Sixty-five Years in the Pulpit

or,

Compound Interest in Religion

By S. H. HALL

Covering a life, in the ministry of sixty-five years
and
Published only for the good it may do

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INTRODUCTION

Brother S. H. Hall in his long and eventful life has had a rich experience which has touched every phase of the life of the Church of our Lord, together with the conflicts within and without. A positive and alert character he has oftentimes been in the thick of controversy. His interest in missions, in education, in journalism, in youth, in young preachers, in the Church problems has been deep and sincere. With unbounded confidence he has been willing to undertake any problem or project with driving faith and an unconquerable spirit. Sometimes his judgment may have been faulty, but his courage can never be doubted. Great interest in everything that goes on about him — which has not flagged to this day — caused him to be in the forefront of every work that went on about him.

This writer feels he knows the man well. He is confident of the complete soundness of S. H. Hall, with whom he may have disagreed on policy now and then. Knowing the man so well, not in hearsay, but by personal and intimate association, it is a pleasure to work with him in the production of this autobiography, "Sixty Years in the Pulpit, Or, Compound Interest in Religion."

Brother S. H. Hall has had a far-reaching effect on the life of this scribe. Thirty years ago when he was consulted about this writer's going to Harbert Avenue (later Union Avenue, in Memphis, Tennessee), Brother Hall advised the brethren there to get this scribe to work with them if they could. Then nearly twenty years ago when this writer went to New Zealand and Australia, Brother Hall helped to raise the support needed and stayed on the job about it until the full two years of time expired. Brother Hall is not a man who merely talked about interest in preaching the gospel elsewhere; he does something about it. This interest will become evident as one reads this story of Brother Hall's life.

In days to come his work will be increasingly treasured as reflecting the problems and difficulties in the life of the Church in the era from the time of David Lipscomb, Larimore, et al, to the middle of the Twentieth century.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the man has been his almost unconquerable and unflagging ability to carry through on any project in which he engages. His interest seems never to flag, and his confidence never to wane. This is a true index of his character, which will be more and more appreciated. But this very characteristic has also brought a degree of conflict now and then. Indefatigability, "dogged-ness", persistence has sometimes cost him heavily maybe in the loss of a friendship which he treasured, but it also has brought its compensations, as it has enabled him to maintain a course and to preserve contacts that less determined men would have lost. This is

notable in that he has maintained an unusual interest in all the places where he has labored from coast to coast. And in the main his influence goes on and on in the many missions and congregations where he has labored. In the words of the Apostle Paul, but of course lacking his inspiration, "there has come upon him the care of all the churches". He is so alert to every issue that it almost amounts to enquiring, but the interest is genuine and constructive and not morbid.

Another characteristic of the man is his complete independence. It matters not how many may have tried a thing, he is unwilling to accept their word that it cannot be done until he has tried it himself. When he came to California the second time to live, he felt that certain conditions could be remedied, and he would not accept the word of others until he tried it himself. He is that kind of a man.

His unwavering confidence in the triumph of the right has always lead him on; and he has lived to see his "compound interest in religion" pay off.

John Allen Hudson

DEDICATED

To my beloved wife, with whom I have lived fifty-six years and who has meant more than words can express – never an important letter written or an article that she did not proof read and approve – and to our lamented son Phil, as we familiarly called him, who lived with us for thirty years, then left us, leaving a son Sam Thomas, two years old, which two, son and grandson, made life worthwhile, each taking an interest in my work, as no other could have done, except the mother and grandmother. Sam Thomas is still with us, having never seen inside of a school building except David Lipscomb College and George Pepperdine College, beginning at D.L.C. in the Kindergarten graduating from D. L. C. while it was a Junior College, then coming to Pepperdine College and graduating there. While in Pepperdine, he met Eloise Stine and they, by the writer, were united in wedlock March 30, 1951, in the "Little Church Around the Corner", Inglewood, California. And this dedication would not be complete without including Cheryl Gail, our great granddaughter, born May 16, 1952. And the dedication includes every young preacher whose heart has been touched by my life and encouraged to enter the ministry for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

On this, the first day of 1953, and just nine days after I observed my seventy-fifth birthday, this story has its beginning at the suggestion of Brother John Allen Hudson.

The lamented W. C. Graves, one of my boys, converted in the second meeting I conducted at East Point, Georgia, in 1912, asked for the privilege of writing the story of my life's work, and he prepared some matter to this end. But death took him from us. You will find a chapter dedicated to him in this book.

COMPOUND INTEREST IN RELIGION

The thought has been in my heart ever since the early impression I received in studying Philippians 4:15-17 which reads:

> "Now ye Philippians know also, that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving, but ye only.
>
> "For even in Thessalonica ye sent once and again unto my necessity.
>
> "Not because I desire a gift: *but I desire fruit that may* abound to your account."

Paul clearly teaches in this statement that every soul saved at Thessalonica would be fruit to abound to the account of the faithful at Philippi. The thought that struck me was this - *Every congregation that I help to establish and every young man whom I can get into the ministry - all the souls saved by them will be fruit that will abound to my account.* It is a glorious thought! Then the words of my Lord came to me - "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear *much* fruit; *so shall ye be my disciples."* John 15:8. And verse 2 also should be given here- "And every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." We should become more and more productive in the soul-winning business as we grow older, and never be found barren and fruitless; for, saith our Lord, "Every branch in me that *beareth not fruit he taketh away."* Fruit bearing must be done, else we will be cut off. This impression was made early in life and has gone with me through the years. This is what I mean by *compound interest* in religion. It amounts to more than compound interest, as we will see in this story.

MY HOPE, MY JOY and MY CROWN

Paul, in writing to this church at Thessalonica - the church that the Philippian brethren sustained him in establishing - has this to say:

> "But we, brethren, being taken from you for a short time in presence, not in heart, endeavored the more abundantly to see your face with great desire.
>
> "Wherefore we would have come unto you, even I, Paul, once and again; but Satan hindered us.
>
> "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? (Do you wonder if Paul knows?) (Listen to what he says) *Are not even ye* (But when? and where?) *in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at him coming.*" I Thessalonians 2:17-19.

Please to note Paul does not say, "For what is *my* hope? but *our* hope. All the saved at Thessalonica were the *joy* and *crown* of the *faithful* at Philippi who sustained Paul while he was establishing that church. Do you see compound interest in religion? Do you see how to *love* the *appearing* of our Lord and be glad to *see his face* in that day? Have, as did Paul, a company with you whom you have helped to lead to Christ. There is a *joy* that is *unspeakable*, a *peace* that *goes beyond all understanding*. See Philippians 4:6,7 and I Peter 1:8. Now read John 15:1-11, and note that verse 11 tells why our Lord gave the lesson on fruit-bearing. Please pick up your Bible and read thoughtfully from verse one through verse 11 which verse 11 says: "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Christ, undoubtedly, was capable of stating, definitely, the purpose for which he spoke. And here he declares that this speaking was done that his joy might remain in those disciples and that their joy might be full. We cannot have the joy of our Lord and our joy be made full if we are not in the soul-winning business. Take it home to your own heart: (1) Are you really hungering and thirsting for the salvation of souls and putting forth a thoughtful, prayerful effort to lead this one and that one to Christ? If you are, you are happy. If you are not, you would shudder at the thought of facing your Lord in the judgement. Yes, there is more than compound interest in religion, and may our Lord sanctify this feeble effort in getting you to so see and live. For this reason only is this book written.

PREFACE TO SUPPLEMENT

Few men know S. H. Hall and his great work better than I. In late summer of 1920, I succeeded him as regular preacher for the West End Avenue Church in Atlanta, Georgia. His labors in Atlanta, as well as in many other sections of the Empire State, have been most successful. Brother Hall has been a faithful and tireless worker in the vineyard of the Lord. His life's story is best told by the work that he has done. Here is a statement of request from him.

> "Since B. C. Goodpasture and I have worked together, off and on for more than thirty-eight years, I am turning the matter for my autobiography over to him to edit this supplement and entitle the book, *Sixty-Five Years In The Pulpit* since it covers five additional years ending with the work at Pepperdine College, which brings to a close my sixty-five years of public service. And I am giving here the picture of Brother Goodpasture who succeeded me in my work in Atlanta, Georgia in 1920. And I am suggesting, if he is so disposed to do so, to let his introduction to this book begin where his Atlanta work began."



B. C. Goodpasture.

In the last Great Day when the Lord shall commend and reward the faithful, it is the conviction of this writer that Brother and Sister S. H. Hall will hear each that thrilling plaudit: "Well done, good and faithful servant. . . . .enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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Chapter I

FAMILY AND BACKGROUND

I was born in Rutherford County, Tennessee, December 23, 1877, to Dr. W. J. Hall and Elizabeth Matthews Hall; reared on a farm and attended such schools as they had in those days – one room, one teacher and quite often this one teacher had to handle some six or eight grades. I finished what was known as the Cedar Grove High School in Rutherford County which was conducted by Wamuth Peebles, a graduate of Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee.

I know all about working all day, and then burning midnight oil in seeking an education. The lights then were the kerosene lamps, and a few times by the old-fashioned grease lamp. Yes, it might be said, I know how to work all day in the field, then after supper wrestle with my older brother until they made us come and go to bed. I appreciate my wrestling record for it had much to do in building up a good strong body. I practiced deep breathing and lung expansion, and have almost made it a rule of my life. I know of no better advice to give young people than – *take care of the body that God has given you in which to live.*

After graduating from the Cedar Grove High School I obtained a



Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Hall.

certificate that gave me the right to teach in Rutherford County and adjoining counties. Of course, in going into an adjoining county I was subject to examination unless the superintendent of that county would honor the certificate from Rutherford County. I give here the picture of my father and mother.



S. H. Hall at the age of 8.

MY FIRST SCHOOL

My father ran a wagon yard for the benefit of travelers who hauled their produce from Cannon and Warren Counties for the Nashville, Tennessee, market. Some of these men persuaded me to make my first efforts at teaching and also preaching in those counties. Perhaps the first effort at preaching was at Dividing Ridge in Cannon County, arranged by Brother Bob Stanly, one of the kindest-hearted men I have ever met; but I was on my way to Warren County to see about a school. It was a private school at what was called the Cummings School, out about one mile from McMinnville on the Beersheba Road. I returned home and got ready to pack what little I had to take with me and in this my first effort, weighed heavily upon my heart, so I found a private room there at the depot and went to my knees and earnestly prayed that I would not fail, and if I did, that mother would never know it. It was at her knees that I learned to say before retiring at night and before I even knew the meaning of the words, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." Never will I cease to be thankful for such a mother.

The school was a success and the directors asked me to take the school for the next school year. This was in July, 1896, the private school having been taught in the early spring of that year. Between the private school and the public school terms I made a trip home. Never did a train, it seemed to me, run so slow as did that train. I was anxious to get home and tell mother about the success of the private school and my election to take the school that summer and fall.

We organized a Bible study and the regular worship in the afternoons on Lord's Days. As a rule, I attended the services in McMinnville in the forenoon, but many in the neighborhood of the school could not conveniently go to the morning services. The school grew and it became necessary to order more desks, but there were no more funds in the County Treasury set aside for that school. So some friends arranged a box supper on the front lawn of the home where I was board-

ing. The beautiful grassy lawn was well lighted and a large crowd was there. One reason for my being selected for that school was that they knew I was opposed to dances, and especially for the teachers of our schools to attend such and take some of the older girls to them. Right in the midst of our festivities a banjo and fiddle were heard coming from my bedroom, and the dance was on in full swing. I kindly spoke to the man of the house and asked, "Do you mean to let this be turned into a dance? If so, I want to at once move my trunk across the road to another family who have asked me to board with them." It seemed to have fretted him, and into the room he went and knocked the fiddle in one direction and the banjo in another. He knew that the dance was started because of prejudice against me for being opposed to such. In a moment or two someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, "We want to see you for a few moments." Two young men led me to a dark corner in the yard and asked, "Are you responsible for the dance being stopped?" My answer was, "I do hope so." To this they replied, "You will find yourself out there on the hillside tied to a black gum and your back left bleeding." My answer was, "There is no lock on my door and I have no firearms, so you will not endanger yourselves by coming." But, believe me when I say nothing has pleased me more than their not coming. I treated those who seemed to have it in for me, so to speak, as kindly as God's grace enabled me to do, and am so thankful to report that every one of them was baptized into Christ and became my best friends. Arrangements were made for a revival, and it was a glorious success. Among the number baptized was Jennie Leona Stiles who became my wife. You cannot possibly fail when you do the right thing.

That school ceased to be at the end of that year's work and it was combined with another school. So my second year as public school teacher was at West Riverside, about the same distance from McMinnville on what was called the Viola Road. A Bible study was organized and we had regular worship there every Lord's Day afternoon. Two revivals were conducted which resulted in a large number of additions. A local congregation was started in that schoolhouse; and after I left, under the leadership of Brother Sam Lively, the work was carried on, a lot obtained and a house built, now known as the West Riverside Church of Christ. I have no idea how many souls have been saved as a result, but my *compound interest is growing.*

Before taking up the school work at West Riverside and shortly after the Christmas holidays, I attended the Dibrell High School in Warren County to do some special work on a few subjects in which I needed to be strengthened. Here is where I, for the first time, met the lamented H. Leo Boles. I came to know him and love him and esteem him most highly for his brilliancy and sterling character. I later roomed with him one year at the Nashville Bible School during his first year there, about which I will have more to say.

MY MARRIAGE

Solomon says, in Proverbs 18:22, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." Since Paul says "every scripture inspired of God is profitable," I am happy to say that this scripture has been most profitable to me.

It was during my work at the Cummings School that I met Miss Jennie Leona Stiles, whose picture I let you see, the daughter of Philip and Sallie Stiles. She had two brothers and one sister, the two brothers attending the same school. Observing how some marriages had turned out, I became desperately afraid of marriage. To see two souls love each other almost to death, so to speak, before marriage and soon thereafter be everything on earth except real sweethearts, made me wonder. I knew if I were tied up in wedlock with one who could not really help me, it would be most unfortunate, if not a tragedy in my life.



Mrs. Hall when I first met her.

But during my work at Cummings School I observed something in "Jennie" — Let me so speak of her, that I had not observed in other girls and it suited me exactly. The more I observed and the more I prayed over the matter, the stronger my faith in her became, and I reached the point where I felt that if I did not obtain her for my life's work, I perhaps would be ruined by getting the wrong girl. Believe me when I say, *never prayed I over any matter more than this one thing*. I wanted to go to heaven and I wanted someone who would help me go there.

But she was one of my pupils and I dared not let her know what was running through my mind, so patiently I waited until after school closed. Then the approach was gently made for I had a feeling of fear that she had never seen anything in me that appealed to her. However, August 28th, 1898, standing on the front porch of the Stiles home, McMinnville, Tennessee, with Hugh Lawson Walling, and the front yard filled with admiring friends, he said the words that made us husband wife. Brother Walling was one of the best friends I ever had and did so very much to encourage me in every way.

Now a word about subsequent years. I had definitely made up my mind that harmony must exist in our home. When the time for New Year's Resolutions came, we would sit down and talk things over. First, I would tell her wherein I felt that I had fallen short in my part of the program, but said not one thing about anything in her that I thought could be improved. Then she would do the same thing about the record she had made the year that was ending. I know of nothing better for husbands and wives to do. Even in those homes where discord has arisen such would help to hold them together. If they would begin at

once this habit they would soon iron out all their differences. I know whereof I speak from experience — one of our greatest teachers — and it is backed by the teaching of the Bible as well as common sense.

But there is one thing about my wife that I must tell. While she was an apt student, I knew that all the schooling she had was in my school and such like schools. However, I came to recognize, as time moved on, the fact that she knew more current history about men and women of distinction the world over, so I began to wonder. While our son was in Georgia Tech., I noticed she stayed with him every night helping with his lessons. I thought she was getting in deep water helping in subjects which I thought she knew nothing about. She became my *dictionary* and *encyclopedia,* and one day I asked her the plain question, *"Where and how did you get all this general information?"* Her answer was this, "When I married you I knew that I had to have the best education possible to enable me to be the help to you that I so much desire to be. For this reason I helped Phil in his studies, not merely to help him, but to obtain the education he was seeking to obtain, and besides this, the magazines and other books we have had I have read for the purpose of keeping myself continually informed. Now you can think of it as much as you please — *my Lord gave me Jennie,* and she has meant the world to me. My life would have been a failure without her.

No, a man is just half what God wants him to be without a wife. For this reason I have advised all my boys to pray and seek for the woman God knows is best for them to have, and they have all married early in life and have succeeded. Yes, Solomon had it right when he said, "He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favour of the Lord." Think of how many lives that have been ruined because young people were not taught that when seeking a life's companion to let their Lord come in and have a part in it.

MY FIRST REAL REVIVALS

Although I had been regularly conducting Bible School on the Lord's Day afternoon and had been preaching also on the Lord's Day, my first "protracted meeting," as we sometimes called them, was at the McMahan School House in Warren County, not far from McMinnville. It was a most interesting meeting. This was in 1901, and Phil, our only son, just beginning to walk, and his mother were with me. There were some thirty-odd baptisms, and the work was so revived there that the idea of building a church house was started. It was slow in developing, but it is enough to say that they have a working congregation there.

The most interesting thing in this revival was the baptism of Bill Parker, a brother of Sister McMahan, in whose home we stayed. He was running a still at the time and took no interest in religious affairs; but, needing more help at the still, he came to the services looking for help. Nevertheless it turned out that I got home to his heart the very thing he needed. However, at the time I did not know anything about

him and that he was even present. But sister McMahan remarked at the dinner table that day about her surprise to see "Bill" at the service, not knowing why he was there. Her husband concurred with her in her surprise. I asked some questions about him and I learned what he was doing to make money.

But, more to their surprise, he was out again that night and attended every service till the meetings closed. He went to his still Monday morning, stated that they all needed a rest, and that he was closing the still for the time being. Bill Parker was baptized on his thirty-third birthday.

I remember hearing the remark repeatedly made, "I am so surprised that Bill Parker has obeyed the gospel." I took advantage of the statement, and from the pulpit, stated that I am never surprised when people obey the gospel after really hearing it, but the thing that surprises me beyond measure is why everyone when he hears does not obey it.

There were many interesting things in that meeting, but the conversion of Bill Parker, who later married one of the fine girls there, is the most interesting.

My second meeting, the same year, was at what they called "The Wood's School House," later called Iconium. This turned out to be a most interesting and profitable meeting in many ways.

First, we had some forty-odd baptisms and a number of restorations. My home was with a Brother Wood – a tall patriarchal man in appearance, who was an elder in the little congregation which had practically died out. One night there were so many came forward, the house being almost unbearably crowded, that I was not able to keep up with those who came forward and those who did not. So I had all to be seated who could be and those who came forward to stand, and in this way I got them separated. Among the number who came forward was Mrs. Bates, in her eighties, on crutches. It was too much for her Baptist daughter present, so she shouted aloud, and I was glad to hear it. Mrs. Bates' husband was not a member, and I so much desired to see him, too, baptized and made some plans to this end. We were to have a baptismal talk at the water and extend the invitation. I had a Brother St. Johns there, ready to assist me, for I had made up my mind to bury them both together in the baptismal act, and my expectation was realized. For he did make the confession, and they were both led out into the water with Brother St. Johns on one side and I on the other. I had Bates put his arms around his wife and had her to let her head rest on his right shoulder, and she had a handkerchief to be placed over her nose. After the proper words were said, they were then lowered in the water and instructed not to hold their breath until they were asked to do so, and just as the back of their heads reached the water, the breath was held, the handkerchief was placed over her nose, and they were buried gently and raised together into a new life. Many stated that it was one of the most beautiful scenes they had ever beheld.

But a problem presented itself to Brother Wood. As the meeting

was drawing to a close, Brother Wood stated to me one morning at the breakfast table, "Brother Hall, you have me somewhat bothered. I am the only elder and you must join me in seeking out help for me in taking care of all these babes in Christ." My answer was, "Fine, Brother Wood, we will do just that. How shall we go about it?" I discovered that he had never seen elders appointed except by fasting, prayer and the laying-on of hands. So I turned it over to him, and in this way, they were appointed, he taking the lead in the matter.

At this time, there was quite a controversy going on in our papers about how to appoint elders. James A. Harding and others saying fasting, prayers and the laying-on of hands was the scriptural way. Dr. Brents held this position, and a number of other very strong men. Brother David Lipscomb, at whose feet I sat for about five years, took the position that we are instructed to appoint elders, are told the kind of men to appoint, but "how" is left with our judgment. I had adopted Brother Lipscomb's position, and to be consistent, I did not dictate to Brother Wood how it should be done. Believe me when I say it was a most impressive service, one whole day being devoted to it, with fasting and prayer. But it got out on me that I had been in such a service and one of my meetings was cancelled; however, I shed no tears over that. I have never thought much about criticisms — just do the best I have sense to do, and leave it with my Lord. This is the only service exactly like it that I have ever participated in, but I will have more to say about appointing elders in another chapter of this book.

It will not be out of place to relate this little bit of amusing experience in this meeting. There were some mighty good marksmen in that section, using the old-fashioned, long muzzle-loading rifles. They had the custom of meeting at a certain store on Saturday afternoon and shooting for a turkey. The turkey was put in a coup with his head out, and the marksman that first hit that head got the turkey. They paid so much for a chance. I heard about it, and one Sunday, proceeded to give it a dressing-down as gambling. That day, at the place I had dinner, we had turkey. The sister was a wonderful cook, and I had much to say about the turkey and dressing being the best I had ever tasted. The brother, with a very significant grin on his face, looked at me and said, "Brother Hall, I got this turkey at the shooting match yesterday." And what did you do, someone wants to know? Well, you will never be any worse off if you never know. But the turkey-shooting sport in that congregation went out of business.

Chapter II

BACK TO RUTHERFORD COUNTY

My only whole sister died of tuberculosis and left Father and Mother in the old home on what was called the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike, now known as Dixie Highway, and they insisted that we return to Rutherford County and take what was known as the Lone Oak School, out about eight miles north of Murfreesboro on the same highway. This I did and I taught there for two years, 1899 and 1901, and the spring of 1902. During these years I was preaching somewhere, as a rule, on Lord's Days, at mission points and the waste places.

March 16, 1900, Philip Lawson, our only son, was born, about whom I want to speak in particular later. After closing our second year there in the spring of 1902, we decided to go to the Nashville Bible School. I wanted to further my education and wanted to be where I would have the Bible as one of the first books of importance to study. Brother William Anderson was then president, having succeeded Brother James A. Harding who had resigned and established the Potter Bible School at Bowling Green, Kentucky. I remained in the Nashville Bible School until the spring of 1906 at which time I graduated with H. Leo Boles and others.

During the years that I was in the Bible School, I did evangelistic work during the summers and preached on Lord's Days, as a rule, during the fall, winter and spring. Through the influence of F. W. Smith, who baptized me in a revival he was conducting at the Rock Springs church in Rutherford County, Tennessee, arrangements were made for me to preach monthly at the Little River congregation out from Hopkinsville, Ky. And here let me say, no one could have done more for a young preacher than Brother Smith tried to do for me during those early struggling years of my work. One of the elders of this congregation moved to Bluff Springs, out in another direction from Hopkinsville, and that congregation wanted me to conduct a mission meeting there. The tent was ordered shipped from Nashville to Hopkinsville for this meeting, but when I reached Nashville Brother S. F. Morrow informed me that he had not sent it, that it was too late for a tent meeting. I went on and started the meeting in one of the homes, and the crowds so grew that it was moved to a school house, and that soon was too small. So a neighbor by the name of Cook, I believe it was, arose and stated — "I have a brand new tobacco barn and if you will go there and hang the tobacco higher than it now hangs, you will have plenty of room for a meeting. This was done. A hole was cut in the wall and a wood stove set up for heating. I have never been in a more enthusiastic meeting. Suffice it to say we had additions enough — some forty-five or fifty — to start a congregation. This man donated the lot, the money was raised and we had a house by the next year. I

made my report to Little River brethren the night following the close of this meeting and was asked how much I thought they should give me for the meeting. My answer was, "I have been amply supported, and all I ask you is to give me orders to have the Gospel Advocate Company send this new congregation enough song books to meet their needs. This was done, and a new congregation was established. I conducted the first meeting in the new house the next year.

MY WORK AT SMITHVILLE, TENNESSEE

During the years of 1904 through 1906, I preached regularly once a month at Smithville and full time during the summer, conducting tent meetings wherever they sent me. It was during this time a meeting was conducted at Temperance Hall and a congregation established, and also at Keltonburg in the same county and another congregation established. And I also helped to establish the Oak Grove congregation out from Dibrell, Tennessee.

JOHN H. NICHOLS – MY FIRST DEBATE

While in a meeting under the direction of the Smithville brethren at Liberty, Tenn., a Baptist one night came to me and handed me Nichol's tract entitled "THE SPRINKLER." He also had a tract called the "THEOLOGICAL PUMP" in which he claimed to have pumped all the water out of the New Testament. Nichols had the Baptists sore at him for continually attacking them for being strict immersionist and other positions they took contrary to the Methodists. This Baptist wanted me to review the tract from pulpit. I had learned that Nichols lived there and was the regular minister at the Methodist Church. It might be well to say, too, that it was the year before he was superannuated. I had never met him, but told my friend that it was difficult to read a tract and review it and do justice to the author, as he doubtless would place emphasis where I would not, and the audience would not have the weight of his personality; that the best thing I thought for him to do was to get Nichols to come to my pulpit and do his best to establish sprinkling for baptism, and then let me, the night that followed, give my best in behalf of immersion. This Baptist thought well of the suggestion and went at once to a Methodist steward about it. The steward objected, but agreed to go with this Baptist and the writer to see Nichols. It was my first time to meet him. I had read his debate with James A. Harding and also James M. Kidwell's review of one of these tracts. Nichols treated us courteously, but we could not stop the steward from objecting, and it seemed Nichols was not overly anxious to have the debate. I assured the steward that there would be no wrangle, that all that I asked was the right to ask Nichols one or two questions after he concluded his address, and that Nichols would have the same right when I concluded.

But nothing doing, so we left somewhat disappointed. But that night, after we had sung one or two songs, in comes Nichols with his Bible under his arm and stated to me, "Brother Hall, I am here to give my speech." My reply was, "It can not be done tonight. I have a chart on the wall and have promised a salesman who is spending the night here that he shall hear it – you may have tomorrow night." "Besides," said I, "there is a great deal of interest manifested in the question and we want time to advertise it." At this juncture, our Baptist friend arose and said, "This house will not accommodate the people, neither will the Methodist house – I suggest that it be taken to our house that will accommodate as many as both of your houses." So to the Baptist house we went the next night. And the crowd was there.

I had wanted, for quite a while, to hear a Methodist preacher exhaust himself in giving the scriptures that teach sprinkling. I had an idea he would leave none for an immersion. And so did Nichols in his one and a half hour address. When he had concluded, I arose and complimented the audience for their fine behavior, but stated that I reserved the right to ask a few questions.

Question No. 1 – "Brother Nichols," holding before him the Methodist Discipline, "Is this a Methodist Discipline?" His reply was, "Most certainly it is." I then asked, "Is it not true that this discipline instructs you to leave what you call the mode of Baptism with the conscience of the candidate; immersing, sprinkling or pouring as they desire, and do you not use identically the same ceremony for the three, doing it by the authority of Christ and into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit?" His answer was, "Yes." Then I turned to the audience and stated, "Brother Nichols has given us the scriptures that he thinks sustain sprinkling, and since he immerses when the candidate asked for it, I want him now to give us the scripture for immersion." But he had not left one scripture for immersion.

Question No. 2 – "There is another question" – holding up before him his tract entitled the "SPRINKLER", I asked – "Is this your tract?" His answer was, "Yes." "But," said I, "I find these statements in this tract, viz., 'Immersion is unscriptural, the Bible is as silent as the grave on immersion, you can not find it from Genesis to Revelation." He admitted that he was the author of the statements. "Then," said I, "when you immerse you can consistently add to your ceremony these words, "By the authority of Christ, and into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, I am to do unto you that which is unscriptural, that the Bible is as silent as the grave in regard to it, and it can not be found from Genesis to Revelation, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen." It seemed to me that he jumped a foot high and shouted, "I do not immerse, Brother Hall, I do not immerse, I once did but I quit it." Then I said, "will you state to this audience that if sprinkling is baptism, immersion is wrong, and if immersion is baptism, sprinkling is wrong." He shouted "Yes." I turned to the audience and stated – "This is all I hoped to accomplish tonight, friends –

there is not a man living, beneath the heavens, that can defend sprinkling, pouring, and immersion, all three for baptism. Come back tomorrow night and I will prove to you which one is baptism."

We had a larger audience the next night, and I answered everything Nichols had said without referring once directly to his address. At the close, instead of questions, he arose and challenged me for a debate. I, at once, accepted. Then he said – "We both must sign an agreement that we will use no book except a copy of the King James Translation of the Bible." My answer was – "We will sign an agreement to use no copy of the Bible except the original Greek and Hebrew in which it was written, and any and all translations to get its contents on baptism over to an English speaking audience." Then the question from Nichols – "When will we begin?" My answer was "Tomorrow night." His answer was that he had other engagements and could not begin then. It resulted in our promising to agree upon propositions and terms and to dedicate Christmas week to the discussion. But, do you know I was never able to get him to sign up. Brother David Lipscomb helped me with the exchange of letters to this end. Shortly after Christmas had come and gone, he started the report that I backed down, and I at once had the correspondence mimeographed and left at Liberty for circulation. Shortly thereafter I was on my way to baptize two Methodists there in Liberty and met Nichols – one of the angriest men I had met – and he rushed at me and said – "I have talked with every leading man in this town and they all tell me that never before had they heard of a man releasing a private correspondence without the consent of both parties." My answer was – "You are a public man and so am I, and we both announced before a very large audience that Christmas week would be dedicated to our discussing the question and I made reservations at the hotel for some of our boys from the college to be here and hear it. The debate did not take place, and I was asked the reason why. My answer was, "I will let the people of Liberty see the correspondence and this will undoubtedly be the honorable way to answer the question." So it was done. He had gotten himself in bad by announcing publicly that if immersion was baptism, sprinkling was not, and if sprinkling is baptism, immersion is not, and that he refused to immerse at all. Brother O. P. Barry had brought a hack load of people from Alexander to the discussion the night I asked Nichols those hard questions, among the number was the Methodist preacher from Alexander. They had an interesting time with him on their way back. But he had to confess that Nichols had gone back on the Methodist discipline and the church as a whole. So that's that.

It is well to state that before leaving for Atlanta, I conducted a meeting at Trousdale, sometimes called Jacksboro, Tenn., and established a church there and helped to build the house. Interesting things took place in these meetings that I would like to incorporate in this story, but space forbids.

These were great and good days to this soul. But I tell you now we

did not swim financially. Looking over my diary I find the following – In 1904 we received a net income of $506.87. In 1905 a net income of $537.45. In 1906 a net income of $686.17. You see I was climbing some. The first year I was in the Nashville Bible School, I learned how to go to Brother Davis' meat shop and get a ten cent soup bone, and Mrs. Hall would have vegetable soup (what is better?), then she chilled it in the ice box and sliced off enough for another meal; then skinned the bone and made hash – three good meals out of a ten cent bone. *What a wife she is!* But we were never hungry. After moving to the Lipscomb Farm, I taught for our board and room rent and tuition and made it better.

While rooming with Brother Boles at the school, we had him hold a tent meeting near Mrs. Hall's home and he stayed with us. This resulted in the establishment of the Mt. Leo congregation named for Brother Boles. I thank God for those good old days.

Chapter III

LIPSCOMB, LARIMORE AND HARDING

No story of my life would be complete without three of the greatest men who have lived in this century having a place in it.

DAVID LIPSCOMB, whom I first came really to know after entering the Nashville Bible School. When I entered that school I had deep-seated prejudice against him because of the influence of the "A. McGary and Lipscomb controversy" over what was called *"rebaptism"* and *"shaking them in,"* the latter being the expression used by McGary against Lipscomb and the former the word used in speaking of those who stood with McGary. My father was a regular reader of the Firm Foundation and took a radical stand for McGary's side of the question, and it was through his influence that prejudice against Lipscomb found a strong place in my heart. I took a class under Brother Lipscomb, primarily to give him all the trouble I could when such questions came up.

But, let me state here that this is where I got what I sometimes call *"my second conversion."* I found Lipscomb so everlastingly fair in all that he said about other religious bodies and those of our brethren who differed with him that it revealed something *within me* that was *all wrong* and led me to see how *utterly* wrong I was in taking a position and holding to it with bull-dog tenacity instead of studying the question with the sole desire to get the truth, even when it condemned me. It was the influence of Lipscomb that planted, never to be rooted up, the following scriptures – Micah 6:8, "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy (kindness), and to walk humbly with thy God?" Jeremiah 5:1, "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man, if there be any that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth; and I will pardon it." To be absolutely *just* in representing others, never falsely accusing them, and to be as fair in stating their positions as you are in stating your own, was the lesson I got from Lipscomb – and it saved me. For had I continued with the unfair and prejudiced way I had been handling questions with those whom I differed, I would have been lost – no doubt about this. The awful danger of our "receiving not the love of the truth, that we might be saved" about which we are warned in 2 Thessalonians 2:10-12 had never dawned upon my heart. Lipscomb planted that warning, and he lived what he tried to get over to his students. He is the only editor – there may be one or two exceptions – who, occasionally, in his writing would take up some statement that he had formerly made and state, "I am sure I was mistaken in the position I took on this scripture and want to *now* correct it." He looked for his own mistakes as well as the mistakes of others. How often did I hear him in the class, when some young preacher would start off on a tirade

against the Baptist or Methodist on some position, gently say, "You are mistaken there – here is their position, and he would give it exactly as their best scholars taught it. All liars shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone, so the Book declares. So far as I know, it is just as bad to lie about others by accusing them of believing something they do not believe as it is to lie in a horse swap. If not, why not?

T. B. LARIMORE – He was at his best when I began to preach. I heard so much about him and it was so favorable that I wondered if T. B. Larimore would leave this old world as did Enoch and Elijah and be relieved of what is known as death's transition. I have not the words to express the powerful influence he had on me. We were blessed in our Atlanta work – I believe it was the third year – by having him there for a revival. He had his peculiarities, which never did any harm to a human soul, but sometimes embarrassed his friends.

Brother O. B. Curtis, who perhaps knew Larimore as but few knew him, having been with him and led the singing the whole time he lived in Washington, D. C., and who is now our very efficient song leader at Arcadia, California, made the statement a few days ago that he never heard Larimore say one harmful thing about anyone. This made me think of a little of my experience with him. I was preaching regularly once a month and doing all the mission work in the summer for a congregation that once had on its board of elders a very shrewd lawyer, who took a position as legal adviser to the leader of a very strong religious cult that believed in Triune Immersion. He was immersed in this way, doubtless, to please the one who was paying him a big salary. But his services ended and he returned to his home town and, it seemed, expected to be received in full fellowship and to be recognized as an elder as he was before he left; however, he was not so recognized. He came to my room almost every day complaining about the treatment he was receiving, and spoke of what E. A. Elam, T. B. Larimore and others thought of him. Some of our best were they, and I was just a very young preacher. This was just before our move to Atlanta, Georgia. He had a great deal to say about prophecy and gave me one position which he stated he also gave to Larimore, for which, Larimore said he had never thought of before and thanked him most graciously for the thought. While Larimore was in a revival in Nashville the lawyer chanced to be in Nashville also, and learning of Larimore's being there and where he was preaching, decided to go and hear him. He got there a little late, and as he entered the building he was pleased to hear Larimore discussing the very point in prophecy that he had pointed out to him. So, Larimore, seeing this great lawyer coming down the aisle, at once stopped his sermon and stated: "Friends, since beginning this sermon, I see a friend of mine is here and he knows more about this subject than I do, and I am inviting him to the stand to discuss it in my stead." This lawyer had related this a number of times to show what great men such as Larimore had thought of him, and as a rebuke to his elders at home for repudiating him as an elder. He related this to me a number of times, and deep down in my heart I

did not believe it and made up my mind if I ever met Larimore, I would ask him about it. So one Christmas, as I was changing trains in Nashville, I met Brother Larimore in the waiting room. After a little conversation about where I had been and where I was going, I stated, "Brother Larimore, I have a question that I want to ask you, and I hope you will not think it out of place for me to ask it." I related the whole story, then stated, "I have wondered, Brother Larimore, if you did do this." *Get this* — he raised those long arms and gently placed his hands on my shoulders and looked me straight in the eye — his eyes were so gentle and beamed with kindness, and said, *"Brother Hall, you will never be any worse off if you never know.* Miss Emma Page is in the women's waiting room, would you not like to speak to her?" Into that room we went and I visited awhile and then took my train for home *wondering what did he mean by saying, "Brother Hall, you will never be any worse off if you never know."* My only conclusion was he feared that if he stated the whole story was false, I would abuse the information and say too much about it. But that's that.

What did Larimore mean to me? Well, I got this great lesson — you need absolutely nothing to be a good preacher of the gospel except to *know the Book, the exact sayings of our Lord,* and tell it to the people. If ever a man spoke where the Bible speaks and stayed silent where it is silent, Larimore did just that.

JAMES A. HARDING — So different was he to either Lipscomb or Larimore. Lipscomb was always deeply serious and grave; Larimore quiet, gentle, and exceedingly kind in looks and manners; but Harding was exuberant, abounding in faith and his face aglow with joy. When I got into James A. Harding's life I got into the field of faith and undoubting confidence in God's love and care for his children here on earth. *Special providence* was his hobby, if it be right to call it a hobby, and I came to go along with him all the way in his faith and trust in the Father's taking care of his children here on earth. He was often criticized by some as going too far in such faith, but when you listened to him talk about his Father in heaven and describe the beauties of the heavenly home, as a rule, you were made a believer. How often have I been lifted almost out of myself as I listened to him talk about his Father's love and special interest in his people! Yes, I listened when he quoted Romans 8:28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." He would then hurry to Psalm 84:11, "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: *no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."* How he could emphasize, "NO GOOD THING WILL HE WITHHOLD FROM THEM THAT WALK UPRIGHTLY!" Then to Ephesians 3:20, looking up with tears coming down on his cheeks, he would exclaim, *"He does for us exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think."* Well, Harding made a full convert out of me, and made me wish that every child of God on earth had the faith and confidence in God's love and care for his people that James A. Harding had. Yes, he was criticized by some for his special

providence "hobby," as some called it, and even Brother Lipscomb who loved him dearly felt that he sometimes went too far with it. But let me have his faith – it enabled me to *see* as I had *never seen* before, and to *rejoice* as I had *never rejoiced* before in the consciousness that God is *near*, that his *angels surround* us, and that they are sent out as ministering spirits to God's own here on earth. Brother Harding saw good in all of his experiences.

One other thing about him, and I close, but could write all day about him. Due to the condition of his mind he did not seem to remember from one Lord's day to the next what he had preached on the previous Lord's Day, but was continually discussing *special providence* or talking about *heaven*. Therefore, we had to persuade him to give up pulpit work, a service which he had rendered for about a year after moving to Atlanta with what was then called the South Pryor Street Congregation. After being out of the pulpit for quite awhile, one Lord's Day morning he said to his wife, "Let's go over and hear Brother Hall at West End Avenue today." So here they came. I knew how his heart yearned to get back in the pulpit, so asked my elders to let me use him that day because many people were there who had never heard him preach and, if he talked about *heaven* or *special providence*, it would be new to them and we who had heard him on these subjects would enjoy it. I could never tire of hearing him speak. I had promised to speak on the "Home" that morning, so to help him take that subject and stay with it I had informed him that this was the subject for study and he had expressed his delight to discuss it. To make it easier for him to stay with the subject I made some preliminary remarks to get him to think along that line, and then turned the subject over to him. A more coherent, logical line of thinking I had never heard than when he spoke of the different members of the home – father, mother, sons and daughters, and their respective duties to each other. Then he said, "If we live as God tells us, some of these days" – now raising his hand and pointing toward heaven – "we will all be – *Home, Home, that is Home!*" He never got out of heaven and not a dry eye was seen in that audience.

Well, we have to stop here, but if I were to talk and write from now until the end of life comes, I could not tell all that these great men have meant to me. I thank God that he, in his providence, brought them into my life.

Chapter IV

OUR MOVE TO ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Brother O. D. Bearden and wife, whose pictures we give, moved to Atlanta and "planted the Lord's mustard seed." They could not find the church of the New Testament. Not willing to sacrifice for ease and popularity, they began to have the regular worship in their home. They found another family with the same desire who joined them in their worship. Then the next thing was to get F. W. Smith, who baptized me, there for a tent meeting. This resulted in finding some twenty others in Atlanta who had the same desires. Brother Perry McCravy and wife were among this number, and he loaned them a thousand dollars to build a modest frame building and donated the lot on which it was built.



Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Bearden. Moved to Atlanta and planted our Lord's mustard seeds.

The next thing Brother Smith did was to come to me and importune me to move to Atlanta and live with that work. This we did, beginning in Atlanta the first of January, 1907. But I had conducted a meeting for them in the fall of 1906. Hard place! Could I have found a harder place? Even the papers refused to carry our announcements, and the people who attended that meeting looked like they were afraid some neighbor would come in and find them there. But in spite of all this, we took the work. Phil, our only son, was six years old and I wanted to be where I could be at home practically all the time. The idea was out that preachers' children were the worst of children, and I wanted to see to it that one preacher had a child that was the best. *The Lord took us to Atlanta.* Too, I had desired to try to build a church, from the ground up, and make it as nearly as possible a model church. Not one cent could these brethren give toward our support. They owed

one thousand dollars on their church house and could barely keep the payments up. Brother Smith managed to raise seventy-five dollars a month toward our support. So, into the work we threw our all.



West End Avenue Church House, where the Atlanta work began.

Since I could not get publicity through the papers, I used another plan to make the work grow. One Sunday morning I stated to the congregation that *each one* there had a pal, someone who loved them better than they loved anyone else. Since we cannot get the people to *come* to us, *we will go to them*. Besides, this is the way Paul did his work, "... publicly, and from house to house," (Acts 20:20b), and this enabled Paul, after staying there three years, to declare, "...remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." We must go to the people with the gospel, not my going alone, but you members go with me as you can. Let your neighbors know that you have a minister here, and we want to enter every home that will open its door to us. This announcement was made one Sunday morning – the third Sunday that I was there – and Monday morning a sister called and said, "Brother Hall, my father wants a service in his home Tuesday night." We had that service, and at the close I announced services next Lord's Day at the house of worship, said something about the subject that would be discussed Sunday morning to make the people eager to hear it, then had our closing song and benediction. The man of the house said, "We want another service next Tuesday night." A neighbor was there through respect to this home and not because of any interest in me or the church, and stated, "I would love for you to visit my home next week," and it was booked. It is enough to say that in less than four weeks I had more calls for cottage services than I could fill.



This is a picture made at the beginning of the Atlanta work.

The following report of my first two years as to the number of sermons preached is enough to show you that this works – has to work – because it is God's way to do it. The following is taken from my diary:

> "1907 and 1908 were exceedingly busy years. I had more things to consider than in any previous years. I preached more than six-hundred discourses. Also helped to get on foot the establishing of a night school to help some of our members who could not be promoted on their jobs for lack of sufficient education. The school accomplished good from its very beginning, putting new hope into the hearts of our best. (It should be said that this night school was opened each night with prayer and study of an appropriate chapter.) I also helped Brother Flavil Hall compile "The Gospel Message in Song" which was our first book brought out for the purpose of teaching the gospel as fully in song as in sermon. (Will say more about this later.) Also helped to raise support for Brother Fuqua who was trying to get the work started in Rome, Georgia, and kept in touch with three small country churches which we had rescued from the doctrines of men. *Had plenty to do!"*

MY SUPPORT

It is not out of order to say a word about the support. As stated before, these brethren could not pay me one cent – Brother F. W. Smith had $75.00 a month pledged toward our support, and it came in promptly. But I paid my own house rent, which of course was the least expensive I could find for a place to live. The following is taken from my diary in which I kept a daily report of receipts and expenditures, but I give only the totals, "Received $1,416.56, paid out $1,333.57." Some of this was for furniture on which we had to take out a charge account in order to get those things that were indispensable. The second year began with about one hundred and eight enrolled and closed with finances about the same as the first year. Too, the papers now began to give us some consideration, but I had trouble getting them to list us under the heading, "Church of Christ." However, we got what we wanted. How I would love to continue with the diary report, but all is given that space will allow. Do not suggest to me that these were not *hard* years – yet *most joyful* years!

SOME SERIOUS THINKING

I found people in the Baptist, Methodist, Christian and other religious orders as sincere as I could be. The question as to how to approach them weighed heavily upon my heart. I came to this determination, "1. *I will not let a soul on earth stick closer to the Book than I*

do, and this I attempted to do by preaching only what is revealed on each subject I handle, all the Book says about that subject, making no additions nor subtractions to or from the record. 2. *I will let no soul be kinder and more considerate of others who differ from me than I am."* If you should ask for one of the *secrets* of our success in Atlanta, and in fact of all my work thus far in life, I would answer, *"This determination had as much, if not the most, to do with my success as anything else."* I knew there were people in error as sincere as I could be, and my constant prayer was, "Father, help me never to give *needless* offense to any soul." This method of preaching has been bitterly criticized by some. But I pray that God have mercy on such critics for their hearts are not right with God. However, criticism has never influenced me except for good. Paul's heart went out in prayer to God for those who were zealous, but in error. See Romans 10:1-3. We are commanded to follow *his example* with the assurance that God's peace will be with us – see Philippians 4:9 – and so I have found it in my life.

SECOND CONGREGATION ESTABLISHED

Due to the fact that our West End Avenue house of worship was filled to capacity with members and visitors, and that a number of our families lived in what was called the South Pryor Street section, a house owned by the Cumberland Presbyterians, and not in use, was obtained for the place of worship for the second congregation. Too, it had class rooms, blackboards, etc., which made it suitable for use in our night school which has been referred to. This congregation was under the oversight of the West End elders until we had men developed in it who could be appointed as elders and the congregation become self-sustaining.

It was in this building that my debate with Brother H. K. Pendleton took place on the music question, and this debate had much to do with the subsequent growth of this congregation which outgrew its quarters and was moved to Moreland Avenue, a picture of which building we are giving our readers. The debate not only helped the growth of this second congregation, but was the forerunner of the establishment of the third congregation, and perhaps, the primary cause of this third congregation's being established – I refer here to the congregation established at East Point, a suburb of Atlanta, and the home, at that time, of Brother and Sister Hugh M. Garrett, the only two members we had at East Point.

Brother H. K. Pendleton conducted a meeting for the Christian Church at East Point, and learning that Garrett and his wife were two of our members at West End Avenue, made it a point to visit their home quite frequently. He was invited to the Garrett home for dinner, and other courtesies were shown him. Brother Garrett was impressed with his scholarship and strength as a preacher, and stated to me that he would like to hear the music question discussed by us in a public de-

bate. It is not necessary to give details further than to say that I gave Brother Garrett a little tract, entitled, "Prove All Things." I instructed Garrett to tell Brother Pendleton that we would be glad to merge with them if he would prove to us that God would be pleased with it. He undoubtedly believed he could do this very thing.

A few words about debates are in order here. So far as I am concerned, I do not want to have one thing to do with a public discussion *unless Christ is to do all the leading.* From the standpoint of education, in Greek and Hebrew, Brother Pendleton stood so far above me that it made me feel my weakness. Brother David Lipscomb, at whose feet I sat for years, had his doubts about the wisdom of my going up against Brother Pendleton. This was based on his knowledge of Pendleton's strength from the standpoint of these languages, and also his advantage from the standpoint of age and experience Brother Pendleton was old enough to have been my grandfather.

But this was altogether to my advantage, for it made me lean heavily upon the arm of One who knows no defeat. I asked the little congregation I was representing-everyone of them-to stay with me in prayer to God that his will, not mine be done, and that, not one time in the whole discussion would I allow the flesh to have anything to do with the discussion. That they did this I have not one doubt. I secured the services of J. W. Shepherd as my moderator, as much a veteran as was Pendleton.

THE RESULTS OF THE DISCUSSION

Well, the five nights passed off and at the close I had the good will of every one who attended. There was so much that took place during the debate, proving beyond a doubt that the Spirit of Christ *must be in us* and control us in such studies, and that we make a whale of a mistake when we allow the flesh—our carnal nature—to get into it. Nothing have I received that I appreciate more than these words from Brother Shepherd, my moderator, after he returned to Nashville:

> "Brother Hall, Brother Lipscomb was so anxious to hear from your discussion with Brother Pendleton. I was so glad to tell him that, of all the debates I had ever attended, your debate with Pendleton was the most complete victory I had ever witnessed."

Please get this—S. H. Hall won no victory—it was my Lord in whom I trusted for victory. How thankful I am that I felt my weakness—really knew it—hence was forced to get hold of one who could not be moved and I clung to him with all the heart and sense I had.

During this discussion a check from a Sister Couchman, of Louisville, Kentucky, for $1,000.00 was received and the Presbyterian house was bought for our second congregation.

OUR THIRD CONGREGATION

I now come to East Point, in a sense, where my debate with Brother Pendleton originated. Had it not been for Hugh M. Garrett, there would have been no debate. I think it in order to say here that Brother Garrett was a bit disturbed as a result of Brother Pendleton's meeting at East Point and the conversation he had with him in his own home. One reason I went into the debate was that I had a feeling of fear that if I did not show Garrett how undoubting my faith was in our position that we would lose him to the Christian Church. However, I was not overly anxious for the debate since I had never had a regular debate with anyone on religious questions, besides Brother Pendleton was much older than I was and a ripe scholar in the languages that necessarily came into the discussions.

But shortly after the debate, Brother Garrett made an appeal to our West End elders, among whom I was numbered as an elder who labored in word and doctrine — see I Timothy 5:17 — and it was agreed that the tent be stretched on a suitable lot in East Point and the meeting began August 1911, and continued five weeks.

Here I want to make a few suggestions about how such meetings should be conducted. That meeting continued fifteen nights, preaching only at night until the night of the fifteenth day, third Lord's Day, and not a soul moved so far as could be seen until that fifteenth night. A frail, emaciated woman came forward and made this statement to me: "Preacher, my health is gone, I have tried all the doctors I know, and have found no relief. I have a number of small children, and I do so much want my health restored for their sakes. Will you good people pray for me that my health may be restored." I never asked her what she was religiously but knew from what she said that she believed in God, so I read a number of appropriate scriptures on prayer, praying one for another and for our sick, and we went to God in prayer on her behalf. I was careful to speak as kindly as I could in her behalf, and spoke of the greatness of our God, and that his Son was right then at God's right hand interceding for us, and in his name we would make the petition. I also referred to our prayer list on the wall of our house of worship.

It is enough to say that the meeting continued three more weeks and resulted in one hundred and fifty additions, about one hundred by baptism. A lot was secured on which the building now stands, and the money was pledged for the construction of that building. Labor was hard to obtain, and I donned my overalls and helped to handle the heavy material that went into the truss for the roof. This was one *self-sustaining* congregation established in one meeting.

The night of the fifteenth day the question was up, "Shall we close tonight or continue the meeting?" I stood for continuing, and it did continue. So often we close a meeting when it is just ready to begin. If we had closed the fifteenth night, the question I now raise is, "Would we

have the congregation we now have at East Point which is doing a wonderful work and whose budget for this year, 1954, is above $30,000.00?"

Professional evangelism, perhaps, had as much to do in causing me to take local church work as any other one thing. However, there was a strong pull in my heart to give my whole time to evangelistic work. To begin each year with as many short meetings as you can pack into one year's work – the most of them seven or eight day's meetings – and do much thinking during the year about getting all the time for the next year booked, and sometimes into the third year; also to conduct meetings for old congregations and get big pay has never appealed to me. The elders, if we have such, in the local congregations are as much to be blamed for this evil practice as any other set among us. They want a big revival; they want their favorite preacher, and must have him, even if they have to book him up two or three years ahead. Why not select a good evangelist, pick out a good place where a congregation should be established, and send him there to stay until a congregation is established? Of course, he should be furnished with a good singer and personal workers. I am thankful to state that I have never labored with a local congregation that was not *continually* trying to establish congregations in waste places. Would you say that professional evangelism has not hurt the cause of Christ, instead of spreading it?

Yes, I am thankful that beginning at West End Avenue with some twenty-five or thirty members, that that congregation, from the very outset, did begin to look around with a view to establishing another congregation. In less than four years we had two other congregations going in high, and onward we went for the fourteen years we lived in Atlanta; and when we left we had congregations in the state of Georgia at the following places: Macon, Rome, Menlo, Rockmart, Pleasant Grove – out from Marietta, and Liberty Hill – out from Atlanta. Then there was the congregation in Dalton, Georgia, meeting in an empty store building where W. C. Graves and wife did their first local church work. Pleasant Grove, out from Trion, had been restored and the church at Trion put on its feet. The Pleasant Grove congregation had ceased to function and had given their seats to Trion. But Trion made some seats of her own, put the ones that belonged to Pleasant Grove back, and I conducted a revival there which resulted in thirty-five baptisms and the work reopened. It has been going good ever since and they now worship in one of the most beautiful brick-veneered buildings that you can find for a country church. But enough of this just now.

THE FIRST BUSINESS MEETING

To relate the story of the first business meeting I had with the few men who were standing together for the "old paths" in Atlanta, I trust, will be helpful. Of course, in this meeting something was said about the importance of always speaking the same thing and being perfectly

joined together in the same mind and judgment, which led to our adopting the rule already given. But there was another matter brought up in that meeting-

1. I stated that, in my experience in mixing and mingling with congregations before moving to Atlanta, it seemed that our brethren did not know what to do with the sisters; that is, there seemed to be no generally understood work for them to do in the church. So I opened my Testament and presented the following to get before them that, in the church in the days of the apostles, there were "women helpers", women teachers, and since I was there to strive, with all the heart I had to establish a model church, it would be well for us to study now this question, so into the study we went.

First, said I, Paul speaks of *women helpers*. Philippians 4:3, "And I intreat thee also, true yokefellow, help those women which labored with me in the gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow laborers whose names are in the book of life." Then to Titua 2:3, "The aged women likewise — Teachers of good things — That they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children. To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed." Then to Romans 16:1,2, Phebe was spoken of as a servant of the church at Cenchrea, and they were instructed to help her with the business she was there to attend to. In other words, the truth was driven home to the heart that our Lord wants all the members developed into teachers, as far as possible.

But the point was made that there is much teaching that a woman can give to other women better than any man can, and that I was going to have the sisters in their respective communities to organize Bible class to be taught, and quite often when I came to certain lessons that I believed women could teach women better than I could, I would turn the class over to Mrs. Hall, but I would need more help along this line than she could give. Hence we must have women helpers, women teachers developed in the congregation. At that time we had not a woman teacher. All the classes from the little tots up were taught by men. Not that Brother Bearden thought it wrong to have women teachers, but we simply did not have them. We discussed the sisters we had in the congregation, but could agree on not one who was capable of taking a class and teaching it as it should be. Brother Bearden's class was a sisters class, and one of our largest. It was agreed that women teachers we had to develop and would put them over some of our classes so soon as found.

When a few Lord's days had passed after this, Sister Leslie Barton, formerly Miss Leslie Ryman, daughter of Captain Ryman who built Ryman auditorium, and who was a graduate of Vanderbuilt University, and who had gone through the Bible under Brother C. A. Moore, regular minister of the old South College Street church in Nashville where Brother D. Lipscomb, with others, served as elder, came forward when the invitation song was sung, and handed me a letter from the South

College Street church, and asked for membership with us. Of course, we were happy to have her and her coming brightened our hope.

So, at our next business meeting, I stated, we now have a very capable woman teacher in Sister Barton. Brother Bearden knew her well, and they had worked together in Nashville. It was agreed that at once, she would be enrolled as one of our women teachers. I suggested that she be given Brother Bearden's class of women. This was unanimously agreed upon and I was instructed to see Sister Barton whether she would take the class. This I did, and she modestly agreed to take it and do her best.

I was almost certain that there would be some objections on the part of at least one of the sisters. But any way, the next Lord's day Sister Barton appeared before Brother Bearden's class and stated that the elders had asked her to take the class, and asked them all to cooperate with her in making it the best class in our Bible school work. The sister I had in mind was there, but she was not the next Lord's Day or the next. I knew what the trouble was, so, on purpose, stayed away from her to let her worry a bit about it before talking to her about it. I knew she would say something if I gave her time. Believe me, when I say I evaluated her as one of the most sincere in the congregation. So one Monday morning, I believe it was the third after the change was made, here comes her little girl with a note which read — "Brother Hall, please come to see me, for I am worried no little and must talk to you." Of course, I went, and I knew before I got there what I would be asked to talk about. When I entered she looked terribly unhappy and stated that she could hardly sleep. Said "Sister_____, what is the trouble?" "O", said she "Sister Barton teaching Brother Bearden's class." My answer was, "Well, what about it?" "O, Brother Hall, you know Paul says 'let your women keep silence in the church." "Exactly so," said I, and they are all keeping silent but you, and if I can get you to keep silent all will be well." "Do you mean to say, "Brother Hall," I am violating this scripture?" Exactly so — you are the only one I have heard of violating it. Then said I to her we decided, all, the elders and I together that we wanted women teachers developed, that the Bible speaks of such, and read the scriptures I have already given to her. Now, said I, "We together, on our knees, went to God in prayer to help us make this a model church, and to have such we must have women helpers, women teachers and for him to help us find such. Sister Barton came and we knew her qualification from her record in Nashville and we agreed to ask her to take the class. This she modestly consented to do. Now, Sister_____, she is doing what the elders have asked her to do, she is usurping authority over no one of the leaders in this congregation, but is working under our direction. Now, think for a moment — suppose we now, because of your objection, rescind our action, take her down from this class and ask Brother Bearden take charge of the class. Would not the elders, the preacher be surrendering to you, exalting you as a "popess," so to speak, over this congregation, and you would be running things here and not the elders who are the God-ordained overseers? This stumped her, so to speak, and she confessed her mistake

and stated she had never had it presented to her this way before. I was as kind as I was capable of being, but as firm as the rock of Gibralter, for I knew she was sincere and it would take plain speech to get the idea through to her. She, to a large degree, was illiterate, but as sincere as a soul could be. O, yes, I began the work in Atlanta DETERMINED that *revealed sense* and *common sense* would prevail and not NONSENSE that has cursed the church in so many places.

The statement, "And if they would learn anything let them ask their husbands at home", was discussed. I put the question to her – "What does it mean when it says, 'if they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home'—if this meant when women go to church that they must fill their ears with cotton and see to it that they learn not one thing in the assembly." She said, "Of course it does not mean this."

This shuts the women out of making inquiry of the elders why they did this and why they did that. That the running of the affairs of the church has been put in the hands of men, not women; that the elders are running things in this congregation, and all the women are keeping silent but you, and you have made the mistake just because you have never really read 1Corinthians 14:34,35. I asked her if in our singing we were not speaking and teaching – see Ephesians 5:19 and Colossians 3:16, and if she did not sing. But in such you are not usurping authority over anyone. This ended controversy over women teachers. I have never had a better friend in all of my life than this sister but—she was still living when last heard from and a Christmas card came a little more than a year ago. God bless every sincere soul on earth, and may it be gotten over to them that they can see and understand the truth if only they will let the Bible say exactly what it says and you keep your perverted ideas out of it.

A RULE THAT SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED IN EVERY CONGREGATION

I have said something about our moving to Atlanta to begin work with a congregation which was newly organized as a result of a meeting Brother F. W. Smith conducted there at the invitation of Brother O. D. Bearden. I had been teaching school, also teaching and studying in the old Nashville Bible School which ultimately became known as David Lipscomb College, after being moved to the Lipscomb Farm out on Granny White Pike. This is where I graduated in 1906. But in my preaching here and there during this period of time, I did not find a congregation that seemed to be exactly, in all respects, like the church I read about in the Bible. So a desire to have the opportunity to build from the ground up had much to do in my taking this new work. A few things we did there I think should do others good, so I give it.

I had grown tired of seeing discussions between brethren in the Gospel Advocate and Firm Foundation and the disputants not getting

together. We teach – all of us do – that the Bible is so plain that the educated and uneducated can see it alike, that we are commanded to speak the same thing, to have no divisions among us, to be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment. This is the way I Corinthians 1:10 read the last time I read it, and I am sure it is still there. So in my first business meeting with the few men we had there I brought this up and suggested that when a difference arose in that congregation that no elder, deacon or preacher should go before the group arguing for this or that; that the thing to do would be to call for a meeting, with only members present, just as a man and wife would undertake to settle their differences, and let the Book bring us together. I stated the fact that we claim that any two honest souls can see the Bible alike, and that we should prove this by staying together ourselves. I also stated that we have brethren from up north who oppose Bible Colleges, and those from the west who oppose women teachers in Bible study, literature in Bible study, etc., and it stood to reason that, as time goes on, some faith would come among us by moving to Atlanta. The question arose, "How shall we handle such things?" We adopted the rule that when anyone came among us having scruples about anything we taught and practiced there, that he let it be known to the leaders, and we would call a meeting, behind closed doors, and go to God in prayer for his blessings as we studied the subject, and for wisdom to enable us to do exactly what he commands us. viz., "Speak the same thing, have no divisions among us, but be perfectly joined together in the same mind and judgement." If any should come among us claiming to be a member of the church and refusing to be governed by this rule, but undertaking to argue and promote his ideas to others and trying to bring about a little group in favor of his ideas, that he would at once be rebuked, and if he persisted in this, he would be withdrawn from, exactly as we are taught in the Holy Scriptures, such as Romans 16:17, 18, and Titus 3:9-11. This was agreed to unanimously.

Then another question – I stated that it is possible that even we here today may come to disagree about some things, even if it is not over the scriptures, and that when such disagreements occur we must settle our differences between ourselves, and not be allowed to talk about our differences to others and seek to build up a little party in our behalf. All agreed to this.

Now what do you think of this? Were we right or wrong in taking this rule to govern us in our church work? Who would call it in question? This very thing is one of the secrets of the phenominal success God blessed us with in my fourteen years in Atlanta.

LET US SEE HOW IT WORKED

A difference came up between two or four elders. There is no need of stating the details or giving names. Anyway it was over business and not some doctrinal point in the scriptures. When we found out about

this difference and saw it growing warmer, and that each was discussing it with others and members were taking sides, we went to these two brethren and called their attention to the rule. Said we to them, "You are fathers, heads of families, and recognized as elders here with us. We must insist that you brethren get together, in the spirit of Christ, talk your differences over and settle them, and let it not be talked about among the members. They promised to do so. But both of them being like the most of us, a bit stubborn, did not do so, so the trouble continued among us.

So one Lord's Day, the other leaders having an understanding about the matter, it was announced that that afternoon at three o'clock sharp we would have an elders' meeting and we wanted all the leaders to be there, and others from among the deacons, if they so desired to attend. After the meeting was called to order and suitable scriptures read about brotherly love, the forgiving spirit, and that no divisions should exist among us, I stated that this meeting was called for the benefit of these two brethren, calling their names, and that since the difference existed, had gotten out into the congregation, and they had been asked to settle it but had failed, that we were there to help them to settle it. However, before entering into the nature of the difference, I suggested that we all go to God in prayer and pray that Satan might absolutely be overcome and driven from among us; that he wants strife and confusion and we must pray that he will not have his way in this congregation. So I called on these two brethren to lead the prayers. The first one called on did very well, but got choked up with emotion now and then, but managed to get through with his prayer – and it was a good prayer. Then we called on the other brother to lead the next prayer. I wish every one in the church could have heard and seen what we saw. He being more emotional soon choked up, and arose and went to the other brother, falling upon his shoulders, calling him by name and stating, "Brother _____, we should be ashamed of ourselves. I forgive you and want this settled and never mentioned among us again." There was a wholehearted response from the other brother. They hugged and patted each other on the back, and that ended it. If the difference was ever mentioned or even thought of thereafter we heard not nor saw any signs of it. "Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." So says the Bible, and the Bible is right. Too many congregations are governed by the *fleshly desires* of some of its leaders, then trouble comes, and too often tears the church asunder. I meant to shut the devil out here, and we succeeded, thank God.

TROUBLES FROM WITHOUT THE DEVIL TRIED TO FORCE UPON US

1. There was the anti-Bible college group from up north. A brother and his wife moved to Atlanta. They cast their lot with us, and opened a cash grocery store. But it was not long until we heard of talk

being made, on the side, by them that we were wrong because we recognized David Lipscomb College, etc. This rule of settling differences which we had adopted was announced to the congregation for their benefit. It was stated that if any came among us feeling that we were wrong on anything we believed and practiced, to make it known to the elders and we would call a meeting of members only and study the point of criticism with the idea of seeing things alike. It was also stated that we believed brethren should in the spirit of prayer, study their differences with the idea of having their part in answering the Lord's prayer in John 17:20, 21. It was stated that if anyone who stood identified with us saw anything to criticize that they ask for the meeting; otherwise, hold their peace, and that we would not tolerate criticism about our faith and practice with no effort on the part of the critic to show where we were wrong. I stated that the opportunity to set us right would be granted to any and all who objected to anything found in that congregation.

Well, that was the last we heard from them. They remained there for a number of months, made some money, I was told, sold out their store and moved back to South Georgia from whence they came. But they were readers of a paper published up north, and so far as I know, they left with love in their hearts for us — for when I was in a revival in South Georgia, the man having died, his widow wanted me to deliver a memorial address for him in the revival I was conducting.

2. Well, you ask, "Did others come?" Yes, they came, and for the good it will do, and this only, I here relate our experience with the no literature, no women-teachers' group. Here I give the story without calling names. The leaders in this have all gone home, and I pray will get by in the judgement. Some of the best people I have ever met have taken this position. Honest, sincere souls can be wrong in some of their conclusions and positions they take. Let us believe that they were such, and that in the judgement the perfect righteousness, sanctification and redemption that is in Christ, may fall upon them and they be presented perfect in Christ, not because of their individual perfection, but because of our Lord's perfection. Certainly I would not say that every soul will be damned who has such erroneous ideas as I have mentioned. But sometimes these erroneous ideas lead them into sin, into disrupting the peace of the church and thus causing division. We just cannot afford to let ourselves be led into any such sin. Read Proverbs 6:14-19. An heretic or factious man, against whom we are warned in Titus 3:10,11, is one who makes an effort to break a congregation up into parts — those who will stand with him in his cranky ideas and those who will not submit to them. We may have ideas peculiar to ourselves, ideas that differ from others, but we must not split the congregation over such ideas. If every congregation on earth would adopt the rule we did in Atlanta, and live by it, ninety percent of the troubles that arise would be eliminated. How I want to drive home to the elders, the leaders of our congregations everywhere, the advantage of adopting this rule and going by it. No one can question its scripturalness.

A brother from Texas, an ex-preacher, came to Georgia to live because his business brought him there. We worked together, perhaps for nearly two years before he intimated that there was anything in our work unscriptural. When he did, I at once called his attention to the rule which we had adopted; namely, to meet as brethren should meet and to study it together and prove to ourselves that the prayer of our Lord in John 17:20,21, can in us be answered. I had trouble getting him to agree to this, but finally he agreed. But before our meeting for this purpose, I went to the typewriter and wrote out my defense of the use of written helps in Bible study, making a copy for him. He came to my home, and we went to God in prayer, then I read to him my defense and asked that he make no comments, but take the paper home with him, study it prayerfully and do his best to tear it to pieces. Said I to him, "God has given me too much to stand on that is invulnerable to allow myself to take a position on any question that makes me feel uncomfortable when critics begin to try to punch me. If you can answer these arguments and show them to be unscriptural, I will throw this into the waste basket and stand with you.

After he had had a week to study my defense, we met Sunday afternoon in our house of worship with all of our elders and deacons present, and other male members who wanted to attend. He came with his father-in-law, brother-in-law and his lawyer. After reading appropriate Scriptures and he and I both offering a prayer in behalf of the study of the question, I arose and read, without a single addition or subtraction, from the written defense which I had given him to study for a week, and resumed my seat. He was a great, rough-and-tumble speaker, and had been known to make farmers throw their hats into the air in some of the rallies he had with them. But he never once touched my speech. He began by stating, "The Gibraltar of our strength rests upon the fact that we are book, chapter and verse people, and use nothing in our work for which we cannot give book, chapter and verse. Brother Hall never introduced a single Scripture giving book, chapter and verse for the use of Brother Elam's quarterly in his Bible study." He, a number of times, when visiting us had taught that quarterly class.

