my companion, Elder Roscoe Cox, was one of his strongest missionaries, was fluent in the language, and would be of great help to me as I strove to learn the language.

He told me I would go by ship to Hilo since the ships to the Kona side of the Big Island were infrequent and that from Hilo I would be taken to Kona by one of the members with a car. In going by car he said I would be passing through Ka'u and South Kona on the way to Napoopoo, both of which areas were in the Southern Hawaii Conference.

Brother Sam John, an elder in the Hilo Conference, had been asked by letter by President Smith to take me to Kona. We left at 5:00 in the morning. Not long after leaving the boundaries of the Hilo Sugar Plantation we entered the Ohia and fern forests. These became thicker as we ascended and when we reached the volcano area we were surrounded by great trees, ferns, and a variety of vegetation.

We had lunch at the Volcano House, and I was intrigued by the columns of steam rising all around us. From the hotel lanai we looked across two miles of black lava constituting the floor of the old Kilauea crater. Only a small portion of it was still active evidenced on the far side by a column of steam and smoke.

We went on in Brother John’s T Model Ford without incident along the forests, across Ka'u Desert, and through the plantation towns of Pahala and Naalehu. We crossed several lava flows, one or two so recent that the roads through the flows had not been paved and consisted of crushed and rolled lava.

We arrived at Napoopoo in the late afternoon of November 17
to find Elder Roscoe Cox and Elder Boyd Davis at the mission
home busily engaged making sandwiches for the conference to be
held the next day.

After dinner as we sat around in the lamplight (there being
no electricity in the house) Elder Cox told us that the house
belonged to a Brother and Sister Makekau, of Honolulu. Since
leaving Kona they had given it rent free for the use of the
mission. Like most Kona houses, it stood on stilts making a
free space underneath, the outside walls of which were lattice
and the area enclosed used mostly for storage of one kind or
another.

Elder Cox described the limits of the conference (130 miles
long and from the top of the mountain to the seashore) and about
his and Elder Boyd's work. He told me that my clothes, polished
shoes and a serge suit, were not suitable for Kona and that I
should get much heavier shoes and have a khaki suit made, the
trousers of which should be made as riding pants to accommodate
puttees. The full uniform consisted of the khaki suit, khaki
shirt, black tie, and a lauhala hat. The shoes were made useful
by nailing a half sole made from the tread of an automobile
tire. Elder Cox and Elder Davis were wearing such clothes and
Brother Cox said that all of the missionaries on the Big Island
who labored in the country districts and had much walking to do
over lava flows wore this type of clothing. I went to bed
very favorably impressed with the South Hawaii Conference and
Elder Cox, my new companion.

The next morning Brothers John and Davis left to return to
Hilo. Brother Cox and I sat down to make plans for our work.
He said that he had heard from President Smith that I was spend-
ing much time and effort studying the language and for that
reason had been sent to Kona to be tutored by him and to labor
with people, most of whom spoke only Hawaiian. I told Elder Cox
that I was determined to learn the language, that in setting
me apart as a missionary Elder Melvin Ballard had stated that I
was being sent to the right place, that I would find the food
palatable, the conditions agreeable, and that the language would
be given to me as a gift. I added that I expected this blessing
only after the maximum effort on my part, that I had been memor-
izing ten Hawaiian words a day since I first went to Laie and
that I would greatly appreciate his help. His answer was that
from that time forth we would converse in Hawaiian. As I found
myself unable to give expression in Hawaiian, I was to revert
to English only long enough to give him the thought and he
would tell me how to say it in Hawaiian.

This program was very frustrating to me and on many
occasions I could have resorted to violence as he interrupted me
and particularly as he pulled my coat tail when I was speaking
and used English in anything but the words necessary to introduce
myself. I had the good sense, however, to know that it was all
for my benefit and so persevered.

After our discussion, we made a tour of the large yard and
Elder Cox's vegetable garden. He was growing carrots, sweet
potatoes, tomatoes, squash, and beans, and there were numerous
papaya and banana trees on the lot. The ground had a volcanic base and was only suited for garden in spots between the rocks where much digging had pulverized the lava and rotting vegetation had made soil.

