

FUNERAL SERVICES

for

BRO. OSCAR F. HUNTER.

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for

ELDER OSCAR F. HUNTER,

Held in the Eighth Ward chapel,
Salt Lake City, Utah, Friday,
August 28th, 1931, 1:00 p.m.

Vocal selection, "I know that my Redeemer lives," by
Alvin Keddington.

Opening prayer by Elder George F. Richards Jr.

Vocal Selection, "Unanswered Yet," by Sister Jessie Evans.

ELDER STEPHEN L. CHIPMAN.

I appreciate very much the privilege of saying a few words at this service in behalf of our dear brother who has left us and gone on a short time before many of us will be called upon to pass through the same experience.

It has been my good pleasure to know Bishop Hunter in his more youthful time in the city of American Fork, when he lived at the farm of his father, Bishop Edward Hunter. He married my cousin, Sister Mindwell Chipman, a choice daughter of Zion.

I can well remember when he was called on a mission. I was twelve years his junior. I was at the reception given him before he left, and I believe I received the impression at that particular time that I would like to go on a mission some day. I was but a boy at the time.

Brother Hunter was a congenial, lovable man, a man whom we all loved. He was a man of affairs at the time he lived in our county. He was a commissioner, manager of a store, one of our well-to-do farmers, a cattle man, and had other interests. We appreciated him and his good wife Mindwell.

They say that many of the achievements of men are through the unassuming cooperation of a good woman, and Bishop Hunter was doubly reinforced in this particular. He had two splendid angels of mercy, of patience, of love and of sacrifice. We appreciated them.

Sister Hunter came from one of the early pioneer families of this country, her father coming to Utah in the Fall of

1847. She was one of a large family of brothers and sisters, something over twenty as I remember it; and to show the integrity of her father I will just relate to you an incident that came under my own personal observation. I remember one winter that we were very short of feed in the country and hay became very scarce. The price soared until it brought \$32.00 to \$35.00 a ton, whereas the year previous you could have bought the same kind of hay for \$5.00 to \$6.00 a ton. But this particular year there was a scarcity. Uncle Washburn, the father of this good woman, was a man who looked ahead. He always fortified himself with plenty of breadstuff and feed for his horses and cattle. He always had wheat and hay when all the rest of the farmers in the community had exhausted their supplies, and thousands of people came to him for seed and for a little help. On the occasion that I refer to, when hay was \$35.00 a ton, he would spare what he could to help the people out, and when he was asked what it would cost, he would say, "Well, they tell me it is worth \$35.00 a ton, but that is too much. I will just charge you \$16.00 a ton." He could have got \$35.00 as well as not. There are not many men of my acquaintance that have this same characteristic, but that was Washburn Chipman, the father of this good woman, that was the kind of environment she was brought up under.

Now, as far as the passing of Bishop Hunter is concerned, personally I feel reconciled. He has been a long and constant sufferer, and it has been laborious for those who waited upon him to take care of him. I think the Lord is merciful and it is a good thing that he has been taken home, for he has earned his rest. As far as I personally know he has a record of a well spent life. When Elder Kaddington was singing that song, "I know that my Redeemer lives," I thought of the saying of the Savior when he was telling the people regarding the wise man who built his house upon a rock, and of the foolish man who built his house upon the sand. When he concluded his talk one of them said, He spoke as one having authority and not as the Scribes and the Pharisees. When this song was sung it sounded true and good to me.

I hope this testimony will be burning in the hearts of the children of this good man. The expense caused by his long tedious sickness has no doubt more or less depleted the home treasury. I hope these young men and young women, the offspring of these good parents, will be united and co-operate together in making the burden light for their mother. It will be worth more to them than all the gold and silver that they can stack up. That this spirit may actuate each and every one of them, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Vocal selection, "It was for me" -----Duncan sisters

PRESIDENT BRYANT S. HINCKLEY.

I sincerely pray, my brethren and sisters, that the spirit of truth may indite my simple words.

This thought has been running through my mind: If Brother Hunter's spirit is here today what would please him most? I am sure he would be greatly comforted by the consoling words which Brother Chipmas has offered in behalf of his devoted wife. I am sure nothing would gladden his heart more than to have the truth told about her, this woman who has walked by his side all these years, and sustained and encouraged and helped him. I wonder if he took opportunity often to say to her that he appreciated this priceless service. If not she understood it anyway.