I at once arose and stated, "Brother_____, we are brethren and we are here to settle this question. You want me to give book, chapter and verse for written comments on the Bible in our study. I shall answer, here and now, but answer my own way. In my visits to your place of worship I have noted that you are the teacher, that you stand before the class, that class being all those present, and you read and comment on the chapter you are studying, and you ask questions and leave it open for anyone in the class to ask questions. I am asking you now to give me book, chapter and verse for reading the Bible and making *oral comments* on what you read. Please give me the book, chapter and verse." He arose and began to talk around and evade the question, whereupon I was again on my feet and stated, "You have asked me a question and I must answer it, but first you must answer my question – book, chapter and verse please for your getting up before your class and reading,

then commenting on what you read." "Oh," said he, "Brother Hall, we have no such Scripture, but common sense teaches us that we may do that." My answer at once was, "Have you ever read Romans 14:22, 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth.' You, nor any other man on God's earth, can make an argument which lets *oral comments* in that does not let the *written comments* in through the same door. The fact of the business is that the written comments are more carefully made and are more dependable than your oral comments."

That ended the session, and with a chain prayer, the audience was dismissed, and he was told to go back to his place and continue his work as he thought it should be conducted and we would do the same, and that he nor any other man would be allowed to come to us with laws God had not made. Because *common sense* has a place in the conduct of local church work, as much so as revealed sense, and because common sense is God's sense since he gives us the faculties which enable us to have it and use it, therefore, we must be determined not to let any man come among us wanting to substitute *nonsense* for *common sense* and *revealed sense*.

Chapter V

FIRST EMERGENCY CALL—TRION, GEORGIA

My work in Altanta began January 1, 1907, with a handful of members in a cheap frame building and a $1,000.00 debt hanging over it. Not one cent were they able to give toward our support; hence, with the assurance of only $75.00 a month which F. W. Smith and others had secured toward our support, the work was begun with the determination that not only Atlanta would come to feel the power of the gospel but that every struggling disciple, regardless of where that disciple lived in the state of Georgia, should have help. Only two other preachers then were in the state, working part time; that is, making their own living and preaching when and where they had opportunity.

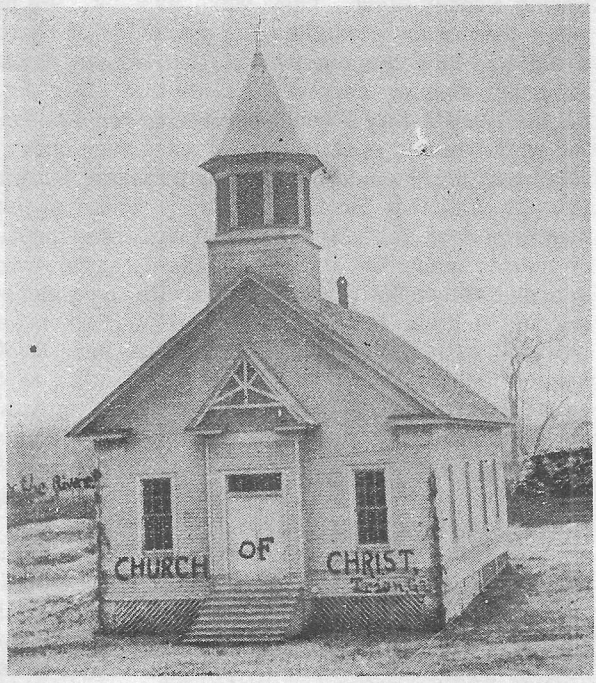


Brother and Sister James H. Worsham, who planted the cause at Trion, Georgia.

It was pretty well publicized that we had moved to Atlanta to live and to give full time to the work. Then came a letter from Brother J. H. Worsham of Trion, Georgia, stating that they were about to lose their little frame church house because of inability to take care of the notes, and asked if I would visit them and help solve their problem. This I did, leaving my part of the work in Atlanta in the hands of Brother Bearden. How thankful I am that I answered this appeal! I ask you to please note its fruitage which I give in as few words as possible. We give here the likeness of Brother Worsham and Sister Worsham and state that he "planted our Lord's mustard seed" there in spite of very unfavorable circumstances.

I found the debt could be met by our getting a little outside help. But they were using seats which had been taken from the Pleasant Grove house, about five miles from Trion. The best way to put life into any congregation is to put them to work. I suggested that we make our own seats and put the Pleasant Grove seats back where they belonged and promised that I would conduct a meeting there as soon as I could get to it. The men had no idle time to make seats except by working at night. We did not have the money to buy new seats nor to pay some skilled carpenter to make them. However, they were made and the old seats placed back in the Pleasant Grove house of worship, which had been thoroughly cleaned out, and after a short

revival there which resulted in thirty-five baptisms and regular worship was reestablished. A short revival was also conducted at Trion which resulted in several baptisms, but along with it all the debt was paid and we had our own seats. We give here a picture of the little frame building, now replaced by a $60,000.00 brick veneered building.



First house of worship at Trion, Georgia.

Enough for one visit. I conducted several revivals there thereafter, also at Pleasant Grove, Hall's Valley and other near-by places. Time rolled on and we made a move to Los Angeles which is spoken of later. Then returned to Nashville and began work at Russell Street. But notwithstanding I left the Georgia work in 1920, I have never gotten entirely loose from that work, and perhaps never will. I had booked meetings at various times at Trion, and always enjoyed them immensely, but there was one I booked which it seemed that I would be compelled to ask that I send a pinch hitter. A very severe case of hiccoughs attacked me — for three days it was about all I could do — remedies galore came my way. Finally, under the advice of two of the best friends I ever had, doctors Cummings and Simmons, I was given a thorough examination, and it was found that I had a blocked gaul duct. The advice of these two friends was to take at least sixty-days' rest, away from Nashville. Of course an operation was suggested, but I insisted that this be avoided if possible. I was put on a rigid diet and advised to take the juice of a lemon in hot water every morning about half an hour before breakfast. I was contemplating writing Trion the facts in the case, and intended to leave for Los Angeles and be with the Central Church and the Japanese Mission while resting. Then came a letter from Brother Jim Shamblin (God bless his memory) reminding me that I was expected there for a week's meeting beginning the following Sunday, and also stating, "REMEMBER we want NO SUBSTITUTE!" I had no time to argue this point with him, so let them announce and expect me. However, all my luggage was packed and I was ready to go west.

Now I come to my boys, as I love to think of them. Jack McElroy and Roland Williams had been working together in a very fine way. I had a talk with them and it was understood that they must be in Trion the Friday night prior to the intended closing of my meeting the following Sunday night. They were present. We had baptized twenty-five when they arrived and had had a number of restorations. I knew it was a sin to close the meeting at that stage. Consequently, following the Saturday evening service I stated that after the eleven o'clock service on the Lord's Day I would be leaving for California, and then told them the whole story. I stated that I was there under the protest of my doctors, and that I could not stay any longer, but that two of my boys were present, and that Brother McElroy would speak the next night. I also recommended that McElroy and Williams protract the meeting. I had no sooner made the statement than up came Shamblin stating, "We will accept Brother Hall's suggestion with the understanding that he now allow us to book him for a revival at this time next year, the Lord willing." I at once replied, "I thank you, Brother Shamblin, for the suggestion that a meeting be booked for me at this time next year because I very much want to return, but after you hear my boys you will not want me." Of course, there was an element of jest in this statement, yet I was almost certain they would want the boys to return. The agreement was made and I preached the next morning. "The Tie That Binds" was sung and I left for Los Angeles.

You want to know the results? I had Brother McElroy's promise that he would send me a wire to Los Angeles as soon as he could report the results of the work. Here it came, "Brother Hall, we continued the meeting nearly two weeks longer, and baptized some eighty-odd — I forget now the exact number — and have had some twenty-odd restorations." Counting what I had before I left this ran the baptisms above one hundred. I read that telegram to Brother Pepperdine as he was driving me to Long Beach to hear Ernest Beam in a debate, and stated, *"I had rather find one boy whose heart is right with God and get him into the ministry than to own any bank in Los Angeles!"* I am not changing my feelings on this point.

Yes, that answer to the first emergency call after moving to Atlanta not only saved the struggling congregation there, but put Pleasant Grove back into the work, and they have gone in "high gear" ever since and now have one of the best brick-veneered buildings to be found in a country church. How I did feel when I first visited the grounds and looked over that old abandoned frame building at Pleasant Grove with no seats, spiders and cobwebs having taken over! This answer to this first emergency call put me in contact with Hall's Valley, Dalton, Menlo, Lafayette and other nearby places; that is, led to invitations being received from these places.

What about McElroy and Williams? Well, they have never gotten entirely weaned from these places. Poor Roland was killed in an accident while he and Jack were attending a revival I was conducting at

Trion, about which I will speak later. We have two congregations now at Summerville, about ten miles from Trion, and one at Adairsville, Georgia, all because of the faithful work of Jack McElroy. What if I had not answered that emergency call? Yes, compound interest is still compounding!

But one more brief statement. On one of our visits back to Nashville for a check up by our doctors, Mrs. Hall and I visited Trion for just one day for what they called a "home coming" for us, in which some ten or twelve congregations participated. Brother Austin Scoggins and wife, with others, decided to stretch a tent at Pennville, just about halfway between Trion and Summerville, for the purpose of holding the services there with the idea of establishing a congregation, as there were so many in that community who had not the convenience to attend at either Summerville or Trion. This was a never-to-be-forgotten day! After it was over I named it a "One-day Revival." We had three services, and friends throughout that section were there, even some from Atlanta, Chattanooga and Nashville. The work was definitely established, and Austin and Clara, as we familiarly speak of Brother and Sister Scoggins, assured us we would be in a new house within less than a year. We give here the picture of the front view of



Four year old Church of Christ, Pennville, Georgia.

the house with congregation assembled. It is well to state that Clara is the daughter of Brother J. H. Worsham and was baptized in one of my meetings at Trion. Some of the sweetest letters which I have ever read have been written on the anniversary of her baptism.



We give here the likeness of Austin and Clara. At the beginning of this chapter you see the likeness of Brother and Sister Worsham, the father and mother of Clara. And above you see the picture of the Scoggins home where Austin and Clara now live. We have named it "Scoggins Hill." Here is where Brother Scoggins' father and mother lived and died. And let it here be said that no souls have ever lived in Georgia that have meant more to the cause of New Testament Christianity than Austin and Clara Scoggins. I consider it my home when in North Georgia, and Mrs. Hall has repeatedly stated that, of all the places she has seen, she had rather settle down right there to live out the balance of her days than any place on earth.

Austin Scoggins is a business man—you could hardly find one better than he. And he is a stay to the cause of Christ everywhere he goes. Right near the little church house you see at the beginning of this chapter, known as Trion's first building, Clara was baptized. As stated before, some of the sweetest letters I have ever received were written on the anniversary of her baptism into Christ. Christ said to his disciples: "Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world." Indeed this can be said of Austin and Clara.

We are giving our readers a picture of the Scoggins Home, with Austin Scoggins and Clara Worsham, his wife, as an inset. I want our readers to see and know the tremendous results of the work of a man who loves the cause of Christ, and does what he can to extend the kingdom of heaven. James H. Worsham and wife did what they could when they sent me the call for help. And I shall never cease to thank God that I answered the call, in spite of the fact I had not one dime to spare in leaving the struggling congregation at West End Avenue, Atlanta and going to Trion to help them solve their problems. Think of Pleasant Grove, Hall's Valley, Lyerly, Dalton, Lafayette, Menlo, Rockmart, Rome, Summerville, Adairsville, and even other places where we have growing congregations, some revived and others established from the ground up.

Clara and Austin, as we love to speak and think of them, will never know the good they have done until they get home and the reward is given to them. Now, in my eighty-first year, these lines are written, words could never express the joy in my soul. The Scoggins home is our home when in those parts.

Chapter VI

DEDICATED TO W. C. GRAVES

This chapter is dedicated to Brother W.C. Graves, the first preacher developed from my work in Atlanta. Eternity alone can tell the good he did before he left us. Not only did he establish a number of congregations in and around Birmingham for our white brethren, but he is the one who was responsible for Marshall Keeble first visiting Birmingham and establishing the cause among our colored friends. Yes, W.C. Graves "Planted our Lord's Mustard Seed," and how it has grown.

SISTER GRAVES' STATEMENT



W. C. Graves.

You have no idea how much I appreciate the honor you are giving my husband. He loved you as a father, and he often spoke of you as being his "father in the gospel". If there was ever a man who loved the cause of Christ, it was he. I think God wonderfully blessed me in having him for a husband. The chances are if it had not been for him, I would never have been a Christian.

In the following paragraphs, I will give you as complete a resume of Mr. Graves' life's work as I possibly can from memory. Then you may use any part of this information that you desire.

As you know, we went to Dalton, Georgia soon after we married. We were doing fine there at first, but of course the membership was mostly made up of cotton mill people. They began to move away, going to other places for work. So in a very short time, there was not enough members left for them to support a man. Those that were left did their best to keep us there. They actually gave what they were needing for themselves. So when Mr. Graves spent what little he had, he knew we would have to do something about it. He wrote the Telephone Company here asking them for work. We came here July 1918 and he went to work. However he would preach whenever he had a chance. He went to places where other preachers did not go. In those days, preachers were not supported very much. I have known him to go to fill appointments

when he would have to pay his railroad fare both ways. I also have known him to walk eight miles in the snow to fill his appointments. His only thought was to save souls. I have heard him say so many times that he had to save his own soul first and as many others as he could. He established several congregations here in the Birmingham district, including the colored people. If I remember correctly, it was in May 1921 when he wrote Brother Marshall Keeble to come to Birmingham for a meeting. He met him at the train, took him to Ensley and found him a place to stay. The meeting lasted three weeks or more, and there were 48 buried into the Lord in baptism. Then the next year Brother Keeble came back and in this meeting there were more than a hundred baptized. He looked after those people until his death, preaching and teaching classes. There are nine well-established colored congregations here now, not to mention mission places.

The first paper he published was "Truth in Love" but his health failed him so that he turned it over to someone else. Then later on he started another paper called "Grace and Truth". This paper had only been started eight months before his death but the circulation was growing by leaps and bounds. It was being sent to almost every state in the union. He also published a book called "Lessons on the Church of Christ". The book was very popular.

MY CONVERSION
W. C. Graves

At about the age of seven a Methodist preacher sprinkled water on me. That made me a Methodist. At about the age of sixteen a Presbyterian preacher poured water on me and that made me a Presbyterian. At the age of twenty-five I heard a gospel preacher proclaim the gospel of Christ, and obeyed it. That made me a Christian. Thus the difference in becoming a Methodist, a Presbyterian, and a Christian.

My conversion was on this wise: I was living in East Point, Georgia, a suburb of Atlanta. Brother S. H. Hall, who at that time was working with the West End congregation, came to East Point with his tent. His tent was put up about a block from my place of business. I worked some every night and would sit in the back door and hear the preacher hammering away, although I could not discern just what was being said. I saw the crowd coming and going and the next day would hear the comments on the preaching. Some was good, some not so good, as I then thought. Having been a Methodist and at that time a Presbyterian, and being ignorant of the gospel, naturally, like all misinformed people, I was prejudiced and entered into the criticisms of the meeting and preaching, although I hadn't, at this particular time, gone as much as once. I simply swallowed what I heard others say, I heard on the streets such comments as these: "That fellow can sure preach", "I never heard such preaching", "He is giving it to them straight from the shoulder", "Five went up last night", "Ten went up

the night before," "He is getting Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterians," "Denominational churches are surely stirred up," "He says that those who have been sprinkled and poured haven't been baptized," "He says there isn't but one church, and that's the church of Christ and all others are denominations — man made institutions."

Well, with all this I was hearing, I got worried and decided I would go over one night and investigate. I waited until the tent was full so I would have an excuse to stay around the edge. I sat on a box, shame faced, afraid to get close up with my pre-conceived ideas and prejudice born of ignorance of Bible things. The preaching shook me up and I went back no more, but joined in with others, criticising the preacher; what he said, and everything connected with the meeting. I found myself saying, along with others, that if my people didn't go to heaven, none would go there. I went so far as to say that the people of the community, those in authority, ought to do something to get the man out of town, that he was just tearing down other churches, and thinks that none but him and his little band will be saved. All of this I was afterward made to be ashamed of, but it is the picture of many when they hear the first gospel sermon. There is nothing smart about it, and I am only telling it to show what religious prejudice, born of ignorance, will many times cause people to say and do.

Right here, Paul, one of the greatest persecutors the church ever had, did it through ignorance. The Jews had Christ put to death because of their ignorance. Stephen was stoned to death because of the people's ignorance. My! what ignorance will some times cause folks to do!

Denominationalism has blinded the world to the simplicity in Christ Jesus. The world has been taught that there is nothing in a name, and a human name given the church is as good as any. The world has been taught that sprinkling and pouring are baptism, and then again, baptism is not necessary to salvation; and that if you are honest, any old way will do. So, when a gospel preacher comes along preaching the gospel and one having been reared under denominational influence, the first time he comes in contact with the gospel, he flies off the handle and says and wants to do ugly things, that if he hears more of the gospel, he is ashamed of.

I am able to sympathize with my fellow man for I have been just where many of them now are — in Babylon. But this does not mean that I do not preach the whole council of God, for that I do. I realize that "woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." What is needed now is more preachers who will preach against the doctrine and commandments of men. One can't have the spirit of Christ and not do it. People must be led out of Babylon, nothing but the gospel will do it. If denominationalism is wrong — And where is the preacher that can defend denominationalism by the Bible? None will attempt it. As I write these words a religious discussion is going on in one of the largest newspapers in the south (and I'm taking part in it). Hardly an issue comes out that does not have an article from the pen of some infidel attacking

Christianity, God and the Bible. They are saying that Christianity is a failure; and it is if viewed from the stand point of denominations, and that's what these infidels mean, for that is all they know. A denominational preacher can't stand before one of them. William Jennings Bryan, a great man but in denominationalism, could not defend the truth before the infidel Darrow at Dayton.

Well, Brother Hall finally took up his tent and went back to Atlanta, but not before having one hundred and fifty additions. But the sad part is, he went away with me still unsaved. That was in 1911. But that meeting and what was said by the people and myself, put me to thinking. There were some men in the church, at that time, that were my friends. They talked some with me and thus a little of the seed sown here and there was doing its work silently.

In February, the next year my mother, then in Birmingham died. Just before leaving to go back to Atlanta, I asked for something of hers and took back with me her Bible. As I now remember, I did not so much take the Bible with the expectation of reading it, but I did read it some and a few days before my conversion I read it a lot. Every young man, and old too, should have a Bible and read it daily. It's the only book in the world that can transform the life. Much that is in newspapers and magazines, these days, is lowering the morals of the people.

In May 1912, Brother Hall came back to East Point with his tent, and pitched it within fifty feet of my bedroom. I came home to lunch and there it was. I asked, *"What meaneth this?"* I was told that preacher Hall was going to hold another meeting. I said, *"What did he want to pitch the thing so close to me for?"* Many things ran through my mind. I remembered my conduct the year before, how I wanted to get him out of town. I still had some prejudice – a lot of it. I was not ready to join with the crowd. But what was I to do? If I stayed home I would hear everything said. So, I went up town the first few nights, then I mustered courage and began attending the meeting. I was boarding with some good folks, but not members of the church. They would ask me from night to night how I was liking the meeting, and I began to talk differently from the way I talked the year before. I would come back to the house and read my Bible on the things Brother Hall had talked about, and could tell that what he said was in the Bible. They then began to say, "He will get you yet", but, to their credit, they said not one thing to discourage me. On the sixth night of my attending, as I now remember, I went up and made the good confession. I well remember that a German was sitting by me, and I told him to keep my hat, that I was going to the front. On the following Sunday morning Brother Hall baptized me into Christ in the West End, Atlanta church house.

It was in a meeting in the spring of 1932, near Birmingham, Brother Hall present, that I told the congregation, one night, about my conversion. If Brother Hall had knowledge of it before that time, I did not know it, as I was too ashamed to tell him of it.

Brother Hall is one of the greatest men I have ever known. I know

of no one whose life is cleaner, whose devotion to God greater, whose zeal and untiring work in the service of God, whose ability as both a teacher and preacher is unsurpassed. Brother Hall lives close to God; he knows human nature; he knows the Bible and how to reach the people with the word of God; he loves the truth; he loves the salvation of souls, and many a star will there be in his crown. Weak congregations, everywhere, have found him their friend, and into the homes he has gone and yet goes, ministering the bread of life. When his spirit leaves his body the Lord will say unto him, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord." Let those who read this article — those whom Brother Hall "Taught the way of the Lord", and baptized into Christ, be appreciative of him enough to never forget him, and to strive as hard to help others, as he has to help us.

But what has Brother Hall meant to me? In the first place he is my father in the gospel, the one that brought the gospel of Christ to me, and he has never lost sight of me to this day. I know that I am in his prayers — that he thinks of me and prays for me. I should be indebted to him for what he has done for me, I will never be able to repay.

In the fall of 1914, Brother Hall encouraged me to go to David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tennessee. I had not the means on which to go. Arrangements to this end he made and I went two terms (eighteen months). While there, he assisted me in getting appointments which helped me with my expenses. The schooling I got there has helped me no little, not only in preaching but to hold the job I now have, and have had for some years. I came out of school in the spring of 1917 and although I have been working with a corporation for my living, I do not know what it is to miss preaching and teaching Bible classes on the Lord's Day, besides doing some meeting work. In this I have not disappointed Brother Hall; and after all, I am sure that this is what he wants me to do.

(Yes, Brother Graves, nothing has pleased me more than your record as a preacher, in establishing churches and getting young men into the work. I call you "my son in the gospel", but your boys are called my grandsons, and it is a pleasure to give what your boys say of you, as well as some of your associates. S.H.H.)

WILLIAM C. GRAVES AS I KNEW HIM

By Emerson J. Estes

(The address delivered by one of his boys at his funeral)

I had the honor of conducting the funeral of Brother Graves. This was his request before his passing, and also, the request of his good family. I humbly think it an honor to conduct the funeral of a man as I knew him to be.

I am deeply grieved at his passing. I feel sincerely the loss of a

comrade and real friend. I will ever thank God for instructions and encouragement received and the good influence of his wonderful life over that of mine.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." (Job 5:26) For Brother Graves the harvest has come, but he spent many years sowing seed that will continue to produce fruit as long as time shall last. He will ever live in the hearts of all who knew him. The lesson that he taught us shall ever be a beckoning light to "come up higher" and through diligent study and prayerful devotion partake of the promises of God. His life was spent in the service of God and in communion with him. What could be more inspiring to those of us who knew him best?

Brother Graves often referred to me as one of "his boys". He came to me about twelve years ago and asked me to preach. He knew I was interested in making a preacher. After he had encouraged me in this great work, I consented to preach the next Lord's Day for the congregation with which he had been laboring. For many months he had me preach at the same place. He would instruct me as a father would a son: he never grew tired or impatient. He would commend when deserving, and also criticize when needed. I shall ever be grateful to him for what he has meant in my life, and not only to me has he been a great source of help and encouragement, but he has trained many young men in the way, and they too are out proclaiming the gospel of Christ because of his teaching and godly influence over them. He has been instrumental in establishing several congregations, and only a few days prior to his death he was teaching classes, training both young and old to be a greater power for the cause of our Lord here on earth.

He has been engaged in this wonderful work here in Birmingham for the past thirty years. Many thousands of people have right and reason to rejoice that W.C. Graves lived on this earth. The world is a better place by his having passed through it. Many have been brought to Christ and many Christians have been built up and strengthened in the faith through his preaching and writing.

From our point of view he is more badly needed today than at any other period. For the past years there has been a disposition to break away from old customs in every phase of life. Many an old landmark has been removed and lines of distinction have been largely blotted out. The influence of modernism and downright infidelity is seen on every hand, and its effect can be discerned in many congregations today. Brother Graves was devoting his time to preaching and writing, and the cause of our Lord needs his tongue and pen more than at any other time in sixty years.

With hundreds and thousands of others, I feel a great loss in the passing of Brother Graves, and I have neither right or reason to think but that all is well with him on the other shore.

Hope was manifested in his daily life. Hope carried its consoling rays into the recesses of the dungeon, smiles serenely on the bed of sickness, sustains in every period of life, and sheds its greatful radi-

ance around the pillow of the dying. It blooms in every season of existance, and like the evergreen, it preserves its verdure throughout the year. Hope is a secret instance to draw our minds to future happiness.

Our Heavenly Father has given us a hope that blessed immortality, where the troubles and cares of an unsatisfying world will forever cease, and the soft and balmy breath of an eternal spring soothe the spirit's soft repose in the haven of eternal rest, where we shall again meet with those on whom death laid his withering hand – the fairest of our earthly love expanded into lovely flowers, and hear again the voice of those dear ones who shared with us our earthly sorrows: a meeting that never shall be dissolved, a reunion in the presence of God, where death can never come or rob us of our dearest friends.

How true then, the sentiment of the apostle, that "Hope is an anchor to the soul!" How bright and beautiful is that hope that meets the shadowy future without fear, which comes to us amid storms and darkness, to tell us that we have a friend in our dear Redeemer that will never forsake us in the hour of misfortune, sickness or death. We feel the necessity, then of that blessed hope, which sheds its balmy influence over the silence and loneliness of the human heart.

The promise of that blessed Saviour, who has said, "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live".

But blessed be God that the righteous hath hope in his death, through his dear Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. 14:13)

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy Glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is run,
And thou art crowned at last".

Others spoke, but space forbids more. S.H.H.

Chapter VII

CECIL R. RIX, A. S. LANDIS AND PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS

During world war one, Camp Gordon just out of Atlanta, Ga., was one of our largest camps for soldier boys. I can never forget those days, and how I would love to tell the story of so many boys located there, and the experience the West End Avenue congregation in Atlanta had with them, by getting in touch with all the boys who were members of the church, having social meetings for them in our homes, visiting them in the camp and preaching there many times.

Among the number we met was Cecil R. Rix of Port Arthur, Texas. He was not only with us often at our regular worship, but we had him, as well as other young men in our home. Being a true Christian, he never forgot the kindness we showed him.

After the war was over and he had returned to his home in Port Arthur, I received an urgent call to go there for a revival. Our elders, as well as the whole church, remembered him and it was their wish, as well as mine, that I answer the call, as it was urgent. So I booked the meeting.

Conditions I found there were enough to distress any heart that loves the cause of Christ. Only one congregation there, and the number was small, meeting in a tabernacle with a dirt floor, poor benches roughly made, and hardly one who was not a church member could we induce to attend. A meeting had been conducted there, previously, that had offended every non-church member who attended. The knock down and drag out method was used, and everyone preached to hell who did not see things just as he did. To say I found a discouraged group puts it mildly.

There was one other unpleasant thing, not religious however. A rather strong and continuous wind from the swamps there abouts had blown, it seemed to me, tens of millions of mosquitoes into the town. Never have I seen anything like them. They did not buzz about your head, they struck you with their biting apparatus sharp and ready to penetrate when you were hit by one of them. And there was no such thing as not being struck, unless you got under cover. Fires were built around the tabernacle, especially at the opening where we entered. It is enough to say that not one ray of hope could we see for success not even in fighting mosquitoes, as well as the devil.

I have tried to make the rule of my life never to know discouragement. And this is one of the times I became discouraged. Of course, everyone was. Seeing *such* prevailing, I made up my mind to kill such a feeling and began to *boost* the meeting, making encouraging talks. Of course you can always find the bright side if it is no more than sing good old soul stirring songs and talk about them. Anyway, I continued

this until I actually convinced myself that we were having a wonderful revival, and it seems the members caught this spirit. Not a soul moved in all of our invitations except one of the members who came forward for reconsecration or to be baptized - I do not now remember - having lost confidence in his having been cleansed from his old sins.

Well, the meeting had to close, of course, and what shall we do?, was the dominant question in my mind. All of my talks along this line was with Rix who desperately loved the cause of Christ and whose soul was deeply grieved over conditions. My advice to him was to get a man to go there and live and sacrifice with them, who loved the cause and knew how to preach the good news of the kingdom and absolutely give no needless offense to those who were not members, and to begin at once plans to build a church house. These two things looked like impossibilities, but I quoted to him Paul's declaration, *"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."* I had my mind on a preacher that I believed I could induce to move there and stay with them. This man was A. S. Landis who had done a good work at Macon, Georgia. I am saying no more and will let a few excerpts from two letters from Brother Landis speak for themselves.

First, in a letter dated February 20, 1953, he says:

"It was entirely through you that I moved to Macon, Georgia, to begin work with the church there September 1, 1923. This was my first experience in giving full time to one congregation.

I stayed there twenty-five months, then moved back to Nashville and began with Eleventh St. church. At the end of three months I was headed, with my family, for Port Arthur, Texas. This arrangement was also made solely by you recommending me, no one there had ever seen or heard me. This was January 1926.

Everything I found at Port Arthur, from a material standpoint was very discouraging. The church was small, had experienced some sad things and set-backs. Their building was a tabernacle without paint, with no floor except shavings spread on the ground, and home-made doors. The sidewalks were wide boards on front and side of the lot. You had told me they had only a tabernacle, but it was not as good as I expected. The only encouraging thing I found was the *zeal* of the members. I don't think I have ever found a greater zeal anywhere. You had told me about that.

It is always interesting, to me at least, to relate my experiences at Port Arthur, but to you it is a familiar story as you were all the time well acquainted with the happenings there. The church began to grow right from the beginning and has continued to grow and is known today for its liberality both at home and abroad.

You have also recommended me for other places, but the above named places were secured solely on your recommendation.

You meant a great deal to me in the beginning years of my preaching and have stood ready to encourage and help me all along, and I am deeply grateful."

But Landis has not too long since visited Port Arthur and here is what he says he found there:

"The work at Port Arthur was one of the best I have ever seen. You know the condition when I went there. I stayed 6 years lacking one month. When I left they had two churches and two preachers' homes and them furnished with all the heavy furniture. Of course, they were some in debt, but they paid out and just kept growing. Two places where I held mission meetings while there, now have established churches with meeting houses and preachers' homes. Another one in the city proper and a number in the vicinity. The growth has been marvelous. The second congregation known as Eleventh Street was established while I was there and I held the meeting that started it and stayed there while O. C. Lambert came to the Sixth Street church. The Eleventh Street church in the last few years has moved to a good section and has one of the most complete buildings I have seen. Cost around $150,000.00 and I preached the home-coming sermon there last August 3rd. Last year their budget was $52,000.00 and for this year it is $60,000.00. I have assisted Eleventh Street in two meetings since I moved from there, and the home-coming sermon in August.

There are two more excerpts. Brother Landis closes his last letter with this statement:

"I have tried first of all to do my work in a way that would please the Lord. In Macon and Port Arthur I was not unmindful that you had put the utmost confidence in me in your wholehearted recommendation and, too, they had put a lot of confidence in you in accepting me solely on your recommendation and I tried to do the work so that neither party would regret."

And I must give an excerpt from Cecil Rix's letter dated February 26, 1953. I had written to him for a brief history of the work and received it. I wish I could give it, but space will not allow it. I wanted what I have to say of Port Arthur to include Landis, and have so written. But here is the excerpt from Rix's letter:

"Cecil, the boy you used to give nickels to, is now in Texas University and is due to get his PhD in Geology the last of May."

Yes, I remember Cecil, Jr., and Oh how much joy I got out of playing with him and giving him buffalo nickels when I could find them. I have done this practically all my life as a minister. It has meant so much to me because I could see joy in the eyes of the children as I gave them. But this is enough for this chapter. But how much more I would love to tell about Rix and my experience at Port Arthur. Yes, I will say, *Rix planted the Lord's mustard seed in Port Arthur,* and how it has grown. The church there is known almost all over the world.

Chapter VIII

THE WORK AT MACON, GEORGIA

"Lives of great men, all remind us, We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us, Footprints on the sands of time." Of course, this quotation from Longfellow refers to men, but it is applicable to women as well. I am doing my best, in writing this book, to say something that will take hold of the heart and help as many people as possible. I here want to say a word about:

SISTER ORLENA SMITH

While but few, if any, right now think of her as having much to do in starting the work in Macon, she may be the primary cause. She has gone to her reward, but no soul with whom I got acquainted in the early days of my work was more a source of inspiration than she. Often I received letters from her encouraging the work I was trying to do. No letter was ever received that did not inspire me to press onward and upward.

She had a sister living at Byron, Georgia. Her husband was a Baptist and we had no church at Byron. Orlena seemed overly anxious that we conduct a tent meeting at Byron for the good of that sister and her family. The meeting was booked, the time set and the tent shipped, but some matters came up which made it impractical that I hold it, so Brother Flavil Hall was sent to conduct that meeting. As I remember, there were no additions, but lots of good was done. Sister Orlena made it convenient to be there and helped all she could. That the meeting was a stimulous to her sister, Mrs. Lyde Walton, cannot be doubted. Soon Sister Walton moved to Macon, and the good done at Byron continued.

It was my pleasure to conduct a meeting under a tent on a lot that adjoined the lot on which the Walton home stood. I made my home there. Other interested parties were found, and plans were made not to stop until we had firmly established a congregation in that beautiful town. Only the high points can be given.

Brother Charlie Coleman, Sr., now comes into the picture. I was with him in The Nashville Bible School. I have never known a man in whose sincerity I have more confidence. I had been helping him find places to preach and encouraging him all I could. Here I give an incident to which others should give serious thought. He wrote me that he was passing through Atlanta after closing a meeting in North Georgia and had to see me for some advice. He stopped over and spent the night with us — and what do you reckon he had on his heart? Here are his exact words, as best I can remember, "Brother Hall," said he, "I have come to the conclusion that my preaching is not worth a full

support, and I want to get a good job where I can help a struggling congregation." Macon at once came to my mind, and I commended him for his decision and suggested that he get a position with the Life and Casualty Insurance Company and operate from the office which that company had in Macon. He at once accepted the suggestion, therefore, I wrote Brother A. M. Burton, President of the company. The job was secured and he went to work, making his own living and helping with the work there.

Are you surprised when I tell you that Brother Charlie Coleman, Sr., and Orlena Smith were united in wedlock. No two souls ever helped a work more than they did the work at Macon in the early days of our struggles there. It is in order to say that out of that union Chas. Coleman, Jr., came and he is one of our most successful and well-liked young preachers today. During the awful days of the flu, following the First World War, that dreaded trouble took from us this model mother and wife, and Brother Coleman was left to care for three children, and carry on his work. Several years after the death of Orlena I introduced Brother Coleman to Sister Annie Finley, the oldest daughter of one of the best elders we ever had in Atlanta, and they were married. They now live at Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, and honor the cause of our Lord wherever they are.

But this is enough to say about the beginning of the work there, except to say that soon after Sister Walton moved to Macon she began to have regular worship every Lord's Day, sometimes in her home or someone else's home. Finally she obtained a place down town where she, quite often with only one other sister present, commemorated the death of our Lord. There was an aged brother who lived in the country who, when able, met with them and helped them carry on the work.

Brother Morgan H. Carter came on the scene and did a marvelous work in Macon. I just wonder what would have become of the work had we not found him. There is much that I would love to say about him. I conducted a number of meetings there with him, and want to say that he was the most prayerful man I have ever known. After we would have prayer together and I would slip under the cover, later in the night I awoke to find him out in the middle of the floor praying for the work. Of course he did not pray aloud so as to keep me from sleeping, but there was voice enough for me to discover where he was and what he was doing. It was during his work there that we bought our first piece of property, an abandoned house owned by the Presbyterians, I think. We give our readers a picture of this building. But now that building is no longer used, and we have two congregations in Macon, both housed in brick buildings.

OUR "UPS" AND "DOWNS" IN MACON

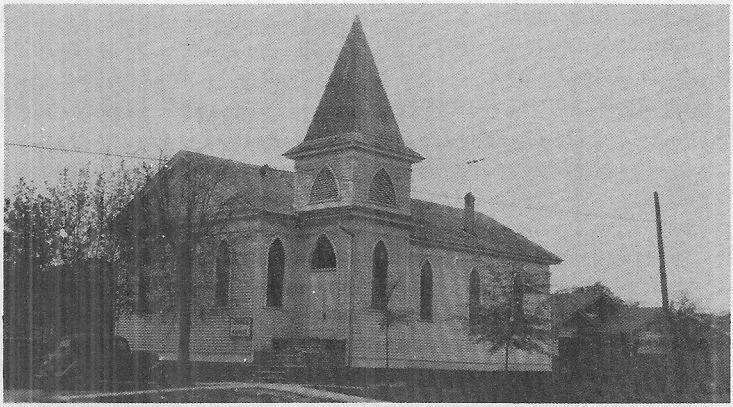
Do you know of a congregation that was ever started which did not, sooner or later, have its "downs" that necessitated an "up?" The young preachers who helped with that work were Brother R. P. Cuff, W. N.

Luton who has gone home, Claude Woodruff, Jack McElroy, Willie and Charlie Lemons, James Harwell, Hugh A. Price, Jr., and others. Brother A. S. Landis and family were located in Macon and did a fine work. His work there is spoken of more in particular in another chapter.



"Central," now.

There is no need of speaking of the "ups" and "downs" in particular, but it must be said that we had them. Trying to get things adjusted and keeping them so was perhaps the hardest work I have ever done. T. J. Ruble was located there during one of our troubles. Brother Robert E. Wright was sent there on another occasion. The congregation split and the number that pulled off was about to establish themselves as the "central church," a separation which had already been decided upon by the leaders. But getting away from troubles, let me say that sometimes it is better for a group of people to work at different places. Finally their troubles were adjusted, and I recommended that the two congregations continue with the fullest cooperation existing between them. So far as I now know, congregations could not better understand each other and pull together than the churches in Macon are now doing. Paul and Barnabas had a difference over John Mark and they had to separate, but they still remained as brethren. In the days of Abraham



First house in Macon.

and Lot it became necessary for their herdsmen to separate, and they did, but still recognized each other as brethren.

Here I must say a word about Brother Oliver Cunningham. He is spoken of in another chapter. He is one young man I encouraged to enter the ministry and the leaders at Russell Street thought I was making a mistake, "*He will never make the grade,*" was their unanimous judgment. Oliver is one young preacher, I am sure, that the only way you could stop him in his desire to be a preacher would be to kill him. While we sorely needed a man to step in at Macon and pull the ox out of the ditch, so to speak, he came to me and begged me to recommend him for the work. This I did, feeling down in my heart that I was running a risk. But he was the very man for the place. When factions come up in a congregation it is so hard to work them out. However, Oliver was one young man who went there with whom they just could not have a fuss. The factious side would go to him with criticism of himself and others. Oliver would just smile, thank them for their advice or criticism, whatever it was, keep his hands to the plow and never look back. He cemented the factions together as no man had been able to do up till his ministry there. It is well to say that A. B. Lipscomb and other strong men helped with that work. Even the lamented John T. Hinds stopped off there, preached, came on to Atlanta, and reported how he found the work at Macon.

The following letter from the elders in Macon speaks for itself. Such letters I received about the others who helped in the Macon work, and I give this just as a sample. I tried to keep up with the young people I tried to help, giving them advantage of every criticism and suggestion they needed.

THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST

Macon, Ga.
Oct., 1936.

Dear Brother Hall:

We take this means of thanking you for the three splendid young men who have been with us for the past few weeks, through your arrangement. We have undoubtedly benefited by their coming.

We freely bear them witness that they have not failed to preach the gospel of Christ earnestly, sincerely and fearlessly. We regret very much that affairs over which we had no control, kept us from learning to know Bro. Jimmie Harwell, as well as we have the Lemons brothers. It is our observation that Bro. Jimmie is a very fine young man, possessing an unusual ability in addressing an audience, and having a flair for meeting people: He is very particular that he leave not the slightest mis-concept of any work of God's Book. We commend his zeal.

As for the Lemons brothers, Charlie and Willie, we must drop to the slang of the day and say: "They are simply swell." After having worked with them and associated with them in our homes and in public, we can more clearly understand why Christ chose His seventy and "sent them two and two before his face into every city and place."

It is hard to realize that they are brothers in the flesh as well as in the bonds of Christ. Fleshly brothers do not work so well together. But these two are the exceptions. We saw no act, neither heard any word from them that is not amenable to godliness and common sense. Where one leaves off, the other picks up and carries on.

They are humble, meek, and friendly to all. But they have no compromise with the unfruitful works of darkness.

They did not solicit this recommendation. They realize, however, that your assistance to them in the future, depends on what you hear of them now. We also, are aware of your willingness to help in any way possible those who deserve help. We regret that we are unable to help them in any way except morally. But you, no doubt, know our efforts through Bro. Jack McElroy.

We are convinced that these boys will not disappoint you. They will be able helpers in the cause of Christ. They will do their best work in locations where church members are smugly self-satisfied, and perhaps cold. Their honest straight-from-the-shoulder, preaching will burst the shell of the most lethargic church member, and make him take stock of his *own* soul and its condition.

We trust this communication finds you in good health and of good cheer, as we also are. We look forward with pleasure to seeing you again.

Yours in Christ,

Elders: (signed) J. A. Matthew, A. M. Howell
W. W., S. P. Howards

Chapter IX

WILLING TO GO IF TUBERCULOSIS SHORTENS HIS DAYS

By Flavil Hall Aug. 31, 1915, as published in the Christian Leader

S. H. Hall, the doctors say, has tuberculosis. I am confident that he will be strong for a good long while yet and capable of much physical endurance in the Lord's work. But the speedy work of the dread disease in the taking away of several of his brothers and sisters in the flesh causes grave fears for his condition.

The readers of the Leader are familiar with his work in Atlanta. When he went there late in 1906 there was a congregation of thirty-five members, established by Bros. F. W. Smith and O. D. Bearden. They were worshipping in the tent used by Bro. Smith. Soon there was a good house of worship built on West End Avenue, with the membership increased to about eighty. Today there are two good houses of worship in the city limits and a splendid house at East Point, a beautiful suburb of Atlanta. The membership of the three congregations would aggregate four hundred or more. Congregations at Constitution, Smyrna and Anstell have also been cared for by the Atlanta brethren. Beside all this, he has visited, helped and strengthened most of the other congregations in the State and many congregations in other States.

S. H. Hall encouraged me, helped me and lifted me in my efforts to use my talents in the "song world," when nobody else in the ranks of the disciples seemed willing to do it. Publishers I talked with thought nobody but a sectarian could be the musical editor of a song book for them. S. H. Hall said, "Go ahead and get the material ready and I will help you." This he did, and when F. L. Rowe's attention was called to our efforts and he saw the manuscript, we had another helper. For all this my gratitude shall not die. "The Gospel Message in Song" was the first song book, with the notes, that was ever edited only by the faithful disciples of Christ. The truth in its fulness has been sung as never before, and no other book has ever been more liked in words or music where the people have become really acquainted with it, and our books following it, "Redemption's Way in Song" and "Jesus in Song," are growing equally popular among good singers and lovers of the truth.

A letter from Sister S. H. Hall says: "You know I am distressed in mind. I hope to get Mr. Hall off to Colorado, if he will go." I will never forget how kind Sister Hall always was to me in the many weeks, yes, months, all told, that I was in their home. No wife ever was made more sorrowful than she when her husband had to leave home, but I have been there when he was gone and Philip, their only child, seriously sick, but she bore her "enforced loneliness," as Bro. Rowe calls it, with patient,

Christian fortitude. She was always singing the sweet songs in "Gospel Message in Song." She sang "Prayer," "When We Come to Jordan's River" and "The Valley of Judgment" much more than any others. It seemed to me her ideas about sweet melody were more in accord with mine than anybody else I ever met. She sends me a letter which she received from her husband and says, "I know it will interest you," and she was not mistaken. It is so rich with expressions of faith and trust in God, resignation to his will, and of love and care for the church, his wife and son, Philip, that I know the following quotation from it will interest the readers of the Leader:

"If it is the Lord's will for this trouble to shorten my days, no one could be more willing to go than I. Say, dear, we had a union service at West End Thursday night. I wish you could have been there. The house was packed and a sweeter meeting I was never in. Bro. Harding – God bless him – made such a sweet talk. Bro. Bearden talked so beautifully of the nine years we have worked together, and he broke down and wept. Not many of the brethren talked, for they could not. Bro. Boyd, who graduated with me in 1906, was there and made such a sweet, sensible talk. Two additions. How sweet was that meeting! Bro. Harding cried and talked about 'Our heavenly Father, who is so powerful, so tender and so sweet.' Said he, 'Tuberculosis – oh, that is a bad, ugly disease. But our Father in heaven can kill it, and he will if it is best for Bro. Hall. I know if I could get my heels on those germs I would stamp them out. But I can not. But our heavenly Father can, and will if it is best. We are going to pray if it is the Lord's will that this be done. I am going to ask Bro. Finley to lead the prayer.' He then dwelt upon it, emphasized it and called for the prayer. You know how Bro. Finley can pray. It certainly was soul-stirring. The closing prayer by Bro. Garrett was so sweet, so helpful.

"Well, dear, I just had to tell you about the meeting. I wish you could have been there. And I want to tell you this one thing: I had rather depend upon the Father, that loves so tenderly and has stood by me in my every battle in Atlanta, than all the doctors in the world. (Of course Bro. S. H. understands that the divine Father may use the doctors in restoring him to health. – F.H.).... 'My times are in his hands' (Psa. 31:15). That whatever is best is coming our way is a certainty. God makes no mistakes. It is so good to know this. As Bro. Harding often says, 'No good thing will God withhold from them that walk uprightly.' That is perfectly true. Death is one of the good things that he lets come our way. Now, dear, this is as certainly true as any other part of the Bible. (See Psa. 116:15; Phil. 1:21-23.) And let me tell you, dear, if I could only cross over right now with you and Philip, all of our loved ones, the Atlanta members, and all others that I have tried to help, I had rather do it than own this world. But we can't have it that way. One at a time is the way we are to go. Then some for whom we have worked and prayed will die unfaithful. But our little family is bound by the 'tie that can not be broken' unless some of us become unfaithful. We must simply not let this be.

"As you say, we are young, and I should do my best to get well for your and Philip's sake. This I shall do, but let us leave it with One who has never deceived, the One who gave you to me seventeen years ago — and had you thought of the 28th inst., being our seventeenth anniversary? — the One we can trust with all our hearts and know no disappointment. Let our days together be few or many, they must be spent in joy and peace, our hearts must be happy. And, dear, if the time is short, then all the more so should we try to be happier together than we have ever been. And this is exactly the way it must be. You can do me no greater favor than to be bright, happy and do exactly what Paul says, and all will be well. Whether the rest, if I have to take it, is taken in a tent near Atlanta or I go West, your wishes that you and Philip be with me certainly will be granted. Of course my judgment is that it would be better for Philip that we accept Bro. Boles' proposition and put him in the Bible School. But to your wishes I must submit. And, of course, I could not be happy without you."

MY FIGHT WITH THE T. B.

I confess that when my doctor received and read to me the results of my first T. B. test that it was difficult for me to brace up myself and keep down a terrible feeling of depression. Having buried six brothers and sisters with the dreaded disease made me wonder if it would be the end of me. After the second test came from Oklahoma City I well remember how my mother looked when I broke the news to her and father as carefully as I could. What could they expect but to bury me too! But not for one moment did I think it would kill me if God had more work for me to do.

Mrs. Hall had undergone two major operations and had recuperated to the point where she was able to have Phil accompany her to Ashland, Oklahoma, for a rest with her people. The church gave me all the time off I wished, so I went to Ashland. The second test was made while on this trip. By the way, it might be said that I preached in a school house at Ashland one night and "cut ice three inches thick," which resulted in the baptism of a very fine young lady. Then my wife and I went to Stewart, Oklahoma, not very far from Ashland, and I conducted a revival there. Understand, I was careful about my speaking and just as prayerful as I was careful. There I found a mighty fine doctor, Dr. George, who was a member there. He was the one who had the second test made, a report on which I did not get until I returned from Oklahoma, and was holding a revival at Science Hill in Rutherford County, Tennessee, staying in the home of Dr. Hall, an elder there. Well do I remember when the report reached me! Dr. Hall and I were lying on the grass in the shade of a tree when he read the report and advised me to return to Atlanta and follow Dr. Thrash's directions, a specialist there. This I did. The doctor asked me to stay out of the pulpit and started with tuberculine shots twice a week. This continued for nine

months. The tests were made about twice a month. For six months the T. B. germ was found, and then it became negative. He continued to give me shots for three more months and dismissed me. These shots were given on a graduated scale, becoming more potent each time. He stated that the last shot would have been almost too much for a cow. It was claimed that this would not only kill the germ but establish immunity.

One more thing as to treatment. As soon as Dr. Floyd, our family physician report of the first test he prescribed Solguatone which was not a patent medicine but creosote so compounded as to kill the germ in the alimentary canal and aid digestion. It came in pint bottles and I took nine of these. This too was a medicine in which the dosage increased as time went on. At that time I was called "the little preacher" because I weighed approximately one hundred and forty pounds. But having been absolutely cured of indigestion, sour stomach, which I had for years I began to put on weight and got away from being called "the little preacher." Eventually my weight went above two hundred. Now, at the age of seventy-eight, it has remained constant for quite awhile, standing around two hundred. This was about forty years ago when T.B. came my way. But, thank God, I feel now like seeing my one-hundredth birthday which is not too far away.

Providence again! I must refer to Flavil Hall's writing which he did in the Christian Leader, and, of course, scattered the news far and near. My friends all got excited and the money was raised to send me to Colorado Springs. F. W. Smith (God bless his memory) had much to do with this. We practically gave away our furniture getting ready to go. Then the news came that a movement was on to bring a paper and printing presses from Corpus Christi, Texas, to Atlanta. This warning that the "anti-Sunday School" and "anti" almost everything else movement meant to take over came from one of the elders at Corpus Christi and also from Brother Rowe, Editor of the Christian Leader in Cincinnati.

Well, now what? My wife and I talked it over and I said, "If I die, I will die in Atlanta!" So Brother Stroud turned over to us a big, well-lighted, well-ventilated room in his home. I was careful to make only short talks each Lord's Day, about five or ten minutes, and I could not have done better for my voice would leave me. My doctor had asked me to stay out of the pulpit for a year. The trouble was in my throat which, he said, was the most difficult to cure. Am I hard-headed? Well, say what you please, but when I got my voice back I slipped out and conducted two short tent meetings that year. This is enough. Tell me not that my Father does not live! The Book of Revelation and the "book of nature" declare it, and my experience has confirmed it.

Chapter X

HAYNESVILLE, LOUISIANA

(Special Providence Exemplified)

Some criticised James A. Harding for his position on special providence. But certainly it was exemplified in his life. Here I would love to insert some of the experiences related by him but space forbids. Suffice to say that I will always be thankful that God, in his goodness, led me under the influence of this great and good man. Under his teaching I came to see God as the *living, powerful, helpful* Father that he is.

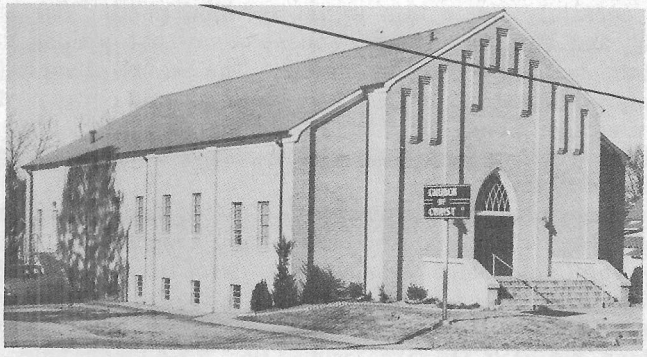
I here relate a little experience I had while trying to help Brother Flavil Hall who had been so helpful to us in developing good singing. We were not able to pay him much. When he came to Atlanta each one who attended his classes paid him one dollar for the time he was with us, sometimes one full month. Knowing he could not possibly be getting much support from his work in North Georgia, I wrote him and asked that he give me a report of his work during the past winter, also approximately what he had received. It did not amount to more than fifty dollars per month. But Brother Hall could live cheaper than some of us as his home adjoined his father's farm, and chickens, a garden, etc., helped him much in his living.



Miss Flora Travis.

At this time I received an urgent call from Sister Flora Travis who was then teaching school at Haynesville, Louisiana. Her father was an elder of the Science Hill Church in Rutherford County, Tennessee, for which church I preached once a month for nearly three years while attending the Nashville Bible School. Memories, sweet memories, flood my soul as I think of such friends as I had in Brother Travis and others at Science Hill. Flora had graduated from a school in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and while there met a young lady from Haynesville. They became fast friends, and through this friendship, Flora obtained a position in the High School at Haynesville. However, when Flora reached that place she found the Church of Christ under a very dark cloud. The building in which they met – when they did meet – was in a cemetery about one mile from town. They had no services except in the spring or summer, and when

they met did nothing much except argue and dispute about unprofitable questions and spit tobacco spit on the floor. They were having no services when she reached Haynesville, and it grieved her deeply. She wrote me about the condition of things there and asked for my advice. I advised her to go to the building, clean it up as best she could, and organize a Bible class there for as many students in her grade as she could get to attend. Then prepare the emblems and get those members, to meet with her for the communion service; and, if no men were in attendance who would preside at the table, for her to do so for the benefit of the sisters who wanted to meet our Lord in this appointment. This she did, and the news got out that the new teacher was a member of the Church of Christ. Flora became exceedingly popular with her students and, of course, with the parents. The board came to evaluate her very highly. But the chairman of the board called her to his office and had a nice talk with her. He told her how very much she was appreciated, but that the news had come to him that she was a member of the Church of Christ, and, for her good and the good of the school, he did not want this to get out; because the Church of Christ, in the estimation of the people of Haynesville and vicinity, was worse than Mormonism. He then related some painful incidents which had taken place there that made it so.



House of Worship, Haynesville, Louisiana.

This, of course, grieved her heart deeply, and here came a letter to me with this sad story, and an appeal that I go there and conduct a revival that the people of that town might come to know indeed for just what the Church of Christ stood. She disowned the record of the church there, and told the chairman of the board that he did not know the Church of Christ, but if God let her live, he should know. She stated that all they could assure me of getting for my services was a ticket to that place and back to Atlanta, and I think she obtained this mostly from friends at Science Hill, her home church.

Well, now what must I do was the question, but *GO* – this I determined to do. Just at this juncture a letter came from John E. Dunn, then minister of the Catoma Street Church of Christ in Montgomery,

Alabama. The thought struck me—now is my chance to help Brother Flavil. So I got the elders together and told the whole story. Then I suggested that they relieve me for one full month, let Flavil come and take my place in the pulpit, conduct his singing classes, and that they pay him what they had been paying me, and this, together with what he would get from his singing school, would go a long way in supplementing his meager support. My elders stated that it was not right for me to make any sacrifices in this situation because Mrs. Hall had just undergone an operation at one of the hospitals, and then another after being returned home, after which we had to employ a trained nurse for three weeks. Also Philip, our son, had just returned from the hospital after having an arm that was broken and set crooked, rebroken and sewed together. As a result of all these expenses a bill of $75.00 was unpaid. I appreciated their interest in me from the standpoint of support. However, I suggested to them that I believed the Catoma meeting would pay me as much or more than I would receive if I remained at home, and that two weeks at Haynesville and two weeks in Montgomery would take the time and that I would return as well off financially as I would be if I did not go, but that Flavil would be greatly helped.

So, it was agreed that I go, and how thankful I am that I went. If God ever opened the windows of heaven and poured out his blessings on a soul, he certainly did to this writer for that month, Easter was approaching, and Mrs. Hall sorely needed a new hat, a thing she did not often obtain during my days in Atlanta. The beauty about her was that she simply would not buy one if I owed bills I could not pay. I proposed to borrow enough money for this, but her answer was, *"No new hat until Phil's hospital bill is paid."* So on I went and left her crying because of our lack of funds.

Sister Flora obtained the use of the Cumberland Presbyterian house for the meeting. The United Presbyterian Church had a magnificent building. The Cumberland Presbyterians were barely existing and worshipping in an old frame building. I must make the story short. I began that meeting, not in the name of the Church of Christ as it had been known there, but built from the ground up. If God ever helped a soul in selecting subjects and delivering them, he certainly helped me. The meeting grew from the very outset. The Methodist got a little disturbed because of the way things were going, and the Methodist minister undertook to criticise us the second Sunday I was there. Some of his members left him and came over to our place that night, but we had no room for them. However, by standing in the doorway and at the windows all could hear. That meeting resulted in several baptisms and restorations, a lot donated and steps taken for a building of our own. There was a Brother West in attendance, a man who had preached about at weak places with very little support. I got him to do my baptizing. However, before the meeting closed, the chairman of the board, the one who did not want Sister Flora to let it be known she was a member of the Church of Christ, came to her and wanted to know what they were going to pay me. Her answer was, "He is not expecting any pay except

his car fare, and I have arranged for that." "But, oh," said he, "his meeting has been worth too much to this town for him not to be supported better than that, and we want to help." Her answer was, "We have the memorial service of our Lord's death and resurrection every Lord's Day at which time our regular offerings are made. Anyone who wants to contribute may do so, but we make no appeals for our work to those who are not members. The Lord's Day following, the house packed, and this board member was there. It might be said here that the cause of Christ had been cursed along with every hobby out — no literature, no women teachers, one cup, and the contributions laid on the table and the audience not waited on with contribution baskets or hats. The brother who presided at the table was from the country, and I did not know him, but he was loved by all who knew him, and he thought this was the way the offerings should be made. So when he came to the offering, he stated that we are commanded to lay by in store on the first day of the week, but not told how, and he thought it best for them to come to the table and place their offerings thereon, so said to Brother Gibson, our song leader, "Brother Gibson, *lift* a song, and let us sing while those who want to give come to the table." It is enough to say that it looked like nearly every one did so, and after it was counted it was found that more than $125.00 had been placed on the table. I gave Brother West $25.00 for doing the baptizing and the next morning hurried to the post office and despatched to Mrs. Hall a Post Office Money Order for $100.00 and told her to pay off the hospital bill of $75.00 and to buy herself a hat. No meeting that I have ever been in stirred me like this meeting. I am giving you the picture of this great woman, and will state — had she not gone to Haynesville, perhaps the great church we have there now would not be there.

But you are anxious to know about Montgomery, Alabama. The two weeks' meeting was conducted, fifteen souls baptized into Christ, and a check for $300.00 placed in my hands. I returned home with more money than I had had for quite awhile. Flavil Hall was helped, the hospital bill was paid, and "Jennie," as I call her, had a new hat. Tell me that God had nothing to do with this? You had as well tell me that there is no God!

I went back to Haynesville the following year for another meeting. Our house was not completed, so the question arose, where will it be conducted? Sister Travis at once wrote me for advice. The Methodist wanted us to use their house; the Baptist stated their house was larger and more suited for the revival and they wanted us to use their house. Sister Flora wanted to show no partiality between these two churches, so I told her to take the same place we used the year before, and this we did. I relate the fact that even the Methodist Church, whose minister made an attack on us the year before when our meeting got underway, wanted us to use their house. Also the Baptist, of which church the chairman of the board was a member and who at first did not want Sister Flora to let it be known she was a member of the Church of Christ, earnestly insisted that we use their house.

Now this second meeting was a glorious success. The vice president of the railroad that ran through that town from Shreveport and who lived at Homer, Louisiana, ran a special train from Homer to Haynesville the first Sunday of that meeting, and gave me a pass over his road. I am telling this merely to get before our readers that instead of the church being so low in the minds of the people, it was now respected by practically all. As I pressed hard for the completion of our building, the Methodist, the Baptist and some of the Presbyterians raised the question – Why another church in this town when they had buildings enough to meet the convenience of everyone who lived there if they all had been disposed to attend. This question was pressed hard on us. So, I stated to them, if they would get their people out, I would answer the question – *"Why another church in Haynesville?"*

We had a large crowd out. I answered the question somewhat like I did when I went into Ellenwood's house in Atlanta to tell why I was a member of the Church of Christ. I told the story of one of our members being employed there to teach in the person of Sister Flora Travis. After getting there, she went to the Baptist Chruch, but could not conscientiously worship with them because of the unscriptural things they believed and practised. Also that she had the same experience at the Methodist church, and stated what those things were she could not endorse; and the same experience with the Presbyterians. I also stated that so far as the church of Christ was concerned which had existed there in a way, but merely in name, could not be endorsed, so we were building from the ground up, "speaking where the Bible speaks, and staying silent where the Bible is silent." Also that it was our determination to have in Haynesville a church into which any Bible believer and lover could come and worship with us without trampling underfoot one word our Lord and his Spirit-guided apostles had placed in the church. Also that Christ was the head over all things to his body, the church (Ephesians 1:22,23), and he did not leave it with us to arrange, and that we, in love and respect to him, were *dead set* on letting everything remain as he had arranged it, and not lay unholy hands on the "ark of God," so to speak. The lesson made a tremendous impression. I drove home the question – " If Christ should come in person to Haynesville today, what would he do? Take a stand with all of you, and with the Methodist teach sprinkling, pouring or immersion is all right, and with the Baptist that immersion only is baptism, with the Methodist and Presbyterians that you should baptize your babies and with the Baptist that you must not so do?" I asked for hands up on the part of any in that audience who believed Christ would do this. No hands were raised. So I stated that if Christ were here – and he is here in such hearts as Flora Travis, he would do exactly what we are doing.

Well, going over these stretches in my life bring back hallowed memories which will go with me until death and into the other world. That God was with us in our work at Haynesville is beyond doubt!

Chapter XI

DALTON, GEORGIA

Brother W. C. Philips of Cleveland, Tennessee, did the first preaching at Dalton and succeeded in getting a few members to begin regular worship. It was in 1917 that I first visited Dalton to look into the situation there. I found a few faithful members meeting in the home of Brother Cass Hall, a picture of whose home we give. It was in the milling section, and the members had but little of this world's goods.

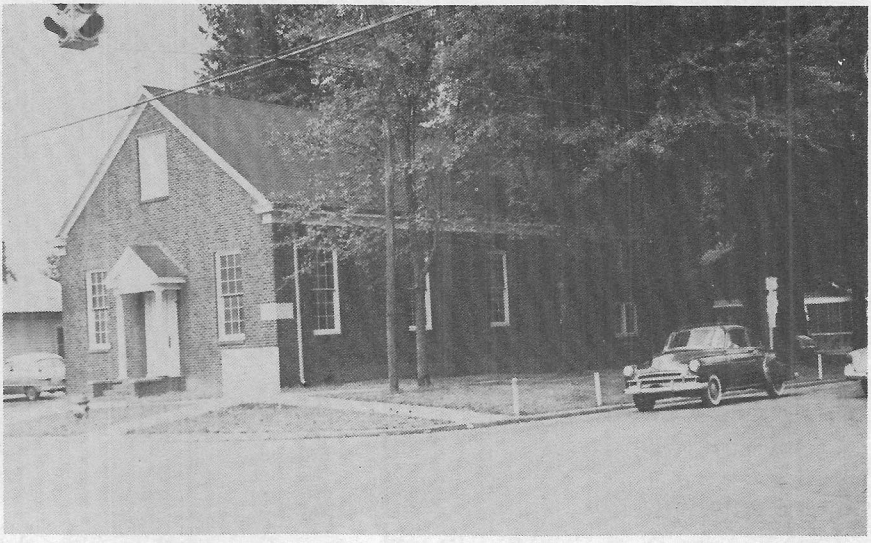


This is No. 1. The dwelling Brother Cass Hall lived in when the work started.

They had made some wooden benches they used in a room, in which I presume you could seat at least twenty people. Of course, my first thought was to get them out into a better location and larger quarters. So arrangements were made for a tent meeting nearer the heart of Dalton. This tent meeting resulted in our obtaining the use of a vacant store not far from where the tent was stretched, and Brother W. C. Graves and wife were asked to go there for full-time work. The very best we could do for him was to give him enough to get by on with close economy. He did much good, and this was Brother Graves' first work. While the work grew it was very evident that enough support could not be obtained to justify their remaining with it, so Brother Graves decided, as a number of my boys did, to secure a job and make his own living which would enable him, as did Paul, to work where he could not

get a full support. So he entered into an agreement with the phone company and entered that field of labor, which work he remained with so long as his health permitted. See the story of Brother Graves in another chapter.

But a better location and building were still the object of our seeking. We found that the Christian Church had obtained an option on the Presbyterian building right in the heart of the city. It was a frame building but a very convenient place for worship. The Christian Church had ceased to have regular services, so we set about to obtain this option from them. We obtained it and later bought the building. It was while Brother R. C. Walker was their regular minister that he succeeded in getting them to replace this frame building with a brick-veneer building, a picture of which we let you see. But *now* they are in a



This is No. 2. The new brick that was built in 1939, when Brother R. C. Walker was with us.

much better building still in which they have a better auditorium and more class rooms. We give you a side view of this building.

Thus you have a brief history of the work where W. C. Philips planted our Lord's *mustard seed* and S. H. Hall came along and has watered it, to a large degree, ever since.

Two great preachers have come out of that work. I would name Brother O. C. Thompson as one of them. A number of preachers have labored there. Here is where Jack McElroy and Roland Williams did some fine work in saving the day for our struggling efforts. I wrote the deed for the first property they bought — the Presbyterian building on which the Christian Church held an option. A few of the scattered members of the Christian Church took an interest in our work, and the wife

of one of the aldermen of the town who was a member of the Christian Church and considered one of their best workers, offered me the silver individual communion set they had used. The individual communion service had just begun to be used among us. The thought occurred to me that we should put in everything we possibly could that is allowable. But I knew I had one hurdle which I had to make and that was getting one of the older member's consent. He was one of our elders, and no better man could be found. But he was ultra-conservative. How to get him to see the wisdom in putting it in then, I wondered just how it could be accomplished. For I knew if we started out the old way of handling the communion and later saw the necessity of introducing the individual cups, we would have more trouble, for even our people — many of them — do not know the difference in scripture and custom. So I was determined to accept this offer from this good sister.



This is No. 3. Our present building (side view).

I do not know whether or not this should be put under the heading, "All things work together for the good," but it makes me think of it anyway. I made my speech about the communion service, about how to get our offerings together — for there had been trouble over that, then the communion service. I will not give my arguments. I was praying most earnestly for God's grace to help me get the thought over to that elder.

It is here in order to state that a circumstance occurred in my first meeting there under a tent near which stood the empty store building in which we later held our services and W. C. Graves and wife began working with this congregation. An old man and wife attended every service at the tent claiming to be members of the Church of Christ. It seems that no one knew anything about them until they were met at the tent. Pardon me for having to relate this, but of all the people I had ever seen they were the filthiest. It was a problem to know just what to do. But Graves soon solved that problem when he went to their home and informed them that they had to clean up before coming to the services.

There is no point here in telling you whether they did or not. But here is where they came in and enabled me to get by this elder. At the close of my speech in behalf of the individual communion set, this elder arose and stated, "I have been opposed to the individual communion service, but when Brother Hall was conducting our tent meeting on Sunday morning I happened to be next after the cup was handed to these two old people, and I want to say that the hardest thing I have ever done was to take the cup after they had supped from it, but I tried to let my lips touch that part of the rim of the glass which they did not touch. I am for the individual communion cups."

Another incident should be given. Of course, no man can stay with the work he helps to start if he is to move out and start work at other places, and you cannot always have a Timothy or a Titus to leave with the work; however, you should ever keep this thought in mind of training others to leave with the work upon your entering new work, if possible. Some time after I began work at Russell Street an emergency call came from one of the elders at Dalton stating that an old brother had worked himself into the congregation trying to play the role of a preacher; that he opposed literature, women teachers in the Bible school work, and a number of other things in that work, and that he had a few followers. But the most of his influence was not obtaining "followers" but "goers." The larger part of the congregation stopped coming to the services and went somewhere else. The collections had dropped down to four or five dollars each Lord's Day. So there it was. I turned the matter over to my elders at Russell Street, and they said, "Answer this call and save the cause at Dalton where you have already made so many sacrifices." This I did, and to make a long story short, I began a revival at once, related briefly my former relationship to that work, that I had written the deed, organized the work and put only those things in that were scriptural, and since one has come on the scene calling in question what I did, I am here to defend everything I have done, and I am doing this because it is my right and my duty to do so. I asked them to name the place where Paul ever established a church that he did not go and rescue it from wolves when they entered and tried to scatter the flock. So I gave my position on every item which he had criticized, stopping at the end of each and asking if there were anyone in the audience who could give a Bible reason for abandoning it. But this old brother kept his seat. I covered even the individual communion service which he had objected to, going up and putting the money on the table instead of passing contribution baskets — if my memory serves me right, he almost objected to everything.

