still remember most vividly that it was the first and only drink of ice-cold water we had tasted since we left the United States.

We went aboard at noon. As we neared the wharf, we met Mr. J. L. Young, a merchant that Hubert knew slightly. He asked where we were going, and if we knew anyone there. We said we didn't.

"Wait a minute," said he, "and I'll give you a letter of introduction to the only man I know in Rarotonga." He hurried into his near-by office, and came out with the letter. We thanked him and went on board.

I was hardly sick at all on the steamer. I played the piano and enjoyed myself. But next day was not so good and no more enjoyment for me until we were at anchor in Rarotonga harbor Wednesday noon. After attending to all formalities, we took our hand luggage and started walking up the long wharf toward the village.

Captain Taylor

When we were about half way there we saw a man drive his team up to the edge of the wharf, tie the horses, and start walking toward us and the ship. He asked whom we were looking for, and Hubert said we knew no one but had a letter of introduction to Captain Taylor. He said, "Well, I am Captain Taylor." He took the letter and read it. Then he said, "If you will go up there to my buggy, get in, and wait until I finish my business on the ship, I'll see what I can do to help you."

We sat in the buggy and looked with interest at the street and houses which could be seen from where we were. Soon Captain Taylor returned and climbed into the buggy. He seemed to know where to go to find the people whose names we had. When we reached the

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place, after driving some six miles, not one of the people named was there. It was their home, but they had gone to another island as natives do. With no one to depend on we wondered what to do.

"Well," Captain Taylor said as we turned back to the town, "we'll try something else." He drove to his own house, and told us to stay there on the porch until he returned. We had no idea what he had in mind. But after a while he came back and told us to come with him. So we climbed in the buggy again, and he drove up a long hill that seemed to put us far above the town.

We came to a nice large house more ornate than most. Captain Taylor explained that this house was built for the governor of the island to occupy, but he was an old man and did not have a team of horses, so the hill was too much for him. He and his wife rented a house down in the village. An Adventist couple were renting the place, and he had brought us here to stay all night. They had told him they would keep us. We went in and were very kindly received. There was only the man, his wife, and their sixteen-year-old daughter. They were as pleased apparently to have unexpected company as if some relatives had come. We had a pleasant evening, and a good bed to sleep in.

Next morning I noticed that Mrs. Owen did not seem very well, so I helped the daughter with the breakfast and the dishes. As we carried the dishes to the outside kitchen, she said, "I feel as if my sister had come to visit us!" I felt very flattered.

That day Captain Taylor introduced Hubert to the chief judge of the island, Judge Tepou. He was really the leader of the natives on the entire island, though there were three queens, one for each geographical division of the island.

A Temporary Home

Tepou was interested, and before a half day was gone, he had found us two good rooms in a house on the main street. We remained with the Owens another night as it took some time for the present renters to move out and give us possession though as usual they hadn't much to move. Our stuff was brought up from the wharf, and we took posses-

sion of the rooms next day. We had to cook mostly on an outdoor fire; although we had a tiny coal-oil stove indoors.

There was a good bed in the bedroom with a tick filled with kapok which grows there. It makes a soft bed, but it is not hot like feathers. Fortunately I had brought a mirror, an old sofa, a round table, our melodeon, an old dresser (in which I kept my utensils and food) and three chairs, one minus a seat. We fixed that when we found some slats from a shipping crate.

Neighbors Came Calling

When we were moved in, we opened the melodeon and began to sing. First the front porch was crowded, then Tepou came over and walked inside. Soon the house was full as well as the porch. Hubert asked Tepou if he thought there would be any objection to his preaching to the people. Tepou didn't think there would be. So after trying to talk to them a little to see if they could understand Tahitian, and seeing that the most of them could, he told them that tomorrow night we would sing for them again and he would preach to them. Tepou volunteered to interpret if necessary, so we started next night.

On the second night when Hubert started to preach he used the Tahitian language, but as he continued and the Spirit came upon him, he found himself using words that he knew must be of their language, as they were different from Tahitian. He continued that way each night and Judge Tepou said he used many words of the Rarotongan language, and all the people who listened understood.

It was mostly the music that attracted them, and the house was full of them. They sat on the floor (only Tepou, Hubert, and I had chairs) and the porch was full too. They paid good attention, and we felt very hopeful. This went on for five nights. On the sixth night our congregation was nil. Nobody came.

The Hand of the Enemy

We knew the reason. On that day we had seen the Episcopalian minister walking up and down the road talking and gesticulating. Of course he feared for his flock. These people all belonged to his church which had for several years been the only Protestant church on the island. The London Missionary Society had sent him here ten years or more before, and he felt nobody had a right to try to get his natives to join any other church. He was very much opposed to the Adventist people, too, who had come to stay, building themselves good houses in all three divisions of the island. The chief minister of the Adventists was also

a practicing physician. We have already spoken of the Owen family, and there were one or two more families or parts of families who attended their Sabbath school and church.

By the way, this was the very place to suit the Advent faith. By some mistake made long before we were there, they had thought themselves on the side of the date line which had changed a day from the usual calendar. So everybody living there kept the Sabbath on Saturday, which compelled us to have two Sundays. I did some sewing, but kept out of sight of any of them, native or white. Mostly we read or took walks.

A Native Housewarming

Not long after we found our rooms, a native (the son of Tepou, called Jimmie Tepou) finished building himself a house just a little way north of where we lived. As soon as it was finished, he made a great feast and invited everyone he saw to come to his housewarming. Of course we went. Four tables, at least thirty feet long, stretched the length of the room. They had cloths over them and were all set. When most of the people were assembled, they were seated, first a man, then a woman, all up and down the table.

Hubert was seated beside Queen Makea, the highest of the three queens. All of them were there. They didn't do much talking, for the queen didn't know English, and we didn't know Rarotongan. My partner was a white man, a sea captain. We were introduced, but it did no good. The only thing he said—and that repeatedly—was "Please pass the ham!" I passed it and wished he would keep it in front of himself, but he didn't. There was nice chicken, too, beautifully baked, but the captain would not eat it while there was ham.

At this dinner we met other white people whom we had not seen before. Among them were Captain and Mrs. Piltz. She was from San Francisco and the only American I had met who was not a missionary. In the course of our conversation she asked me if I played the piano. I said I did, and she asked if I would give music lessons. I told her I would, and she immediately engaged me to come to her house to give lessons to herself and her stepdaughter, Teuira.

We felt as if we had stumbled on manna. We were getting very low on funds with no prospect for any more. Metuaore had spent all he had of tithing money to send us here, and we did not receive any allowance from America all the time we stayed in the islands. It took about six months to send a letter from Rarotonga to America and receive an answer.

When we were among our own church natives they gave us money, besides providing our food. Many of them had given me cloth for dresses, so we were all right when we were with them. But this was different. I was extremely glad to be able to earn a little.

A Funeral

Next day Dr. Caldwell and Mr. Owen called and told us Mrs. Owen was very sick and wondered if we would sit up with her that night. We said of course we would gladly do it. But when we went up to their home on the hill, we found we would sit with her dead body. We stayed that night, and next day they asked Hubert if we would help to make a quartet to sing at her funeral, which we did, and I played the organ in the Episcopal minister's church. All the Advent people came, a few white people who wanted to see what was done, and several rows of seats were filled with natives, who did not understand a word of the sermon.

Help From Music Lessons

Next Monday Mrs. Piltz sent her stepdaughter down with the horse and buggy to take me up to their house. I had expected to walk, and I surely appreciated her kindness. She did that every day I went, twice a week. Always I gave the daughter her lesson before lunch, ate with them, and gave Mrs. Piltz her lesson afterward; then Teuira would drive me home. This we did on Monday and Thursday for months.

Hubert continued his Sunday evening meetings for a while. Sometimes there would be a dozen, sometimes less. As we were getting so low on funds, we concluded we could get along without milk every day. The lady who had been delivering milk was a German woman whose name was Engelke. She also had married a sea captain who had quit the sea. One morning she was trying to turn her horse and buggy around and became mixed up with a tree. Hubert saw her and ran across to help her. When she was headed in the right direction, she drove over to our place and came in to meet me. We talked awhile, then told her we felt we would have to give up the milk as we were short of money. She replied with a sharp glance at me, "You need that milk and are going to get it, if you never can pay me." She could see that we were expecting a baby; so was she. So she continued to bring the milk, and often stopped for a brief visit. I tell these things to show the kindness of the white people toward us.

(Continued next week)

The Life of Hubert Case Part IV

An Answer to Prayer

One day when Hubert was alone he decided to go up into the woods on the hillside for quiet prayer. This he did. He said to the Lord, "If I am your servant, and there is anything I can do for your cause in this place, then provide some way by which we may live." He knew God would answer his prayer, for he then received the assurance of the Spirit. He started back down the hill and had walked only a few rods when he met a native. This man had been very friendly toward him and listened eagerly to the preaching. He told Hubert his minister told them to starve us so that we would leave the island, then added, "This is my land," showing him the boundaries. He cut a large bunch of bananas which he gave him, saying, "Don't tell where you got this, but come and get more or anything else I have here, when you want." Hubert felt very much cheered by what the man said. He took the bananas to the house and walked on toward the town.

Another Friend

He entered the store of a man named Goodwin. He was not in the main part of the village, but on the outskirts. After greeting him kindly, Mr. Goodwin said, "Did you know that the minister of the London Missionary Society has written a very bad pamphlet against you?"

Hubert said, "No, I did not know it." Mr. Goodwin then showed him a copy written in the Rarotongan dialect, which Hubert was unable to read. He replied, "No, I did not know it, and now that I do, I cannot reply to it, because I do not know the language. Also I have no funds to hire it translated or to print a reply."

Then Mr. Goodwin said, "I don't want to be personal or prying, but do you have anything to live on?" Hubert told him we had no money at all. Mr. Goodwin walked behind his counter and handed him \$35.00 saying, "I am no Christian, but I do believe in doing unto others as I would they should do unto me." He added, "When that is gone and you have not heard from America, come back and get more." Hubert did have to go back, and was again given the same amount, although he said, "I don't know when I can repay you."

"Again I say, I give it to you freely, you need not pay it back," he was told. Two years later we were able to pay it

through the generosity of our native members in the Tuamotus.

With Mr. Goodwin's help and our native friend's fruit and vegetables, we managed to get through the next few weeks. When our mail came there were usually a few contributions from home folk that were very gratefully received. One dollar of U.S. money was worth \$2.00 in South American money, which was generally used all through the islands we visited. I was obliged to use some of the cash for cloth to make clothes for the expected child. Being able to sew on the machine or by hand helped make the money go farther.

During the latter part of July, the ship "Pitcairn" which belonged to the Advent Church came to Rarotonga. On board were Mr. Owen's other daughter and husband. We were so glad for Mr. Owen and Lura, the sixteen-year-old daughter, who had been so very lonely since her mother died. The Adventists brought several of their visiting friends to see us and took us on board their ship to show us all the sights. It was much larger than the "Evanelia." All these people were Americans, and very friendly toward us, perhaps because of that.

Last Weeks on Rarotonga

On July 4 we resolved to pay our respects to the governor and his lady, so we went to their home and introduced ourselves. But there was no need of introduction. Both knew who we were and were very friendly. Hubert tried to explain that we were not Mormons, but of the Reorganized Church. "Yes," said Mr. Moss, "I think the difference between those two churches is just this: the Mormon church occupies the same position toward the church Joseph Smith organized as the Catholic church does toward the church organized by Jesus Christ."

Hubert replied, "You have it exactly right." And no more was said on the subject. No one on the island was more sociable and friendly than they. Hubert continued his efforts to find some evidences of Kehauri's preaching. He had met a young man named Proctor who was trying the experiment of living wholly on fruits of different kinds. As he seemed to have no work to do, whenever Hubert wanted to walk, he was ready to accompany him. So they frequently walked ten miles or more, and after eating some fruit, or in Hubert's case, trying to find someone to listen to the gospel, perhaps eating fruit or fasting, they made their

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way back to Avarus. One day as they walked in their usual direction toward Matavera, where Kehauri had preached to the natives, they stopped at the house of an Englishman whom they had never met.

A Vision Fulfilled

Hubert had some tracts to distribute, and when the man invited them in, he handed him a number of tracts, one of each kind which he held. The old man gave him a keen look, counted the tracts he had given him, and asked him to sit down. He then told him that three months before he had seen him in a vision—that Hubert had handed him just the number of papers which he now held in his hand. The old man went on to say that before the vision he had been praying and fasting, asking God to heal him of his infirmities. He testified that an angel had visited him, healing him of his infirmities, and told him of Hubert's coming. Missionary work is not in vain, where God confirms the word as he has promised.

A Lost Sheep Found

One day as I was sitting near the open door sewing, I saw a native coming up the walk. His face was aglow, and he almost ran up the walk. I said to Hubert, "Here comes a Latter Day Saint!" Hubert took about three steps to the door onto the porch, and the native threw himself on his knees, grasping Hubert around the knees. "My mitinare! My mitinare!" (My missionary!) he exclaimed. It proved to be one of the natives whom Kehauri had baptized. He had just returned from another island of the group. His name was Ioane Pura-hua (the first name is native for John). He had heard of our coming and returned at the first opportunity. We were very glad to see him, and he came to our house almost every day from that time on. However, he seemed to have no influence on any of the other natives, and I am sure he tried many times before he went away to convert them to his beliefs.

Hubert employed his idle time in trying to make a bed for our expected addition to the family. Ioane proved very helpful. He knew how to use tools, and he also knew where to borrow what was needed. It did not take them long to finish, and it was really a good looking little bed.

The neighborhood children learned that we would pay them small coins for baskets of tomatoes now and then. They did not follow the advice of the preacher who had said to starve us out, and they helped us a lot.

One day Mrs. Piltz invited me to drive around the island with her. If she had invited Hubert also, I would have been better pleased. But we were just a carriage-load of women. The rest of the island was new to most of us. There was much more tillable land than I had expected to see. Quite a lot of it was being farmed, and crops were growing nicely. We started at 9 a.m., drove till noon; ate our picnic lunch, and went on. We drove again until 5:30 p.m., and then went home. I do not know how far we went, but I think it was 35 miles. I had not ridden that far for a long time and was very tired.

About this time Meau, owner of the house we lived in, died. He stayed just across the street from our place, and we found out how the natives did when one of their number passed away. For a little while all was quiet. Then Mr. Hutchings, the Episcopal minister, came and had prayer with the assembled relatives and friends. As soon as he was gone, there was a pandemonium of wails, sobs, and ejaculations. We had never heard anything like it in our past experiences with the Tahitian people. What was worse, as soon as one group wore themselves out, another would begin. We had almost no sleep that night. We were thankful that he had to be buried the next day. We attended his funeral and all the natives were very quiet and dignified. Hutchings preached, or rather he read the ritual in the Church of England book. As soon as Meau was buried, his sister began nagging at us about one thing or another.

The Missing Silver

Also about this time, in looking into my trunk one day, I discovered a knife, fork, and spoon were missing from the silver I had not been using. Of course there was no way of telling who had taken it, but we learned from this incident that these natives were not to be trusted, as our friends in Tahiti and the Tuamotus were. That was one reason why we were very willing to find another place to live.

When we began looking for another house I went to Mrs. Moss's home to spend the day while Hubert hunted for a place that would do.

A Child Born in a New Home

Late in the afternoon he found a room with kitchen and porch privileges. We were soon moved, as I had packed all

our trunks and boxes before we left that morning. The people where we were to live were Australians, Mr. and Mrs. Harding. They had four children of their own. They were kind people, and we liked them very much. It was in this room that our baby (Cicely) was born, and we knew then that God's hand had led us there. Here we could have the services of Dr. Caldwell and Maud Young, his nurse. If it had not been for Dr. Caldwell both the baby and I would have died. As it was, baby was all right and I soon was able to be up. We remember the first time Mr. and Mrs. Moss came to see the baby. I walked to meet them with Cicely in my arms. Mrs. Moss started to tell me to sit down, but she caught sight of the baby's face, and exclaimed, "Oh! What a beautiful little baby!" Then Mr. Moss hurried forward too.

Kindness From Other People

Never have we seen anywhere people more kind who might have been excused if they had taken no notice of us. Instead, Mrs. Moss was my most frequent caller, and had, months before, sent me a canvas porch chair when she saw I had nothing but the straight-backed kitchen chairs.

Mrs. Piltz also was like a sister; often in the last few months of our stay she would offer Hubert the horse and buggy to take me for a ride. Our good friend Mrs. Engelke, who had come to the little Adventist hospital in the early part of December, was found to have a large tumor, and after the operation she passed away. I was not able to go to see her, but Hubert attended her funeral. We went out to see Captain Engelke as soon as I was able to ride that far to thank him for all his kindness in furnishing us milk when we could not pay for it. He was much pleased to see us and sent us home with gifts of vegetables, pineapples, and other fruit.

About this time we had word from Metuaore that he had money for our passage on the steamer when we were ready to come. This was indeed good news for us. Cicely was about a month old and it would be two more weeks before the steamer would come, so we began making preparations right away. I have forgotten to mention old Ioane's gift to the baby. The first time he came to see her, he left underneath his chair a woven native mat made of paudanus, about four by nine feet in size; also a polished coconut bowl, which the natives use for drinking. The rug is their bed, with a pillow added. We used the rug after we came home, but not to sleep on. It was about as thick as a piece of pasteboard. His grief was great when he found we were going back to Tahiti.

Return to Papeete

The steamer called at several places, making short stops. We arrived in Papeete at night and could not land until morning. As soon as we docked and people began hurrying ashore, the captain told Hubert we would have to stay on the boat until we found out whether our fares would be paid. Metuaore soon came and he and Hubert went with the captain to pay our debt. Before he returned, Ahuura came on board and found Cicely and me. She asked to take the baby, and of course I laid her in her arms; she was loud in the child's praise, but suddenly turned and walked on to the wharf and up to the street; then she started running; I watched as I could do nothing else. I knew she wanted to show the baby to others before we got there.

The Saints were all assembled when we got there and Cicely had been passed from hand to hand until she was glad to see familiar faces (for babies do know familiar faces even at six weeks). After a talk of greeting, we began to arrange things so that we could live in the mission house during our stay in Papeete.

There were a number of things Hubert was supposed to attend to while we were there, and in every branch there were three services on Sunday besides church school. We had prayer union for the women on Thursday afternoons and prayer meeting Wednesday night, so we kept busy.

The "Evanelia" Overhauled

The next day after we landed, the "Evanelia" came into port. It was shortly after breakfast next morning when someone ran past the kitchen window and into the door. It was Will McGrath, and were we pleased to see one another! He immediately wanted to see the baby who was asleep in her little bed. He tiptoed in and came out with the hushed comment, "Isn't she pretty?" Naturally we agreed.