And if Brother Hunter were permitted today to review his career, nearly four score years--79 years-- I really wonder what chapters in his life would shine most and bring deepest consolation to his heart. He was on a mission for three years and he presided over this ward as its Bishop for fifteen years. He gave service to his town and to his county. He was a man of affairs and had a large and varied experience. Now, at the end of these experiences, which were the most worth while? For surely when a man stands on the brink of the grave he thinks seriously over the affairs of his life and is better able to judge than than at any other time the things that have eternal value.

He was a good man, a good bishop, a kind father, a wise man-- everybody knew that-- a dependable man, with a very splendid inheritance. The name of Hunter will always shine in the history of this Church. I have heard him refer with modest pride to the record of his father, how he brought to the Prophet Joseph \$19,000 in gold after he had sold his belongings, I think near Philadelphia, and gave it to him. Then his record as the Presiding Bishop of the Church. An impressive and extraordinary personality I am sure, though I never knew him.

Now, his heart was like every common father's heart. I need not say to these children who bear his name that after all the deepest thing in his practical life, in the sober moments of his life, was the concern for his boys and girls. That is only natural. These boys, in turn, have a very fine inheritance. This good president has said something concerning their mother and their father. If their hearts burn with patriotism they owe to their father and their mother the best that it is possible to make of themselves. The finest, the highest proof of their loyalty to their father will be to carry on as he has done, in a way that will reflect credit upon the name of Hunter. It will be only a few days until these boys will be gathered to their father. One's imagination likes to play with the thought: What will be the meeting on the other side?

As I stand here I think of my own father, my contact

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with him, my experience. I never really did a noble thing in my life that I was not glad to see him. There was a suppressed pride in my heart when I went into his presence if I did the right thing, and if I had not there was a certain self-accusation that made me experience a shrinkage. My father has long since gone to his reward. Today the grass grows green over his resting-place. Already the line has touched my hair, and I know something about life's experiences. I am wondering just how I will feel when I am standing in his presence on the other side. My father had a lot of pride and wanted to do things well and have his children do things well. Nothing pleased him so much as to have them do something. I shall never forget when my oldest brother came home from a mission. He looked fine. He had that grave and handsome look that is on every missionary's face. And when he came home my father kissed him on his cheek and took him in his arms. It was a very impressive experience, a wonderful experience.

One of my brothers has been gathered with his fathers and I can well imagine that when my brother Ed. went over there-- I am certain that it is not an overdrawn imagination, I can never picture the real thing-- how my father looked, the pride that warmed his honest heart; and I well know how my brother would feel, going with a clear conscience and written in his face the evidence of an honorable career. He can meet his father with confidence. I will tell you frankly no earthly experience could compensate for a substitute of that feeling. I would hate to go into my father's presence with a bowed head and say that I could not keep the step, that I faltered, etc.

Do you think there was any doubt in Bishop Hunter's heart that he would meet his father? Not at all. There is not a shadow of a doubt in the minds of this family that they will some day stand in his presence. I am wondering if there is really a great incentive for fine living, for doing the heroic thing here and now, carrying on well. That faith is the most priceless thing that any mortal ever had. I believe the world would perish if you were to rob it of faith in immortality. Consider the chilling thought that when death comes all is ended, when the fluttering pulse ceases that it is the death knell of all human experiences. It seems to me that reason must protest against any such thing.

I must not take up your time. Peace to the memory of this good man! I want to say in behalf of the Presidency of Liberty Stake that he was held in very high esteem by them and by the people of this stake.

God bless his boys. May they be inspired to make the sacrifice and carry on as he has done. No man ever gave his devotion to Mormonism who did not live gloriously as a result of it. This man did.

God help us. We all want to succeed. We cannot come

back and try this over again. We only have one chance at it. We all feel when we stand in the presence of the dead that we would like to do things well. God help us. May his peace abide in the home of this good woman. May his favor rest forever upon the children, I pray in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Vocal solo, "Rock of Ages," by Alvin Keddington.

PRESIDENT HESER J. GRANT.

I regret coming in late, but I was in another meeting which detained me.

I was born next door to Presiding Bishop Edward Hunter's home on Main Street and I cannot recall the time when I was not acquainted with his son Oscar Hunter. We were children together although Oscar was a few years older than I. All of the tributes of respect that have been paid to him here as a man of integrity and devotion to the work of the Lord I can endorse heartily from my personal acquaintance with him.