Elder Cox explained that he and Elder Davis depended largely upon the garden for food as the nearest store was three miles away and very little fresh food was obtainable at it. Their diet consisted of vegetables and fruits from the yard, saloon crackers in cans, some canned jellies, meats, condensed milk diluted to pour over boiled squash, and fish and poi when given to them by the saints.

When I asked about the source of water I was told the people in Kona depended almost entirely upon rain for their drinking water. Each house had a large tank into which the tin roof valleys and gutters drained. The rains were sufficiently heavy and frequent to keep the tanks full most of the time but occasionally the sediment coming through the tap indicated that the water was getting low in the tank.

With no electricity, dependence was placed upon a kerosene stove for cooking. A portable tin box was set over the burners when an oven facility was needed.

On one occasion soon after arriving, we bought a package of raisins at the store and when I read a recipe for raisin pie on the package I thought I would venture it. We had no flour or shortening but I borrowed a small amount from the mother of the owner of the mission home. The pie turned out pretty well and Elder Cox was delighted.

After three or four days at the mission home we packed our paikis (small suitcase) and left Napoopoo for a tour of our district to the north. In traveling from the mission home on the seashore up to the county road, which encircles the island, a distance of about three miles, we passed the coffee mill and the drying platforms. This plant exuded a pungent odor, not from the coffee bean but from the drying husks that cover the bean.

The climb was steep and required some effort. The traffic was sparse and very seldom did any vehicle pass which offered any relief to us from our strenuous walking.

Our conference (district) extended from the volcano on the south and east around to Punahulu on the north. Except for the Ka‘u Desert and 18 miles between Kahuku and Papa, the county road ran through little villages and clusters of homes.

I learned that the area of the Big Island is about 4,000 square miles, being two thirds of the total area of all the islands, and that the population of the Big Island was around 60,000 people making the population density about 15 persons to the square mile. The people lived largely on the seashore or along the highway there being very little usable land in between. In the whole length of Kona, some 75 or 80 miles, there were no agricultural products other than coffee and fruit. In fact, the whole area is the western slope of Mauna Loa. From a distance the slope looked so gradual one could imagine riding up on it on a bicycle. But there being no plateaus or flat places, areas to be used for school play-grounds, athletic fields, etc., had to be made by cutting into the mountain side and leveling.
Coffee groves along the highway were owned or operated largely by Japanese. Occasionally an Hawaiian home would have a few trees. The Hawaiians living in the area depended upon dry-land taro for poi and every family had some area or contact at the beach for fishing. These two staples, fish and poi, augmented with canned corned beef and fruits and vegetables, constituted the mainstay of the Hawaiian's diet.

We had several chapels scattered through the district, all of which were old and situated on parcels of land where there were outcroppings of lava and the inevitable guava and lantana bushes. No attempt had been made or was being made to beautify the chapel sites. It was thought sufficient to keep the path to the front door open and keep the building clean.

As Elder Cox and I walked along the highways we greeted people at work in their yards and stopped to talk when ever opportunity afforded a conversation. One early morning we saw a suntanned man approaching us. I said, "This Japanese is up early." Brother Cox said, "He is not Japanese, he is Hawaiian." As we passed I said, "Ohayo gozaimasu," Brother Cox said, "Aloha nui." The man answered, "Good morning," and walked on.

Elder Cox knew well the areas where the saints and other Hawaiians lived and we were continually breaking away from the smooth highway to climb up or down to these homes. We were always warmly received and invited to stay if evening was coming on. On this trip we were gone from the mission home for 21 days, slept in 19 different homes, and walked about 100 miles.

From this journey I learned two important things, first that I was greatly blessed in having a wonderful companion, a man full of faith and diligence, friendly, and understanding, deeply in love with the work of the Lord and the Hawaiian people. Secondly, I got a fairly good idea of the pattern of missionary work in Kona at that time. The saints being scattered as they were and transportation being practically nil, the chapels were only partly filled on Sunday, and the branch organizations were far from being complete. This necessitated the teaching of widely different ages of children in one class and as there was little lesson material in Hawaiian, it became necessary to translate the reading material for the older group.