There was quite a bit of spare time each day after the business was done, so Hubert and Will decided to see the sights of old Tahiti. They climbed the mountain to the Fort which had been built when the French first came to Tahiti. Several times in the next few days, they climbed to different viewpoints and noted all the sights they had not already seen.

The "Evanelia" had been overhauled and had new masts which increased her speed. This was part of the business Brother Devore had delegated to Hubert—to see the firm that did the job and to find what the bill was, so that it could be presented to the Conference.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

Part V

En route to Manihi

WE SET SAIL for Apataki to pick up Brother and Sister Devore, who were there at the time. Will McGrath went with us, as he was staying on board the "Evanelia" at this time. The two young men, Hubert and Will, took turns cooking for the three of us. I felt all right if I lay still, but not if I tried to get up and move about.

The trip was not so hard as the first one to Kaukura as there were not so many natives aboard. We came very close to a rocky little island called Bird Island. No people lived there and the gulls made it a place where they hatched their young. We could see the nests on the sand—dozens of them full of eggs. The mother birds screamed with rage, but the natives took all the eggs they could find. About one in four would be fit to eat I found when I tried to fry some. But the native people ate them all raw, whether half a bird was inside or not. We didn't seem to have much appetite for them. After loitering along, we finally reached Manihi, the island where the conference was to be held on April 6, as was the custom.

A Stay on Manihi

We went ashore, and there was a good house prepared for us. The priesthood members were having quorum meetings, and mainly talking about the "Evanelia" and what should be done with her. Time rather dragged until Brother and Sister Devore arrived. They came on one of the trading vessels. Will went with some natives to the island of Anaa and they nearly lost their lives; when they got back they were almost dead from hunger and thirst. They went in a small boat without accurate compass—sort of trusting to instinct and luck. Soon Brother and Sister Devore landed and proceedings really started for the Sunday school convention, then the conference.

Shortly before the Devores came, Hubert was called to administer to a baby, who was apparently born dead. The mother was wailing and mourning, thinking it was already gone, when Hubert administered. In a few minutes it gave a gasp, then a cry, and they knew it was alive. Their weeping soon turned to rejoicing, and they were grateful. They did not have any other children, and idolized the one that was born to them.

Previous to the conference the Sunday school had its *Mabana Oaoa*, as we had witnessed it on a smaller scale on Makatea. Then there was a business meeting. As Sister Devore was leaving right after conference someone had to take her place. I was voted to take the position, which rather frightened me. I knew several of the men who wished to be elected. I chose Tapu to help as first counselor, and Petero for second, making my first real speech in native when I did this. The conference was not very long, and there was not much disputation. When it came to the time when Brother Devore told them he was leaving for America immediately after the conference, there was much weeping, and many spoke their feelings. He was much beloved, and Sister Devore also. So when he told them he was leaving his work to Hubert, and wanted them to support him in every way, they nodded agreement. It was ordered after a long argument that Will McGrath should take charge of the "Evanelia." Some did not like that, especially the crew that had sailed her for a year.

The Devores Leave for Home

Possessions of the Devores were being carried aboard the "Evanelia," and the four of us sat on the beach, saying a tear-

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ful good-by. We loved and respected them both. Now we were alone with a great responsibility on our hands. We felt like orphan children. Brother Devore blessed our baby the first Sunday of conference.

We remained some weeks on Manihi until the "Evanelia" returned from Papeete. There was always much to do, as so many who had come to conference remained to dive for shell. The French government very wisely places a restriction on their diving. After an island has been open for diving, it is closed for three years to allow the shell to grow.

Pearl Diving

The ship came late in May. We left immediately, and our first stop was at Takaroa. We remained only a short time, as most of the people were on the island we had just left. After a week, we resumed our journey. Our next stop was Raroia but we stayed only over Sunday so that I could get a little rest from seasickness. We went from Raroia to Hao, where many Saints were congregated for the diving. Their manner of diving is not with the diving bell as white men have invented. They dive from the small boat with nothing on but a loincloth and a mesh bag around their shoulders to put the shell in when they find it. They reach incredible depths and stay under water longer than one would believe possible.

Simple Housekeeping

A house was fixed for us as usual. There was no table, so the natives brought in some long boards and made one that must have been twelve or fourteen feet long. We used the front part for our books and writing space; the center was our dining place; and the back part held utensils and foodstuffs. As usual there were no luxuries; it was just like camping.

Here Hubert was very busy. There were several Mormon missionaries, and they were always having long arguments with him. They had a very few members gathered there for the diving. One missionary never argued or tried to show how much he knew. He was a cowboy, fresh from the range, and cattle was all he knew much about. We invited him to dinner with us one day, and his reply was, "Oh, I can't argue." Hubert assured him we would talk about other things and he accepted the invitation with alacrity. On leaving, he said, "It's pleasant to talk about home things once in a while." His two-year stint must have been like a prison term to him.

Herman Janssen

Here we met Brother Herman Janssen of Norway. He had left the Norwegian vessel he had been serving on as a sailor. After a year or two around Papeete he met with Brother John Hawkins and others. They talked to him until he was converted and baptized. He stayed with us for a long time and was much help as he was a good cook.

The Loss of the "Evanelia"

On July 18 the ship "Henry" came to anchor at the village. Hubert went at once to see if our mail was on board. It was, but the news the captain told him was far more important than the mail. He said the "Evanelia" was lost after leaving Rairoa a few hours. All the people aboard took to the landing boat and rowed the distance back to the island they had just left. We could hardly believe it. Until we heard Will's own story about

it, we could not see how it could happen on a clear day with no bad wind.

It was several weeks before we had a letter from Will, giving his account of what happened. He had violated his agreement made when he took over the boat. He had agreed not to load her with copra (dried coconut) or pearl shell. He had not been able to sell much of his stock on account of this agreement. Most of the natives had little money and traded on those two articles. So when he reached Rairoa and met the owner of a schooner, who had met with an accident to his ship and had to repair it before he could go on, he persuaded Will to take his load to Tahiti, offering to pay him \$200 to do it. Will agreed. They overloaded the ship with copra in the cabin, and pearl shell in sacks on deck. When they were about one and a half miles from shore they saw that the ship was sinking. Almost before they could get the landing boat out and into the water, the "Evanelia" went down.

The only reason cargo was allowed to be put in the boat was the attitude of some of the church people who were jealous if the boat stayed longer at one island than their own. They did nothing to maintain the boat or crew in the way of money or food. At times the crew had gone for days with no food at all. The French government at Papeete had threatened to tie up the boat as a vagrant vessel.

It was finally decided to allow McGrath to take charge of her, putting foodstuffs, etc., on board for sale. He had not made expenses on the one trip he was finishing when he called at Rairoa.

A House on Hikueru

The "Te avaroa," Mapuhi's largest vessel, came to the island. Mapuhi was on board and treated us very kindly. We had a good sleep, ate breakfast, and prepared to go ashore at Hikueru. This was a very rocky island where the waves break continually. In the rowboat going ashore, the baby and I were completely drenched. On landing we were greeted by Brother Janssen and Win Brander, whom we had met at Hao. Mr. Brander invited us to go to his house; his wife had joined him here.

The next morning the natives went to work to build us a house. It was finished and we slept in it that night. The women wove the coconut leaves into semblance of wide planks; these helped to keep the house cool. That night we slept on the floor.

When the people from Niau arrived, we were much surprised to see Will McGrath among them. He found us right away and handed me my watch, which I had sent by him to Papeete to be repaired. He did not meet us as he formerly did. When he handed the watch to me, he said that when they first got into the small boat as the "Evanelia" was sinking, his chest bobbed up right beside the boat. He grasped the handle and another man helped him to get it into the boat. Hence my watch was not lost. He was very cool to us and did not stay there long, leaving on the next ship for Tahiti.

Building a Church

The natives had no church on this island, and they began talking about building one. After plans were made, they asked Hubert to go to Papeete to see about getting the lumber. He was gone about three weeks. During that time an epidemic of stomach complaint broke out among the people. Before long I was stricken, and if Brother Janssen had not been there, I don't know what I would have done. He talked with a white woman who told him what to do and sent me some medicine. It was bad to take, but it helped me very quickly. Then our baby took the same thing. I fixed a dose of the same medicine I had taken and prayed silently that she would drink it. To my great joy and amazement she did. It helped her as it had me. The natives rejoiced when they came in at night, to see that we were so much better. I think Hubert

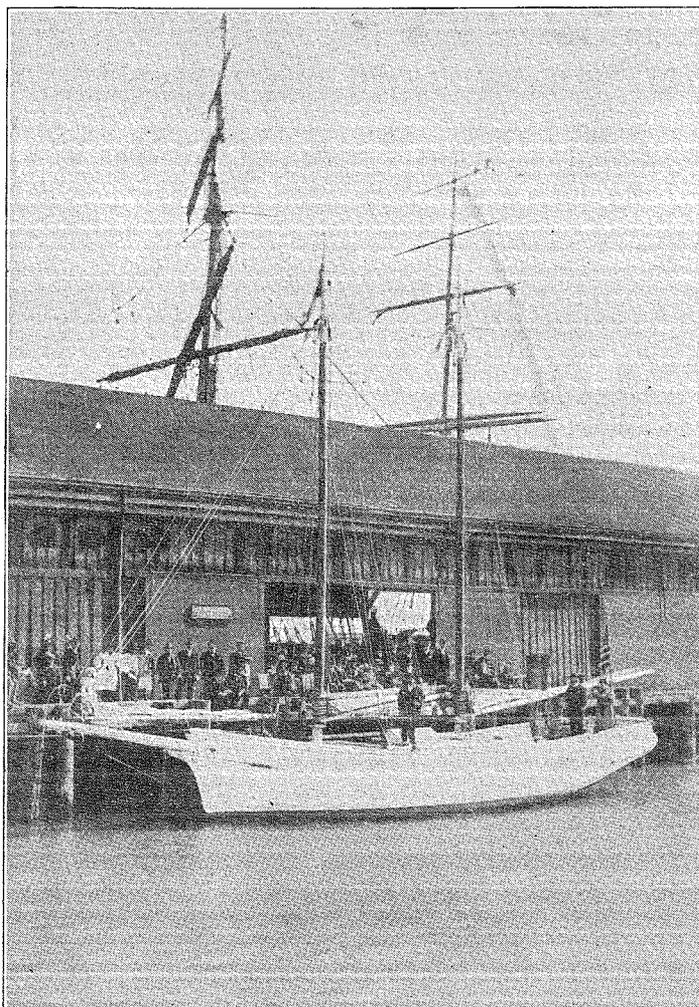
was more lonely than I was, for I had the baby. Brother Janssen took over the cooking, which helped me greatly.

When Hubert left he had received enough money from the natives so that he paid our debts to Mr. Goodwin and Dr. Caldwell in Rarotonga. We were happy to do it, and received nice letters from them both long after, saying that it would have been quite all right if we had never paid.

Hubert had a hard trip on the little vessel on which he sailed. His bed was a native mat and pillow. He ate what the rest ate and had no charge for anything—the usual custom on trading vessels. Mr. Mervin, who owned several of these vessels for trading in the Tuamotus, was on board, and they talked together frequently. The few natives who were in Papeete were very glad to see him and furnished him food. On Sunday he preached and baptized three. When his work of purchasing the lumber was finished, he sailed for Hikueru, very homesick and anxious to get there. He arrived Saturday morning, December 5, 1896.

Shortly after his return he got hold of some scraps of old lumber and made a sort of bedstead. We had been sleeping in a bed on the floor since we had landed there. It was good to sleep on a bedstead although it was no softer than the ground. The native women had made mats from coconut leaves to cover the floor of our coconut house. The bed was all made of timber of that tree for the scant frame, and the rest made of the leaves. Our baby was learning to walk and she did much better on the matting.

(To be continued.)



*The Evanelia
Built with funds contributed by young and old
throughout the church*

The Life of Hubert Case

Part VI

By Alice Montague Case

A Box From Home

On December 23 Brother and Sister Burton arrived, and we received a box from home folks. They had tried to send some things that didn't stand the rough handling the box received; some of it had spilled on the dry goods and was not in very good condition. We were glad to see the Burtons, and Hubert felt relieved of responsibility, as Brother Burton was sent as missionary in charge.

We felt when our box from home came that it was a real *mahana oaoa* (day of rejoicing). We had some fruit from home—mostly dried, but very good—some preserved, and some jelly. It had been a long time since we had tasted things like that.

A New Church

We were both very busy during the month of December. We continued the Sabbath school Sister Devore had instituted, and held a celebration. I had had a lot of work because of it, and a young woman came and offered to help me. She did our washing, ironing, and watched the baby who played around sometimes by herself and sometimes with other children. She had her first birthday on December 17. We held the picnic (if such you could call it) on Christmas Day. It lasted all day, and I was exhausted at the end of the picnic. I was very glad I never had to do it again. This woman stayed with us for about a year, going with us from island to island.

There was quite a lot of trouble about the location for the new church. Finally someone donated a lot, and work began immediately. It went up like magic and was soon ready for use. The natives would go out and dive in the morning, come in and eat, sleep two hours or so, and then come to work on the church. Of course it was unfinished inside, but it was roomy and much more comfortable than the makeshift tent we had been using. The church was dedicated January 24, 1897. Hubert had worked so hard that he was physically tired out, but he was able to preach the dedicatory sermon. When the excitement of the new church had abated, we prepared to go to Papeete. After some delays we got a chance to go. At the last minute the Burtons decided they would go too as far as Kaukuru where the April conference was to

be held. They went ashore there, and we went on to Tahiti.

There was some business connected with divorce that Hubert had to see a lawyer about. The natives had been making a law of their own, and something had to be done. As soon as we were at home in the mission house, our good friends Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Goodwin called. They were always very friendly. They were of the London Missionary Society too, but not like the minister at Rarotonga. We were not in Papeete very long as we wanted to get back to the conference. We had quite a hard time getting passage on a ship, probably because of the baby. It was the first and only time we had to pay for passage. Hubert had to borrow the money from one of the merchants whom we knew fairly well, but we had a good place to sleep and enough to eat on the trip. With a favorable wind, we landed soon after the vessel left the harbor.

It was very near to conference time when we reached Kaukura. Many people were already there. Here we met again old Brother Hawkins, who had come the long distance from Tubuoi, where the gospel was first preached in the islands. After visiting with him, Hubert had the following vision (expressed in his own words):

Vision of Visit by Three Nephites

I seemed to be in a church about forty feet square. I walked in at a door in the corner of the church, and after taking a few steps, I saw a man sitting in a high pulpit, about six feet off the floor. He was one of our old-time missionaries, Brother Hawkins. I later got to know him quite well. While speaking to him, I heard someone coming in at the door. I looked and saw a large man walking up the aisle. He was very well dressed and had iron-gray hair and whiskers. There was something unusual and wonderful about him. He came up on my right side and laid his arm across my shoulders. Brother Hawkins said, "Brother Case, do you know who that is?"

I said, "No, I don't." Then he told me that the man was one of the Three Nephites who were to tarry. About that time a second man came in, walked to my left side, and put his arm across my shoulders.

I asked, "What does this mean?" Brother Hawkins said, "That is another of the Three Nephites."

Immediately at another door, the third one came in. He came and stood in front of us. If ever one looked into the faces of men of God, I certainly did when I looked into their faces. This third man said to me, "We came to give you a message. Do you see that light on the wall? We have come to tell you concerning your life's work. God will make of you a bright light, much brighter than the light on the wall over there."

I stood thrilled from head to foot; it seemed to me like I had thought heaven to be. I did not say much to them, I was so completely surprised by their appearing and talking with me. They all talked—first one, then another—telling me of my life's work. It seemed after they had gone that they had been there only a few minutes. Time was nothing. It might have been longer than it seemed. They were the best-dressed, best-groomed men I have ever seen.

Conference at Kaukura

I soon was visited by the sister who had taken care of the baby on Hikueru. Her name was Tenaki. She took almost entire care of the baby throughout the conference. I was chosen secretary and was as busy as any of the rest for the duration of the conference. The Sunday school meetings followed after conference was over. I had to continue as superintendent and worked hard all the year writing the books of questions and answers which Brother and Sister Devore had made.

A Triple Wedding

We left Kaukura for Arutua on April 24. It is a small island not far from where we started. All the inhabitants there were church members. This was a brief breathing space to get letters written and rest among friends. When we left, it was for the near-by island of Apataki. We went in Tapu's boat. The trip took about twelve hours. We landed in Apataki on May 6, 1897. On the next Sunday, Hubert married three couples—a triple wedding—the only one in his history. We attended the wedding feast.

On May 12 we left on the "Hitinui." At Niau we went ashore, but did not stay, except for a few hours. Next stop was Fakarava much farther east. While there, Hubert ordained one elder and

baptized four people. He preached four times. We received our mail there on May 20. The next day we sailed to Takaroa for a four-day visit at that island. On the twenty-seventh we called at Marutea, but did not go ashore. The following day we landed at Hikueru, where we picked up our mail and some boxes of belongings which Brother Burton had sent. We left Hikueru May 31 and landed in Raroia, which is the farthest east of any of the Tuamotu Islands. It has lately received much attention in *Kon-Tiki*. We read this book, wondering at the description of the reception given those men by the people of Raroia. There was certainly no person when we were there that dimly resembled a hula dancer and never did we see or hear of meetings such as those which were described in the book. However fifty years is a long time and people change. This was the only island we visited that was vexed with mosquitoes. They bothered us both day and night.

Some Had Grown Cold

On July 2 Temari came from Taenga to take us to his island. He had a five-ton boat. The people of Raroia had seldom been visited, and they wanted us to stay longer. But it was even worse with the people of Taenga. They had seldom been visited and had grown cold. Nothing we did seemed to make any particular impression. So after a few days when a trading vessel called we went on to Hikueru. The next stop was a small island where no one was living except an old couple. They gave Hubert a chicken, coconuts, and a large yellow pearl. It was as yellow as gold and quite perfect, except that it was flat on one side. Our oldest granddaughter now wears it in a ring. We had several other pearls; one—small but quite perfect—was given to baby Cicely.

A Difficult Launching Out to Sea

We landed next morning in Hikueru. We were tired and dirty and felt as if we must rest a few days. But after those few days were over, we wanted to go on to Hao, which had been our destination since leaving Raroia. A young native who owned a small boat offered to take us to Hao for twenty-five dollars. After thinking it over we decided to go. So he began to try to get his boat out of the lagoon on the windward side. There was no pass out of this lagoon—just a small open place here and there, worn down to sea level and filled with rocky coral growth. One of these places at high tide would be capable of floating a small five-ton vessel like his over the reef, with some manpower applied. Some agreed to help him, so we put our stuff aboard and in the morning went across the

lagoon. It was extremely hot on the small vessel with no shade to speak of. We stayed there all that day and all night. Night was a blessed relief. I tried to stay in the hold and keep baby out of the sun, but she wanted to go on deck and could walk, so she would get up there in spite of my watching. We spent two days like that, before enough men would come to help get the boat over the rocks. Finally we started. As we were almost to get into the undertow that would pull us out to sea, the natives on shore pulled the ropes off the rocks to which they were tied, and we got a tiny bit farther out, but the knots were still in the ropes and caught again on the jagged coral. Hubert was on deck and he grasped his old pocketknife and cut one of the ropes. The captain found an ax close at hand and chopped off the other two—just as the third and largest wave shot over.