I was intimately associated with Oscar Hunter's father. I knew of the wonderful public spirit of his father-in-law, and Oscar, like Nephi of old, was born of goodly parents and so was his good wife. It is but natural under those circumstances, as a rule, that men make a good record for themselves.

My own father dying when I was nine days old, of course robbed me of the benefits of the advice and counsel of a father, but as a next-door neighbor Edward Hunter was very kind to me as a child and to my widowed mother. Very many favors that were highly appreciated were extended to us. I remember going time and time again to his splendid orchard near the Warm Springs, where he had a tannery. By the way, I fell into his pond there and but for being pulled out by some of the boys I, not knowing how to swim, might not be here today. Bishop Hunter loaded me down with buckets of apples and furnished us with much of the produce of the farm, such as corn and other fine things. He was a man who loved the poor and took an interest in them.

At the dedication of the St. George Temple President Young took occasion to criticize quite a number of the authorities for not attending to their duties in the Church, and he praised Edward Hunter for meeting the obligations that rested upon him as Presiding Bishop of the Church, in looking after the poor and otherwise fulfilling his mission.

his mission.

As the Bishop was leaving the temple he was heard to say, "Be careful, Bishop Hunter; be careful. Praise is dangerous. Don't get the bighead, don't get the bighead; it might kill you."

Upon one occasion Brother Daniel Thompson, who had charge of a train of oxen bringing in the people from the East, arrived in the city with two other companies. In those days the immigrants would travel in three companies a few miles apart, and when the companies arrived Bishop Hunter would go to President Young's office and report. Brother Thompson, who was a counselor to Brother Hinckley's father in the presidency of the Millard Stake of Zion, told me that on this particular occasion Briant Stringham, who had charge under Bishop Hunter of all the cattle, praised these men for bringing their oxen through in better shape-- in all three companies-- than any other company that had crossed the plains, although it was rather late in the season and the grass not quite as good as usual. And he said, strange to say, Thompson's cattle were in better condition than those in any other two companies.

The Bishop said: "Now don't get the bighead; don't get the bighead. It has destroyed more men in this Church than anything else except sin."

He had a very practical mind, and his devotion to the work of the Lord, as has been stated here, was marvelous as when he gave practically his all to the Prophet Joseph at a time of financial difficulties. I have understood that the Prophet promised him that he and his posterity should never lack for the necessities of life. I believe the Hunter family as a rule has been prosperous.

All of the accomplishments of Oscar Hunter that have been mentioned here I have been familiar with, and it is a great pleasure to me to endorse the words that have been spoken. There is in my heart a depth of gratitude to his father for the splendid attention given to me as a young man without a father. There is a feeling of gratitude in my heart for the counsel and advice that he gave me. I am indebted to all of the General Authorities of the Church for their interest in my welfare during my youthful days and until such time as I became one of the General Authorities myself.

I see in the audience a son of Erastus Snow. To Erastus Snow more than any other of the General Authorities I am indebted for fatherly advice. It is a most wonderful thing for men to be born of goodly parents, and I rejoice in this heritage that has come to Brother Hunter.

I haven't the time to quote from section seventy-six of the Doctrine and Covenants, but I commend to the widow and to the children the reading of the wonderful promises that are there made to those who shall come forth

in the morning of the first resurrection, to those who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just, to those who have accepted the Gospel of Jesus Christ and have been buried after the manner of His burial, who have a testimony of the truth and have lived and kept the commandments of the Lord. They are promised that they shall become the sons of God, and that they shall dwell in the celestial kingdom of our Heavenly Father, the highest of all the glories, the sun being typical of the glory of that kingdom.

Brother Hunter has been properly married by the authority of the priesthood, and all of the blessings, thrones, principalities, kingdoms and powers that have been promised to him upon condition of faithfulness, and to his good wives when they were united with him, will be fulfilled.

To my mind the seventy-sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants is one of the greatest of all the revelations that have been given to us, and the wonderful promises made there to the faithful this good brother has earned.