Since the missionaries, only two in this large district, were unable to be at but one chapel each Sunday, several weeks would pass before a particular branch could be visited again and in the meantime the work would be entirely under the direction of the branch president and his helpers. The Sunday meetings were augmented by cottage meetings which were held by the missionaries as they traveled from place to place and were able to gather the saints in a home. As the missionaries visited the saints in a particular area to give notice of a cottage meeting they would contact non-members and invite their attendance. At the same time they would promote such gospel conversation as was appropriate, and leave tracts.

The infrequency of the attendance of missionaries at the chapel meetings, because of the size of the district and the difficulty of travel, resulted in much of the contact with the
saints being made in cottage meetings. The prime responsibility
of the missionaries was to keep in touch with the members where
ever they lived, to hold cottage meetings as frequently as possible,
to proselyte among non-members, inviting them to services and
holding leadership meetings with the branch officers whenever
possible. This program relegated true missionary work, teaching
non-members, to the second of the elders' responsibilities.

Record keeping was no small task as diligent elders were
continually finding members who had moved into the area or had
been inadvertently overlooked by previous missionaries.

Elder Cox's work as conference president was to keep a
complete record of our visits and of the branch organization
meetings, the cottage meetings, and the ordinances that were
performed. We had an occasional baptism of a child who had
reached the age of eight and after one intensive campaign through-
out the whole district, had a special baptismal day on which 19
adults and children were baptized and confirmed into the Church.

This pattern of missionary work was pleasant and gratifying
as the members responded so joyously to the missionary visits
and the cottage meetings. To the missionary who wanted to
spend all of his time carrying his message to the non-member,
however, the pattern left much to be desired.

The population of the Kona area consisted mostly of Hawaiians,
Japanese, Haoles, and a few each of other races.

The Hawaiians, with few exceptions, were the older people
and the very young, the older teenagers and the young married
couples having left for school or to work in more lucrative
areas.

In the 1920's the Hawaiians were at the height of their
political powers. Others of the population, malihinis, except
a few haoles, had not become sufficiently assimilated to be
deciding factors at the polls. As a result practically all
elective offices were held by Hawaiians. They were the leg-
islators, the county supervisors, the county clerks and treasurers,
the police, and police court judges, the court attendants, and
school teaching staffs. They did much of the road building and
maintenance and were the principal laborers at the docks.

The Japanese in Kona were mostly of the first generation and
few of them understood English. They had come to Hawaii as
indentured plantation workers and had spread out into the com-
munities seeking their own livelihood after their contracts were
completed.

The Haoles living in the area, mostly in the plantation
towns, at the ranch centers, and ports, were in supervisory
positions either in commerce, the sugar plantations and mills,
or on the ranches. Many of them could trace their roots back
to the first missionaries or the adventurous who came seeking
opportunities in new fields.

As to the religion of the people in Kona, it was somewhat as
follows: the Hawaiians, of a naturally religious nature,
belonged either to the Catholic, the Calvin, or the Mormon Church.

The Mormons were in the minority and, although the mission
had been in the islands seventy years, conversion of the natives
was slow.

The Japanese were mostly Buddhists. They had their own
temples and their worship was quiet and unseen. The language barrier isolated them from close association with the other races and eliminated them as prospects for proselyting.

The Hacoles living in Kona claimed a variety of religious persuasions. Those who were descendants of the original Calvin missionaries were devout supporters of the Protestant Church in Kealakekua. How deeply their religious background influenced their lives I didn't know, but they seemed content with their church connections and it supplied the real or imagined need of some relationship with God.

Contacts with these people and the faculties of the schools afforded willing opportunity for discussing the gospel in English. They seemed to enjoy the visits of the missionaries, were always hospitable, frequently offering bed and board for a day or two, but somewhat indifferent to the missionaries' message. Most of them had automobiles and could travel to their own chapel, an imposing one in Kealakekua, in the center of the Kona area.

One of such contacts which was a joy to make was a family living in Kailua, the main port of Kona. The father of the family was a member of the Church but had been inactive for many years, mainly because of the lack of a branch organization in his area. He had a fine modern home, a lovely wife, and three children, and the missionaries were always welcome there. The welcome was especially warm when the father's mother from Ogden was visiting with the family. She had been a Relief Society President, was a very faithful Latter-day Saint, and took a motherly interest in the missionaries and their welfare.