Drenched, But Safe

They had the cover to the hold shoved back about two feet toward the bow. I had been near by holding the baby in my arms to watch. I was standing in the bottom of the boat which was only about five feet deep. Suddenly my glasses fell off my face, and I stooped quickly to retrieve them. The last big wave shot over—pushing the cover back all but a narrow space; it came so swiftly that the baby could have been killed, and I badly injured. As it happened we didn't get hurt, but we were terribly wet.

The boat shot out to sea and soon was under full sail outside the bar. Hubert came down and found our clothes high and dry in the hold. We all had to change practically in sight of everybody on board. No one cared but me. The natives had on only their loincloths. They took them off, wrung the water out of them, and put them right back on. Hubert got back as far as he could and put his dry clothes on and went back on deck.

We sailed along with a light breeze till bedtime. I fixed a place down below for us to sleep. But Hubert couldn't stand the heat down there and spent most of the night on deck.

The captain said he thought we were making one and a half or two miles an hour most of the night. But when the sun rose next morning, we sighted land. It proved to be Hao. We had made a hundred miles that night. If an unknown current was there, nobody knew it. There was no sensation of fast motion. Everybody was amazed and could hardly believe it.

We landed at the settlement about noon. Most of the natives were inside diving. We remained there about three weeks, Hubert preaching, teaching, and

baptizing ten while there. I wrote question books and answers for the Sunday school, my usual employment. On August 30 we went to Amanu, just a few hours away, in a three-ton boat.

Called as a Seventy

We had just received our mail from home containing the *Heralds* which told the April Conference news. One item of interest was that Hubert was to be ordained a seventy. After a short stay in Amanu, we returned to Hao in order to get passage on some larger ship for other islands. While waiting, Hubert baptized two more.

A Disappointment in Pearls

On October 15 we left for Marutea. This island had a reputation for shells bearing pearls, so there was a large crowd gathered, and the governor came up from Tahiti to formally open the island for diving. A sunrise celebration had been arranged for that day, and the whole fleet of boats—perhaps two hundred—went out to the mouth of the pass to meet his steamer. They staged the affair at sunrise, and it was really a glorious spectacle: the rising sun, the deep blue water, and the snowy sails of all those boats.

After the governor's speech, they started for places to drop sail and dive, but they were sorely disappointed. Where shell had always been plentiful, they found only a few. They tried here and there, but their reward was scanty. They soon began leaving for Takaboto, which was also open for diving.

While we were at this place, our baby girl kept asking for coconuts, which were a part of her feeding. The soft creamy meat of the unripe coconut is very good food, as it has a high content of a substance much like milk. But the land around the village was owned by people who would not allow the nuts to be picked.

There was an old Chinese who had a little store near us. He came in one day, and we had some dried food which we did not like or care to eat. So we asked him if he would like to have it. He joyfully said he would. Then he asked why the baby cried. We told him about the coconuts. Soon after he came by again and handed her a young coconut. From that time, there was never a day when she did not get her coconut. She had just been weaned, so her feeding was quite a problem. Where he got them we didn't know. Besides the coconut I had to depend on Eagle Brand condensed milk.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case Part VII

Ordination as a Seventy

We soon left for Takaboto. We enjoyed meeting the people and stayed with them from November 15 to December 11. Here we made many of the best friends we had in the islands. We sailed for Papeete about the middle of December and when we arrived all seemed pleased to see us. Poris' house was made ready for us to live in. We were glad to see the printing press at work. On Sunday, December 19, 1897, Hubert was ordained to the office of seventy by Brother Burton.

One day we resolved to do a little sight-seeing before we left Tahiti. We hired a hack and drove to Point Venus where the lighthouse was built. This marks the spot where white men first landed on Tahiti. Climbing to the top of the 108-foot lighthouse we saw coconut trees near by that were taller than the lighthouse. The baby did not enjoy the hack ride; she was more frightened than I had ever seen her since the event on Hikueru. She grasped Sister Burton's dress in one hand, and mine in the other, and held on for dear life. She was now two years old.

The next trip we made was out to Tiona to spend the day. Here we held prayer meetings, and Hubert preached. We returned the same day. The baby was not so frightened this time to ride in a wagon. Brother Burton had bought a small hand-operated printing press, and Hubert helped a great deal with printing. Before we left, he printed a tract which he had written on the Sabbath question.

Return to the United States

When we were preparing to go home, I did a lot of sewing for the baby and myself. Hubert helped Brother Burton operate the press,

and they did a lot of work which had been waiting to be done until Brother Burton had some help. We began packing our beautiful sea shells first. There was a large box of them, a collection which we have always cherished. The ship arrived, and when she was ready to sail we sent our goods aboard. After bidding everybody a tearful good-by we, too, went on board. The "Galilee" was a much larger ship than we were accustomed to, and we did not get so sick at first. We sailed two days with a fair wind, then a gale struck our ship and broke the foremast about eighteen feet from the deck. The sails and mass of ropes swept right around the stub of the mast. We had to go back for repairs.

The unsteady motion of the damaged ship made me much sicker than before. We were four days getting back, anchoring again on January 21. We had to take our hand luggage ashore and go back to Poris' house. We left again on January 25. The trip from Papeete to San Francisco took thirty days. Hubert went ashore, found Brother Parkin, and obtained our passage money. Brother Parkin also told him that I had a cousin who lived in San Francisco, who wanted us to stay with them while we were in the city. As we expected to remain a couple of weeks to get used to United States climate again, we went to their house. I had not seen my cousin since I was ten years old and had only a dim recollection of him. I had never met the girl he married and their family.

They seemed very glad to see us, and I was glad to have some little children for Cicely to play with. It took much longer for her to get acquainted with them than with the native youngsters. She spoke fluent Tahitian, but no English at all except "Papa" and "Mama." Yet she under-

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stood everything we said to her, and we always used English in speaking to her. Our first job was getting our washing and ironing done. There was so much we finally sent it all to a Chinese laundry. The first place I went was to a store to find a coat. I had none, and San Francisco was colder than I seemed to remember that even the Iowa weather was.

It was good to go to church and hear a service in English. At first I tried to keep up with the preacher and turn it all into Tahitian. It took me several weeks to quit this foolish attempt.

Meeting Father Montague

We decided to go home by the southern route, then wished we hadn't when we found how hot and dusty it was. Our main reason for going this way was that my father, who was missionary in charge of Texas, was at Standley, Indian Territory, and wanted us to visit him. We were to meet him and stop there for a short time. Of course as we traveled we always looked out at the stations to see if there were people we might know. As we were nearing Sherman, Texas, I heard Hubert say, "Well, I guess you'd better sit down here." I looked up, and there stood my father. We were all excited and happy at this unexpected meeting.

Ellis Short and Earl D. Bailey

We arrived in Standley at midnight. Brother Ellis Short met us and soon had a room ready for us to go in and occupy. He and Brother Pickering had a lumber mill at this place; they obtained logs for it from the pine forests near by. There was quite a village with stores to provide the workers with the things they

needed. They had built a church, and we attended services there several times.

We also became acquainted with Brother Earl D. Bailey and family there. This acquaintance was kept up by meetings at reunions and other church gatherings for many years. His fireside talks were something we shall always remember. Finally Father wanted to move on toward Independence and Conference. We went with him to Webb City, Missouri, for a short stay with some old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Sutherland. While we were at their house my father's nephew came from Weir City, Kansas, to see him and meet us. It was the first time that I had met Harvey Bird. He was very fond of Father. We met many noble Saints at Webb City and enjoyed our stay.

Baby Cicely had her first experience with snow while there. There was a light snowfall and the porch floor was covered about halfway to the house. She slipped out there to get some of it, thinking it was sugar. She fell, and as I went out to get her, she stood up, shaking her hands and saying in Tahitian, "Oh, Mama, this sugar makes my hands so sick!"

Conference in Independence

About the last of March, we arrived in Independence, Missouri. We were assigned the R. J. Parker home. The next day my mother and sister, Grace Vredenburgh, arrived and were also domiciled at Parker's. We all were delighted to be together again. There was not much chance then to have a real visit. First we had Religio and Sunday school business meetings before the Conference began. About the last Friday of Conference my sister said she must go back to her children, and I decided to go with her. Hubert stayed at Conference, and came with the rest of the family who attended.

1898—A Mission in Western Iowa

When they came, we learned where the work of the two mission-

aries was to be the next two years. Hubert was assigned to western Iowa, and Father to Galland's Grove District. So we all decided to live together in our old home in Moorhead. We had to do a lot of work to make it ready for use, but we enjoyed it. My brother and family lived not far away, so we saw them frequently. Mother had lived with them the last year or so while we were away. Finally we got the things back from our travels, bought some new things, and were ready for the arrival of our next baby. She was born on June 16.

Both of the men of the house were away most of the time. Sometimes one would be home, sometimes the other. Hubert bought a buggy so he would have some way to travel about his territory. We already had a horse and the necessary harness. On July 4, I decided to go to the celebration held in a grove about one-half mile from our house. I had been up and about the house for some time, so I went with Hubert to the celebration and sat in the buggy with Baby Dorothy. Hubert had to sing in the choir. As soon as the program was finished, he took us back home. We saw many people we knew and had not seen since our return. Hubert began his summer's work with Brother J. F. Mintun soon after this.

They held a series of tent meetings, beginning at Sandy Point and going from there to Blencoe. We had not visited Hubert's sister, Mrs. Emma Hogue, since coming home, so I went with him to Blencoe and stayed at her house. Also we visited his other sister, Mrs. Ida Moyers, who lived on a farm near by.

The Missionary Allowance

Hubert's tent meetings continued through July and August. The final meeting was held at Smithland. After that Hubert brought the tent to Moorhead and stored it for the winter. He had begun to worry about how we were to get through the winter. Starting in on our fifth year of missionary life under Gen-

eral Conference appointment, we received our first check from the bishop for \$16.66. On this amount we were supposed to exist. My mother received the same amount each month.

Some Extra Money

With the prospect of cold weather coming, we were concerned about expenses. Hubert talked with the man for whom the town was named. He owned many acres of land up and down the Soldier River valley and back in the hills. Hubert wanted to buy some timber land about a mile from our home. He bought ten acres of heavily timbered land for \$10 per acre and hired men to help him fell the trees and trim them for sawing. When that was done, he hired a man with a mechanical saw to come and cut it into stove lengths. He sold enough wood to pay the men who worked for him, to pay for the land, and to furnish us with considerable money to add to our meager store. Besides we had enough wood to last a year for the cookstove. This took him away from his missionary work for some time, but it seemed to be the only thing to do. The following year we planted potatoes on the cleared land, and without any cultivation whatever, they yielded about thirty-five bushels in the fall. That winter Hubert also bought eleven head of hogs for \$22. He brought them home, where we could feed them and see that they had water. They were very little trouble and cleared another small sum of money to help us out. It was a very cold winter. Hubert and Brother Mark Jensen had gone to a place called Climbing Hill not far from Sioux City. They had a wonderful interest, and in spite of the severe cold weather the house was full of people every night. They continued the meetings three weeks, and at the close baptized one candidate out-of-doors in that terrible cold. The next winter they held another meeting there and baptized quite a group of people.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case Part VIII

A Mother and Child Healed

Brother Jensen and Hubert held a series of meetings at Cherokee in the northwestern corner of Iowa. A very remarkable case of healing took place while they were at this place. Brother Ora Van Sickle's wife and child were both very ill. The child had pneumonia, but after she was administered to, she slid out of the chair where she was lying and exclaimed, "Mama, I want a drink!" Then she went out into the kitchen. Her mother was also almost instantly healed. This was the winter of 1898-99. The following summer he was engaged in the same work as the previous year, tent meetings, but no very outstanding results occurred. We attended the reunion at Woodbine that fall where Hubert baptized fifteen including Brother Mintun's son, Guy.

Money became scarce again, so Hubert found a job painting, for which he received the sum of \$1.75 a day. In the spring of 1900 we went with Amos Vredenburg and his wife, my sister, to Lamoni to attend General Conference. My oldest sister, Mrs. F. L. Thompson, lived there, and we stayed at her house.

First Mission to Oklahoma, 1900

The Conference was a long one, and before it closed, the Vredenburgs felt they must go home. So leaving Hubert to return by train, we drove back. When he returned we learned that he had been appointed to Oklahoma for the next two years. We both felt rather downhearted about his appointment. We had hoped to stay nearer home for another year. However, he began to make preparations to go to the new mission and left on May 19, 1900. He landed at Perry, Oklahoma, and was met by Brother H. C. Hughes who took him to his home. There had been several meetings held in his locality before; several persons had been baptized, and my father had been there to organize them into a branch. Brother William Aylor came shortly after to join Hubert there.

They held meetings in the schoolhouse for about two weeks. Then the district tent was obtained, and they started meetings in the town of Morrison, which was the nearest village to Brother Hughes' neighborhood. A few were baptized. Then they went to Blackwell, Pond Creek, and from there to the reunion at Hennessey. Here I joined the crowd, having stayed at Moorhead as long as I felt able.

Brother and Sister Aylor, Hubert, and I went to Okarche together with Brother and Sister Pate. We stayed at the Pate home while the Aylors stayed at Brother Will Smith's.

A tent meeting was begun on Friday night after our arrival. We had some members near enough to attend part of the time, and Brother Aylor had been a merchant in this town, so was well known. The attendance was very good.

Life on the Frontier

This was before Oklahoma became a state. Many people were flocking in from various parts of the country to take claims or buy land. Many of them were church people. Wherever they settled, they made the missionaries welcome. Their neighbors were their friends and gladly attended church services whenever possible. The fact that they belonged to some other church did not deter them from attending our services and listening carefully to the preached word. The Maloneys located in Dewey County because the Durfeys from Iowa, the Moldrups from Nebraska, the Elverts from Missouri, Elijah Baggs, and old Brother D. S. Crawley were already located near, and all were members of the church. We found friends wherever we went. The calls for preaching came from every direction. Hubert held a meeting in Seiling and was joined by Brother W. R. Smith. We rented an empty store building and lived there while the meetings were going on. People loaned us bedding and necessary housekeeping things. We were there a month.

When we returned to Okarche, we found there was a vacant hotel for rent, not far from the depot. My sister, Mrs. Holden, was looking for an opportunity of this kind, so we wrote her about this, and she came down at once, looked the place over, and rented it. We had already spoken for the large room on the lower floor that had been the parlor of the hotel. We rented this, and moved what we had in there and proceeded to assemble enough stuff to keep house. We stayed there until the following month of May. Brother Aylor and Hubert went to various places and held meetings throughout the winter, answering the most urgent calls, preaching and baptizing wherever they went. In March the quarterly conference was held at Okarche; we obtained the use of the Methodist Church for it. Immediately after the conference, Hubert went with Brother R. M. Maloney to admin-

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ister to a very sick woman who lived quite a long way from there.

This woman was Sister Landon. She had arthritis and was so crippled that she could not walk nor work with her hands. She was as thin as a live human could be and constantly suffered. Her family consisted of six small children and her husband, a stock farmer.

Upon arriving, Brother Maloney suggested that they sing. This they did, singing five or six hymns. They felt the Spirit of God in their songs, and they proceeded to administer to the sister. They then went to an adjacent farm home to spend the night. Next morning at day-break they returned. They found her much better and administered again before starting back to Okarche.

The next time Hubert saw her was at reunion the next summer. She was entirely healed of arthritis, and instead of looking like a skeleton she weighed 150 pounds.

It was about this time that Hubert, Brother Pate, Brother Smith, and others resolved to file on land in Roger Mills County in the farthest tier of Oklahoma counties. They filed at Kingfisher upon returning home. This was in December, 1900. That same month my father and mother came to stay with us at Okarche. My mother was not well when she arrived and though she recovered a little and was with us at Christmas time, she passed away in April, 1901. We buried her in Okarche cemetery.

In May we started for the claims. The farther we went into uncultivated regions, the more we saw the beauty of the original land. The prairies were covered with green and dotted thickly with beautiful wild flowers. It had been pasture land for many years for cattle, but they were not in sufficient numbers to destroy the natural beauty of the spring. As soon as we were established on our claims and had fences built to keep us from being overrun with the herds, Hubert began preaching at Redmoon and other settlements where we learned there were church members located. He found several in different localities, and everywhere he went to visit members they wanted meetings held.

The Shannon Debate

About a year from the time of our coming to Redmoon, the Saints at a little

town called Richmond in Dewey County were challenged to public debate by the Adventist State Evangelist, R. B. Shannon. He had long been a source of annoyance to our people near Kingfisher—T. J. Smith's family—and near Piedmont where the Lamberts, Aylors, Rowlands, Tennerys, and Clessons lived. So, though not particularly advocating debates, Hubert felt he must do something to prevent the ruining of the faith of the people who belonged to, or were favorable toward, our church. So he accepted the challenge of Mr. Shannon, and the debate soon began. So many people came that the house was full to overflowing and many stood outside to listen at the windows. We tried to get Mr. Henry Crocker to act as chairman. He was the wealthiest and most influential man in the whole countryside. When Hubert asked him, he refused, saying, "To tell you the truth, Mr. Case, I am too prejudiced against you to do you justice." So we got the schoolteacher, who did a fine job as chairman.

The great and deciding factor of the whole debate was the summary. Mr. Shannon had drawn a rough picture of a tree. On each branch he had written a citation from the Bible, labeling it "Case's doctrine." When he completed his speech calling attention to each of his written statements from the Bible on the limbs of the tree, Hubert was instantly on his feet, thanking him for the compliment Shannon had paid him, for those were all statements from Christ, Paul, Peter, and John—all were in the Bible and were a part of Christ's doctrine. When Hubert's half-hour speech was finished and the meeting dismissed, Henry Crocker was the first man to walk up and give his name for baptism. Hubert baptized five families as a result of the debate.

Redmoon

Soon after this he had agreed to start a series of meetings at a point fifteen miles southwest of Redmoon where there was a schoolhouse and one family of Saints.

When he went to the school he found the door locked. Mr. Rowan, the man at whose home I was staying, said he would go and get the key. The man would not give him the key, saying he would not let Mormons preach in the schoolhouse. Mr. Rowan was very angry and came back to report. Hubert only laughed and said he would have some handbills printed to let them see who we were.