Death to a Latter-day Saint, I am sure, is different from what it is to people belonging to any other religious denomination. I am sure that the Latter-day Saints as a people have an abiding faith and knowledge of the immortality of the soul, such as no other people have. It has fallen to my lot to attend funerals in the far-off land of Japan and in Europe, and I have attended many funerals of people not of our faith in this city. I have never discovered in any of these funerals the same perfect faith, assurance and knowledge that we find in the funerals of the Latter-day Saints. There seems to be more or less of a formality in the services. In fact many of the churches have simply a prayer that is read and a set sermon. Among other things I have heard in their sermons in Japan and in this country: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?"

I have taken occasion to ask members of the audience at those funerals with whom I happened to be acquainted and who had heard this quotation from the scriptures for probably ten, twenty or even thirty years at funerals, what it meant? Many of them have said that they did not know why it was in the funeral service. They had no understanding of baptism for the dead.

I remember attending a funeral, as an honorary pall-bearer, of a man who died in this city, the services being conducted by the Masons. I remember that his wife, who had been a lifelong Catholic, as also had her parents and her grandparents before her, was nearly wild with sorrow, almost insane with grief. Her faith so far as her religion was concerned did not seem to console her. Months later she said to me while I was at a certain gathering at her

home, "Please come over and sit down on this lounge. I want to tell you something. A few months before my husband was accidentally killed he said to me, 'Kate, we have lived among these Mormons for twenty-five years. I have become convinced that they are the best people in the world; that they are really and truly brothers and sisters; that they are one great family. I have taken you all the way to Rome to see the Pope, and it took considerable red tape for even a millionaire to get an audience with him. But the humblest washerwoman in the Mormon Church can get an audience with the President of that Church. As you are a Catholic, and your parents were Catholics, and your heart is set upon that faith I do not want to break your heart, otherwise I would join those Mormons.'"

Subsequently, I asked permission, after he had been dead a year, and his wife granted it unto me, to have the work done for him in the temple. I made up my mind to go to Los Angeles, hearing that she was living there and in poor health, and endeavor to convert her to the Gospel so that she could be sealed to her husband for eternity. But I was detained from going. She returned to Utah and Idaho and finally died. I was delighted to learn afterwards that she had gone to the wife of the President of the Stake in the district where she lived and begged her that when she passed away, as she felt she would in the very near future, to have the temple work done for her.

I have never heard of any faithful Latter-day Saint who just before he or she died had asked someone to have the work done in his or her behalf as a member of some other Church.

There is a peace and a consolation that comes into the hearts of those who are called upon to part from their loved ones, when they know that the Gospel is true, that I am sure no other people can feel. I never think of my mother, who was both father and mother to me, as being in the grave. I think of the joy she is having in associating with the Prophet and Patriarch and the people whom she knew at Nauvoo, with Aunt Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. Young, Emmaline B. Wells, Sarah W. Kimball, and all those remarkable women who in the days of Nauvoo passed through persecution and sorrow and proved faithful even to their deaths. I never think of my wives who are dead as being in the grave. I think only of the happiness they are having in associating with each other. When I think of my daughter who grew to womanhood and gave her life in giving birth to her third child, I do not think of her as in the grave. I think of the joy she is having in associating with her mother who passed on before.

This perfect and absolute assurance that every Latter-day Saint has of the immortality of the soul brings a consolation in the hour of death such as other people cannot feel.

I remember that while coming down from Pinecrest one night I sang, "Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear" to a gentleman from New York who represented the banks to which the Sugar Company happened to be owing something over seven millions of dollars which it could not pay. He had come out here to investigate conditions. I took him up to Pinecrest, also on a trip around Timpanogas, and entertained him.

He said: "Mr. Grant, I want a copy of that song."

I gave it to him. A few days later, as we were going up American Fork Canyon, he repeated the last verse of "Come, come, ye Saints," and said:

"Mr. Grant, those words express the finest sentiment I have ever heard in my life, in any song or poem, as a declaration of faith in the immortality of the soul of man!"

"And if we die before our journey's through,
Happy day, all is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too,
With the just we shall dwell."

A year or so later I was in New York. He had given me a card to the Bankers Club, which occupies an entire floor, I think the fortieth or the sixtieth floor in one of the buildings there. I went to this club for lunch and saw him and some friends sitting at one of the tables. He beckoned for me to come to his table, and when I joined him and his friends he said:

"Grant, repeat to these gentlemen, 'Come, come, ye Saints.' The finest hymn you ever heard, gentlemen."

The absolute faith that people have when singing that song and feeling that should they die they are all right and saved, makes an impression upon the mind, and it takes away much of the sorrow of death.