I was eager that the wife hear our message and made it a point to talk to her at length several times. She finally found herself debating whether she should embrace Mormonism, her husband's religion, and bring with her her three children into the Church, or continue studying the literature and attending her own church which she did regularly at Kealakekua until such time as a church organization was effected in Kailua which could offer her children the degree of excellence in religious instruction that they were receiving at her own church. She explained this dilemma to me one day and then added that she hoped I would agree that she owed it to her children to take them to her own church for the time being.

I saw clearly that if she had the faith, she could join the Church and with her talents and prestige help build in Kailua an organization which would be entirely satisfactory to her. My vocal answer, however, was that I was sure in time she would join the Church and I hoped until that time came she would continue to study and teach her children from the church literature which her mother-in-law made sure was in their home.

Across from their modern home was the courthouse and along side of it the county jail. The jailer was on our list as an investigator and like Paul of old, we finally baptized him and his family. They became stalwarts and around this family a substantial branch was eventually built in Kailua.

Another pleasant contact was at the ranch in Puunahulu. This was the center of a large cattle operation and some of our members worked for the owner. We were always welcome at the
ranch headquarters and never failed to be invited to stay over-night. We accepted the hospitality with gratitude but were never able to reciprocate to the point of their accepting our gift, the gospel.

All of these fine haole people throughout our district were completely absorbed in the management of their own affairs whether it was coffee growing, cattle raising, commerce, or fishing enterprises, and had little time or interest to give to young missionaries who devoted their time to walking through the area visiting and working with the Hawaiian people.

Elder Cox and I found that many of them had not previously been visited by the missionaries and it became quite apparent that many elders laboring in Kona felt that of the three categories living there, the Haoles in administrative positions in commercial and agriculture pursuits, the Japanese working largely in the coffee industry, and the Hawaiians, the Hawaiians were the only ones they could effectively reach and hence all of their efforts were directed towards the development of the Church among the Hawaiians.

On one occasion after Elder Cox left and I became the senior elder, I made it a point to visit all of the haole people living in Kealakekua, including the minister of the Protestant Church. He welcomed me and my companion and his wife prepared a lovely lunch for us, but he politely declined to discuss religion with us or hear our message. He bade us God speed in our labors, implying that we should continue as the missionaries had been doing, devoting ourselves to the religious welfare of the Hawaiians.

I have said nothing in this paper so far about the climate and the beauty of nature in Kona. The climate could be described with slight modification by one word, perfect. Only occasionally were the storms heavy or the sun too hot. Most of the time the temperature was delightful with little variance the year around and the seasons only slightly marked by an over abundance of rain or lack of it.

As a result of these more or less even climatic conditions and fertile soil, where the lava had not covered it, fruit trees, flowers, and native vegetation grew luxuriantly.

Kona bananas are of the finest, the avocados are equal to any grown in the islands. Many avocado trees grow on the side of the highway and we would frequently stop to pick some or eat a ripe one, always carrying a spoon and a little sugar in our paikis. Mangos were abundant and delicious, as were guavas. Pineapples, where planted, grew vigorously. The flowering treess, in June and July, made some areas a veritable paradise.

Only a botanist would attempt to enumerate the species and varieties of the vegetation.

As one walked or rode along the highway, wherever there was an opening or clearing on the lower side of the road a beautiful vista was to be had of the lower slope, the shoreline sparkling in spots with sandy beaches and again with white foam splashing high as the waves dashed against the lava rocks.

Beyond the shore as far as the eye could see was the calm blue ocean marked by currents that gave it the appearance of blue on blue patch work. These markings on the sea were called
"The Pathway of the Gods" and hence the name of the principal highway town, Kealakekua.

One of the most interesting activities of the Kona area was the loading of cattle for shipment to Honolulu. The cattle boats would anchor about 100 yards off shore in deep water and send in barges to the very edge of the water. The cattle would have been corralled at beach stations the night before and in the early morning the cowboys would lasso the steers and one by one gallop them down through the surf, throwing the lasso rope to one of the crew of the barge who would then pull the animal into the water until it floated and tie it by the horns to the gunnel of the barge.