While on his way to Cheyenne (he did not have the team on this trip) he had to cross a large pasture with a herd of Texas cattle in it. About halfway across, the animals saw him. They would have paid no attention to a man on horseback

or to a team, but seeing him on foot they came running—with a red bull in the lead. Hubert did not run, but hunted hard clods of dirt until he had about five or six. When they came near enough he pelted the leader in the face with those clods. About three of them were enough to make him turn in another direction. Hubert ran toward the fence, collected some more clods, and when they again came near enough he pelted the leader again. This time, when they turned he managed to reach the fence and roll under. He walked on toward Cheyenne, and was soon overtaken by a man driving that way. He soon got there and arranged for his printing. They promised to hasten with it, so it was printed that same day. It was a very good tract and the man who had the key to the schoolhouse apologized and invited Hubert to come back.

During that year he held meetings at Durham, Brule, and Leedy. Durham was formerly known as Antelope Hills. He and S. S. Smith held meetings at the Haines schoolhouse. At all those places some were baptized. Usually a member of the church already lived there, thus giving them a place to stay.

Third Daughter Born

On July 7 our third baby was born—another daughter, Ardyce Lucile. My recovery was rather slow, but as soon as I was able we set out for the Stillwater Reunion. After that was over, we started for Iowa to see Hubert's sister, who was ill with tuberculosis. This was in September. After we visited her, we went to Decatur, Nebraska, to visit Hubert's parents. From there Hubert returned to Oklahoma but the children and I went to Lamoni to visit my sisters.

Hubert returned home, arranged for another absence and, taking his team, started for eastern Oklahoma. Brother Pate, who had long been anxious to go on a missionary trip, went along, taking his own team and buggy in case he should get tired before Hubert was ready to come home. Their objective was Matthewson, Oklahoma (later named Piedmont). They did some missionary work on the way east, stopping at Putnam, Seiling, and what is now Eagle City. From there they went on to Piedmont, where Hubert was to meet Denton Collins of the Church of Christ in debate.

The Cartoon Debate

The debate was held in what was known as the Kansas Schoolhouse. Denton Collins was an elderly man, and Hubert was young and full of vigor. The schoolteacher was a young man with a talent for drawing. Every night they would find the blackboard covered with cartoons showing the former night's debate. These cartoons were in Hubert's

favor and attracted so much attention that his opponent quit the debate before it was half through. On the last night of the debate, the people of the audience walked along in a line past the desk and laid \$24.50 on Hubert's end of the table; only \$.50 went on Mr. Collins' side of the desk. The Presbyterians who had a church building near there invited Hubert to preach in their church. He preached there for a week to a full house. After that meeting was over, he drove on to Oklahoma City to meet his family and spend Thanksgiving. Brother Pate stayed at Brother Rowland's, which was near his old home at Okarche.

He joined us as we drove west from Oklahoma City, and that was the only missionary trip he ever wanted to take. Soon after our arrival home, Hubert and S. S. Smith held meetings near Cheyenne in a country schoolhouse; they had fine interest and a good attendance.

Mob Spirit

In 1904 S. S. Smith had been holding a meeting near Roll, Oklahoma. He became sick and asked Hubert to fill his appointment. Hubert took Brother Rook, a priest, with him; he was one of the most fearless men to be found. When they got there, Sunday school was being conducted. As soon as they entered the building, they sat down on a seat near the door, and Brother Rook was filled with such fear that he was nearly scared to death, but Hubert did not feel any fear at all.

After the Sunday school was over, Hubert said, "Let's go up front and open the meeting." Brother Rook said, "I can't. I was never so scared in all my life."

Hubert said, "What's the matter?" When he walked up and opened the meeting all the people left except one man and two little girls. That crowd marched around that building while Hubert preached. He had good liberty. When the sermon was over, the man who stayed in the house told him he had come there to see those people mob S. S. Smith. It was that mob spirit Brother Rook felt that scared him. Hubert had not felt it at all and had just gone ahead and preached as though the house were full of people.

Hubert was satisfied the would-be mobbers heard most of what he said because the windows and doors were open, but he saw that when they went out they were angry. It was a very unusual experience but none of them said a word nor made any move to hurt him. If Brother Smith had been there that night they certainly would have done something to him.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

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Alice and Hubert Case—1905

The Young Family

A wealthy cattleman named Young invited them to hold meetings near his ranch which was on Dead Indian Creek. Brother Smith and Hubert preached there for several weeks. It was not very far from home, so he could drive back and forth, but the roads were too new and rough to be traveled at night. The reunion was held there in 1905, because we had a larger number of members there than at former meeting places. Hubert visited and preached at various points in northwestern Oklahoma: such places as Freedom, Alva, Gamet, Woodward, and May. Hubert visited and held meetings associated with Brother J. H. Baker. At Seiling, Richmond, and Calumet, he worked with Brother R. M. Maloney, and numbers were brought into the church in all these places. We were located in Cheyenne for the winter and spring. Hubert visited and preached at Sayre and Davidson, associated with Brother B. F. Renfroe. During 1906 he and S. S. Smith preached at Weatherford with good success. Hubert went on to Piedmont and made arrangements for us to move to that place a little later on, which we did.

Piedmont

Shortly after we had settled in Piedmont, Hubert was called to Stillwater to preach the funeral of Sister S. J. Hinkle. A little later we attended the General Conference at Independence. After we returned from Conference Hubert was sick for two weeks with a severe cold. His appointment was still Oklahoma.

When he recovered he was called back to Cheyenne to help my sister, Mrs. Vredenburg, to pay out the price and obtain title to the land she had filed on. While in Roger Mills County he preached at Redmoon, Hamburg, Cheyenne, and Brule. On the way back he stopped at Weatherford and Calumet, preaching at both places.

This group, known as the Matthewson Branch, was almost in a disorganized state and needed rebuilding. Hubert began a series of meetings in the Head schoolhouse and continued them for eight weeks. Attendance and interest justified the continuation for that length of time.

This was about seven miles from Piedmont. The first preaching done by our people in Oklahoma was in that schoolhouse, and the minister was J. R. Lambert. Among those baptized as the result of the long series of meetings were the True family, the Swains, H. C. Taylor family, and the Piatts. Along with the Rowlands, the Tennerys and the Clessons, and Sister Montgomery, there were enough to hold Sabbath school and preaching every Sunday. Brother Rowland was an elder.

The Experience of George Swain

Among those baptized was George Swain, father of Edith Brockway and Alberta Moore. He had been very prejudiced against the church and fought it for fifteen years. After he had been away to school at Lincoln, Nebraska, to take a course to become a Methodist minister, he knew so much about the Reorganized Latter Day Saint belief that he argued with the professor in the class to see what his answer would be to the Reorganized Latter Day Saint position. One day the professor said, "George, I don't want to do that to any man, but you are injuring the faith of these students." George quit the school and went home.

Hubert was holding a meeting near his place, and George Swain started attending. On the fourth night he walked up before a packed house and gave his name for baptism to the astonishment of all his neighbors, who knew how prejudiced he had been.

A month or so after he was baptized, he was stricken with acute appendicitis and had to be put in an ice pack. Hubert was going by his home one evening to a new place where he had never preached before. He knew he had an invitation to visit the Swain's. The family had been watching the road. When they saw Hubert coming, they called him in. He administered to George and he was instantly healed. He even got up and went to church with Hubert. Then the next day he took a load of hogs to town. The doctor saw him and said, "What are you doing here, coming to town on such a day as this? You are a sick man."

George said, "I am well. I have been healed." The doctor said, "That is no way to treat the Lord who healed you.

You ought to take care of yourself, or you will be down sick again."

The next day Brother Swain sat on the damp ground and husked corn all day—a damp, cold day. That night he was violently ill again. His old trouble had come back on him. They had Hubert come and administer to him. When Hubert sat there and talked to him he said, "Brother Swain, you have not treated the Lord right. This has come back on you. You will not be instantly healed this time." In a day or two he was well, but he was not healed instantly as he was the first time. He said the lesson was worth it. He took care of himself after that. It was a valuable lesson to him for the rest of his life.

A week after he was baptized, his wife continued to weep because she thought they were disgraced by his joining the church. She thought she would pick up the Book of Mormon and see how ridiculous it was. She opened to page 631 where Christ made his appearance to the Nephites. She read twenty pages and cried for joy. So when Brother Swain returned home that evening, she said, "George, send for Brother Case. I want to be baptized." These experiences brought the whole family into the church.

Other Baptisms

Not long after these eight weeks of meetings were finished Hubert was asked to come to the neighborhood three miles north to preach. The young man who was teaching the school extended the invitation. There was a fine interest at this meeting, and at the close Hubert baptized the young schoolteacher Tavner Fisher, Mrs. Downing, and her two sons, Elmer and Earl. A Sunday school was organized at the Head schoolhouse and services were continued for years.

About this time Hubert was requested to go to Avery, Texas, to meet Ben M. Bogard of the Baptist Church in debate. J. F. Grimes was moderator in the debate. Hubert did not think much was accomplished by it. As usual, his opponent's stock in trade was mudslinging and vilifying the Saints. However, Hubert baptized several after the debate was finished. The one interesting thing the people remembered was that Reverend Bogard prided himself on his knowledge of Greek. By way of ridicule he remarked, "My opponent has no knowledge of any language other than English." Whereupon Hubert poured out a few sentences in fluent Tahitian to Bogard's great surprise and the enthusiastic delight of the audience.

Hubert returned from this debate nearly sick with a cold and had to stay at home for a couple of weeks. He had never been in favor of debates, but was forced into them by the parties of the opposition, whose desire usually was financial gain for themselves. He has always believed in Brother Joseph's teaching, "Go out and preach an affirmative gospel, and let other people alone."

After the Christmas holiday was over, Hubert went to Anadarko, where Brother and Sister J. H. Norris lived. Brother Norris was an elder from Kewanee, Illinois. He was the only man Hubert ever remembered meeting who habitually, on the first Sunday of every month, administered the Communion to his family. No other church members were near. The good life he had always lived and the fact that he had been chosen superintendent of the Union Sunday School in the neighborhood gave Hubert a good standing with the people. He held a series of meetings and several he baptized still live in that vicinity.

Kingfisher, Oklahoma, was another point where the few Saints who lived in the vicinity gave the church a good name. The Butlers and Sordens lived there and were held in esteem by their neighbors. Hubert conducted meetings in a schoolhouse east of town and had good attendance.

Brother J. J. Grimes was with him in opening the work at Weatherford. As in most places it was easier to obtain a hearing in a country schoolhouse than to find a place in town. Here also they aroused great interest and found a group of people from near Stewartsville, Missouri, and one family from Spickard, Missouri. This man was Willis Coffey; he and his whole family belonged to the church. The others were not members, but all were interested and several were baptized. At the close of one of the meetings, a man who was a Baptist deacon arose and said he felt that an offering should be taken up for the preacher. He collected \$8.50 and handed it to Hubert.

Administration to the Sick

The next morning Hubert received a letter from Pond Creek, Oklahoma, asking him to come and administer to two young men from Lamoni who had come to Oklahoma to work in the wheat harvest and had serious cases of typhoid fever. He left for Pond Creek at once after arranging for Brother Grimes to carry on the meeting. The \$8.50 he had received the night before was just enough for his railroad fare. He found the young men very ill indeed. Their sister, Hattie Vanderflute, had come from Lamoni to nurse them. Hessel, the older one, had already taken a turn for the better, but Charles was unconscious. Hubert administered to both of them that night. By morning they were better, the improvement being most noticeable in Charles. He administered again the next morning, and then returned to Weatherford. They continued preaching another week, and another collection was taken by the same Baptist brother.

At the end of this week Hubert received another call to come to Piedmont to administer to Brother George Clesson's daughter, who was also ill with typhoid. He went and administered, but she died soon after. Hubert returned to Weatherford, but was called back very soon to conduct the funeral service for Zeffie.

They continued the meetings at Weatherford another week. This series brought about the baptism of the Richards family, the Downeys, the Goads, and the Whitells.

Yandell's Arm

From eastern Oklahoma, Brother Jesse Simmons called Hubert to come and help him. A man named Yandell, a school-teacher and Baptist minister, had been heckling him and wanting to debate for a long time. Hubert agreed to go. During Yandell's first speech, he called names and made more hateful accusations against the members of our church than Hubert had ever heard before in any kind of lecture or debate. He continued that way until in one of the last sessions of the debate he defied the "God of old Joe Smith to crook his little finger." In reply to this Hubert said, "That was a foolish speech, because the God of Joseph Smith was the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the God whom we all worship. Don't worry about your little finger, but look out for your whole arm."

Hubert is sure that he never made a thirty-minute speech in his life equal to his first one on our proposition. It was under the power of the Spirit of God, every word of it. A doctor came up to him at the close of the speech and asked him if he saw the shaft of light that he

stood in during that thirty-minute speech. Hubert had not seen the shaft but had felt a circle of light on his head. Alexander Smith made a promise in Hubert's patriarchal blessing that there would be times when he stood in defense of the truth that a circle of light would rest upon his head and he would be prone to lift his hand to see if it were there. That was literally fulfilled in this experience.

Hubert never saw Mr. Yandell again after the debate, but just four or five years ago Brother T. E. Fitzwater saw him and told Hubert that Yandell's arm was useless from the shoulder down and had been so since that debate.

A Home in Piedmont

About the second year of our stay in Piedmont, we decided to build a house to live in. We were tired of the old store building we had been using. With the assistance of Brother Rowland and Brother Tennery we built a neat little home. We were very well pleased with it and enjoyed the rest of our stay in Piedmont much more than before.

We remained in Piedmont about two years after this. Then our oldest daughter was graduated from the eighth grade, the highest grade in the Piedmont schools. So we decided we would have to move to get all three girls in school for the next year. We went to Kingfisher, and after failing to find a suitable place for rent, we built again. We had no trouble selling the house in Piedmont. The local doctor bought it as soon as he knew it was for sale.

Ministry in Oklahoma City

Some people were baptized in Oklahoma City after Hubert started holding cottage meetings, and it was not long until there was a nice congregation. Other Saints moved in, and so many were baptized that the work grew until they were a happy band. No wonder the Lord blessed them! The sick were healed, and the Saints had many other blessings. They feasted on the good things the Lord had in store for them, experiencing a real foretaste of Zion. We started the work in many places in Oklahoma with people from all the other states. Party lines were broken down, prejudice was eliminated to a large extent, and they were eager for the gospel. Oklahoma was one of the richest missionary fields in the church. It was during those early years that Hubert's missionary work reached its highest point. He traveled over the state, built branches, and commenced the Indian work.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

Part X

Raising Money for Oklahoma City

In 1907 and 1908 Hubert held meetings in various places such as the DeLong schoolhouse, Sanders near Calumet, Ripley, Stillwater, Holdenville, Stroud, and Alva. Wherever he went, he found good attendance, and there were many baptisms. It was during these two years that the sisters of the Oklahoma City Branch asked him to help them in their effort to raise money to build a church. They had a small tent sixteen by twenty feet at the state fair and they served meals. When they had cleared \$150 they thought they had done wonders.

The next year they had a tent forty feet long and cleared \$450. Hubert said to the group of women sponsoring the work, "If you are going to work yourselves nearly to death to raise a little money, why don't you rent the biggest dining hall on the fairgrounds?" They rented the biggest hall on the fairgrounds for \$350. It seemed a lot of money, but they cleared \$3,058 above all expenses that year, and the next year in ten days they cleared an even \$3,000. How the women enjoyed each other, working together that way! It was a regular reunion; besides getting to meet people, they were happy to be making money to build their new church.

That was a great diversion from his routine of missionary work, but it was really the foundation of the work in Oklahoma City. The women ran that booth at the fair for sixteen years. There were some bad years, but they seldom made less than \$1,000, and it did not take them long to get a very good sum. They sold the little white church and bought their present stone church building, paying cash for it. They were happy in the small church, but their congregation grew and they had to have a larger building. They sold it to the colored people just a little while before oil wells were all over that city. The colored people got an oil well that made them a lot of money.

The spirit of the whole situation in bringing our work to a place like Oklahoma City was a wonderful experience. It was much like the friendly group we had on the homestead. There is nothing more interesting than a group of Saints who will work together; God always blesses them in their work.

Beginning of Ministry to the Indians

After moving to Kingfisher, Hubert chanced to become acquainted with an educated Indian whose name among white men was Richard Davis. He was of the Cheyenne tribe, and his brother, Bull Bear, was chief. The Indians had their village at the east end of the reservation about one and a half miles west of Kingfisher.

Hubert and Richard went out about five miles to the chief's home and talked with him for three hours. When Hubert got through that conversation, he had won that man's friendship and had been asked to come and preach in the village. "I will call a large gathering," promised Chief Bull Bear. Hubert had approximately 1,000 Indians in that meeting, and when he preached to them, it seemed to him that the Spirit of the Lord filled him. He told them he had talked with some of their medicine men who were their spiritual advisors and learned some of their traditions. Hubert said, "I can take every one of your traditions like so many threads. They all run back to the days when you had prophets and seers among you, and they wrote a great book, and that book tells the story of your people being of the house of Israel, and your people came out from Jerusalem six hundred years before Christ and crossed the Pacific Ocean. They were led by four brothers. They settled on the west coast of South America. There was jealousy between the younger son, Nephi, who was a prophet of God, and his older brother Laman. They had repeated wars as they migrated north from South America across the isthmus and up into this country, but for a thousand years they had prophets and seers. This great book I shall talk to you about was written by your ancestors, and it corresponds with the Bible and the history of the Bible. It teaches the same God, the same Christ, the same Holy Spirit, and the same gospel laws as are in the New Testament."

This made such an impression on the people that he had an invitation to preach to them every time he came to Kingfisher for some ten years.

Indian Baptisms

The first Indian he baptized lived near Kingfisher. He preached to those Indians when he was at home for a couple of years before he converted one. When

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Hubert baptized this first man, he was healed of typhoid fever and sugar diabetes. It made a big impression on those Indians, and when they saw him confirmed by the laying on of hands, that made another impression on them. Many of them had had their babies blessed.

It was the spiritual things of the gospel that converted the Indians—seeing miracles, having their children blessed, and receiving the laying on of hands for the reception of the Spirit. Before this they had turned from the Baptist church and were just members of the old Indian religion. When Hubert started the work among them, he found they had great faith; the spiritual gifts and ordinances, the story of the Book of Mormon, and the fact that Hubert told them they were Israelites brought them in.

He preached to them many times, baptizing one hundred and fifty of them and organizing a branch; they built a little church to worship in. He also helped take the gospel to the Otoes, baptizing one hundred and sixty and organizing a branch at Red Rock, Oklahoma. Thirty-two members of the Kaw tribe also joined the church.

Preaching at Tribal Gatherings

During Hubert's work near Kingfisher and Calumet, he heard of a big Indian meeting at Clinton, Oklahoma. Brother Ed Dillon went with him to that meeting. Indeed it was a great meeting. Four tribes were present and as he spoke four interpreters talked to their tribes: the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. At this meeting he baptized two fine leaders who had attended his meetings at Kingfisher—Ernest Watson and John Turtle. Both were Cheyennes. They and some twenty other Indians started a fine group at the little town of Bessie, Oklahoma.