Well, the congregation was set in order again. Roland Williams and Jack McElroy were in Atlanta at the time doing some work with what is known as Moreland Avenue Congregation, and I wired them to come as soon as possible, and that I would stay on the job until they got there. They were there on the following Lord's Day and began a revival, and a revival it was! Jack McElroy has conducted more revivals there than any other one man. He found a mighty fine girl there, and was later

united in wedlock in our home, 1008 Noelton Lane, Nashville, Tennessee. Willie Lemons and Wife did a fine work at Dalton; Sam Connally of Chattanooga was a fine pinch hitter when they were without a minister, and others I would like to name. But name them all I cannot and keep the book small enough to be handled.

Brother Troy C. Hogan, one of the elders there now, sent me the names of the charter members, the preachers who have preached there through the years and the names of the elders and deacons. But all that space will allow has been given, and here I want to thank Brother Troy for his help.

Chapter XII

"I WAS DELIVERED OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE LION" AND A HOT TIME WITH THE MORMONS

As doubtless you know, I am heading this chapter with the words of Paul in 2 Timothy 4:17. Some would interpret this as figurative language, making this lion some wicked man. I prefer to think that Paul was delivered from a literal lion as was Daniel of old. In II Thessalonians 3:1,2 we have Paul asking for the prayers of his brethren, "Pray for us... that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men: for all men have not faith." I have been in some mighty tight places in life as you can see from experiences related with the Mormons and at other times.

The first tent meeting we conducted after we moved to Atlanta was in what was known as, "Bonnie Brae," a beautiful residential section. It was a glorious meeting! In that meeting I stressed what it meant to be a member of the church of Christ, really the church Christ himself built, and insisted that it was the "first heaven," the first place where we come into *living vital contact* with Christ. Some of the best workers in Atlanta came from that section. When I called for cottage services the idea was to go into every home which would open the door and let us in. It was in Bonnie Brae where this good work began, which, to a large degree, was responsible for our phenominal success.

There was a family whose name I will not give, the wife in which home became deeply interested but her husband, though he attended some, was not so interested. After the meeting closed I received a note from him, well worded, speaking of my meeting and the intense interest his wife had in the meeting, but cautioned me about encouraging her in her desire for baptism, intimating that perhaps she was mentally disturbed. A short time after that a note was received on Saturday stating, "I understand my wife will be at your services tomorrow to ask for baptism, but I am ordering you now not to baptize her." Sure enough she was there and made the confession and her baptism was set for that afternoon so that some of her people could be with her. Her son and married daughter with her husband were there and she was baptized and was about as happy as anyone I had ever seen following her baptism.

The next morning (Monday) her husband called at our home and seemed to be very much worked up and asked for me. I had gone out to do some calling, and Mrs. Hall told him that perhaps I would not be back until about noon. He stated, "You tell your husband that I will be on the corner of Whitehall and Mitchell Streets at one o'clock and I want to meet him there, and to be certain to be there." He had made the threat to a number of his neighbors that he would kill me before the sun went down. You know, without my telling you, that by the use of the

phone it spread like a wildfire. But fortunately it had not gotten to Mrs. Hall; however, she stated that this man looked to be exceedingly angry.

Right after lunch I made ready to meet this man, as he had instructed, but when I went to catch the car I decided to drop in and see Brother and Sister McCravy who lived close to where I would catch the car and had a short visit with them. They had heard the news but said nothing to me about it. When I got up to leave I stated, "I have an engagement to meet... at the corner of Whitehall and Mitchell Streets and must go." As I was about to get into the car, I looked back and here came Brother McCravy hobbling along, and he stated, "I need to go to town, so will go along with you." When our car turned down Mitchell toward Whitehall, sure enough we saw this man, like a caged lion walking backwards and forwards on the sidewalk, waiting for me! Brother McCravy never intimated what he had heard, but got off the car when I did and we walked down to where he was and I addressed him as politely as I could and stated, "Mr....., I got your message and am here to talk with you." His answer was, "We must get off the street." I stated, "Just across the street is where I must pay a bill on some furniture — let's go across the street to this store and we can sit down." He went with me, but here came Brother McCravy tagging along. After entering the store and taking seats, Brother McCravy took a seat close to us. The man did not seem to be satisfied and stated, "I must see you alone," and opened the door into a back alley and we went out and he closed the door. I got a bit suspicious and made up my mind what to do. I knew if he had a gun and undertook to draw it, I felt assured the Lord would give me strength enough to temporarily paralyze him so he could not use it.

We entered the conversation, my praying desperately that not one unkind word would be spoken by me, and, of course, keeping watch on every movement of his hands. He started by saying, "Did you get my note ordering you not to baptize my wife?" "Yes," said I, "I received the note Saturday afternoon." "Then," said he, "why did you baptize her?" My answer was, "Because she asked me to so do — the only way you or anyone else can keep me from baptizing people is to get them not to ask for it. The commission under which I labor commands me to go and teach the gospel to the people and baptize those who ask for it. I would have been a rebel before God had I refused." "Well," said he, "someone will be lying cold in the grave because of this." Then he began to talk about his forty-four. I ignored everything that sounded like a threat, and talked to him as kindly as I could about the commission under which I work, and the joys that come to a human soul when we get people to accept Christ as their Saviour by gladly receiving his word and obeying it. I also stated that I most earnestly prayed that I would live to see the day when he would believe in his heart and accept Christ by being baptized into Him.

All at once the expression of his face changed, and he said, "Oh, Mr. Hall, you are right and engaged in a good work. I am all wrong and I mean to be baptized myself, but you shall not do it, I am going to have

Dr. ....., minister of the West End Baptist Church, baptize me Sunday." I congratulated him on his decision, and stated that if it were possible I would try to be there and see it — but I did not see it. However, he made a consistent member, I presume, of that church. He had a few outbursts of anger toward us at different times later, but his wife stuck to the truth and died a faithful member.

I have been in several tight spots — and just how and why it was that I never felt the least afraid while going through them amazes me. However, after it was over and this one and that one told what they had heard, I did feel a bit nervous. Before I returned home someone called Mrs. Hall and told her what this man had said — that he would kill me before the sun went down. The first thing Phil, our son, asked me when I got into the house was, "Papa, have you seen Mr. ..... today?" How good it is to know that the angel of the Lord encampeth about us and delivers us! See Psalm 34:7.

MR. MORMON SIDE-STEPS

Editor Tribune — In view of the fact that the announcement has gone forth that there would be a debate between S. H. Hall, Christian evangelist, and a Mormon elder, we deem it proper to make the following statement: On a certain Saturday night, some weeks ago, at the home of R. A. Bradley, we, the undersigned, proposed to the Mormons there assembled that we have a public debate between one of their men and a man to be selected by us — the debate to begin on some Monday night as soon thereafter as possible, and to continue for four or five nights. There were present at Mr. Bradley's three elders and about their usual audience so far as their own members are concerned. Elder Whitaker, who resides in Atlanta and presides over that district, promised us definitely that we should have the debate, and also most positively assured us that he would inform us within the next week just when the debate would begin.

Elder Whitaker returned to Atlanta, wrote to Elder Callis who he claimed could not be reached, and then proceeded to make a show at getting out of what, we now believe, he never honestly meant to get into a discussion. This was accomplished by representation and misrepresentation, by hook and by crook, Mormon-like — but it must be done, for the elder or elders could not afford to refuse to accept such a fair proposition in the very presence of their recent converts. This is the old game. You know they often make out that they are anxious to debate, but whether this claim is or is not true, depends upon circumstances. They will usually debate if they think there is a strong probability of victory for them. However, the reader will remember that they have but few opportunities for victories, for indeed it is a very weak man who, after ordinary preparation, is not more than a match for a man who can sincerely believe in Mormonism, or who, for other reasons, will claim to believe it. If it does not, in many instances,

depend upon the man whom the Mormon is to meet in debate, why are Elders Whitaker and Callis so curious to know who is to conduct our side of the debate in case we are to have one? Of course we are not expecting any debate now, unless we can provoke said elders to be manly enough to do or have done just what Elder Whitaker promised us. If I were one of the Mormon converts, living in this community, they would have to come up to their obligations, or I should think that they had fallen from their exalted position. But not being one of that number, we can say it is nothing new under the sun.

Unless we are mistaken, Elder Callis has been in Atlanta within the past month. His conference with Elder Whitaker, so far as we know, hindered rather than helped toward having the proposed debate at this place. You know when one Mormon is called upon to debate, and it looks like certain defeat to him, he claims that he is very anxious to debate, but those "higher up" will not allow him to do so. Who ever read of the Apostle Paul being under obligations to wait for permission from some other man before he could discuss an important subject publicly?

It seems that they will not debate here. If they will not debate here, they will not do what he promised, and if they will not do what he promised, – they are not qualified to lead here.

Mr. Editor, please let us know if you have as many calls for extra copies this time as you had for those of a recent issue. This shall have attached to it as many names as the Book of Mormon had in the way of original witnesses – three.

S. R. Pope
E. S. C. Webb
W. H. Mizelle

SERIES OF LECTURES ON MORMONISM

Doubtless the readers of The Tribune are anxious to know more about the debate on Mormonism that is scheduled to come off at this place, beginning on the night of the 26th of this month.

Ordinary Eaves has granted the use of the court house for this occasion, and everything is in readiness except some one to defend Mormonism.

I have written Mr. Chas. A. Callis, president of the Southern States Missions, who is at the head of the Mormon Church in the south, asking him to be present or have someone to defend the doctrine that he and his elders are preaching. At the same time I also wrote Mr. M. Homer Whitaker, presiding elder of the Mormon church, the same thing, but as yet I have no reply. However, their presence nor absence will prevent Mr. S. H. Hall from giving a thorough exposition of the falsity of their teachings.

Mr. Hall is a graduate of David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tennessee, and one of the ablest Bible scholars in the country, and the

people who hear him will be well repaid for the time spent in listening to him.

Remember the time and place. At the court house in Buchanan, Ga., beginning November 26, at 7 o'clock, p.m.

Very respectfully
S. R. Pope.

SLEDGE HAMMER BLOWS PULVERIZE MORMONISM

Mr. S. H. Hall, of Atlanta, as previously announced through these columns, began a series of lectures on the fallacy of Mormonism at the courthouse here on last Monday night. Mr. Hall handles Mormonism with gloves off, and at the same time showing to his hearers that he has given the subject much serious thought and study.

Notwithstanding repeated invitations given followers of this creed to meet and debate with Mr. Hall on the question of Mormonism, the leaders of this dangerous and damnable doctrine are very conspicuous by their absence. Splendid crowds have greeted the speaker at each service.

Mr. Hall will close this series of lectures tonight, and he will leave tomorrow for his home in Atlanta, carrying with him the hearty approval of our people for the manly, zealous and fearless manner in which he laid bare the dangerous doctrine of Joe Smith.

A DEBATE-IF YOU CALL IT SUCH-FINALLY WAS HELD

March the 4, 1912, I began a discussion with William C. Stalworthy, at what was known as the Brandon Community, named for the leading Mormon in that section. This was out some miles from Buchanan, and it came about this way. There was a Mormon colony, I presume you would call it. Brandon had a large farm, a number of families lived on his farm, among the number one of our sisters who lived with her son who worked for Mr. Brandon. They had a Mormon church there.

There was being conducted a debating society on Saturday evenings by the young men in the local school. The Mormon elders, and along with others interested in that school, attended. It led to Mr. Stalworthy's suggesting on Saturday night that some one meet him the following Saturday night, March the 4, 1912 in discussing Mormonism. He would affirm the Book of Mormon was given by inspiration and Joseph Smith was an inspired prophet if he could get some one to deny. A local Baptist preacher, farmer by trade, but who preached for the country churches in that section, arose and accepted the challenge, so it was announced that the debate would begin. And it turned out just as indicated by Brother Pope and others, that the Mormons will debate if they have reason to believe they have a weak man.

This Baptist minister was an honorable man and well liked. His courage and conviction was appreciated. But others interested in the debate, felt it would be a mistake to run the risk of the Mormons putting over what they might claim as a victory, by sizing this preacher up in these school discussions as a man that Mr. Stalworthy could easily handle. The Mormon elders entered into these school discussions when nothing was thought or said about any question except those questions of history, etc., taught right there in that school.

So soon as Brother Pope and others in Buchanan learned of this arrangements, Pope was instructed to call me, over the phone, at once and ask if I would come and take this minister's place. My answer was — Go and have a heart to heart talk with this Baptist minister and find out if it is perfectly agreeable with him to take his place in the debate, provided I arrange to be there, without any announcements whatever about it, and when the time came for the debate to open, for him to arise and suggest that S. H. Hall, of Atlanta, is here and I am asking to take my place in the discussion. Too, it was also suggested that he was to have nothing whatever to do with the discussion after I got into it, since they lay claim to the miraculous or mysterious operation of the Spirit in conversion, and that I wanted no one to be considered my colleague who believed in such, that the miraculous operation of the Spirit might come up in the debate, and that he could not help me. He agreed, gladly, to turn the whole thing into my hands if I would be there, and there I was, the Lord helping me.

Now I do not feel that it is necessary to give a full report, but simply the high points to show still further that the Mormons do not want to defend their doctrine, and will not try if they can keep out of it, and they usually succeed in keeping out.

It is well to state that the school house was almost packed full. All parties were present, and when the time came to open my friend arose in a very modest quiet way and stated — "S. H. Hall, of Atlanta is here, and I am asking him to take my place." And he definitely withdrew and threw it into my hands. Of course, as I expected, the two Mormon elders present objected and said it was all off, that Mr. Stalworthy came there to debate this Baptist preacher, and since he would not debate, there would be no debate. This was discussed pro and con for some eight or ten minutes, and I arose and stated to Mr. Stalworthy that I was there to expose Mormonism, and since he would not take the lead and affirm, that I suggested that he let me take the lead in my expose of Mormonism and he would follow, my using 30 minutes in the opening speech and he follow in the same length of time, then I give a 20 minutes address and he to follow with 30, then I would close the discussion with ten minutes and announcements. To this he agreed, and the debate was on. He did not use all of his time in either his first reply or the second.

Fortunately, I had a copy of the first book of the translation that they claim was made of the Nephite records. Then I had the revision which contained the corrections made of the mistakes found in the first

translation, which run into the hundreds. I had read the book through and had noted every-point-practically where the Book of Mormon contradicted or disagreed with our Bible. So in the very opening remarks, I held the two books—Our Bible and the Book of Mormon up, and stated —"We both agree that this book, our Bible was given to us by Jehovah, that it was written by inspired men, but we do not agree as to the Book of Mormon. He says God gave the Mormons this book, and it was given by inspiration. This I deny. This is the difference exactly that stands between us. But I am affirming, in the very beginning, if God had our Bible written, Satan had this Book of Mormon written, for they flatly contradict each other, and proceeded to point these contradictions out. In behalf of Mr. Stalworthy, let me say he was born into the arms and bosom of a Mormon mother, into the home of a Mormon father, and he most sincerely believed they are right. But he was densely ignorant of many facts about their doctrine and history. So he accused me of having a book there that I called a Mormon Bible that was a forgery. He got into deep water on several other points on Mormon history. He had quite a lot to say about this first translation I had introduced not being a true Mormon Bible. Of course, when I read from their own books how that first translation was made, a ten year old child could see that there should not have been one mistake found in it. But the very book he held in his hand was a copy that uninspired men had made and removed all of the mistakes in English that was so flagrantly slaughtered in the first.

But the news came to us early Sunday morning that followed — I preached at the church in Buchahn at 11 a.m. that Sunday — that the Mormon were there after midnight trying to get Callis to come and take care of the situation. However, we met for two hours that Sunday afternoon and that night. But early Monday morning, Mr. Stalworthy, with a committee, came to the home where I was stopping, and he did the speaking. In substance he said — "You are a trained debater and I am not. I confess I am not your equal in debate, and I do not want the cause of Mormonism in this community to suffer because of my weakness — I confess you have me defeated, but not because of the weakness of our position, but because of your strength as a debater and my weakness — Will you agree to let Elder Callis, of Chattanooga, take my place if we can get him here." My answer was — "Most assuredly, but he must step into your shoes when he gets here and take this discussion up where he finds it." They wanted to close the discussion until they got Callis there, but I told them I was there to expose Mormonism and this I was determined to do, that the meeting would begin that night at the usual hour.

Right in the midst of my first speech Monday night, some woman screamed and exclaimed, "They are burning our church house down." There was quite a stir at this point, and I looked out of one of the windows, and sure enough, it was enveloped in flames. They, of course, were crying out that some of their enemies had done this. But the thought struck me like a flash of lightening, that the Mormons themselves had set it a fire to stop the debate, that they would rather lose

their house than their doctrine. So I asked every one to keep quiet for a few moments and related their trying to get me to stop the debate, and condemned in as strong terms as I could the man or men who did it, and that I would give as much as any man to find the guilty parties. But I stated again – "My friend Stalworthy, and all your members – of all people, you are the ones to keep quiet and stop crying out persecution, until you know beyond a doubt that some of your friends did not do this to get this expose stopped. Everything quieted down, and I went on with my part of the speaking and Stalworthy continued to try to disentangle himself from the embarassing predicament he had gotten himself into.

But behold Callis appeared on the scene Tuesday. He came to the school house a little before time for the meeting to begin, and was exceedingly suave, and took me to one side and said in substance something like this – "Now, Mr. Hall the community is all worked up, and I suggest that you and I both make short talks on love, and bring this to a close." My answer was – "Callis, I am here exposing Mormonism, a thing we have tried hard to get you to defend; you say what you please when your time comes, but I am continuing my part of the program." But his answer was, "He was not debating, and I should join him in closing it."

I felt quite sure when I got through with him, that he would think that he had to debate some. So, in my first speech, after Callis got there, I carefully recapitulated, bringing out in bold relief, the exact positions Stalworthy had taken and my former declaration in reference thereto; so when I closed, Callis jumped up and said," I will have to debate a little." But it was a God's send that he came, for the very things that I had driven home to the audience about my having the very translation that Smith claimed was made with the stone, and the only stone, that would enable any one to make the translation, a book that Stalworthy claimed was a forgery, and other things like that, Callis had to admit I was correct. That was one of the great helps Callis' coming brought to our side.

But the debate, he said had to close; he wanted to debate the question with me at Buchanan, to which I at once agreed. He asked, "When will it begin?" My answer was "Tomorrow night." His reply was that this was impossible, as he had other matters that had to be attended to in Chattanooga, so it would have to be later. To which I stated – "Since you have suggested the debate at Buchanan, will you now sign a proposition agreeing to affirm Joe Smith was an Inspired prophet of God and the Book of Mormon came by inspiration. To this he agreed. So propositions were hurriedly written and signed by both of us, and the announcement made that we would agree on the time and make announcements later. The propositions were worded as follows-

1. Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God and the Book of Mormon a Divine Production." Callis affirms, S. H. Hall denies.

2. The Church of Christ, of which I, S. H. Hall, am a member, is in organization, and doctrine and practice, the Church Christ established.

But that is the last I have heard of Callis. I wrote a number of letters, but not a word could I get out of him.

Some one may ask—Why put all of this in your book? Well, I am giving a story of my life, and this is in it, besides I want to show how the strongest men among the Mormons dread a debate.

Just this year, an effort was made to get the Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints into a debate, and it turned out the same way.

Chapter XIII

THE WORK AT DASHER, GEORGIA

First – When I began to visit Dasher for revivals it was the custom then to have no evening services. They met in the forenoon for preaching, then had a couple hours dismissal for dinner which was spread on tables provided for the purpose. This was followed by an afternoon service, then we all went home. I conducted two revivals for them when this was the custom, and conducted the first revival after they had abandoned this custom and had night services.

Second – My preaching, and that of others, led them to the conclusion that the Church of Christ should control the education of our children, and this led them to the establishment of what was known as The Dasher Bible School. They made arrangements with the county to use some of the county funds based on the number of students they had in the Dasher community. All the teachers were members of the Church of Christ, mostly from their own community. The Bible was taught to all the students. But due to the election of a county superintendent, prejudiced against them, the county funds were taken from them and they were left on their own. The county even built a building in their immediate location. This staggered them at first, and it was difficult for them to continue with the school. Brother J. P. Prevatt, and others, made great sacrifices to stay with them and to keep the school going. They were finally without a man to head the school, and this is where I stepped in and did my best for them.

Third – I took the matter up with Brother E. H. Ijams who was then president of David Lipscomb College, and suggested that he release Brother Irvin Lee, who was then his secretary, and let him see what he could do in helping to carry on the work. He was the man for the place, and at extreme sacrifices, which we all had to make at this time, he put new life into the work, and success we began to see as never before. Brother Lee turned out to be specially adapted to working in a school of this kind, and after he left them he helped to start such a school at Athens, Alabama, then one at the Old Mars Hill, location of the pleasantly remembered school which Brother Larimore established and ran for years, and they retained the name. I worked tirelessly with Brother Lee while at Dasher helping him every way I could in securing students and raising funds.

Fourth – Brother Lee was succeeded by Brother and Sister Norton, graduates of David Lipscomb College. They did a fine work. But funds for better buildings were sorely needed, so I appealed to Brother A. M. Burton and obtained some $5,000.00 to be used in building a boys' dormitory, named the Burton Building. The girls' building was destroyed by fire, and Sister Burton stepped in and enabled them to build a fireproof building for the girls.

Fifth – After Brother and Sister Norton left us, with the help of Brother Ijams, I succeeded in getting his very close friend, Brother Lacy Elrod and wife, to take the work, which they did, and perhaps, Brother Elrod raised more money for the school than any of those who were there before him. But his death took him from them.

It should be said that after Brother Norton left them I succeeded in getting Brother Douglas McPherson, then the regular minister of Moreland Avenue in Atlanta, to join our forces. He did a wonderful work, but due to his health and the fact Moreland Avenue would not longer continue without him, he returned to Atlanta, and resumed his work at Moreland Avenue. See Chapter dedicated to Brother McPherson and wife.

A letter from Brother Lee after he got on the grounds and my reply:

"Valdosta, Georgia,
Route #4,
Sept. 2, 1936.

"Bro. S. H. Hall,
Noelton Lane,
Nashville, Tennessee.

"Dear Bro. Hall:

"We are now in Dasher and we are ready to work for the growth of the school and of the church. It is evident that the school has a long way to go before it becomes a large standard school, but we are going to do our best in that direction.

"Our work in Kentucky is about over. You probably noticed a report in the last Advocate of some of our work. There have been thirteen meetings besides the four regular meetings. Two of the thirteen were in tents, school houses, etc. A. D. Behel worked four weeks in meeting work. Edwin Norten preached for five weeks. Howard Horten lead singing for four weeks. Earl Smith lead singing for four weeks. Adolphus preached for two weeks. I have not included the regular meetings in this. I did the rest of the preaching work.

"A contribution of $105 has been given to be divided among the four boys who worked with me (not including Adolphus Rollings). How much more does Russell Street congregation plan to give? We would like to know as soon as possible so the boys could know what to depend on for school.

"I plan to let you hear from us sometime during the year for you are interested in the work. We are not going to be able to have a standard school until at least thirty-two more high school students are found than were found last year. We must also have more plant and equipment. We are asking for your prayers and support.

"A Brother in Christ,
(signed) Irven Lee."

"September 23, 1936

"My dear Brother Lee:

"Yours of the 2nd inst. duly received and I rejoice that you are there with those good people.

"I would suggest that you go slow with the Bible School work, by which I mean not to force those brethren in biting off more than they can chew, if you will excuse that expression. I believe you can push that work on until you can get a nice number of boarding students who can pay. Especially this should be true of prospective young preachers. Let them do their high school work there and then come on to D. L. C. Let your progress in the Bible School work be slow and sure.

"I cannot now say how much more Russell Street intended to put in that Kentucky work. Our hands are full and a number of new boys are now on our hands. What boys are now in D. L. C. who were with you in that work and need the help most? Let me know of the progress of the work there.

"Always yours,
(signed) S. H. Hall."

In a letter from Brother O. P. Copeland, who for years was president of the board of directors and elder of the church at Dasher, in answer to my request that a statement from him would be appreciated, he had the following to say:

"R 2, Valdosta, Ga.,
3-26-53.

"Dear Bro. Hall:

"You may be sure of at least one thing — the Board of Trustees of the Georgia Christian Institute, formerly Dasher Bible School, will long remember your going to bat for us when we badly needed a good pinch hitter. That you delivered, is a matter of history too well known to be denied — or forgotten. We shall ever appreciate your efforts in securing capable personnel as well as financial aid when our need was great.

"I assure you of our sincere appreciation for timely and able assistance at critical times in the history of our School at Dasher.

"There is much more that could be said about Brother Hall's help in behalf of our school and the church work in every way, in these parts, but this much we want to have a place in "The Story of His Life's Work." Those who have loved and sacrificed for Christian Education could not easily forget Brother Hall's sacrifices and efforts in our behalf.

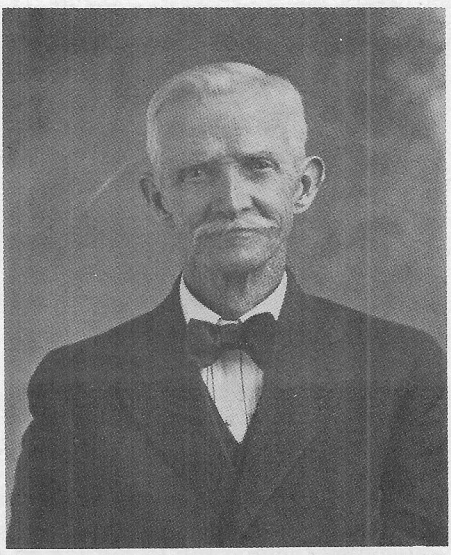
"Most sincerely,
(signed) O. P. Copeland."

Chapter XIV

FLAVIL HALL'S AND MY WORK TOGETHER IN THE SONG-BOOK BUSINESS

(Rockmart, Georgia)

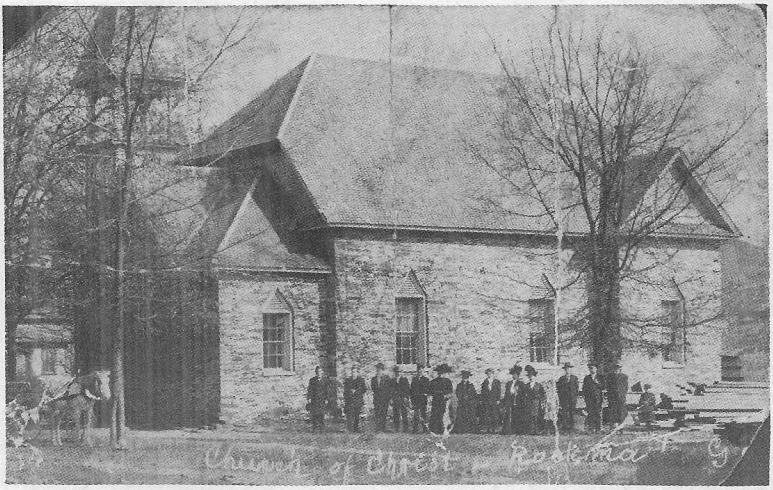
We are giving the picture here of one of the most immovable men I have ever met; namely, Brother Hugh M. McRae, deceased, of Rockmart, Georgia. He stood like a stone wall against all the doctrines and devices of men, and stood for the whole truth on how to be saved. It is not amiss to say that he was an ardent supporter of the Firm Foundation and, as a rule, read every word in it. If he had a weakness, and we all have our peculiar weaknesses, it was in not being able to be as tactful as he should have been. Perhaps Colossians 4:5,6 had never gotten a hold on his heart. How complete God's word makes us when we take it all into our hearts. He stood alone in his community, fighting sectarian error and pleading for an absolute return to New Testament christianity. He was a merchant, and in front of his store, right in the heart of Rockmart, there stood a blackboard and from it daily he preached the gospel. Not that he stood out there daily, but the errors of the denominations he exposed, putting on the board a statement of their errors and just below the plain-as-day statements from the Bible. That much truth got into the hearts of the people from his efforts, I have not a doubt!



H. M. McRae, Rockmart, Georgia.

But the most of the town was against him, even the members of his own family were very liberal in their views. "But how did you get into that congregation?" is a question that comes up in your mind.

Now, I go back to the lamented Flavil Hall. I cannot say too much about him. That he was a good man, goes without saying. Too, from the bottom of his heart he longed to be true to the Book. When I went to Atlanta, since the music question, to me, was the most difficult to get the rank and file of men to take, I prayed much over how I would handle that question in my work when the whole city was on the other side — every church in the city used it, with the exception of the Hardshell



Church of Christ, Rockmart, Georgia.

Baptist, and there were but few there, and they were of little influence in the religious thinking of the city. So, knowing that Flavil Hall lived in North Georgia, and that he and I were the only two full-time preachers in the state, and that he was a lover and writer of vocal music, I decided to *tie* in with him and see what we could do together. I had met him in 1902 at the Nashville Bible School which was my first year there and the only year Brother Flavil was there. I came to love him very much. It is well to say that we are no kin, so far as we knew, from a fleshly standpoint. He was born and reared in what is known as Hall's Valley in Chattooga County, Georgia. It is correct to say that he was brought up in the rough. He got no encouragement from our people in his music writing — the most of his songs were used in Vaughn's books, a Methodist song writer. I thought it the best time for me to help him, and at the same time, help the work I wanted to do in Atlanta. So I wrote him and asked that he collect some three or four hundred songs with the idea of expressing in song the *full* gospel of Christ; and then come to Atlanta and we would compile a book to be used in our work. This he did, and in this first effort of ours, *"The Gospel Message in Song"* was born into the world. That it, to a large degree, solved the music problem for us in my Atlanta work goes without saying. We have already said something about this in another chapter.

Too, I am going to take the liberty to say that it put G. H. P. Showalter into song-book business. Brother Showalter, at that time, did not have a book, but the Gospel Advocate had several. So Flavil took it up with Brother Showalter and got him to let us, in the very first edition, bring out Firm Foundation's edition — and how Showalter did sell that book! We could not keep him supplied, therefore he went into the song-book business, and we lost a most valuable customer.

"Well," you ask, *"What has all this to do with Rockmart?"* McRae

and Flavil were strong friends, and Brother McRae had talked to Flavil about conditions there. Flavil told him about our efforts to bring out a song book, and asked if he thought he could get the use of the church house there for us to hold a short meeting while compiling the book. Brother McRae had control of the use of the house, so we went in for this short meeting and to finish the compilation of The Gospel Message in Song.

Now, I want to get in here just a few thoughts to all our young preachers and a lesson that I did my best to plant in the heart of every young preacher whom I have helped to get into the ministry. It is found in Colossians 4:5,6, and we give the quotation in full, "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time." (That is, not letting the opportunity get away from you, but seize it with the whole heart and use it as verse 6 says.) "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." What glorious teaching! The whole secret of what little I have accomplished grows out of my having gotten this lesson in my soul at the very beginning. Oh, how careful we need to be in everything we say! Remember James said, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." (James 3:2) It makes my soul sick when I think of how many souls have been lost just because a word which should never have been spoken was used in our efforts to win souls to Christ. In the Arcadia congregation we are making a desperate effort right now to get every member, from the youngest boy and girl to the oldest we have, to become a *soul winner* by using Volume I of Scripture Studies in getting some close friend just to read it through with them, remembering to guard every word that is spoken by way of comment.

Will we succeed? How we need to remember Proverbs 25:11, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Glorious success has already been attained, but higher heights are still above us, and we have our eyes on the very top where our Lord is always found as a *soul winner*. God help us, is my prayer.

"But exemplify the thought you have on your heart?" someone asks. Here it is. All that congregation, except Brother McRae, stood for the liberal views – they had many things in their worship which should have been left out, and Brother McRae stood alone. The women of the church resented Brother McRae's letting us have the house, so it was a question as to where Brother Flavil and I would stay. Brother Roberts, a partner of Brother McRae's in the store, took Brother Flavil into his home, and I stayed in the McRae home, not because Sister McRae wanted me, but because McRae controlled his own home.

Sister McRae was in bed, claiming she was unable to attend church. I noticed a dearth of women in attendance. Of course, I thought Sister McRae was too sick to be up. What else could I think? But I made it a rule, every morning, after the morning cleaning up was over and we had had breakfast, to quietly go in and ask how she was feeling, and would sit by the bed and talk to her about our meeting, as though she

were one of the *most* interested. After our day services, I would go into her room and report about the meeting. I got the impression — and was not long about it — that she was, to a very large degree, not as sick as she would have us think. And I always took her by the hand, as I left the bedside, to have a short prayer for her and also for our meeting.

In about two days she dressed herself and stated, "Brother Hall, I am going with you to the services today." How thankful I was! At the close of that service (our day services came at 2:30 in the afternoon), she stated, "Would you mind walking with me over to see Sister Beasley? — she is one of our best members." "Delighted," was my reply. We had a very pleasant visit with Sister Beasley, and our conversation drifted into the restoration of primitive christianity. Our stay was longer than intended. When we started back to the McRae home, Sister Beasley, whose husband was also a member of the church, the mayor of the town and president of one of the banks, walked with us back to the McRae home. When church time came Mrs. Beasley went with us. She was a woman who had some wit and humor about her, and at the close of the service she approached me at the door of the church, Sister McRae and others standing close by, and pointed her finger in my face and said, "You are a pretty nice thing, claiming to be a preacher, and out getting people to lie!" The statement shocked me for the moment, but I did not stay shocked long. She then told the whole story as to what she meant. All the sisters had a meeting and agreed they would not put their foot in the house while Flavil and I were there, and, "Here," she said, after telling the story, "you got Sister McRae to lie, and now I am in the same boat with her." My answer was, "I am now commissioning you two good women who are honest enough to confess a fault to get out and get all the other women into this kind of lying business, if you call it lying." It is enough to say that not one member, when our meeting closed, was for the innovations which they had introduced into their worship, except one family that lived in the country, and due to sickness, did not attend. However, this family soon fell in line, and that church has been right ever since. It is a congregation, the soundness of which, is beyond question, and today at this writing, their local preacher is our elderly James A. Laird, and he has proven to be one of our best builders.

There can be no doubt that Flavil and I being there for the purpose of finishing the compilation of our first song book had much to do in our success. For it diverted the minds of the people, to a degree, from a revival to the idea of getting out a book which taught the *gospel in song* as fully as we teach it in *sermon*. Comments were made on some of the songs, and naturally, the idea got into the minds of the people that we must be as careful about the *wording* of the songs, the *teaching* and *exhortation* required in the songs, being as sound as our sermons are supposed to be. "*The Gospel Message in Song,*" the idea of teaching the gospel fully in song as we do in our sermons brought this book into existence, and it has done much good. This led me, who am not a song writer, to word one of the first songs I ever wrote, and Flavil put it to music. I had tried to get before the West End Avenue Congregation in

Atlanta that when we meet on Lord's Day morning that it is for the purpose of conducting a *memorial service* to our Lord, and that none of the items of worship should be forgotten or left out. One Lord's Day morning while I was sitting at my desk in my study and looking out over the eastern hill I saw the face of the sun smiling on us. It was a most beautiful scene. So I picked up my pen, took a sheet of paper, and wrote the words in the song that follows. Please read it thoughtfully:

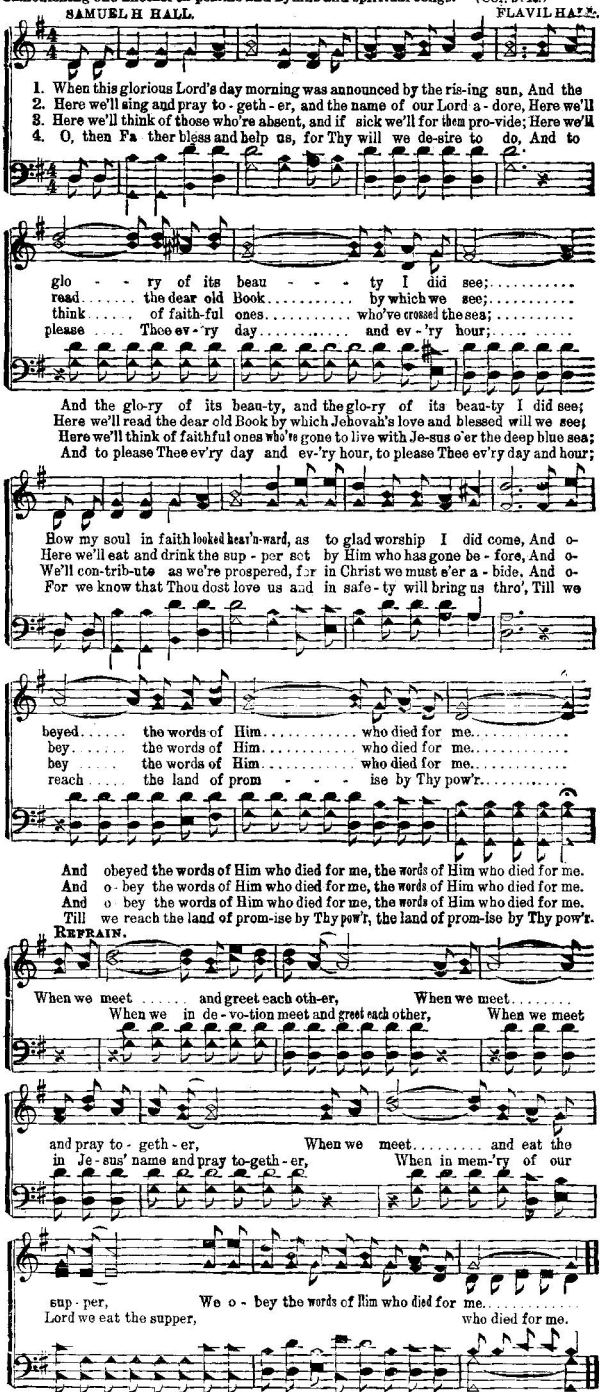
A most amusing incident took place when I was debating with Parmalee, the Adventist from Florida, at the West End Avenue house of worship. Our singers of course were there, but I had asked Brother Bearden not to use this song too early in the meetings. The Adventist were there and they were good singers. They joined in heartily in the singing of the old songs which everyone knew. When Bearden announced No. 55 in our book they turned to it and opened up in a big way. But they had not gotten very far into the singing until they saw that the words were out of harmony with the teaching of the Adventist, and the way this one stopped singing, then that one, and I think they all stopped, was amusing. But don't think for a moment that they left too few to sing it effectively. Our singers knew how to sing *The Gospel in Song,* and they enjoyed it.

There is another song in our first book which should be mentioned. Flavil found a song which was worded so much in harmony with the thought in our book that he wanted to use it. But there were one or two phrases in it which he wanted to change, so wrote the author in whose name the song was copyrighted for permission to use it with the suggested changes. His answer was, "What I have written is written – if you want to use the song as it is written, all right, but no changes can be made." This worried Flavil because the song was so nearly what he wanted to say about the Bible. I retired and left him worrying about it – at least I presumed he was. The next morning before breakfast he called me into his room, and said, "Sing this with me," and here is that song entitled, "The Grand Old Book":

After singing it with him, I asked, "Where did you get it?" He stated, "I have not slept a wink – I was determined to have the song I wanted, so sat up and wrote these words and put music to them." What a heart Flavil Hall had that yearned for the truth! That he kept a heart which had a good conscience before God and man cannot be doubted. If you did something that he thought was not exactly *just* and *right* toward another, it distressed him, and it seemed that he had to say or write something about it. This led him to be misunderstood by many. For sometimes one who was in error would be treated, as he thought, unjustly, and he would have something to say about it, which led to his being accused of believing, wholeheartedly, the errors of others. But this is enough to say about Flavil Hall. I loved him, and will ever remember the good he did in helping me to get *song's place* in the heart of the members in Atlanta in the early days of our work. Working all night to get The Grand Old Book expressed in word and music, led him naturally to say – "Brother Kurfee's two songs now must go in entitled, How Blest the Day" and "Let Party Names," songs that plead for Christian unity and the laying down of all party names. Here are the songs:

No. 55. When We Meet To Worship

"And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread." (Acts 20:7; see also Acts 2 42.) "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." (1 Cor. 16:1, 2.) "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." (Col. 3:16.)



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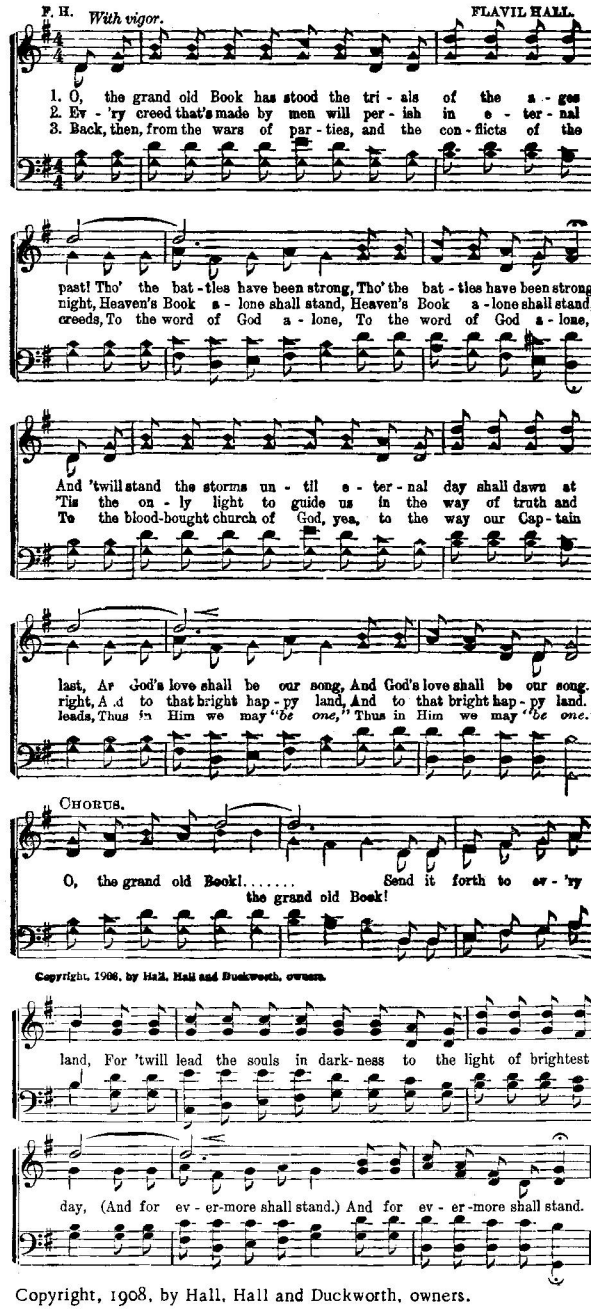
No. 77. O, THE GRAND OLD BOOK!



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Chapter XV

LEAVING ATLANTA FOR CALIFORNIA

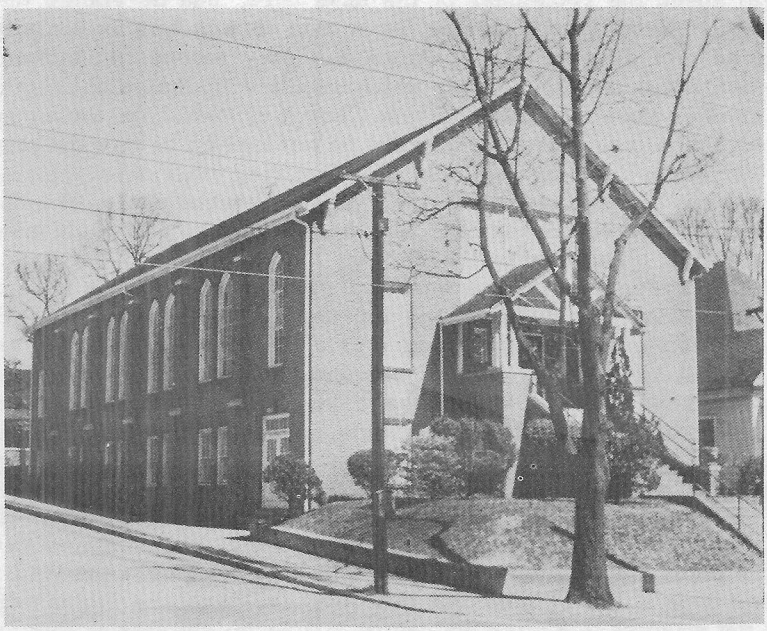
Due to an ear infection of our son, Phil, the doctors advised us to move to a climate not too far removed from the ocean. They thought that with the salt air and Phil's youth, he would outgrow the trouble. Michael Sanders, a very successful business man, had come to California to spend the remainder of his days here, and he visited the old Nashville Bible School looking for a man to join him in his efforts. Here he met Brother G. W. Riggs and they reached an agreement. Brother Riggs was soon here, which resulted in the establishment of what now is known as Sichel Street Church of Christ on the corner of Sichel and Altura Streets. It would be interesting to give the story of Brother Riggs' life, with his faithful wife during those days of struggle. Many times he slept under his tent when out undertaking to get a church started at different places, and did this because no one would open the door of their homes and invite him in.

Brother Riggs had been here for eighteen years. He never was promised more than $100.00 a month, and half the time did not get this amount, and worked at a store as a grocery clerk and delivery boy to supplement his support. He and his elders decided that he should have help and due to the fact that they had kept up with the progress of the work in Atlanta, Georgia, he wrote me and let me know that they were looking for help and that he had recommended me to them. To a degree, I was under obligations to Brother Hart to move to Miami. But, everyone boosted the climate in Southern California as being better for our son. So, in the fall of 1919 I made my first visit to Los Angeles to conduct a short meeting and look the field over. I was impressed very favorably with the climate and left Brother Riggs and his associates with the promise that after my return to Atlanta, and talking the matter over with my elders there, and especially with Mrs. Hall and Phil, I would let them know. The decision was in favor of the move. So, in the early part of September 1920, I began work with the Sichel Street congregation and they gave Brother Riggs a six months leave of absence since he had labored here for eighteen years without a leave of absence. We, perhaps, passed each other as we were coming west and he was going east.

BROTHER H. CLYDE HALE'S WORK AT WEST END AVENUE

After Brother Goodpasture worked with this congregation for seven and a half years, he took a work at Florence, Alabama. We lived then at Russell Street. Brother Harwell took the train and came to Nashville

for a conference with me about Brother Goodpastures' successor. It was not an easy job, by any means, to find a man we thought would meet the needs. However, Brother Hale had just graduated from David Lipscomb College and taken unto himself as life's companion, Christine Ward, one of the best. I knew nothing better to do than to insist that they take the work. This they did and remained there for more than sixteen years, moved the congregation out of the little house on West End Avenue to the house that now stands on the corner of Gordon and Hopkins Streets in the house you see below, valued at some $60,000.00. More about Hale will be given in another chapter.



The $60,000.00 house that H C. Hale succeeded in getting for a church known as "West End," the successor of "West End Avenue."

FINDING A MAN TO SUCCEED ME

Think as you please, but believe me when I say that it was not easy to pull up from the work in Atlanta where we had labored fourteen years, where nearly every member came into the church under my labors, and where we had two more growing congregations, also quite a number of congregations started all the way from North Georgia to Savannah, Georgia. I say to leave such circumstances and move to an unknown field to us was not easy! It required days of earnest praying and looking around for someone to step in and take up where I left off.

Some one is ready to ask, "Why leave?" Purely for health reasons we left under the advice of our doctors. Florida or Los Angeles was before us. A brother Hart whose home was in Detroit but who had a winter home at Miami, Florida, wanted us to move to Miami and work with the only congregation they had there at that time which was not able to give a minister full support. He offered us $100.00 per month to supplement what the church was able to pay us so long as we lived there, if we would take that work. Brother Gideon Riggs with whom I was in school at the old Nashville Bible School out on South Spruce Street in Nashville, Tennessee, had been living here in Los Angeles about eighteen years with practically no let up in his work and laboring under discouraging circumstances, so far as the growth of the church was concerned. He suggested to his elders that they see if they could get us to move out. This was done, and after a three-weeks' stay out here in a revival, the move was made. But the problem of someone stepping in at Atlanta and holding well what we had gained was not an easy problem solved.

However, my mind was concentrating on B. C. Goodpasture, but the one thing that almost forced me not to approach him was the fact that he had been at the Gospel Advocate office only a short while as Circulation Manager of this grand old paper. How could he turn loose there and take the work at Atlanta? Finally he was approached and I thought I had facts enough to convince him that at the present he should not assume such responsibilities, but should cut loose from the paper and take the Atlanta work. So he did, and today if he should be asked the question, "What move in your life do you think contributed most to your success in life?" I would have to suggest to him that in my estimation it was his move to Atlanta. He took the work at West End Avenue and remained with it seven years. The last year he was there he conducted a revival at West End Avenue which resulted in more than a hundred additions. He then left Atlanta for an urgent call to Florence, Alabama, but he could not stay. His friends made him return to Atlanta and take the work at Seminole Avenue, a place in one of the best residential sections where it had been agreed upon to start a new congregation. This he did and remained with it some eleven years. The congregation outgrew its building and this resulted in the building of the Druid Hill church house, one of the best to be found in the state of Georgia.

Strange to say — he is now back at the Advocate Office, where I found him, and doing one of the best pieces of work he has ever done in his life. Tell me not that God does not direct things for us in his own way, and makes all our moves be for the best. I cannot say what the move to Los Angeles meant to us and the cause of Christ. But not for a moment would I change my course if I had the road to travel again.

I am asking Brother Goodpasture to say a few words about his move to Atlanta — what he found and how he enjoyed the work:

We — my wife and I — began our work with the West End Avenue church in Atlanta on the first Sunday in August, 1920. The membership

of the congregation was about four hundred at that time. Brother Hall left me a confidential list of the membership. It was "confidential" in that he gave helpful comments on certain of the members who *needed* to be "commented on." After laboring seven years with this faithful congregation, I would not have changed a single comment that he had made. The list was most helpful.

Frequently, I have said during the years that no one knew better than I the tremendous work — hard pioneer work — that Brother Hall did not only in Atlanta but throughout Georgia. He was at once an easy and a difficult man to follow. Easy in that he had done a fine work in teaching the congregation to be faithful, active, and cooperative; but difficult in that he had set a rapid pace in the great amount of work he did. His name and that of this faithful wife have been household words among the saints in the Gate City of the South for a half century. Many ransomed souls from Georgia will be their joy and crown in the day of Christ.

The eighteen years spent in Atlanta have been an asset to me in all the work that I have tried to do since I left Georgia. I think that some of the best lessons of my life were learned in Atlanta. Certainly I can understand better the problems that beset those who labor in new fields by reason of those years spent in the Empire State of the South. I can sympathize more deeply with those who fight out on the front lines in defense of the faith. I will always be grateful to Brother Hall for influencing me to go to Atlanta, as well as for many other things.

B. C. Goodpasture

THE CONDITION OF THINGS AS I FOUND THEM AT SICHEL STREET

The Sichel Street congregation had a modest frame building in which to worship, which with the use of some chairs, would seat about three hundred people. This congregation had never had a full house, approximately one hundred and fifty members at this time. They had never paid Brother Riggs an average of $100.00 a month, had promised it, but half the time failed. The question about what they were to pay the new preacher and continue to help support Brother Riggs was discussed, and the decision was to give each of us $150.00 a month and pay for our freight on some furniture we sent out. But some of the best members they had thought it an impossibility. No need of giving details here, but I soon found after getting here that one of the elders was strongly opposed to it, not that he did not want Riggs to have help, but stated that in less than six months we would be homesick and disheartened and would want to return to Atlanta, and they would not have the money to send us back. Brother Riggs, while on his leave of absence, was to pay all of his expenses from what he received and, if there was any residue, it was to be placed in the treasury. I had arranged some revivals for Brother Riggs back east to help him on this.

It is well to state, that in a month or so we were homesick, and so homesick I felt that I would die if I did not get back east. We contented

ourselves with the idea that we would stay here one year, then go back to Atlanta and consider that I was on a vacation from a work that nearly sapped my life out. The fourteen years in Atlanta, taking a work and building it up from scratch, with only $75.00 a month support at the beginning, made me feel that, with a clear conscience, I could do this. My resignation in Atlanta was not accepted, but they said they would give me a one year leave of absence and if Brother Goodpasture, who succeeded me, made good they would then accept my resignation. My phone was not discontinued during that first year.

But here I must tell on my wife. She had always tried to restrain me from overwork, but she heard the statement made by different ones that the work would fail, that the leaders had, as we sometimes express it, bitten off more than they could chew. So, on returning one day from some personal work, she laughed and was telling me of another prophet of gloom, who had just visited her, and made this startling statement, "Mr. Hall, roll up your sleeves and show them a thing or two." I laughed heartily and said, "Jennie, if we get nothing out of this more than the statement you have just made, it is worth the move — you have never said a thing like that to me before, you all along cautioned me to slow down." We both laughed heartily and our blues were all gone.

I had asked the leaders to provide a mimeograph machine and the needed material to get out my "Friendly Visitor," a little bulletin I had always used in my work. They had it ready, but we had decided to take it easy and not take on anything except that which was indispensable, viz., preach twice on Lord's Days and attend the midweek meeting, and the rest of the time sightsee, etc., and consider ourselves on a vacation. This is about what two-thirds of our located preachers do anyway — why could not I do it once? But I could not do it. It was to me like Saul's armor was to young David — *I had never worn it.*

So, the Lord's Day that followed I began somewhat as I did in Atlanta, although the effort there was cottage services in every home that would open to us, but here the little Friendly Visitor was to do the work, to a large degree. So I stated to the members — "Each of you have a pal or pals, someone who loves you dearly and yet they are not members of the church. Please give me their names and addresses, but be certain to tell them that you have done this and that you have asked me to send them the little paper and to be looking for it, read it and let you know how they like it." It is easy to see the sense in this. Those friends would look for the paper and read it because, not of what they thought of me, but what they thought of that friend. In this little paper I would give a lesson, short and as winning as I could make it, then announce the subject for Lord's Day following with a few brief statements about it that would make them exceedingly curious to know what would be said further. In this way our Lord's Day morning attendance began to grow and others expressed a desire to be on our mailing list. This is one of the secrets of our growth about which I will speak more in particular later.

Brother Riggs had never been a good hand to report his work in our

papers, so I at once began to make reports to the Firm Foundation and also the Gospel Advocate. There were members living in forty and fifty miles of the church that had never heard of it. These began to come in. And to make a long story short, in six months by the time Brother Riggs was due to return, our house filled to capacity and we had to take steps to have more seats. There was $1,200.00 balance in the treasury, in spite of the fact they had been paying $300.00 a month for preaching, had bought me a car and paid $900.00 cash for it, and the little booster sheet we were getting out cost us about $15.00 a month. Brother Riggs, when he returned, had $100.00 left after all of his expenses were paid to put into the treasury.

A good old brother by the name of Brown, who had been an elder in Missouri and was an elder here, was one of the happiest men I have ever met. One Lord's Day after services, he said to me, "Brother Hall, how did you do it?" My answer was, "I did not do it," and read to him Malachi 3:8-10 and stated, "The Lord had done it." Then I called his attention to II Corinthians, chapters eight and nine, the law of our Lord on the money question, and especially his attention was directed to verses 6-8 in chapter 9, where it says: "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound in every good work." The secret of it all was we succeeded in getting everyone to keep books with his Lord, and at the end of each week look into his income and decide how much of that week's increase should be placed in the Lord's treasury. The command is simple, "Upon the first day of the week let *every one of you* lay by him in store, as the Lord has prospered him." I Corinthians 16:2. There is not a group of brethren on earth, I care not how few the number, but that can do anything God wants done in that section, if they keep books with our Lord and place in His treasury His part of their increase. The following statement was not put in the Bible to fill space — "Honor the Lord with thy substance with the first fruits of all thy increase" — now, it says *the first fruits* of ALL THINE INCREASE — and what will the Lord do for us — "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Proverbs 3:9, 10. The great thing of importance is for us to meet the conditions — God will do the rest.

Another condition I discovered was that we had brethren here on the Pacific Coast, believing in the same God, the same Lord, and taught the law of pardon and the purity of New Testament worship exactly alike, but were divided into parties over what they called the college question. There was at the time only one other congregation in Los Angeles County of any size, and that was at Long Beach where Brother Reedy was minister. Then a little handful, so to speak, out in another section that believed in no classes, no women teachers, or as they are better known, the no sunday school group. We had some at Sichel that wanted us to have no fellowship with the Long Beach group. When they sent us announcements to make of their work, one elder opposed making them. But I managed, in some way, to keep harmony and to refer to them in

as kindly way as I knew how. Brother George Pepperdine was among the Long Beach Group and I think depended too much on Reedy's ideas in this. They all looked upon me with suspicion because I was educated in a Bible College, as they called it. I was determined to break this feeling down if I could, so set about it. Kindly and gently I moved out to this end. I cultivated Brother Pepperdine's acquaintance, but got to be with Reedy but little. I know I succeeded in making some believe that the boys from our colleges were doing as much good—and undoubtedly more — than those from the anti-college group. So after returning to Nashville, as I then thought to remain so long as my eighty year old mother lived, I kept in touch with Bro. Pepperdine. When he wired me that he was to stop off in Nashville for a short visit from New York where he went to close out a sale for the eastern division of his Western Auto Supply Stores, I dropped the thought into Brother A. M. Burton's ears that I would shift him into Burton's hands and for him to show him the churches in and around Nashville, and give as good an understanding as he could of the working of David Lipscomb College. Burton did a good job and Brother Pepperdine returned with the college bee buzzing in his ear. It was not long until he had the idea, with his millions, to establish a Bible College out here, and so he did. We, at David Lipscomb College, gave him our president in the person of Brother Batsell Baxter as the first president. But Brother Pepperdine still was not sufficiently weaned from Brother Reedy, so had to have him somewhere on the faculty, a thing Brother Baxter did not appreciate very much. Soon Reedy found his own place — he left us and is now where? Let him answer. How true it is that when we go to some extreme and cut loose from it, we are in danger of swinging to another extreme exactly opposite to the position we stand upon as God's truth. So Reedy now, I am told, is working with the Congregationalist.

So much for that. There is another interesting experience that grew out of our work at Sichel. When Brother Riggs returned from his six months leave of absence, the house was filled and we needed more room. They had a business meeting to discuss enlarging the building. When I entered into an agreement to come to Sichel, it was distinctly understood that I was to do nothing but preach and do personal work, not to have anything to do with the business affairs of the congregation. But Brother Andrews prevailed on me to attend the business meetings until Brother Riggs' return, but I had ceased to attend after his return. So it was insisted that I be called in to help them reach a decision. After putting the idea before me to enlarge the building, I stated that they had all the building they needed, that a central church should be established and made the most easily reached and found congregation in the city; their present building was sufficient for that section, it was not on a street-car line or on one of our boulevards. My suggestions were to put in two long pews that they had room for and use folding chairs, and when this did not meet our needs, to start the Central congregation. To this, all agreed and Brother Riggs and Brother Andrews and the writer were named as the lot committee, who in the meantime were to seek out the best location.

But another change, by God's providence, came into my life. It was decided that we return to Nashville to visit my eighty-year old mother, visit my brother and his family and Mrs. Hall's people at Ada, Oklahoma, and while back east, conduct a meeting for the Cowart Street church in Chattanooga. But while with my mother and my brother and his family, I found a very unhappy mother. She had been unhappy ever since we left the east and came to California — I was too far away from her. She had but two children then living, my brother and I, and she had broken up housekeeping and was living with him. It seemed that I *had* to return so long as she lived, anyway.

Just at this time the Russell Street congregation in Nashville, due to internal trouble about which I cannot speak in particular, and Brother J. C. McQuidy set about to bring me to them until their trouble was over, to say the least. He had some wonderful men as associates, such as, R. W. Comer, W. V. Davidson, E. F. Booner and J. N. Hicks, all outstanding business men of Nashville. They had me in a board meeting before I went to Chattanooga for my meeting, then on my return they had me in two business meetings just before I took the train for Amarillo, Texas, where I was to be intercepted by my wife and Phil who had remained at Ada, Okla., with the car to spend the time with Mrs. Hall's people. They were to be at the station when my train arrived Saturday afternoon. I was to preach there on Lord's Day and we were to resume our return to Los Angeles the Monday following. I almost missed my train because of the second meeting I had with the elders, and the best that I could say was, "I will wait until I get to Amarillo, and after talking it over with Mrs. Hall and our son, would wire them." The fact that my mother was so unhappy and the condition at Russell Street was so distressing, we decided to wire the elders that we would begin work with them in the spring of 1922, provided I could make satisfactory arrangements with the Sichel Street elders, but with the understanding that my work with them would continue only so long as mother lived, provided I out-lived her. By the time we reached Los Angeles, their reply accepting my terms was there awaiting us.



Central Church building, in Los Angeles.

Then the question about starting the Central congregation the first of 1922 arose, and the question — What shall we do about it? I suggested that they have a business meeting and come to their own decision, but promised to return and join their forces if I outlived my

mother. I got Brother Robert E. Wright to come out with his family, and join Brother Samuel E. Witty, who was with Brother Riggs and me in the Old Nashville Bible School in 1901 and 1902. Brother Witty then was the minister of the church in Ontario, Calif., where they were meeting in an old building used by the Salvation Army, a place that would seat about one hundred people. It was there I conducted my first revival after coming to California with some thirty-odd additions. Brother Wright and Brother Witty were to take care of the work there and also at Central, alternating by one being at Central every other Sunday and at Ontario in the same way, and in the meantime both doing personal work in behalf of both congregations.

The work at Central grew. I was out here with them sometimes as often as twice a year for a number of years, in revivals, etc. After a year or more, Brother Wright had to return to East because of the health condition of Sister Wright. And on the work grew. I think it was something like $30,000.00 I raised toward a building and lot fund. Brother Pepperdine stepped in with $5,000 and Brother Burton, as soon as I got back to Nashville and told him of our plans, gave me $1,000.00 and the balance of $4,000.00 as soon as we found the lot. I helped to fix the deed for the lot, having the necessary restrictive clauses in it.

But Witty had to give up the work and we had trouble for awhile getting a man to help. Finally I prevailed on Brother Foy E. Wallace to come to Los Angeles and conduct a revival and look the field over and see if he could not move his family out here and help push the work onward and upward. This resulted in Brother Wallace, after returning to Nashville from this revival, closing the agreement over long distance 'phone from our home with the Central leaders, to move to Los Angeles and work with Central for at least three years. This he did, and without going into details, he was a strong factor in the subsequent growth of that congregation. The only revival I ever conducted for and with Brother Wallace was for Central after they had moved from the Gamut Club to Patriotic Hall. I never enjoyed a meeting more in my life. We were going here and yonder, doing much writing, and raising money for the building after the lot was selected and paid for. Finally the building Central now has, a picture of which we let our readers see, was completed.

While all of this was being done, a move to establish a church for the Japanese people came before us. It grew out of the fact that Brother H. Ishiguro, who had graduated from Abilene Christian College, came to Nashville to further his education at Vanderbilt University and his Bible training at David Lipscomb College. He became unhappy with modernism and other things he was confronted with at Vanderbilt and came to me with his trouble. In this conversation the idea of his returning to Los Angeles and start a mission among his people developed. He was overly anxious to do this. So, as soon as I could get the elders at Russell Street together, it was decided we would pay his way back to California and see that he received $100.00 a month support for the first year, and if he made good, we would send the transportation to Japan

to bring his wife and son to America. Russell Street just agreed to give me whatever I lacked at the first of each month of having the amount raised. They never had to advance more than ten dollars for any month. And he did make good, his wife and son were brought over, and the work grew. I had the pleasure of visiting his work almost every year for a number of years and speaking to them through an interpreter, finally helped to appoint elders and deacons and started them to an independent congregation.

PROVIDENCE

I have started this section with the heading, Providence. I presume you call it this. In fact, I see providence in my life ever since I gave my whole heart to my Lord. I made regular reports of my work in the Gospel Advocate and also the Firm Foundation, and often spoke of having a prayer list on the wall of our house of worship, on which the names of our young preachers and their whereabouts were found, and the sick and aged of our congregation. A Sister Cora M. Brooks, who then lived in Boston, had kept up with my work and wrote me to let her also have our little church bulletin and to place her on our prayer list. She stated that she had a brother who had tuberculosis and moved to Texas for his health, bought a farm and died and left the farm to her, and that she had made a covenant with her Lord that if that farm ever meant anything to her, she would give a certain percent to the cause of Christ. She was put on our list and this fact was occasionally referred to when her name was called before prayer.

Imagine my joy, while in the pulpit at the West End congregation in Atlanta where I had labored fourteen years before going to California when a special delivery letter that had gone to me in Nashville and hurried on to me in Atlanta, which when I opened, I found these words:

> "Brother Hall, I have just leased my farm in Texas for $50,000.00 and I am sending you a check for $10,000.00, all of which I want you to use in your best judgment, with the exception I want $500.00 to go to Sister Sarah Andrews in Japan."

Well, as I said, you can imagine my joy. I read the letter from the pulpit and we had a prayer of thanksgiving and for God's guidance in the use of this money. We had taken an option on a home to be used by our Japanese brethren, had put up $500.00 on it, but could get it for $8,000.00 cash. I at once wrote Sister Brooks and suggested if she approved it, that we buy a home for the Japanese work with $8,000.00 of it. This was done, and a picture of the building we give our readers with some other pictures of the Japanese work. We used $500.00 of the money to get Sister Hettie Lee Ewing to Japan, who had come to Los Angeles to work with us in our Japanese work and to begin to study the language and get better acquainted with the manners and customs of

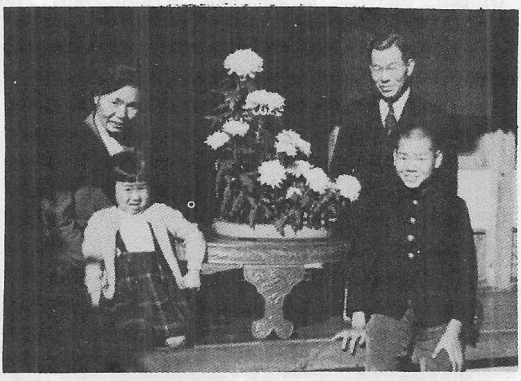
the Japanese people. She is still on the job in Japan. If I mistake not, she came recommended by that great church at Cleburne, Texas, where the one and only Otto Foster is now an elder.



House purchased with Sister Cora M. Brook money for Japanese Mission.

Well, we talk about "Compound Interest in Religion." Here it is compounded over and over. A number of the converts from this work are now in Japan—rather I should say, went to Japan after finishing their work with us, one of whom has passed on to his reward. But Brother Shigekuni and Brother Mazawa are still there on the firing line. And let it be said, from all reports, we have never had an evangelist in America that excells Brother Shigekuni. One of his daughters came to America and graduated at David Lipscomb College, just this last spring of 1954. She was sponsored by Russell Street and is now one of the teachers in the Ibaraki College in Japan. Brother Shigekuni has an uncle who is one of the elders of the West Side Church of Christ on Jefferson Blvd. in Los Angeles.

Brother Michio Nagai is the local minister, and has been for some time. A greater and more consecrated man I have never known. This church was, for a while, called "The Japanese Church of Christ," but he demurred stating, "Why call it the Japanese Church of Christ—we are under the Great Commission, to preach the gospel to all nations, to every creature. Why not call all the churches where Americans worship, "The American Churches of Christ," or words to this effect.



Brother and Sister Shigekuni and two of their six lovely children in Japan.