What a ridiculous proposition marriage for eternity would be if we did not expect to live beyond the grave!

May the peace and comfort of the Gospel of Jesus Christ be given to this good woman and the family. May the children emulate the example of their parents and grandparents, because they can do no better. While I was not intimately associated with Washburn Chipman I have heard any number of the finest kind of things regarding that most splendid man; and from my personal association, as I have said, I know of no more devoted, faithful letter-day Saint than the father of this good man. May the children prove worthy of their good parents and grandparents and so live that there shall be an eternity of joy in store for them in the life to come, is my humble prayer, and I ask it in

BISHOP JOHN FETZER.

My brethren and sisters, it has been wonderful to listen to the tributes that have been paid to our former Bishop, Oscar Hunter.

I have the privilege of representing the Eighth Ward in adding to the commendations and tributes which have been paid to this man. I am sure that many of you who are here this afternoon are former members of the Eighth Ward, one of the oldest wards in the city. I am glad to see here those who have stood by the side of Bishop Hunter during the years he presided over this Ward. I see in the audience Bro. J. G. McDonald, one of the counselors to Bishop Hunter; also Brothers George F. Richards Jr., George A. Sims and George H. Sims, all of whom served so faithfully for many years under the leadership of Bishop Oscar F. Hunter for eight years. These men were intimately associated with him and loved him. They knew him as he was. I learned to look up to him as a father. When I came into this Ward twenty years ago, Bishop Hunter presided over the Ward and I took an immediate liking to him for his fatherly ways. I looked to him as one to guide and instruct me, and I have never failed to get counsel and instruction from him which I needed. I loved to serve under him and I am sure all the people who have lived in the Eighth Ward loved and respected him for his sterling qualities.

It would have been very strange if Bishop Oscar F. Hunter were ever late to a meeting in the meeting house. He was always there on time. He never forgot.

Brother Sims used to say that it was remarkable to go with him to administer to the sick. It seemed that he encouraged them and the faith that flowed from him made them well.

This ward was organized in February, 1849, and Bishop Hunter was its third Bishop. I see in the audience Brother Edward Anderson, a son of the first Bishop of this Ward. I also see a son of Bishop Sheets who served after Bishop Anderson for over thirty years. And so it is outstanding that through all these many years only three Bishops had served up to my time.

Even after I had been made Bishop of this Ward I would go to him for counsel and advice. All of us who have seen his suffering and patience in the trial that came to him have had our admiration for him increased. It is sometimes hard to understand why a man who has served so faithfully all his life should be permitted to endure such sufferings and handicaps. But we are not the judges. Our Heavenly Father knows, as the song says, and surely we trust in Him. We trust in His love, because I am sure nothing occurs in our lives that is not for a special

and it is because of the love of our Heavenly Father for his children.

We must not forget those who have so patiently waited on Brother Hunter and who have served him with such devotion, for I am sure that if that service had not been so good and fine he could not have carried on as long as he has done. I feel in my heart that he deserves to be promoted, to be advanced, from this school of life. I am sure he would not return today if he could. He is no doubt glad to be released from the bondage of the body which was useless to him and to be exalted with those who have gone before.

I have known the family; I have watched them, and I am sure the faithfulness of their father and mother will be a guiding light unto their footsteps, that they may serve our Father in heaven who has again revealed His Gospel to the children of men on this earth, that they may have that strong testimony and knowledge of the truth that their father had and their mother has. Their mother has been such an angel to the people of this Ward in her long service as President of the Relief Society.

May our Heavenly Father be with Sister Hunter, that her declining years may be pleasant and comforted by her children, that she may be borne up in the knowledge of the good she has been permitted to do here upon this earth, and that the children may grow and increase in their knowledge of Christ, that they may know, as their grandfather knew, that money does not mean anything, that we should devote our time to doing good, and serving our Father in heaven on this earth while we can, while our Lord has given us health and strength making it possible to labor among his children. We do not know how many years we may have, but as long as we can I feel in my heart it is a privilege to be permitted to serve our Master, Jesus Christ, He who has wandered upon this earth and had no place to lay his head.

May we feel grateful for the blessings which our Father has given unto us. He has given us comfort, freedom and peace. May His blessing and His peace be upon all of his posterity and all of us, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Vocal selection, "Going Home," by the Duncan sisters.

Benediction by Patriarch Joseph Keddington.