Brother J. F. Curtis had told us a vision he had seen sometime previous to that meeting at the Clinton Reunion, wherein he saw the big camp of Indians as a beautiful grove of the finest trees he had ever seen. He was made to know it was that tribe of Indians, near the town of Clinton, where they were then in camp.

Another meeting was held northwest of Calumet where thirteen tribes were represented by their leaders in the great-

est council meeting we had ever seen. The Indians asked Hubert to offer a prayer and then to preach, which he did. The Spirit was present in great measure. The Indians responded unanimously by their usual grunt of approval. After the meeting was dismissed, they shook hands with him and invited him to come to their respective tribes and preach to their people. Brother A. H. Chrestensen was with Hubert at Christmas time in some large gatherings, also at Watonga Indian Fair, where five thousand Indians were camped. They had the district tent on the fairgrounds and preached to them, making many friends.

During the time Hubert was working with the Cheyennes, Otoes, and the Kaws, he had a real taste of the endowment of the Spirit. The Lord sent a heavenly vision which lasted some forty minutes. He was in the Spirit and enabled to see and understand the gospel as never before in his life.

His work with the Indians was mostly from house to house, teaching and explaining the story of Jesus and telling of His visit to America as related in the Book of Mormon. He also administered to their sick and blessed their children.

The Indian agent, Mr. George Hoyo, and his good wife told him the Indians loved him and that he had done more with them than any man who had ever worked with them. Mr. Hoyo urged him to work with the Poncas and Tonkawas, for he said, "Your Indians are 'way ahead of the others, and I am a competent judge of such, for I am impartial."

Among those he first baptized were the greatest leaders and best-loved men of the tribe. All were educated and spoke English fluently. They were Leonard Tyler, Philip Cook, Reuben Taylor, Ernest Watson, Charles Wickes, and John Bull. Also there was an interpreter, Julia Prentice, who was a great help in many meetings. She also was baptized.

Calumet

Different members of the priesthood had preached near Calumet, which was the home of Brother Dick Sanders. They always reported no interest there. Hubert had tried to preach there and had the same result; so he told Brother Sanders not to ask him to come back until he felt sure the neighborhood was ready. In the summer of 1911, Brother Sanders sent him word to come. He was then the superintendent of a union Sabbath school and had a great interest. He said the whole community was ripe for the gospel. Hubert went and began conducting meetings. They lasted seven weeks. Near the close, he sent word for me to come down and bring our youngest daughter, who was just then of baptismal

age. She was one of the sixty he baptized at that meeting. A branch was organized there shortly after the meetings closed, and it was not long until a church was built.

Hubert had wondered why he could not build a branch before. The Piedmont meeting showed him how it was done. He had heard Brother Joseph Smith tell the ministry, "Stay with an interest until you build a branch or preach yourself out of a crowd." So he followed that advice and had many baptisms as a result. By following this method he organized a number of good groups that afterward became branches.

Eagle City

Soon after the Calumet meeting, Brother Alva Chrestensen and Hubert conducted a series at Eagle City where a number were baptized, including Lester and Lemuel Dyke, their wives, and their father and mother. Lester is still living at Eagle City and is pastor there; for many years he served as district president. Lemuel is pastor at Seiling, and until recently was bishop's agent for the western district.

A very interesting meeting was held at Reeding, Oklahoma, soon after the one at Eagle City, which resulted in eleven baptisms. Later on others also were baptized. A Sabbath school was organized here which continued for years.

Others were added to the Eagle City group as a result of a reunion held there. The children and I went, since we could reach it by train. It was a very spiritual reunion and marked the beginning of Z. Z. Renfroe's ministry.

Alva

Another outstanding reunion was the one at Alva in Woodward County. This also was a very spiritual occasion. Brother J. F. Curtis was with us there, and he and Hubert would preach in the street in the afternoon. When Brother Curtis had finished his speech one afternoon a man said, "Say, young man, tell us about old Joe Smith stealing sheep." Hubert quickly asked Brother Curtis to let him answer that. Brother Curtis said, "Go ahead." As he arose and faced the man, Hubert said, "This is a funny story. In 1827 Alexander Campbell organized what is known as the Christian Church. In 1830 Joseph Smith organized the Latter Day Saint Church. The ministers of these two churches met in public debate for the first time in 1831, which resulted in the Latter Day Saints getting four of the Christian elders and thirty-two of their members. Members in those days, as now, were referred to as 'sheep.' Men like this good looking gentleman actually believe Joseph Smith stole sheep. That is the way this story started." The crowd cheered, and the heckler walked away.

After attending reunion the girls and I had to return to Kingfisher as it was nearing school time. Brother Curtis also was returning home to Independence, so we left on Monday following the reunion. Hubert remained to hold a meeting in the city hall, in company with Brother A. M. Chase. Before the meetings began, Charles and Alice Chase (now Alice Burgess) who were students at that school invited the teachers in the State Normal, Dr. Herod and Dr. Stephens, to attend the lecture on the Book of Mormon which was slated for that Monday night. They never told him they had invited those men, but when he saw them come in and be seated near the front, he noticed them and recognized that they were men of education and ability. When he finished the lecture on the Book of Mormon they came upon the platform, greeted him, and one of them said, "Why do not all the churches accept that book? Science proves it true." One of them asked if there was a condensed form of the book since he was a very busy man with little time for outside reading. Hubert was sorry to have to tell him that we had no such brief story.

The next morning in assembly at school, Dr. Stephens told the students, "If you ever have an opportunity to hear a lecture on the Book of Mormon, as the true history of the ancestors of the American Indian and their coming to this country, go and hear it, for science proves it true." Dr. Stephens later became a member of the Harvard faculty.

A Great Vision

Hubert had a vision at Kingfisher, Oklahoma, while we were living there. We came downstairs one morning, and while I prepared breakfast he sat in the living room, where he was immediately wrapped in a vision. He saw the glory of God and his great work. The gospel was made so plain it seemed everyone should accept it. He saw the new fields ripening before him; Oklahoma was the ripest and richest of all, a great harvest waiting to be reaped.

I called breakfast just then, and we all sat down at the table. Hubert offered thanks, then shoved back his chair and returned to the living room. Again the vision opened, showing him the glorious home God has prepared for the righteous and how infinitely happy they are. He was so lifted up in spirit, and so thrilled, he felt the Lord had come to his rescue to give him strength for the task of bringing the Lamanites into the kingdom. The vision closed as breakfast was over. He told it at the meeting that night.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

Part XI

Morris Moldrup

The branch at Seiling, Oklahoma, had been disorganized, and the Saints were very discouraged. Apostle I. N. White asked Hubert to go with the president of the district, Brother A. M. Chase, and reorganize that branch. He said, "You will be guided as to who shall be chosen and who will guide that group of people." So they prayed and fasted over the matter that they might be guided by the Spirit of God. They went to the hall where they had held some meetings, and as they were going across the street, Hubert heard the voice of the Spirit speak to him, "Separate unto me my servant Morris Moldrup and ordain him to the office of elder that he may lead this people."

After they entered the hall, he asked Brother Chase if he had heard that voice. Brother Chase said, "No, I did not." Hubert told him of the Spirit's message, and he said, "Don't tell that to the people; the Lord will direct their vote. Wait until after the vote is taken." They presented the matter to the group that night and took a vote. It was unanimous for Morris Moldrup. Then Hubert arose and told them of his experience. Elder Moldrup presided over that group of people for over twenty-five years, a humble servant of God.

Freedom, Oklahoma

While Hubert was on that trip, Apostle I. N. White sent him to Freedom, Oklahoma, to organize the members there into a branch after the officers had moved away and the people were stranded. It was thirty miles from the railroad, and a man by the name of Martin Moreland met him at the station, taking him and a young man, Alva Chrestensen, to his place. It was a long drive with a team and wagon, and on the way out they talked of many things, but the subject that was uppermost in their hearts all the time was the organization of the branch.

Brother Moreland said to Hubert three different times in answer to the question that he had raised: "Well, how are you going to know who should lead the people?" Hubert told him the Lord would direct. Whereupon he said, "Suppose the Lord won't direct?" Hubert said, "If the Lord doesn't direct us, we won't

make a choice." Then he added, "How did the Lord direct Joseph Smith for the organization?"

They had a fine prayer meeting, but not one word was given in any way to indicate who should be chosen. So the next day the three of them were sitting and talking in Brother Moreland's house while he was mending some harness. They were talking over the branch and the possibilities of the progress of the work when Hubert received this inspiration: "Say unto my servant, Martin Moreland, 'If you will put away your doings from before my face which are displeasing to me and step forward into the leadership of this work, it will be pleasing to me.'" Hubert did not tell him at that time. Brother Chrestensen and Hubert were invited to the home of another family of Saints to take lunch with them, and on the way back after they had eaten and visited for an hour or two, Hubert told this young man what was given him. He said he had had the same thing given to him. So when they came to where Brother Moreland was loading broomcorn into his wagon, Hubert said, "Brother Moreland, I have had some words of direction in this matter." When he told him of the experience Brother Moreland commenced to cry, saying, "I knew it all the time! I knew that was coming!"

In a few minutes a man who was to haul a load for him drove up and he took a big plug of tobacco out of his pocket, handed it to the man, and said, "Here, I have no more use for it." He never tasted tobacco afterward, but it was an awful struggle for him. He was unanimously chosen for leader of those people and served them well for many years.

Ten Angry Men

While there in Brother Moreland's house one Friday night, Hubert had a vision in which he saw himself surrounded by ten men who were swearing angrily and looking as if they would devour him. He told this vision to Brother Moreland and Brother Chrestensen. He sent the young man on to Woodward, Oklahoma, to start a meeting on Sunday morning, saying he would be there Sunday night. That evening Hubert preached in great power on the restoration of the gospel, and the house was packed; people had to sit around him on the platform.

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After the sermon was over, he stepped down toward the door to shake hands with everyone, and he found himself immediately surrounded by ten of the angriest men he ever saw. He could not get away because he was in the middle of a circle. There was no use trying to talk because they would not let him. There were about three or four talking at once; after about an hour the crowd had gone home, but they still railed and raved at him. He did not know what they were going to do, but he finally asked, "Well, what do you men want? What is the matter with you?" An old man standing outside the circle said, "I will tell you. When you got through with that sermon, you left all of us out." Hubert said, "That is true, but I invited you in. I was showing the setting up of the kingdom, and I came here to ask you to be a part of it."

After making that explanation he watched the men file out of the building still swearing as they went. Soon all were gone but one young man, who apologized, saying, "I have never seen such a disgraceful thing in my life; I am ashamed of our community."

A Daughter in College

We had been living in Kingfisher four years when our oldest daughter was graduated from Kingfisher High School in June, 1913. She was among the top-ranking pupils of her class, and later during the summer the president of Kingfisher College called at our house to try to enroll her as a student.

After talking with both of us, he offered her tuition free. Since the college was only one and a half miles from town so that she could walk the distance and board at home, we gladly accepted his offer.

The Warlick Debate

A little later in the summer, Hubert was holding a meeting at Anadarko when Sister Lizzie Simmons drove down from the Panhandle of Texas to take him back there to debate with Joe Warlick of the Campbellite church at Ochiltree. Hubert knew this man and his ability and meth-

ods, having been moderator for J. F. Curtis when he met Warlick.

He was meeting one of the most popular men he had ever heard debate, and the night before the debate started, a messenger stood by his bed and told him not to follow his opponent in any of his slander, abuse, or ridicule. Warlick's first speech was a tirade against Latter Day Saints, but when Hubert arose to answer, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have heard nothing but slander, abuse, ridicule, and vulgarity, which is beneath the dignity of a minister for Jesus Christ. That is not the proposition. The proposition is 'Who Has the Gospel?'" He spent his whole time preaching with all the power he had at his command. The debate might just as well have closed at that first session, because Hubert had won the whole crowd by courtesy and kindness. Not once in the whole debate did he ever say an unkind thing against his opponent's church, despite Warlick's continual slander.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, rich cattle owners in the Panhandle, came to Hubert at the close of the second session of the debate and said, "Brother Case, we would like to stay and hear your good speeches, but our minister has talked so bad that we cannot endure it any longer. We are going home."

One wealthy cattleman by the name of Pierson paid Mr. Warlick \$400 to run the Latter Day Saints out of that country. At the close of the debate, Mr. Pierson called Hubert over to the cot where he was lying sick with palsy and said, "Mr. Case, you have made the cleanest debate I have ever heard in all my life." Another prominent cattleman talked out before a crowd of men at the end of the big tent and said, "Gentlemen, I am a Mormon—Joseph Smith, Book of Mormon, and all. I believe every word of it."

During one of Mr. Warlick's speeches, he said, "Old Joe Smith was the worst ignoramus I have read after in all my life. He did not have sense enough to put a punctuation mark in the whole first edition of the Book of Mormon." Then he proceeded to tell how the second chapter of Jacob ought to be punctuated to make it teach polygamy. When Hubert's time came to speak, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, unfortunately for my opponent, I happen to have the first edition of the Book of Mormon," and he read it exactly as it is punctuated in our present edition, then went on with his talk. That is all the reference he made to him, and Warlick slipped up to the pulpit and took the book off the pulpit, which Hubert wanted him to do, because he was sitting by the president of the Business College

in Amarillo, Texas, and the Methodist preacher from Ochiltree. Hubert never mentioned the Book of Mormon again. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, my opponent won't refer to the Book of Mormon. I am glad those two eminent gentlemen saw that statement and how he misrepresented us." To show he was a scholar Warlick never took a Bible or any book in the pulpit during the whole debate because he knew the Bible and could quote Scripture more easily and correctly than anyone Hubert had ever heard.

His Voice Healed

The next to the last session of that debate Hubert's voice "played out" and he could not speak above a whisper. His opponent roared like a lion and ridiculed a man of God who would lose his voice. When they went to lunch, old Brother Sam Simmons, his moderator, was with him; while Sister Simmons was getting their lunch, they went into the bedroom and he administered to Hubert. When he took his hands off his head, Hubert's voice was as clear as a bell. When he went back to the afternoon session of the debate, he found his opponent couldn't speak above a whisper. So the debate ended that way.

President Frederick M. Smith Visits Indians

Hubert has always considered the Indian work in Oklahoma to be the greatest mission opened up in his lifetime. During the fall President Frederick M. Smith came to Oklahoma, and in company with Hubert, visited first the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, then the Kiowas, Sacs, Foxes, and Otoes, where they held meetings with a multitude of Indians from various tribes. After one meeting, at which they had both preached, a full-blood Cheyenne who was an Episcopal minister asked if he might speak. Hubert told him to go ahead. He said, "I have heard Mr. Case preach for the last two years, and I am convinced that these men have the Comforter, which is what all the Indians want. For that reason, I am going to be baptized, and come into this church." His name was Charles Wicks.

From that meeting they went to visit the Kaws and the Osages. Then on to Sperry, Oklahoma, before President Smith returned to Independence. Brother Smith was very much interested in what he saw during his visit and continued that interest all his lifetime.

Enid, Oklahoma

Hubert held a meeting on the street in Enid, Oklahoma, where there were a number of Utah elders preaching, because

the Saints in the town wanted him to tell the difference between the two churches. He replied to the Mormons one night; after that, they sat on the curb and listened to him for three weeks. At the last meeting he talked on the Book of Mormon. There were sixteen preachers from the Christian College just east of town, one Adventist preacher, and two Holiness preachers, besides seven of the Utah elders. His audience numbered over 450, and the people were standing up. He started in at eight o'clock, and there was a running fire of questions from those preachers all the way through—not from the Utah elders but from the others, especially from the men of the college.

When he read the statement from the sixteenth chapter of Mark that these signs shall follow those that believe, the dean of the university stopped him and asked if he would eat a box of "Rough on Rats" if he would go and get it for him. Hubert said, "Go get it, and I will show you." He went to the drugstore and bought a box of it, and demanded Hubert should eat it. Of course the large audience was very much excited over it, when he said to him: "Hold on. I want to ask you a question or two. Will you swear that this is 'Rough on Rats?'" He said, "Yes, I will swear that this is 'Rough on Rats.'" Hubert said, "Well, another question—do you believe the Bible?" He said, "Yes, I do." Hubert said, "According to your interpretation of the Bible, you should eat it," and asked if he would eat it and prove to that audience that he was a Christian. The audience just yelled and booed him.

Hubert said, "We are also told 'It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' Now if I deliberately take a poison and then demand God to heal me, I am tempting him to perform a miracle to show off his power. However, should I be given poison by the enemies of Christ, his promise would apply, and I would not be hurt." The dean became very angry. He said, "I demand that you lay your hands on me and heal me because I am a sick man." Hubert said, "I can prove by this whole audience that you are a murderer. You came here with murder in your heart, and got that poison to kill me." He became angrier still and started to leave; the audience booed him until he was out of sight.

When Hubert finished his talk, it was twelve o'clock. He had preached four hours. Everyone was greatly interested because he answered every one of those men on all the questions that they raised.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

Kingfisher, Oklahoma

A very interesting thing took place at Kingfisher, Oklahoma, while Hubert was engaged in Indian work there. The Baptist preacher had four congregations, but the Indians had almost all left his church. He was doing all he could to keep them, however, and he was very kind to Hubert. When he started to preach to the Indians, the minister would invite him to stay all night at his house to talk about the Indians. He said, "If you can do anything with them, go ahead. I will help you all I can, because I cannot help them any more."

After Hubert had baptized some 150 of them, that minister's church took him out of the Indian work and sent a man from Boston to stop the Reorganized Latter Day Saints. One of the first things this man did was to write letters against the Saints to all the Indians. The Indians would bring the letters to Hubert, who would just smile and tell them the other minister was hurting himself.

Hubert told an Indian one day that the first time he saw the man on the street to point him out to him, as he wanted to talk to him. The Indian did so a few days later while the man and his wife were sitting in their spring wagon. Hubert walked across the street and spoke to them, asking the man if his name were Gibbs. He answered, "Yes, it is."

Hubert said, "Are you the man who has been writing these ugly letters to the Indians about the Latter Day Saints?" He hesitated, but answered, "Yes, I am."

Hubert said, "Another question. Do you profess to be a Christian?"

He replied, "Why, certainly."

Hubert said, "Do you remember that Jesus said, 'Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them'? Would you like for me to treat you that way?"

He answered, "No, I would not."

Hubert said, "You haven't hurt me, but you have ruined yourself. These Indians are all my friends, and your influence with them is gone forever." The man went to his home in Watonga, sent in his resignation to his church, and left the country. None of the Indians ever saw him again.

While we lived in Kingfisher, we became well acquainted with many of the

Cheyenne Indians. Their young people liked to come to our home to be married. Of course their Indian ceremony had already been performed, but they would come for Hubert to complete the ritual. Those who call them stoics should see how they would tremble when they stood to be married by a minister. Just like white people—who are taught to hide their feelings—when so solemn a moment comes they can't control themselves entirely. There were almost no divorces or cases of men leaving their wives while we were in Kingfisher. If a man did leave his family, he was ostracized by his tribe.