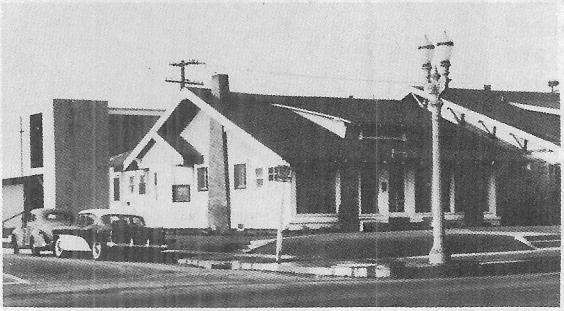
We not only give you a picture of the house we bought with Sister Brooks' money, with other pictures of this work, but give the following

financial report of this work. It is enough to say this congregation is independent, self-sustaining, and one of the best managed congregations in Los Angeles. In talking to Brother McCaleb, before he left us, I stated: "I have one objection to the work in Japan, though no one may be blamed for it, you never establish independent and self-sustaining congregations, they all seem to remain as missions. Why is this? So we began the Japanese work with the idea of establishing a congregation composed of Japanese and so developing them that they could take the work up and go on with it. This has been accomplished, by the grace of our Lord. Nagai is a graduate of Pepperdine College and is the Greek and Hebrew teacher in the Bible Department. Along with this work, he keeps his hands on the work with this local congregation, and it grows.



Our Japanese members, seekers after truth, and members of Central Church of Christ in Los Angeles.

Instead of the financial statement, we give, in the space allowed—
1. The picture of H. Ishiguro, who in 1922, suggested the idea to us at Russell Street, Nashville, Tennessee, and, as stated before, we sponsored the establishment of, what was called, The Japanese Mission.
2. We give you the picture of the cottage we bought, after selling the house we purchased with Cora M. Brooks' funds, and, to the back of it, you can see the front of the $25,000.00 brick veneered educational building. I am hoping to see soon the cottage replaced with a modern church building.



Property now owned by our Japanese Brethren, 2531 W. Jefferson Blvd., Los Angeles, California.



H. Ishiguro

STATEMENTS FROM THOSE ASSOCIATED WITH ME IN THE WORK

1. Brother Jimmie Lovell —

S. H. Hall has not spent too many of his years in Southern California but he shall always be remembered as one of the pioneers of the church in this area.

When Brother Hall arrived in Los Angeles in 1920 the situation was about the same as in most all other Western cities where there was a church — not one congregation but two — split over cups, classes or colleges. Sam Hall went to work and has not stopped until this very minute toward peace among brethren and a church known and respected by all men.

Most preachers would have been discouraged in the face of the existing situation. After almost 20 years — 18 to be exact — G. W. Riggs and a few other members were still meeting for worship way out on Sichel Street. Aside from one other small group which opposed the Sunday school, some brethren who lived in Los Angeles, who had been reared under the Sommer influence, were driving down to Long Beach where W. P. Reedy preached. Among these were the George Pepperdines.

During the first visit to California, Brother Hall determined to devote his life to (1) a central place of worship, (2) a church among the Japanese, (3) a school in California on the order of the Nashville Bible School, and (4) fellowship between the churches. For the past 30 years or more this great man of God has never ceased to strive toward these objectives, and along with them, hundreds of other objectives have been added — the church in Atlanta, yes in all of Georgia, work among the Negroes of the South, building David Lipscomb College and the Nashville Christian Institute in Nashville and Stinnett Settlement School in the mountains of Kentucky, the Russell Street Church in Nashville, the Gospel Advocate, New Christian Leader, and so on. Names by the hundreds, especially that of Sister Hall, could be mentioned as having had tremendous parts in each of these accomplishments. W. Edgar Miller, Foy E. Wallace, Jr., and Sister E. F. Woodward can never be forgotten when it comes to the Central Church in Los Angeles, although Brother Hall wrote hundreds of letters, traveled thousands of miles and prayed without ceasing in behalf of it.

Other than H. Ishiguro and Sister Cora M. Brooks, who furnished the money, few others played such a part in building the church among the large Japanese population in this area as did S. H. Hall.

It would not be fair to credit him with the eventual building of the George Pepperdine College, but it was he who introduced Brother Pepperdine to A. M. Burton in Nashville and have him discuss the possibilities of such a college. As for the little walls of opinion that separated the congregations in Southern California, the day eventually came in 1933 when every church in the state — of our group — was at peace with every church, and every preacher welcome in every pulpit.

S. H. Hall has now come back to Southern California to spend his remaining days, not to rest on his laurels, but to project his vision as proportionately now as he did back in 1920. This Christian man is a worker and a leader. He has never known defeat. His faith is unshakable. When his time comes to depart this life he will depart it in the harness.

As a closing note, I can thank God that my life came under the influence of this good brother. He has chewed me up and spat me out on occasions but I have always gone back for more, and found in him love, patience, kindness, and a heart of gold.

/s/ Jimmie Lovell

2. Brother George Pepperdine —

My first acquaintance with Brother S. H. Hall was from 1920 to 1923, during the time he was helping the Sichel Street church of Christ and the new Central church of Christ here in Los Angeles.

My home state was Kansas. Before coming to California I lived several years in Kansas City, Missouri. The little church there was somewhat under the influence of the teachings of Daniel Sommer on the College Question and the "New Digressive" heresy of all the churches in the south. Therefore, when I moved to California in 1916 I was a little afraid of all people from the churches in the south who came out here to Los Angeles. However, Brother Hall seemed to me to be preaching sound Gospel sermons and I was not afraid of him very long. Later I learned more about the advantages of the colleges.

When I visited Nashville in 1939 I had further opportunity to know Brother Hall and his great work at Russell Street church, and also learned more about his work in Georgia, as well as his work on behalf of the colored people in Nashville and elsewhere. Brother Hall has made many trips to California, and now, since he has located here, many of us appreciate him more than ever for the fine lessons he gives us over the radio and from the pulpit. Furthermore, his counsel and leadership in many matters is recognized by a wide circle of his friends as being dependable and helpful. We at Pepperdine College appreciate Brother Hall and value his advice very highly.

/s/ George Pepperdine

3. Sister G. W. Riggs —

In connection with what Brother Pepperdine and Brother Jimmie Lovell have said about Brother S. H. Hall's coming to Los Angeles and working with the Sichel Street congregation and ultimately starting the Central congregation, corner 12th and Hoover, I will say that conditions were in what we might call a static condition. Mr. Riggs had been with this congregation eighteen years or more. He had attended the Nashville Bible School with Brother Hall and suggested to his associate elders that they should endeavor to obtain his help, as they had kept up with the phenominal growth of the work in Atlanta, Ga., he had

been connected with from its beginning. So the matter was taken up with Brother Hall and they moved here in the early fall of 1920 and cast their lot with us.

The work soon began to take on new life, the congregation began to grow in numbers and the collections increased beyond all expectation. Brother Hall is a great advertiser, and by sending reports to both the Firm Foundation and Gospel Advocate, giving the location of the church, members of the church in these parts that knew not we were here began to attend, out as far as forty miles from the church. His introducing The Friendly Visitor, his church bulletin, and getting us to get the names of our neighbors and telling them to be looking for it, had much to do with the growth.

But, perhaps the one thing that had most to do with the growth, was the fact the congregation, almost from its beginning, had been ultra conservative. What was called The Daniel Sommer movement had a stronger hold on these parts than we had. Brother Hall set about to break this ultraconservatism down and did. Brother Pepperdine at this time passed us to go to the No College church in Long Beach where Brother Reedy was the minister. Mr. Riggs and Brother Hall met Reedy and A. E. Harper, who was at the time in a revival there, in Brother D. R. Dial's home to discuss the question there for the benefit of Brother Dial and his wife who had become confused over the question. The discussion bore its fruit. Soon this making a test of fellowship over every little difference was broken down. And when it was inevitable that we had to have larger quarters because our building was overflowing, Brother Hall suggested starting a central congregation, or as he put it, "The easiest to be found" location in the city. Mr. Riggs, Brother Andrews and Brother Hall were named as the lot committee, or the ones to find the location. It is well to state too that Brother Pepperdine was among the first to pledge $5,000.00 to the building fund and has been one of the most active members among us to extend the cause of Christ in these parts and encourage religious education.

There is much more I could say, but this is enough for me. I am so thankful that Brother Hall came our way, and that he and his wife are back in Los Angeles to stay.

/s/ Mrs. G. W. Riggs

4. Brother Edgar Miller —

Along about the first of the year 1905 my wife and I made contact with what afterward became known as the Sichel Street Church of Christ. It was located at that time at 2115 Manitou Avenue, Los Angeles, and occupied its own building, an octagonal, box house style of structure. We cast our lot with them at the time and for about fifteen years remained and worked with them. During the year 1909, Brother Michael Sanders, who was largely instrumental in starting the congregation, donated a lot on the corner of Sichel and Altura Streets and a building was erected, which has been added to over the years, resulting in a

larger and more comodius building, and which is still the home of the congregation.

Along about the year 1915 I was appointed an elder of the congregation. Brother Gideon Riggs, of Nashville, was the preacher, having been with the congregation almost from the beginning and the work had grown until a fair sized congregation had been built up. By the year 1919 the work was dragging along and had managed to get into something of a rut. In the latter part of that year Brother Riggs asked for a six months leave of absence, that he might go back to Nashville to attend to some matters. In casting about for a man to take his place, Brother Riggs suggested a Nashville man, S. H. Hall, as one whom he could recommend. It was decided to have Brother Hall come and hold a meeting and this was done. The elders were impressed with Brother Hall's ability and decided to ask him to come and work with the congregation, which offer was accepted by Brother Hall. He arrived and began work in September 1920.

In the discussions prior to making the offer to Brother Hall, one of the senior elders objected to the compensation offered, saying that we were hardly able to pay Bro. Riggs half that amount, and how could we pay Bro. Hall twice that? However, it was the concensus of opinion that Bro. Hall would be able to inject new life into the work, with the result that the financial question would take care of itself.

It was not long before it became evident that this was going to prove to be correct, for the attendance increased and with the contributions, and it was but a short time until the salary problem ceased to be a question.

To exemplify this better, I will say that some of our best members thought impossible to do what we set out to do. We were to move Bro. Hall and family at our expense, pay him $150.00 a month and give Sister Riggs a check for $75.00 every two weeks, when we had paid only about an average of $75.00 a month to Brother Riggs up until then.

Suffice to say, that on Brother Riggs return, not withstanding we had been paying $300.00 a month toward the support of preachers, $900.00 cash for a car for Brother Hall to use, and about $15.00 a month toward getting out and mailing the Friendly Visitor, Brother Hall's little bulletin, we had above $1,200.00 balance in the treasury. It was a bit staggering to know how it was done. Soon the house was so crowded that an emergency meeting was called and we were thinking of enlarging the building. Brother Hall was called in for advice and he advised against it, stating that we had all the house we needed in that location — off the car line and off much traveled streets — that the thing to do was to get folding chairs, and when it was evident we had to have larger quarters, to establish a central church, one of the most easily found church houses in the city, that Los Angeles is a world city, people from all the states as well as other nations coming this way, and to find a central location and establish there. To this it was agreed, and Brother Hall, with Brother Andrews and Riggs, were named as the lot committee to find the location. And thus the Central Church had its conception and I served as an elder there for years.

/s/ W. Edgar Miller

Chapter XVI

OUR MOVE TO NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Providence has been mentioned, and it will recur in the story of my life. From the report you have just read of our first visit to Los Angeles, and the way God blessed us there, the question arises, naturally so, why leave such a work? The question is entirely in order.

I had an eighty year old mother in Nashville, living with my oldest brother. She had buried her husband and all the children, except my brother and me. She was miserably unhappy, so we decided, after a year with the Sichel Street church, to visit my wife's people in Ada, Oklahoma. There I would leave my wife and son with the car and I took the train for Nashville. I had promised the Cowart Street congregation in Chattanooga to conduct a meeting for them on my first visit to Nashville. My brother lived just a short distance from Nashville, and naturally that was my first place to go after getting off the train. I found my mother miserably unhappy and my brother worried because of the way she worried about our being so far removed from her in California. We had a problem. The question had come up in the elders' meeting about my continuing at Sichel, and they had my promise to stay with them another year, or at least till the spring of 1922. Really I had not severed my connection with the work in Atlanta, but was subject to recall. Brother J. C. McQuiddy, editor of the Gospel Advocate and chairman of the board of elders at Russell Street, of course, knew of this visit and had announced the meeting at the Cowart Street church in Chattanooga. Due to the fact that serious trouble had arisen in the Russell Street congregation, and it seemed that death rattles were in its throat, Brother McQuiddy set about to have me join them in their efforts to bring about peace. Without going into details, it is enough to say they had me in an elders' meeting just before leaving for Chattanooga, and in two meetings the last day I was in Nashville, just before taking the train for Amarillo, Texas, where I was to be intercepted by Mrs. Hall and our son. Due to my mother's unhappy condition and the worries this occasioned my brother, the thought of taking the work at Russell Street so long as my mother lived came to my mind. So I agreed to talk the matter over with Mrs. Hall and Phil, our son, after getting to Amarillo, and if it met with the judgment of us all, we would agree to move to Russell Street in the spring of 1922 and remain with them so long as mother lived, if I outlived her. Brother McQuiddy was so wired. I was to preach in Amarillo Lord's Day morning and evening and resume our return to Los Angeles Monday morning following. It is enough to say that a letter was there awaiting us accepting our offer.

But due to the condition at Russell Street, some thought that the longer they had to wait for our coming, the more difficult it would become for me to settle the trouble. So the Russell Street elders

petitioned the Sichel Street elders to release me in time to be there by the first of the year. F. W. Smith, my father in the gospel, and A. M. Burton wrote strong letters to the Sichel Street elders to this end. All of this was taken up in regular business meeting at Sichel, and it was agreed that they would release me the first of the year, provided I would join them in getting someone there to take my place by the first of the year. A man was found and to Nashville we moved, beginning there on the 1st day of the month and the first day of the year, and also on the first day of the week, January 1922.

I well remember my exact words after Brother J. C. McQuiddy introduced their new preacher, namely – "Well, as strangely as it may sound, I am here, but it is not because I want to be – my heart is in California." Then I told of the condition of my mother and stated, "I will continue with this work so long as mother lives, but no longer, if I out-live her."

MY TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AND SEVEN MONTHS AT RUSSELL STREET

I have said something about providence, and again I mention it. Mother lived to see her eighty third birthday, dying early the next morning after observing her birthday, February 22, 1925. We, at the time, were in a revival with the Central Church in Los Angeles while they were meeting in Gamut Club. After a joyful time with an old friend of hers, of the Old Rock Springs church in Rutherford County, who arranged the birthday dinner for her, she dressed for retiring and played hide and seek with a number of children before retiring. They would hide behind the doors, under the bed, and it was left with "Granny," as they called her, to find them. I relate this to remind you that we can be right at death and not know it. Of course, mother was old enough to die – she had gone thirteen years beyond her three score and ten. But she arose the next morning and dressed herself and was seated in a rocker before the fire, awaiting the call for breakfast, and raised her hands and said to the ones in the room with her – "You all have been so sweet to me," and that was the end.

And, what did you do?, you ask. I wired my brother to have the body embalmed, and placed in a vault and funeral arrangements would be made after we got back. For this I was severely criticized by, at least, one man. But I was only carrying out mother's wishes. She understood, and so did I, that "Let the dead bury their dead" in Matthew 8:22 teaches that we must not let what is known as funeral occasions interfere with the work God wants us to do. Central had just been recently established, in fact was in her third year, and some very strong difficulties had to be overcome. The meeting was in its second week, elders had to be appointed, and it needed all I could give it in the way of counsel and advice. Brother Witty conducted a very short sweet service that night in her memory and the work went on to the close of the week, and

we hurried home. Arrangements for the funeral was made and Brother F. W. Smith, with quite a number from Russell Street, went to Rutherford County, and the funeral was conducted in the home of my brother and she was laid to rest; that is her body, in the beautiful "City View Cemetery" from which you can see all of Smyrna, our home town.

Well you state, "Now you are released and can return to the work in Los Angeles." So thought I, but Mrs. Hall had become wholly unhappy over the idea of returning, so I set about to help get others to go to the work there. Bro. Carl Etter who wanting to go to Japan, agreed to go to the work and work with the Japanese work there, preparing for that trip. Then Brother Foy E. Wallace, about whom we have already spoken in another chapter, went and stayed for two and a half years. Then W. B. West went to the work and remained until he took work with Pepperdine College. For some ten or fifteen years, I made trips to Los Angeles to help with both the work at Central and also the Japanese work.

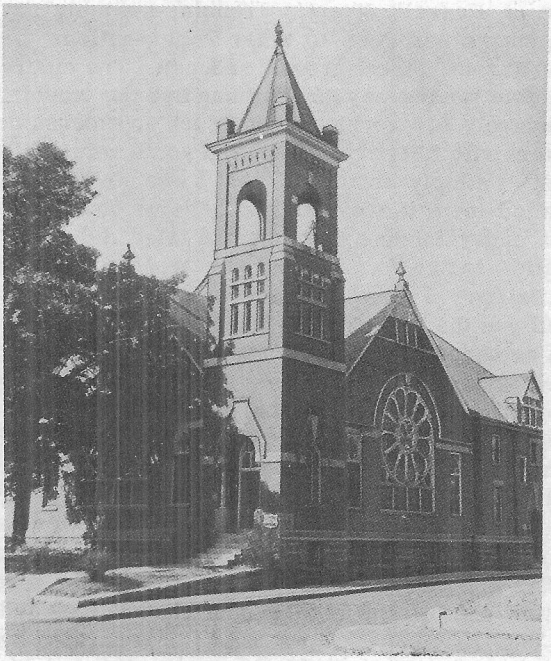
The lamented F. L. Young, came to Russell Street and took my place for three months while I worked with the Central brethren and helped with the Japanese work. And, while there, I arranged for Brother Young to take regular work with the Central brethren, which he did until his health failed him and he returned to his daughters in Dallas, Texas, where he fell asleep in Jesus not too long after going there.

But to the Russell Street work let me now invite your attention. Without stating the nature of Russell Street's trouble, I simply say quite a number of the members had gone to other congregations for worship and the number at Russell Street greatly reduced. The eldership was under bitter criticism for the way they had handled the trouble, and some criticized me severely for working under such an eldership. I received anonymous letters with bitter criticism and some refused to receive me in their homes. I simply announced that I was there to do all I could to help, and wanted to visit every home where we had members, but with the distinct understanding that not one thing did I want any soul in that congregation to say to me about any trouble that had existed there anti-dating January 1, 1922, the day my work began. It would be interesting to tell you the experiences I had. In some homes I entered, the subject was raised, and I kindly reminded the party that such could not be discussed or even related to me. A few tried to force it on me, but I reached for my hat, prayed the Lord's blessing to rest on that home, and excused myself. One sister stated plainly she did not want me about her home and to please be kind enough not to return. This was bitter. But, to make a long story short, I am glad to say that, within six months, the trouble was seldom heard of. Every soul who had been discourteous to me, come to be my best friends, and the work began to grow. Russell Street house, built by the Presbyterians, was divided into two auditoriums, one for the regular church meetings and the other the sunday school department. A large partition, operated by machinery stood between the two. But soon this was drawn up and wedged as we needed both auditoriums to take care of the Lord's Day

morning audiences. If God ever opened the windows of heaven and poured out his blessings upon a people, he did just that at Russell Street.

In connection with settling church fusses, I hurry back to Georgia. The East Point congregation had trouble arise in it, and I received an emergency call to go to their assistance. I soon learned that all of their trouble grew out of jealousy, envy and a lack of brotherly love. So, at the very first service beginning Lord's Day morning, I announced that I would try to visit every home in the congregation, and if possible have one meal in each home. But there was one thing I wanted distinctly understood — Not a soul is to say one word to me about any sin except his own, that I would not listen to a one of them speak about the mistakes and sins of others, but wanted them, each of them, to think seriously about the mistakes and sins each were guilty of, and I would talk to them about them and try to show them the way out of their troubles; and that if I could get each one to clear himself, all would be cleared and peace would reign there. The most joy producing experience that I have ever had was experienced in this effort. In some of the homes, I could see a sister, almost dying to say something about someone else, and, in one or two instances, started to talk and thought and dropped what she was about to say.

Well, what were the results, you ask? I think it was on the second Friday night, when the invitation was extended, the preacher got up, hurried to the front, followed by his wife, then an elder, then a deacon, and nearly the whole congregation came forward, the most of them with tears in their eyes. All confessed having played the role of children, not men, and the trouble was settled, and settled right. I returned to Nashville quite happy. The most of church troubles would settle themselves if you would stop talking about them.



Russel Street Church of Christ.

But, of course, there are troubles that require more than this. But this method will settle most of them.

The Russell Street church came into being after innovations were introduced at what was

known as the Woodland Street Christian Church which led Brother E. G. Sewell, T. F. Bonner and others to move out and start a work with these things left out. Brother J. J. Walker was the minister at Woodland Street. After a conference with him, we agreed to study the differences and see if a better understanding might be worked out. A full report of this discussion will be given in a book to be brought out including practically all of my debates with different religious orders. But suffice it to say that this study, coming as it did in about three months after I began work at Russell Street did more to drive from the minds of the members their local trouble than any one thing. They were ready to enter into a program of real soulwinning, and practically every member went to work in evangelizing their own immediate section of Nashville, helping weak places and started churches where we had none, and especially to finding young men in whose heart our Lord had a place to dwell and getting them into the ministry. For a while now, let us direct your attention to this work under different headings.



Our house on Noelton Lane, Nashville, Tennessee.

ONE YEAR'S REPORT BY THE ELDERS: OF "THE RUSSELL STREET WORK FOR 1933."

"That all the members may know and be encouraged to help make 1934 our best year we give a brief report of 1933. In spite of the fact that 1933 was our worst year, from the standpoint of the depression, it was one of our best years in results.

"1. OUR CLINIC – About 4,500 were treated at the clinic during the year; that is, we had that many visits to the clinic for treatment. This

does not include the number who were treated by Dr. Lynch Bennett on Fridays. More than 2,500 quarts of milk were distributed for undernourished babies and children. Close to 3,000 pieces of literature were placed for the purpose of teaching mothers how to better care for their children. And about 2,500 visits were made by the nurse. You understand that the part we play in this great work is to furnish the quarters and keep them heated in cold weather and neat and clean for this work.

"2. THE GIRLS' HOME – Besides furnishing them a home for worthy girls who are in school or at work, we have given about $742 during 1933 in room and board to the aged and students in school. The sisters working, in connection with this home, have been responsible for about fifty families being clothed, in part, besides grocery showers to a number.

"3. OUR MISSIONARY WORK – It was decided, at the beginning of the year that, instead of trying to enter new fields, we would make it a year devoted to unfinished work. Hence we set about to put a number of struggling congregations on their feet. About $700 of the amount paid our local minister was used for this work. Seven meetings were conducted for congregations that felt unable to finance a meeting. Five congregations, perhaps, were saved as a result of this work.

"4. OUR YOUNG PREACHERS – The missionary program named above also became a means of locating five of our young men. The work under their direction is prospering. 1933 was our banner year for accomplishments along this line.

"5. MISCELLANEOUS WORK – We did not do as much in foreign fields as we desired. We sent to Brother Garrett in South Africa $65. We gave David Lipscomb College $80. And $116 was given to the Fanning School. Above $800 was paid on old debts. Gowan's Mission in Rutherford County was visited monthly. Also a group of workers visited the T. B. Hospital monthly. And we had helpers in teaching at the Industrial School each Lord's Day.

"6. REVIVALS AT HOME – We felt unable to invite a preacher here to help Brother Hall in a revival, so one was conducted by home forces on the corner of 10th and Fatherland. It proved to be one of our best with 18 baptisms and 7 otherwise.

"7. THE PART PLAYED BY BROTHER HALL – He has not only done the work of a local minister, but has been our missionary to the weak places, has placed our young preachers where needed most, secured their support, and helped them with their problems which have come up from time to time, as well as holding our own meeting for us. We appreciate his tireless work for the Clinic and Girls' Home. Our grounds and buildings have been improved at a cost above $700, and all of this was done by him without any cost to the church. (I secured this from the city. S.H.H.)

"8. LORD'S DAY MORNING BIBLE SCHOOL WORK – 1933 has been our best year for this department of our work. Brother Gibson has done well in leading our forces. We have, a number of times, nearly reached the five hundred mark in attendance, and have easily gone

beyond four hundred during the year. The teachers and pupils are pulling together more consistently than ever before. We want this good work to continue to grow.

"9. LOOKING TO THE FUTURE — We look hopefully onward to the work God has placed in our hands. We are earnestly, as elders, asking each member to do his or her best in working and praying, giving and sacrificing, attending and getting others to attend, to the end that more souls may be saved and the entire Church built up as never before. Many of you have had to struggle due to a lack of employment and reduced wages. Here we owe it to Brother Hall to thank him for his tireless efforts to help many of you secure positions. But better days are ahead of us. Let us look upward and press onward.

"(signed) T. B. Bonner, Chairman,
Board of Elders and Deacons.
(signed) E. R. Derryberry, Secretary."

The above will be better understood in knowing that Mayor Hilary House was one of the best friends I ever had. He was mayor for more than twenty-five years.



Committee from Civitan Club, selling Mayor House Christmas Seals in our fight on Tuberculosis.

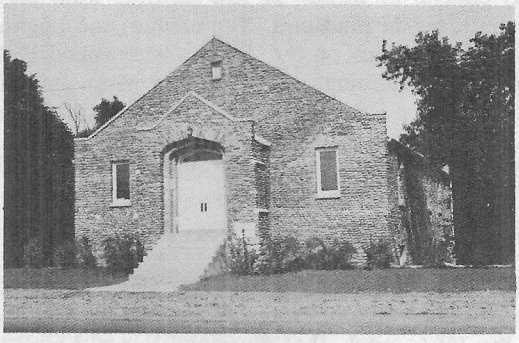
Because of the interest I took in the conversion of Dr. Franklin, who was with A. M. Burton in establishing the Life and Casualty Insurance Company and who was one of the largest stockholders, after his death his widow wanted to deed to me for the purpose of being converted into a girls' home for working girls the elegant Franklin home in which he was baptized, half a block from our house of worship. I refused to let her deed it to me personally, but accepted the gift deeded to our elders as trustees. It was known as "The Grace Franklin Girls' Home," named in memory of their only daughter who was baptized by Brother E. A. Elam. The mayor moved his East Nashville Clinic to this home, and eternity alone can tell of the good that was done. Because of this friendship, so strong and sincere on the part of Mayor House, I am

tempted here to give the readers his likeness as he was visited by a committee from the Civitan Club, of which I was a member. He bought Christmas Seals which the club sold in behalf of the Tuberculosis campaign for funds to fight this dreaded disease. During those hard days men were placed on the police force, in the fire department and in other positions in the city government because of my recommendation. Many of these positions are still held. Mayor House is gone, but his memory can never go from this heart of mine.

Chapter XVII

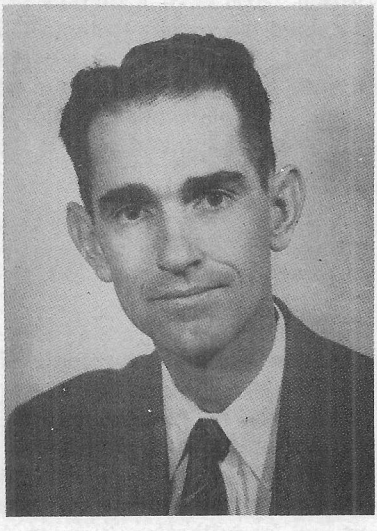
HE PLANTED HIS MUSTARD SEED

In talking with Brother Hudson about the best title for this book, after I had made known to him that I wanted the point of emphasis throughout the book to be "Compound Interest in Religion," he remarked that Brother John Sherrif — may I say here the lamented Sherrif — who did such a wonderful work in Africa, and in speaking of his accomplishments, remarked, "I went to Africa and planted my Lord's mustard seed." And so he did! I have thought of this heading all the way through this book and am using it to introduce the story of one of my boys and one congregation which he helped me in establishing.



First House of Worship at Madison, Tennessee.

In 1920 and '21, while living in Los Angeles and working with the Sichel Street Congregation, I met a boy — a black-eyed boy, about seven years old. One day in his home I had him sitting on my lap, and said to him, "My boy, when you get to be a man, what do you intend to be in the way of your life's work?" He then had no fixed ideas as to what he would like most to be. But I stated, "If you decide to be a teacher and preacher of the gospel, will you promise me to let Mrs. Hall and me help you obtain the needed education?" He promised that he would. There is no better mustard seed planting than when you find the right kind of young man and get him started aright in a life dedicated to saving souls.



L. Haven Miller.

Time rolled on, and shortly after our only son Phil died — the first sorrow I ever knew, we received a letter from L. Haven Miller, the boy in question, stating that he was finishing high school in the spring of 1931, and had decided to be a preacher. This was good news to us.

Mrs. Hall was so crushed with the loss of Phil that we decided to go to Los Angeles and return with this black-eyed boy, and let him, as far as possible, take Phil's place in our home. I secured Haven a scholarship in David Lipscomb College, and we fixed him up with a room in our own home and called it "Haven's room." No board and room rent was charged. I believe firmly that God's hand was in this, for if ever a boy took the place of our own son in our hearts, Haven did just that. We not only stood by him until he graduated from that college, but saw him through Peabody College.

Now this brings us to the church in mind. A few faithful men and women rented a vacant store building in Madison, Tennessee, and began to keep house for the Lord. They got me on the 'phone and asked if I would go out and be with them in a business meeting, knowing that it was the rule of my life to help every struggling group I could find in establishing a congregation. This I did and set about helping all I could. The story must be abridged, of necessity, but to make a long story short, I had as secretary of my class at Russell Street, Sister Orpha Bixler, and what a wonderful father and mother she had. They had gone Home and left Orpha their home with quite a number of acres surrounding the home. This land was bounded on the west by Gallatin Road which put nearly all of her holdings in Madison. It was suggested to her, by parties interested in the movement, that she deed the northwest corner of her land to this congregation. This she did and I helped to fix the deed with all necessary restrictions. Tell me not that this was not a sacrifice on Russell Street's part, for we loved Orpha and her father and mother who were the first to be at Russell Street every Lord's Day, coming in on the street car for a distance of about fifteen miles. You have a picture of the building that was built, and for which I raised the money to install lights, seats and the needed front door.

But — a preacher was needed for this work. Here was Haven in our home, and he needed some work, so I got the leaders to take Haven as their first preacher. I think it best to let Haven tell his own story about his work there, and here it is:

710 E. N. 14th Street,
Abilene, Texas,
July 17, 1954.

Dear Brother Hall:

I am right in the middle of final exam work for the end of the first half of the summer semester, but as your letter of the 14th arrived yesterday, needing immediate reply, I hasten to answer.

I went to work at Madison in September of 1936 and continued there till the fall of 1940, succeeded by Harris Dark.

I do not remember the exact membership at that time but to the best of my recollection it must have been between 80 and 100, possibly nearer 100. The building was up but the basement was still in the rough with dirt floor and the outside was still covered over the sheeting only

with tar paper. The auditorium had no permanent seats. They soon finished the basement with classrooms, and the outside with rock and you got seats and lighting put in, and the ceiling was put in to cover the rafters. All this was within six months or so, I believe, after my going there, though I was not specially responsible for those things being done. We just worked together and things developed one way or another. The beginning pay I believe was $12.50 which was raised to $15. (per week of course) so that I became quite prosperous. It is possible that it was $10. at first and later raised to $12.50, then to $15, but I think it began at $12.50 per week. At any rate, during most of my stay there it was $15. per week, then not long before I left they raised it to $20, whereupon I thought I was "flying." One summer — 1937 — I planned a summer vacation Bible school but there were no others who thought they could assist with the teaching, so in the final analysis I went ahead and took the whole group of children — which ranged from 4th grade to high school level — and taught them myself from 9 to 12 for a three weeks' course in Bible history, Bible geography, sight singing and round note music. (That was 9 to 12 *o'clock*). There were some very fine developments in the class too. The kids exceeded my expectations as to what they could achieve. Of course there was no extra pay for this, and I didn't ask nor desire any. The next summer, though, as my expenses were getting a little heavier and I was still getting $15, I worked as a carpenter for Otho Webster during the week to bolster my financial situation. I'd been working on him to convert him. It was several years after that before he did obey the Gospel, but when he did, he asked for me to baptize him, but inasmuch as circumstances were not so I could do it personally, he went ahead anyway and was baptized. (It was after I left Madison work that he wanted me to come back and baptize him.) Growth was not spectacular, but grow we did. As I recall baptisms averaged around fourteen or fifteen per year, and they were not merely the children of the congregation. Of course others came to Madison and placed membership, so our growth was augmented in this way too. The elders asked me to supervise the Sunday School work, which I did. I began a teacher-training class which was well attended, and out of the people in the group we increased the number of our teachers and thus of our classes. Then we added a substitute teacher for each class, and in some cases had two teachers on duty regularly in the smaller children's classes.

When I went there it was difficult to get enough teachers for the classes that we did have — which were few at that. Then when a teacher would be absent, we were most embarrassed at not having anyone to fill in sometimes. But we soon remedied that. I also, with the elders' consent, began a men's training class which was well attended weekly by enthusiastic young married men. We studied matters of public speaking, sermon outlining, conduct of public worship, problems of public prayer, waiting on the Table, announcements, etc. They made outlines of sermons and delivered talks, etc., and we criticized them. The men developed nicely and ere long were going out preaching in

small rural congregations. Some of the men whom I baptized there were preaching regularly at other places by the time I left there, and were doing a pretty good job of it too. I can't begin to remember all of their names, but of all who got their start in preaching in that class these are some: James Cox, then a DuPont worker, now the preacher for the church at Kerrville, Texas, a large church where he is doing a fine work; Sammie Litton, now an elder at Madison and a fine preacher himself; Lambert Coley — don't know where he is now, but the last I heard he was preaching; Nelson Lloyd, still at Madison I think, and if his health permits I think he still may preach on occasion. I baptized him despite the fact that he was so big and I so small that the brethren feared I'd never make it.

There were others too in the group, some of whom did some preaching eventually, but I can't recall now their names with certainty. The way those people responded and grew in their personal spiritual lives thrilled me. I said these men got their start in that class — I could not be sure now that some of them may not have had chances to make talks prior to that, but if so, very little, and certainly none of them had had any extent of formal training in speaking nor had they been thought of as preachers at all. H. Borum McPherson, S. L. Lillie, J. Lindsey Hunter, Dr. M. A. Beasley were appointed as elders.

As ever,
Haven.

There was one not named in the above who attended Haven's classes for the development of preachers. I refer to A. K. Buchser. He was discussed as an elder when we appointed elders, but having no children of his own, he was not made an elder. However, he developed into a good preacher as well as a business man.

Yes, I conducted the first tent meeting there before Haven took over the work, then another after he was located there. Both meetings were glorious successes, and backed well by Old Hickory and Russell Street Congregations. Brother Buchser is continuing to preach wherever he is needed most. His last work to date was going out in the country from Camden, Tennessee, cleaning out an abandoned church building and re-establishing the work. A number have been baptized as a result.

Yes, our Lord's mustard seed was planted in Madison, as a result of a few faithful souls who will not sit idly by and do nothing. And how happy both Haven and I are that we had a small part to play in this work. But think of "Compound interest." When getting a young man, whose heart is right with God, into the ministry and helping to establish a new congregation, the Bible teaches that all the souls saved as a result of such efforts will be fruit to abound to our account after we are gone home ourselves.

Haven Miller, after teaching at David Lipscomb College in Nashville, and after doing effective work at LaGrange, Georgia, and at Dalton, Georgia, Clarksville, Tennessee and other places, finally cast his lot at Abilene Christian College where he has been working for nine years.

He now has three lovely children, and is one of the strongest links in the faculty of that great college, having secured his PHD from a college in Mexico City. God bless Haven! I am expecting some day to meet him and all the fruitage of his marvelous life in heaven.

Now, as to Madison – let me have another word or two. A good sister who was converted in my tent meeting at Madison had to write me about the subsequent growth. Here is her letter:

Goodlettsville, Tennessee,
December 18, 1953.

Dear Brother Hall:

I thought about you when I attended "homecoming" at Madison, December 6th. I wish you could see the beautiful new building. There was such a large crowd for Bible study, we had to wait for the children to go to their classes before we could even get inside. There were 1581 for Bible study, and 1965 for church services. I understand the contribution ran over $2,500. The first gospel sermon I ever heard was at the tent meeting in Madison back in the 1930's, with you doing the preaching. I knew you would be interested in the progress of the Madison Church.

If I remember correctly, you will have a birthday December 23rd. I hope your health is good and that you will have many more years to work in the Lord's vineyard.

Your sister in Christ,
Sister Heist

But suppose you also read a report that appeared in Gospel Advocate, by Brother B. C. Goodpasture:

CONGRATULATIONS, MADISON!

Last Sunday, May 2, 1954, the church of Christ in Madison, Tennessee, had twenty-three hundred seventeen in attendance for Bible study. So far as we know, this is an all-time record in attendance in Bible school among Churches of Christ. Madison's previous high record was fifteen hundred eighty-one. This was slightly below the sixteen hundred four mark set by the Broadway Church in Lubbock, Texas.

A letter to a friend in Atlanta that was urging him to run down and look over a place where a new congregation should be established, which letter came in the midst of the Madison meeting.

August 12, 1936

My dear George:

Yours of the 8th inst. duly received and I wish to thank you most sincerely for the check enclosed. It came while I was in a pinch and for this reason was appreciated all the more.

I am sorry to have to tell you that all of my plans for that little fishing trip have been knocked into a cocked hat, hence I'll not get to see you this week. The meeting at Madison was hard to close, in fact, it should not have been closed. But I closed the work at the tent Monday night but have to be with those brethren tonight at the church house to preach and to help them perfect plans to finish their building. I was hoping to close last week and take one full week of really resting. Then on top of the extension of the Madison meeting the urgent call has come to be at Athens, Alabama next Sunday night. I thought that meeting had been dismissed on account of infantile paralysis. There seems to be no rest for me. But, George, I wish you could have seen the Madison meeting. It was the most nearly perfect revival I've ever been in and the good that was done Eternity alone can tell. But expect me to dash down there at the very first convenience to look over that property with you.

Must close. Remember me to all the Morris's.

Always yours,

SHH:MEW

Chapter XVIII

ROBERT E. WRIGHT AND BRADENTON, FLORIDA

The story of my life's work would be far from being complete, if complete were possible, without saying something about Robert E. Wright and Bradenton, Florida. When I entered the old Nashville Bible School I entered it with a wife and Phil, our only son, hardly a year and a half old. Brother Robert E. Wright entered with a wife and his two girls, just out of babyhood. However, I entered at the old location on South Spruce Street, which is now called Eighth Avenue South. But Brother Wright and family came the first year the school was opened up on the David Lipscomb farm. No soul with whom I have ever worked impressed me more deeply with his sincerity than Robert E. Wright. I give just the high points in our association.

We were disassociated from each other for several years after leaving David Lipscomb College. I went to Atlanta and spent fourteen years there. Then we moved to Los Angeles for nearly two years' work about which a full report is given in another chapter. Then, not with the idea of severing my connection with the Los Angeles work, I answered the call to help with the work at Russell Street, due to the precarious condition the work was in and to help in taking care of mother who was then in her eightieth year. This necessitated my putting a man in my place with the Central Church which had just been started in Los Angeles. There was no one to whom I could turn with so much assurance of faithful service as I had in Robert E. Wright. So he and his family moved to Los Angeles and here they labored until circumstances demanded their return to Tennessee. I began work at Russell Street with the distinct understanding that I would be with them so long as my mother lived, if I outlived her. But it turned out otherwise, as I did not get away from this work until after twenty-eight years and seven months.

Wright was called as field evangelist at Russell Street. In one of the sermons I gave at Russell Street on "We Stay Saved Only by Trying To Save Others," a widowed sister by the name of Slayden was so impressed that she went to Brother J. C. McQuiddy, then chairman of our board of elders, and stated that she had $1,200.00 which she wanted to put at once into mission work. I saw the hand of my Lord in it, and immediately suggested that we call Robert E. Wright to that position. He had just returned from Los Angeles and had not put himself under obligation to other work. So he was selected as our field evangelist. He met a sore need in our work.

How Brother Wright was used. The work in Savannah, Georgia, was started from our Atlanta work, but had struggled along without much progress, and they were suffering for lack of leadership. Brother Wright was assigned to that place for a year and strengthened the work



Brother R. E. Wright, Field Evangelist for Russell Street.

very much. Then we moved him to Macon, Georgia, another struggling congregation which was started from our Atlanta work about which we will speak in particular in another chapter. Wright was a great trouble-adjuster. They had had trouble there and he helped them much. His work at Macon closed his work with us, with the exception of answering a few other emergency calls.

Then they moved on their own to Florida and he fell in with a faithful few at Bradenton, Florida, at the close of 1923; had a house of worship and a preacher's home built with a substantial loan from The Life and Casualty Insurance Company; then that terrible depression came in the early thirties and he was forced to abandon it for a time and The Life and Casualty Insurance Company had the property surrendered to them. During the time he was away from the Bradenton work he answered a call for a preacher at San Diego, California, but later returned to Florida and began work at Clear Water, Florida.

I give here a brief story of the Bradenton work as published in the Gospel Advocate under the heading:

"REAPING IF WE FAINT NOT

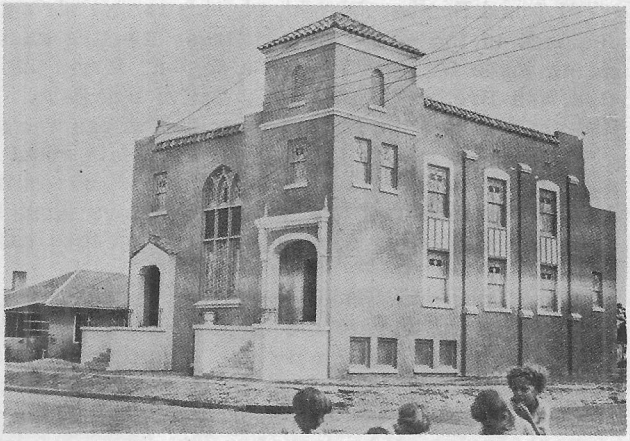
"We are giving the readers of the Gospel Advocate an example of perseverance. Paul says, 'And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.' (Galatians 6:9)

"The faithful at Bradenton, Florida, were joined by Brother Robert E. Wright and wife during the closing days of 1923. Brother Wright had worked one year with S. E. Witty in getting the Central Church of Christ in Los Angeles well under way and had been the field evangelist for the Russell Street Church of Christ for one year before going to Florida. At that time the struggling efforts of the "faithful few" had among their number Sister Sarah Griggs. She had been with the effort to establish a congregation there from its beginning in 1911 when the lot was bought, and she lived to see the victory. For, on August 5, 1943, the congregation assembled to see the burning of the mortgage which had hung over this congregation since 1926. While Brother George Young held the mortgage she applied the match which reduced it to ashes. This was one of the happiest moments of her long life, and it was her last time to be in the building, for on September 5th that followed she fell asleep in Jesus and went to her much deserved rest at the age of seventy-eight. Her eldest son, Henry Griggs, is one of the deacons of this congregation and one who had much to do in saving this property.

"The building was begun in the fall of 1926 and it cost $21,000.00. In July, 1928, Brother Wright left Bradenton, due to the strain under

which they labored and thinking that a change of men would be best. Seeing things going from bad to worse, he offered to return in 1931 and to help all he could to save it.

The church returned the property to The Life and Casualty Insurance Company which held the mortgage and paid them a nominal rent for its use until 1937.



Church building in Bradenton, Florida, with preacher's house adjoining to the left.

In the meantime, Brother Joe Claytor, one of the song leaders at Russell Street, moved from Nashville to Bradenton to work as an agent for The Life and Casualty Insurance Company. Through his invitation the writer visited Bradenton for the first time and helped him in reviving the drooping spirits of those in that work and in laying plans to save the property. They owed The Life and Casualty Insurance Company about $14,000.00 on the principal of the mortgage note and about $6,000.00 accumulated interest. The officials of this company promised them that they would return the property to the congregation if they would get $500.00 in cash, with a mortgage note for $4,500.00, to be paid at the rate of $50.00 per month for the next ten years. I went to Bradenton and consummated this trade on the condition that Brother Wright return and stay with this congregation until this note was paid. The $500.00 was easily raised and I returned with a check for the same and the other necessary papers properly signed.

"This work has grown as never before ever since, and nothing has given me more joy than the notice of this meeting on August 5th to burn the mortgage and to sing and rejoice together that all debts were paid. It is well to state that street and pavement taxes had accumulated against this property above $1,000.00. But all this has been eliminated and the debt on the building paid four years before the mortgage note was due to be eliminated. Certainly it was the happiest moments of Sister Griggs's life and that of her faithful son who is a deacon there, as well as Brother and Sister Wright, and all the rest of that congregation.

"It was my pleasure to be there in a revival this past spring. A better building in which I have never preached. The building has been so much improved on the inside since I first saw it. It is ceiled with acoustic slabs of variegated colors, making it a thing of beauty and one of the best auditoriums in which to speak.

"I found Brother Wright, physically, not strong enough to meet the demands of the work. So a business meeting was called and arrangements made for him to have a helper. It was left with me to find that man, and Brother Clarence C. Daily, Woodlawn, Tennessee, who was just graduating from David Lipscomb College was sent to that place."

In connection with all that has been said about Bradenton, I want to state that I have never labored with a congregation without its being distinctly understood that young preachers must be found and developed, and struggling congregations, when they call for help, must be heard.

Joe Claytor was one of our best song leaders at Russell Street and he worked for The Life and Casualty Insurance Company. He was sent to Bradenton by this company and was instructed to look into the work and report conditions. Soon word came about the conditions there. Wright having been away and the property having been returned to The Life and Casualty Insurance Company, a job hunter wanting to find work to pay expenses for a trip to Florida had gotten in there and was about to squeeze out what little life was left in that church. This was taken up with my elders at Russell Street and orders were for me to go, and I went. We managed in the course of weeks, to get rid of him and one of my boys was sent to help Claytor hold things together until a plan to save the property could be worked out.



Joe Claytor, song leader at Russell Street, who went to Bradenton and saved the day.

The loan being from The Life and Casualty Insurance Company and Claytor working for that company, I at once took it up with Brother A. M. Burton and he put me in touch with Mr. Hutton who had charge of the loan department. I had already taken it up with Wright that if I got the property back he must return to the work, to which he agreed. The following letter to Wright is self-explanatory:

"I have failed to get my hands on $5,000.00 cash, but I have got Hutton who has charge of the loan department of The Life and Casualty Insurance Company, to agree to let you all have that property at $5,000, with at least $500.00 cash and the balance $50.00 a month with the interest paid semi-annually. Now, you brethren will have to get together and agree on the Trustees to whom the deed shall be made. He would not agree to the above proposition without my going on the note.

"Now, Wright you look those folks at Bradenton straight in the eyes and ask them if they are going to lay down on me. It is my judgment that one of the finest things we could do when we get all the papers ready for you all to sign would be for me to run down there and hold you a twelve days' booster meeting, get the papers signed and return with them. And, if you need a better organization we could work this up while I am there. You and Claytor are receiving a copy each of this letter and I will expect you all to get your heads together at once and wire me or write me by air mail. If I should make the trip down there, I would want it to be about the 21st of March or the 18th of April. I will leave the time with you as to which is best."

I have already told the results in my article to the Gospel Advocate. I went, and how happy were all of us at Russell Street when it was known that I had succeeded in raising the $500.00 cash which The Life and Casualty Insurance Company required and the mortgage note executed which assured the balance.

It is enough to say, in closing, that some who read this may have thought I have lived on flowery beds of ease. In fact, such has been said. One preacher in Florida who wanted to get hold of the Bradenton work, just to have a place to preach, criticized them for appealing to me for help and stated, "Yes, Hall will come, in a parlor car," etc. But he was all wrong, for Hall went, turning two seats together in a day coach, both going and returning. But how comfortable such was in the consciousness that I was helping faithful souls.

Chapter XIX

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

Before leaving Atlanta, and while laboring there, I went to Savannah in answer to a call of a few struggling disciples who desired to establish a congregation there. Without details, it is enough to say that *I went*. A few were meeting on the second floor of a store building which had a grocery store on the first floor. It was everything except an inviting place for a church to function, but it was the best they could do, so they stuck together and patiently moved on. I conducted a short meeting in this building, but in the meantime we were looking for better quarters. A very modest brick building in that section had been abandoned and the Baptist who owned it had built a most imposing structure up town. The Baptist still used it somewhat as a mission in that section. We thought, perhaps, we could obtain the use of this building abandoned by the Baptist which would be a great improvement on the room above the grocery store. Therefore, Brother Jasper Copeland and I went to see the pastor of this Baptist congregation. We found him to be very courteous, and when we presented our wishes to him he asked to see our discipline or prayer book or guide in religion. I told him that we did not have a copy with us but would furnish him one that afternoon, so betook ourselves to a book store and obtained a new copy of The New Testament and delivered it to him for examination. We left with the understanding that we would return to get the answer from his board, and we did, but were informed that we could not use the building. Of course, there is no need of discussing this further. We had told the pastor, at the very beginning, that our motto was to "Speak Where the Bible Speaks, and Stay Silent Where It Is Silent." He doubtlessly learned that this was the plea of those who set about to *restore* "Primitive Christianity."

However, we grew tired of trying to improve our place of worship, so I asked the brethren to find a place for sale in a district which they considered the best residential section. A two-story building was found. We could get it for $5,000.00 cash. So I went to A. M. Burton and he arranged for us to get the money. Brother E. H. Ijams, who was then teaching in Savannah, signed the mortgage deed with me. The money was obtained and the building was ours for use; however, the rooms were small and there was not one suitable for taking care of the number we then had. Therefore, I asked the brethren to go to at least three contractors and get bids for reducing the building to one story, knocking out partitions, converting three rooms into an auditorium and the back rooms into Sunday School rooms, installing a baptistry, etc. This was done and the smallest offer was $1,500.00 cash. I went to the American National Bank, obtained the needed cash, and hurried it to them in the form of a cashier's check. I obtained this loan by Brother

A. M. Burton endorsing the note. The note was made for ninety days, and I began to beg for the money. At the end of ninety days I paid what I could, they holding the old note to save Brother Burton from the trouble of having to sign other notes. As you will see in a further report, the amount was reduced to $100.00 and Russell Street put up the money for this, besides furnishing me for revivals and a few emergency calls.

The young men who helped in that work were Robert E. Wright, field evangelist from Russell Street; H. Clyde Hale, the first young man I baptized after going to Russell Street, and a number of others who helped occasionally before we obtained a regular man for that work.

It has been my desire to establish as many congregations as possible and develop as many preachers as possible, knowing that all the souls saved by them would be fruit to abound to my account. I would love to say much more about Savannah and the many good people who helped us, but the book is about to become too large.

AN APPEAL FOR A REVIVAL AND FOR A MAN TO LOCATE IN SAVANNAH

The following is copy of a letter received from Elders in Savannah:

"414 W. 41st St.
Savannah, Ga.
March 17, 1935.

"Dear Bro. Hall:

"We take this opportunity to write you once more of the work of the church of Christ at this place. We know that you are a busy servant of the Lord and are weighted down by a multitude of responsibilities. We take this diligence on your part to these many responsibilities as an indication of your great interest in the Lord's work everywhere, hence we know that you will be interested in the contents of this letter concerning the Lord's work here.

"The interest in the Lord's work seems to be growing now. We say this because several members are trying to find a way by which the work will be enabled to grow. We have been having a few visitors and this is an encouragement to us. Our attendance has been above average for this season of the year. We have not had any additions recently but there are several who seem to be sincerely interested in learning more of the truth. The contributions, though now somewhat smaller than two months ago, still average around $10.00 a week.

"In a business meeting that was held Sunday, March 10, plans were discussed that are of vital importance to the cause here. A decision, that was unanimous, was reached by the congregation *not to renew* our loan for another year but to complete payment upon it by May 29, when

our note falls due. This was made possible because on February 29 the entire indebtedness of the church was reduced to only $178.00. The sum of $148.00 was paid February 29, to reduce our debt to the above-quoted figure. We believe that you will rejoice with us as we approach the termination of our obligations as we thus will remove a great obstacle in our path toward enlargement of the borders of the Kingdom of Christ here.

"The church also discussed plans for holding a protracted meeting this year. You will be concerned with these plans as you were the center of them. We decided to send you the amount required to liquidate our indebtedness; have you pay off the note, and have you bring us all the papers and then hold us a ten day or two weeks protracted meeting. Since you are the man who labored and sacrificed to get this work started years ago, we believe that you are the man to hold a meeting at this time to give added impetus, zeal and enthusiasm to the work at conclusion of our efforts to pay off the debt. But even before and above the encouragement to us, we believe that you can be instrumental in saving many souls that are lost in this city. We are preeminently interested in that and because of our faith in you as a great minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, we urge you to make every effort to come.

"As it will take all of our means to raise the amount to pay off our indebtedness, we desire that the Russell Street Church of Christ send you to us for this meeting. If they will bear the expense of your coming we will be glad to make arrangements for your entertainment while in Savannah. There could be no field more needy of a protracted meeting than we are at this place. Please place this before the Elders of the congregation and let us know upon what we can depend.

"Brother Hall, may we close by saying this? Many times the Church here has called upon you to assist us in a financial way. You have responded and done the best you could. Now we are calling upon you to aid us in a great meeting to place the church of Christ before the public here in such a way that a lasting impression will be made for good, and eventually result in the obedience of many to our Master. There is no other one that can do this as you can do it. If it is your will and the will of the Elders of the Russell Street congregation, we know that God's will will be done and many souls will hear the gospel in its purity and simplicity. The time of this meeting may depend upon your plans.

"Fraternally,

(signed) C. L. Gear
(signed) George Turner
(signed) W. J. McLeskey"

The following is copy of a letter received from Elder McLeskey:

"Savannah, Ga.
Feb. 12, 1937.

"Dear Brother Hall:

"Your kind letter of Feb. 3rd received and always glad to hear from you.

"We learned the good news of Mrs. Boller just a few days before your letter arrived and I am sure it will bring fruit in due season, if cultivated.

"Brother Hall, we can have the meeting in March if it is better for you. We just do not want it later than April though. And time is so far gone now; you may wire collect what date in March meeting is to start.

"We want the man to help here just as quick as all arrangements can be completed. If the right man comes here I feel sure he can in a few months have our support raised ten dollars, possibly more. We now think we can give fifty or sixty dollars per month and keep our overhead clear also.

"Brother Hall, we appreciate the help you have given us here and the help is now needed again, I suppose. I do not have much idea of amount support should be; probably would depend on man's family or dependents. But we are willing to have you select the man. We also know you have much experience in such work that we have not.

"Please excuse this letter, I am trying to write too fast in order to get it off on train tonight.

"Let us hear from you at once and advise what arrangements we should make for the meeting and send me your cut for advertisement in newspapers.

"Have attached letter of Mrs. Boller.

"With Christian love, I am,

(signed) W. J. McLeskey."

The following is my reply to Elder McLeskey's letter:

"February 24, 1937.

"Dear Brother McLeskey:

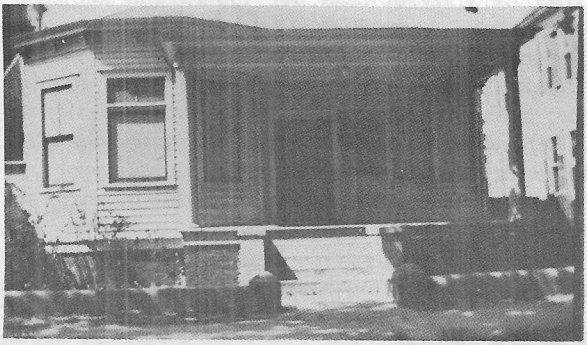
"I am writing you this to let you know that our meeting may begin the 21st of March, but I cannot say definitely just now, anyway, I will let you know in plenty of time to have all of twelve days to announce it and work up an interest.

"Brother McQuiddy has agreed to give us some of the advertising this time. What would you suggest — shall we use some of the big window cards and then a large number of blotters to be put in the home. Brother Gear, I presume, will lead our singing, will he not? I will send you mats for your advertising in the paper. If I am not mistaken, Luke Lea's son is connected with one of the papers there and he is a mighty good friend of mine. I will get all the favors I can from him for the newspaper advertising. I will let you know by the 3rd or 4th of March just when the meeting will begin. This will give you two weeks with two Lord's Days to announce it and boost it.

"I think we should get Brother John Stewart and his wife to begin work there the first of April or May. Will this suit you all? He is a ball of fire and he and Brother Gear will make fine pals and so will their wives. After they get there, I feel sure that we'll be going places in the onward and upward movement of the work there. Do I understand that you brethren will assume $60.00 a month toward his support? He will have to have more than this, but I will raise it on the outside until he builds the work up there to where you can raise his salary. Is this all right?

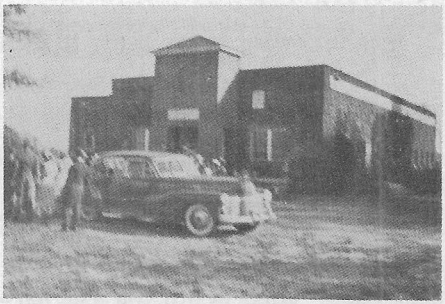
"Time forbids more. Hoping to see you all before a great while, I am

Always yours,
(signed) S. H. Hall."



First house of worship — Savannah, Georgia.

The services of Brother John Stewart were obtained, and he moved there, which perhaps saved the day for that work. Robert E. Wright had spent some time in emergency calls. H. Clyde Hale did some of his first preaching there, and a number of others helped with that work at various times. Even the lamented T. B. Larimore made a visit to Savannah because of the relationship between Sister Emma Page, his second wife, and Sister Rawlings, whom she helped to raise. Let it here be said that no souls proved to be more helpful to the Savannah work than Sister Rawlings and her two fine sons, Oscar and Lee. Lee is now one of our best preachers.



Present building at Savannah.

The picture of our first building in which they now worship we let our readers see. The first building is now used by the second congregation established in Savannah. This second congregation met at different places. However, when larger and better quarters were obtained, the second congregation bought the old building and they are doing a fine work. So much more could be said, but this is enough to show that our Lord's mustard seed was planted in Savannah and that it has grown and continues to grow.

Chapter XX

MY EXPERIENCE ON THE RADIO

There is nothing that I enjoy more than speaking over the radio. While I have not done as much such preaching as some others, I know that I have accomplished some things in this way that, perhaps, I could have accomplished in no other way. In the Tennessean, published in Nashville, Tennessee, October 7, 1936, you find a report of the results of one of my radio addresses. It was displayed under these headlines – "PASTOR'S SERMON SAVES PAYROLL FOR COMPANY – UNSUSPECTED BUT PENITENT RETURNS $325.00." The correct amount was three hundred and seventy-odd dollars. I would give this in the language of the paper, but "Reverend," "Pastor," etc., are used too much, so tell the story in my own words.

For some three years or more I was on the air at 9:15 a.m. Sunday over WLAC, then owned and run by Brother Truman Ward. Some friends of mine paid for this at the beginning of my broadcast, but there was so much paper that came in to the station of a favorable nature that Brother Ward put me on free for two years or more.

The address that convicted this colored man was entitled, "Eleventh Hour Laborers." The wording of the address I cannot give, but suffice to say this colored man was listening in, and having taken the payroll from The Harrison Florist Company the evening before, he became conscience stricken and decided he could not spend the money. He took care of a train used by the president of one of our railroads which came into Nashville, and was due to have it ready for a trip to leave Nashville that Sunday afternoon. However, when the train returned to Nashville on the Wednesday morning that followed, getting into Nashville about daybreak, he put the train away and, before going home, he called me. I wish I could talk as he talked, but I cannot, so will do the gest I can. When I took down the receiver, he stated, "Is you da Docta Hall dat speaks ova WLAC on Sunday mornin?" My answer was, "I am." "Well," he said, "I's gotta see ya – how long will ya be at home?" My answer was, "I have just dressed and am waiting call to breakfast, and must leave shortly thereafter." His answer was, "I'll be there befo' ya leave." I was at breakfast when the door bell rang, so my grandson went to the door, and said, "Papa, a colored man is here to see you." I instructed my grandson to let him in and give him a seat in the living room and to tell him I would soon be there. When I went into the room he suggested that he wanted to talk to me privately, so we went down into the sun parlor, and I wish I could tell all that he said. However, it is enough to tell you he stated he had some money and after hearing that address he could not spend it, and he wanted to return it, but was asking me to work out a way he could do this without getting into trouble with the authorities. He then told me

the circumstances under which he took the money. You could enter the office of Harrison's place of business from an alley which ran by the back of the building. He owed an account there, so entered for the purpose of paying it. There was a rush on that day and Harrison had called the office force down to the first floor to help handle the business. Hence, when this negro entered the office there was no one in. After waiting for some time he decided to leave. As he was leaving he noticed the safe door open and there was the pay roll, and he said, before he knew it it was under his arm and out he went. Most of the money was in currency but there was also some silver. He had hidden the currency and had spent some of the silver on the trip.

I went to the phone, called Phil Harrison and asked the question — "Phil, have you lost any money?" He exclaimed — "I sure have, our pay roll for Saturday has been stolen!" I asked him how much it was. He went to the book and told me the amount, or thereabout. I stated to him, "There is a man here in my home who claims he took the pay roll, but after hearing my radio address Sunday morning, he says he cannot spend it, and he wants to return it with the assurance that you will give him no trouble. I have not asked his name, but I know his job and where he lives. I will help him get the money back to you but want to ask you to accede to his wishes that you let this end it — I believe the man is penitent." Harrison assured me that all he wanted was the money returned. So I took the colored man in my car and went to the stop he asked me to make, and remained in the car until he returned. He left me going north on one street, then returned coming south on a street some two blocks away. He slipped into the car and the money was put on the seat between us and I counted it. Finding the required amount, I then said, "Now, you must go with me to the Harrison place of business and see that I return it. You will not need to go in but remain in the car. I stopped within a block of the place. After entering The Harrison Florist Company, Harrison took me to the office and turned the money over to the bookkeeper to count, and it was all there. He then said, "Dr. Hall, we all fully believed this was an inside job and many of my employees have felt badly about it — I am going to call them up and let you tell the story." So I did! Harrison picked up a ten-dollar bill and offered it to me, and I stated, "You cannot pay me one cent for what I have done — it may enable me to save this colored man's soul." He gave the Russell Street an Easter decoration, and I have never seen one more beautiful and gorgeous.

I relate this little bit of conversation between this negro and me as we were going for the money. I said to him, "Do you know this thing of fighting the devil and going to heaven is somewhat like wrestling?" His answer was, "Never thought of it that way." "Well," said I, "when you entered Harrison's place of business it was to pay your debt." He said, "Dat's right." "God wants us to pay our debts," I stated, "but when you started to leave you saw that payroll and the devil whispered into your ear, 'Take it, no one will ever know it.' Now, did he not?" His answer was, "Dat's right." "Yes," and I said, "the devil threw you

then and there, just like in wrestling." Again he answered, "Dat's right." "But," said I, "when you heard me Sunday morning describing the fact that if we give the devil our service all the days of our lives, we cannot, when dying or at the judgment, ask God to pay off the bill." II Corinthians 5:10 was emphasized in the address. I then stated to him, "When you were struck with the fact that it mattered not how much fun and pleasure you could get out of spending that money while living you would have to face it in the judgment – I say when this truth got hold of you you threw the devil by determining deep down in your heart, *I cannot spend this money, it must go back.*" His answer was, "Dat's right boss, and I's going to sit straddle of his back the rest of my days." I said, "That is repentance, and the Bible says we must repent or perish."

That this colored man really was struck with the truth, I doubt not! A few days later I received the following letter from him:

"Thursday, October 20 - 38

"Rev. S. H. Hall

"Dear Rev.

"Just one week ago you were very kind to help me out of a very tough spot. I shall ever be grateful to you. I am getting along nicely with my work.

"I am so glad you did not mention for whom I work. I hope you won't. I will come to see you sometime, just for a minute or so for I know you are very busy.

"Please, Reverend, may I wait awhile longer before giving you my name. Thank you again and again for your very great help.

The man you befriended."

Well this was followed up – he heard me at Russell Street, and so far as I know, his repentance led him into the good and right way.

While I would love to give statements from the many who wrote in about the lessons given over the radio, we cannot find space to do so. When James Harwell, one of my boys, was located at Orlando, Florida, he sent an emergency call for me to help him with the work there. An old debt had hung over that church for years. They were paying Harwell a very small salary and making no headway in paying off the debt. So I agreed to go. I went to Sister A. M. Burton, the wife of A. M. Burton – President of the Life and Casualty Insurance Company, and talked it over with her, and told her I wanted to get on the air, but it was out of the question to even think of that congregation furnishing the money for this. But I said, "Sister Burton, if you will enable us to get on the air, we will win out." So she agreed, and a check was sent to Brother Harwell enabling him to get on the air at least two weeks before the meeting was to begin and advertise it. Brother Ward, who owned and operated Radio Station WLAC in Nashville, was very kind in helping

me to get on the air in Orlando, Florida, where we had never been so recognized, and wrote a letter to the manager to this end.

It is enough to say we had a great revival, not only a number of additions, but new life was put into the work. Arrangements were made for them to release Harwell for a trip to Nashville, and the names of the parties to approach were given to him and I tried to have things in readiness for him to raise the balance of the indebtedness when he reached Nashville. The debt was paid! We have one of our best congregations in Orlando, and other congregations have been established by the faithful efforts of this work. And well may I say, in closing this chapter, that Paul said, "What is *our* hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing?" and answered his question with the statement, "Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" See I Thessalonians 2:17-20. The good that was done in Orlando is not only a part of Brother Harwell's and my joy and crown, but also is Sister Burton's, Brother Ward's, and all others who helped us pay off this debt. Here is compound interest in religion!

BROTHER S. H. HALL SPEAKS ON RADIO STATION KFVD

Hugh M. Tiner, President
Pepperdine College

For over twenty-one years each Lord's Day morning from 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock over Station KFVD the "Take Time To Be Holy" radio program has been broadcast in Los Angeles. This program is probably heard by more Christians than any other religious program in this area.

On each second Lord's Day in the month many look forward to a message from Brother S. H. Hall. He speaks with such fervor and enthusiasm that he encourages many to do more for the Lord. I travel over this area quite a lot and members of the church frequently tell me how much the program means to them, especially the wonderful and inspiring messages of Brother S. H. Hall.

I feel Brother Hall's messages do much good, because he speaks to the hearts of people about their responsibility toward the Lord. He always gives a clear and concise statement about some vital message needed by his hearers. In many respects I feel Brother Hall is doing the finest work in the pulpit and over the radio that he has ever done. He gives much serious thought to the content and manner of presentation of every radio message. He is reaching many people, and only time will tell how much good he is doing.

It is a real joy for me to work with Brother Hall on his radio ministry. I usually try to be present personally to announce the program for him.

Chapter XXI

PHIL'S DEATH

I know nothing better to do than to let the readers see what was said in the Gospel Advocate after his death:

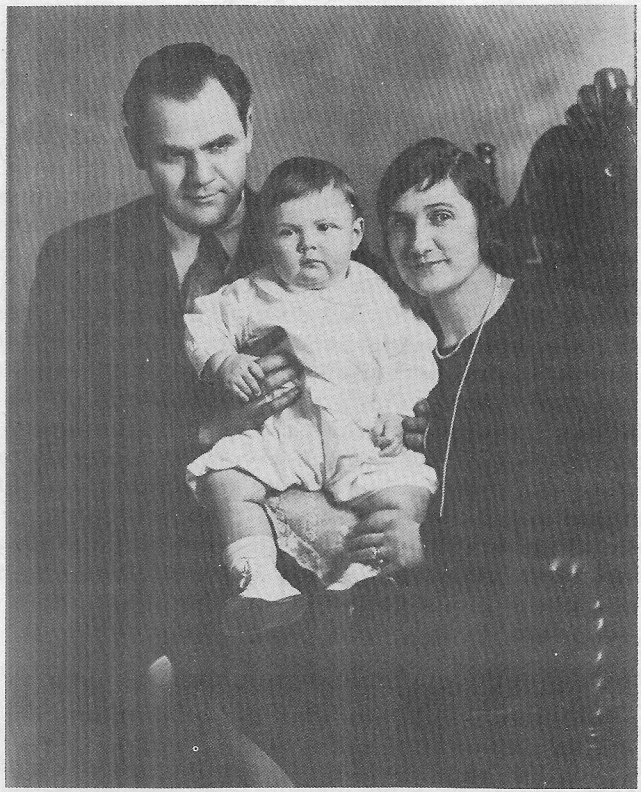
The inevitable has come and our hearts are bowed down with sorrow. I thought I knew sorrow and what it was to have an aching heart, but these were all strangers to me until "Phil," our only son and child, slipped away from us about ten minutes after nine o'clock on the morning of February 14, 1930. We had done all that human hearts could think to do in prayer and faithful service, but it was God's will that he should go, and, of course, we must be resigned to his will. How often, as I wept and prayed during Phil's sickness, I thought of the words of David: "Who knoweth whether Jehovah will not be gracious to me, that the child may live?" But the loving Heavenly father did not see best to so do. So, with David again, I must say: "But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he will not return to me." One of the wires we received from friends contained the words, "Look upward and forward." Indeed, this we will do. What else could Christians do?