When cattle were tied all around the barge it was rowed out to the ship and there the animals were lifted one by one by the horns or by a sling under the body up into the ship.

Kona was also noted as a great fishing area and one could seldom look out to sea without seeing fishing boats anchored a short way off shore or father out plying back and forth as the fishermen trolled for the larger specimens. Some of the swordfish taken from the Kona area have been the largest caught on record.

Whenever our travels took us to a port, our first interest was to call at the post office for forwarded mail. On December 15, we were at Kailua. We arrived at Kailua in the early morning and at the post office I received a short note from my sister-in-law in Salt Lake City stating that my wife had given birth to a baby girl on December 5. Although I had been expecting word of this event, when it actually arrived, I was stunned, particularly to try to realize that I had been a father for ten days without knowing it.

Elder Cox and I labored together until April of 1922 when we left the district to go to the mission conference at Laie. About two weeks prior to this I had a dramatic and specific fulfillment of the promise given me by Elder Ballard. No doubt, an important part of the fulfillment was the great urge I had to learn the language and the help received as I studied and built a vocabulary.

As Elder Cox and I visited the saints day by day, most of them Hawaiian, I listened to the hum of his Hawaiian speech without the slightest understanding of what he was saying. Sentence melted into sentence and paragraph into paragraph until it all seemed like one interminable word.

One day, and I can remember the time and place, it was at a saint's home in Holualoa, about mid-morning, Brother Cox was sitting up on the lanai talking to an elderly Hawaiian woman. I was sitting on the lowest step playing with some smooth pebbles. All of a sudden I became conscious of Brother Cox's speech and began to clearly understand many words that I had memorized. I seemed to feel a buzz in my ear at that moment and to my great elation realized that I was hearing and understanding everything Elder Cox was saying. From that day on I understood completely all that he said in Hawaiian and understanding greatly increased my fluency in speaking.

Elder Cox was pleased with my progress in the language to the point that he persuaded the mission president to call upon me at conference to speak and to state, as he introduced me, that
I would speak in Hawaiian. I evidently came up to his expectations as he congratulated me warmly after the meeting.

Much to my delight at the conference we were reassigned to Kona with two additional missionaries, Elders Leo Allen and Kendall Williams, to assist us. Elder Cox took one and I the other as we began again our labors in the conference.

I dreaded the time to come when Elder Cox and I would be separated. It occurred however, when President Smith came to Kona to dedicate the chapel in October. I wrote in my diary on October 19, "I don't suppose I will be fortunate enough to have another companion like him. In fact I believe missionaries of his caliber are very much in the minority. Well, aloha nui ia oe Koki, mau no ka aloha."

Elder Kenneth Weaver was sent to replace Elder Cox. He arrived on October 29. A veteran of country missionary work, he easily accommodated himself to our conditions and routine.

I had been notified by President Smith that I would be transferred in December. Elder Weaver knew of this and suggested that we go through the conference together. This we did going first to North Kona. The saints responded quickly to Elder Weaver's easy and friendly manner. They listened enrapt as he spoke and expressed their happiness in his appointment to preside over them.

After returning to Napoopoo we made preparations to go to the south. As we talked about the trip we decided we would go without purse or scrip, depending entirely upon the goodness of the people to take care of us. There being very little traffic through the area, we expected to cover most of it by walking which represented some 75 to 100 miles one way.

We left the Napoopoo area after the Sunday morning meetings and walked as far as Kealia.

After several visits along the road evening found us at the home of a non-member who always treated us with great kindness and hospitality. This time was no exception and she invited us to stay with her for the night.

As we chatted after dinner she told us that she had been teaching school for 34 years and in that time had had 14 children. Her husband was a judge in a nearby village. As we said goodnight we told her that we would be off very early in the morning in order to get over the lava flows before the sun became too hot. She made no comment but when we arose at 5:00 a.m. she was already in the kitchen preparing breakfast for us.

We started at 6:00, visited some saints at Papa and dropped down the long rough trail to Milolii on the seashore. Here we visited all of the saints in the village and accepted the hospitality of a good member, who gave us for dinner the best she had, some sour poi and very salty fish out of a barrel. A fork full of the fish prompted a swift spoon into the poi bowl to counteract the salt, then as we swallowed the sour poi it wasn't so hard to get back to a little more fish.