A Memorable Communion Service

At one time Hubert was with one of our men who was preaching to a group of Otoes. When the man finished his sermon, an old Indian said to Hubert, "We want you to tell us what we must do. We could not understand this man, but we Indians want an experience with God that we may know we are doing his will." When Hubert rose to his feet, he quoted the statement of Jesus, "Ye must be born again." Then he went on, "The very next verse says, 'Ye must be born of the water, and of the Spirit, or ye cannot enter the kingdom.' The kingdom of God cannot be builded by theory of man. It must be builded by the power of God, by men who have an experience with him, and people who love to enjoy his Spirit. We go back to the early days of the church and read the marvelous experiences of Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, and other men of those early days. They received revelations from God and built by revelations and power."

When he finished his short talk, they were much pleased, and soon afterward a number of them were baptized. In the afternoon of this same day they held a meeting to administer the Communion to those who had been baptized. When they were ready to serve the Communion, two women arose and said they had had hard feelings toward each other, but they were sorry, and each asked the other to forgive her. Their tears showed they truly repented.

To Eastern Oklahoma

Hubert was very glad when the day of debates passed. Sometimes the results were good, but more often they did harm, estranging former good friends and

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neighbors. He frequently wished he had never had a debate. During this year his time was spent mostly in the eastern part of the state. He had been formerly assigned to the central and western parts. In the eastern part he found many new fields. Here, as in the rest of the state where Saints had located, there were openings for preaching. One of the greatest opportunities he ever found was in Sperry. In the early days of the Restoration men believed literally that "he who is warned should warn his neighbor." Some still do this. Earl D. Bailey was the best fireside preacher we ever knew, and the man who succeeded him, Brother Ward Rumsey, aided by his wife, visited many people, especially those who did not attend church.

Every newcomer in town or countryside was visited and invited to come to church. If a missionary has such co-operation from the local forces, he is sure to meet with success. At his first meeting there Hubert preached fourteen times and baptized fourteen persons.

Brother Alva Christensen met Hubert at Foraker, Oklahoma. They preached there about a month and baptized thirty people. They also preached at Washunga and baptized twenty-five, some white people, some Indians. Groups were organized in both places. Hubert also preached at Seminole, Stroud, Holdenville, and Haileyville during the fall and winter of 1915. Upon his return to Kingfisher we talked the situation over and resolved to move from Kingfisher to Lamoni, Iowa. Our two oldest girls were fast growing up. We had no church of our own in Kingfisher, and we felt they should have those privileges.

Move to Lamoni

Accordingly we made arrangements, and in January, 1916, we moved to Lamoni. At the beginning of the semester Cicely started to Graceland, Dorothy to high school, and Ardyce to grade school. We lived with Mrs. Vredenburg, my sister, until April, when we rented the old Lambert place. Hubert returned to Oklahoma and endured a severe winter there. He held some meetings near Brother H. K. Rowland's and in

Reeding. Conference was in Lamoni, and when it was over we moved into the Lambert house. Hubert soon was obliged to return to Oklahoma. He went to Reeding to conduct a meeting; there were quite a few members around there and before long a Sunday school was organized.

He made a short visit to the western part of the state. Brother Rowland took him in his car, and they visited El Reno and Weatherford, where they visited the Goads and Downeys. From there they went to Eagle City, Seiling, Leedy (where they called on Brother and Sister Haines), and on into Cheyenne. Eric and Texola, which is a border town, were their next stops. Finally they arrived at Davidson, where Brother B. F. Renfroe was living. On the return trip they stopped at Bessie to visit the group of Indians there; then they went on to Clinton, where they baptized three, and back to Weatherford, where Hubert preached to a full house. They visited Saints at Hinton, Geary, and Calumet, driving about six hundred miles in all. This was Brother Rowland's first missionary trip and Hubert's first missionary trip in a car. On their way home, Brother Tom Tennery paid one hundred dollars tithing to be forwarded to the bishop. They helped many to make out their inventories on this trip. The day after their return, Brother Rowland took Hubert to visit five Indian camps (Cheyennes), stopping at the Sordens in Kingfisher. Then they went on to Reeding and visited the Saints there.

Conference of 1916

It was now the first of April and time to return home. Hubert was in Reeding only a few days, when he went to Independence for Conference. He was fortunate enough to get an opportunity (rare in those days) to ride down in a car. A revelation was given in the early part of the Conference calling B. R. McGuire to the office of Presiding Bishop. Hubert was appointed to Nebraska for the next two years.

When he returned home, he decided to build us a house in Lamoni so we bought a lot, and he began work at once. He was able to get quite a lot of help on it that could not have been procured so readily had not all the missionaries been home then. Brother Holloway and Brother Elmer Long worked quite a lot on the building; in an amazingly short time it was finished, and we were living in it. The day we moved in he left for Omaha—his new field of labor.

Omaha

While in Omaha he made his home at Brother Ed Marmoy's. Omaha was the first large city in which he had ever

labored for any length of time. The art of visiting homes and bringing back those who were discouraged, which he had learned while a priest of the branch, was just as useful and fruitful as ever. There was wonderful co-operation from the officers of the branch, including the presiding elder, H. A. Scott. Hubert greatly enjoyed his stay in Omaha, which was broken by frequent visits to other groups in that area.

His father and mother and one brother lived at Decatur, Nebraska, and he was at their home several times. He held one tent meeting at Macy for the Indian people, making his home during that time with John Irving, who was married to a white woman.

With W. E. Shakespeare he held another tent meeting here the following year. Each time some Indians were baptized. These two tent meetings prepared for and led up to the final great meeting which was held a year or two later. Hubert found that he obtained much better hearings by visiting homes during the day and holding meetings at night at some home; since it was spring the Indian agent did not wish them to gather a large crowd together. Almost every Sunday twenty to twenty-five were baptized. After fifty-one had joined, Hubert sent for Brother and Sister P. R. Burton. Hubert and Brother Burton continued the meetings in the same way, both preaching short sermons at night in an Indian home. At the close of the meeting each evening some Indian would arise and give his name for baptism. His wife would then give her name, and if they had children of baptismal age, their names would be given also.

This group of meetings culminated in a Communion service for all who had been baptized. It was held on the bank of a creek where the baptizing had been done, and the seating of the large crowd was arranged by one of the Indian brothers, Amos Lamson.

He called all the church members to be seated in the front of the great assembly. It was on a hillside, and all the children who had been baptized were seated in front, the older converts behind them, and the others following as they wished. There were hundreds present, and the sight was inspiring. After Communion, twenty-six babies were blessed. The last two were little boys of four and five years, who rose of their own accord and walked down and knelt at the elders' feet to be blessed. The scene was so inspiring that many of those stoical people shed tears. This day was the culmination of long weeks of cottage meetings, the greatest Hubert ever helped to conduct.

After holding a tent meeting in West Omaha, he came home to Lamoni for

the reunion. It was an outstanding spiritual reunion. When it was over we returned to our home, and he ate his first meal in our new house. His visit at home was short, and he returned to Decatur, Nebraska, September 19 to attend district conference there. At this conference his youngest brother, Bernard Case, was ordained to the office of elder. This brother has remained in that vicinity all these years, most of the time serving as president of Decatur Branch.

During Omaha's fall celebration called the "Aksarben"—Nebraska spelled backward—he, for the first time in his life, saw a president of the United States. This was Woodrow Wilson, one of the chief personalities at the celebration.

Omaha Church Dedicated

On October 15, 1916, the church in Omaha was dedicated. Bishop B. R. McGuire preached the dedicatory sermon, Heman C. Smith offered the prayer, and Hubert had charge of the meeting. The church was filled to capacity. The next day our youngest daughter, Ardyce, arrived, having made the trip with some friends. She went to have some dental work done. She and her father both were cared for at Brother and Sister Marmoy's. They came home the next week. Hubert's errand was to have a furnace put in the new house. We had found that the hard coal burner we had put up would not heat even the living room. He accomplished the job in just a week and returned to Omaha.

A Healing

Hubert was called to administer to Sister Josie Herrington. Brother J. M. Baker was with him. They found her in great distress, suffering a violent gallstone attack. Her heart was so weak that the surgeons refused to operate. Brother Baker and Hubert, after fasting all day, administered to her. She received instant relief, and as they started to leave a voice said to Hubert, "Go back and lay your hands again on my handmaiden and she shall be healed." After telling Brother Baker what he had heard, they went back and told her of the experience. Again they laid their hands on her head, and they felt the great power come down. The woman was instantly healed and was never again troubled with that illness.

Soon after this was Thanksgiving. He received a letter from Moorhead, Iowa, our old home, asking him to come and preach the Thanksgiving sermon. He went and saw many old friends, including my sister, Mrs. J. E. Wilson, at whose home he spent the night.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

Part XIII

R. W. Scott

THE NEXT SUNDAY when Hubert preached on the duties of the Saints, Brother R. W. Scott arose at the close of the service and related a dream which he had had the previous night. In that dream he stood in the shelter of a building while a great snowstorm raged. He saw a man coming up the street facing the storm; he stopped to wipe the snow out of his eyes, and Brother Scott saw it was Hubert. He was leading a sheep, and after he put it in the shelter he started out again. Brother Scott asked, "Brother Case, where are you going?"

Hubert answered, "Why, Brother Scott, there are many of them out there, and I must bring them in." Then the dream ended.

Brother Scott continued, "I am now ready to offer my life service to the Master to help in his work."

On December 20 at prayer meeting, Hubert was presented a purse containing \$130, the greatest collection and offering he had ever received.

He came home on December 23 for Christmas and remained over the holidays to visit relatives and enjoy the family, returning to Omaha on January 6, 1917. He spent that whole month visiting the sick and administering both in homes and hospitals, preaching on Sundays and holding priesthood meetings on Monday evenings and prayer meetings on Wednesday evenings. Great interest and good attendance marked all these meetings. At the priesthood meetings scarcely a man would be absent. This continued for months.

In February I wrote him to meet me at St. Joseph for a trip I wanted to make. We went to Camden Point, Missouri, and remained there overnight with the Montagues. They received us with open arms, and when we left next day, I carried with me the first copy of our family genealogy I had ever seen. They had lent it to me without question, although I had never met them before. It was not in very good shape, and I had it rebound at the Herald House before returning it the next spring.

Hubert was at home ten days; we greatly enjoyed this brief visit. The girls were busy at school and at work. He returned to Omaha and finding the pas-

tor out of town on business took his place, preaching three times on Sunday—one being a funeral sermon. He baptized eleven people and made many pastoral visits. On March 21 he came home as I was very sick. It was hard for him to leave Omaha, as the pastor was still absent and the whole burden was resting on him. He remained at home until the Conference was over.

In April he was assigned to Omaha as city missionary. As Brother Scott had not returned from Texas yet, Hubert was obliged to take his place as pastor. Every day he visited and sought for scattered members who had not attended for long periods of time; he succeeded in bringing many of them back to church.

Five Thousand Indians

He received a letter from President F. M. Smith asking him to go to Oklahoma with him to visit the Indians. This was late in June. He came to Lamoni, and he and Brother Smith went to Oklahoma together. They were met at El Reno by Brother A. W. Sanders who took them to Watonga, where there was a gathering of 5,000 Indians. Many of our Indian members were in this crowd. Both Brother Smith and Hubert preached to them at this great gathering. This and other trips they took gave Brother Smith a very good understanding of the missionary work among the Indians.

They attended another meeting near Calumet, and another near Kingfisher. Then they visited the Otoes, Iowas, Sacs, and Foxes, then various camps of the Osages and Kaws. This trip, and the one among the Omahas and Winnebagos in Nebraska, gave President Smith the greatest understanding of the Indian question of any of the church leaders.

Hubert returned to Omaha on August 11 and soon left for the Lamoni Reunion. This was a very spiritual reunion all the way through. The gifts of prophecy and tongues were enjoyed. After the reunion Hubert returned to Omaha and with R. W. Scott visited the Saints in Logan, Iowa.

On returning to Omaha he held a lawn meeting at Brother J. M. Baker's home; it lasted two weeks with excellent attendance and interest. Some were baptized, and many encouraged and inspired. The branch was strengthened by

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the additions from these outlying sections.

Omaha

Hubert has never enjoyed working with any group of men more than those in Omaha because there was so much of brotherly kindness and co-operation among them. Many members who had grown cold were enlivened again, and they felt there was great good done in the city, as well as in many smaller towns throughout the district. A very interesting experience occurred in prayer meeting one Wednesday night in Omaha. Hubert had decided not to take part in this meeting, so he sat far back in the church. There was such a long silence that he finally got up. As he rose to his feet he saw beautiful writing in large letters across the front of the church. As he read one line it would disappear and another would flash across the building. He read each line as it appeared, and when the writing ceased, he stopped also. Then he told them where he had seen the message he had just given. The time was fully occupied from then until the close of the meeting. During his stay, Hubert helped to build and organize a second congregation in Omaha called the South Omaha Branch. He spent some time with this branch before leaving for General Conference. He came home first and urged me to go with him. A kind sister, Miss Nellie Grover, offered to stay with my girls and pay my fare if I would go with him to Independence. Gratefully I accepted her offer and had a very enjoyable experience. We went home much pleased because Hubert was appointed to Lamoni for the year.

After returning to Lamoni, he was much occupied for some time with business affairs. He held meetings during the month of May in neighboring school districts, using the schoolhouses for services.

Marriage of Daughter

Early in June our oldest daughter, Cicely, was married. Ever since her first semester at Graceland, she had been dating Arthur Church. He was intensely interested in wireless telegraphy and had built a receiving set in a room of his father's home at Lamoni. This was

the first wireless receiving station west of the Mississippi. He had taught a class in wireless at Graceland in 1917-1918. He was now expecting to be called into the Army very soon, and wanted to be married before he left. Cicely had been working in the Herald Publishing House as stenographer to Brother Carmichael, and she continued there until he returned from the Army. They were married on June 2, 1918, at our home, Brother Elbert Smith officiating.

Hubert held tent meetings at Creston, Chariton, and Lucas, with good attendance and interest. Quite a number were baptized at each place. At Pleasanton also he held a fine meeting and some were baptized. It lasted more than a month with large crowds and great interest. He came home for the reunion at Lamoni. We all moved to tents at the reunion grounds. It was a wonderful meeting, well attended and very spiritual.

This was the fall and winter of the flu epidemic. Brother R. V. Hopkins and Hubert went day and night for weeks administering to the sick. It is a notable fact that, because of the goodness and mercy of God, there was only one death in Lamoni and near vicinity.

Indian Member Healed

Hubert was assigned again to Oklahoma in 1919. On his way he stopped over in Independence. There he witnessed a remarkable healing among the Indians. A man by the name of Orrin Turtle brought his wife to the Sanitarium to be operated on for gallstones. They both wanted to be baptized before she went to the Sanitarium, so Hubert baptized them. When Dr. Tom Twyman, who did the operating, discovered she had a terrible cancer he said, "In my judgment, the best thing would be to sew her up." Dr. Messenger asked Hubert to take the Indians out and tell them she could not live more than two weeks. Dr. Messenger said, "You go and get the elders." So Hubert got an elder and came back after she was conscious. He asked her if she would like for them to pray for her and anoint her with oil, as she knew our custom among the Indians. "Oh, yes," she said, "I would."

Hubert administered to her and went on to Oklahoma that day to his work down there. He met her on the street in Kingfisher four weeks after that. She said, "Look here, Brother Case, I haven't had a pain since you administered to me." That was about twenty-eight years ago and she is living yet.

A Home in Independence

Hubert was requested to go to Pertle Springs, Missouri, where a reunion was

being held. He was there several days, and went on to Holden to see Sister Devore, who was alone and sick. We remembered her fondly from our association in the South Seas. This was the last time he ever saw her. He went on to Oklahoma City, and his work in that state. He visited many branches, including the Indians, and made a few new openings. When the year was over he returned to Lamoni, with the idea that it would be much better for us to live in the Center Place.

Our son-in-law, Arthur Church, was also anxious to move to Independence, so Hubert and Arthur bought a large house on Maple Street just across from the high school. Then we sold our property in Lamoni and moved to Independence. The old house was roomy enough for all of us. Arthur took the rooms upstairs, and we lived downstairs. We all had plenty of room and were very comfortable in that house.

Hubert went on to Oklahoma to his work. Dorothy, our second daughter, found work also in the office of the Quorum of Twelve as stenographer. Both Dorothy and Ardyce enjoyed attending the Sabbath school class of Mrs. Mansel Williams. This class was held for years after its organization that spring of 1919.

Oklahoma Reunion

Early in the fall the Oklahoma Reunion was to be held in Red Rock. Hubert was anxious for us to come down, so we decided to go. It proved to be a very rainy week, but the reunion was wonderful. Brother Gomer T. Griffiths was in charge of the reunion, also Brothers J. W. Wight and R. V. Hopkins. Some Indians from Red Rock were in attendance. The reunion ground was right around their council building, and whenever it looked too much like rain, Brother Griffiths would say, "Well, let's adjourn to the Council House. We always have a good meeting there." An Indian by the name of Jack Koshiway began attending meetings just out of curiosity. He had read his Bible more than most of the Indians and at one time he selected thirty men and baptized them, just because he said they were so sinful they needed it. One day he sat in prayer meeting, and Brother Griffiths spoke to him by the Spirit. He also heard prophecy and the gift of tongues through Elders Wight and Hopkins. At the close of the meeting, Brother Griffiths baptized twenty-eight, including Jack Koshiway and Chief Hoke Dent and his wife. Hoke Dent was an old man at that time, but he lived on to be 105. His wife was ninety-nine when she passed away. Their son, Ralph Dent, is now chief of the Otoe tribe.

They are good faithful members of this church, and often ask for someone to come and preach to them.

Speaking in Indian Languages

Another incident impressed Hubert very much. At one of the Conferences, as he was getting ready to go to prayer meeting, he saw an Indian getting off the streetcar and spoke to him. His name was Oliver Lamere, a Winnebago Indian from Nebraska. He was a nationally known lecturer, and Hubert had met him a number of times when he was working with the Omaha Indians because the reservations joined. Hubert said, "Come on, Oliver, let's go to the prayer meeting. It is starting in a few minutes." The church was packed. They went right down in front of the pulpit.

During the meeting J. W. Wight arose and spoke in the gift of tongues and gave the interpretation. This noted Indian said to Hubert, "He spoke in the Sioux language, and I understood every word of it." Presently R. V. Hopkins arose and spoke in tongues and gave the interpretation. Phillip Cook, an elder in the church and a Cheyenne Indian, told Hubert at the close, "I understood that language. He spoke in Cherokee."