"Phil," as we always called him, lacked thirty-two days living to see his thirtieth birthday. He was born on March 16, 1900. "Sam Thomas," as we call the baby, was one year old when the above picture was made. He was two years old on February 13, the day before his father left us the next morning. Phil so much enjoyed his baby! When he was carried into Phil's room, Sam Thomas held up two fingers and said: "Dad, I am two years old!" These sweet words were answered by the dying father, with his two fingers also raised: "Yes, my sweet boy is two years old. Come here and kiss daddy." This was his last visit with his baby.

THE LORD LOVES US

"My son, regard not lightly the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art reproved of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. It is for chastening that we endure; God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is there whom his father chasteneth not? But if ye are without chastening, whereof all have been made partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." (Heb. 12:5-8) This is a terrible price we are paying for some blessing that will come into our lives. This chastisement proves that God loves us. With Joy we say: "Jehovah gave, and Jehovah hath taken

away; blessed be the name of Jehovah." If the blessing that is to come is to be commensurate with the sorrow we now have, how great the blessing!



Mr. and Mrs. Phil Hall and baby, one year before Phil's death. When Sam Thomas, this son was one year old.

WHAT GOOD CAN COME?

"And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good." (Rom. 8:28) What are the blessings? What good will come to us as a result of this bitter experience? Well, it will come. About this there cannot be one doubt.

No son ever lived that loved his father more tenderly and was more interested in his father's success. I prize above all things earthly known to me the fact that he had rather hear me preach than any other man on earth. He never missed hearing me, either, if he was in hearing distance. For more than twenty years he had been listening to me understandingly. He was baptized at the early age of ten. He would often talk to me about the sermons and offer suggestions. How he

rejoiced in his father's success! And how it hurt him for his father to do anything that had even the semblance of failure! Not for a thousand worlds like this would I sell his love and his confidence.

Well, I know nothing better to do, since he is gone, than to say that he shall continue to live in his father by my doing my best to preach every sermon I deliver, from now until death, twice as good, and even more if possible, as I have ever preached it before. This I can do, and, God helping me, this I will do. No, Phil, my dear boy, your father will continue to tell the old, sweet story of the cross that you so much loved to hear, and tell it better and better as the years come and go. In me, my dear son, you shall continue to live.

Phil and I were pals from his early childhood. When a young man in his "teens," he enjoyed my company as well as that of any young man with whom he associated. I loved and entered into all his games with him. Home was a sweet place to him, and no son ever brought more sunshine and gladness into father and mother's heart than did Phil. He was so exceedingly tender and thoughtful in his every word and act toward his mother.

HIS HOME

In May, 1923, Phil took unto himself Mary Sowell as his life's companion. She is the daughter of Brother Wilburn Sowell, of Columbia, Tenn. Mary is a devoted Christian, and Phil thought her to be the sweetest girl on earth. We all love Mary and her people. It seems that the two families have become one indeed.

Since Phil's death, Mrs. Hall and I have left the home the Russell Street brethren built for us, and we are boarding with Mary and Sam Thomas to try to fill the place made vacant by her husband's going. We cannot fill this place, but we can at least help her keep her home together and go right on as though Phil were living.

THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH

John says: "And this is the victory that overcometh, ... even our faith." We do not think of Phil as dead. He is God's child, and "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Paul says: "Being therefore always of good courage, and knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; ... we are of good courage, I say, and are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be at home with the Lord." Again, he says: "Having the desire to depart and be with Christ; for it is very far better." And David says: "Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of his saints." It is not God's will that we be ignorant "concerning them that fall asleep." How thankful we are for his promises, for the hope of some day seeing our Savior face to face, and our loved ones whom he has redeemed with his precious

blood! We would not call Phil back, if we had it in our power, unless we could see well enough down the road of life to see how it would go with him. God has saved him from life's troubles and sorrows. His thirty years were lived in such a quiet, sweet way. There was so much joy and peace. What a pleasant memory we have of those years! It hurts – O how it hurts to be without him here! But God's grace will sustain us as onward we go until the end of life's way we too reach, and God takes us home.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS

How can we ever prove ourselves worthy of such consideration as the hundreds of friends have shown us? It was God's way of coming to our rescue. More than one hundred telegrams, above one hundred and fifty letters and cards, and close to one hundred floral designs came from loving, praying hearts. O, you will never know what it all has meant to the wife, the mother, and the father of our dear boy! Russell Street was so sweet to us! Also, West End Church of Christ in Atlanta and Central Church in California, and other congregations. May God bless you all, is our humble prayer. We would feel ashamed not to carry on, with such love as you have so bountifully showered upon us.



Made in 1904 when Phil was 4 years old.

And how sweet were the words of Brother Calhoun, who gave the funeral address! I never knew words had such power before. All the Scriptures he used I had so often used before, but how they lifted us up! And the prayers offered by Brother Ben Harding and Brother H. Paul Lewis were so comforting. God's hand has been in it all, and we praise

his name and want to live to love and serve him by doing all we can for his children here on earth.

Sorrow upon sorrow it has been ours to carry. Dr. Tarpley, who loved us so tenderly and who was at Phil's bedside every day, and who closed his eyes when death claimed him, had a stroke just two days after Phil was buried, which took him away in less than twenty-four hours. Such experiences make us exclaim:

"What is life?" Indeed, it is like a vapor that soon passes away.

But this can refer only to physical life. For within us there is something that is eternal, which lives on after it leaves the body. Robert Freeman well says:

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
All forgotten in the tomb;
Rather, in my Father's mansions,
Living in another room.

Living, like the one who loves me,
Like yon child with cheeks abloom,
Out of sight, at desk or school book,
Busy in another room.

Nearer than the youth whom fortune
Beckons where the strange land loom;
Just behind the hanging curtain,
Working in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom,
Or the stepping o'er the threshold,
To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom?
When I know our son is happy,
Waiting in another room?

Chapter XXII

THE NASHVILLE CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE

It would be correct to say that The Nashville Christian Institute is a child of David Lipscomb College. There were efforts made to establish a school for our colored people before. The Nashville Christian Institute was established, and the name of the lamented David Lipscomb was in there doing its part in it. It will be a sad day for the church and the cause of primitive christianity when we forget such men as David Lipscomb.

There are no people among whom I have worked which work has been enjoyed more than my work with our colored brethren. I can never forget The Nashville Christian Institute and those faithful souls with whom I labored in its beginning and subsequent growth, such as Lacy Elrod, Sam P. Pittman, Brother and Sister Lambert Campbell, A. M. Burton, Athens Clay Pullias and others.

But I can not tarry in the memory of those days. I give here a brief statement of the Appraisal of my feeble efforts by Brethren Keeble and Byron. But before their statements, let me ask you to reflect on the number of souls I have touched through the hundreds of colored preachers we now have who went out from my classes and have carried with them Vols. I and II of Scripture Studies. Yes, I helped to plant this mustard seed and it is still bringing in its *compound interest.*

A STATEMENT FROM M. KEEBLE

In the beginning of the Nashville Christian Institute Brother S. H. Hall taught for about two years before I became president – several of his students have become great preachers of the Gospel.

In a business meeting about thirteen years ago Bro. Hall moved that I become president of the Nashville Christian Institute, and Bro. A. M. Burton seconded, and I was elected president of this great school.

Brother Hall taught for several years in our Lectureships and we miss him since he has moved to California. We all miss his fine teaching and wise counsel. Brother Hall had much to do with appointing Bro. Boatright as principal of our school and Bro. Boatright has proven a great blessing to the school.

About eighteen years ago Bro. Hall encouraged the establishment of the colored church in Atlanta. He was present when forty-two precious souls walked down one night – a total of one hundred and sixty-six were baptized. Brother Hall helped start the white church in Atlanta and was in the beginning of the colored church.

I can't forget what this great man of God has meant to me in my

work and to thousands of others for the Master. I appreciate the friendship of this great Godly man and I thank God for the friendship of Bro. Hall. His life has been a blessing to many who desired to preach the Gospel.

During his twenty-eight years or more at Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., he advised and encouraged me much. He also helped me in my early ministry of God's Word, thank God.

/s/ M. Keeble

A STATEMENT FROM HENRY BYRON

In addition to what Brother Keeble has said about Brother Hall and The Nashville Christian Institute, I wish to state that I was with this fine school from its beginning and was in Brother Hall's Bible class. He was with the school in 1945, 1946, 1947 and 1948. He had large classes, and not only helped us obtain a true knowledge of the church of Christ, but presented us with copies of "Scripture Studies, Volume I." Nothing has helped me and the other boys more than Brother Hall's teaching and especially the contents of this little book. One of the young men learned well one of Brother Hall's sermons, delivered it at a chapel service, which resulted in twenty-three baptisms. He did the same fine work in each of our lecture series while he was here, giving complimentary copies of his book to young and old.

Two other most helpful things he did was first, securing the services of Brother Lacy Elrod, who stayed with the school until he got it fully accredited, and, second, in getting Sister Lambert Campbell, who helped him much in developing young preachers at Russell Street, to fall in with the work of this school and help to train our boys into effective preachers. One of the most interesting parts of the commencement exercises is the program arranged for her public speaking class, with which the commencement exercises begin each year.

/s/ Henry Byron

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Campbell—two who have worked most untiringly for the Nashville Christian Institute. They work anywhere from cellar to garret. Sister Campbell also teaches Public Speaking. They have worked without charge, for the twenty years the school has been in existence.

Chapter XXIII

WEST HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

It was about 1903 when Brother Lon Welch, who formerly lived at Gurley, Alabama, asked me to conduct a mission meeting under a tent at West Huntsville, Alabama. There was only one congregation in Huntsville at the time, and the congregation had been in trouble over Brother Daniel Sommer's "Evangelistic Authority" and "Anti-Bible College Ideas." Sommer had been there, the doors locked against him, and he broke in, which precipitated a lawsuit. It was during his trial that our meeting had its beginning, and Brother Sommer attended one or two of our services – my first time to meet him. Because of the trouble in the up-town congregation, I agreed to conduct the meeting with the distinct understanding that the congregation up-town was to have nothing to do with it. I knew nothing about the merits of their trouble and wanted neither side to have any controlling influence in our meeting, but let it be understood that members from both sides of the fuss would be treated respectfully if they attended, yet none of them was to be used in our services. Enough said about the circumstances under which I went to Huntsville, Alabama.

The slogan that I used quite often in my revivals was – *"God Has Made Himself So Plain and Understandable in All He Has Said to Us About How To Be Saved that Any Two Honest Souls Can See It Exactly Alike."* This slogan was publicized on streamers stretched across the street and on cards placed in much visited places. Everybody was invited to attend and to ask any Bible question that they wished to hear discussed and to offer any criticism about anything that was taught in that meeting, with the assurance that their questions and criticisms would receive polite and courteous attention.

Our slogan was so displayed and referred to at every service that it became the talk of the town. Before entering into the discussion on any subject, the statement was made, "God has made himself so plain on this subject that any two honest souls can see it alike." It was insisted that the difficulties in anyone's efforts to see and understand the lesson be made known, and the point would be reconsidered. In spite of all of this insistence, only one criticism was offered, and that was by a Baptist minister who did not attend the meeting. He was minister of a small congregation whose building was not far removed from our tent. Many of his members attended, however, and among the forty-some-odd additions quite a number of his members were included. His losing a number of his members peeved him deeply, and on Wednesday night preceding our closing Sunday night meeting he announced to his audience that my slogan was all wrong, and that after my meeting closed he would speak on the subject and show the people what a "mess" – I was told he used this word – I had made of it.

This made me exceedingly curious to meet this preacher before the meeting closed. So I learned where he boarded — he was an unmarried man — and hurriedly ate a light breakfast and went to his boarding place. I found he had spent the night in what was called the Dallas Mills section, but would be there soon as he had an appointment with his official board for an early meeting there that morning. I decided to wait for him, and soon he came.

In as few words as possible I give you my interview with him. After getting an introduction by the lady of the house, I dived into what was on my heart. Said I to him, "As you know I have been here for about two weeks in a revival and my duties today are heavy as we are organizing a new congregation in West Huntsville, and also organizing the Bible study for each Lord's Day, and I am under promise to meet the difficulties of one who has been a member of the Church of Christ but is wondering if he has committed the unpardonable sin. However, I am told that you announced to your people last Wednesday night that after my meeting closes you are inviting the people to come and hear you speak on the slogan I have been using, that is, "That any two honest souls can see the Bible alike." If I am wrong, I want to be set right, so I am here to hear you give your reasons for believing I am wrong. Since you are to deny that any two honest souls can see the Bible alike; that is, the things that pertain to our salvation, please name what it is." He named one subject which right now I forget what it was; and as soon as he named it, I opened my pocket testament and read slowly each statement in the New Testament on that subject. As I read each statement, I asked, "Do you see exactly what is said here, and do you believe it?" His answer all the way through was, "I do." "Then," said I, "we are seeing it alike. I thought your position is that we cannot see it alike." A number of subjects were suggested by him which he claimed we could not see alike, and they were disposed of exactly in the same way. To tie a man down to the exact sayings of the Bible on how to be saved makes it difficult for him to introduce something contradictory to the plain-as-day saying in the Bible.

Finally, he stated, "O now, Brother Hall, you know we differ on when a man's sins are remitted. My church teaches that we are saved by faith only, then we obey because we are saved. Your church teaches that we must obey in order to be saved." My answer was, "If this be true, certainly there is a difference. When you say your church teaches that we are saved by faith only, then obey because you are saved, I am not disposed to deny it — you should know what your church teaches. But when you say that the church with which I stand identified teaches that we obey in order to be saved, you have told the truth. So here is a difference, and it remains now to see which one of these positions is right." It might be well to say that quite a crowd had assembled on the sidewalk and in the front yard of this home. The neighbors could see us, for this conversation took place on the front porch. I saw my opportunity to drive home the truth to others in addition to the heart of this Baptist preacher. So I opened my testament at Romans 6:17, 18,

and read – "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being *then* made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." After reading this I asked the question – *"When does this scripture say they were made free from sin, before obedience or in obedience?"* He began to talk around and evade the question, and I arose and stated, "My Lord will not allow me to talk to you unless you are willing to let the scriptures decide our difference. Here is the testament. Read this scripture please so that all can hear it." This he did. Then again I asked, *"When does that scripture say they were made free from sin – before they obeyed or when they obeyed? This question must be answered now, else this study ends."* His answer was, *"This scripture says they were made free from sin when they obeyed."* "Exactly so," was my reply. Now one more question, "You will have to agree Paul spoke as the Spirit moved him – see 1 Corinthians 2:13." This he agreed was correct. "But," said I, "you say your church teaches us to expect salvation by faith only, then obey because we are saved. Now here is the question – I am asking you, as a friend, advise me whether to leave the declaration of an inspired man that says we get remission of sins when we are baptized or obey from the heart the form of doctrine which verses 3 to 6 of this same chapter declare is baptism – I say, must I leave what the inspired writer here says and go over on your side of the question and teach we are saved before we obey? I ask you, in the name of my Lord and in view of the judgment to come, WHAT IS YOUR ADVICE?" His answer was, "Brother Hall, stay with what Paul says." I had to grab him by the hand and declare, "I thought there was the spark of sincerity in your heart, and I was praying that God would help me to strike it. All this differing over when we get remission of sins is a disgrace to people in a civilized country who claim to believe the Bible was given to us by a loving Heavenly Father."

I hurried from this conversation to the hardest day's work in which I have ever engaged. I was scheduled to get the work organized that day and to leave early the next morning for a meeting in Christian County, Kentucky. I think I spoke five times that day. First, getting the leaders organized for carrying on the work, organizing the Bible study, appointing teachers and agreeing on the literature to be used. Then my effort to get Ira Jones to know he had not committed the unpardonable sin, which resulted in his confession of sins and rededication of himself to Christ, which rededication lived with him until his death. Then a few short business talks about the importance of always commemorating the death of our Lord on the first day of the week, keeping books with our Lord and putting into the treasury of the church our Lord's part of the week's increase. A special service in the afternoon was followed by a baptismal service about one mile from the tent. Then the evening service was followed by another baptismal service and baptismal talk, followed by other confessions. Then I walked back to the Welch home where a bed awaited my tired body. On our way back I remarked to Brother Welch, "They say a man can work too hard, but honestly this is

the biggest day's work I have ever done, and I feel like I could jump a ten-rail fence." But I had overdone it. The next morning instead of getting out of bed and going off to the train with Mrs. Hall and our son, I had to stay there and was not able to proceed to Kentucky where they expected me Monday night following the Sunday closing at Huntsville. However, I got to the meeting by the middle of the week and enjoyed resting while preaching the regular number of sermons each day.

So much for the beginning of the work at West Huntsville, Alabama. I helped to establish the church at Merrimac Mills village, and also in Dallas Mills section. I wish space would permit my giving our readers the great part that J. D. Tant played in that work. Brother Jenkins, the brother-in-law of J. I. Jones, had much to do with establishing the church and its subsequent growth. We give the building when finished in which John E. Dunn conducted the first revival, and I have conducted several since it was established. They now meet in a brick building with all conveniences.



West Huntsville, Ala.

BROTHER IRA JONES'S BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

When I decided to compile this story of my life's work I wrote Brother Ira for his statement. Here it is:

Brother S. H. Hall conducted a mission tent meeting in June, 1903. resulting in the establishment of this church. We at once rented a hall and met regularly on the first day of the week for worship. We started a building fund which resulted in a house of worship the third year. Brother Hall supervised the work for us. He drew up the deed and greatly helped us with the building fund. He assisted in the selection of elders. Brother Hall had the future welfare of the church at heart. He visited the church frequently on the Lord's Day, and we only paid his railroad fare. While he was teaching in the Nashville Bible School he came often to help us. One night, after he had gone to his bedroom to retire, I gave him his railroad fare and he said, "Brother Jones, I have four ($4.00) dollars which the brethren handed me and I want to give it back so that it may be applied on the building, and tell the brethren to contribute to the treasury the amount that they want the preacher to have in order that the church may know what is paid to him."

The West Huntsville Church loves Brother Hall, not only for his great ability as a preacher, but for his work's sake and the sacrifice he made in helping us in a time of need. Brother Hall conducted three

meetings for us, and then left for Atlanta to start the work there. This church has met regularly on the Lord's Day since the day it was established. We have had other great preachers to hold meetings for us; namely, Brethren C. M. Pullias, G. C. Brewer, John E. Dunn, John T. Poe, R. E. L. Taylor, T. B. Thompson and others. West Huntsville is the home of our beloved Brother Boyd Fanning who is now at Cleveland, Tennessee. He obeyed the gospel here and we call him "our boy." He has held some very successful meetings for us. The entire church loves him. As many as sixty from our church have gone as far as fifty miles in trucks to hear him preach. In addition to Brother Fanning's three years at Etowah and more than three years at Cleveland as a local preacher, he has held some very successful meetings in Chattanooga and other places.

Brother J. A. Jenkins lives in Huntsville. He was a charter member of this church. He preaches monthly for us now. He has been a great help to the church in looking after the Bible Class work.

One of our greatest preachers came out of the West Huntsville church and Ira Jones was responsible for it. We give now a series of letters from Brother Fanning Boyd, the preacher to whom we refer:

Letter No. 1

"I have just read your article, "A Few Words about Preachers," in the Gospel Advocate of March, and I must tell you that it is very timely. I appreciate it very much. You have expressed my sentiments exactly. There are extremes in most everything, and I feel sure that an extremist preacher is detrimental to the cause everywhere.

"Brother Hall, I appreciate your department in the Gospel Advocate very much, and I believe that it is rightly named, "Mutual Edification." It edifies. I also appreciate the great work you are doing in the Master's kingdom. I have often regretted that I could not be intimately associated with you. I feel that it would be of great benefit to me.

"Perhaps you do not remember me. About twelve years ago you came by Huntsville, Alabama, and preached at West Huntsville about five nights. I was then a babe-in-Christ. I obeyed the gospel there. I have never forgotten your wonderful sermons. I have been preaching the gospel about six years now. I labored three years with the church at Etowah, Tennessee, and am now in my second year with the East Side Church at Cleveland. I have established two new congregations since coming to East Tennessee. One now has a nice building which is paid in full. I spend at least four months in the summer holding meetings.

"Cleveland has many industries, and last year when they were operating regularly I preached during the noon hour at as many as four of them each week. I know that much good was accomplished.

"Last summer I held a meeting (my fourth) with the West Huntsville Church, Alabama. We had fourteen additions to the church. Brother Hall, you have no truer friend than Brother Ira Jones. He is not an

highly educated man, but has plenty common sense and good judgment. He is, I think, a splendid elder. I thank God for my associations with him. Always, in advising me, he would talk of you, and hold you up as an example, worthy of a young preacher's emulation. Perhaps that is why I feel I know you so well. May the Lord abundantly bless you and keep you unto the day of His coming."

Letter No. 2

"I know that you are a very busy man. I feel sure that someone is always asking something of you, and giving nothing. I have something to ask of you; but before I do so, I wish to tell you how we are situated here.

"We have a congregation of about 175. They pay me $100 a month, but for the past three years so many have been out of work that they were compelled to borrow money to supplement the deficiency in their contributions. Even then, I have given them several amounts when they would get far behind. I go away for meetings through the summer, and give them time to catch up. They owed $375 when I left this spring, and have paid it all, but have no surplus on hand.

"Cleveland is a beautiful little city of about fifteen thousand people. Our work is growing. We have a full house at all services, with lots of visitors. We cannot keep up our current expenses, and pay an evangelist to hold us a meeting, so I have conducted five meetings in the three years I have been here. Here is what I want, we want. I say "we" because I have told them so much about you that all are very eager to hear you preach.

"Would it be possible for you to come and hold a meeting for us soon? I am willing to do anything to get you here, even if you could only come Monday and stay five days. If you will come and preach a few days for us, I will go anywhere and hold a meeting for you; some meeting that you won't have time to conduct, and I will give you every penny they pay me for the meeting.

"I realize that this can't be very encouraging to you, that we can't offer you much, but you can't realize how much it would mean to us and to the cause of Christ to get you here, even for a few days. No man could do so much to elevate the church in Cleveland as you.

"We can offer you a full house and good singing. You could stay with us, and bring sister Hall too, if she cares to come. We will give you our best bed, a good garage for your car, and every comfort we can afford. This is asking a lot of you, but believing you to be the big-hearted man you are, I ask it as a friend and brother. I believe you will give this request your sincere consideration, and remember, that no matter what you do about this it will not change my feelings for you in the least. I will always love you for what you are and for the great work you have done."

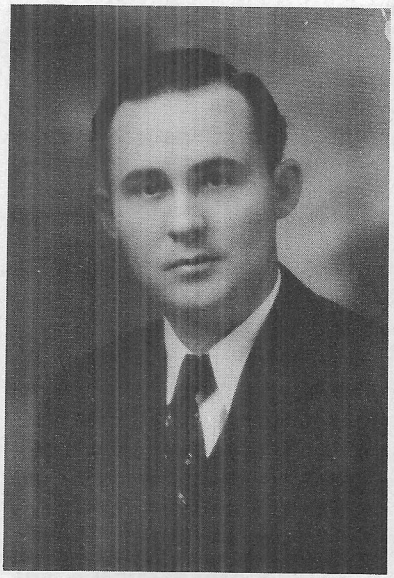
Letter No. 3.

"I received your letter of November 13th, and we are tickled pink that you can come. We shall be glad to have you anytime, but of course the earlier you can come in December the better, for we can hardly wait. Everybody is eager to see and hear you.

"Brother Hall, as soon as you decide the date please let me know as I plan to do lots of advertising. I would like to have your cut for our papers. I am going to write all the churches through this section, including Chattanooga, and have the meeting announced."

It is well to say that I conducted the meeting for Brother Fanning, and enjoyed it beyond the power of words to express.

Yes, our "Lord's mustard seed" was planted in West Huntsville, Alabama, and how it did grow, and continues to bear fruit wherever Boyd Fanning goes and others who have gone out from that work.



Boyd D. Fanning of Cleveland, who is conducting a series of services in Riceville Church of Christ.



J. I. Jones.

Chapter XXIV

TWO OF THE BEST FRIENDS WE EVER HAD

Right in the beginning of this chapter I want you to see the faces of the two friends in mind. So here they are:



Dr. and Mrs. Guy Manning.

I have studied, with no little profit, the statement which God made to Abraham; namely, "Abraham My Friend." No higher honor could be bestowed on any soul here on earth than this statement of Jehovah about Abraham. The closeness of that friendship takes my mind to the two pictured above.

The best that I have ever read on true friendship I find in Adam Clarke's comments on 1 Sam. 18:1, concerning the friendship that existed between Jonathan and David – viz.: "Friendship produces an entire sameness; it is one soul in two bodies – a friend is another self."

I think it is perfectly in order to say that it took a lot of praying to convert Dr. Manning from the Calvinistic idea of salvation. I set my heart upon doing this very thing. It took time to accomplish this. But I never, for one moment, let up in my prayers to God that He be with me and prayed most earnestly that in my conversations and associations with Dr. Manning that he would enable me to do exactly what he teaches me to do and be in Colossians 4:5,6 – "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time. Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."

Oh, how we do need to pray in all our efforts to save souls. God gave his wife and me glorious success; and today, at this writing, he is one of the best deacons in the Russell Street Church at Christ. The many, many kind things he and his wife have done for us cannot be told, but two I must mention:

THE TESTIMONIAL MEETING AT THE MAXWELL HOUSE

He and his good wife conceived the idea of arranging for this meeting, financing the whole thing, and giving tickets to friends who desired to attend. Of course, other friends stepped in and asked for permission to give their mite, but I presume it cost them $400.00 in the end. I know nothing better to do just here than to give the report that Brother Willard Collins gave of this meeting in the Firm Foundation, dated March 4, 1947:

> Two hundred sixty-three guests assembled in the main dining room of the Maxwell House Hotel on Friday night, February 7, to honor S. H. Hall for his more than fifty years of preaching and twenty-five years in Christian education.

Athens Clay Pullias, president of David Lipscomb College, served as toastmaster for the affair, which was planned by Dr. Guy Manning, Mrs. Guy Manning, W. E. Deacon, member of the Russell Street Church, and H. Phelps Smith, son of the late F. W. Smith, who baptized Hall.



Athens Clay Pullias, speaking at Testimonial Dinner.

During Brother Hall's twenty-five years' work with the Russell Street congregation, in Nashville, twenty-five young preachers have gone out from the church, with more than 20,000 conversions and over 100 churches resurrected and established. Several of these young men were on the program Friday night. Jack McElroy led the opening prayer; Ray Jerkins, minister of the Mount Juliet Church, sang a solo; George Ryan, Nashville, Tennessee, spoke for the group of twenty-five young men; and Clifton Trimble, present song leader of Russell Street and student at David Lipscomb College, sang a solo.

O. D. Bearden, Atlanta, Georgia, praised Hall for his fourteen years of work in Atlanta. Following his graduation from David Lipscomb College in 1906, Brother Hall moved to Atlanta, where he worked with Brother Bearden in the establishment of the West End Church, starting with twenty-five members and leaving that congregation with 800 members, with twenty-odd other congregations established in Atlanta and throughout the state.

After fourteen years in Atlanta, Brother Hall moved to Los Angeles, California. A message was read from John Allen Hudson at the dinner, in which Hudson told how Hall was instrumental in establishing Central Church in Los Angeles and the Japanese Church in that city. Enoch Thweatt, one of the elders of the Russell Street Church, spoke of his twenty-five years at Russell Street, and said that the work at Russell Street had never been better than it is now. C. C. Menzler, superintendent of the Tennessee Industrial School, praised Brother Hall for his twenty years of work at the school, and told the audience that three hundred out of the six hundred children at the school are now members of the Church of Christ as a result of Brother Hall's labors. Harry Leathers, president of the Lipscomb board of directors, spoke of his twenty-three years of service on the Lipscomb board; and B. C. Goodpasture, editor of the Gospel Advocate, paid tribute to Brother Hall as a contributor for more than forty years to the Advocate.

Mayor Thomas L. Cummings, of Nashville, praised Hall as a citizen; and A. M. Burton, president of the Life and Casualty Insurance Company, told of his close association with Brother Hall for thirty years, and his help in establishing the Nashville Christian Institute, a school for our colored brethren.

Other speakers on the program were: Batsell Baxter, president-emeritus of David Lipscomb College, who spoke as a friend and as a Lipscomb administrator, who has served under Hall; Bill Browning, Neon, Kentucky, a member of the board of directors of the Hoskins Bible School; and Willard Collins, vice president of David Lipscomb College spoke of Brother Hall's work in Eastern Kentucky; William J. Lemons, Dalton, Georgia, led the benediction.

O. D. Bearden, first speaker on the program, sounded a keynote when he said: "No man in this room knows S. H. Hall better than I, and I am glad to honor him in this way.

The news of the meeting got out and a cablegram came from Brother Rhodes in Japan, and wires came from California and other cities. It was a great occasion, and Mrs. Hall and I felt most humble with such a demonstration. May God ever bless all who made it such a success.

AN ADDRESS GIVEN BY GEORGE RYAN

I would like first of all to express my gratitude for the honor that has been bestowed upon me in being chosen to speak in behalf of the preachers who have been encouraged and developed by Brother Hall. No doubt everyone of these preachers would like very much to stand where I am standing and tell you how much they owe to Brother Hall.

The poet, Thomas Gray, wrote these words in that great poem entitled, "An Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard":

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

Thomas Gray was doubtless inspired to write these words as he looked upon the country graveyard and saw there the many humble markers which designated the resting place of many who lived unnoticed and died without any special honor in this world. He knew that many of them were born into this world with the talent of great men, but for one reason or another, that talent was never developed. Gray said further:

> "Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest:
> Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

And so when we stop to meditate upon the same thing we know that doubtless there have been thousands born into this life with all the talent and ability of Paul, Peter and John, and yet because there was no one to teach, no one to speak the right word of encouragement at the right time, or because there was no one to appreciate them, their zeal was soon repressed and they never tried to rise again.

It means a lot to have someone genuinely interested in you, and especially one who is a capable minister of God's word, one who is willing to sacrifice many things for you and to encourage, advise and teach you.

I am glad that we still have some good men left who ever keep their eyes and ears open searching for one more who may be capable of accomplishing some good in God's service.

I am thankful that I was privileged to grow up in a congregation where the preacher was that sort of a man.

For the little good that I have done and the good that I shall do in the future, I owe much of the credit to Brother Hall.

Brother Hall has been instrumental in the development of some twenty-five preachers. These twenty-five preachers have converted approximately 20,000 souls unto the Lord. This number may sound phenominal but, friends, when we stop to think, we know that that number is only touching the hem of the garment compared to what it may be a few years from now, for that number will be multiplied over and over again as long as the Lord sees fit to let the world stand.

As I think about this, I can appreciate more than ever John's statement in Rev. 14:13 when he said in reference to those who had completed a successful life in God's service that they would rest from their labors and that their works would follow them.

Then when the Lord shall see fit to call Brother Hall home and he goes on to enjoy the fruits of his labor, his work will follow him, and as long as the world turns till Jesus comes back that work will continue to follow him, so we can see that 20,000 who have been converted will sound insignificant compared to what it will be.

And in connection with the number of converts from his work at Russell Street, it must be remembered that a large number have been converted by preachers sent out from his fourteen years in Atlanta. (See the results of W. C. Graves's work in chapter dedicated to him.)

As I reach my final remarks may we close with a prayer – and I know that all those preachers of whom we have spoken, along with countless thousands of friends, will join as we pray that the best years

for Brother Hall lie ahead and that he may be allowed to live and labor many more years in God's service and that he may continue to find and send men out to preach God's word.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

At this writing Mrs. Hall and I have been married fifty-seven years. Of course, the Mannings and others knew when our Fiftieth Anniversary was coming up, and they set about to celebrate the occasion in their own way. At first they thought of keeping us in the dark, but because the more they planned, the more they felt it must be held at 1008 Noelton Lane, hence had to obtain Mrs. Hall's consent, which they, with difficulty, obtained. We begin the story with Mrs. Hall and me standing beside the fifty-pound cake which they called on me to cut.



Mr. and Mrs. Hall on Golden Wedding Anniversary.

To say it was an occasion never to be forgotten, expresses it mildly. To indicate the impression it made on my wife, I will state that when she was asked, "How do you feel about your party?" her reply was, "I am astounded!"

I give here a picture of the accumulated gifts which cannot be pictured fully. However, it is well to state that among the gifts was money which amounted to around $500.00. Among these gifts was found a check for $100.00 on gold paper from the Japanese Church of Christ in Los Angeles. Brother Gibson, one of our elders at Russell Street, raised the insurance on household goods for $500.00. Am I saying too much? I trust not, but do so much want our friends who read this book to know how great a success the Golden Wedding was. Russell Street played a large role in making it the success it was. But not only church members took an interest, but members of other religious orders dropped in to congratulate us. The first one was Dr. Prentis Pugh, Rector of the Episcopal Church.

I would love to give the picture of the entire group of those who assisted, but space forbids this. Suffice to say that Dr. Manning and his wife were at the door to receive guests, and I close this with their statement to us:

> One of the most enjoyable privileges of our lives was being granted the opportunity to sponsor the Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary of Brother and Sister S. H. Hall on the evening of August 28th. A number of the members at Russell Street where Brother Hall has been minister for about twenty-seven years were taking steps to give them a surprise party. But they all gladly acquiesced and allowed us to sponsor the entire affair. They cooperated most beautifully with presents, cards and some ten or a dozen helped to serve.

There were no invitations extended to Russell Street membership — two announcements were made and each member left to do as he felt best. However, in response to our request, Brother and Sister Hall gave us the names of a number of friends here in Nashville not in the Russell Street membership and a number of names away from Nashville. To these were mailed invitations.

About four years ago Dr. Manning was baptized into Christ as a result of Brother Hall's faithful efforts to convert him. It would be difficult to find a sweeter and closer friendship existing between two hearts than that which exists between them. Words cannot express how deeply we both appreciate the friendship of Brother and Sister Hall. We wanted to try to show it, and will ever be thankful for this opportunity.

Telegrams and cards came from far and near — a cablegram came from Japan. How they knew about it we do not know, for we mailed no invitations that far away. The two golden candle holders you see on the table came some ten days ahead of time — it seems the friends who sent them anticipated their being used on this occasion; however, we received no such word from them. The cake you see weighed fifty pounds and was thoroughly enjoyed by the many friends who came. Gifts galore — words could hardly describe them! It was indeed a most happy occasion for us all, and we want to thank Brother and Sister Hall for allowing us to sponsor it.

We think it appropriate to let you see what Brother and Sister Hall said to the Russell Street members in a recent issue of their little paper — "The Friendly Visitor":

Well, I presume it takes place only once in a life time. In this twenty-seventh year at Russell Street, it turned out to be the year of our Fiftieth Anniversary.

Words fail us as we try to say to our friends, "We thank you!" We could not have dreamed of such an occasion as you made this to be. Brother and Sister Guy Manning who sponsored it had the hearty co-operation of our many friends at Russell Street and a host of others. I know of no better words that give the impressions made on our hearts as the words of Mrs. Hall, in the midst of the fete. She was asked, "Sister Hall, are you happy?" Her answer was, "No, I am astounded."

It was one more happy day, one of the greatest in our lives. You good people who made it so, let us say again, you have our heartfelt thanks and can never be forgotten.

To live fifty years together, as husband and wife, is the exception and not the rule. May I pass this on because of its practical worth. I wanted, desperately, our lives together to be happy and fruitful. And I fell upon this rule with which to begin. As a new year would come, we would sit together and I would tell her wherein I thought I had fallen short and where I needed to improve. She did the same about herself. So the new year would be started with the thought of making it better than the one ending. Try this. It will help a lot. Stop finding fault with each other and look at self continually. This will help us in our church work at Russell Street. All you members try this awhile. From now till the first of the year, let us study self, see how many mistakes we can see and room for improvement in self and forget the other fellow altogether.

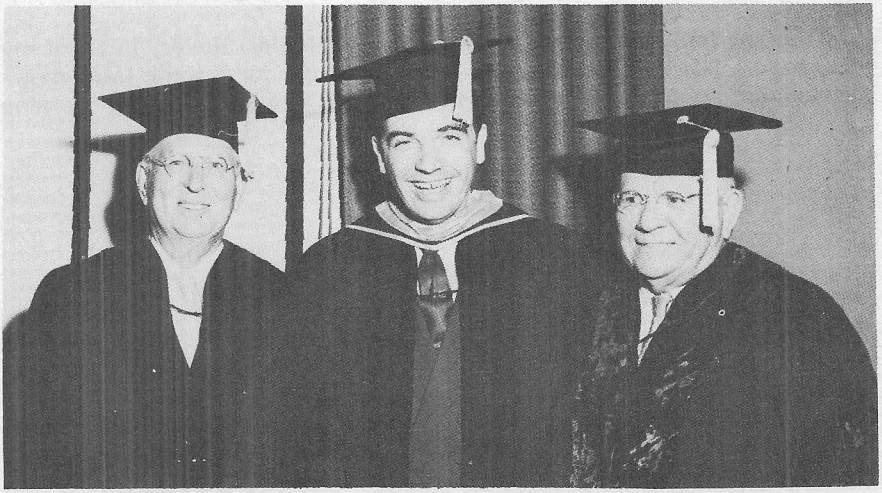
I do not feel like a man seventy-one years old. Never, in all of my life, have I felt that I was grown — and I am not, for I think I am growing and am determined to keep growing. We are not old until we stop growing. Don't forget this.

Chapter XXV

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE

Here I am covering a period of a little more than fifty years. We entered what was known as The Nashville Bible School in the fall of 1901. It was then located out on what was known as South Spruce Street, now Eighth Avenue South. Brother Will Anderson was president, Brother James A. Harding having resigned and through the importunity of Brother Potter and others, had established the Potter Bible College at Bowling Green, Kentucky. We spent two years there. How I would love to name the men and women we met during those two years, but space forbids this. The most of them have gone home.

The college was then moved out on the Lipscomb Farm. And my first year there I roomed with H. Leo Boles in the boys' dormitory. And then for two years there, living in the boys' dormitory with Mrs. Hall and Phil, our only son. We got our board and room and tuition for the teaching I did in the high school grades. How I would love to live over those days by naming those who were there then; those were some of the good old days to which I look back with pleasure. I graduated from that institution in 1906 with H. Leo Boles, John T. Lewis, Edward Boyd, David Shepherd, Lyde Bowers, and Ethel Blackman. I love to think of the little part I played in having H. Leo Boles later named as president. But I hasten on to later years.



A.M. Burton, Governor Frank Clement, and S.H. Hall, in graduating exercise at David Lipscomb College.

After moving from Los Angeles to Nashville to begin my twenty-eight and a half years at Russell Street, I was asked to join the board of directors, and I did so, and so remained until 1954, at which time I resigned because I was too far removed from the college. During the years I was on the board we had Boles, E. H. Ijams, Batsell Baxter, and Athens Clay Pullias as Presidents, Pullias still being president at this writing, with Willard Collins as his able vice president.

Here I would love to discuss the difficulty in keeping institutions of this kind going right after being started right. It is well that we keep in mind the wonderful statements made by D. Lipscomb and others when David Lipscomb College was established. But this is not an argument against establishing such institutions, for the same argument would apply to establishing local congregations. We refresh our minds on the history of the congregations that Paul and others established in their day. How many of them continued in the "straight and narrow way?" Colleges consist of men just as local congregations do. Study the history of men from the delivery from Egyptian bondage to Christ. Those things with which man has to do suffer from man's weakness and proneness to want his own way. We had some battles to fight to keep Lipscomb going as it should, and I can never forget how heated some of these battles were. And while some of them brought painful tears to my eyes because I had to go contrary to some whom I loved most dearly, yet I look back and thank God for it all. We have no greater institution than David Lipscomb College today. The question arises – *How long will it stand loyal to the "Grand Old Book" and the faith and practice of those who gave their all for it?* This question applies now to every other such college among us. Digression comes by the selfishness of man.

The drifting comes when we get *careless* about the board of directors. If the men who sacrificed to give birth to such institutions could continue to live and direct them, all would be well; but we get *careless* about appointing new men to the board, and the first thing you know it is out of hand. For this reason when I saw I had to resign from the board, I asked the privilege of helping to name my successor and suggested that no board member resign without giving some thought to his successor. So I give you some closing incidents connected with my leaving David Lipscomb College:

1. Statement that appeared in The Nashville Banner:

> "JOHN W. HIGH NEW DIRECTOR AT LIPSCOMB – John W. High, McMinnville, has been elected to the David Lipscomb College board of directors, according to Harry R. Leathers, Dickson, Tennessee, who is board chairman.
>
> High fills the vacancy on the Lipscomb board created by S. H. Hall, Arcadia, Calif. who requested he not be considered for re-election since he has moved from Nashville and cannot attend the board meetings..... In announcing High's acceptance of the directorship, Harry R. Leathers stated, 'David

Lipscomb College is most fortunate that John W. High has accepted a place on the board. We are thankful that such a splendid Christian gentleman and business leader can find the time to work in the cause of Christian education. He has distinguished himself in the work of the church, in public service, and in business. I am sure that his fine qualities of leadership and service will be a great blessing to Lipscomb. We look forward to a long and happy association together in a great work.'

Hall, who was minister of the Russell Street Church of Christ, Nashville, for 28 years, is now minister of the Church of Christ in Arcadia. He served on the Lipscomb board of directors for more than 25 years. While in Nashville, Hall was very active in the Churches of Christ and was a frequent contributor to the Gospel Advocate, a religious journal published by members of the Churches of Christ. In appreciation of Hall's long service to David Lipscomb College as a director, Chairman Leathers made this statement in announcing High's election to fill the vacancy. 'S. H. Hall, who has been a member of the Lipscomb board of directors, for more than a quarter of a century, has requested that he not be considered for re-election due to the fact that he has moved to California. We accept this statement with sincere regret. I have known him as a preacher since my boyhood days and have been associated with him on the board of Lipscomb for a long time. He has served Lipscomb and the cause of Christian education long and well. He has been a great help and inspiration to me, and we deeply regret to lose him. We are glad that he will continue to serve the cause of Christian education in California.'

High has been a close friend to Hall for many years and concerning his election to the board Hall stated, 'I know of no finer man who could have been selected to step in and fill this place on the David Lipscomb College board of directors. He will certainly be an asset to Lipscomb.' "

2. Letter from the Chairman of the Board of Directors and their Resolution:

February 22, 1954

Brother S. H. Hall
P. O. Box 863
Arcadia, Calif.

Dear Brother & Sister Hall:

I am enclosing a copy of the resolution passed by the board of Directors at our January meeting. Copies of this resolution are being sent to our religious papers and we hope it will be published by them in the near future.

I would like to express my personal appreciation for having known both of you these many years and for the fine work both of you have done in promoting the best interest of the Church of Christ and Christian Education. I realize full well the sorrows and disappointments that both of you have suffered during the trials through which you have passed. It could be that you will not be fully rewarded in this life but knowing your convictions and your firm will to stand by them, I am sure you will be rewarded in the next world.

I want you to know that you have been missed greatly by me in our deliberations concerning the welfare of the college, as well as in our social activities. I hope that you will ever keep us and the work at David Lipscomb College near your heart and that you will continue to pray for those of us who are attempting to direct the affairs of the college, and also that the work will be effective and bring forth much fruit in the churches where our graduates serve. With very best personal wishes for your continued success in the work in California, and come to see us as often as you can, I remain

Fraternally yours
/s/ Harry Leathers

RESOLUTION OF APPRECIATION TO BROTHER S. H. HALL

WHEREAS, S. H. Hall, has served faithfully as a member of the Board of Directors of David Lipscomb College for over a quarter of a century, and,

WHEREAS, his long and zealous services have been a great blessing to the cause of Christian education and to the advancement of the kingdom of God, and,

WHEREAS, he having removed to California and requested that he not be considered for re-election as a member of the Board due to the distance of his present residence,

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Directors express to him by this resolution its deepest appreciation for his faithful and devoted service to David Lipscomb College and to the church of the Lord.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the Board convey to Brother and Sister Hall best wishes for the future, to the end that the blessings of our Heavenly Father may richly bless their work in California.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that this resolution be

spread upon the minutes of the Board and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother and Sister Hall.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE

/s/ Harry R. Leathers
Harry R. Leathers, Chairman

/s/ M. N. Young
M. N. Young, Secretary and Treasurer

3. Statements from Collins and Pullias about subsequent attainments by the college.

January 25, 1955

I wish you could have been here last week. Thursday night we had over 1100 in McQuiddy Gym for the fellowship dinner and there were 26 preachers who had been preaching 40 or more years. A contribution of over $2600 was given. Brother John High was here for the dinner. I wish you could have seen the gym with all the tables. Brethren Wilson, Morris, Benson, and Dixon were here for a panel discussion on Christian Education..... We certainly missed you and I wish you could have been here, especially Thursday.....

Your friend,
/s/ Willard Collins
Willard Collins

December 11, 1954

You will be thrilled to know that Lipscomb has been admitted to the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. This is the final step in the change of Lipscomb from a junior to a senior college. I want to take this occasion to thank you again for the vital part which you played across the years in this development.....

Your devoted friend,

/s/ Clay

Athens Clay Pullias

Since Batsell Baxter was our president to succeed H. Leo Boles, then we loaned him to Brother Pepperdine as first President of George Pepperdine College, then recalled him to Lipscomb, I am constrained to let his statement end what I have to say of this great college. Brother Baxter is now President Emeritus and also at the head of the Bible Department. Honestly I have never thought of myself as a "fighter."

I presume I appear to be at times. All that I have ever done for the college or the church of our Lord has ever seemed as "matters of course" — *there was nothing else to do.*

S.H.H.



David Lipscomb College

NASHVILLE 5, TENNESSEE

May 18, 1955

S. H. Hall has been a fighter ever since I have known him, but all of his fights that I have known about have been in behalf of truth or in behalf of some friend who was being done an injustice. For many years he was on the Board of David Lipscomb College. During that time the College was assailed by various individuals or groups. Invariably, when the College was in the right, Brother Hall came to its defense even though at times his own interest would have led him to keep silent. His service to the school in 1943 was of inestimable value. He was fighting in the cause of New Testament Christianity and suffered a great deal of personal abuse because he wanted Christianity to triumph and was waging an able fight to that end.

Sincerely
Batsell Baxter

Chapter XXVI

GOING AWAY DAY AND GOING AWAY GIFT

THE FRIENDLY VISITOR
Russell Street Church of Christ
May 25th, 1950

Honestly, there is an element of sadness connected with this writing. Perhaps this is my last "Friendly Visitor." So many things I want to say and have space for only a limited number.

When July ends, if we live to see it, it will make twenty-eight and a half years I have spent at Russell Street. I wonder how many of you know just what has been accomplished. Well, I know but shall not tell it here. A world of good has been done all over the land and much of it has been done single-handed; that is, I have forged ahead and done the job to a very large degree alone; such as helping build the Central Church in Los Angeles, the Japanese Church of Christ there, Dasher Bible School, The Little Mountain School, Savannah, Georgia; Marietta, Georgia; Dalton, Georgia; Macon, Georgia; Toronto, Canada; Detroit, Michigan; Griffin, Georgia; East Point and Moreland Avenue in Atlanta, with some continued help at West End in Atlanta. I slipped Brother Hale, the first one to be baptized after I began work here, in there at the logical time and he did a monumental work. And dozens of other places I could name in Nashville, near Nashville and other parts of Tennessee and into Alabama and Kentucky. As I look back over it, I wonder just how I got through it all. Then the number of preachers I have helped get into the work – going into the twenties, the most of them baptized right here at Russell Street. As I think of all this work, along with the number of congregations I have helped to establish and keep established – sometimes keeping them established is harder than establishing them – my head grows dizzy and I wonder again how I came through it all; and today to feel as fit for work as I do in spite of the fact I am in my seventy-third year.

As I look back over the more than twenty-eight years here I see some terribly rugged stretches that God has brought me through. I thank God for it all, and ask you good friends to PLEASE STAY WITH ME AS I ROUND OUT TWO MORE MONTHS.

GOING AWAY DAY

I am calling this the "Going Away Day" because some have spoken of a "going away gift." I am here referring to a new car that some of my friends are trying so hard to present to me by the time we go. Due to some business matters of vital importance I came very nearly asking the California friends, with whom my lot will be cast, to wait till the

first of the year. Perhaps it will interest you to know that the Japanese brethren, a congregation that was conceived here at Russell Street and that God enabled me to put over, will get some of my time. I will be with them in a revival shortly after getting to California.

But the last Lord's day in July will be my last day with you since we are leaving that afternoon or early Monday morning following. This makes just nine more Lord's days, counting next Lord's day; and two of these I will be in Atlanta. Brother Huggins has suggested that I be allowed more Sundays out than this if I need them. I shall take one more if agreeable with the other leaders. May God give me grace to make the last days the best in my whole life, and I KNOW he will. There are souls for whom I have been praying a long time yet unbaptized. Would it not be wonderful if not one is left out?

Another word about the car. I want to ask that a list giving a name and address of everyone who helps with the car be given to me to file away with other treasured papers. How happy we will be as we roll on out to California to know we are being carried gently there with a gift from friends with whom we have labored so long. Words cannot express just what this means to both Mrs. Hall and me. God bless every one of you who is helping with this.

* * * * * *

I feel that the following words of comment should be made on this last issue of "The Friendly Visitor" of May 25, 1950. You note the expression "in spite of this hard work," "Today to feel as fit for work as I do, and in my seventy-third year."

But we do not always know our real condition in spite of our optimism and enthusiasm. I was almost at death's door that night and did not know it. The addressing of envelopes and inserting this issue of Friendly Visitor for every family at Russell Street was followed by getting into my car and having them all posted about ten o'clock that Thursday night, so that they would be received the next day. They were always mailed out with precancelled stamps. The next morning, I was hardly able to get out of the bed, but did so and got in my car and drove to Dr. Lynch Bennett's office for examination. He, after the examination, phoned St Thomas Hospital and had a room reserved for me. He did not intend for me to return home in my car, but while he was out of the office, I slipped out and made it to my car and managed to get in and drive home. The ambulance was called, and I was soon in it and on my way with Mrs. Hall seated by my side. When I reached the hospital, there were Brethren Enoch Thweatt and Huggins walking by the carriage as I was rolled in, telling me not to worry, that all expenses of hospital etc., would be taken care of.

Well I must here stop. The tears I cannot restrain when I think how my friends flocked to me with words of encouragement and assuring me that every needed thing I would get. My room was literally filled with flowers and news came to me every day with words of encouragement. I had three of the best doctors in Nashville. Dr. Lynch Bennet, who had

been with us at Russell Street from boyhood and whom I had helped every way I could in getting the people to come to know his worth, was my surgeon. He wept with Mrs. Hall before going into the operating room and assured her if I had been his own father it could not hurt him more, but he would risk me with no other surgeon.

I can never forget those days. They were happy, sweet days to me, for I was literally borne up and sustained by the prayers that went up from friends who could not leave me. If I undertook to name all of them, it would make the book too large. But one I must name, namely Sister Tillman Parrish. How Mrs. Hall could have made it without her, I do not know. There were so many beautiful sweet things done for Mrs. Hall during those dark days that I can never, *no never forget.*

Well seventeen days I remained there, and then they removed me to our home. The doctors, for the first few days, would say, "If we can hold him through another night we will make it." But believe me, when I say, not for one moment did I think of dying, and I do not remember any pain or discomfort after entering the hospital. In two weeks after my return home, I was in the pulpit I so much loved, with Brother Enoch Thweatt standing near by. I, of course, *leaned* on the pulpit and quoted the 13th chapter of First Corinthians that I quoted every day I was conscious while in the hospital. Of course, I made a few feeble comments. That is the greatest sermon in the Bible except the sermon on the mount, and to live that chapter makes you *hell proof.*

But the thirtieth of July came, and "going away day" was on us. I cannot forget it. The noted Joe McPherson led the singing. Brother Batsell Baxter led the prayer; and, at the close of the sermon, four souls for whom I had been praying, came forward and confessed Christ and were baptized by Brother Thweatt.

Following the communion service and the closing hymn and benediction, Mrs. Hall and I were escorted to the front of the building and there, stood the *going away gift.* It is well to state that this *going away gift* was purchased by many friends at Russell Street, including a number who were not members there, but asked to get in on the gift... A Studebaker Commander. It was presented to us by our dear friend Doctor Guy Manning. This was followed by, "The Tie That Binds," led by Joe McPherson and the benediction was given by Brother L. C. Anderson.

Due to the fact that we had to remain there for three more weeks for further examination, our first trip in the car was to Atlanta, and I preached first at East Point, then Druid Hills, then at the Northwest congregation. Then at Moreland Avenue and remained over Lord's day and preached at West End Avenue. Brother L. C. Anderson who had taken a plane to Atlanta, drove the car back to Nashville.

Well... what else? While waiting for further examination and the green light to set out for California, appendicitis made its bow. I arose one morning hurting all over. The most of the hurting was in the abdomen. We called Dr. Bennett and he hurried out some sulpha drug tablets and instructed Mrs. Hall how to use them, and said he would call



The "Going away" gift, received July 30th, 1950. Dr. Manning standing by after giving us the key following his speech.

as soon as he reached home from the office. He called, and the pain had localized over the appendix. He came out and on examination stated, "You have a typical case of appendicitis." "Well, what shall we do?" We had had the further X-rays, and had been informed that we could begin our trip to Los Angeles. His answer was that he would hurry to his office, return and give me a shot of pencillin, and perhaps, after a night's rest, the trouble would subside. But my next question, "Suppose this trouble recurs while on the trip, way out in New Mexico or Arizona with no doctor or hospital available?" His answer was, "This is the risk you will take." My answer was, "Doctor, I am leaving the appendix with you and not taking it to California." A room was at once secured at the hospital, and Karl Pitts, God bless him... he has gone home... had me in the hospital by the time the doctor got there. There I remained for ten days, then dismissed and returned home. We thought, now only a few more days and we will be going. Then an infection set in, and back to the hospital I had to go for another week or ten days. Finally we were on our way, but there was a drainage from the infection for nearly one year. All of this accounts for the fact that, though I was due to be here at Arcadia and with the Japanese brethren the first of August, we did not get here until the first of November, 1950.

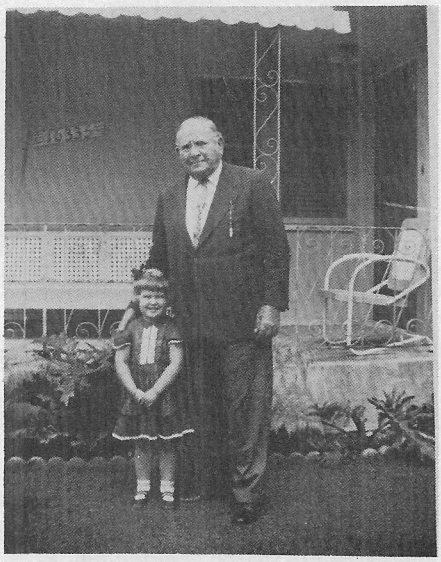
Someone says, "Brother Hall, did you not become discouraged?" Not for one moment. All of this was but a mere shadow to what Paul passed through, and he called his "light affliction." See 2 Corinthians 4:17 and 11:23-28. I thank God for it all, because our Lord was not joking when he had written Romans 8:28. If we are what we should be, we can see God's hand in it all.

STATEMENT FROM EDITOR OF THE NASHVILLE BANNER
July 27th, 1950

GODSPEED MR. HALL

Nashville will soon lose one of its longtime citizens, Elder S. H. Hall, a man who has been a faithful and ardent churchman here for over a quarter of a century. Plans are under way to honor this veteran minister and his wife at a special homecoming service to be held Sunday by his congregation, the Russell Street Church of Christ.

Mr. Hall is a native of Tennessee and a graduate of David Lipscomb College. In addition to rendering successful and meritorious service to his congregation, he has served on the board of directors of his alma mater for the past twenty-five years and has been in charge of the Hoskins Bible School at Hoskinston, Ky. He is also a board member of the Nashville Christian Institute.



S. H. Hall as he is today — age 78 years with his great-granddaughter Cheryl Gail Hall.

Upon retirement from the local ministry, Mr. Hall plans to continue in active church work at the Japanese Church of Christ in Los Angeles, which he helped to establish in 1923. The people of Nashville are appreciative of the many services rendered it by Mr. and Mrs. Hall and wish them every success and happiness in the years ahead.

Chapter XXVII

THE STORY OF THE BEGINNING OF FOUR CONGREGATIONS

(Jacksonville, Florida . . . Manhattan, New York . . . Menlo, Georgia and Liberty Hill, Cobb County Georgia

First – *Jacksonville, Florida* . . . It is not necessary to give the exact dates – facts will suffice. In a tent meeting, near the Southern Railroad shops in Atlanta, Mrs. Ellie Mae Quarles attended some five nights. She had been, first a Methodist, then a Baptist and then went into agnosticism. Her husband worked for the Southern Railroad, I think it was, and was transferred almost over night to Jacksonville, Florida, Sister Quarles, though I did not get to speak to her during those five nights, would sit in a chair out from under the tent . . . but she got enough of the truth in her heart that it would not let her rest. After getting to Jacksonville, she hunted for the Church of Christ but could not find it. So she wrote me a letter, referring to the five nights that she had heard me, and related her past experience in religion and stated that she wanted to become a member of the Church of Christ. *Providence* again – (you know I am continually speaking of it). In that week's issue of the Gospel Advocate, a report from Brother Morton who had, for a number of years, been spending his winters in Florida stated that he was going to be in Jacksonville for some months and gave his hotel address. Brother Morton who was one of our most loved elderly ministers. His home was in Columbia, Tennessee.

I at once inclosed Sister Quarles letter with a short note to Brother Morton, suggesting that he go at once and take up where I had left off at the tent, and if she were baptized we would enroll her with our members at West End Avenue. Also that he stay with her until a church was established there. Well, she became a member of our group at West End Avenue, and began the communion service in her own home, and shortly thereafter, a Brother and Sister Smith from our group moved to Jacksonville, and they cast their lot with her. Later a Brother Barnes who lived in Florida wrote me that a young sister was going to Jacksonville to go into nursing training, and he wanted to know what I knew about a church there. So this young sister fell in with them, and later went to Japan as a missionary. How wonderful things were going! Then Brother Watson, an elder in one of the congregations in Montgomery, Alabama . . . I believe it was . . . in the lumber business and a man of some means, moved to Jacksonville. So things are going in *high* now. The next thing needed was a full time preacher, and we sent the one and only Robert E. Wright about whom we have already had much to say, and he was the first located preacher. The work grew and grew, and on returning from a revival at Largo, Florida, I believe it was, I stopped

over night to visit the Wrights and preached once for that congregation. Thank God for the little part I played in introducing my Lord to that great city.

I would like to say much about Sister Quarles. She lived to see her daughter, son and husband in the church. Her life was one of sadness and pulling through hard places, because her husband had formed the drinking habit, but this he overcame. She wrote a book of poems entitled, "Sunshine and Shadows of Human Life," and Brother Rowe brought them out in book form. How much I wish I had a copy... I let my copy get away from me.

Manhattan in New York. And you had something to do in getting that church started?... you ask. We taught our members in Atlanta that when they left the home church and moved where there was no church, to never stop until they established one. A Brother George McKee, the most prejudiced, and I thought, meanest man I had ever met, locked and barred the doors of a school house against me, and wanted someone to help him run me out of his neighborhood where I was conducting a tent meeting. But all of these things can be turned for the best if we are prayerful and careful. After I had finished conducting the tent meeting in his neighborhood, the tent was moved into Atlanta. Carl, his youngest son, got permission to visit his grandmother in Atlanta, but his determination was to be baptized. McKee did not allow his people to attend my meetings, but Carl had been hiding behind a bush close to the tent for two or three nights and heard me preach on Eleventh Hour Laborers.

I wish I could tell the whole story, but suffice it to say, that some months or so after Carl was baptized, he was run over by a switch engine there at Constitution where they lived. His father took his mangled son in his arms and stood up in the cab with the engineer, and with all speed they rushed into Atlanta. An ambulance met them at the first stop in Atlanta and he was rushed to Broughton's infirmary. I was called as soon as the accident happened, and I too rushed there, but Carl was gone when I arrived. It is enough to say that I baptized his father and mother and only sister shortly thereafter.

Brother McKee's business moved him to New York, and when he got there he could not find a congregation... except perhaps... one that was anti everything and almost anti self, as they could not get along very well with each other. He wrote me and asked me what to do. I referred him to the scriptures that speak about a church in your own home, stating that he had a home and to go to work, but to advertise for others who might be living there with the same faith. He found a few, and the work got under way. Brother and Sister McKee died in New York. Brother McKee as one of the elders of that congregation.

Brother Ethney Shoulders, who helped me so much in my Atlanta work, went to New York and worked with that congregation for several months perhaps a year or so. While he was there a big idea struck him, namely: have N. B. Hardeman, Grover Brewer and S. H. Hall to conduct a revival of three months, each one taking one month. Well, it

turned out that Brewer went and I arranged for him to have a song leader. Shoulders got a big auditorium, I presume, because he had three big???preachers. But Brewer found he was drilling in flint and did not stay his month out.

God bless every one that has worked so hard for the cause of Christ in New York. It is hard to make progress there. Nothing has pleased me more than the going of Brother Burton Coffman to that hard place, and he will succeed if success is to be had there. God bless him is my prayer.

Let me drop this practical thought in connection with what is said above about Brother Ethney Shoulder's mistake in obtaining a big auditorium for the New York meeting. Let me suggest that "Nothing Succeeds Like Success." In all tent meetings, let the capacity of the tent be five hundred or a thousand, but be certain to put only as many chairs as you can fill the first night. This can easily be done by not putting the chairs too close together, and letting the aisles between the rows of chairs be wide. In a tent that has five hundred capacity, it can easily be done by not putting the chairs too close together, and letting the aisles between the rows of chairs be wide. In a tent that has five hundred capacity, you can easily make one hundred chairs look like your tent is full. Then as the crowd grows, bring in more chairs and make the space between them smaller. I have started tent meetings with about one hundred the first night, and would have five hundred by the ending of the first week. Getting an auditorium that will seat fifteen hundred when one hundred is about all you can get together to begin with, would kill most any meeting.

MENLO, GEORGIA – I am naming this congregation because one of our great women started it. I hardly know what would have become of the church had it not been for such women as Miss Georgia Thomas who started the Menlo work, and sisters Flora Travis at Haynesville, Louisiana, and Mrs. Lyde Walton at Macon, Georgia, and others... but space forbids naming them all.

The Thomas family I can never forget. If I ever had a friend that was all the word friend means, it was Jim Thomas, as he was familiarly known. No, I can never forget him. His wife in her nineties still lives at this writing November 1955). *Memories, memories* rush upon me, but I must leave them if this book is to have an ending.

Misses Georgia Thomas and Margie, her sister, established a home in Menlo, Georgia and could not be happy until a church was established there. Details must be left out, but Georgia knowing about my work and my ever seeking a place that needed a lift, wrote me about holding a meeting there. This I did. The struggle was a bit long and hard, due to deep-seated prejudice, but Georgia was so wise in all of her conduct, never giving offence and never yielding one point in behalf of a full return to primitive Christianity. It is enough to say that I did not turn the work loose until we had a lot and a house of worship constructed. It is not so imposing, but it is a house and well meets the needs of the congregation there. I wrote the deed for the property, and sent Brother

Clyde Hale and wife there on their honeymoon for a revival, on their way to Atlanta, Georgia, where they were to locate and remained for more than sixteen years.

We give here a picture of Miss Georgia and the little church house that she was responsible for having built.

Liberty Hill, Georgia, and Johnny Boyd — We give here the picture of a little country house of worship known as Liberty Hill. It had been controlled by our brethren who use instrumental music, using them only for their revivals and had not installed one for regular use. It was my privilege to get into this work, and by kind unprejudiced teaching, got them to line up with our work at West End Avenue in Atlanta.



Miss Georgia Thomas.

I am referring to this congregation because it was there that Brother Johnny Boyd, perhaps, did some of his best work. He was the regular preacher there for several years, and his work, with that of others, led them to seek a different loca-



House at Menlo, Georgia.

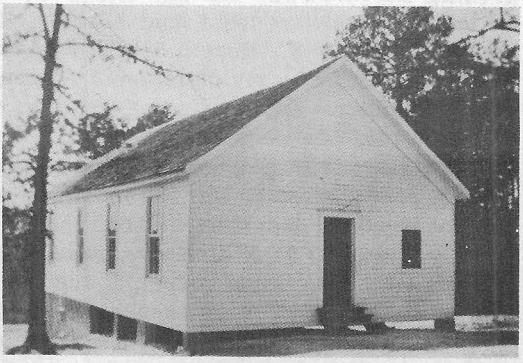
tion and build for themselves a nice beautiful brick veneered building. I wanted to give a picture of this new building, but failed to get one. Johnny Boyd had a regular job and pursued it, thus enabling him to do more for country congregations that were not able to give full support. We give Brother Boyd's picture here also.



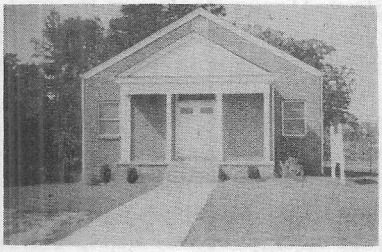
Johnny Boyd.

How I would love to speak of his brothers and especially of his wonderful widowed mother. They lived just across the street from what was known as the South Pryor Street house of worship, noted for its being the place where my debate with Brother Pendleton was conducted, and the building in which we conducted a night school for some of our members whose education needed to be improved to obtain promotions where they worked.

The school was always opened with a lesson from the Bible. That eternity alone can tell the good that was done there, goes without saying. It was thought first by me, that a Bible school would be established in Atlanta at which school all of our young preachers would be developed, but we soon learned that it would be less expensive, and the young preachers be better educated by adopting the Nashville Bible School, as it was then called, later David Lipscomb College, as our school for this work. Hugh E. Garrett, W. C. Graves, James Harwell and many others from Atlanta, since I left that work, have graduated from David Lipscomb College. But time and space forbid more. How I wish I could tell the full story.



Liberty Hill, Cobb County, Georgia.



Liberty Hill today.

Chapter XXVIII

EXCERPTS FROM YOUNG PREACHERS' STATEMENTS

1. *Sam McPherson* — I shall give first my namesake, Samuel Leonard McPherson, of Goodlettsville, Tennessee. You see his picture and some remarks about him in section III under retrospection.

He has the following to say: "Brother Hall has been my inspiration all of my life. However, it was not until a few years ago, when under his preaching on a visit to Russell Street, I confessed Christ and was baptized into him, and a deep seated desire found a place in my heart to give my best to the winning of souls to Christ. If it were not for the impressions that Brother Hall's life and preaching had on me, doubtless I would not be in the pulpit today." One of the statements that impressed me most was this—he stated that he wanted to live only so long as the Lord saw he could lead souls to Christ, and no longer. Christ states in John 15:8, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." There is no way to be a true disciple of Christ except by winning souls to Christ. And we must do this or be cut off. See verse 2.