A big banana or some other piece of fruit would have finished off the meal but there was none to be had.

The following day we hiked back up the trial and on some 18 miles to Waiohinu. We had several members of the Church here and I was particularly interested in visiting a school teacher who
was not a member of the Church. Later her grandson joined the Church and she supported him as he served a mission with us in Japan.

We learned in Waiohinu of some members who lived on the homesteads below Waiohinu and of a family who lived down at the seashore in a place called Kamilo. We spent a day going through the homesteads, visiting the people and the night with a good brother and sister. As we approached their home in the dark, the dogs began to bark and the lamp went on. When we were within hearing distance we called out our names and as we approached the house there was considerable bustling about and some little time elapsed before the door was opened.

We were warmly welcomed and after visiting with the family and having a bite to eat were asked to spend the night with them. When we went to bed we found the warmth of the parents still in the mattress. They had arisen from their own bed and changed the linen to make a bed for us.

The following morning we walked down to the seashore and spent the day with Brother and Sister Hapai. He had seen us approaching as the area above his house was treeless and desert-like. In the time between seeing us and our arrival he went into the bay and caught two lobsters. These his wife prepared for our dinner and they were delicious.

This family lives in this isolated spot extracting a meager living from fishing and a small garden. They were so pleased to have visitors that we spent all the next day with them. When we said goodnight we told them that we would be off early in the morning.

We left before the sun came up and walked for several miles along the beach toward the little town of Punalu. The drinking water at Hapai's was partly brackish and it was difficult to quench our thirst completely. As we walked along in the heat of the rising sun I became very thirsty and mentioned it to Elder Weaver. He agreed that it was hot and that we had a long distance to go before we would get any relief. We finally left the seashore and cut up over the lava plateau toward Naalehu. As we walked my thirst increased and I finally decided that nothing would quench it but an orange. I repeated this to Elder Weaver several times and finally he became a little irritated and said, "Why do you keep talking of oranges? There is no possibility of finding an orange tree in this desert."

Finally we went through a fence and in the distance saw a watering trough for cattle. I thought here at last was the possibility of quenching our thirst. As we approached the trough I noticed some yellow object on a board that partly covered it. I fixed my eye on this object and as we came closer and closer I realized that I was looking at several oranges. Brother Weaver said, "What in the world is this, I can't believe my eyes!"

We took the oranges; they were not even warm from the sun and were fresh. As I peaked one the thought occurred to me, why would we have oranges and water at the same place. Then upon examining the water trough I found that the outlet from the pipe coming down over the plateau into the trough was tightly boarded up to protect it from breakage by the cattle, leaving available only water unfit for human consumption.
We ate the fruit and went on our way rejoicing.

We made many guesses as to how the oranges got there but finding no satisfactory solution decided that since we were in the Lord's work, and were traveling without purse or scrip, they had been placed there through the intervention of some friendly unseen messenger.

We finally reached the county road and as we walked along toward Pahala we passed a herd of cattle. I told Elder Weaver that having had nothing but poi and fish, other than the lobster and oranges for several days, I would really enjoy a good steak. He countered with the statement that there was a very slight possibility of our getting steak at the homes of our members or friends.

In Pahala we visited our most active family and asked if we might hold a cottage meeting at her home. She agreed and we put out to visit the several houses, inviting the people to the meeting.

Before leaving Napooopoo we had arranged for our mail to be forwarded to Pahala. Calling at the post office we each received a letter or two and Elder Weaver got a small box sent by his mother. As he opened it and found a half dozen red apples, carefully packed, I reminded him that he had expressed a desire for an apple as we walked along the road and saw some mangoes which were too green to eat.

When we came back to the member's home at dinner time she apologized, saying that she had little in the house that would be palatable to us and so had ordered our dinner at the Chinese restaurant near the sugar mill and would we please go there and eat before the meeting. Our remonstrances were to no avail. When we entered the restaurant the Chinese cook welcomed us and told us to sit down and our dinner would be ready shortly.

In a few minutes he brought us each a big steak with vegetables and hot bread.