Daughter's Illness

Ardyce and I left the Red Rock reunion before its close. She had but one more year of high school when we left Lamoni, and I had promised her that we would go back for the school year so that she might graduate with her class. But it was not to be so. We had been there just about two weeks, when she became ill with typhoid. I had to telegraph Hubert to come from his mission. She was very ill, and as soon as we dared to move her we took her to Independence by train. Dr. Hills of Lamoni came with us and sat by her cot in the baggage car with us. He never left her side until she was safe in the Sanitarium, when Dr. G. L. Harrington took charge of her. She came out of the coma she was in, soon after, and although she had a second run of the fever, it was not nearly so bad as the first. When she recovered, it was entirely too late to go back and try to catch up. She finished high school at Independence the next year.

Dorothy, who had remained in Oklahoma to visit friends, came home when she heard of Ardyce's illness and helped all she could to take care of her. She soon found work in the General Church offices, where she remained a long time.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case *Part XIV*

By Alice Montague Case



Alice and Hubert Case, 1922

Healings

Hubert was driving to Oklahoma in 1920 west of Yates Center where he was going to perform a marriage ceremony for one of the Van Valkenburgs whom he had baptized in Oklahoma. He was undecided as to just where those people lived, and he drove about a quarter of a mile off the road to a house to inquire the way. When he got there the lady of the house said, "Oh, Brother Case, come in here." He discovered it was the Harrison Rudd family, whom we had known in Iowa. She said, "Come in here, for Harrison is very sick, and Sunshine, our daughter, has tuberculosis." He administered to both of them. Ted Beck who at that time was not a member of the church was there and witnessed the administration. Both of the sick were healed. It was such a miraculous thing to see Sunshine raised up from tuberculosis that it was one of the things that brought Ted Beck into the church. He told Hubert about Sunshine's being healed years afterward. Sunshine became Ted's wife.

About 1925 Hubert was holding a meeting at Sperry, Oklahoma, and was ready to close his meeting to go home for Christmas. Brother Gleazer was with him the last meeting on Sunday, and they were both going to Independence for Christmas. Hubert received a letter from Brother Goad asking him to come to their place about 150 miles to the southwest at Weatherford, Oklahoma, and administer to his wife, for the doctors had given her up to die. He took the train for Weatherford, and Brother Gleazer went on to Wichita. When Hubert reached Weatherford that Monday afternoon, Brother Goad met him at the train, took him out to his home, and told him how desperately sick his wife was. Hubert told him that she was a humble person, one of great faith, and he believed God would heal her. When they got to the house some four miles in the country, Hubert offered prayer. Brother Goad bowed down with him and cried as if his heart would break. Hubert arose and administered to her, and she was instantly healed. He told Brother Goad that he had one of the best of women, that the Lord had recognized her faith when she was patient, and that she was one of God's chosen ones.

He asked Hubert when he would speak over the radio, and Hubert said, "I am planning to speak tonight when I get home." He said, "I want you to tell of this healing and dedicate this service to my wife. I won't tell her about it; I will just tune in and get your announcement and your talk."

Hubert received a letter from him a day or two after that. He wrote, "I have never seen her so happy over anything as that radio service. We all enjoyed it very much." They had three little boys, and her healing was a lesson for life to those children.

The "Great Healer"

At Jenks, Oklahoma, a little town eleven miles south of Tulsa, Hubert went to baptize our niece's daughter. On his arrival there, he told her that little Dorothy, her daughter, should hear some sermons before she was baptized, to which my niece agreed. Hubert rented a vacant store building in the town, put in seats, advertised his meeting, and filled the building the first night; crowds continued to come for three consecutive nights.

Hubert heard about the "great healer," Raymond T. Ritchie, who had been in Tulsa three months. Most of the people had been up there to see the healer, but he had gone away, and the excitement had not yet subsided, so there was much talk about him.

The fourth night when Hubert arose to speak, the Spirit of the Lord came on him in great power, and he said, "I have heard much in the last three days about Raymond T. Ritchie and how he healed the sick. He never claimed that he healed the sick, although he was advertised as the 'great healer.' But as the people passed by him in line, he would say to them as he touched them, 'If you have faith to believe, God will heal you.' But God has given me power to heal all your incurables. You have many among you here who were taken to Raymond T. Ritchie, who were not healed. Bring them to me, and they shall be healed."

At the close of this meeting, two men came to Hubert, asking that he go to their homes. One asked him to go that very night.

Two More Healed

He went with him a mile and a half out in the oil field. The man told Hubert how many times he had taken his wife

to Raymond Ritchie to be healed because she was dying of tuberculosis. She had been bedfast for a year and a half. Hubert explained to these people about our belief in regard to healing of the sick. The Spirit of God came upon him and he knew after he anointed the woman that she would be healed. After he administered to her, the fever left immediately.

The next morning Hubert saw her husband, Mr. Bruce, in town and asked him how his wife was. He said, "She got up and prepared breakfast this morning, and she is coming to your meeting tonight." She was baptized during that series of meetings.

The other man said, "You come to my house tomorrow morning at nine o'clock," and Hubert went. Cancer had eaten out two of his wife's ribs; the opening was nine inches long and eight inches across. Hubert knew instantly when he laid his hands on her head that she was healed. The husband could not get anyone to take care of her because the stench of the cancer was so bad. Her healing made that series of meetings of great interest to the town and the whole community.

Hubert baptized thirty-two people and raised money from the town to build a new church. He put up most of that building with his own hands while he was conducting meetings. He got more money from nonmembers than he did from the Saints.

Sperry, Oklahoma, was a remarkable place. Almost invariably, wherever Hubert preached, he baptized as many people as he preached sermons. He baptized fifty people at one meeting. Another time he preached ninety days and baptized ninety people.

Hearing Restored

One night after preaching was over, a lady said to him, "Brother Case, I have completely lost my hearing. I want to be administered to so that I may get my hearing back."

After most of the people had gone, Hubert called the rest of them to order again and told them that Sister Katie Hogue wished to be administered to, and if there were any others who desired administration for them to come forward. There were five in all.

Sister Katie was the last one of the five to receive administration. Afterward the pastor's wife came to him and asked, "Brother Case, did you hear someone else talking while you were offering that prayer?" He said, "No, I didn't." Another woman came up and asked the same question. He said, "No, I did not hear anyone talking. If I had it would have bothered me." He then asked them what the voice said. They replied that it repeated the words of his prayer. Then he turned to Sister Hogue and asked her if she heard it. She said, "I heard the voice, and I heard what you said. I am healed. I can hear everything."

In the summer of 1922 our second daughter, Dorothy, was married to Richard M. Maloney, Sr., in our home, Cyril Wight officiating.

Hubert returned to Oklahoma soon after this, holding meetings at Skiatook, Shidler, and Washunga. There were good groups at all these places and some were added every time services were held by any of our men. There was a reunion held at Washunga, and a number of young people were baptized. During these years our work was growing and spreading; nearly every place where Hubert and others baptized a group, a branch would be organized. This development came because they stayed long enough that the people thoroughly understood the gospel before they were baptized. This was possibly the reason for the success of his ministry in this state—the thorough understanding of the gospel by those who were baptized.

Paying a Debt in Minneapolis

About this time we decided to sell the house on Maple Street, Independence, Missouri. This we did, and bought on West Walnut. After remodeling the house, we moved in, and remained there seventeen years.

In the summer of 1924 Hubert was moved from Oklahoma to Minneapolis for three months; while there he lived at the DeLapp home. I also visited there for two weeks later on in the summer. The Saints there had a heavy debt on their church, and after his experience at Oklahoma City at the State Fair Hubert urged

them to see what they could do by way of paying off their debt.

The Minnesota State Fair was at hand, and they decided to see what they could do to raise money. Being authorized by the branch, Hubert went to the fairgrounds and rented a large building for \$700 for the eight days of the fair. Then equipment had to be bought, which amounted to \$2,500. The church people, though frightened at the heavy expense incurred, cheerfully did the heavy work of preparing and keeping up the dining hall. It proved a success. About 2,500 ate at their tables each day, and on Labor Day the number was 5,000. The sum cleared after all expenses were paid was about \$2,000. Despite the hard work the Saints thought it was worth while. Everybody in the branch helped and worked in harmony and good will. Soon after the fair was over Elder Ray Whiting came to Minneapolis, and Hubert had the pleasure of presenting him as their new pastor. He offered his own resignation at that meeting and returned to Oklahoma.

During my visit to Minneapolis and the DeLapp home, I had invited Sister DeLapp, if she came to Conference the next spring, to stay at our house. This she did. Her son Leslie brought her there, and as the roads were bad I also urged him to spend the night there. Thus it happened that he met our daughter, Ardyce.

Marriage of Daughter Ardyce

The acquaintance made at the Conference of 1926 between our daughter and Leslie DeLapp grew fast and soon culminated in their wedding on August 25, 1926. He took her to Minneapolis to live. So the children at home now were only grandchildren, one of whom—Richard Maloney—with his mother remained in our home until he had finished high school.

Hubert returned to Oklahoma, Sapulpa being his first stop. He also preached at Keifer, Bristow, Yale, and Drumright. Good interest was shown at all these points.

From there he went to Holdenville. After that he returned home for the Conference of 1926. Being reappointed to Oklahoma, he visited Hartshorne, where there was a branch already organized, also Wilburton and Fanshaw. He then visited Calumet and other groups of pioneer Saints.

With Ed Dillon

From the San Springs Reunion near Tulsa, he came with Brother and Sister Ed Dillon to Independence. This was a very good spiritual reunion, and one of its outstanding features was the number

of young people who made their start in the work of the church. Some had been baptized in childhood; some had just been baptized; but all were filled with interest and zeal and became active workers in the church. Among the older people who were baptized at that reunion was B. A. Howard, father of Merle Howard.

The object of the Dillons' drive to Independence was to get Hubert and me to accompany them on a trip to Kirtland Reunion. None of us had ever seen that historic spot, and we were eager to go but had little time for preparation. However, we made ready with as little delay as possible and started on our way.

Kirtland Temple

The drive across Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and part of Ohio was very interesting to all of us, as we had not seen those states. But Kirtland was the most outstanding feature of our trip. As we drove up over the hills and caught our first glimpse of the Temple, we were all thrilled. We were truly inspired as we walked up to the door and read that inscription, "The House of the Lord."

When Hubert preached his first sermon in the Temple, the Spirit was present in great power; it was a taste of heaven to us as it is to all the Saints who go there. We have heard many speak of that building as the most sacred spot they have ever visited.

From there we visited Hill Cumorah and other historic places, then started westward to Nauvoo.

Sadness at Nauvoo

There was a great feeling of sadness for us about Nauvoo. We saw the homes where Joseph had lived, and which were well preserved. But the fact that the temple no longer stood upon the hill, and the sight of those great stones from its walls, now used in a Catholic school building, gave us a feeling of sorrow for "what might have been." Hubert's grandparents were baptized by Oliver Cowdery on his first mission to Independence. When the Saints were driven out of Missouri the Case family went to Nauvoo, where the grandfather worked for Joseph Smith. Their testimony concerning Joseph Smith's connection with polygamy was that it was all false. They said a finer, cleaner man than Joseph Smith never lived, and they had opportunity to know as they worked in his house and grounds for a long time. My people had lived there too, so the place seemed rather a sad one to both of us.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

More Work at Minneapolis

While at Nauvoo, Hubert received a call from the Saints of the Minneapolis, Minnesota, Branch asking him to come back and help run their dining hall again at the State Fair. The Dillons were willing, so we all drove from Nauvoo to Minneapolis. This gave me a chance to visit with our daughter. She and I did not stay at the fairgrounds much. I was not feeling very well and was unable to help as most of the sisters did. Many turned out and helped vigorously, and the result was a profit larger than the year before. These two years reduced the debt decidedly. They were a noble band of workers, notably Sister L. L. DeLapp and Sister Lundeen. Many others also are worthy of mention.

We returned home with the Dillons, stopping overnight with my sister, Mrs. Frank Thompson. From there to Independence was not a long drive, but the Dillons remained overnight, and next morning they and Hubert left for Oklahoma City.

Brother Dillon took Hubert to El Reno soon after, and he started a tent meeting in the Fair addition. It lasted thirty days and resulted in thirty baptisms. About a month later he returned, preached thirty more sermons, and baptized thirty more people. This was a decided lift to the El Reno Branch, and just at that time old Brother J. M. Terry came from Independence and took charge of the work in that place. Things went well there as long as Brother Terry remained; this was not long as he was an old man and his strength was hardly sufficient for any appointment. When he left, Brother H. K. Rowland took charge of the branch and continued there for a number of years. His task was a hard one, as he lived eighteen miles away on a farm. With all his work on the farm, if it was possible to get over the roads, he was there every Sunday.

Through all those busy years it was a pleasure to Hubert to drive over the state, as he knew the Saints wherever they were located. He made a special effort to visit the homes of scattered members and helped them to keep the faith.

Detroit, Michigan

In 1929, when he was holding a meeting in Tulsa, Brother Gleazer succeeded in transferring him to Detroit. He went to Detroit in February, accompanying Brother Emmet Lancaster who had been

sent to Detroit as pastor. Hubert was to be city missionary.

When they arrived in Detroit, they were given a reception by the Saints. There was a large crowd, and the people all were very kind in their greetings to the new men. At this time the church was stressing the idea of "completing the family circle." This was the sort of work Hubert had always been doing, and he entered into it with great zeal and good success. After getting started, and finding where people lived, he visited days and evenings completing many family circles. Baptismal services were held every Sunday. The four men who assisted in this visiting were Blakeslee Smith, L. J. Richards, Wilbert Richards, and A. E. Boos. Brother Gleazer suggested that he appoint Blakeslee Smith to do the baptizing for a certain length of time, to give him a start in his missionary work. This he did, until he had baptized forty-one. Hubert's long years of experience in missionary work had taught him the art of getting decisions from those who believed but procrastinated. Most of the baptisms came from that kind of people, most often the father of a church family or the husband of a woman who was a member.

Missionary Helps

At first he had no means of transportation of his own. All his helpers had cars, and he depended on them. Later a car was provided. Brother Richard Hartnell gave him \$50.00 to buy books for missionary use. This was a great help. He was called to go all over the city to administer to the sick. This brought many into the church, because it gave him an opportunity to talk to families. By the end of his first six months in Detroit, he had a missionary campaign under way that reaped a great harvest.

In May, 1929, Brother Lancaster and Hubert drove to Tulsa and Independence, taking Sister Helen Lancaster and me to Detroit with them when they returned. After that they felt more at home in the great city. A very busy summer followed, as interest increased in various parts of the city. There was always something to do, somewhere the elders needed to go.

Immediately after the Christmas celebration, we started for Independence. When the holidays were over Hubert went back to Detroit, while I remained in Independence to make preparation for General Conference in April, 1930.

Upon Hubert's return—as he now had his own means of transportation—he was

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busier than ever. If anyone has the idea that a missionary in a city has an easy time, that person should have followed Hubert around Detroit. He would come in at night very tired. After eating, and possibly resting a few minutes, one of his helpers would call for him to accompany him on some mission. It had to be very stormy indeed if they were not all visiting somewhere every evening.

One of the regrettable things of the first part of his stay in Detroit was the lack of interest shown in the Sunday evening attendance at Central Church. At that time Hubert was much interested in a series of articles written by Elbert Smith dramatizing church history. He suggested the branch take up the idea and present those short dramas at the Sunday evening services. The people were enthusiastic about it, and from the very first night, the historical sketches were a great success, and the church was filled to overflowing. Hubert followed them with sermonettes. It was really a thrill to see those dramas enacted. It affected the people to the point of shedding tears, even though the actors were only amateurs.

Administrations

Hubert was called one day to Brother A. E. Boos's home to administer to Sister Boos. I went with him, and we found her suffering from an infected jaw where a tooth had been removed. Her jaw was so swollen that she could not speak. Hubert administered to her, and in a few moments she said, "Look, the swelling is going down!" It was, and in a short time her jaw was reduced almost to normal.

At another time he was called to Grace Hospital to administer to two children who had polio. They had been moved into the death ward. Brother Lancaster was with him, and the nurse said, as she led them to the children, "They are dying." But after receiving administration, these two children were soon removed from the ward; both made speedy recoveries and had no bad after effects so common to this dread disease.

The Incident of the Potatoes

Not long after that, a woman invited Hubert to go to her house and eat dinner; she and her family did not belong to

the church and wanted to discuss it. Hubert told her he would, but when he got ready to go, he found he had to preach at River Rouge after teaching his church school class. This was ten miles away. He asked Brother Boos to drive, and his wife went with them. Hubert hesitated to take both of them where only he was invited to eat with the people, but he needed the transportation so it worked out that all three went.

When they arrived at the home, they found a very small house. Hubert apologized for bringing extra guests, but the people said it was all right. The lunch was nearly ready when they arrived. There was little to eat, and the potatoes seemed not much larger than walnuts. There were so few on the plate that each person took but one apiece of those tiny potatoes. Hubert talked to the people about the church while they ate. Sister Boos said the woman never went to the kitchen to get more potatoes, yet she passed the plate again and it was heaping full. The next time they each took two potatoes. There was little other food on the table so she passed the potatoes a third time, and again they all took some. When they had finished eating, Hubert said, "I have a baptismal service at three o'clock and we have only a little while to visit, so let's don't take any time for doing dishes."

They all sat down and he told them the story of the Restoration and a number of his missionary experiences. When they got ready to go he apologized again for bringing company. The woman said, "Don't apologize again for bringing company. Look at that table. There is more food there than we had to start with, and if you had not blessed that food, there would not have been enough to go around."

It was quite a little time after that before Hubert baptized those young people because the man was an infidel and so was his father; they wanted to read the books. Hubert left *The Call at Evening* with them, and they got other books to read. When Hubert was transferred from Detroit to central Michigan, they drove to Bay City—over one hundred miles away when the thermometer stood at 20 below zero to be baptized. Frank Sheufelt, the man, was ordained an elder later and is one of the fine workers in a Detroit congregation today.

Healed of Cancer

In the fall of 1930 Sister Floyd Moore was very ill and was taken to the hospital. The doctors pronounced her disease cancer of the intestines and said she could live but a few days. She wanted to see her children, and the doctors said she

might as well be taken home as she was beyond all medical help.

After she was taken home Hubert and Brother George Booth administered to her. Just before the administration her sister said, "I know you can be healed! I was healed of a broken neck, and I am not a member of the church!" That administration was one of the greatest manifestations of power Hubert had ever witnessed.

About two hours later, Brother Moore called for them to come again. Hubert was on the other side of the city, so Brother Booth went alone. He administered to her again, and she was healed. All her symptoms immediately disappeared, and the next day she was able to be up. The specialist had asked if she were alive the next morning to let him know. When he came and saw her moving around without pain, he asked, "How do you feel?" She replied that she felt perfectly well. He asked what had happened and when she told him he said, "A greater physician than man has healed you. You *are* well."