2. *Raymond H. Crumbliss* — in a letter to me: "I doubt if I am capable of properly evaluating the influence you have exerted in my life. I am not properly described as your "son in the gospel" since I was principally taught by Jack McElroy, and eventually baptized by him. Since Jack is your "son in the gospel," I suppose I can qualify as your "grandson in the gospel!" Your preaching during meetings conducted in Macon, Georgia, thrilled me, and helped to crystallize the determination to preach which had arisen within me. Your letters, advice, and suggestions were a source of encouragement to me prior to my start in "local" work in 1940. Your book, entitled 'Scripture Studies' was the basis of some of my first talks. (I still use it on occasion!) I have appreciated contacts with you, personally and by mail, through the years. Finally, lest I prove remiss, I thank you once again for every effort you have exerted in my behalf, whether in action, in thought, or in prayer."

We have no greater success in the ministry than Brother Crumbliss. I am very proud of this grandson!

3. *E. Ray Jerkins:* "When I was in High School at Tampa, Fla. I took over the duty of leading the songs at the Seminole Heights Church, and also for the mission tent meetings which they sponsored.

"For my senior year in High School I went to Dasher Bible School at Valdosta, Georgia. While there I led singing for the Valdosta Church and also for the mission tent meetings which they sponsored. During

the spring of 1942, Brother S. H. Hall conducted a meeting at the Valdosta Church and I had the pleasure of leading the singing. During the meeting I told Brother Hall that I planned to come to David Lipscomb College in Nashville in the fall as a Freshman and that I was wondering if he could find me a place to preach or lead singing while I was there. Later on I received word from Brother Hall that the elders at Russell Street where he worked desired me to come and work with them as assistant minister while I was in school. In September, 1942, I enrolled at David Lipscomb College and began my work at Russell Street as song leader and teacher of the young people. While I was at Russell Street I preached about once a month when Brother Hall was away.

"I continued my work with the Russell Street Congregation until June, 1945. During this time I had completed my work at Lipscomb and was enrolled at Peabody College."

It was a good day for me when I fell in company with Brother Jenkins at Valdosta, Georgia. He proved to be exactly what I then needed at Russell Street. I gave him his scholarship at David Lipscomb, then got him a scholarship at Peabody. We have had no greater success than he has been and he is still going onward and upward!

4. *A. K. Buchser* — Buchser's statement in full: "Brother S. H. Hall was an inspiration to me. His vast knowledge of Bible truths stirred within me an endeavor to preach the gospel. His importunity and effective force in presenting the scripture caused a profound admiration and esteem. In the silent hours of prayer and meditation Brother Hall always found a place in my memory. His 'Scripture Studies' is an oft-used book for Bible subjects. Truly of him it may be said: 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

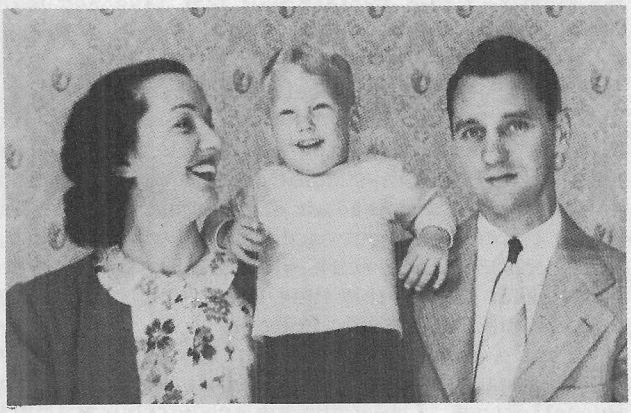
It is not amiss to say Brother Buchser married Mrs. Hall's first cousin. He helped us at Madison, Tenn. He began to preach while there. By trade he was a linotype man in the printing business, but he set his heart on preaching the gospel and has done it very effectively. The last work I heard of his doing, out from Camden, Tennessee, was finding a deserted church building in the country, cleaning it out and reopening the work. He has baptized numbers there as well as resurrecting a "dead" congregation.

5. *Houstin Itin:* "The single, greatest influence in my life for Christ has been S. H. Hall. It was he who led me from error to truth and instilled in my heart the desire to be a 'fisher of men.' He guided my feet in the early days of my preaching the gospel and has given unstintingly of his time and knowledge through the years."

I am constrained to let our readers see the picture of Houstin, his wife and my namesake. I shall never forget this young man and his wife.

6. *Fondren Fulford* — First, a letter from his father and mother: "Just a few words to let you know we haven't forgotten you all. We trust you are well and happy and that God will continue to bless you all, also that He will give you many years yet in which to carry on your good work. You have meant so much to mankind and have been a great

help to young boys in preaching the gospel of Christ. We thank you so much for your encouragement to our son in his work, and pray that he will always remain true to the cause, also that by his efforts many souls will come to know Christ. We understand that they are doing a good work at Trion and that he has just closed a good meeting at Lafayette. Central is getting along fine. I wish you could come back some day and hold another meeting for us. We think of you often and always remember you all in our prayers. Pray for us."



Houstin Itin and wife and my namesake.

Second, a word from Fondren Fulford himself at Trion, Georgia: "Last Monday night was our regular monthly meeting. At that time we counted up our additions this year and found that we had ninety-nine since we moved here and the two last Sunday make a total of one hundred and one thus far for the year.

"You will never know how much we appreciate your influence in our moving to Trion!"

Fondren has written insurance and done other work when his support was not enough to meet the demands in taking care of his family.

7. *John R. Stewart* – In a letter expressing appreciation for helping him out when he sorely needed help, he writes: "I want to take this opportunity again to thank you for all that you have done for me. Had it not been for you I don't know what would have happened."

In a letter dated August 25, 1950, he writes: "I sincerely appreciate the interest in me personally manifested by Brother S. H. Hall. There is a strong possibility that I would not have been preaching actively today had it not been for Brother S. H. Hall's thoughtfulness and patience during those early years. I am certain that every young man whom Brother Hall has helped to get started is deeply grateful, and none of us can find words that are adequate to express our sincere appreciation. My prayer is that his reward in that city of gold will be rich and glorious

There your beauty 'll never fade!
Your pleasures never cease!
There, in shining robes arrayed,
You'll dwell in endless peace!
(From "Smiles and Tears' by T. B. Larimore)"

How I wish I could say all that could be said about the work of this

good man. He, to a large measure, saved the day in Savannah, Georgia.

8. *T. J. Ruble* — It would almost take a book to contain all that could be said about Brother Ruble. He was in a preacher's class which I taught while he was in David Lipscomb College. When he left that institution, having married, he rented a small apartment on Russell Street across from the Girls' Home which we were running. He had a hard time meeting living expenses, and we arranged for him and his family to have their meals at the Girls' Home whenever they needed to do so. Follow him in all his rounds, I cannot, but want to bring out what is really in his heart. He was located at Chickamauga, Georgia, receiving only $20 a week, and it seemed they would be forced to reduce this to $15 a week. He wrote me that he needed me there to help save that church and to help him solve his problems — financial problems. I give here my reply, in part: "Now a word about my visiting that place. I want you to know my hands are full and I have not one day to spare. If you think my running down there and preaching from Monday night over until Friday night at my own expense, could perhaps get that work lined up so you could stay another year, to say the least, I'll try to do it. This would have to be the first or second week in October and I might be able to get there for Sunday night and go through Saturday night. If there is the slightest objection on the part of any of them to my coming, I do not want to come. Tell that elder that I never, for one moment, thought I was too big to preach anywhere, and that I am willing to come at my own charges to let him know that I am one of God's little ones. BIG PREACHERS would not make such a proposition as this."

We had a very interesting meeting, and I found the problem he wanted me to help solve was this: Jimmie Lovell, who had been around extensively in Colorado and adjoining states and had seen the sore need of more preachers in that section, made an appeal to those whose hearts were on fire to save souls and to help in extending the cause of Christ, to come that way, get them a job, establish missions, and help weak, struggling congregations. Ruble stated to me: "Brother Hall, I have been wondering whether my ability to preach is worth a full support. I have never received it, and there is nothing here that I can do to supplement my support. I believe Brother Lovell is right in calling for men who love the cause enough to make their own support and preach. So I have decided to go."

Having a wife and two children made me hesitate to tell him to pull up and go that far away. My suggestion was, "Come back to Nashville, get a job, so that if you get in a tight place you will be closer to your friends." But he moved to Colorado. We helped him on this move and sent checks to him, but not as much as he needed.

Ruble did a wonderful work. He not only established missions but was responsible for helping struggling congregations succeed. I give here an excerpt from one of my letters to him in helping him line up a job: "Ruble, your letter is an inspiration to me. It sounds good through and through, and I believe you are going to make good at that place. You get in with that express company and stay with them. It will give

you a feeling of independence, and you can do a world of good helping the faithful few here and there in that neglected section. You stick to those few members who have pulled away from that cranky group and are now meeting in their own home. Certainly, I will run out there and hold a meeting or two for you, and help you out as often as I can. I hope when I get back to Nashville to have Russell Street send you another check. It will be a help to you while you are trying to get on your feet."

While in Colorado his daughter was stricken with polio. He came to California seeking help for his afflicted daughter. While she has never fully recovered, she has greatly improved.

Finally the Rubles headed back east. He took work in Oklahoma City and did a work equal to the best. I give here an excerpt from his report of that work:

"From the standpoint of additions in a local work, the work we engaged in with the Southwest Church in Oklahoma City was very profitable. In the four years and two months' work there we had over five hundred responses, about two hundred of them being baptisms. During those four years the church there also erected a $45,000 building and paid for it."

Anyone can succeed if he has the *bulldog determination* that Ruble has. To say that he was, at the beginning, naturally talented in sermon building, would be a mistake. His talent grew and grew. He was very much like Oliver Cunningham. When you love as you should you can *acquire* a talent with your persistency.

We close this brief history by giving Ruble's last word to me, written from Temple, Texas, where he is now doing a fine work: "I have never been hesitant about telling others how I felt about you and your great help to me in my younger days trying to preach. (Brother Frank Winters in Oklahoma City would testify to that.) Your instructions in sermons I heard you preach, your personal advice, interest and your life, all were a great source of encouragement and help to me and mine.

"The first local work which we undertook was at Macon, Georgia, in 1933 and it was through your personal recommendation and encouragement that we were able to go to that work.

"The several years we were in Georgia engaged in preaching work we continued to receive your help and encouragement, as well as from that fine church for which you were preaching, the Russell Street Congregation in Nashville.

"We rather lost contact with you when we moved in 1937 to Colorado and the Northwest to do mission work, yet when my daughter took polio in 1939 a check came from you and the Russell Street Church to help us.

"My son Sam was named for you. He is now a fine 205-pound, twenty-year-old boy, and a good boy. He is in the Navy, stationed on the USS Los Angeles."

9. *E. J. Fletcher* — There are a few men in the work who give me credit for helping them to get into the ministry of which fact I was unaware. Brother Fletcher is one such a man. I give here his revealing

this to me while in a revival with him at Strathmore Boulevard in Toronto, Canada: "Brother Hall, I have heard you speak of your boys whom you have helped get started as public proclaimers of the gospel. I wonder if you have ever thought of *me as one of your boys?* Well, I am one. Do you remember while in a revival at Trion, Georgia, Brother Ruble brought me to your room and stated that I wanted to be a preacher, and wanted to know if you could help me any? We discussed the idea of getting in at David Lipscomb College, and the way seemed dark for a lack of finances, but you said to me: *'You do not have to go to college to be a preacher* — go to preaching right now — find places out in the country in school houses, under the trees, anywhere you find an unsaved soul. Tell him or them everything you know about Christ and his salvation and the Lord will take care of you.' This I did, and whatever I am today is due to my taking your advice. I feel that I am one of your boys."

This in effect is what he said to me, and *what a preacher he is!* We have none better to be found. As one of my boys, I prize him as one of the best. Yes, too many of us feel that we cannot preach unless we are invited to do so by some congregation or individual that has the money, and the pay is sure. I want our preachers supported, and churches will help if they desire to carry out our Lord's will expressed in these words: *"Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel."* (1 Corinthians 9:14). But if the church fails in some places, this is no reason why the preacher should fail to keep busy winning souls for Christ. If possible, he should look to Paul as an example and do his best to support himself and also preach the gospel. Some of my best boys are doing this very thing.

He finally landed in Dalton, Georgia, and here is a brief statement from him just before beginning work there: "We are very happy in the knowledge that we are going to Dalton, and I shall do all within my power to do a good work there. We shall never forget that it was through S. H. Hall that we were able to have the work; and, we shall never cease in our search for an opportunity to do something for him while time is ours in which to work."

10. *A. S. Hines* — We sometimes do more than we can really realize at the time when we say the word which puts new life and determination into the human heart. Proverbs 25:11, perhaps, is exemplified in the words referred to by Brother Hines in the following letter which was mailed to me from Houston, Texas, on April 13, 1932: "I am sure you will appreciate this word of encouragement from one whom you helped many years ago. You were not aware of the fact that you spoke the word when I first arrived in Nashville that caused me to go forward. Here are the words you used: 'Brother Hines, wherever you go — preach the word — fear no man, and God will see you through.' You also added, 'If there is anything I can do for you, let me know.'

"God did see me through and I have always tried to preach His word, and shall continue to do so.

"You have inspired me to go forward by your kindly advice and

sound counsel, and I pray God's blessings upon you and your work."

Of course, I cannot call Brother Hines "my boy" for he had been in the work, first with the Christian Church, but learned the way of the Lord more perfectly and began to work with us. I remember well my feelings when I spoke these words of advice to which he has referred in his letter. I felt that some of the brethren had not encouraged him as he should have been encouraged.

11. *J. A. Crawford* and *C. H. Morgan* — The following letter from Brother J. A. Crawford, Nashville, Tennessee, dated July 10, 1948, is self-explanatory:

"I have just read with much interest and satisfaction your article published in the Gospel Advocate, dated July 8th, which reveals just one item of the great work God has wrought through you. It was through you that I was led from the Christian Church into the full truth of God's word on the occasion of your debate with Mr. J. J. Walker about twenty-five years ago, and I have always, since that time, felt a deep gratitude to you and have watched with deep interest the great work you have done for the Lord's cause during the years since that time.

"I do not know of a man in the brotherhood who has done a more outstanding work for our Lord's cause than you have, and I will venture to say that few, if any, have equalled it.

"May God continue to use you for yet many years as an outstanding worker in His Kingdom and may He ever be with and bless you."

About the same time I received a phone call from Brother C. H. Morgan who, with his wife, cast his lot with us as a result of the same debate, and became one of our best preachers. He made his living selling sewing machines and preached on the Lord's Day. To the best of my memory, the message was as follows: "Brother Hall, I preached at Dickerson Road yesterday, used your sermon, 'Seeing Things Alike' I baptized five. When you get out your next Volume of Scripture Studies, please send me one."

Well, messages like the two above are almost endless. But I give you these to let you know how God touched my heart, as I went along, and kept me looking upward.

12. *Clifton Trimble* — In a letter dated August 10, 1949, from Birmingham, Alabama, Clifton Trimble states: "During most of my life you have had a great part to play. Even at the side of my deceased father you were there to whisper words of comfort in my ears. You gave me words of encouragement with my singing and guided me in the upward way. You helped me all during school to a better and richer life. Finally you said the words while God joined Louise and me together in the bonds of holy wedlock. And all those years I had your fine example to follow. Believe me, I shall never forget you or the wonderful things you personally have done for me. For all this I say from the depths of my heart, "Thank you!"

13. *W. Douglas Harris* — In a letter dated February 3, 1953, from Anniston, Alabama, W. Douglas Harris States: "Every life has its

crisis and mine has been no exception. At one point in my life a crisis occurred which seemed destined to ruin my life and to destroy my prospects of continuing to preach the gospel. It was during this crisis that Brother Hall, through divine providence, came into my life in a very helpful way. At the time I was headed back to Middle Tennessee to spend the rest of my days teaching school, but en route I stopped over for a night in Brother Hall's home to consult with him about my crisis. From the very moment Brother Hall learned the facts, he began discouraging the idea of my devoting my time to teaching school instead of preaching the word. It was due to his encouragement, more than any person, that I continued to devote my life to preaching and will always feel deeply indebted to him. I shall cherish his memory for all eternity."

14. *Aries McDonald* — "The barefooted newsboy." I could hardly be satisfied in naming young men whom I have tried to help and not mention Aries McDonald. He is not what we call a preacher, but is much more than that. He is one of the best song leaders in Nashville, an elder now, and formerly a deacon, and is connected with one of the best business firms now in Nashville — Morgan, Napier & McDonald. The Morgans lived next door to us on Noelton Lane and reported to us that he had one of my boys, beginning at the very bottom as a floor sweeper, or such like work, and going to the top. One thing let me say: In all my knowledge of him from the time I first met him as a barefooted newsboy, until now, never have I seen one thing in him nor heard one thing from him which was unbecoming. He was a model boy! He was in Sister McElroy's class when I first began at Russell Street. I asked Aries to give me a brief statement of his life, so far as my son and I were in contact with him, and here it is as he wrote it:

"Immediately upon coming to Russell Street Brother Hall took note of the boy, as did his beloved late son, Phil, and invited him into his home. On many occasions he ate at their table and listened the best a boy could and was greatly influenced for good. At church he became an ardent admirer of Brother Hall. On the streets, while selling newspapers as a barefooted newsboy, Phil was his friend who would often stop and talk with him as a younger brother. The lessons heard at church, now, were finding lodgment in his heart. These were coupled with wonderful influence received from Sister McElroy in her class of boys and girls. She endeared herself to him. These facts do not portray the conditions under which he was living. He was *nothing near* an ideal boy, but just a boy who was learning to live. On January 3, 1926, this boy, Aries Frank McDonald, who was born July 29, 1913, made the good confession of the name of Jesus as the Christ and was baptized that night by Brother Hall at Russell Street. Though young in years, he realized that that was what Jesus wanted him to do and it was right. He was indeed a tender babe in Christ. The wonderful influence that he had received continued, and it, with a better knowledge of God's truth being acquired he grew into young manhood doing nothing spectacular as a christian."

Aries is loved devotedly by all who knew him at Russell Street, and we have rejoiced over his gradual growth into the outstanding character he now is. He left us after meeting Sister Louise Eastan, a member of the Lischey Avenue Congregation. I later had the pleasure of uniting them in wedlock at my home on Noelton Lane, Nashville, in October, 1934. He was song leader and one of the deacons at Lischey Avenue. He is now an elder and one of the "mudsills" of the Franklin Road Congregation which he has been with from its beginning. Franklin Road is one of our best and fastest growing congregations, just out of the city limits. There is nothing that I appreciate more than a standing invitation to occupy the pulpit there when in Nashville whenever their regular minister is absent.

15. *Howard Allen* — Though I have no statement at hand from this fine young man, it would be a mistake not to bring him into this list. He was almost born and reared in Russell Street. It was my pleasure to baptize him there, and the pleasure of the young people's class, of which he was a member, to sponsor him one year in David Lipscomb College. He graduated from that institution with honors, and has done effective local church work at Macon, Georgia, at West End in Atlanta, Montgomery, Alabama and other places. He conducted two of our best revivals at Russell Street before I left that work. Clyde Hale and Jack McElry are also two of our boys that came back to us for revivals.

16. *Cecil I. Allman* — Cecil Allman lived in our home; was a graduate of David Lipscomb College; married and lived awhile in our home. He was a very successful insurance agent, and the calls for men were coming in thick and fast. I persuaded him to give up insurance and take the work at Dayton, Ohio. But here is Allman's own story:

"I am often reminded of the influence of Brother Sam Hall on my work. My wife and I boarded with Brother and Sister Hall for several months not long after we were married. I was an insurance salesman in Nashville and preached on Sundays. During that time and later I was privileged through the kind invitation of Brother Hall to preach a few times for the Russell Street Chruch.

"In the early fall of 1941 I was approached by Brother Hall about giving full time to church work. He was seeking preachers for two or three churches, one of which was the Riverside church (now Riverdale) in Dayton, Ohio. Although I had intended to do further work in school before beginning full-time preaching, I agreed to a preaching appointment with the church in Dayton, and after three more appointments, I decided to give up my insurance work and move, with my wife and baby daughter, to Dayton and give the work there my full time. Contrary to our expectations, we remained there for almost ten years, the experiences and associations of which we value beyond measure. In the fall of 1951 we left Dayton to work with the small congregation in Worcester, Massachusetts.

"I do not know what might have been my course if Brother Hall had not given me the shove that plunged me into the full current of the

Lord's work, but I am of the opinion that I owe a great debt of gratitude to this great man of God."

17. *Dan Harless* — He lived in our home and was writing insurance for The Life and Casualty Insurance Company and doing quite well with it. But an urgent call came for a man to go to Columbia, South Carolina. I induced Harless to take it. He moved there and did a phenomenal work. Then a sore need for help came from Savannah, Georgia. He moved there, and perhaps saved the day by connecting his work with his broadcasting work. He and his wife were so much loved there, but he had to leave that work because of hay fever and moved to Detroit, where he did an outstanding work. He was recalled to Savannah because it seemed he was the only man who could meet the demands. He left Savannah and moved to Mobile, Alabama, but still the hay fever made him move again, and at this writing he is doing full-time local work in Cleveland, Ohio, and is editor of The Christian Leader.

18. *O. C. Thompson* — Thompson was induced to leave his job and enter David Lipscomb College by William J. Lemons, one of my boys who was then located at Dalton, Georgia. I cannot tell the story in full, but will state that Brother Thompson had a rugged road to travel. In the first place, he did not have much money; had a wife and three children to support; and brought them to the school with him. The next problem was finding a place for them to live. This was finally found in an abandoned house, out about two miles from the college, owned by Sam Shacklett. He let him have it rent-free if he would clean it up and help to take care of the cows and other things there. This he did, and did it well, and grew in favor with Shacklett; however, the place was for sale. After living there two years, I think it was, a buyer was found and Shacklett had to let it go. But he, with others, tried to find another place and failed. Here I got a bit fretted because I did not think that the leaders of the college were trying as hard as I was to keep him in college, so I persuaded him to give up trying and dive into full-time church work with a congregation in Kentucky, where they sorely needed a man. It turned out to be a God's-send, for he made good and is still in the work and growing more and more in favor with the people. At this writing he is at Pennville, Georgia, and a letter from there dated June 6, 1955, states, "The church at Pennville seems to be moving forward. Brother Thompson is still with us. He is a better preacher now than when he first came to us."

It is well to add to this statement that Thompson has a paying position, owns his own private plane, and has been offered positions with congregations that pay what we call the top salary. But his experience has led him to believe that he can do more good by supporting himself and family, to a large measure, and preaching where they cannot pay for full time. I here let Thompson speak for himself about the little I have done to help him:

"Time and space would fail me here to attempt to fathom the depths of the sacrifice made by Brother S. H. Hall in helping me to prepare

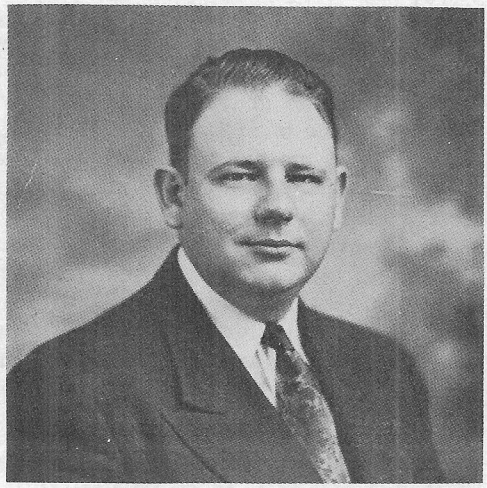
myself for our Master's service. After falling on hard lines, I had numerous occasions to abandon ship, but S. H. Hall knows no defeat, and will not company with those who do.

"He impressed me with the fact that, 'Those who try to do something and fail are infinitely better off than those who try to do nothing and succeed.'

"May our Heavenly Father add many years to his life's span that he may be of service to others."

19. *Oliver Cunningham* — Some of the young men I have helped, I asked to make a statement about how they got into the ministry and something about themselves. I am letting Brother Cunningham tell his own story and then I have a few words of comment.

When I announced at Russell Street that Brother Cunningham was entering David Lipscomb College and had his heart set on becoming a full time minister and I meant to help him all I could, some of my leading elders came to me at the close of the service and stated that I was making a mistake, that making a preacher out of Oliver Cunningham was an impossibility. But this did not deter me, in the least, for I had already discovered if we had a young man anywhere to be found who had dealings with his Lord, that young man was Oliver Cunningham. But, as he suggested in his letter, he did not cost us any money, nor did I have to find places for him to preach. Early Lord's Day, he would get in his car and drive out ten, fifteen or more miles in the country where we had a struggling group who had no regular preaching. He would get there in time for the Bible study, go into the men's class and ask and answer questions. Of course, some one would want to know what he was doing, and he would tell them that he was a student in David Lipscomb College; and, nine times out of ten, they would at once ask, "Will you preach for us today?" and he did. How I would love to tell the marvelous story of this young man's growth and development. At times I would wonder if he could make it and if my leaders were not right in saying you are undertaking the impossible. But one Lord's Day he was with us, and I had him to deliver the eleven o'clock sermon. My doubts all left me. I found he was able to *think on his feet,* and when I discovered that I knew he would succeed.



Oliver C. Cunningham.

Yes, when I, at his insistence, sent him to Macon, Georgia to do local work, I wondered. There is no need of my even intimating troubles at

Macon except to say it seemed they just *had* to fuss a little. I had done my best, Clyde Hale had done his best, Robert E. Wright had tried to help and so did Jack McElroy — and Jack's trouble there was *providential*, because it caused him and Itol to decide, definitely, that full time evangelistic work would be their course in life. And what a success he is as such! And it opened the way for Cunningham to replace him.

But Oliver Cunningham — I think I speak the truth — when I say, he saved the day in Macon. And you ask, how? and why? My only answer is that there was no such thing as *picking a fuss* with Oliver. Some of them would go to him with advice and criticism, and he would smile and thank them for it, and go on his way. They just could not get Oliver to take sides with anything except to *forever be at work*.

That he leaned heavily on his Lord to guide him when he selected a life partner can not be doubted. O, he has had his critics, but Oliver Cunningham is going to heaven and he is going to take his entire family with him which now number some four or five.

Chapter XXIX

(DOUGLAS McPHERSON, JACK McELROY, H. CLYDE HALE)

I want this to be a special section of the book. There is nothing that has pleased me more and given me more joy than to find men whose hearts were right with God and get them into full-time ministerial work.

It was my hope that the likeness of each man could appear in the book with a brief history and a short sermonette by each. But a lack of space forbids this. At some later date this may be done. The best we can do is just to say enough to let you see the men with whom I have been associated.

1. *Douglas McPherson.* I let Brother McPherson tell his own story which throws great light on the second congregation established in Atlanta, first known as the South Pryor Street Congregation, and now known as Moreland Avenue congregation.

I asked Brother McPherson to give me a statement from which to make up my record, and I am giving it to you as he gave it to me which could not well be improved:



Mr. & Mrs. Douglas McPherson.

"Son of W.A. McPherson, an elder of Shelby Ave., Nashville, Tennessee.
Born at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, May 12, 1904.
A graduate of David Lipscomb when it was a junior college.
Holds B. A. and M. A. degrees from Vanderbilt University.
Sat at the feet of H. Leo Boles and A. G. Freed.
Married to Thelma Baker of Nashville, Tennessee, April 16, 1934.

"Although members of Shelby Avenue in Nashville, the McPhersons often attended Russell Street during protracted meetings. McPherson was not aware of it, but his work was known to Brother Hall. In the fall of 1933 he was surprised to receive a call from Brother Hall to talk over a matter. The Moreland Avenue Church in Atlanta had appealed to him to find them a preacher. This congregation had recently suffered a tragic division which left only a handful with a huge building debt.

"After some urging and many misgivings, McPherson decided to go to Atlanta. The prospects were rather discouraging even in depression

days. They had a beautiful building, but only 50 members and were not able to pay the interest on the loan.

"The first step toward recovery was to refinance the indebtedness. This was rather difficult in 1934 but after considerable negotiation led by brethren R. E. Argo and J. E. Keckley, it was done. Brother Hall came for a meeting. It was well advertised and proved to be successful. Among those converted was Dr. J. H. Kelley, a local physician. Brother Kelley was growing old, but he was an excellent song leader and an ardent worker. He and McPherson spent many hours together in the Lord's work.

"Moreland Avenue was now encouraged to rebuild her losses and rallied behind her elders and her minister. When McPherson married in April of 1934, the church was able to support them to the extent of $75 per month. The congregation enjoyed slow but steady growth.

"The elders and McPherson felt that, in spite of her burdens, Moreland Avenue should have a program of evangelism. It was proposed that the church purchase a tent. At first, the church was afraid to undertake a work which involved the outlay of so much money. After some deliberation, they agreed to back a plan and in a comparatively short time raised the money. While this seems a small matter now, this achievement did much to restore confidence to the brethren.

"In 1942 Dasher Bible School at Valdosta, Georgia, was desperately in need of a president. At Brother Hall's insistence, McPherson gave up the work at Moreland and went to the aid of Dasher. He stayed two years, but was forced to resign at that time because of ill health. However, experience gained there was most invaluable.

John O. Dillingham succeeded McPherson at Moreland. Under his leadership the remaining indebtedness on the building was paid off. This was indeed a great day in the history of the church.

"McPherson, on leaving Dasher, returned to his home in Atlanta. Brother Dillingham had gone out with about 20 members to form the Kirkwood congregation so Brother McPherson was invited to return to Moreland.

"The congregation was now in a position to undertake a real evangelistic program. Everyone responded to the call and the church entered upon her best period.

"First a church was planted in Carrollton, Georgia. There were 9 members there and Moreland bought a lot and built them a house. They then employed a preacher for full-time in Carrollton. Bremen and LaGrange each gave $600 to the work while the remainder was contributed by Moreland. Carrollton is now flourishing and well on the way to self-support. The congregation rallied the brethren in the Chamblee area and helped them off to a good start as a separate congregation. Moreland now helps support the Chamblee preacher as also the Cordele preacher and has a small part in the work in Augusta, Maine. Over $3,000 was spent for the work in Germany, as well as smaller sums in Holland, Cuba, and South America. Moreland has been a liberal supporter of the "Herald of Truth" broadcast. She makes it a

rule to make a contribution to the building programs of new churches in the Atlanta area and in Georgia.

"The congregation has a very active program of Bible teaching. Its effectiveness is testified to by the fact that since McPherson's return, she has a real part in the development of six of her young men as preachers. All but two of these are full-time preachers.

"By 1950, Moreland had outgrown her Bible School class room facilities. So early in 1953, the house next door to the church was purchased. This expansion is being paid for without diminishing the heavy evangelistic program she carries.

"The congregation desires, some day, to erect an adequate educational building, but it does not intend to be a large church until congregations are planted over the Atlanta area so thickly that no Christian will find it inconvenient to reach a place of worship.

"Moreland Avenue and Brother McPherson are deeply indebted to Brother Hall. Whenever called upon, he responded immediately and was most generous in giving his time and strength in solving the problem of the hour. The elders made it a rule to not call upon him unless absolutely necessary, but they were assured that at any time he was ready to help as the need might arise."

In a letter that has just come from Brother McPherson, dated November 7, 1955, I am constrained to give you a part of its contents that you may see I made no mistake when I influenced this man to drop his job in Nashville and go to Moreland Avenue and save that congregation. Here is what he has to say:

> "Moreland Avenue has done a wonderful work in the past ten years. The congregation has more than doubled in size, with our greatest growth being in attendance in Bible school and the mid-week service. About seven years ago we established a congregation in Carrollton, financing the building and supporting the preacher. This work is now self sufficient. We also played a vital part in establishing the work at Chamblee which congregation now owns its building and supports its preacher. Last spring we established a congregation at Avondale. We bought them a beautiful lot on Memorial Dr. upon which they will build a permanent home in the next few weeks. We have also spent $3000 in Germany. We have also supported the Herald of Truth from the beginning. We have been helping Bro. Estervez in Cuba for years in addition to other foreign work. Also in the past ten years, Moreland has produced four full time preachers and several part time preachers.
>
> Our future program calls for the expansion of our own facilities. We have bought the house beside the church building, and plan to buy the one at the rear. This will give us sufficient room to do the work we need to do in this community.
>
> Your continued service in the church far beyond the years in

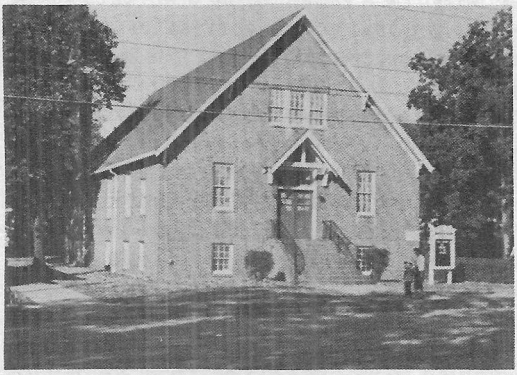
which men are usually active is an inspiration to younger preachers. We pray that you may be spared for many more years."

Yours in Christ,

Douglas & Thelma McPherson

Douglas and Thelma McPherson

Here is a picture of the building.



Moreland Avenue House of Worship.

JACK McELROY
Our Greatest Evangelist

Jack is the only son of Brother and Sister L. E. McElroy. His mother had been in the Church of Christ, and was one of its best workers for years. His father was a steward in the East End Methodist Church, I believe it was called, and had been there for years.

Brother McElroy attended Sunday School at old South College Street Church, Nashville, Tennessee. Moved to East Nashville when about eight and began to attend Russell Street Church during the time A. B. Lipscomb was minister. Baptized by A. B. Lipscomb. Encouraged to speak in prayer meetings; then to occupy the pulpit, by S. H. Hall. Preached first at Russell Street Church. First appointment at Livingston, Tennessee, when fifteen years old. Was called the "Boy Preacher." Attended and graduated from Hume Fogg High School. Attended David Lipscomb College for three years under A. G. Freed, H. Leo Boles, S. H. Hall and Hall Calhoun.

Besides seven years of local work at Dalton and Macon, Georgia, respectively, has been engaged in full-time evangelistic work. His work has carried him into forty-four states and three provinces of Canada. Has preached in Canada ten consecutive years and is an authority on the Canadian work.

Has baptized as many as any man in the church for his age. His converts run into the thousands. Has baptized doctors, lawyers, school teachers, pugilists, nurses, policemen, circus owners, preachers and infidels. At Bradenton, Florida, recently two prominent preachers from the Christian Church were converted in a revival there.

About twenty preachers who are in the field today were baptized by Brother McElroy.

Brother McElroy has done extensive radio work in the U. S. and Canada.

Could have been one of the foremost professional magicians in the

country today and is considered by magicians of note as one of the best performers in the land. Still has a wealth of rare magic apparatus which he still exhibits at schools and auditoriums to expose spiritualism and mind reading. He never receives remuneration for these exhibitions and has converted many infidels and spiritualists from his knowledge of the magic arts.

I am giving from my limited knowledge some of the activities of Jack McElroy, whom I sometimes call the *"cyclone" from among my boys*. I have spoken of Brother McElroy's father being a steward in the Methodist Church. But after Jack got into active service he could not stay. Jack had his heart set on baptizing his father, and this he did with his own hands in the baptistry at Russell Street. It was a most delightful scene. Never has a father lived whose heart was more wrapped up in a son than Brother McElroy was in Jack. Numerous times he was heard to say that he would rather see this son engaging in the soul-winning business than to see him as president of these United States. Jack's mother also shared this feeling with her husband. Whenever Jack conducted a meeting within a hundred miles of Nashville Brother and Sister McElroy would be there listening. Sometime back we tried to estimate the number of conversions that he alone had had, and it ran a little above ten thousand.

He was going great as a magician when I set my heart on seeing his great talents turned in another direction. In this I succeeded, and no one greater thing have I done in all my efforts to help young men find their place, and get in it, than getting Jack McElroy to devote his life to saving souls and strengthening weak places. He is recalled for revivals, perhaps more often than anyone among us.

Here I must tell a little humorous story about his magic. He was invited by Brother Boles and Brother Freed to give an exhibition for the students at David Lipscomb College while he was in school there. Besides the students, there were others there to enjoy it. At the close of his program he stated, "I have one more little exhibition to give, if the faculty will cooperate and come to the stage. Most of them did. A string was stretched from one side of the stage to the other, and he had them walk up and put their forefingers and thumbs around the string, somewhat like a ring. Without indicating that anything unusual was to happen, there stood Brothers H. Leo Boles, Sam P. Pitman, A. G. Freed and others, with forefingers and thumbs encircling the string. Jack addressed the audience, expressing appreciation for their presence and rapt attention. Then stated that he sometimes went fishing, but was closing the program with the biggest string of *"suckers"* he had ever caught, and the audience was dismissed. While it brought quite an applause from the audience, we must say that the fish caught did not so much enjoy it.

The story of Jack McElroy would not be complete without saying something about Roland Doris Williams, Jr., deceased. He and Jack, in Jack's early work, were almost inseparable. I wish I could tell the whole story.

We give Roland's picture with a black border because he has left us.

Here is what the mother of Brother Roland Williams, Jr., has given me concerning her son: "Roland Doris Williams, Jr., was born December 13, 1908, at Nashville, Tennessee, and died June 25, 1932, in Summerville Hospital, Georgia.



Roland Williams (deceased).

"Roland was baptized at Woodland Street Christian Church at the age of ten by J. J. Walker. He went into the Church of Christ at Russell Street under the preaching of S. H. Hall at the age of seventeen. He was a graduate of Wallace University and of David Lipscomb College.

"He went to Atlanta in the fall of 1931 to hold a revival which terminated in his accepting a call as regular minister of the Moreland Avenue Church of Chirst. While in Atlanta he won a wide circle of friends and was a prominent worker among the young people.

"Soon after his graduation he engaged in evangelistic work and was considered by his fellow churchmen as one of the most brilliant young ministers in the south.

"He had just completed a series of services at Chickamauga, Georgia, with Jack McElroy. On his way back to Atlanta, and Jack to Dalton, to resume their work on Sunday they had gone to Trion, Georgia, to visit S. H. Hall who was conducting a revival there. They were in a collision with a truck on Trion Highway. Roland was caught under the front of the truck. His skull was fractured and he was scalded by water from the radiator of the truck. After arriving at the Hospital, and while conscious, he was still trying to get people to live right."

One of the first things he said to me when I reached his bedside was, "Brother Hall, what has happened?" Then he got me by the hand and said, "Brother Hall, I love you, I love you." While pinned under the truck he continually called for "Mama." God bless his memory.

Roland and Jack had just closed a meeting at Chickamauga, Georgia, and on the way back to Atlanta had stopped at Trion where I was in a revival. They were on their way to the creek to wash their car, and when they undertook to cross the highway a truck struck their car and knocked it over an embankment. The truck fell on their car. Jack was driven through the floor of the car and his feet were entangled in the motor. Poor Roland was caught under the truck, with a bursted radiator, and was scalded badly. They were rushed to the hospital at Summerville and soon the news reached me, but I could hardly believe it until I reached the hospital and saw them. The news, when it first came,



Mr. & Mrs. Jack McElroy.

stated that two young preachers had just been in a wreck and were badly hurt.

Well, such experiences beggar words to describe them. I did all I could – wired the Williams in Nashville and also the McElroys. Brother Williams came on the first train. Roland was rushed to Lafayette in our effort to save him, but he was gone when Brother Williams arrived. Sister McElroy came and remained with Jack until it was seen that he would recover, and then he was moved to her home in Nashville. I, of course, went to Nashville and Roland's funeral was conducted at Russell Street, but it was the hardest funeral I have ever conducted.

So you have, in a brief way, the story of two young preachers who loved each other dearly, and though they did not have too many years to work together, they did a world of good. Jack and his faithful wife, who goes with him wherever he goes, continue the glorious work of preaching the gospel.

H. CLYDE HALE

I began my twenty-eight and a half years of work at Russell Street in January 1922. It was my pleasure to baptize H. Clyde Hale into Christ... my first convert at Russell Street, the second month of that year. Our Wednesday night prayer meeting services were used, to a large degree, for the young men – developing them as speakers, song leaders and leading prayer in public. I soon discovered that Hale had in him the making of a preacher. Following the first Ryman Auditorium meeting in Nashville, preaching done by N. B. Hardeman, we decided to send Hale to Freed-Hardeman College at Henderson. Hardeman's sermons were put in book form, and it was his wish that all of the profits from this book go toward scholarships for young men in that school. We gave Brother Hale the advantage of this, and Russell Street did the rest. He continued there one year, and then we thought it best to bring him back to Nashville and let him finish in David Lipscomb College.

We impressed upon each young preacher to do his best to pay his own way and we stepped in when he was not able to make the payments at the close of a month. It is well to state here that Brother Hale did not cost us much. He had such a sunny disposition and was so well received wherever he went, that what he received for preaching on Lord's days usually met his needs.

His first revival was at Cottage Grove, Tennessee. The church

there did not know that it was his first effort with a protracted meeting. There were over thirty baptisms during the meeting, some twenty of these came forward at the close of one of the services. He had also a number of restorations in this meeting. At this time we were helping with the work in Savannah, Georgia, and we sent him there to spend the summer, between the closing of the college in the spring and the resumption of his school work in September. He did a fine work there, and has been called back a number of times for revivals.

About the time of his graduation from David Lipscomb College, he married Christine Ward, the daughter of Dr. J. S. Ward who had been with the college for many years in its early days.

About this time there arose the need for a local preacher at The West End Avenue church in Atlanta, where I had labored fourteen years and Brother B. C. Goodpasture seven and a half years. One of the elders took the train and came to Nashville, in somewhat of a perturbed frame of mind, wanting to know where we could get the man. At the time I was somewhat stumped where we would get the man, but Hale came to my mind, and I recommended him. Some thought that I was making a great mistake both for Hale and the congregation. Those who knew Goodpasture knew that we had no greater pulpit man than he. The question that arose was, how can Hale with his lack of experience in full time local work, hold up the pulpit work? We had no doubt about his personal work, which I believe still is his strongest point.

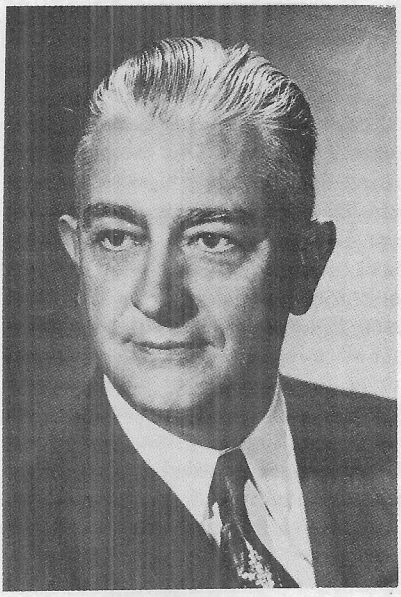
Well, he went, and he and Christine did a most marvelous sixteen years work, increasing membership from a few hundred to eight hundred, and getting them out of the old frame building that I found when I went there, into a brick building, with all conveniences for their class work, a building that was appraised then at about $60,000.00.

During his stay in Atlanta, he conducted more than fifty revivals in Georgia and helped to establish five congregations. Hardly a congregation in Georgia for which he did not do some work, baptizing around one hundred at Rockmart, some forty-five at Lagrange, Georgia, and succeeded in getting a house and lot deeded to that congregation. I could go on and on telling the achievements of this hard worker.

Finally, he and his wife decided to go to Wichita Falls, Texas, due to a hard pull made by the leaders there to get him in Wichita, but later they acquiesced to the importunity of what is known as The West End congregation in Nashville and, in December 1944, they began work with this congregation, beginning in a two story brick dwelling that was converted into a church house, with a little above two hundred members. They are now in a building, one of the most beautiful in Nashville, that cost $350,000.00, and the membership now stands around one thousand.

Brother Hale states, "I attribute much of my success as a gospel preacher to S. H. Hall. I studied Hall's methods of personal work and have been a keen admirer of Hall's knowledge of the Bible. I have tried to get congregations to do more mission work. I have conducted a large number of mission meetings, and know how to sympathize with a preacher in "hard places."

It was my hope to give the names and a bit of the history of all the preachers that my boys got into the ministry. Hale's number goes into the "teens." All these preachers that my boys have gotten into the ministry ... I call ... my grandsons.



H. Clyde Hale.

Before leaving Atlanta, he succeeded in getting the one and only Marshall Keeble to go there for a big tent meeting for the colored people which resulted in one hundred and sixty odd baptisms and the establishing of one of the best congregations we have. I could not easily forget this meeting. Hale had me to run down one night, and in my enthusiasm I announced that I wanted the name and address of every convert and would give them one years subscription to the Gospel Advocate. I think there was about fifty or sixty came forward that night. And while I was unspeakably happy, I was studying about how I would back up my proposition. So when I got back to Nashville, I fell on the shoulders of one who never failed me, J. C. McQuiddy, and he said, "O don't worry Brother Hall, we will put the last one on our list for six months free." O, these good old days. When I get loose from local church work I want to get out and "shell" the woods as an evangelist. I am almost old enough to do this, namely *seventy-eight.*

Chapter XXX

J. E. BACIGALUPO, SR. AND HUGH E. GARRETT

I must be brief in my comments about this "old boy," for he was more than twenty-one when I met him, had, I think it was, seven or eight children. He had one named Sam Hall for me, who was killed by an automobile, driven by a leading lawyer in Nashville. He was a highly prejudiced Methodist and had a temper about as high as anyone could have, at times, and still live. We had gotten his wife and children into our Bible school work, and he came a few times, then dropped out. One Monday morning, in my rounds, I dropped into his place of business for a social call, and to ask about his not coming along with his family. He was engaged in the feed business, and sometimes shipments came in that he had to unload on Sunday. He had his mind pretty well made up to kick me out if I got after him for not coming to church and for working on Sunday. I tell this only to get over the point that we should ever avoid an argument with one unconverted, but agree as far as you can. When he told me about being kept away because of his work, my reply at once was, "My friend, I wish I had known about this overload you had to carry yesterday; I would have gotten an early dinner and rushed down here and helped you." Then I told him of my meetings in the country when some farmer would have his hay cut and ready to be taken up, and, on Sunday, we would see the rain clouds threatening, and I would announce for all who could to get their dinner, put on their overalls and meet us in this brother's field, so that we could get the hay in before the rain; that it was a sin to work hard and raise the hay, then let it be ruined by lying in the field when rain was coming. This, as we sometimes put it, "unhorsed him," and he could not come back at me. It was so unlike what he had heard in the Methodist church where they make the first day of the week or Lord's Day a day bound with the rigid rules governing the sabbath day.

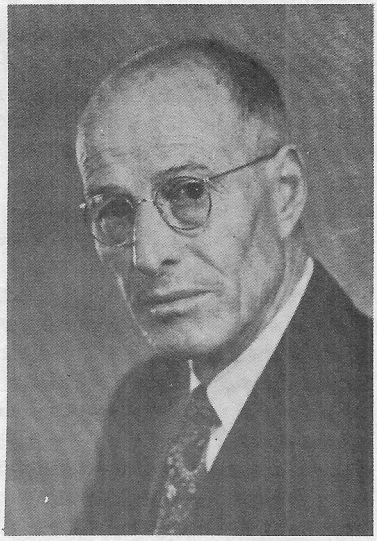
I baptized both him and his wife, she resting her head on his shoulder, while being held in his arms. This baptism took place in the Hardeman-Pullias Tabernacle meeting at the Ryman auditorium in Nashville, Tennessee. All of the members of his family were baptized by me except the two youngest children.

Here is his own story of what he considers his best work:

"I consider my greatest work was accomplished in 1953, when I was called to Parsons, Kansas, on a special mission to try to get two congregations together. They had been at outs for more than eleven years, and were doing all in their power to kill each other. Both were sound in faith and doctrine, and their trouble was purely personal. Just thirty days from our beginning, we had a special meeting on Sunday afternoon April 12th, 1953, at which time the officers of both congregations

resigned. The church formally known as "West Side" disbanded and dissolved forever, the church formally known as "East Side" did likewise, and they pooled all properties, assets and liabilities, selected and appointed a new group of elders and deacons from among the united church, and called themselves "The Church of Christ of Parsons, Kansas."

How true are the words of Jesus, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Matthew 5:9.



Edward Bacigalupo, Sr.

Brother Bacigalupo is a much likable man, but very firm in his convictions. He was naturally gifted with speech, and has done lots of good. I could not well forget him and his family who loved me almost like I was their father. We find space for his picture and the little church at Mitchelville, Tennessee.

This church was established shortly after his baptism. We had there a little congregation of what I would call "hobby-riders"-so straight that they leaned backward. Of course, there was no growth and a bad impression made on people who did not really know what the church of Christ is and stands for. But he straightened all this out, preached regularly for them for months, and raised the money and built the little house you see. After being away from them for years working in other states, he has been recalled and preaches there now, November, 1955, regularly. We gladly give the picture of this little house and of Bacigalupo himself.



Church house at Mitchellville, established by Brother Bacigalupo, and where he now preaches.

HUGH E. GARRETT

I am putting Hugh E. Garrett and Bacigalupo in the same chapter because they are somewhat alike. They both had large families when I first met them, and they became very close friends.

Garrett either was Methodist, or was of that persuasion. His wife made the confession under Brother Bearden's preaching,

when he was filling in for me while I was away in a meeting. She, of course wanted and expected to be baptized that Sunday night, but Garrett objected, claiming that I was the only "ordained" preacher at West End, and wanting his wife to wait for my return. Bearden, of course, paid no attention to Garrett's order that his wife was not to be baptized until my return, and I was told by men who were there that when Garrett saw that the baptism was to be attended to that Sunday night, he had to be held to keep him from pushing his way in to knife Bearden. After the baptism was attended to, Garrett was so mad that he said he would get a Bible and prove that I was the only one at West End church of Christ who had the right to baptize. But he bought the wrong book – a copy of the New Testament, and he actually wearied himself with his hard reading, trying to find the proof. The next thing we witnessed with this difficulty was Garrett's own baptism. He at once manifested a desire to preach, and, of course, I helped and encouraged him all that I could. We sent him to David Lipscomb College for awhile, and Brother H. Leo Boles helped us much with him.

He was one of the most enthusiastic workers I ever saw, had a natural gift of speaking and used language that was remarkable for one who had not had the school advantages that others had. He had a brother living in the suburb of Columbus, Georgia, and he wanted to hold a meeting there and see if he could convert him. Russell Street sent him and Brother A. M. Burton fell in with his help and a congregation was established there. Space forbids giving a full history of his activities.

Dr. Pain, one of our best Atlanta doctors who became an elder in the second congregation we established, found that Garrett had a heart leakage that would shorten his days, but told Garrett that with carefulness he might live for sometime. He lived for a number of years and converted many to Christ. As you have learned in the Atlanta chapter of this book, he was responsible for my debate with Brother Pendleton and the subsequent establishing of the church in East Point, Georgia.

I am tempted to close what I have to say about Brother Garrett, with his own letter to me written in the hospital in Atlanta, Georgia not too long before he returned to Daytona Beach, Florida. He hoped to arrange a great campaign for us in that city, where he had done local work for quite awhile.

His oldest daughter married Brother Roy Welch who is now an elder in the East Point church of Christ, and a very capable elder.

God bless the memory of those of my boys who have gone on to their reward. Brother Garrett made his mistakes, and I do not think I have ever rebuked a one of them more firmly and sharply than I rebuked him. He loved me as a son... more tenderly than if I had been his own father in the flesh.

Brother Garrett's Letter follows:

W.S.V. Hospital 48
Atlanta, Ga.
11-21-36

Dear Brother Hall:

Your splended letter came yesterday; you will never know (this side of the judgment) how much I appreciated it, how it cheered me, how it filled me with the determination, God willing, to get out of this bed — out of this hospital, and back home to do all I can to help upbuild the Kingdom and to the glory of God, as well as for the salvation of my own soul.

I thank you for this wonderful letter. God will certainly bless you for it, as I had just about given up all hope of ever getting out of bed again; it came in the right time.

I am praying you will succeed in bringing that divided congregation in Covington together.

It is a fact I have known for years, that "we have more scripture and less sense and religion than any one out." Seems as if we will never realize that our reward in heaven will come as the result of keeping the commands of our Lord instead of "talking" them.

Seems to me that we have made the Lord's Day and Lord's Supper just as much a *ritual* as the Catholics have their Mass, and when we do, the Lord's Day and its worship is just as great a mockery. If I am wrong in this thought then may God forgive me for so thinking.

I know you have been criticized by jealous preachers (and God deliver me from such) but it came from your *doing things* instead of trying to *explain,* why you failed. Your life with its labor in the Kingdom of our Lord will stand as a monument to your memory through all time to come, and a remembrance through eternity.

John said, "Blessed are the dead who die *in* the Lord." How true! for it doesn't matter where a man dies, how a man dies or when a man dies... the *only thing* that matters is, just so he dies *in* the Lord. *That* I shall ever strive to do; and shall leave this hospital with the determination that, regardless of that moment, I shall do *all* I can... let the end come when the Lord so pleases.

It made my heart leap with joy when you suggested in your letter "that when I am able to leave here to arrange for a drive as we once did in East Point." This I shall certainly do. May God bless you for this suggestion. Will be one of the happiest moments of my life to be yoked up with you in one more meeting.

Shall do my level best to get out about 5th or 6th of next month. Then spend about ten days in East Point before going home. I have so many dear friends out there I wish to see... many I have baptized, and long to see them.

You can depend on it that every one in this hospital knows where I stand and what I stand for religiously, and have the respect of all with whom I came in contact.

Brother Hale was out for a few moments yesterday. He had a member of W. E. here, operated on Monday for some kind of stomach

trouble. I think he is getting along nicely. There are two nurses here members of the church in Little Rock, Ark – one brother "Avery" from Hardy's Chappell. He is leaving next Wednesday.

I long to hear you preach, my brother, for it will mean music to my heart and soul. It has been so long since I heard you preach. I want you to make this drive in Daytona Beach. "The hem of the garment has never been touched" in that city.

I am sure we can secure the "Casino" down town. It seats about 500, and with the proper advertising, am sure we can put "the church" on the map in that place.

You know the "latch string" ever hangs outside, in my home for you, and you will always have a welcome as one of the family.

This letter is a little mixed up, but you will get its real spirit and meaning. God ever bless you in your labor of love, and in "all good things" is ever my prayer.

Always your friend and brother in the Lord-

Hugh E. Garrett

Brother Garrett did not live to see his dream come true.

Brother Garrett says something about jealous preachers, and another has asked – "Brother Hall, have all of your boys appreciated what you did for them?" I have no criticisms to make of the names mentioned in this book. But that I have come across what I would call "ingrates" in my effort to help others, of course, is true. But this book was begun with the idea of "letting all things be done unto edification," and I can not see how mentioning such men would edify any one, so they are by-passed in this book. And I pray God, most earnestly, that they may become appreciative of what others do for them. Is this not enough to say about such things? – and it may be too much.

Chapter XXXI

THE LEMON BROTHERS - CHARLES and WILLIAM

I have to speak of these two young men together because they started as preachers together and seldom had an appointment that both did not go, one preaching and the other leading the singing, alternating this as they went along.

One night at Russell Street, after our services closed, a sister whom I had never met before, came to me with her two sons by her side and stated, "Brother Hall, I have learned that you are interested in young men, especially in those who want to become preachers, and I have here my two sons, and I so much will appreciate anything you can do to help them." I was deeply impressed with these words from Charles and William's mother. I could see a deep sincere love in her heart for her boys. And what woman is worthy to be called "mother" who is not interested in her children? Of course, when so many came to me for help, I, from the very beginning, learned to be frank yet kind. I looked the boys straight in the eyes and stated – "Young men, if I arrange for you to enter David Lipscomb College and be put under the leadership of Brother E. H. Ijams, president of the college, and Athens Clay Pullias at the head of the Bible Department, will you think it unkind if, after being there one year, I advise you to drop the idea of being full time preachers and continue your education with the idea of getting a good job and pursue it to the best of your ability, doing all the work you can with whatever congregation you are identified, helping in any way you can in that congregation?" They both stated, we understand you, and assure you that it will not be considered unkind in you to advise us not to think of full time ministerial work."

Here is as good a time as we could have to state how I reached the conclusion that a young man should set his heart on *full time* work. First, and above everything else, I had to have some reason for believing the young man had Christ in his heart and long to win souls to Christ. But you can have this and still not be cut out for evangelistic work. We would get appointments for the young men, and when they returned, I would ask about the services, as to size of the audience and the interest manifested by the audience. As a rule the answer would be, I had a nice audience and good attention. "Did they ask you to return sometime? was always asked. If the answer was "no, and this was the report for some three or four times, I knew they were not getting hold of their audience, because they did not know their lesson or because there was not a burning desire in their hearts to save souls, to build up the members and make them more zealous for the cause of Christ. A young man proves he is cut out for such work when he becomes a "repeater," as the druggist would say. I have had a few young men who

seemed not to be able to get their lessons over to the audience, or to better express it, were not able to get hold of the hearts of their listeners. But I know of none right now that the secret of their trouble was not based on the fact that, deep down in their hearts, they were not trying to save souls and edify the saints.

If you will think only for a moment, you will agree with me that the cause of Christ has been greatly hindered by men in the pulpit who should have been plowing corn or hoeing cotton.

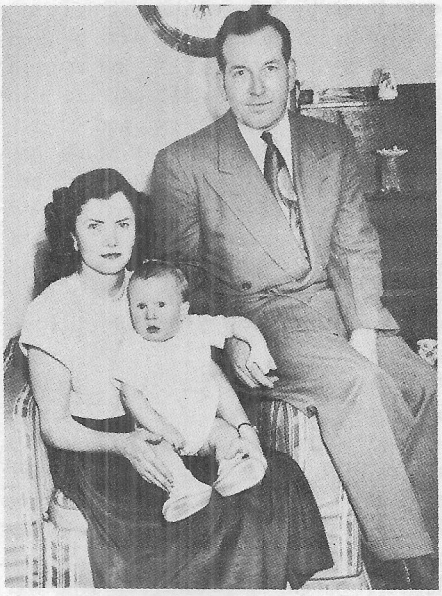
But Charles and William Lemons *had to preach* else be *miserably* unhappy. They needed education and needed it badly. They had already been finding appointments out in the country and in school houses where we had but few members and they were very much liked.

The story of the two young men would not be complete were I to fail to tell of the conversion of their father. He was a railroad man and was hard when it came to giving too much time to religion. He fretted about the boys going to school instead of getting a job and helping him with living expenses. All that we did was to underwrite them, having an understanding with the college that when they were not able to pay at the end of the month, to send the bill to us. We were not overburdened writing checks for them. The people liked them and, as a rule, gave them the offerings for the day they preached wherever that was. But they set their hearts on converting their father. How could any young man be considered, in the eyes of God, as one of his ministers when he had a father, mother, brother, or sister out of Christ and no effort made to save them? So they succeeded in getting their father to attend a revival they were conducting at Eight Avenue North in Nashville. He became interested in them and followed them up for awhile. Then came the phone call from William that they wanted me at the Reid Ave. church on Wednesday night, that their father was to be baptized and he wanted one of his sons to deliver the sermon and the other one to baptize him and he wanted me there to witness it. How glad was I to go, and what a glorious service it was. This father died in the faith. They made the same efforts toward some of their brothers and other relatives, but space forbids more here. Tell me not that you believe the word of God and are fit to occupy a position in our pulpit if you have relatives out of Christ and are wholly unconcerned about them. I know it is sometimes said *"We need an educated ministry"*; and I agree here. But THE education that is first needed is a *heart education* - a heart in which love for God and the salvation of souls reign.

English was difficult for the boys to speak. They had been around the rail road shops and used the language they heard most there, and it was not good English. One way I had of helping them here was to have them make their regular reports of their work to Sister Lambert Campbell with the understanding that their English would be closely observed and her criticism would be mailed to them. I undertook to do this for awhile and saw I had too much to do. But soon their reports were given in correct English. Too, they made it a rule to criticise each other. I asked one of their elders at their home church

what he thought about my developing them into ministers of the gospel, and his reply was *it is impossible* — They do not know English and you can not teach it to them."

Now to give you the different places they have visited and the work they have done, space forbids. But let me say we have no two preachers among us who can excel these men. In their work together, when the most of the people thought they were twin brothers, they conducted a revival near Cookeville, Tennessee. They there met the twin daughters of Brother and Sister Bandy, and they chose their life partners, being married, of course, at different times. William has one son and Mrs. Hall and I were much pleased when we learned that they named him "Phil" for our only son whom we lost when he was thirty. Charles and wife have a very fine boy. They have preached from Canada to the gulf of Mexico, established congregations and resurrected congregations that were dying. Too, they had sought to get other men into the Ministry. Charles, while preaching in Canada, succeeded in getting two young men from the Strathmore Blvd. congregation in Toronto to enter David Lipscomb College — namely McKenzie and McCreedy. McCreedy married while at Lipscomb and was called to his home church, Strathmore Blvd. They both graduated there and are out in the front as among our best. William, located at Dalton, Georgia, got O. C. Thompson in David Lipscomb College about whom we have already written. And out from Dalton at Resaca, where they were riding the hobby of no Sunday School or Bible study for all grades on the first day of the week. He changed them into one of our best congregations in Georgia, and they now have a good house of worship. T. F. Chitwood, a very successful business man at that place is now one of our most effective preachers, giving me another grandson in the gospel.



Charles Lemon, wife and baby.

We give here the picture of Charles and wife and son. If I had William's and his wife and son's picture, I have lost it. I would be so glad for you to see their likenesses. Phil, their son they named for our only son... but this is enough.

EUGENE PITTS

The story of Pitts is interesting, but it all can not be given. He was in the service in World War two, and got much experience there associated with his Chaplain, and assisted him in his work. He did much work among the soldier

boys, and in Y.M.C.A. Space forbids the whole story, so I let him relate it, after coming to us at Russell Street. Here it is —

In 1933 I returned to Nashville, where Brother S. H. Hall encouraged me greatly. I continued to preach on the Lord's day in and around Nashville. During this time I was engaged in secular work to obtain a living.

May 11, 1934 I married Thenia Louise Booth of Nashville. S. H. Hall baptized her May 10, 1934. We have two children, Harold E. and Joye. I have had the privilege of baptizing both of them.

Thru' the efforts of S. H. Hall I began my first "located" work with the East Point, Ga. church. Bro. Hall established this congregation and assisted with "hammer and saw" in constructing the building.

I have engaged in local work in Georgia, Toledo, Ohio., Birmingham, Ala., Union City, Tenn., Dallas and Corsicana, Tex., and Carlsbad, New Mex.

I have preached in the states of Washington, California, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Missouri. I have also preached in Canada. I have engaged in several debates, and have done about five years of daily radio preaching.

I have not kept a record of the number baptized but the number runs into the hundreds.

I am grateful to Brethren S. H. Hall, Ernest Beam, H. Leo Boles, G. C. Brewer, E. W. McMillan and others for the encouragement I have received from them thru the years.

I thank God for the privilege of doing what little I have been permitted to do in His service.

ALVIN SIMMONS
(One of my boys from Nashville Christian Institute)

I wish so much that I could give the whole story of my work for and in "The Nashville Christian Institute." Several hundred of the preachers who were in my classes and whom I met there during the lecture series have Vol. I of Scripture Studies. And had the book done no other good, what it has meant to them would more than justify its publication. It has helped much in my last local work here at Arcadia. This chapter is being finished as I am looking forward, in a few days to observing my seventy-eighth birthday.

But Alvin Simmons is the only boy in the Nashville Christian Institute about whom I shall speak in particular. Mrs. Hall and I helped Alvin in every way we could. He worked in our home and on the yard for about two years. Other boys did such work, and I would love to name them all, but space will allow only this about the boys in particular.

It was our pleasure to give Alvin a suit to be worn for a program in which he was to take an important part in one of the exercises Sister Campell arranged for the young preachers in her class. She has been

spoken of in chapter on Nashville Christian Institute. Here is what Alvin had to say about the suit and the books I gave him –

> "Dear Brother Hall – The suit you gave me I have used in three meetings already this summer. Also the sermons you gave me I have used in every meeting. The truth about it is, I am trying to be as much like you as I can without being *you.*"

Then in another letter sent to me shortly after that major operation at St Thomas Hospital in Nashville 1950, he wrote as follows –

> "Dear Brother Hall by this time I hope you are feeling much better. You and Sister Hall will never know how much you have meant to me, in my school work this past year. I can never be able to pay you for all the many kind deeds shown to me. But I can tell you that I *appreciate* them. I think you and Sister Hall the best people in the world. I am praying for you and the entire family. Tell Sam that I say, "Hello" to him."
>
> Your Boy, Alvin."

But Alvin continued to grow and grow, and finally the following letter came from him –

> Cleveland Ohio,
> May 14, 1955
>
> "Dear Brother Hall: May 21, 1955, Brother Keeble and Brother Boatright wrote me and asked that I deliver the eighth grade graduation class address. Do you have one you have given to eighth graders, it would be of valuable service to me.
>
> I worked for you several years ago when you lived in Nashville, at which time I was student in the Nashville Christian Institute.
>
> I regret that I could not accept the scholarship offer at Pepperdine College you sent to me. But I have not given up the idea of finishing my education.
>
> I am serving one of the largest congregations among my people in the state of Ohio. The many things you taught me at N.C.I., and while working in your home and studying the books you wrote, has helped me to hold the congregation together. – I have a wife and two lovely children. I thank God for them.
>
> I shall ever thank God for the friendship of you and Sister Hall, and, too, friends you have proven to be to all the colored people in helping them receive the gospel and our boys in receiving a Christian education.
>
> Sincerely and fraternally, your Boy Alvin

Well, the needed help was hurried to Alvin by air mail, and Sister Campbell reported that the address was very, very good and well received. No human being can know the joy that comes as a result of doing your best to help some one else. But this is all space will allow.

Chapter XXXII

ARE WE ORDAINED MINISTERS?

Three of my boys chose not to depend upon preaching for their support, in fact a number of them did. It seems to me that many today are commercializing the pulpit, and this evil must be placed at the feet of thoughtless elders. This evil will never be corrected until we can get elders to open their eyes and function as elders should. They want a revival, and they want their favorite preacher, regardless of the purpose for which he preaches. Hear me – here is an evil that is doing harm. I wish, with all my heart, that I could stop it! The idea that you must take a graduate course and get a degree before you can go before the brotherhood for full-time work is inspired by the devil. Among the boys whom I have helped to develop, not one of them ever obtained a graduate course, and some of them never saw inside of what is called the Bible College. From the beginning of my efforts to get elders to help me find young men, whose hearts had dealings with Christ and who longed to save souls, the idea has been HEART-EDUCATION – men who go out for souls and not for dollars. But tell me not that there is not a *traffic* in pulpiteering today. The sad, sad part of the situation is that our leaders seem to care nothing about it, except to get their favorite man, and get him they will, even if they have to engage him two or three years ahead.

But now, as to what I have on my mind. Uppermost on my mind are three of my boys; namely, George Ryan, who delivered the address representing my boys at the Testimonial Meeting at the Maxwell House in Nashville; Owen Hardaway, Jr., and Claude Shepperson. They desired to make their own living and be able to go out on Sundays and preach for struggling congregations which were not able to support a preacher, even for once-a-month preaching. They usually found enough such places to go out every Sunday; and, when their vacations came, they filled in the time with revivals where congregations were not able to have one. Owen Hardaway's success, to a large degree, must go to the credit of his wonderful mother. When he began to make addresses at Russell Street, these addresses were usually written for him by his mother. He and George Ryan are as fine men as I have ever known. Both are married and have lovely families.