We had a good meeting and a good rest. The following morning we left Pahala to walk to the volcano some 18 miles distant.

At the last little store in the village we saw a pile of peanuts in the window. I suggested to Brother Weaver that we buy some to eat on the road. He reminded me that we were traveling without purse or scrip and shouldn't be spending money for peanuts. I agreed and we went on.

We had not gone very far, however, when a little Japanese boy called after us and upon coming up to where we were standing reached into his pockets and put peanuts into our hands. He made no comment but smiled and ran back to the village.

As Elder Weaver and I walked along we marveled at the occurrences of the last two days which had given us convincing proof that the Lord is mindful of not only the simple needs, but the wishes of His servants. We had expressed a desire to quench our thirst with oranges, the oranges were supplied. Elder Weaver had wished for an apple, it was waiting at the post office. We thought we would like a beef steak, and our good member anticipated our wants and ordered it for us at the restaurant. How the little boy knew we wanted peanuts we never learned. He may have seen us looking at them in the store window, or heard my remark,
but here again our wish was supplied.

As I tell the story of my labors in Kona I see the faces of so many people who, though I have not seen them for years, remain fixed in my memory and dear to my heart. Here they are at random:

(a) A sister near the volcano, wife of a rancher, he not a member but she a most devoted one, deprived of church attendance because of the isolation of her abode. She read the scriptures regularly and made up for her lack of association with the members by heaping hospitality and love upon the missionaries when they came to her home.

(b) A dear couple down in Kamilo living alone on the seashore eking out a living from the sea, they too far from a chapel or even from other church members carried on their own worship in their humble home and patiently waited for the missionaries to come and spend a night or two.

(c) A little baby born to a mother married to a non-member on the Kahuku Ranch, the most beautiful baby I have ever seen.

(d) A family at Kealii, the mother had died and the father was raising five sons and a daughter. Their home was a mile or so above the county road and could be reached only by foot or on the back of an animal. These were pure Hawaiians. All of the children spoke English learned at school but preferred to use Hawaiian when at home with their father. He was the president of the Pahoehoe Branch and never missed a meeting. The oldest of his sons became my missionary companion for several weeks and I shall ever treasure the days spent with him listening to his wonderful Hawaiian speech and trying to teach him English and the principles of the gospel, my learning of which preceded his.

(e) The dear lady mentioned above, not a member of the church but out of the goodness of her heart and a great Christian spirit, she welcomed and entertained missionaries in her home. She was 55 years old, had taught school for 34 years, and had had 14 children.

(f) Another Hawaiian from Kalaoa who was assigned to me as a companion for a short period. He had a slight disfigurement in his face and unruly hair, the combination of which would have denied him any prize at a beauty show. But if a picture could have been taken of his spirit, it would have taken a blue ribbon. We slept together on the floor, on the ground, and on rough lauhala mats. Oft times I would look at his face as he slept and to me looking through the outward to the inward, he was beautiful.

Kona with its climate, its sights, its fragrance, its mountains, and seashores, its clouds and blue skies, and mostly its people, will ever be dear to me. There I learned the meaning of love and felt the great joy of full service in the work of the Lord.

I am not a poet but occasionally I indulge in sentimental doggerel. I wrote these lines in my scrapbook soon after leaving Kona:
KONA

There are no grass shacks in Kona,
And Hawaiians don't "wela ka hao".
Tho sometimes steel guitars are heard
On the beach at Hoonauau.

But that isn't the charm of Kona.
It's a deeper, more subtle thing.
It is more than a song in the moonlight
Or the swish of the hula swing.

It may be the swaying palm trees,
Or the slope of the coffee grove,
It may be the spray of the waves o'er the rocks
Or the calm of a sheltered cove.

Perhaps it's the sweep of the hillside
Stretching up, up under the clouds,
Or maybe the break in the forest
Where the tumbling lava crowds.

The ocean pathways glisten
When seen from the high winding road,
How picturesque the old native
With his donkey carrying a load.

Like the charm of a lovely lady
Whose virtue with beauty combines
To weave the spell of her presence,
And no one point defines.

So Kona and her people
The slope, the clouds, and the sea
Combine in sweet-perfusion
To bring enchantment to me.