Further Work in Detroit

The missionary work went on with as much interest and vigor throughout the winter as had ever been known during his stay in Detroit. He enjoyed his work, and although there were many hindrances, the branch grew. During the last year, he taught a Doctrine and Covenants class at Central Church which he greatly enjoyed. The average attendance at this class was sixty. Baptisms continued to be frequent as long as Hubert worked in Detroit. He received word that spring that he was to be transferred to the Central District in Michigan.

After a short rest at home with me and our daughter, Dorothy—who, with her family, was with us at that time—he returned to Bay City, Michigan, which was in his mission. He made his home at Brother E. S. White's. He had been appointed district president, so he had to drive a great deal. Brother White took him in his car wherever he wished to go, until Hubert bought a used car

Converting a Bootlegger

Hubert made his headquarters in Bay City with Brother E. S. White for about three years. During that time he was pastor of the branch and also served in district work. This is one of the earliest experiences of appointee pastors. A bootlegger lived next door to the church in Bay City. He had a beautiful flower garden, and Hubert used to talk with him about his flowers. One day the man complained to Brother White that somebody had reported him to the police. He thought it was Hubert, but Brother White said, "It couldn't have been, because he

doesn't know about your bootlegging. I can tell you who did report you, though—it was the preacher across the road on the other side of our church." That made the man feel kindly toward Hubert, and it was not long until he started coming to church. He quit his bootlegging and, with his family, was baptized. The last Hubert heard of him he was leading the branch orchestra.

An Accident

In 1933, the second year of Hubert's stay in central Michigan, he was persuaded by Brother White and others to accompany them to Lansing to attend a prohibition convention. The car in which Hubert rode was driven by a fifteen-year-old boy who insisted on going seventy miles an hour. The car was old, and Hubert talked to the boy, trying to persuade him to slow down but to no avail. On their return trip, while driving at full speed the boy lost control of the car; it went into a creek over a high bank. All six of the occupants went out through the top of the car. Hubert fell with his head in the creek, absolutely insensible from the shock.

Some farmers living near hurried to the scene and dragged him up against the bank. They noticed that the scalp was torn from his head so that it hung down over his ear. They pulled the scalp in place as well as they could and tried to hold it there, plastering a handful of burdock burs on his head. They helped the others who needed help, then carried Hubert to the nearest farmhouse and laid him on a cot. They then phoned to Saginaw, which was the nearest town having a hospital, to send an ambulance. It was twenty-three miles away. After quite a long wait, while he continued to lie unconscious, the ambulance arrived. The engine developed trouble, and attendants had to phone and wait for another ambulance. Finally he was taken to the hospital, and the doctors took charge. He knew nothing until the following morning, when he opened his eyes and saw a doctor standing by him.

He asked, "What happened to me?" The doctor answered, "The Indians got hold of you and scalped you." "Oh, no," Hubert answered, "Indians don't scalp anyone nowadays. The white people do that!"

The doctor turned to the nurse and said, "Give this man something to eat." Hubert was in the hospital only one week. On that first day he wrote me a card telling me he had been in an accident, but making light of it. I did not dream it was such a bad injury until he came home soon afterward.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Hubert Case

Part XVI

Central Michigan District

Hubert felt it an honor to follow one of the greatest missionaries of the Reorganization, Brother J. J. Cornish. Brother Cornish gathered in groups of people wherever he went; later these groups became branches. At the time Hubert was there, there were about thirty branches in the district. He found the field and his work very interesting. Among the men who were of valuable service as teachers of the priesthood were L. E. Grice of Saginaw, and M. A. Summerfield of Tawas City. At that time Bay City, Saginaw, Midland, and Beaverton were the largest branches in the district. His endeavor was to build up all the branches, and he worked among them constantly. Many young people were gathered into the church during his stay in the district.

An Unusual Healing

A very wonderful healing occurred in Bay City. It happened to a Catholic woman, who had completely lost her mental balance and had been that way over four years. A lady who knew the family told Brother White and Hubert about her, asking that they go to see her. They went and found her in a most pitiful condition. The woman would sit in her chair without speaking all day long. She paid no attention to her husband or children and did nothing for them. Hubert and Brother White sat down and talked with her and the family. They explained the words of the Bible concerning administration and said that it must be done by those having authority.

After receiving family consent, they administered to her, and Hubert discerned that she was possessed of a dumb spirit. In confirmation of the anointing he rebuked the spirit, commanding it to leave her.

They went away, and her husband told them the next time he saw them, that immediately after they left she arose and went into the kitchen to resume her work, remarking how dirty things were. That, as far as they knew, was the end of her trouble. The family, however, did not seek to learn more about the gospel.

Converts at Whittemore

Hubert conducted a very successful meeting at Whittemore. After two weeks

he held a Sunday afternoon baptismal service. At it he noticed a tall bald-headed man who listened very intently to every word. When the baptism was over he came to Hubert and asked him where he was to preach that night. When Hubert told him Whittemore, he said he would be there. The outcome was that he and his family—several daughters and sons-in-law—were baptized.

During the next month he traveled over the district, visiting all the Saints he could find in every branch of the district. At Whittemore the pastor asked him, when he returned, to visit each home and talk with the members, telling his experiences instead of holding preaching services.

One of the bright spots in his memory is the calling of the district to assemble at Beaverton to celebrate his fortieth anniversary in missionary work. This call was made by a counselor to the district president, L. E. Grice. A large crowd filled the church for an all-day meeting, and the whole day was wonderful. But the morning prayer meeting was a pentecostal shower of blessing.

When he returned home that spring, we made a short visit to Oklahoma, when our niece's son was graduated from Stillwater College. When we returned home we celebrated Hubert's birthday with a family dinner at our oldest daughter's home. Hubert preached twice that day in the Stone Church.

Further Work in Michigan

Upon his return to Michigan in 1934 he preached with spiritual power at Houghton Lake. After that he drove and visited and preached continually until Christmas time, when he again returned home for a month.

He held a fine three weeks' series at Gladwin. Some were baptized, and all were strengthened. His work in this part of Michigan was a continual moving from place to place wherever he seemed most needed. As reunion time approached, he began seeking a suitable location. He found a beautiful grove near Edenville and managed to get the grounds which a wealthy man had prepared for a picnic area. There were several large buildings, one of which we used for services and others for dormitories and dining hall. The owner let us have the grounds

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and buildings rent free and attended the meetings as regularly as the Saints themselves. The next reunion was held there also, and when Hubert arrived, the owner, Mr. Wixom, showed him to a three-room cabin which he had built especially for Hubert to occupy. It was furnished, and Hubert with other missionaries were very comfortable.

Not long after the reunion Hubert came home for a short time, and I went back with him to Michigan for a while. We drove to Lamoni, where we stayed overnight with relatives; from there we went to Nauvoo and spent some time hunting in the old cemetery for the graves of my people. We then drove on and made many visits in central Michigan, which we both enjoyed very much. We drove pretty well all over the district, calling on the Saints and making acquaintances with many who have since moved to Independence. After about six weeks, we returned to Independence, and Hubert was asked to go to Sperry, Oklahoma, to hold meetings. With the consent of the missionary in charge, he went, held a two weeks' series and baptized twenty-two persons. After his return to Michigan his next important meeting was held at Midland, where he baptized quite a number and helped to reorganize the branch.

Other Appointments

In 1936 Hubert was appointed again to Oklahoma after seven years absence from that field. He started in at Tulsa and adjacent towns, going from there to Oklahoma City, El Reno, and on farther west. He continued to work in Oklahoma and Texas for ten years.

After the reunion in Oklahoma that year he was asked to go to Aledo, Illinois, for the reunion. There he met Brother Wilmer Gilbert, whom he had not seen for years. He was happy to travel over the Oklahoma country again, and reaped a harvest of baptisms. In company with Brother Z. Z. Renfroe, he went to Houston that fall and held meetings. From there they went to Fort Worth, Dallas, Wichita Falls, and back into Oklahoma. Hubert went on to Seminole to help reorganize the branch; here he held a series

of meetings and baptized twenty persons. This helped greatly to build up the branch.

In 1939 I went to Oklahoma with him, and we decided to revisit our old home at Redmoon. We have always been sorry we did so because it was such a scene of devastation and ruin. The house had burned down. The trees that had been so carefully set out were cut down. There was nothing left but the cellar and cistern. We drove away with heavy hearts, and wished we had not gone.

One of the outstanding meetings of that year was at Canton, Oklahoma, where the members built a church while Hubert and Z. Z. Renfroe held a meeting. It was finished and dedicated by Elbert A. Smith before Hubert left the neighborhood.

That same year he took our grandson, Richard Montague Maloney, with him to the Bandera and Hearne (Texas) Reunions and from there north to the Guthrie, Oklahoma, Reunion.

Young People at Waterloo

When they returned home, I joined them, and we drove to Waterloo, Iowa, to visit my sister, Mrs. Vredenburg, and her daughter, Mrs. R. W. Travis. We were in Waterloo five days, and on Sunday we all attended service at the little church. It was a Communion service and there were only a few present when it began. As we stood for the opening hymn about twenty-five or thirty young people came in. The following prayer service was one of the most spiritual I have ever attended. Many—if not all—of these young people who came in were attending the Teachers College at Cedar Falls. They bore wonderful testimonies which made the meeting outstanding. After the meeting was over, we learned that many of them were from western Iowa, and their parents were well known to us.

When we returned home, Hubert took the train for Calumet, Oklahoma. There he held a series for the purpose of reviving the branch. He went from there to Bartlesville near the Kansas line, where he held an outstanding meeting with a goodly number of baptisms resulting. Some of the new members were ordained; this gave the branch some much-needed workers. He drove from one part of the state to another, as he was called, and there were always fine meetings and numbers of baptisms. He also held several series in Texas, which was also his mission field.

Houston

Early in January, 1942, we went to Houston for a three months' stay. We found an apartment and were at home by ourselves, except when we visited elsewhere. We were there by request of

Brother A. V. Arnold, president of the branch. Hubert spent most of his time visiting families designated by Brother Arnold, wherein one or more were members; he tried to unite the family circle as he had done in other cities. Hubert assured them that he wanted no office in the branch but hoped for assistance in this work from each of them. It is a pleasure to say that he reaped a bountiful harvest of souls and left many families happily united in church work. He still considers that the uniting of families in church work is one of the best phases of missionary work.

The Valley

After visiting Houston we drove to San Antonio. While there we went to see the town of Bandera, which we had often heard was very near the place where the Lyman Wight colony had settled. We called on one of the members of that company, Mrs. Hay, a very old lady who was then confined to her bed, but who still could converse with people. She was one of the Ballantyne family who had married and remained in Bandera, after the rest of the company started northward. According to the teaching of Lyman Wight, "Young Joseph" was the true successor of his father, and when he took his place the people were to go to him and join his following; so most of these people had gone north. We visited the museum in Bandera, which contained a really fine collection from many parts of the world. But the part that interested us most was a small room filled with relics from the settlement of the colony. There was a copper plate with the names of the families that had been members engraved on it; also chairs, made entirely by hand; hand machines; wooden frames with cowhide seats; and pieces of harness made of home-tanned skins. We were much interested in all these things and advise anyone who visits Bandera to go to the museum.

In driving down to "the valley," we found we never before had driven so far in a straight line. It was practically without curves all the way south. We found the church (the only one of our denomination in the valley), took a cabin in Weslaco, and remained there almost a month. After we found the branch president, Eugene Wilder, he arranged for Hubert to hold a series of meetings for two weeks. We did lots of sight-seeing in this semitropical part of Texas, picking grapefruit from the trees for the first time. We also went through the grapefruit canning factory, watching the whole proceedings, from the vat of water where the rinds are washed to the cans rolling over the long counter to be labeled. It was an interesting visit.

Matamoras, Mexico

One day we drove to Brownsville, crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, and drove to the town of Matamoras. It was astounding to see the difference so few miles made. Brownsville was a well-paved up-to-date city; Matamoras was like a town of a century ago with ox-drawn carts. We found a few things we could afford to take home to the grandchildren, but we had little time to stay and were soon on our way back to Weslaco.

When the meeting was over at Alamo, we drove to San Antonio. After a few days we went to Fort Worth, where another meeting was held, and then we started for home.

After the April, 1942, Conference Hubert returned to Oklahoma and Texas. This year he spent much time in eastern Oklahoma at Henrietta, Seminole, Harts-horne, Fanshawe, Poteau, and Wilburton. In the summer he held a tent meeting at Poteau; enough baptisms resulted to form a group capable of being organized into a branch. Brother Clifford Gaither donated a building, which was utilized as a church; this provided for the needs of the group.

A Fine Colored Family

Farther south in the state near Fort Lawson, Hubert held a meeting in a grove, where we had a large attendance and great interest. One interested listener was a colored man who sat by himself just within hearing distance of the speaker. (This was because of the segregation law in Oklahoma.) He was there every night and listened very carefully, but did not ask for baptism when a number of others were baptized. Afterward he asked one of the local elders to baptize him, and his request was granted. He talked the gospel continually to his own people until many of them believed. He subscribed for the church papers and bought many books. At length he had to ask for an elder to come to his assistance, as he had no authority to baptize. The man was ordained an elder and eventually baptized more than thirty people.

Hubert visited his home one day, taking Brother F. E. Dillon and a young missionary with him. Seldom had they enjoyed a more interesting visit. All members of the family belonged to the church and were interested in it. The man, whose name was Gassoway, played the piano and sang beautifully, and his son sang with him. The son had been graduated from high school and hoped to go on to college. The young missionary was much surprised and greatly interested in these people.

(To be concluded.)

learned that the railroad might be persuaded to pass through Lamoni on its way from Leon to Mount Ayr, several individuals almost immediately entered into an agreement to obligate themselves each in proportion to the value the assessor had placed upon his property to furnish the aid the company required. Brother Adams was one of these. He was a member of the committee which built the Brick Church. An ardent promoter of civil growth, he championed the incorporation of the town, and is listed among the voters in the election which brought that decision in 1885.

THIS BRIEF SKETCH of George Adams reveals that he was strong in character, firm in his beliefs, and dedicated to the promulgation of right as he saw it. However, according to the record, he and his good wife "in their later years met certain disaffected ministers and members who craftily plied them with harmful stories concerning Joseph the Seer till they became confused and darkened in mind."

This was a time in the history of the church when not all saw eye to eye on some organizational matters. Some broke away and organized according to their convictions. That George Adams, whose long life had been filled with good works, should become disaffected is sad indeed. We are convinced that he did so only after much anguish of thought.

George and his wife testified to many wonderful experiences during their active years, yet separated themselves from the group with which they had been so closely united when controversy arose over the organization of one of its quorums. Their lives support a statement made by Dr. Starbuck of the State University of Iowa: "Religion as an experience unites. Religion as an organizational pattern divides."

Two quotations from Thomas Carlyle come to mind also: "The gifted man is he who sees the essential point and leaves all the rest aside as surplusages." And, "Quackery gives birth to nothing, gives death to all things. We shall not see into the true heart of anything if we look merely at the quackeries of it." And from the Bell Telephone Company: "When we take our eyes off the goal we see the obstacle."

George Adams—stalwart, constructive, consecrated—was in his life the sublime inspiration spoken of by Chesterton in the opening statement of this biography. We catch a glimpse of it even in his distressed and heartbroken demise.

A MISSIONARY OF THE CHURCH

The Life of Hubert Case

PART XVII

Hitchhikers

Hubert attended the Texas reunions at Bandera and Hearne, afterward going north to those in Oklahoma. All of these were well attended and spiritual meetings. Many young people were in attendance at all of them. As he was returning home from the Guthrie Reunion he drove by Henrietta to settle some branch difficulty. From there he drove to Pryor, Oklahoma, where he stopped for gasoline. Here he met two soldier boys from Fort Sam Houston; they seemed to be entirely without funds and when they found he was going north asked for a ride. His car had but one seat and the day was extremely hot; he asked if either of them could drive; one said he could, so he took them along. That boy could really drive, and did so all the way to Independence. When they arrived at the house all was dark and no one was there. Hubert telephoned from a neighbor's to our daughter, Mrs. DeLapp. I had planned to stay there overnight, but they brought me home right away, and we soon went in. The soldiers were very tired and sleepy, so Hubert took them upstairs to bed, opened the windows and doors, and then prepared to retire himself. Next morning we gave them breakfast, and he took them in the car to Highway 71 so they could continue their way to Minneapolis.

Hubert often gave hitchhikers rides. Once, when returning to Michigan after a visit home, after crossing the Mississippi at Hannibal, he picked up a young man. He asked him who he was, and he told his name, saying he had worked for his brother at Carthage all summer and wanted to go to his home in Tennessee. He took the man into the car, found he could drive, and let him have the wheel. He drove all the way to Springfield, Illinois, while Hubert told him the story of the gospel. He never had heard it before, and he said as he got out of the car, "You have changed my whole life. I shall live like a Christian from this time on."

Training Young Missionaries

On our return to Independence, we stopped at Fort Worth for a short period, then drove on home to make ready for Conference. Appointed for the next two years to Oklahoma and Texas, Hubert had been asked to take certain young men and train them for missionary work. At first there were three who went with him for three months. Starting at Sperry and Skiatook they made a tour through Shidler, Kaw City, Ponca, Enid, Eagle City, Canton, Calumet, El Reno, Seminole, and Hartshorne in Oklahoma, and Dallas and Fort Worth in Texas. The four of

By Alice Montague Case

them visited all these towns, holding meetings for about two weeks in each place. They finished at Wilburton, Fanshawe, and Poteau, then returned to Independence for the Ministerial Conference.

Later, with Jack Wight and Harry Engle he visited some other places. He has watched with great interest the development of these young men.

At Work After Superannuation

Hubert put in the rest of his time up to his superannuation in 1944 in Oklahoma and Texas, keeping as busy as he ever had been and traveling a great deal over the two states. He spent quite a while with Elder Z. Z. Renfroe, a man whom he loved to work with, during these last two years.

Having sold our house on West Walnut Street, Independence, we moved to 316 West Kansas, Independence, our present location. This was in May, 1944. Hubert did not slacken his missionary work but found plenty to do in Independence. Brother G. E. Tickemyer, who was then pastor, asked him to take care of missionary work in the city. He worked just as hard and put in just as long hours as he ever had, driving his own car and making from ten to twenty calls every day. He often administered to the sick, and there were many cases of divine healing. There were also numerous baptisms.

Illness and Recovery

This work went on for the remainder of that year and until April 18, 1945, when he was stricken with a blood clot on the heart. He was bedfast for fifteen weeks, but slowly regained enough strength to get about town and administer to sick ones in our home. Gradually he became able to go to others who called, as he does at the present time. The greatest compensation he feels he has received for the abrupt ending of his busy living and work is the time it has given him for meditation and prayer, which he seldom could find before. For the first time he learned how to pray in the Spirit and what it means to be wakeful at night, and pray and commune with the Father for hours at a time. It made him understand how Jesus communed with the Father, as is mentioned in the Bible. We celebrated our fifty-eighth wedding anniversary on September 30, 1952.

The End