But what have you to say about *Shepperson?* All that space will allow is his trouble with the Draft Board. He does not believe in carnal warfare, and would die before being so circumstanced that he would have to take a gun and shoot his fellow man down. I had instructed him before he went before the board to avoid arguments, but to simply state that he was a minister of the gospel, and ask for 4D classification. However, the chairman of the board doubted his being a minister, and

claimed that our preachers were not ordained preachers. Of course, Shepperson had to argue, and made some pretty strong statements to the chairman which made him mad; thus, he was determined to put Shepperson in the service. There is no need to tell the details. He simply refused to go when called. I advised him to go at once to the Federal Judge, state his case, and give his address and phone number both at home and at work. But those who *had it in for him,* as we sometimes express it, had him indicted; put under a $1,000.00 bond and the time for the trial was set. George Ryan and Owen Hardaway were classified A1, but a statement like the following, signed by our elders and me as minister, changed their classification:

"The Church of Christ has two classes of ministers: (1) Those who give full time to the work and get full support for same, such as our local minister, S. H. Hall. 1 Corinthians 9:14 — "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." (2) But this same apostle states that he waived this right and made tents and supported himself, and sometimes, those who were associated with him. See 1 Corinthians 9:15 and Acts 20:33, 34. These two young men are in the second classification."

THE TRIAL

This report will be as brief as possible. I advised Shepperson to have at the trial as witnesses the elders from Gowan's mission and two other struggling congregations where he preached regularly. They came in their overalls, etc., because this was about all they had to wear. The English language was altogether homemade, so to speak, being the language of the community from whence they came. I give here my own address to the judge on ordained ministers: "Judge, if it pleases your honor, I would like to address my remarks to the point as to whether our ministers are ordained or not." This privilege was granted, and I proceeded, as follows — "Judge, the Church of Christ believes and teaches that the day we are baptized into Christ we *then* and *there* are *ordained* to save others. The only way we can keep salvation is to be continually trying to give it to others. The day we find Christ, the only way we can keep him is to continually try to get others to have him. We believe we are *saved to save others,* and that we cannot keep salvation selfishly, but must continually desire that others have it and put forth an effort to get them to embrace it. Too, we believe that the more salvation you give away, the more you have to give; that it is not possible to stay saved unless we take an interest in others and this interest will grow as we continue to so live." (Here scriptures were cited, such as the scattered disciples in Jerusalem went everywhere preaching the word.)

"With this faith you can see that *we are all ordained* the day we are baptized into Christ. We are *ordained* by our Lord, *then* and *there,* and there is no need of any special service which the church must hold for this ordination."

"Now the question arises as to whether we have what could be called the preacher or ministerial class, and I am glad to state that we have." I then explained that we studied our young men. When we found one with talents which indicated he would succeed in such work, one whose heart was staid on God, and had this desire to be a preacher, we encouraged him. We even sent him to college where he could obtain the necessary qualifications, underwrite him, and sometimes met all this expense. Then when we were firmly convinced that a full-time ministry of the word should be the course for him to pursue, we so stated to him, and helped him in getting lined up in the work. I also stated that we had two kinds of ministers, as indicated in the statement above which we gave to the Draft Board. During my testimony the prosecuting attorney got impatient, arose and stated, "Judge, your honor, I object to this way of testifying. He should be questioned and required to answer our questions." My reply was, "Let me finish, and then you may question me the balance of the day." The judge, I presume jokingly, stated to the attorney, "Let him speak. I am thinking of joining this church myself."

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE TO THE JURY

We can give only excerpts from this charge, leaving out all names, etc., as follows:

"I don't think any fair-minded man could have heard the evidence that was presented and not come to the conclusion that this defendant was an ordained minister. Now there are some questions in the case about his being a minister, about the way this church ordains its ministers. Well, that is true – this particular church does not go through some of the elaborate ordinations that the Methodist Church does when it ordains a minister, or that the Catholic Church does when they elevate one of their members to priesthood. Yet they have a well-defined and well-recognized rule of ordination as to the selection of their ministers in this church, and as for these people who are members of this church, down on Slippery Creek and Skelton's Hollow, what do they know about all these formalities, what do they care? – they are looking for a preacher, and to them this man is just as much an ordained minister as any other minister of the gospel; and it is true that they are not sufficiently wealthy enough to employ a minister to give his full time to that pastorate; they don't have the funds to employ a man to support himself and devote his full time to administering to the religious needs of that church, yet to them he is their minister, and consequently their minister is required to seek employment on the outside so he can keep body and soul together. Well, he is pastor of that church. They probably think just as much of their minister and they are just as much entitled to have their minister in the same way as all the congregations, out at West End Methodist Church, or the Belmont Baptist Church, or anywhere else; and the mere fact that the man during the week has to

work for a living in order to help him carry on his religious work on Sunday, won't in any way keep him from being a minister. It is only by having a full, fair, and impartial hearing of all the facts on the case that you can arrive at justice.... therefore, this Court must direct the jury in this case to return a verdict of not guilty – so say ye all, gentlemen? All right, let the defendant be discharged."

This trial brought down from Washington and other places men who were interested in the question of whether our preachers are ordained or not. There were some in attendance who were against Shepperson, *strongly so*. General Dick Atkinson, free of charge, was our attorney, and there was quite a lot of rejoicing in and around Nashville because of this victory. I rushed to Shepperson and gave him a big hug and a pat on the back. Tell me not that he was not *cross-examined* by the prosecuting attorney! But he was so everlastingly sincere that he spoke the truth without any hesitation, though at times what he said made his attorney a bit worried. One thing was in reference to a serious mistake he made shortly after being baptized by drinking some and getting into a fight with a friend of his. However, when I stated in my testimony that on the following Lord's Day he came to the front, confessed it, begged the pardon of the church, and asked for an interest in our prayers, it made a good impression. I also remarked that it was a humiliating mistake to his friends, but was no worse than the mistake made by the apostle Peter when he denied he knew Christ, and cursed when his accusers pressed the accusation against him.

Chapter XXXIII

FIVE YEARS OF THE HARDEST WORK I DID WHILE AT RUSSELL STREET (OUR LITTLE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL)

This story has to be abridged for lack of space, but the story must be told. I think it was in 1945, during the lecture series at David Lipscomb College, Brother Hill Browning, of Neon, Kentucky, came to our home 1008 Noelton Lane, being sent by Brother H. Leo Boles. Brother Pack had conducted a short meeting at Neon, Kentucky during which meeting, Brother A. N. Hoskins, one of the directors of what was known as The Stinnett Settlement School, a school established by our Christian Church brethren, was in Neon and heard a number of Brother Pack's sermons. He went to Brother Pack and stated, "That preaching sounds more like what I believe than I have been used to hearing." He had Brother Pack to visit the school and discussed further his being pleased with the idea of an absolute return to Primitive Christianity.

This manifested interest by the chairman of the board of directors and chairman of the board of trustees, led Bill Browning, an elder at Neon, to attend the lectures with the idea of getting one of our preachers to hold a short meeting at Hoskinston where the school was located. He took it up first with Brother Batsell Baxter, and was sent by Baxter to Brother Boles, and Boles stated to him if you want anything like you suggest accomplished, get S. H. Hall." And to my home he came.

I have spoken frequently about *providence*, and here again it comes to my mind. I had promised a meeting for Brother U. R. Beeson at Little Rock, Ark., and had arranged with my elders for time off for the same. The day Brother Browning came to my home, a letter from Brother Beeson came and asked me if I could move my meeting off until they were able to use their new building — I had been there the year before and perfected arrangements for the construction of their house of worship, the building being completed but they were having difficulty in getting the pews for the auditorium. I, at once, suggested to Brother Browning that if this time already arranged for my being away from Russell Street suited him, I would go without hesitation. And so I went, and am thankful that I did. I later conducted the revival at Little Rock, in one of the best buildings in the city and for which I had the pleasure of securing some $15,000.00 toward its construction. There are some terrific experiences connected with my work in helping to put that congregation over, but time forbids it here.

I went by train to Hazard, Kentucky and was met there by Brother Bill Browning, who hurried me to the home of his brother Orie, who was filling the position of County Court Clerk of Leslie County in which the school was located, Hyden being the county seat. With a short lunch, refreshed from the trip with bathing my face and changing collars, we

were off for the school on which night they were having a special program. They had an interesting program. They used kerosene lamps, and it was with difficulty that you could see well enough to read from the song books they used.

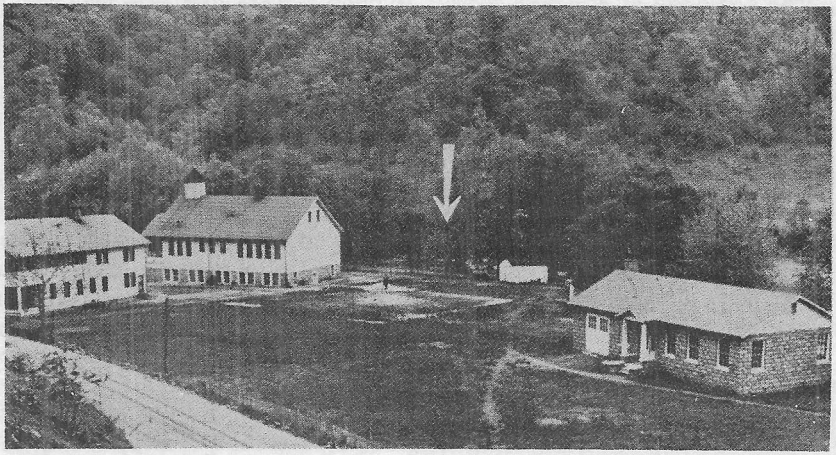
At the close of the exercises, I asked that someone announce my meeting beginning the next night, and had difficulty in getting it announced. Finally Brother Isaac Wells who had been secretary of the board and the minister of the church there for a number of years made the announcement.

The next night, we had some fifteen or twenty people present. Then on Friday they had graduating exercises, and Mrs. Helen Farmer, principal, asked me if I would give the class address. Gladly I accepted and saw the hand of my Lord working for us. Some prejudiced preacher in Nashville got news to that community that I was "Anti-everything-to Sunday schools, literature in Bible study, women teachers, instrumental music even in the homes etc., The neighborhood was pretty well set against me. So I announced that on Sunday afternoon following I would tell the people *"What I am and the doctrine I stand for."* The crowd was very gratifying. I also announced that the meeting would continue until Saturday night of the following week.

In that Sunday afternoon address, without giving arguments in detail, I nailed the false reports that had been circulated, and set forth the principles on which a return to primitive Christianity rests better known as "The Restoration Movement," put in as few words as possible, "We speak where the Bible speaks and stay silent where the Bible is silent." I took all the time needed to get well before them exactly where we stood, and that we were opposed to such hobbyriders as I had been accused of being.

Anyway, the address *stuck,* as we sometimes express it and our crowds continued to grow until the house would hardly accommodate the people. On Monday night following, I got to thinking, after I retired, that my wife was *right* in objecting to my taking on one other thing than the Russell Street work and keeping up with my preacher boys, required. So I was getting into the notion of dropping the whole thing and returning home. Immediately after breakfast next morning, I went to my typewriter and wrote out a contract to exist between me and the directors or trustees, and made it as strong as I could, thinking it would be too strong even for Brother Hoskins to sign; and, if he refused, I was stopping right there. But he signed it, and stated he believed all the other active members of the board would. All did except one, who had been highly prejudiced by the matron. I had the majority, and this was enough according to Kentucky law. I felt that I had done enough pioneer work, and perhaps was going too far as my wife thought. I was getting close to my three score and ten years.

So the school was taken over, and I imposed on myself the responsibility of obtaining a superintendent, helping him form his faculty, get in a better lighting system by the time the next school year began, and do all I could to promote the interest of the school.



Hoskins Bible School

In this picture you have a glimpse of Hyden to Harlen Highway—Girls' Dormitory to the left, Administration Building in center—a pointer that shows where the Boys' Dormitory is located, and to extreme right, Manual Arts Building.



Five of the board of Directors in session in the office of Administration Building. The gray haired man sitting at desk with pen in hand is Isaac Wells, our Secretary who had been with the school since it was established 22 years ago. Two board members absent.

The services of Brother Edwin Hughes RR MA and wife who was at the head of the high school at Harding College at Searcy, Ark., were obtained. It is needless to tell the hard work they had to do when they got there in getting the place in a liveable condition. No two souls ever made greater sacrifices than they made.

The second year, Brother Hughes secured the services of Brother Dean Lawyer as his assistant and they together worked for one year. Then Brother Hughes and wife moved back to Searcy and Brother Lawyer was selected as principal, and he moved his brother Ray Lawyer and Wife, who at the time was in Pepperdine College, there to help him.

And here I must tell of a tragedy that came our way. Running right by the school is the middle fork of the Kentucky River, and running into it almost directly is Greasy creek. A flash flood came the first night Ray and his wife got there. There is lots of logging done in that section, and in cutting down trees, while it was against the law, many trees fell across this creek, and dam after dam, almost as far up the creek as its source, were created, and these dams began to break, one after another, and the water roared into Middle Fork of the Kentucky river and pushed the main stream over on the school grounds, picked up the boys dormitory, a picture of which you see on another page and wrapped it around the back of the administration building. The water came to the top of the window sills of the girls dormitory, filled the basement of the administration building and rose about eight feet on its walls. But with all this, none of our furniture was ruined. They hurriedly put upholstered chairs and things the water would damage on tables. But the water touched some of these but not enough to damage them too much. The settling of the mud in the basement was all of three feet deep, the settling on the floor of the girls dormitory was all of a foot deep. Brother Bronson called me over long distance and stated, "Our school is ruined from a flash flood." It was not long until I had covered the 265 miles drive and was on the ground. Well take it from me — My heart almost sank within me, and I was about ready to give up. I hurried over to Hyden, talked with the county superintendent, and asked him what he would give us for the school and grounds. Of course, he was not in for trading, and I went back to the school. When I entered the grounds, I heard singing like a revival was on. They had knocked a hole in the wall of the basement, at a level with the floor of the basement, dug a ditch out to the bank of Middle Fork river, had gotten a fireman's hose, and with shovels they were pushing the mud over to the outlet and someone was using the water from the power hose to send it on into the river. But the revival — The last one of them was singing, to the top of their voices, "Lord lift me up and let me stand and place my feet on higher ground." When I heard and saw this, my spirits revived, and I was determined to go on. The buildings were cleaned up, dried out, the boys dormitory was put back on its foundation and the school opened on time. We lost much of our library which was in the basement of the administration building.

Now was this story worth telling? I just want you to see how men loved that work and sacrificed for it.

At the end of one year as principal, Ray and wife wanted to return to Pepperdine, and Dean wanted to take a school in California. So we were without a principal.

I had U. R. Beeson to hold a tent meeting on the ground with the idea of his taking the school, and thought I had him, but he took another work at the twelfth hour and there we were without a man. Providence – I noticed in the Gospel Advocate that week an announcement of a young man who was staying at the Central church, in Nashville, stating he had a degree from Peabody College and was looking for work. I at once called the Central church and got the name of the young man – Brother Clovis Crawford, I got in touch with him and we hurried to the school. The school had begun. And he gave a pep program in the Girls dormitory for the high school pupils, and they were thrilled. The next morning I had him to conduct the chapel service and sing pep songs —it seemed he knew all of them, but not any better than the students did. It was a thrilling service. At the close I arose and stated – "I have been looking for someone to come and take the principalship of this school, and I want to know how many of you want him, the house roared with approval. We had some of the nearby patrons there and a few of the board members. So he took the work and stayed with it some two or three years. No one ever went to Leslie County who so stirred the people as Clovis Crawford. He did a world of good. He gently slipped the work into the hands of Brother See who had gone there from Harding College to help him, with others from that college. But this is enough of this kind of story – I must hurry to the end.

I spoke of the work being the hardest of my life. This is true, considering what I already had on my shoulders, and my age. This helped, if it was not the primary cause, of sending me to the hospital after I had written my last Friendly Visitor to the Russell Street members and had set the *"going away day,"* July 30, 1950, about which I have spoken enough already in this book. Having to go so far away from the school I was compelled to leave it in the hands of others.



Clovis Crawford presenting diplomas with Batsell Barrett Baxter seated at table and Mrs. Farmer standing. Sixteen graduated in the class.

But dropping back now a little. I assumed the responsibility of having a better lighting system,

and the first thing I did after returning to Nashville after my first visit, was to go to Phillips and Buttorf's hardware and bought enough Aladdin lamps to meet the needs. This made the place look like daylight compared to the darkness they had had. But we got Brother Bronson on the board who worked for the Electric light company at Lothair, Kentucky – and he is a man that does things. Before the first year ended we had electric lights and this enabled the people up the eight miles drive from Hyden to Hoskinston to have electricity in their homes, have frigidaire, etc. Then the idea of running water, and we set about to have hot and cold shower baths, inside toilets and do away with the outside, unsanitary things they had been using. At first, we figured this could be done for about $5,000.00, but, as I remember it run up to about $15,000.00. Here is where some sweating came, for we came very nearly dropping the project right in the middle of it for lack of funds. This is when I got my name on more than $5,000.00 in notes with no security except my name. But we made it. And I will forever feel grateful to Sister Rena McGaughey who came to my rescue with the money we had to have in the way of a loan. But thank God, we made it, and that whole valley was illuminated with electric lights, and our school was as well equipped as any city school, and this all done in one year's time. Now you can understand how my heart sank within me when the flash flood came. But our Lord pulled us out of that. And the pictures you see in which the grounds and buildings are before you attest to the fact, all was not in vain. Letters from Herbert Hoskins, Treasurer of the board and Bill Browning, chairman of the board, assure me that the church of Christ goes on in Hoskinston, Kentucky, though we had to change the way the school was being conducted, as before stated.



Prize winners in class of sixteen.

In addition to all that has been said about the sacrifices for the school, it should be said that the distance from Nashville to Hoskinston was about 265 miles, and while the road was reasonably good, it was crooked and hilly, and I made, I know not how many trips.

How all of this was made possible, rests on the shoulders of those whom I called "Rope Holders," more than one hundred in number, taken from the words of Ashley S. Johnson who ran a similar school in east Tennessee. I have their names and addresses, and hope that every one of them will receive a copy of this book-they are found from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from the gulf almost into Canada. These names will be kept with this book, and may God Bless every one of them. The first one to get on this list was "Grandma Johnson" as we familiarly call her, who gave to David Lipscomb College our second girls dormitory named "Johnson Hall." She made a number of trips with us to the school, remained through my first revival there when we baptized twenty-five of the boys and girls. Sister A. M. Burton made liberal gifts to the school — how I wish I could give every name and address. But Sister Della S. Greer's name must be given here because of other things I want to say about her.

Well, have all of our sacrifices been in vain? We will answer this question after giving you the picture of the grounds and buildings, and that of a board meeting in which Brother Isaac Well's picture is seen — one of the best men I have ever known and who acted as secretary for our board, was an elder of the church at Hoskinston and was minister with the Christian Church brethren for years. They had the custom of having memorial days at the leading cemeteries in that section — Wells, as a rule was chosen as speaker on such occasions. I am including this picture for I want Wells' pictures preserved in this book — He has left us and is now enjoying a much needed rest. I let you see, too the picture of one of our graduating exercises in which Batsell Barrett Baxter was speaker.

THE GOOD ACCOMPLISHED BY THE SCHOOL

I can not give it all. Suffice it to say that many graduates from this school are now teaching in eastern Kentucky and holding other important positions. A number of the graduates entered David Lipscomb College and graduated there and one of our finest girls married there. A number of fine boys and girls attended the school from Nashville, since it cost the boarding students a very nominal amount for board and room rent-tuition was free.

Here I must go back to Sister Della S. Greer of Oak Ridge, Tennessee who has already been mentioned. She had a son-in-law, Brother Cawood, who was *superintendent* of schools in Harlan County. He was working with the Christian church at the time. She came to Harlan, to attend our vacation Bible school, got her son-in-law interested in the school, he became one of our board members, joined others in having a revival in Harlan, helped to establish the church of Christ there, and is now one of the elders. Good accomplished — *who can evaluate it?* And while I have named the five years I worked with this school, the "Hardest Five years of my Life," I look back to it as the most glorious.

Due to the fact that some objections arose about teaching the Bible to all the students, which is against Kentucky laws — but I do not see how this objection was sustained since the Catholic, have quite a number of parochial schools in that state and benefit from the public funds, which benefit enabled me to take the school over. This, however, came up after I left. And from a letter just received from Bill Browning, chairman of the board, they are letting the county pay us rent for the buildings and grounds and the church continues its work, using the auditorium in the Administration building. We may make a change some of these days and use the buildings and grounds for a private school, an orphan's home or a home for the aged. But enough, and, again I say — *God bless every soul who stood by us and made the work possible.* Dozens have been baptized there, teachers have gone out from there and are helping to establish congregations in eastern Kentucky, and young Christians are enabled to hold positions that they could not hold, had it not been for this school. *Hard, yes hard indeed was my struggle for this school.* But I thank God from the bottom of my heart for all the sacrifices I was permitted to make for this school.

I was warned, by at least one friend, when I took the school over, that I was taking over a lot of headaches. In this, he was correct in his prediction. But I have not once thought, when I see a thing to which I feel that I should put my hands, whether it will bring headaches, back aches or any other kind of ache — if I feel that God wants me to take hold of it, I do so, in full confidence, that good will come. My aches were not comparable to those of Paul in 2 Corinthians 11:23-28. Who can possibly evaluate the good that was done during these five, struggling years? And to think it was the occasion of my coming in contact with such men as Cawood, at Harlin, Kentucky, and come to know and understand each other, is worth all the sacrifices made. And there are dozens of others, yea hundreds, who fell in with us. Souls will be there at the gate to welcome us home. I do not like the ruling that caused us to have to cease to teach the Bible in this school, when other religious orders so do and get the benefit of our tax money. But this thing you call the Roman Catholic Church has her fingers in our affairs in this country, and such should be stopped. We live and learn.

Chapter XXXIV

"A FEW EXCERPTS FROM THE MANY LETTERS OF APPRECIATION"

Edited by Mr. and Mrs. Jack E. Turner

Dear Brother Hall:

It certainly gives me much pleasure to have a friend that I can write to like you, and feel free to recognize you as my friend and to know that you consider me as such, and to realize that I am not the only one that is a friend to you, but that you have many friends in this part of the country and the number increases in your absence possibly more than you have the knowledge of. There is hardly a day that passes that someone does not remark to me concerning the great loss that we have suffered in having to give up you and Sister Hall, and I always tell them that we haven't given you up, but have just allowed others to enjoy having you for a while.

I sincerely hope that your birthday, which is just a few days hence, will be one of the greatest joy of all times. I also trust that the holiday season will bring happiness and a spirit of love between you and all of those who know you. It is needless for me to comment on the need for you to be spared many more years of usefulness that are full of works as they have been in the past, for the Lord himself has recognized the need for you to stay here, by having spared you through sickness that has carried many others away.

Remember that I will be looking for a letter in return, for my soul yearns for such consoling thoughts that are always included in your letters. Give my love to Sister Hall.

Your friend,

Lester C. Anderson
Nashville, Tennessee

From a letter from Brother J. F. Lilly who for many years was song leader at the Sichel Street Congregation in Los Angeles and also served in same capacity at Central Church of Christ in Los Angeles, while Brother Hall was the minister there. "As I look back over my career and try to appraise the influences that have helped to prepare me for eternity, I must reckon your influence on me as one of the most helpful with which I have come in contact. I have heard many preachers who possessed more of the grace of oratory than you, and many who could rivet the attention perhaps more forcibly, but I can point to very, very

few who possessed the ability which you have to make me want to do more and strive harder for the goal set before me. This little bouquet I pass on to you with the hope that we shall one day stand together on the Golden Shore and there recount the triumphs which have been ours in this life below." (Brother Lilly has since passed on to his reward.)

"We were sorry to hear of your sickness, and truly hope you will soon be well again. Russell Street is not the same for us, since you have gone. No one will ever be able to take your place in our hearts. We miss you so much. We are enclosing a small check and hope it will find you much better. Pray for us for you have done much for us in causing us to try to live a Christian life." Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Foster . . . Nashville, Tennessee.

Dear Brother Hall:

Allow me to commend you upon the article, "Two Kinds of Disciples." It would be fine if we could get the members of the churches to see the full truth along this line. I heard a preacher say one time: "If you want to baptize people — preach baptism." I believe it will work on most anything. I fear many preachers among "us" are not preaching these things as they should. Some of us preach with no more fervor than some school teachers teaching grammar.

I have admired your work very much. I believe the things accomplished at Russell and also the things done at Atlanta can be done elsewhere. Of course it would take the same wisdom and godly zeal as well as the constant labor and interest so manifest in the places mentioned. May God's blessings continue to be yours daily.

I have tried to do the work, the kind of work, you have done. It succeeded wherever tried. Montgomery, Alabama, Paris, Texas, and I know, as weak as I am, that if God would use me He would use anyone who wants to be used of Him. . . " Floyd A. Decker, Nashville, Tenn.

I have known Brother S. H. Hall for thirty-two years. I have seen him in every phase of his life as a Gospel preacher. I have lived in his home and observed his tender devotion and patience toward his wife and son; I have seen him in the sick room and at the bedside of the dying, administering spiritual comfort. I have seen him in the homes of the poor and unfortunate, helping them in time of need to get jobs and regain their self respect. I have sat in his Bible classes and heard him encourage young men to preach the Gospel, which work resulted in scores of young men entering the ministry. Brother Hall is a powerful influence for good and has given of himself unselfishly. Eternity alone can tell the good that this wonderful man has done.

Elmo Phillips

Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Brother Hall:

After reading your article, "The Secret Of It All" in this week's Advocate, I felt constrained to extend my sincerest compliments and commendation. Though the church is steadily increasing its borders, I feel that an undivided, united front is necessary if the world is to be impressed with the superiority of the Christian religion.

Several members of Laurel Avenue have formerly attended Russell Street. Perhaps you remember Brother John Cummins, who leads the Life and Casualty in this district. All of these members with whom I have talked have a very high regard for you and your work at Russell Street.

When I saw you in Athens, Alabama last summer, you spoke to me about doing evangelistic work in Colorado, and told me to write you about it. Having several places in mind, including this one, I failed to write, but I do want to thank you for your kindness. If you pass through Knoxville at any time, please let us know. We should be very glad to have you stop with us.

Again I wish to express my appreciation of your excellent and ever timely article."

Sincerely yours

Billy Norris
Minister of Laurel Avenue
Church of Christ, Knoxville,
Tennessee

Dear Brother Hall:

I just learned today from the West End, Atlanta, bulletin that you are sick. I want you to know that I am certainly sorry. I am glad you are better and it is my earnest prayer that you may soon recover.

The brethren at the Northwest church in Atlanta must have been looking forward to your meeting with them. You had such a good one the last time and then, of course, the Atlanta people are always happy to have you with them. Surely they will never forget the great work you did there. Even if some forget the Lord will not.

My Advocate came today and I read the tribute you wrote of Brother Jones. Reading it made me thankful for men like Brother Jones, but it also made me thankful of you. I want to tell you that it has been a blessing to me to know you and your preaching has been helpful to me.

Please pray for our work here. I am glad I came because I believe something can be accomplished now if we can just get a new building. I hope to see you and Sister Hall the next time I am in Nashville.

Sincerely yours,

O. P. Baird
Wilmington, North Carolina

From the letter written by H. N. Mann, Hohenwald, Tennessee:

"Brother Showalter said he was turning over to you, in Firm Foundation, certain articles for review. This week's Firm Foundation has a fine article written by you. You and I have been in the work a long time. I asked Leo Boles, one time when he was here in a meeting, wherein your success was in gospel work. He said, "Just in that BULL DOG determination to take hold and not turn loose, Brother Mann."

Brother Hall's letter in answer to this wonderful news: Written from Arcadia, Calif., August 9, 1954.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Robinson, and Sharron:

Words cannot express how happy it made me to read the good news in Sister Trimble's letter dated the second. How good it is to say Brother Kirk, and Sister Sharron, making your family complete in our Lord Jesus Christ. It has been the rule of my life never to stop praying and hoping when I set about trying to win a soul for Christ. Brother Kirk, you know how intense my desires to see you baptized were when I was there. I never stop praying, even when I am separated from one whom I have tried to win for Christ. And now, that good wife's prayers and mine are answered, with the faithful efforts of Brother Clifton. Sharron was really too young when I left, to be understandingly baptized. But now she knows, she understands. God bless every one of you. The next time I visit Nashville, your home will be one of the first that I shall visit.

Mrs. Hall and I are holding up very well. I love these people and they are sweet to me, and let me work as I feel like working. I enjoy preaching as I have never enjoyed it before. Mrs. Hall is so much pleased with this congregation. You know, perhaps, all about the great grand daughter we have here. Sam married a sweet girl, and they have one of the sweetest little girls I have ever seen. We are closer to them, and we can run in to Los Angeles and see them, and they can run out and see us. They came out yesterday for services and we went out for dinner together.

The Russell Street big revival began yesterday, and I pray that they have a great meeting. Willard Collins can not be excelled as an evangelist, and he is a good man.

In closing, let me thank Sister Trimble for sending me the good news so promptly. A copy of this letter I am sending to her. Love... lots and lots of it to all our friends back there.

Always yours,

S. H. Hall

Two letters received from Attorney Richard M. Atkinson (Ex United States Senator) Nashville, Tennessee; The first October 15, 1943... the second dated January 5th, 1946.

Dear Brother Hall:

I thoroughly enjoyed hearing your voice on the 'phone last evening and as stated, I liked the sermon last Sunday evening but Guy and I were frightened when we heard that you had had some kind of physical trouble.

I am thoroughly sincere in saying that you are my ideal preacher and I cherish your friendship.

Hoping to see you out real soon and wishing for you everything good, I remain

Sincerely,

Dick Atkinson

Dear Brother Hall:

With much pride in our friendship, I read the account of your service record this week. And, knowing you as I do, there is much I could add to what has been said by the writer.

To me, you have always typified the virile son of God, described by my Christ.

All of our mutual friends in discussing you agree that you are one of our outstanding Christian leaders, who has made an impression upon this community and other places you have visited, which will never be erased. Congratulations on reaching another milestone in your great career.

May God spare you for many, many more years of splendid service in His cause and for the uplift of man.

Most Cordially,

Dick Atkinson

A letter to prove "Love's labor is never lost"...

Dear Brother and Sister Hall:

Do hope you two are doing well. We are fine.

Here is some grand news for you. Mrs. Kirk Robinson asked me to write you and tell you about her husband and daughter being baptized July 24, 1954 on a Saturday afternoon. Clifton visited him that afternoon, and talked with him, and he wanted to be buried with his Lord in baptism. His daughter also wanted to be baptized and Sister Robinson was overjoyed. She had prayed and wished for that so long, and she wanted you to know it. Sharron is the daughter's name and they live at 1416 Gartland, Nashville, Tennessee."

Best Regards,
Mrs. John E. Trimble

A letter from one who was skeptical, but was won for Christ.

Nashville, Tennessee
April 20, 1940

Dear Mr. Hall:

I didn't feel like making it out to Russell Street church the other Sunday, after all. Before every week-end, for months now, I have anticipated going places and doing things, but when each week-end actually arrives, I find myself reluctant to do anything but stay in bed. This state of affairs does not please me, for I am not by nature apathetic.

Your call came at a time when I felt in especial need of assurance of my friends' interest in my welfare. It seems that I am periodically on the verge of a sort of spiritual drowning, from which I can only be resuscitated by a few discerning friends.

It means a great deal to me to know that you have not forgotten, nor lost interest in me through these years since I've known you.

Some day, when you're going to be out this way, I wish you'd give me a ring and stop by to see me. I should like to have my mother meet you.

If I don't feel well enough to get out to church before my vacation starts, I shall certainly do so immediately after (seven weeks from now).

Your friend,

Bonny

37 Oiwa, Shizuoka, Japan
July 20th, 1934

Dear Brother and Sister Hall:

Please allow me to rejoice with the Central Church in Los Angeles that you are soon to be with them. Nashville will miss you but they can afford to make the sacrifice. I pray that you may be used mightily where the need is so great in California. I think of you very often, and never cease to be thankful for all your help and encouragement. Your writings in the Gospel Advocate are always read with interest. Is it selfish of me to hope that you have time in California to continue this writing? Many times after reading one of your articles I would resolve to write you but feel ashamed that I have failed to do so. At any rate, I trust you will pardon my neglect and believe that in all your labors, in all your achievements, in all your trials, I have been prayerfully interested.

Not only for the sake of the Cause at Central do I rejoice that you are going to Los Angeles but I believe you can help the Japanese work. We are glad to hear the work at the mission is doing better now. There are some consecrated, earnest souls in that little band. I have written Brother Ijams about Brother Mazawa, a member there who wishes to enter David Lipscomb College this fall to prepare himself for the work

in Japan. While the Mazawas were on a year's visit to Japan three years ago, they spent six months with us in the work here and proved themselves very excellent workers. We are greatly encouraged that they plan to return to this field. In behalf of the Cause of Christ here, may I ask you to please encourage the Mazawas as much as you can in their noble purpose. The greatest need in Japan as I see it, is more capable native workers. I do not believe that the school will ever have reason to regret helping Brother Mazawa. He has a strong personality, is not stubborn but is humble and teachable. She too, is a good and worthy helpmeet.

My health is not good but by God's grace I keep busy most of the time. Iki San is well and continues faithful. I will enclose a copy of the letter I am sending to the donors for second quarter, which you may read at your leisure.

With prayers and best wishes, I am

Your sister in the Lord

Sarah Andrews

There are so many, many wonderful letters, and expressions of appreciation in Brother Hall's collection, and the letters alone would make an interesting book, but we have tried to take just a "cross section" of them. The one above proves that Brother Hall's love and interest was for all mankind, regardless of color or race.

Following we give a letter written by Marshall Keeble to Brother Hall, and also a tribute written to Brother Hall by Brother Keeble. The bond of friendship between these two was so strong, that when Brother Keeble lost his first wife, he insisted upon having Brother Hall officiate at her service.

Martin Tennessee
July 14, 1950

Dear Sir and Brother in Christ:

I have just learned of your serious illness, and my heart is made to rejoice over your rapid recovery. I am praying for your return to normal health, if God's will. God has wonderfully blessed your labors for many years, and I am praying that you be blessed with many more years of usefulness in the Kingdom of our God. For many years you have stood by me in all of my work for our Master. Friends like you are hard to find. I feel indebted to you. I know that great faithful wife is sticking to you.

I have just closed a meeting at Atlanta, with sixteen responding to the Gospel call. THANK GOD. Your work in Atlanta is a living monument, of some of the greatest work of your life. Thank God. We are starting off fine here, great crowds of white and colored. Pray for us.

Fraternally yours in Christ,

M. Keeble

"A FRIEND"

For over forty years Brother S. H. Hall and I have been friends, and as the years come and go, our friendship has grown. THANK GOD.

We first met in Nashville, Tennessee, and he has recommended me to the brotherhood many times. He did a great outstanding work in Atlanta for years, and his work there will go down in history as a living monument.

Some years after he established the work in Atlanta, I was called there by the West End Church for a meeting. One hundred sixty-six were baptized. Brother Hall came down from Nashville, Tennessee and the last night forty-two came forward at the singing of one song. Brother Hall was a happy man, because he had longed to see a colored congregation established in Atlanta, where some of his greatest work was done.

He is now one of the Board of Directors of the Nashville Christian Institute. May God bless this great servant of His with many more years of usefulness in his Kingdom is my prayer.

M. Keeble

This from Julia Manning... Nashville, Tennessee.

"Brother Hall, we need you so much, every day we wish for you... too bad you can't be in two places.

Do you think Guy can qualify for a Deacon? You know more about him than any other person, (excepting of course myself.) We both cried a little, and of course know, that your influence and prayers have made it possible for him to be what he is. *Thank you,* Brother Hall, for everything, we love you very much. How well I remember in bad days, your saying, "Don't give up, just keep trying, Guy will come through, I know he will." It should be told right here that Guy is now a deacon in the church, and Brother Hall's words of advice to Julia were not idle words.

Just one of hundreds such requests:

Dear Brother Hall:

Knowing of no one who does as much to help humanity as you do, especially young men, I am calling to your attention a very worthy, deserving young man, Herschel Hall who wants a place to teach in the city schools and wants you to say something for him to Mr. George Cate.

He is a Nashville boy, a good Christian boy, member of Chapel Avenue Church of Christ, graduated from high school at Central High, obtained his B. S. degree at T.P.I. at Cookeville by his own efforts. He has worked so hard to get where he is, has no father or mother and has obtained his education under so many handicaps and difficulties, believing that if he could graduate from a university, he could get a place deserving his efforts.

He is a good moral influence for young life and would make a good coach for athletics. He can teach other subjects as well. One summer he loaded breko blocks here in Nashville all summer so that he might go to school in the fall.

We know you do not fall down on anything you undertake, and I believe you will help in this so deserving a cause.

Very Sincerely,

Leona Harris

From a friend who went home in her eighties – (Written March 1935)

Dear Brother and Sister Hall and the friends at Russell Street, who so sweetly remembered me on my birthday, with such lovely cards. I appreciate, more than I can express, such acts of kindness. They make life worth living as we are going down the shady side of life.

"The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power;
To tell just when the hands will stop
At late or an early hour.

Now is the only time we own;
Live, love, toil with a will
Place no faith in to-morrow, for
The clock may then be still."

Sister Hicks

This letter also written in March 1935...

Dear Brother Hall

We wish to express our deepest appreciation to you for your kindness and thoughtfulness in our sorrow.

Through the many years of mamma's great affliction your visits, prayers and letters were a great comfort to her.

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Purdom
Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hardison
Floy Hardison

This from the widow of H. Leo Boles, asking for a statement from Brother Hall, to be placed in a book that was being written in memory of Brother Boles.

"Brother Hall, I advised Violet to write and ask you to please write something about your and my husband's association together. I have not seen what you have written, but am sure it is just what I want. Your association together was always a tie of faith and sincerity for each other, for so many years, and I should have said affection for each other. I would not think the book complete without your contribution."

Here are some words from someone who was weak, but was strengthened by Brother Hall's help, and was saved from strong drink.

Dear Brother Hall:

No one but God will ever know how deeply grateful I am for what you did for me Thursday. I believe I have found myself. I believe I have found a spiritual awakening, such as I never felt before. I prayed to God that he would hold my job and help me never to take another drink. Why I took the first drink that sent me on this last drunk I don't know. God knows that I am telling the truth. I wanted to die, I thought of killing myself, and I don't know what would have happened had not my mother had me put in jail.

I know that this is my last chance to hold my job, even keep my life. With God's help, and the help of the brotherhood of man, I know I will be a free man.

Sincerely,

Dear Brother Hall:

This is to tell you how much I appreciate your article in the last issue of the Advocate "A Faithful Church." It occurs to me, you could not have written an article that would fit the conditions existing here, better had you known from beginning to end what we needed. I read it before our congregation worship at _____ to-night, and I had many good things said to me about it, and was asked to write to you, expressing our thanks for it, and asking you to continue the articles.

Brotherly,

Ben M. Taylor

In all of these sixty years in the pulpit not only has Brother Hall been interested in finding young men and developing them into preachers, elders, deacons and song leaders, but his heart has gone out to all of the old soldiers of the cross, who have worn their lives out for the Cause of Christ, and in many instances seemed to be shelved because of their age.

Below is a letter from the daughter of undoubtedly one of the most outstanding men in his day, that the church has ever had. Brother Hall recognizing what he thought was a tendency to put F. L. Young on the shelf, made arrangements with the elders of the Russell Street church, for him to preach at Russell Street while Brother Hall spent ninety days with the Central Church of Christ in Los Angeles. Brother Young came, and it was a thrill to the Russell Street congregation when that old soldier occupied the pulpit.

Brother Hall having gone to Central Church in Los Angeles because of a sore need of leadership at that church at that time, arranged for

Brother Young to take up regular work with that congregation, so that he might return to Russell Street. Brother Young remained at Central Church, and did a great work there until his health failed him, and he returned to his daughter's home in Dallas, Texas to fall asleep in Jesus. Perhaps the happiest days of his life were the ones spent at Central church.

Dear Brother Hall:

Your recent article about love (1st Corinthians 13) gave me courage. So much of critism, malice and what sounds like actual hatred is printed in our papers that seldom is there a copy that I feel safe in passing to one outside the family.

My childhood home was blessed by many visits from God's Noblemen and always the subject of conversation was the *Word*. Brother Larimore, Brother Caskey, Brother Frazee and scores of others with my dear father, read and reasoned and often differed in their opinions, but each loved the other and recognized him as a brother.

Christ's prayer (John 17) has its tender message for us and how little we are doing to answer it. Let us not disagree – rather let us *agree to differ* on those things which God did not see fit to make clear to us – remembering that tho we have *all* wisdom and not love, it is of no value.

Each member of my family loves you, because you meant so much to our father F. L. Young. I am happy to have some of the love letters he received from you and I shall preserve them for my children's children.

May God's blessings rest on you and yours.

Your friend,

Irene Young Mattox.

We could go on and on, but feel we must not take up any more space for letters, but here are three "tributes," that we feel the book would be incomplete without.

WHAT BROTHER S. H. HALL HAS MEANT TO ME

A. C. Pullias
President of Davis Lipscomb College

The inspired apostle Paul writing to the church at Rome said, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish." In my own life I know that I am debtor to an enormous number of people who have helped me along the way and most of all to our Heavenly Father. Among those great and good people to whom I owe a debt of gratitude that I will never be able to fully repay is Brother S. H. Hall. My first acquaintance with him developed when I was a student in David Lipscomb College. He was encouraging and helpful to

me then. This spirit of fatherly friendliness continued without interruption through all of our long years of association.



Athens Clay Pullias.

In this part of the country there are hundreds of young preachers of the gospel who owe their ability to do His work in a large measure to the inspiration and personal help given to them by Brother Hall. He always had a special and consecrated interest in the development of young men. On his prayer list there was always a long list of boys that he liked to call "my boy." These were boys to whom he had given encouragement, guidance, and counsel. These were boys who had been put in touch with their first opportunities to preach by him.

Brother Hall was associated with David Lipscomb College over a very long period of time. He was a classmate of former president H. Leo Boles and knew firsthand Brother Lipscomb, Brother Harding, and many others who had a glorious part in the early years of the Nashville Bible School and David Lipscomb College. He served on the Board of Directors over a long period of time with courage and wisdom that will be remembered always.

At the same time Brother Hall was interested in a wide variety of other activities in Christian education and in the cause of preaching the gospel generally. He lived up to that admonition, "Be ready unto every good work." He threw himself with his customary zeal into whatever opportunities for service might be at hand.

I will always be personally grateful for his influence in my life and for his contributions to the cause of Christian education at David Lipscomb College. May the years yet remaining in his life be filled with ever-richer service in the vineyard of the Master whom Brother Hall loves so much and to whose service he has dedicated his life.

WHAT BROTHER S. H. HALL HAS MEANT TO ME

Willard Collins
Vice President of David Lipscomb College

I have been encouraged by the work of Brother S. H. Hall for twenty years. When I think of him I always remember the fine work he did in Atlanta and the Georgia mission field. Although many years have gone by, the people of Atlanta still regard Brother Hall as the man who took

the lead in advancing the cause of the Lord in that city. When I was in a meeting with the East Point congregation in Atlanta they were still talking about an outstanding meeting in which Brother Hall worked with them when there were, I believe, over 100 additions. This was the beginning of the church at East Point, which is now one of the most active congregations in the state.

I appreciate him also for the fine job that he has done in encouraging young men to become gospel preachers. A host of well-known preachers are now declaring the story of the Lord because of the influence of Brother S. H. Hall.

His stand for truth and the encouragement he has given to many of us here at Lipscomb in Christian education will never be forgotten. Brother Hall means a great deal to me, because he has personally spoken his conviction at many trying times when it would have been much easier to remain silent.



Willard Collins, Vice-President of David Lipscomb College.

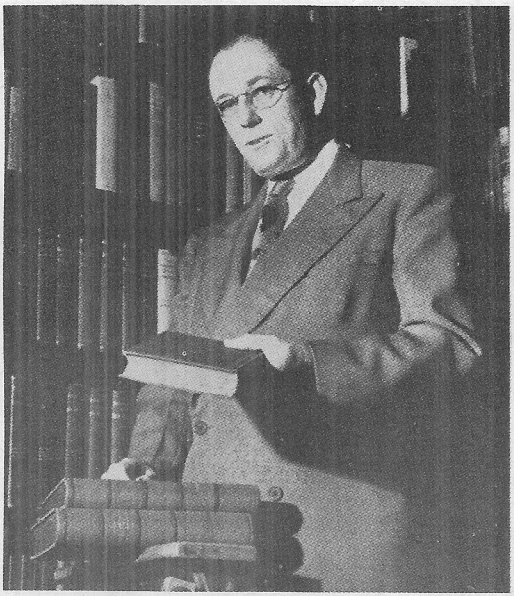
He has encouraged me a great deal in my work, as he has hundreds of others. When I think of his cottage prayer meeting plan, of the thousands he has baptized, of what he has meant to David Lipscomb College and to the Lord's work everywhere, I am deeply grateful for this opportunity to express my appreciation of him.

I have been in his home, and I appreciate his family.

WHAT S. H. HALL HAS MEANT TO ME

By W. B. West, Jr.
Formerly head of the Bible Department of
George Pepperdine College, Los Angeles, Cal.
At present head of the Bible Department of
Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas

While a student in David Lipscomb College in 1926 or 1927 I first met Brother S. H. Hall but it was not until 1930 that I came to know him. The occasion was a meeting in Oxford, Mississippi in which he preached. I came to hear him from Charleston, Mississippi where I was doing my first local church work. His sincerity, his interest in others, and his dynamic presentation of the gospel favorably impressed me.



Dr. W.B. West, Jr., head of Bible Department, Harding College.

Brother Hall immediately took an interest in me. He manifested it by a desire for and efforts toward what he considered to be larger fields of service. He recommended me to two churches in Alabama and then to the elders the Central Church in Los Angeles. The invitation of the Central elders was accepted. This began a ministry of seven and one half years in a strategic church in one of the leading cities of the world.

Although Mrs. West and I loved the Charleston Church and regretted to leave, we continue to feel that our moving to Los Angeles was a turning point toward a larger service for Christ. There we were associated with hundreds of dedicated Christians whom it was a blessing to know. There we worked in a large field which was almost virgin to the gospel. A field which now has two hundred churches. There I realized the inadequacy of my preparation for Christian service which led to my continuing my education at Abilene Christian College and elsewhere. Although preaching is my first love, all these experiences have caused me to dedicate my life to the training of Christian servants, expecially preachers of the gospel.

If it had not been for the interest, encouragement, and assistance of Brother Hall, we may never have gone to Southern California and our course of life may have been different. We believe the Lord used Brother Hall in so directing us. He had through the years been a source of great encouragement and inspiration. He has been of great help to me as he has to hundreds of young men. I am very grateful. May the Lord give him many more years as he approaches the sunset of life and may his last years be the best ones.

We, the editors of this chapter are sincere, when we say that Brother Hall's friendship and interest in us have been one of our very greatest blessings. He has made God's word so clear to us that we have attained through his teaching... that "peace which passeth all understanding." By studying under his guidance, we feel we know a little of the joy that Timothy must have known under the teaching of the great apostle Paul. We have many times heard Brother Hall quote a certain poem from the

pulpit, and we feel that it sums up and describes Brother Hall more than anything that can be said. We take pleasure in closing our chapter with these words: Jack and Bee Turner

"Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray;
My prayer shall be for others.
Help me in all the things I do,
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for you
Must need be done for others.
Let self be crucified and slain;
And buried deep, and all in vain
May efforts be to raise again
Unless to live for others.
And when on earth my work is done
And my new work in heaven's begun
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of others.
Others, Lord, yes others,
May this my motto be;
Help me to live for others,
That I may live for thee.

Chapter XXXV

ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA

This being the last local work I expect to do, and it is ending in about eight months after this writing, October 25, 1955, there is so much I want to say and so little that time and space will allow, that I hope brevity will not keep me from giving practically a full story. I have repeatedly stated, since coming to this place, that my coming was following three young men who preceded me. The following excerpt from a letter written by Brother Claude Lauraine will show that I have had Arcadia in mind some ten years before I moved here. Brother Claude Lauraine worked with me in the Atlanta work and took unto himself one of our best Atlanta girls, namely Lucille Harwell, the union taking place in the Harwell home. Brother Harwell was one of the charter members of the West End Avenue Church of Christ already spoken of in detail. He and his wonderful wife had more to do than words can tell with the success of the Atlanta work. His son, James, became one of our best young preachers, about whom we speak in another chapter. But here are the words in a letter written to me by Brother Lauraine dated in the fall of 1937, in which he enclosed an architects drawing of the building:

"If we can borrow $5,500.00 to put up the building, we want to break the ground and hold a two week's meeting beginning May 1, 1940. Here is what I have in the back of my mind, and it is just a suggestion which has not gone any further than to you. You hold us a meeting with James Harwell leading the singing and James take over the work when you leave. Please think this over, and if you have any suggestions to offer, we would appreciate them. And maybe you could prevail on Russell Street church to send us a liberal donation on our building."

He stated at that time they had $250.00 in the building fund and hoped to increase this to $1,000.00 by May 1, 1940. He also stated that they hoped to hold the cost of the building to something like $6,500.00 and that the building they were then using would accommodate less than one hundred people. Also they had the lot paid for, it costing $950.00, and they were paying $5.00 a month on an adjoining lot for which they had a trust deed. He stated that the church was started here some six years before, starting with twenty-one present the first day. At this writing the attendance was some seventy-five or eighty.

This is enough about the past history other than to state that, more than to any other two souls, it was started because of the faithfulness of Brother and Sister Estey Turner. I had come to know Estey in 1919 and 1921 when I was with the Sichel Street church in Los Angeles. His brother-in-law, A. A. Godfrey, was one of Sichel's most faithful elders

and had much to do in bringing me to that work. I came to know Estey then and to love him. He stands four-square for New Testament Christianity.

Along about the same time, Brother Joe W. White and his wife moved to this section. Brother White helped me in Atlanta some two or three years and married Dura Bell Stroud, neice of one of our best elders there. Brother White made his own living and took a token check of $5.00 a week for his services. Along with this, he had his heart set on finishing his educational program — finished at Pepperdine College and took the head of the Bible Department there when Brother W. B. West left. He obtained his PhD and stands as one of our best Bible teachers and preachers in California.

Brother and Sister Harwell, of Atlanta, spent one or two winters here and helped in the work. Brother James Harwell preached for several months. Anyway, Atlanta, Georgia, so to speak, moved here before I did. I would love so much to give in detail all the ups and downs of this congregation during those struggling years, but the book is supposed to give a history of my work, so I must get to it.

THE CONGREGATION AS I FOUND IT

It is not amiss to state that there was an element of discouragement in the hearts of some when we came. My friends back east paid a little above $700.00 to move me here. A place to live, unfurnished, cost us $75.00 a month, and the best the congregation could do was to give me $50.00 a week for my services. This left me only $125.00 a month to live on, take care of car expenses, etc. But we made it. Never, in all of my fifty years as a local minister, have I received what you would call full support. Yet I came here owing no man one thing except love — my credit stands A-1 in Atlanta where we lived fourteen years and in Nashville where we lived 28 1/2 years. Since moving here, I needed $5,000.00. A bank in Nashville let me have this amount with no security except my signature. How, in the world, I have maintained such credit with the support I have received, God knows, I do not.

We are giving our readers a picture of the house as it now stands. But the seats when we came, were not fastened down, Sunday school rooms not arranged for, no strips in the aisles and the needed carpeting laid, lots of rubbish around the rear of the building, and they owed above $8,000.00 on the building. To be frank, things looked dark and gloomy. The attendance stood at about one hundred — not much better than when Brother Lauraine wrote me in 1940.

AN INTERESTING STORY

One who claims to be a "free lancer;" that is, he represented no organized religious group, found a vacant lot about three quarters of a



House of Worship, Arcadia, California.

mile from our building and undertook to construct a small building on it and get together the children of the community in a Sunday school. Only a few of the people in the immediate vicinity fell in with it at first, but it had some growth. Two families, who are now with us, fell in and did a great deal in helping financially and with real hard work. But some scruples came to their minds about some of the things this minister did, so they pulled out. One of these families organized a Bible class in their home and, fortunately, called our Sister Mae Chase to teach it. One night, after attending prayer meeting, I was called out of bed to meet Sister Chase with six members of the class to be baptized. This I did, having there two of our elders and their wives. Brother Chase did the baptizing. While he was baptizing the women, one of the husbands who came with them said to me, "Brother Hall, I was baptized when quite young in the Christian church and I want to be baptized." I at once asked him the question – "Do you believe with all your whole heart Christ is God's Son?" His answer was, "I most assuredly do." Then I said please go to the men's dressing room and prepare for baptism. We keep our dressing rooms with a supply of changes, both for men and women, for almost any number that want to be baptized. Brother Chase was almost through with the women by the time he was ready and Brother Chase baptized him. There are other things that should be told in connection with this baptizing, but space forbids.

Suffice it to say that the influence of this class had so permeated the members of this little church – a number baptized being teachers there – that some seven or eight others wanted to be immersed, so the preacher hurried them off to Pasadena and there immersed them. But a number of these have come to us – all, with but one or two exceptions. And they were baptized "for the remission of their sins." For certain it is that any one baptized under the teaching of Sister Chase is baptized "for the remission of sins." The husbands of these women were turned over to me, and we have baptized practically all of them. The two good people who organized the class for the women, got busy and organized a class of men for me to teach on Tuesday nights in their home. As stated, a number of these men have been baptized.

But there is another interesting story. One Lord's Day, I did my best to drive home that any wife whose husband is not a member or husband whose wife is not a member and does not prayerfully work and pray for their conversion is not just what Christ wants them to be. I drove it home to fathers and mothers who strive so hard to educate and prepare their sons and daughters to go out and make money and fail to make just as earnest effort – which effort should be greater – to prepare their sons and daughters for eternity, could not be called a true father and mother. The next Lord's Day, the head of the second family to which reference has already been made, came to me and said, "Brother Hall, your sermon last Lord's Day so stirred me that my wife and I have gotten all of our relatives to join us in a Bible class in our home and we have called on Sister Chase to teach it." Think of the joy that came to my heart when, while unable to go to the baptizing, they informed me that they were assembling at the church house to baptize seven from this class and one other from a class Sister Chase was teaching in her own home, and five of the number baptized were son and wife, sister and husband, etc., relatives of these two godly souls. I was just home from the hospital where I was rushed to be saved from a duodenal ulcer.

Nothing has so electrified our work as this. I had about thirty in one of my classes and fifteen fine men in another class in the home where this class work began. A Brother and his wife took Scripture Studies, Vol. I, and went to a home and studied it through, and all of that family were baptized, father, mother and daughter.

Perhaps it should be said that when we came to California, we rented a house just across the street from Pepperdine College and I was with Brother Nagai and Ishiguro on Wednesday nights with the Japanese brethren and drove out to Arcadia for the Lord's Day morning and evening services. But this seemed to be a little too heavy for me, so we moved to Arcadia in the fall of 1951. I taught for two hours each week at Pepperdine College until the Lord knocked me down again and, in this way, said slow up. So that work has been dropped and my time is devoted now to preaching on Lord's Days and helping with the class work. It reminds me so much of the way I got the Atlanta work growing as well as the work at Sichel Street, about which I have already written.

I now give the names of the ones who organized the first two classes above referred to. Brother and Sister Jack Turner who have edited one chapter in this book organized the first class and Brother and Sister Howard Jenks organized the second class. Out of these first classes some thirty-nine have been baptized. My job was to handle the men, and every woman who was baptized from the first class has her husband in the church with her and some of them are now serving as among our best deacons. There are other homes in which classes were organized, but I cannot give too much details. I say, without any fear of being mistaken, that the class work mentioned above saved the day for us.

One more thing I want to say in closing. Brother O. B. Curtis, who worked with me at Central in Los Angeles, had been here for sometime before I came and had helped much in landscaping the grounds and helping otherwise with the yard work and building the house — the work done by members working at night after doing a hard days work to make a living. Brother Curtis is the best song leader I have ever known and having him here to hold up this part of the work, and my cooperating with the best preaching I could give, and he and I talking over the sermon before Sunday came so he could make the songs blend in with the lesson, has had much to do with the successful growth. He had as much to do in bringing me here as anyone else.

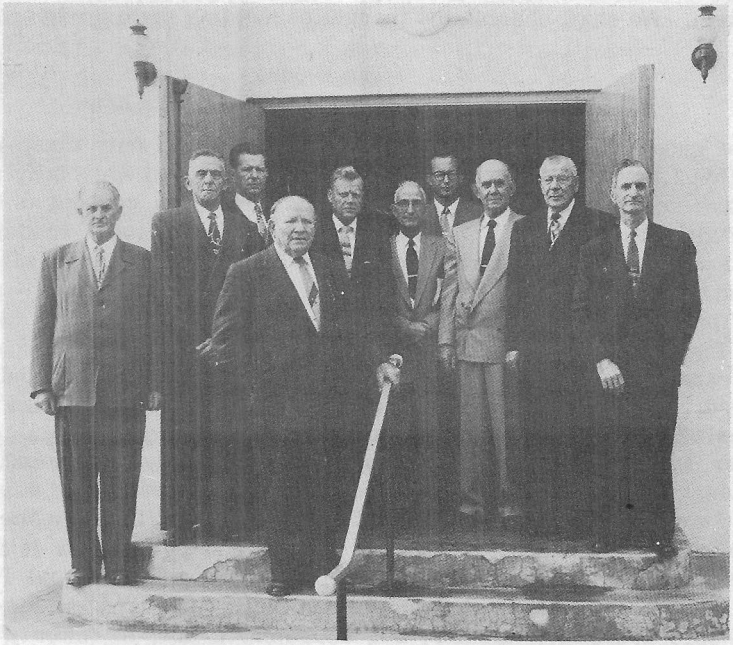
Some one wants to ask — Have you forgotten to develop young preachers? Well, hardly. For the last year, the night preaching has been turned over to developing young men to teach and preach. Even before this, Brother Eulice Curington, who had attended my first Bible class, decided to dedicate his life to the ministry. He has finished his High School work at Harding College and is now doing a fine work at Freed-Hardeman College. He is a wonderful young man and has one of the best mothers I have ever known. He lost his father a few years ago. Then there is Brother Edwin Jones who made his first speech in this Sunday night work and has just finished a year's work at Oroville, Washington, for a struggling congregation. The church here gave him $80.00 a month for his first year there and several individuals here helped. Then there is his brother Lindell Jones, one of our best school teachers, began in this night work to preach. Then there is Brother Robert Shaner, another school teacher, who was induced to take up preaching from this Sunday night work and is still teaching and preaching. Brother Miles Tolbert is another one to begin preaching in this night work. And last, but by no means least, Brother Ronald Packard entered David Lipscomb College this fall 1955 and is there, he says, for four years. He is delighted and all who have come to know him are delighted with him. He is really a beginner.

I must mention Brother Sterling Fox, not my boy, but one of my best helpers. Brother Fox is the principal of one of the local elementary schools. He and Brother Stephen Kramar, who attended Abilene Christian College and was graduated from Pepperdine College, have taken the night work off my shoulders. Brother Kramar also has taken charge of the work among our young people and, of course, we are

encouraging them all we can while they encourage us. The only way I know to stop writing about such work as we have here is just to stop. But must say, before closing, that we have the best lot of women helpers here that I have ever seen anywhere. There were some changes that were needed in this work due to the fact that a few were headed in the direction of a ladies aid society, but this is all out and the sisters work is under the supervision of the elders.

Because of the sore need, the eldership was enlarged shortly after I came to this work. Perhaps this did more to stabilize the work than any other one thing that was done.

We give here the picture of our board of elders, with our song leader



Board of Elders, with our song leader and the leader of our young people. Beginning from left to right, Clarence Crabb, M. G. Fulcomer, E. H. Huff, Leonard F. Giboney, Estey M. Turner, Stephen Kramer, graduate of Pepperdine College and assistant with the young people, Ernest A. Bell, O. B. Curtis, song leader, and S. R. Stover, and yours truly in the foreground.

and the leader of our young people. I wish we had the pictures of our board of deacons. The best that I can do is to give their names — Howard Jenks, Miles Tolbert, Eugene Fields, Arthur Crabbs, Kenneth Crabb, James A. Jones, O. B. Curtis, Cal Sonner, James Musslewhite, and Everett Jones. Wonderful men they are and mean much to the work here.

More than fifty years local work, with the following statement from these elders:

> We feel proud and grateful to have shared Brother S. H. Hall's last ministering years here at Arcadia. Words are inadequate to express our love for him and his wonderful wife, Jennie. We have found Brother Hall to be a most able minister of the Gospel of Christ, a great teacher, an untiring personal worker, a wonderful Christian character who will not compromise truth, nor hesitate to point out error. We are happy to have known Brother and Sister Hall, and we will feel honored if we are remembered as their friends. God Bless them and keep them. We shall cherish the thought of meeting them up there.
>
> The Elders
> Arcadia, Church of Christ

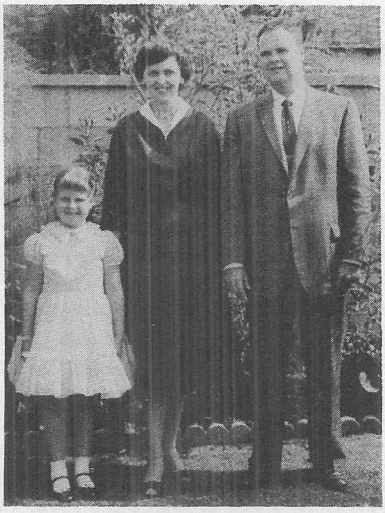
The greatest joy possible would come if I could only clasp every hand that I have shaken during these sixty years, and especially those who have been baptized into Christ or who have been revived as a result of my feeble efforts. This cannot be done here, and I wonder how many I will meet "over there." I have, at times, felt that they all were hovering around me and saying – "Don't become discouraged – press on." That I have had enemies – of course I have had. And so did my Lord, Paul and every other faithful child of God. Even efforts made to close church doors against me and to have meetings cancelled; and even a wedge undertaken to be driven between me and some of my best friends. But, from the depth of my heart, I with my Lord can say – "Father, forgive them, for they did not know what they were doing.

Though leaving local church work, understand, at the age of seventy-eight, *I am not retiring*. I still look hopefully to observing my one hundredth birthday, and on that day, preaching and retiring, if it is the Lord's will. We are moving in to be close to the grandest soul I ever knew, excepting his father – Sam Thomas Hall, our grandson, his wonderful wife and Sam's mother, our daughter-in-law, to whom I have tried to be a father ever since she lost Phil, our only son; and last, but not least, Cheryl Gail, our great grand daughter. And I hope to be with the young preachers who attend George Pepperdine College and help them all I can, and nourish the Japanese church of Christ that I helped to establish while at Russell Street Church in Nashville.

So farewell, for now.

Chapter XXXVI

SUPPLEMENT TO FIRST EDITION



Eloise, Sam Thomas and Cheryl Hall. Grandson and family of S. H. Hall.

In bringing out the second edition of "Sixty Years In The Pulpit" we are adding a few more pages, and eliminating the typographical errors in the first edition.

In adding this supplement, we begin where we left off. That edition closes with reference to our moving into Los Angeles to be close to our grandson, his family, and his mother. Turning to page 130, you see the picture of Phil, our only son, and his wife, Mary Sowell Hall, and in their arms you see Sam Thomas, the grandson, one year old. We ask you now to look at Sam Thomas, who is now twenty-eight, with his wife, Eloise Stine, and their daughter, Cheryl Gale, now about five years old.

THOUGHT PROVOKING EXPERIENCES

The remainder of this supplement, I hope, will prove helpful by my relating a few more of my experiences, in addition to those already related.

1. *The Gospel Preached as Fully in Song as in Sermon.* On page 78 you find the story of Flavil Hall's and my first effort to bring out a song book. When I began work in Atlanta, we had but some thirty-odd members. Fortunately for us, in Brother O. D. Bearden, we had a good song leader. But I made up my mind that there was one subject I would not use in my preaching in Atlanta, namely the instrumental music question. Nearly all the religious orders used the instrument with the exception of the Primitive Baptist, and they were few in number, comparatively speaking. So we engaged Flavil Hall to spend the month of February with us each year for seven years, and this month was devoted to song drills, and developing every member, as far as we could, in a cappella. It was our determination to have such singing that the instrument could not get in, and if we got into a church that used it, just

sing it out. And this we did, in many instances. Those who were with our work will testify that such singing could not be found anywhere else in Atlanta. The first meeting I conducted in East Point, that continued five weeks and resulted in a self-sustaining congregation's being established, all will agree was due to the singing we had—one hundred and thirty-five additions, thirty-five of these from those who used the instrument and the others baptized. Our people were taught that God accepts *only the best* we have to offer, not a one-eyed lamb, but a sacrifice without spot or blemish, and that the singing is one of the sacrifices called for. See Hebrews 13:15. Brother Flavil and I were determined that no singing could be found that excelled ours, and the gospel, *in its fullness*, should be proclaimed in song.

2. *An Exemplification.* Right in the heart of Atlanta there was a building owned by the Universalists—Mr. Ellenwood was the pastor. He, as I thought, to advertise his wares, made a call through the papers that every preacher who would was invited to occupy his pulpit one Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock and tell why we were members of our respective religious orders. I was disinclined to pay any attention to it, but Hugh E. Garrett, about whom I have had much to say, insisted that I take one Sunday afternoon. So I advised Garrett to tell Ellenwood that if he would let us use his building, bring our own singers and conduct the service just as we did in our own building, he could announce me for whatever Sunday he wished. He gladly accepted my conditions. So I announced to our singers at West End Avenue that I wanted EVERY one of them, not an exception, to be standing in front of Ellenwood's church building at 2:30 sharp, and for them all to march in, when the doors were opened, and be seated as Brother Bearden directed them, letting the bass sit together, the alto, the tenor, etc. And I instructed Bearden, when he began to sing, to sing right on until I said stop. About three hundred singers marched in together when the doors were opened. Ellenwood and I, of course, were seated on the rostrum.

When I asked Brother Bearden to announce the closing song, Ellenwood arose and stated, *very emphatically*, "Dr. Hall, I understand you people do not use the instrument—I can see why. If my people could sing like your people sing, that (pointing to a $5,000 pipe organ just behind us) would never be heard.

Well, thought I—*one victory won.* Now for the second. So I began my address on "Why I Am a Member of the Church of Christ," with this statement, "I am a member of the Church of Christ because I cannot help it." I tarried with this thought until I felt sure I had the audience wondering if I were Calvanistic in my thinking. I spoke repeatedly, *"I am a member of the Church of Christ because I just cannot help it!*

Then I launched out on the absolute impossibility of our being saved unless we had Christ—"He that hath the Son hath life; He that hath not the Son hath not life." See 1 John 5:12. Then I took everything the Bible says about salvation and showed that, in coming to Christ and taking Him as my personal Savior, He added me to the church. I became a member automatically. (Acts 2:47.) I asked the audience to give me one thing Christ says about His church that does not teach this.

When I concluded, Ellenwood jumped up and said, "Dr. Hall, this just has to be true. But are not all the scriptures you used talking about the invisible church and not the visible church?" Of course I had nothing then to say, but to tell him that the New Testament talks about just one body, just one church; while there are many members yet the Bible declares "BUT ONE BODY," which is the church, (Eph. 1:22,23), and asked him to name the scripture that even remotely refers to a visible and invisible church. See I Cor. 12:20. And that ended it. And I thought we got over two most important lessons in our visit to Ellenwood's church. And we all returned to our evening service very happy, and I think we sang a little better than we had ever sung, and I know I preached better.

MORE ABOUT JOHN H. NICHOLS

Turning to page 9, you find my experience with John H. Nichols, while I was just a boy preacher and he was ready to be superannuated. One of the arguments he put up was that we have the visible and invisible church, hence two baptisms, the visible baptism of water that puts us into the visible church, then the invisible baptism of the Spirit that puts us into the invisible church. I at once challenged him to give the scripture that had even the ghost of a shadow of intimation of two churches, one visible and the other invisible. He thought he had me by reading Ephesians 3:14, 15. I, at once replied, "Please read it again. It says, 'The whole family'—not families—in heaven and earth." The church exists on two hemispheres, to speak of earth and heaven. My father is the father of sixteen children. Suppose the oldest son, with seven other members of the family, set sail for the eastern hemisphere and the rest remain on the western hemisphere. Could I not speak of the "whole Hall family, of which I am a member, in Europe and America?" Of course, asking that question answered it, and so Mr. Nichols had to admit. The church exists in heaven and on earth. We are crossing over, one by one, and some of these days we will all be at home with God. Away then with the *visible* and *invisible* church idea! There are many members here on earth and in heaven, yet as Paul declares, "BUT ONE BODY," which is the church. See I Corinthians 12:20 and Ephesians 1:22,23. There is no false doctrine, so far as I have learned, that makes respectable nonsense.

3. *A Little Experience with Mr. Payne.* This experience was far from being *painful* to me.

While in a revival at Pleasant Grove, out about five miles from Trion, Georgia. (Reference to this meeting you find on pages 32 and 33.) A Mr. Payne whose home was at Cleveland, Tennessee, had come to Trion and was trying to conduct a revival there. He was making claims to the baptism of the Spirit as experienced by the apostles, speaking in tongues, and living a life of sinless perfection. He, to get attention, was challenging, very vociferously, the preachers of the town

to meet him in debate, stating that not a preacher in town would do so. Brother Ben Shamblin came to Pleasant Grove on Saturday night before my meeting was to close Sunday night following, and stated that he thought I should accept his challenge and stop his mouth. You know the mouths of some, the Book says, have to be *stopped.* See Titus 1:10, 11. And there is but one way to stop their mouths, and that is with the word of God, absolutely free from any of your own carnal nature. Though I was so homesick I could hardly stand it, I instructed Shamblin to go back to Trion, and be certain to attend Payne's services, and when the challenge was repeated to get up and kindly say, "Mr. Payne, we will have a man here tomorrow night to meet you, but I am asking you to meet me at our church building tomorrow at 12 o'clock sharp and our man will be there and you two can make the arrangements."

So we met and I got an introduction to him, and we got down to business. His first question was, "Where will we have the discussion? We have no house here, and the little hall over the store where I am preaching will not be large enough." "We will turn our house over to the discussion," was my answer. "No," said he, "but how do I know I would get fair treatment in a house owned and controlled by your people?" My answer was, "I am ashamed of your implications, Mr. Payne. Brother Shamblin, see the mayor and see if we may use the city auditorium." This was done, and its use was granted.

But I could not get Payne to affirm anything though he, logically, was in the affirmative on both propositions—(1) The Bible clearly teaches that we today should expect and receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit to the same degree the apostles received it; (2) The Bible clearly teaches that we can and should live a life of sinless perfection today; and I am glad to say that I so live. But affirm these propositions he would not.

Well, we had secured the use of the auditorium, and I meant to have a discussion of these questions before the people of Trion. So I took my pencil and wrote the following: "We, the undersigned, do agree to meet for four nights in the city auditorium, beginning Tuesday night, and discuss the following propositions: (1) We today should expect and receive the baptism of the Spirit to the same degree as did the apostles; (2) The New Testament clearly teaches that we can and should live a life of sinless perfection. Two nights will be devoted to each proposition beginning with the baptism of the Holy Spirit, S. H. Hall leading in a thirty minute speech and Mr. Payne following in the same length of time, with two speeches each for each night in the order named. And it is agreed that no personalities, anecdotes or anything unbecoming a study of the Bible shall be tolerated, and there shall be no demonstration from the audience, approving or disapproving what either speaker has to say."

Signed—Payne and Hall

Well, how did it go? In opening the discussion, I stated, first, let us see clearly where we agree and where we disagree. (1) We both agree

the apostles were baptized in the Holy Spirit, could speak in tongues, and did not even have to give any thought as to what they would speak, that the Spirit would give them what to speak. See Matthew 10:19, 20. Payne claims that he has such a possession of the Holy Spirit, and I claim that I am not so possessed with it, but that I have absolutely everything that the baptism of the Spirit gave to the apostles for all future generations, namely "The gospel which is God's power to save, and that this gospel contains all things that pertain to life and godliness." See Romans 1:16, 2 Peter 1:3.

Now this was to be discussed for two nights. But I put the audience on guard to watch and see if there is such a thing as the baptism of the Spirit as possessed by the apostles, that I would give them ten evidences that I possess it to where Payne can give one.

Well, I must hurry to the end of this section. In our discussion, he had occasion to refer to Simon the Sorcerer, and stated that Simon was not a genuine convert, therefore he could not receive the Spirit. I at once called for proof that he was not a true convert, that it plainly says that when the Samaritans believed what Philip preached they were baptized both men and women, then says, "Simon himself believed also" and was baptized. And that is the faith and baptism of the one was valid, so was the second. But Payne then exclaimed it plainly says that Peter stated, "I perceive that thou art *yet* in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." I at once called his hand and asked, "Why do you put 'Yet' in the scripture?" His answer was, "Is it not there?" and grabbed for his Bible and began to try to find it, and when he did, I asked him to read it to the audience. He said, "Oh, I was mistaken. It is not there." I thought it was time to move in to close quarters with him, and I stated to the audience to please listen. Holding the Bible open at that scripture, I asked Payne, "Was this not put there by a writer who was directed by the Spirit?" His answer had to be "Yes." Then said I, "Are you going to say to this audience that the same Holy Spirit that you say you possess to the same degree of the writer of this book got in you and led you to insert something the Spirit forgot to insert eighteen hundred years ago?" Of course, here I tarried and demanded an explanation, and his answer was, "I simply forgot what it said." But said I, "You claim to have the Spirit in the same degree the apostles had it, namely, the baptism of the Spirit. Are you going to say the Holy Spirit, in Luke, forgot to put in the word *'yet'* and tonight got into you and is trying to correct His mistake? Here the discussion closed before we got through with the first night. I announced for all the people to return tomorrow night for a further discussion of the baptism of the Spirit, and then we would take up for two nights "sinless perfection" that Mr. Payne claims he has. He arose and said, "I am done with this debate, and I am asking all of you who will to meet me for the sunrise prayer service at the hall over the drug store, and I will show you that I am baptized in the Spirit." My reply to this was, "May I be there and speak after you get through?" And the answer was no.

One other little matter in this meeting with Payne I relate for the good it may do. These holiness people—I believe he claimed to be a member of the "Church of God" which is a branch of the holiness movement. They have a way, when you get their man in a tight place, of giving the sign and they all begin to shout and dance the holy dance and break the meeting up. I anticipated this, and seeing some three or four of his followers, reclining on the rostrum, it was a rather large auditorium, and put us some four or five feet above the floor level. And they were looking at each other with the holy grin on, and I had an idea that we would be interrupted if I did not forestall it, notwithstanding the agreement signed stated, "No demonstration allowed from the audience." So I called Payne over to where I was sitting and stated to him, "What have these women to do with this program?" He said, "Nothing, so far as I know." I then stated, "Payne, I think I know you people. When we get one of you in a tight place you have a way of giving the sign and start shouting and dancing all over the place, and the study is broken up. Now I want to put you on guard—Not *one word* are we to hear from those women." "Oh," he said, "If the Spirit strikes them, they have to do what it leads them to do." But said I, "You claim to have the same Holy Spirit they had in the days of the apostles. Here is a scripture you must have never read." So I turned to 1 Cor. 14:52 and read, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets," and in verse 34 it plainly says for the women "to keep silent." So I stated to him, "If I hear one word from those women, I will skin you from stem to stern with these facts. This audience has enough sense to see it, too." Well, we heard nothing from them.

I am almost sorry to tell the rest of the story. He tried hard to get out a crowd to hear him, but could not and went back to Cleveland, Tennessee.

4. *Another Example.* While living in Atlanta, a Brother Robert Beck wrote me that he wanted me to visit his community, meet his family and his aged father and mother and preach some there in a school house. The call was urgent, and I went and enjoyed the visit very much and, I think, accomplished much good.

Some few weeks after this visit, a very urgent call came from him to come again and preach a series of sermons on the baptism of the Spirit and speaking in tongues. He said that a woman preacher had the community stirred up by her preaching and he thought something should be done. Oh, I had plenty to do, but I turned loose what I had in hand and made the trip, asking him to have it well announced that I would begin a series of sermons on these subjects at the school house on Monday night and continue till Friday night.

Well, we had the crowd, and the woman preacher was there with her husband, taking care of some three or four little tots. She began asking me questions by putting them in the question box we had put up, and I was answering them very much to her discomfort. So Thursday night, I took out of the box a fully developed sermon she had written out. I simply read it to the audience and announced that I would take care of this tomorrow night.

Well, Friday night came and I made up my mind that I would tear-to-pieces the deceit and humbuggery of the whole holiness movement. She was seated about two-thirds the distance back in the audience but next to the aisle that led down to the rostrum on which I stood. It got too hot for her, so she jumped out into the aisle and started toward me shouting and dancing the holy dance, as they call it. I felt sure that her idea was to break up the meeting by making such a noise that I could not be heard, so I jumped up on a bench nearby, raised my voice and continued my arguments without being interrupted. I hardly know how I did it, but God has blessed me with a good voice. She danced right down in front of the rostrum, then up and down in front of it, then seemingly swooned and fell over on one of the long benches at the front. Of course, I said not one word to her or about her, and the invitation was extended and there came to the front two outstanding members of the Baptist church and wanted to become identified with the church that I represented. I took care of this, and then returned to the rostrum.

But get this: A man should never stop praying, while preaching, and especially in emergencies. I expressed my pleasure at the fine attention and attendance, and stated, "Now, friends, I believe I would sin if I did not say something about what Mrs. Duke has done. So let me say a few words to her." I said, "Mrs. Duke, you believe God gave us this book and that the men who wrote it were guided by the Holy Spirit. Now I want to read to you something they have said." And turning to 1 Corinthians 14:34, 35, I read, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." Now God's Spirit said that, and I asked this audience to now decide "Did the same Holy Spirit that wrote that more than 1800 years ago get in her tonight and make her get up here and dance and shout all over it and trample this blood-sealed law under foot?" You answer the question—each one of you, please. Now, Mrs. Duke, I do not intend to let you say that the Holy Spirit struck you and you had to shout and dance, for in the same chapter, verses 29-32, it plainly says that we must talk one at a time, and that the spirit of the prophet is subject to the prophet, and if something is revealed to someone present, he must hold his peace. I want to thank Brother Beck for inviting me over for the addresses I have given, and thank Mrs. Duke for attending, and I almost feel like thanking Mrs. Duke for cutting up like she has, for this exemplifies, beyond a doubt, what I tried to get over to you."

And what do you think? Mrs. Duke came to me after the benediction, as seriously as I ever saw a person seemingly, and said, "Brother Hall, I want to beg your forgiveness for the way I acted. Your talk made me feel so good that I just could not control myself." Well, she said it in a way that made me feel that she was wholeheartedly sincere, but left me wondering just what she meant. For I had said strongly, by implication, that the spirit that struck her was the spirit of the devil and

not the Spirit that led Paul to write what he did. I wondered if what she said was a shrewd way of handing back to me that my influence over her was the spirit of the devil. Well, I do not know. But if a soul can feign sincerity when she is not sincere, she did it to perfection. But this ended her teaching in that section.

5. *More About My Debates with J. J. Walker.* The debate I had with him for five nights at Russell Street resulted in thirty-five bonafide conversions on the music question. But Walker, shortly after that debate closed, conducted a revival for the Christian Church in Montgomery, Alabama. He said too much about our debate, putting out the report that he slaughtered me. I tipped off Brethren Hines and Little to have a little get-together meeting with the Christian Church preacher at some convenient restaurant, and while eating together, to raise the question about our debate in Nashville, and suggest to the Christian Church preacher that they, all three of them address a letter to Walker and Hall for the debate to be repeated in Montgomery. I finally got Walker to agree and we went, beginning the discussion in their house, and it being too small, we moved to the Baptist church building. That the debate accomplished all that I had hoped, and more, is expressing it mildly.

A Brother Watson was the regular preacher at Shelbyville, Tennessee, and Walker was to conduct a revival there for the Christian Church, so I suggested to Watson to attend and listen for some of Walker's boasting. He did and had his elders to address a joint letter to us both to repeat the debate there. After quite an exchange of letters, I got Walker signed up for the discussion. Some five or six weeks before the debate was to begin, a Sister Dawson—God bless her memory—who had a daughter, a strong worker in Walker's congregation, handed me a tract entitled, "My Very Best Reasons For Using Instrumental Music in Worship," but insisted that she not let a soul see it and return it to her. Of course she could not resist the urge to hand it to me and ask if I had ever seen it, stating that her daughter had asked her not to let it be seen, that it would soon be released to the public. The thought struck me like a flash of lightning—Walker intends to hand this out at the close of our debate at Shelbyville. So I went to the Advocate office and showed it to Brother McQuiddy, and told him the circumstances, and stated, "I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I am going to prophecy—Walker intends to hand this out at the close of our debate at Shelbyville, and thus have the advantage by the audience having his arguments in written form and will have to depend on memory for mine. I am going to review this tract, and I want you to get it ready for the last night, so I can hand out the review if he does hand his tract out.

McQuiddy promised to set it for appearance in the Gospel Advocate but lift the type off and run about two thousand copies stitch it, ready for the close of our debate, then release it in the Gospel Advocate after the debate closed. The review was made, with H. Leo Boles and F. W. Smith hearing every argument I made and trying to punch holes in them.

But I must hasten to the last night of the debate. McQuiddy ran his press until nearly midnight on Monday night that the debate started, and on Tuesday night. Dr. Reagor, a former elder at Shelbyville and a member at that time at Russell Street, was with us with the review. We kept it hidden until the last night. Boles was my moderator, and the package was close to him behind a curtain, and he was instructed to cut the string, and we had ushers in readiness to come to the front and get a supply to hand out at each exit. After the debate closed, as usual the disputants and moderators have the privilege of saying something. I had instructed Boles to see to it that Walker was called on before me, in fact to let me be the last one called. And, sure enough, when Walker arose to speak, he looked exceedingly pleased, and expressed his thanks for the way the people there had trusted him, and, "As you go out, you will find some ushers standing with a little tract I have gotten out containing all my arguments. Take one, and at your leisure read and meditate. I am giving you one as a token of my appreciation for the way you have treated me." Well, poor Brother Boles, I thought would break out in a horse laugh in spite of his efforts not to do so. I was then asked if I had anything to say. Of course, you know I did. But I did my best to say it in the right way, stating how much I had enjoyed the debate, and then turned to Walker and stated, "Brother Walker, I got hold of that little tract and it has been reviewed, and friends, as you leave the building, please take one of Walker's tracts, then take my review, and at your leisure read and meditate."

Honestly, I felt sorry for Brother Walker. All the joy and pleasure he had gotten out of the discussion was destroyed. He was asked to repeat the debate at Livingston, Tennessee, after this, but his reply was that I was too mean for him to recognize me in another public discussion. And here, perhaps, he told more truth than he did in any of his arguments in behalf of the use of instrumental music in worship.

Well, I could almost write forever, picking up *thought-revealing* incidents. Sometimes there is a desire, almost uncontrollable, to get in my car and revisit every place I have preached on earth and shake hands with old friends still living and talk about those who have gone on. But, of course, this I cannot do. For they give me only the right to drive my car to the college in the day time to meet my classes, and no driving at night. In spite of this, I am looking forward to continuing the journey here about twenty-one more years, preach my last sermon on my hundredth birthday, and rest, if it is the Lord's will for me to stop then.

Have I made my book too large with this supplement? I have done my best to relate only those experiences that will edify and help some one. With love in my heart for every soul I know, and a prayer that many more souls I may be able to lead to Christ, I close, with a "God bless every heart that reads this book."

Chapter XXXVII

H. LEO BOLES, MY FRIEND

One of the sweetest expressions, in my judgement, are the words spoken by Jehovah about Abraham—"Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham *my friend*." See Isaiah 41:8. And how true it is if we are really *friends* of God we are friends of one another. I doubt seriously any one's claim to be a Christian if that one is not a friend, a true friend to every child of God on earth with whom he comes in contact. Christ says, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." John 15:14. And here is his plain-as-day command: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." Is not that plain and emphatic enough? Then the next verse gives us the *badge* of true discipleship. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." Yes, he commands us to love one another as he has loved us. He does not love us because we are so lovable, because he can see nothing in us contrary to his feelings, his wishes. He loves us in spite of faults and imperfections. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Romans 5:8. Yes, we must love one another as he has loved us—this means, if we really love, the faults do not stop us. May God help us to have such love, and such love did H. Leo Boles and S. H. Hall have for each other through all the years we worked together.



H. Leo Boles.

How truly it has been said, "that, in friendship, we grasp hands, eye lights eye, and great hearts expand and grow one in the sense of this world's life," and again that true friendship is the "mysterious cement of the souls of men, the sweetener of life, the solder of society, to which we are all indebted and from which we have derived far more than we can ever repay." But Adam Clark's comments on 1 Samuel 18: 1 concerning the friendship that existed between Johnathan and David, makes me think more of the friendship between this heart of mine and that of H. Leo Boles. Here it is—"*Friendship produces an entire sameness; it is one soul in two bodies—A friend is another self.*"

WHEN IF FIRST MET BROTHER BOLES

I first met Brother Boles in the fall of 1897 at Dibrell, Tennessee, when he and I were there as students. It is well to say that Sister Boles, Lyde Mieser, was also a student there. We were class mates, and had a most interesting time arguing, and sometimes "fussing."

Brother Boles had been there the year before, and had himself become a leader. He, undoubtingly, was the strongest young man in the school, from the standpoint of debates and really building up a following. A young man, by the name of Womack, also a brother of his, were there the year before, and they had tried to head off Boles as a leader. Since they knew that I had been preaching some and was known as a public speaker, they made a drive to get me lined up with the party that was opposed to Brother Boles, and they succeeded, which resulted in dividing our literary society into two warring factions, known as the Boles party and the Hall party. And to say that H. Leo Boles and I fought each other, expresses it mildly. For instance, while I was president of the society one of the girls violated the rules by failing to come up with her assignment that gave the president of the society the right to impose a fine. This I did to the amount of $5.00. Boles at once went to her and offered his services as lawyer to defend her in court. The question was—"Whom can we get to play the role of attorney for the society?" Believing I was the only one who was as hard headed as Boles, I resigned as president, let the vice-president take the chair, and had a head-on collision with Boles in the trial. Professor Tom Turner was appointed as judge, and we liked to have scared the life out of him with the blows we made at each other. If there is a word in our vocabulary that could be used in villifying another, it was used with some additives of our own making. But I lost the trial. I had to oppose Boles in debates, and the fight continued throughout the school. When the election of officers for the society was up, the Democratic and Republican parties were at their best, in stuffing the ballot box, buying votes, etc. Of course it was called the Hall and Boles parties, but he happened then to be a Republican and I a Democrat.

WE WERE TOGETHER IN NASHVILLE BIBLE SCHOOL

We were separated for a few years after leaving the Dibrell High School, he going to Burrett College at Spencer, and I to teach two years at the Lone Oak School in Rutherford County, Tennessee. Mrs. Hall and I decided to go to the Nashville Bible School the last year it was out on South Spruce Street. But after this college was moved to the Lipscomb Farm Brother Boles entered. He had been teaching school for a number of years. While in McMinnville, just before leaving for The Nashville Bible School, I met W. G. Cummings, one of the elders of the church there, on the street and he stopped me for a short talk

about Brother Boles. Brother Boles' father was one of the most loved and faithful preachers that we had in those parts, and we were all interested in his son. He informed me that Brother Leo had just left for Nashville to enter the Nashville Bible School, and knowing that I would soon be there, suggested to me to take a wholehearted interest in him, because he had had some anxious moments about him. Brother Boles was an independent thinker; he had read Tom Paine and some other infidel literature, and had, at times, said things that indicated he had been influenced by it. I assured him that I would do this very thing, for Boles and I, in spite of the fact we fought each other at Dibrell, were strong friends. So we roomed together for the first year, and every night prayed together before retiring.

Now it seemed it had to be. We got on opposite sides in the Bible School. He was a member of the Calleopean society and I was in the Caeserean society which name was changed to the Lipscomb society later. To tell of the rivalry between the two societies would mean to write a book, and Boles and I were groomed as leaders. I deem it not best to use space in discussing the many society battles we fought, he winning sometimes and I sometimes. We did not draw punches. But in spite of our fighting all the time, our love and esteem for each other grew. And this leads me to make a statement that I want all who read this to think seriously through. Why, if we really are Christian, if we really are gentlemen, does opposing each other have to break down friendship? I have ever been opposed to too much public debating in our papers over our religious differences. Not because it is wrong to debate them, but because the disputants never get together, and sometimes turn out as bitter enemies. This ought not to be so. Brother Boles' and my differences, though fought out in the good old spirit of school days, never drove us apart but rather brought us closer together. It seems that the spirit of religion should do as much as the spirit of our school days, and should do more. No discussion should ever begin without the idea of getting together. This should be the wholehearted desire and prayer of each disputant. When this is not the case, we had better let the discussion go.

We graduated together in the spring of 1906. But during the school days, I had Brother Boles to visit Mrs. Hall's home just out of McMinnville and conduct a tent meeting near the home. He made our home his. This meeting resulted in the establishment of a congregation and we named it Mt. Leo for Brother Boles. It is hoped that a picture of that building can be obtained for this book.

But now to a story that is worth telling and retelling. While my mind had been fully satisfied in the soundness of Brother Boles as a teacher and his consecration in life, all possibility of doubt was dispelled in this meeting. I noticed that he wanted to get away from me and be alone. So I let it be, and watched him to see why. He would go up the road, a way around a little field at the back of our home and out into the woods. And there I would find him kneeling all alone in prayer. After I saw this, I had to see Brother Cummings and tell him about it.

Cummings loved Brother Boles, and I never saw a happier face than his when I told him of Brother Boles' prayer habit. People who do this do this do not get very far from God.

One more little bit of news I must let in here. For nothing am I more happy and look back on with thanksgiving than to be conscious of the fact that I had a little part to play in placing Brother Boles at the head of David Lipscomb College, as it came to be known after Brother Lipscomb's death.

We were living in Atlanta, and I received a wire from A. B. Lipscomb, who then was first page editor of the Gospel Advocate, and with J. C. McQuiddy, who was owner of the Gospel Advocate, to come to Nashville the very first chance, and to put myself under obligations to no one for my services until they had a conference with me. I went, and of course was wondering what they had in mind. Imagine my shock when they said, "Brother Hall, we must save the college—at that time they were without a president and it seemed they could not find one—and believe you are the man for that place." It is fine to know what you can do and what you can not do, and I knew that I could no more handle that college than I could be president of the United States, and I told them so very frankly. But I said, "Why hunt for a president when you have the best that can be found out there now on the faculty." "Who is it?" was the quick reply. "H. Leo Boles," was my answer. And after some discussion with my telling them what I knew about him—that he was a born leader and executive, they decided to approach him, and this they did and the trade was made and Boles was announced as our next president. I shall never forget the letter he sent me, as he humbly accepted the position and asked that I not forget him in my prayers. And I did not, but stood by him in every fight he had to make for that college. And David Lipscomb College has never had a greater president.

Finally, he thought best and his close friends thought best that he get from under the load. This he did but remained on our board, not only as board member, but secretary as well. But I wanted him back. After he evangelized for a number of years—and in this field there was none to excel him—I took the matter up with Brother Pullias, Collins and others that he should be brought back to the college and have a place in the Bible Department so long as he lived. Brother Pullias and Brother Baxter talked this over with him while he was on his death bed. We thought not that the end was so near. And if he had continued to live he would be there today, adorning that department, for we have never had a man who comes so nearly being a reproduction of David Lipscomb when it comes to teaching the Bible. But this is enough. God bless his memory.

P.O. Box 863
August 31, 1854

Dear Violet:

Here is the long awaited statement about Brother Boles and our

friendship. I beg your pardon again for being so long getting to it. But my work is heavy, and has been more so since I returned from the east than ever before since coming to California. I have to watch my strength. Then Hudson pressing me for the completed Ms on the story of my life makes it more so, then calls for articles in F.F. has not made it any easier. But I am glad to tell you that I believe I will be able to do all I have been asked to do.

I have just closed a meeting at Glendale, and when I got up this morning I stated to Mrs. Hall that this had to be gotten off to you if not another thing is done.

Now, Violet, since Sister Boles knows this story about as well as I do, please let her read it over and approve it before using. But I want you to tell me what size book you are getting out, etc. I presume you will put it on the market for sale, and I want the first copy, regardless of the price.

All for now. Mrs. Hall joins me with lots of love for you and Sister Boles.

Your brother in Christ,

Chapter XXXVIII

A ROUND WITH A PRESBYTERIAN PREACHER

At Rome Tennessee, we have a very active congregation—or did have—and diagonally across the street from the building owned by the church of Christ is the Presbyterian building, not more than half a block apart. One, by the name of Fount Smith, was the Presbyterian preacher and he preached only once a month and usually conducted their revivals. He had just closed a revival, and among those who responded to his invitation were two fine girls in their teens. Smith was one man who believed in sprinkling as the only mode of baptism. These two girls desired, and asked, to be immersed. As I now remember, he sprinkled a number, and told these girls he would talk to them further about their baptism at his next appointment. But he was unable to get their minds settled on the question. So, at the close of his night service, he made a very strong appeal for every body to come, at his next appointment, with their tablets and pencils and he would show that sprinkling is the only way to baptize. A very influential member of the Presbyterian church was a co-partner in store with one of our deacons. So Monday morning our brother suggested to his Presbyterian associate, that the church of Christ have a preacher there when Smith was due to be there, and that we would dispense with our Bible study that came at 10 o'clock and have our regular worship, get through and walk across the street in a body and hear Smith, then they would come in a body at 2:30 in the afternoon and hear our preacher preach on what is called the "mode" of baptism. The Presbyterian gladly accepted the suggestion and it seemed to be agreeable with all.

Brother H. Leo Boles was preaching monthly for our people, and they at once called him and asked him to be there on that date. But he had an engagement elsewhere. The Presbyterians and our people tried not to have their monthly preaching conflict. Brother Boles rushed to my room—we both were attending David Lipscomb College, and put the matter before me, stating *"we must have a man there and I cannot go."* It was my day to preach at Smithville, Tennessee, so I told the party on the phone at Rome that he could announce that I would be there if Smithville would release me. So Boles soon had Brother A. J. Goodson, elder at Smithville on the phone, and got me released.

The remainder of the story will be short. I have always leaned heavily on my Lord when fighting a battle for Him. At the time, due to over work, I was suffering with nervous indigestion, and I fasted and prayed for five days that I might be physically fit for the occasion. I never prayed more earnestly in my life.

The day came. Our services were conducted and we walked, in a body, to the Presbyterian building to hear Smith. That afternoon the Presbyterians lived up to their promise. When the time came, I never

felt more like talking than at that very moment. After two or three good old soul-stirring songs and a prayer, I gave my address, not once referring to Smith or anything that he said—just planked down the plain-as-day teaching of God's book on baptism. At the close, one of the girls said she wanted to be baptized and wanted me, one who believed what the Bible says on the subject, to immerse her. This I did. Smith went to the home of the other girl, and she told him frankly that he would immerse her or else she would get me to do it.

Those were good old days, I sometimes feel sorry for men whose errors I have to expose. I could not keep from feeling sorry for Smith. It was most embarassing for him. There is more that I would love to tell, but this is enough.

THE CONVERSION OF A HIGH EPISCOPALIAN

This experience I give, for I believe it is needed in every congregation on earth.

During one of our revivals at Russell Street in the early thirties when the depression was bearing down on us heavily, we had a very able man doing the preaching, and every seat, it seemed, was occupied except room for perhaps one or two more on the front pew. An old grayhaired man, looking to be all of sixty or sixty-five years old, with a blue work shirt on, with no button at the top, overalls on that showed much use, and his toes protruding from his nearly worn out shoes, entered what I shall call the Ninth Street entrance. We had some ten or a dozen ushers trying to get the people seated. The usher who was due to be at that entrance just at that time, was talking with someone and the old man got halfway down the aisle before he was seen by the usher. He rushed down the aisle, and as I thought, gave the old man a jerk when he took him by the arm and led him a way back around the big auditorium, way back where there was not much light, to what I will call the northwest corner of the auditorium, and seated him. Quick as a flash of lightning, James 2:1-4 came into my mind, so I at once arose and made my way up the aisle that led back to where the old man was seated, took him by the hand and gently led him to the front pew and gave him a seat there. The minister delivered a most stirring sermon, and at the close, when he extended the invitation this old man arose and gave me his hand and said he wanted to confess his faith in Christ and be baptized.

But before taking his confession, I stated to the audience: "For the benefit of those here for the first time and do not know what we mean by the church of Christ, I want to read a scripture to you." I opened my testament at the scripture already referred to and read slowly—"My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in a poor man in vile raiment: And you have respect unto him that weareth the

gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit there here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool: Are ye not partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts."

When Christ said, "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" he was talking about the very church we here at Russell Street represent. Our motto is to speak where he speaks, and stay silent where he has not spoken. In the scripture I have read to you from James, our lord has plainly spoken! And as a rebuke to the usher in mind I stated, "If the king of England were before me and I were taking his confession, I could not be more happy than I now am to take this old man's confession, who is tired and worn almost out." I then asked him to stand and his confession was taken. Our rule at Russell Street was to baptize immediately after taking the confession, but I doubted, changes in the dressing rooms were all we would need, so I announced that the baptism would follow the closing of our service tomorrow night at which time we pray that others will desire baptism.

After we had dismissed the service, I got the old man by the hand and asked his name. He responded, "My name is Elam," and, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, he said, "Brother Hall, I have almost walked my life out hunting for work and can get nothing to do." I had met dozens of people with the same sad story. I then asked if he could be at the church house the next morning at 9 o'clock sharp, and he said he could. I then spoke to the sister who had charge of our storage room where we kept clothes that had been repaired and laundered and ready for use, to have her committee or helpers to be there at that hour, and to furnish him with every needed thing, if it meant to take him to the store up town where the church had an account that was run for such purposes. The next night the old man was there with a new suit on looking bright and happy.

But now to the object of this paragraph. There was in the audience the night of this old man's confession, one who had never heard a gospel sermon. She lived at or near Cocoa, Florida and was visiting some of our members who owned winter homes there that almost adjoined her home. The next night, when the invitation was extended, this lady came quickly to the front and stated, "I am what you would call a High Episcopalian. Last night is the first time I ever heard one of your preachers preach. I have visited nearly every important city in America, have attended the services of some of the largest and richest churches. But never had I seen the religion of Christ exemplified so beautifully and forcefully as I saw it exhibited here last night. I want to confess Christ and be baptized into this church where I hope to continue to live and, when I die, to be found a faithful member." Her confession was taken and she with others were baptized. And that she lived up to this determination I doubt not.

For not too many years before her death, I received a letter from her stating: "Brother Hall, we are making an effort to build a church house in Cocoa, and I know nothing better to do than call on my mother

church to help us." It is well to say the house was built on one of the leading thoroughfares in Cocoa. I pray that I may have the pleasure of seeing it myself before my work ends. But some of Russell Street members have seen it and worshipped in it.

Listen to me! I have so often thought had I not given, in the way I did, a rebuke of the conduct of that usher that night, would this Episcopalian have been converted? How much do all of ur preachers need to heed the charge under which every God-ordained and sustained preacher labors.

"I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His coming and His kingdom, *Preach the word:* Be instant in season, and out of season; *reprove, rebuke, exhort* with all long suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables, But watch thou in all things, endure affliction, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of the ministry." See 2 Timothy 4:1-5.

Chapter XXXIX

DEDICATED TO BROTHER AND SISTER A. J. GOODSON

If you turn back to page 143 of first edition, I think you find the expression, "Two Of The Best Friends I Ever Had"—I can almost say this about the two whose names you see above. If I were here to begin to name friends who have been so meaningful in my life, this chapter would consist only in names and then they would not all be included. God has blessed me with true friends who have helped me along life's road, and kept me looking up and going on. While this is true, I know well what it means to have enemies—I have none, so far as I know, because of any harm or mistreatment I have done to any one. With Paul, I have tried to have a conscience void of offense toward God and man.

This book would not be just what it should be without, what I thought first of naming this chapter, namely THE GOOD SON CHAPTER.

It was while I was struggling to get through The Old Nashville Bible School, now known as David Lipscomb College, that Brother Goodson and two other members of the church at Smithville, Tennessee, drove out to Corinth, a congregation where the lamented James M. Kidwell preached much in his day, to talk to me about preaching regularly for the Smithville congregation. It was soon agreed that I should visit them once a month during school days and give them full time during the summer vacation. My experiences during a period of some four or five years, during which time I was under the eldership of the Smithville congregation, of which Brother Goodson was the "senior" elder, would fill a book. But I must tell a part of the story of the Goodson family. My home, as a rule, was the Goodson home.

My first real "foot washing" experience, as the Bible teaches it. In going to Smithville from Nashville, I usually took the train to Watertown, and there a stage to Smithville. It was a rather tiresome trip any time. But the time that now lives in my mind, was when I came very nearly freezing to death on that old rickety stage, without much side curtains, when the thermometer registered near zero. When it stopped in front of the Goodson home, I was so nearly frozen that it was with difficulty, with the help of others, that I got off the stage. Brother Goodson soon recognized my condition, and gently helped me into his lovely home, where a big wood fire was roaring in the front room. *What is more beautiful?* He was careful not to let me sit too close to the fire. Leaving the room, he soon returned with a foot tub filled with water as hot as I could well stand it, into which he had dissolved, perhaps, a pint of salt. He, of course, set the tub down at my feet and began to unlace my shoes. And I, Peter like, demurred. But he looked up, with the big tears rolling down his cheeks—and he could shed the biggest tears of any man I ever knew—and said, "Brother Hall, this is

what the New Testament teaches on foot washing." After removing my shoes and socks and rolling my pants above my knees, he bathed my feet and limbs until the circulation had been so warmed that it drove the cold from my body. Never, in all my life, have I felt better. Then he sat down and we talked about Christ washing the disciples' feet, when they were hesitating to wash each other's feet. Foot washing had come to hold a place in the minds of the people that the lessor could wash the greater's feet, but it was unthinkable for the greater to wash the lessor's feet. Here is where Christ took an *admitted premise* and drove home one of the greatest lessons to his disciples. Before the feast of the passover, after taking their bath at home, if they walked any distance, footwashing must be done before eating the passover, lest the dust of a dead insect had touched their feet and defiled them. Please read John 13:1-17. Christ had tried to teach the disciples, who had been fussing with each other as to who was to be the greatest in His kingdom, but had hardly made a dent on their hard hearts. Read Mark 9:33-37. There was absolutely no controversy among the disciples as to our Lord's greatness—They called him Lord and Master, and not a one of them even had the remotest thought or desire to be classed as our Lord's equal. But as to their stature, each desired to be greater than the other. The upper had begun and, notwithstanding, the one who had made the preparation, had provided for foot washing, and there were the water, the bowl, and the pitcher filled with water and the foot towel, foot washing had not been attended to, for the reason that, if one washed the feet of another, that forever settled the question as to his greatness in the kingdom, due to the position foot washing held in the minds of the people at the time. Our Lord, with not a word of explanation, arose from the table, laid aside his garments, took the towel, girded Himself, poured water into the bowl and began to wash the disciples' feet. And as already stated, when he came to Peter, he exclaimed, "Lord, do you wash my feet?" Our Lord answered the reason for my washing your feet, you know not; I will explain later. Read the explanation he gave, please. Christ is spoken of as "the greatest in the kingdom, and for this reason he is last. The least in the kingdom shall be the greatest. Who has or could go lower down in the valley of service than our Lord? How true it is if you want to reach the top where our Lord lived, get down into the valley of service as he did. Just how any human soul could accept the claims of the pope of Rome today, with this lesson before us, goes beyond me. But enough of this preaching on foot washing. It was in the Goodson home I began to learn this lesson. *"In love serve one another,"* Brother Goodson stated, is the teaching of our Lord. It is not restricted to foot washing, but anything that should be done or is needed by another, that you can do as service to him, *do it,* is the idea. Foot washing should have been attended to before the feast of the passover began.

Well, as I have before stated, I never felt better in all of my life. And it was Saturday evening in the Goodson home where I had my feet washed by another, so I asked, "Brother Goodson, have you had your

foot bath tonight? His answer was no. And soon I had a foot tub sitting before him, with soap and not salt, and removed his shoes and socks and bathed his feet. And, I jokingly said to him, "Brother Goodson, these feet needed to be washed." And I believe I did it for him better than he could have done it for himself, for he was tired from a hard day's work.

Now look in Volume II of *Scripture Studies*, and on page 71 and read what I have to say under the heading "Foot Washing Or THE SPIRIT THAT MUST GOVERN IN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST." Yes, many lessons did I get from this great man!

But I must hasten on to his life after he left Tennessee. We moved to Atlanta, Georgia, after I graduated from David Lipscomb College in 1906, and after working, the most of the time I was in college at Smithville. Of course, there was a limited correspondence kept up, but we did not write much to each other. I depended on my reports in the Gospel Advocate to keep my friends posted on how the work in Atlanta was going. One day after Brother Goodson had resigned as post master and was closing out other pieces of business, he remarked to his wife—"I am going to Atlanta to see Sam," as he familiarly called me, "and see if I can not join him in his Georgia work." And here he came without giving me any notice whatever of his coming. He knew the street and number of our home and the street car to take to get out there. So one day as I was walking down West End Avenue to do a little work at the church house (Please see the picture on page 18 of first edition) I heard a voice ring out "Hello, Sam," and turned toward a street car that was passing, and saw Brother Goodson with his head protruding from the car window. It was between stops. But the motorman kindly stopped the car and let him off. I had to thank the motorman very heartily for his kindness, got his name and home address and visited him and his wife. And how happy I am to say that he later was baptized, he and his wife, and made us two of our most faithful members and so remained until their deaths.

Just at this time, I was batching, my wife and Phil, our son, were visiting her people at Ashland, Oklahoma. After we had the evening meal at a restaurant, Brother Goodson and I discussed the possibility of his getting work in Atlanta. Here *providence* comes in again. Just at this time, Brother R. F. Duckworth, who was president of the Farmers Union in the state, and was thinking of establishing a new town and naming it *Union City* for the organization. About sixteen miles southeast of Atlanta, there was a flag station just before you get to Fairburn. Duckworth, at the time, lived at Barnesville, Georgia. But Goodson was with us, and he knew the post office business as he knew nothing else, so I suggested to him, "You take the postmastership at this new town, and I think I know where I can get a good grocerman who lives at McMinnville, Tennessee that, right now, is looking for a location to open up in this business. We will get him and his wife to move to this new town." Brother Duckworth, just at this time needed a lawyer to help him take care of the Farmers Union Business, so I got

Brother Goodson, when he went back to Smithville to move the family down, to get Jesse Drake, a very able lawyer and his wife, two of the most faithful members of the church at Smithville to join our forces. He was put in correspondence with Brother Duckworth and the trade was consummated. So it was but a little time until we had a post office established there, a good grocery store, and a very fine lawyer there awaiting Brother Duckworth to move his family there with his father and mother-in-law and their son.

The first Lord's day service at Union City was conducted in Brother Goodson's home, with him and his wife and one daughter who was a member, partaking of the Lord's supper. We soon rented a room over a store, and the services were transferred there. I conducted the first revival under a tent there, with the lamented Flavil Hall who was working with me on the first song book we brought out.

How hard it is to stop. But I want to say more about another brother and the work at East Point, Georgia, where we, in one revival, established a congregation of more than one hundred members, bought the lot and raised the money for their first building which we are letting you see. But more in our next chapter.

Chapter XL

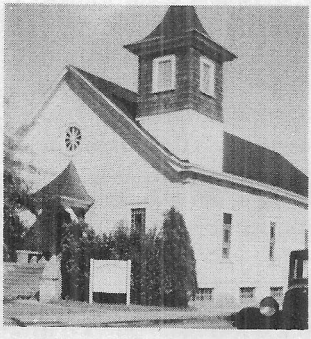
RETROSPECTION

Here we pause and take a look backward and connect some of the congregations established with their present condition and activities:

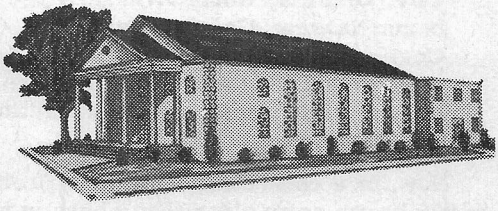
I

EAST POINT, GEORGIA

Turn back to page 22 and get in mind the circumstances under which the third congregation was established in my Atlanta work. We give you here a picture of our first house of worship, that it was my pleasure to help them construct. And remember it was some forty-six years ago when this church was established. But look at the house we have now at East Point.



Old East Point Building.



New East Point Building.

Instead of the frame building with which we started, we now have a brick building that cost around $200,000, including the educational building that you can easily see protruding from behind the main building. A preacher's house also is included in these figures. The educational building has seventeen classrooms, and in the basement of the auditorium there is room for other classrooms that will be arranged as we need them. The secret of this marvelous growth is easily seen when you consider their eldership R. H. Welch, who was affiliated with the Christian church, once a student in the Kimberlin Heights Bible school run by Ashly S. Johnson in East Tennessee. He married and moved to Atlanta and was doing very effective work in the Christian church when I first met him. Being unprejudiced, he soon saw that he needed to move a little closer to New Testament teaching about work

and worship. He and his wife cast their lots with us. His wife's health was somewhat wretched, and he soon lost her. He had two very fine daughters by his first wife. Later he married the oldest daughter of Hugh E. Garrett who was responsible for the first meeting we conducted at East Point, as we have heretofore related, Brother Garrett was the regular preacher at East Point when his services were needed.

It is well to state that it was not easy for me to get the consent of Brother Welch to even use his name in connection with the work, and while I tried hard, I could not get his picture. Here is what he had to say that needs no explanation:

> "In thinking back over my own activities at East Point, I realize *what* the Lord said and *meant* in Luke 17:19—'When ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say we are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do.' A good wife, a wonderful group of brethren with whom to be associated, God's tender mercies and guidance, are responsible for all I may have accomplished. I do not think my picture should go into the book to go along with those who fought so hard to start the work here. I hope that the following meets your needs as to the history of this congregation's good works, etc., during the present and past few years.
>
> "East Point has, in recent years, contributed substantially to the support of evangelists at Rock Hill, South Carolina; Union City, Georgia; North Avenue, Hapeville, Georgia; Ozark, Alabama; Newman, Georgia; Gainsville, Georgia; Louisville, Georgia; Covington, Georgia; and to missions in the Philippines, Nigeria, and Holland. We also at present are providing and schooling two teenage girls whose status is practically that of orphans." (August 1, 1958.)

Now, in a connection with what Brother Welch is doing, he is correctly known as an elder that labors in word and doctrine. See I Timothy 5:17, 18. He was working for the government as a postal inspector, but the government retired him with a small pension. The church, at once, took advantage of their having a man, able to preach, teach or do anything, and to do it well, that a congregation needs, at once supplemented his pension by giving him $100 a month to devote his entire time to the work of an elder. And he is doing it, and *doing it well.* The church in the days of Paul had elders that labored in word and doctrine and they were considered worthy of double honor, which the church gladly gives to Brother Welch. See Timothy 5:17, 18.

Since Brother Goodpasture knows this man so well, conducted the funeral for his first wife, I am asking him to add a word to what I have said.

This congregation knows nothing but work! work! Its present budget for the year stands around $32,000.

(NOTE: I have known Brother Welch since 1920. He is one of the most untiring workers in the vineyard of the Lord with whom it has

been my privilege to associate. During the years I have been in many meetings with the East Point congregation. Brother Welch and his faithful wife have helped much in them all. I do not know of a more faithful, efficient or scriptural elder than Brother Welch. I honor him for his sterling character and for his work's sake.—B.C. Goodpasture)

II

VULTEE BOULEVARD CHURCH OF CHRIST

For the good that giving you, in detail, the establishment and subsequent growth of the Vultee Boulevard Church of Christ, this chapter finds a place in this book. As introductory, I submit the following letter from Brother Harol Crowder sent to me October 9, 1957:

1225 Saturn Drive
Nashville, Tennessee
October 9, 1957

Dear Brother & Sister Hall:

So sorry that I have not been able to send this letter sooner, but I have been so busy that this is my first opportunity to write you. The company that I work for has had so much business that we have had to work overtime almost every night. I have been away some on weekends preaching. I have been doing this off and on for five or six years. I could be preaching regularly, but cannot be gone from Vultee every Sunday. I enjoy doing this very much.

Yes, it has been a long time since we shook hands. Time really . . . moves. I am reminded more and more of the words of James, when he said, "life is as a vapor." It moves too fast.

We remember most vividly the work at Berry Field—its beginning with your preaching the first gospel sermon. That congregation will always be cherished in our memories. I don't believe I have ever known a congregation that was more closely knit together than the one there.

I don't know exactly how much of its history you are interested in, but I'll relate some of its history and you can use what you can. I'll enclose one of our bulletins on the "History of Vultee" and it will give you an insight of the work here and what we are doing.

Here is how the church started at Berry Field:

I suggested to another family who lived just behind us that we needed to start a congregation in the vicinity of Berry Field because it was difficult to attend elsewhere because of poor transportation to and from church.

We began to make plans and decided to take a census of the community. Upon finding several members there, we notified all

the members to attend a special meeting so as to make plans for starting a congregation. We invited members of other congregations nearby to sit in to help advise. (I can't remember whether Russell Street had any representatives there or not; maybe you remember.)

Some of the churches donated things we would need to begin our worship. Russell Street gave us our song books. You preached the first sermon and several members from Russell Street came along with you. We had a good number there for the first meeting, if I remember correctly. I had to lead the singing because there was no other who would lead from Sunday to Sunday. (This proved to me that one can do a lot of things he doesn't know he can do unless necessary.)

We began meeting in an old army barrack that was used by the army for a recreation hall. The church continued to meet in this building for about three years. There were several precious souls baptized into Christ during these three years. As I remember it, there were some fifteen or twenty members meeting together when we first started. At the end of these three years we were having around 125 meeting together.

The enclosed bulletin will continue the history of the church and its progress after moving. As I said in the beginning, I do not know how much of this you desire to use, but I hope its what you had in mind. If you desire more information that I have not submitted, just write me again and ask for it. I will be more than glad to help in any way.

We shall always remember you and Sister Hall and all the fine work you have done and are still doing. God bless both of you and give you many more years in His service.

Yours in Christ,

Harol Crowder

And from the bulletin that Brother Crowder enclosed, we read:

It all began September 8, 1946 with a group of Christians meeting in a government building at Berry Field. The group at Berry Field decided to move to the present location. After this decision, the building was begun, and in October, 1949, we moved to our present location. (Berry Field was the nucleus of this new congregation.) This building was 29 x 60 with eight classrooms and two rest rooms in the basement, and was erected at 1251 Vultee Boulevard. Several congregations helped Vultee in its infancy.

Brother Wayne Partain was one of our first gospel preachers to work with us regularly. Brother Fred Mosely began preaching for the congregation the second Sunday in October, 1949. In less than three months the building was overflowing. The loudspeaker installed, to serve the overflow crowd in the basement,

was not sufficient and two services were held on Sunday morning to relieve the situation. Plans were made to enlarge the building. Late spring, 1951, the addition completed, Vultee had doubled its seating space and added four classrooms in the basement.

In 1953, still needing classrooms, a preacher's home was built adjoining the church building. It provided three additional classrooms in the basement. March 1955 saw work beginning on more classrooms and of course 1956 didn't change things. This year two more classrooms were added and a class started in the home of one of the elders. Vultee now has twenty-three classes, two restrooms, nursery, a workroom equipped with hot water for taking care of communion trays, an auditorium seating 450, baptistry, dressing rooms, vestibule, office, printing room, and preacher's study. For these classes we have a teaching force of over sixty.

J. Roy Vaughn preached for our first gospel meeting in 1950; Earl West, July 1951; Howard Horton, July 1952; Paul Hunton, July 1953; Winter Lecture 1953, Athens Clay Pullias; Ira North, June 1954; Winter Lectures 1955, George DeHoff; Howard Horton, June 1955; Winter Lectures 1956, Alan Bryan; and plans for 1956 call for Joe Sanders.

Fred Mosely left in October of 1950 and Glen Killom came to work at Vultee and stayed until June 30, 1954. In September of 1954, C. C. Arquitt came to work with us. Brother Arquitt left in December 1955. In January 1956, Carl McKelvey came to Vultee and is with us at the present time. September 1956 will bring Joe Sanders to Vultee. We will have, beginning in September, two full time men. Brother Sanders and Brother McKelvey will be working with us.

In October 1954, Lewis Talbert, Walter Sherrod, and Houston Ezell were appointed as our first Elders, and in August 1955 Harol Crowder was appointed. Along with the four elders we have fifteen capable deacons.

The mission work at Vultee has grown each year, with help going to almost every section of the country and to Africa and Italy. Vultee has supported the Herald of Truth, Potter Orphan Home and Tennessee Orphan Home. The Gospel Airline, a weekly bulletin, is published and mailed to members and visitors. Eight Bible Study teachers go each Sunday to Tennessee Preparatory School and teach the Bible. Vultee has purchased an excellent large corner lot on Curry Road and Catalina Drive and plan to establish a congregation there in the very near future.

Since 1953 we have been having two services on Sunday morning and we feel that this has had a lot to do with our growth. Attendance at 8:30 A.M. service is larger than at 11 o'clock although the building is moderately full for both services.

Vultee has grown in every way—membership, leadership,

contribution, missions, Bible study, buildings, and space. It can truly be said that a few Christians in 1946 planted, prayer and work on the part of each member watered, and surely God has given the increase.

We Attribute Our Success to the Following, With the Help of the Lord:

1. UNITY AMONG MEMBERS. (co-operation, no dissention)
2. PHYSICAL BUILDING PROGRAM:

   Built the first building and made three major additions in five years. ("One a Year Brand.") Putting members capable of almost any type of work and they help us build and maintain our building. And have an average of twenty-five to fifty turn out when needed and work. We have the best of painters, plumbers, masonry workers, landscapers, printers, radio and loudspeaker technicians, etc. They all work.

3. BIBLE STUDY PROGRAM:

   Our Bible Study seems to contribute more to our success than anything else, but you must have unity, and physical building to have a successful Bible School. Increased Bible School will increase every phase of church work. More classes, then more people, then more Christians, then more contribution, then more missionary work, then a stronger church, and then and only then stronger nations. LET'S PUSH BIBLE SCHOOL.

4. MISSION WORK PROGRAM:

   Although we have never been out of debt, we have helped establish or sent help to approximately fifty-five congregations to build. Vultee has paid for the Bible School building in Nigeria for the training of preachers, as well as sending monthly support for two full time preachers.

   We have helped in almost every section of the U. S., including $1000 toward Potter Orphan Home toward building and living rooms.

   We keep the congregation informed as to the mission work and they respond.

   Our weekly budget for 1956 is $1000. Seeing much work to be done, we doubled our 1955 budget.

   We hope and pray, that others will be led to do greater work by our success that the Lord's church may be stronger. Any time we can be of assistance, call on us.

When we know that the motto of this congregation from the beginning has been:

Think big things for the Lord,
Plan big things for the Lord,
Pray for big things of the Lord,
Expect big things of the Lord.

we are not surprised that such marvelous growth characterizes the history of this church. Brother Crowder and his family moved to Berry Field, and getting others to join him, got together a few faithful hearts and planted well our Lord's mustard seed, and behold what a tree it has developed.

We taught our members that wherever they go, they must *bear fruit*, otherwise be cut off. See John 15:2. When a member of the church moves where there is no congregation already established and at work, the salvation of this member depends on his establishing a congregation. Crowder never forgot this lesson. In all of my more than sixty years, getting young men to enter the ministry and helping them establish new congregations, I have found no one that excels Brother Crowder in such work. We wanted a picture of him and his family in this book, but they preferred not to be so seen. But in his life and the fruitage of his work, he has given us the greatest picture that could be painted. Indeed my compound interest continues to compound!

III

MADISON, TENNESSEE

We are asking the reader to turn back to page 108, and there you will see the little stone building we first had at Madison and the picture of the first preacher, one of the greatest young men we have ever had in the services. The success of the Madison work lies at the feet of this tireless worker and those who followed him. Now we give you the picture of Ira North, the man at whose feet the marvelous growth at Madison must be placed. Just last year, though Brother Miller had been away from Madison something like twenty years, Brother North called him back to help in his vacation Bible school. Brother North has been a staff writer for the Gospel Advocate for years, and the most effective series of articles he has contributed to this paper was his series on "The Local Church is On The March," and certainly, if ever a local church got on the march, the work at Madison did.

We give you here a picture of their present building, with a brief statement of the present activities of the Madison congregation.

Look at the little stone building and compare it with their present building, all of which you cannot see, for in the rear is their educational building. But note these words and you can see it has to be some size. In answer to some questions, here is what Brother North says:

"Brother Hall, here are the answers to your questions:
(1) We have seated as high as 1550 in our auditorium.



Church of Christ, Madison, Tennessee, and Ira North.

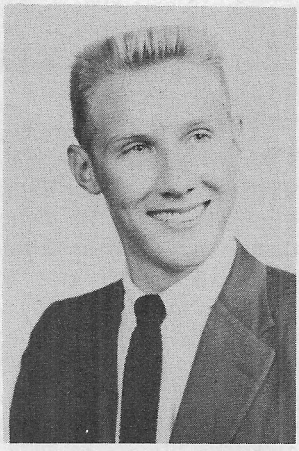
(2) We have 68 rooms in our Bible Study program, counting our classrooms and offices.
(3) Our record attendance is 3002, and our regular attendance is running between 1200-1300 at the present.

We add one new missionary each year and plan to do so until we are supporting 12 preachers—10 away from home and 2 at home. We add our sixth man this month. A teacher training program is carried on constantly. A personal work program that gives every member a job is carried on. A vacation Bible school and Bible camp is conducted each summer for the young people. The Madison church publishes 4 papers weekly: a bulletin for all the members, a weekly bulletin for young people, a weekly bulletin published for 4th, 5th, and 6th graders, and a quarterly paper for prayer meeting.

Best regards in your new book."

I believe *retrospection* is the idea under which these sections are placed. Churches established fifteen and twenty years ago, and you see now the marvelous growth at East Point, Vultee Boulevard, and now Madison. And I think we will take another look at Pennville in North Georgia and a peep at Pepperdine College and close.

We give here, in connection with Madison, the likeness of Brother Samuel Leonard McPherson. He was baptized at one of our homecoming services at Russell Street. He is now, August 4, 1958, nearing his eighteenth birthday. He preaches regularly for different congregations. He will graduate from Goodlettsville High next May. He is vice president of the student body, president of local chapter of National Forensic League, president of the Junior class. He holds four degrees in National Forensic League.



Samuel McPherson.

Think of it—Brother North not only is a great builder in the local church, but a developer of young preachers. Of course, from my understanding of the Bible, my compound interest is still compounding in a very large way. And am I happy?

To Samuel, and all of my boys, from the depth of my heart, I say, "Hold fast to the hand of your Leader, Christ Jesus, and we will see each other again and bask in the sunlight of his glorious presence forever." Remember in Revelation 22:4 it says, "And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads."

As the success of all congregations rest upon the kind of leadership they have in their elders, I asked Brother Haven Miller to give me a statement about how well Brother North is backed up by his leaders. Here is what he has to say:

> "I was happy to work under those elders as I found them from 1936 to 1940, and considered them then to be good, wise, sound men who constituted a fine, efficient eldership. As a young preacher then, I was fortunate to have the counsel, guidance, and oversight of such a good board. I shall always be grateful for having had this happy privilege. But on going back in 1957 I found those still serving on the board had grown *mightily*—more than I would have thought possible—in their abilities and efficiency as elders. And they have, serving along with them, these two later appointees to the eldership, who I believe are thoroughly worthy team-mates in this most important work and heavy responsibility. They are true bishops and shepherds to the flock, all excellent teachers and examples, not lording it over but leading and wisely guiding and protecting the flock as they feed and care for it with loving and watchful surveillance. And they all really WORK at their jobs as elders. They know the members of that huge congregation like a father knows his family, and they spend many hours per week not only in the church office but teaching and in personal work. Give us more elders like these, and the church will continue to prosper and grow."

Chapter XLI

PEPPERDINE COLLEGE

I think it very appropriate to let the last chapter in this book, be to a large degree, the last chapter of my life's work on earth. At this writing I am in my eighty-first year. "Three score and ten" are our allotted number of years to live. See Psalm 90:10. I am a little more than a decade passed this age, and how much further I will go is in the hands of One greater than I. Those who have read this book closely understand, of course, that I look forward to observing my one hundredth birthday, then lay my armor down, if it is the Lord's will. I have thought but little about dying—my thoughts have ever been on *living*; knowing, however, that there is an end to our sojourn here on earth. But I have left the ending in the hands of the One who loved me and gave his Son to save me. The words of David, "My times are in thy hand" (Psalm 31:15), have ever been in my heart, and I have left, am now leaving it, entirely in his hands.

It was in 1920, when we first moved to Los Angeles, that I met George Pepperdine. I soon learned that he had been living in an entirely different school of thought from that I had been in. He was opposed to what is called Bible colleges, and I was almost born and reared in one. But all of my life, in my teaching and preaching, I have taken the position that any two honest souls can see the Bible alike. Many of my revivals have begun, continued and closed with this proposition repeatedly affirmed. So, with this in mind, I determined that George Pepperdine and I would come to see alike on the college question, as well as any other question that might arise. In I Corinthians 1:10 we are commanded to be *perfectly* joined together in the same mind and in the same judgement. This I believe we can do.

So, from the very beginning, I recognized Brother Pepperdine as my brother in Christ and so treated him. In Colessians 4:6 we have a very practical command: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how to answer every man." While I would love to go into detail, stating how we came to see alike on this question, space will not allow this. But from the reading of this book, I am almost certain you will find the secret, for I have written with no other purpose than that the reader might be enabled to find himself and know how to be honest and unprejudiced in all of his religious thinking and acting.

You have read, in this book, what Brother Pepperdine has to say about these early days of my work here, also Jimmie Lovell. And I give here the words of Donald Miller, chairman of our Board and who, with his father, were in the early days of my work.

> "Early in 1900 with the construction of the Sichel Street church building that congregation became the largest in the Los

Angeles area. As one looks back in retrospect, after having attended there from the beginning, certain highlights stand out. With an encouraging start after the turn of the twentieth century the church grew and then reached a plateau, after the first decade. Then followed a slower growth period.

In 1920 the elders invited S. H. Hall to come out and hold an evangelistic meeting. It was a "revival indeed!." The church was revived and challenged. Brother Hall was persuaded to return in a few months and work with the church for more than a year. The eyes of many were opened to the greater harvest fields in the rapidly expanding southwest. The beginning of the Central congregation in downtown Los Angeles was the immediate and direct result of Brother Hall's inspirational work. Then from Central new congregations were started in the surrounding areas in ever widening circles of the sphere of influence of the churches.

The imprint of Brother and Sister S. H. Hall is indelibly stamped on the history of the growth of the church in Southern California. The Halls returned to their beloved home in the south and he was used by our Lord for greater work in the vineyard. How fitting that the later years of his successful public ministry should be spent in Southern California where God so richly blessed the earlier years of his labors."

—Donald V. Miller

Let us note some of the accomplishments of this college. The following countries have been touched by its influence and have had students here, many of whom graduated here and returned to their homes with the influence of the Bible that had been planted in their souls. Here we give the names of countries which have been represented at Pepperdine: Argentina, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Ecuador, El Salvador, England, Finland, Formosa, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Hawaii, Holland, Honduras, India, Iran, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Latvia, Lebanon, Liberia, Malaya, Mexico, Nicaragua, Nigeria, Norway, Palestine, Panama, Persia, Peru, Philippines, San Salvador, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Thailand, Turkey, Venezuela, Wales, a total of fifty-one. Besides the countries that have had students here, think of the graduates of this college that have gone hither and thither, almost all over the world, as missionaries, evangelists, and professors in other colleges. But this is all that space will allow here.

In the title of this book, "Compound Interest in Religion," is associated. May God bless Brother and Sister Pepperdine in now thinking of what they will see in the judgment to come. Our final reward comes *then*, for we do not cease to live, so far as our influence goes, till then. Like Abel, though dead, we are still living and speaking. Brother and Sister Pepperdine gave their all to bring this college into being, some

thirty-four acres of land with buildings and other equipment, value into the millions, besides their tireless service in its behalf ever since its establishment.

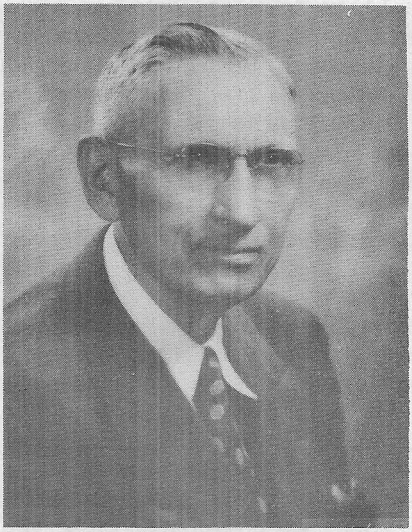
Here we close this last chapter with the pictures of Brother and Sister Pepperdine, and some of our buildings and a partial view of the grounds.



Auditorium, Administration Building, Business Administration Building.



Library Building, George Pepperdine College.



George Pepperdine.



Mrs. George Pepperdine.



The broad green lawns on the Pepperdine campus set off the pale blue buildings fringed with stately palms. The Dining Hall is in the right background with the Girls' Dormitory to the left.

When I remind you of the fact that I have been connected, in some way, with Bible colleges for all of sixty years, you can understand my enthusiasm for Bible colleges. I was with David Lipscomb College for fifty-six years, graduating from that college in 1906, and worked as one of the directors for twenty-five years. Letting my last days be spent in this college makes me feel at home there. David Lipscomb College gave Brother and Sister Pepperdine their president as Pepperdine's first president, namely Batsell Baxter. He returned to Lipscomb later and died as President Emeritus, leaving Batsell Barrett Baxter, his only son, at the head of the Bible Department at David Lipscomb.

And I am asking the privilege of giving the likeness of Pepperdine's president and dean with the request that they favor us with a statement of how the future looks for this college and their plans for expansion. It is interesting to note that, not only did David Lipscomb College give Pepperdine, when she was established more than twenty years ago, her first president in the person of Batsell Baxter, but that she had also given to Brother Young her dean in the person of J. P. Sanders. My prayer is that God's greatest blessings may ever rest upon these two great institutions—namely, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tennessee and George Pepperdine College, Los Angeles, California.

PEPPERDINE COLLEGE

M. Norvel Young, President

As of August 31, 1958, Pepperdine College completed its twenty-first year of service as a senior liberal arts college. Pepperdine's Founder received congratulations from sister institutions and editorials in the metropolitan press and from scores of friends upon the college's "coming of age."

Pepperdine College has made a great contribution to the world in its twenty-one years. The value in money alone of the education which has been given to residents of the state of California totals more than $20,000,000. This is to say that if Mr. Pepperdine had not founded this college and if these students had all applied to the public for their training, it would have cost the public this much to give them the training Pepperdine College has provided. But one cannot measure the real value of an independent liberal arts Christian college in terms of dollars nor in terms of numbers of students served. Its lasting significance will be evaluated in terms of its total impact upon the world through the enrichment of the lives of its students, and their service to God and man.

The following paragraph from our Inaugural address sets forth the continuing purposes of Pepperdine College.

"There are four distinct contributions which a small liberal arts Christian college can make to the world:

"First, such a college is one of the bulwarks of freedom in America. It sets the traditions and standards of academic freedom in America and, because the private institutions do set and maintain these standards, the public institutions also enjoy the benefits of such freedom. A great educator has said that 'what happens to American education today will happen to America tomorrow.' The right of a group of free men and women to organize, maintain, and support a college that is dedicated to goals which they deem supremely important is one of the rights of our constitutional republic. We should all be thankful to God that we live in a nation that has preserved freedom of education. This right carries with it the responsibility to use wisely the freedom that is ours. The neglect of Christian colleges, either by those who administer and teach in them or else by those who are their friends and supporters, could easily lead to the forfeiting of their right to exist.

Secondly, the small liberal arts college makes a definite contribution to its students by virtue of its concern for the individual. This concern is expressed in the warm personal relationship between teachers and students which helps the student to 'find himself.' Also, the student has more opportunities for leadership and everybody has a chance to be somebody.

Thirdly, the Christian college serves to train leaders for religious work. We firmly believe in the dual system of public and private education at Pepperdine and we do not expect that the state will provide special training which thousands of men and women need to become full-time workers in the church. There is a dire shortage of well-trained and dedicated gospel preachers and elders. The Christian college can serve as an adjunct to the home in providing the distinctive type of Bible training which will prepare such workers.

Fourth, such a college is able to stress moral and spiritual values undergirded by basic faith. One of the fundamental challenges in education has to do with the motivation of individuals, and that motivation involves the concept of what, in the ultimate sense, life is for. There must be a purpose in life. Many in the rush of living see only the need for security. Conformity and comfort are the idols of their day. Christian colleges like Pepperdine make a distinct contribution in stimulating students' desire for truth, their love for the good, and their respect for high ethical standards. At Pepperdine, an effort is made to train students for leadership, and to inspire them for service to mankind to the glory of God. To that end the Bible is an integral part of the curriculum and attendance at daily chapel is encouraged. Young people from many nations, and creeds pursue their studies with us as respected fellow students. It is the desire of the College to send them back to their native lands or local communities with a broad acquaintance with the funded knowledge of man, with a respect for truth wherever they discover it, with an understanding and appreciation for constitutional democracy, with a deep sense of moral responsibility to God and man, with such fundamental skills as will enable them to compete successfully in our modern world and with such attitudes toward their

fellowman as will lead them in humble service with faith in God."

In 1937 the Founder stated his ideals of Christian education in the beginning of the College, and they have been restated in each succeeding catalog:

"The two main factors which I feel should be stressed in providing a well-founded education for young men and women today are as follows:

Adequate preparation for a life of usefulness in a competitive world; a foundation of Christian character and faith which will survive the storms of life.

I believe the greatest contribution I can possibly make to the coming generation is to establish and endow an institution of higher learning, the ideals and purposes of which shall be as follows:

The College shall be a four-year college, under wholesome Christian atmosphere, the work of which shall be recognized by the standard accrediting agencies of the United States. The faculty and Board of Trustees shall be composed of devout Christian men and women who will give careful attention to safeguarding and deepening the faith of the students, increasing their loyalty to Jesus and their zeal for saving souls."

Pepperdine is organized to fulfill three general purposes for its students:

1. the development of a wise, spiritually centered character for full, abundant living;
2. the development of a vocational skill in preparation for a constructive place in the world of work;
3. the development of attitudes and skills necessary to effective citizenship in a democracy.

Pepperdine College is a college with a great purpose. One of its primary objectives is the pursuit of academic excellence. A Christian college should by its very nature place a premium on excellence in every field. Another important objective is the cultivation of Christian values in living. The unique feature of Christian education at its best is its completeness. The Christian educator is not only interested in facts but in fundamental values and attitudes. He respects each student as a unique individual made in the image of God and capable of full development, including the areas of the physical, social, intellectual and spiritual. A Christian college must continually evaluate its offerings in view of its objectives to the end that it will do well that which it undertakes to do and eliminate any aspect of the program which it cannot do well or which does not contribute effectively to the purposes as a liberal arts Christian college. It must present a well-rounded program of wholesome extra-curricular activities designed to cultivate the social, physical, and spiritual potentialities of the students. Such a program is important in enriching their personalities and teaching them to live together more effectively.

Pepperdine College looks to the future with the anticipation of serving approximately twice the number of students we have at the present time. The desire to grow is motivated by the desire to provide Christ-centered education for as many students as possible.

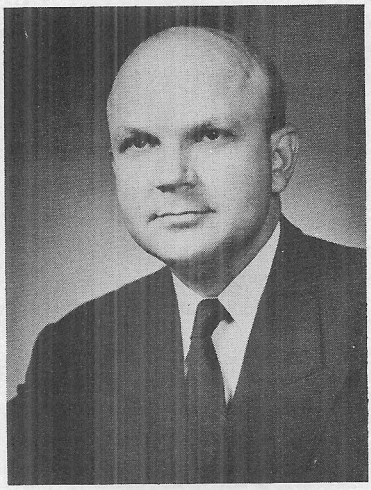
Out plans call for increasing the capacity of our dormitories so that we may have approximately twice the number of students who now live on the campus. The college's greatest influence is exercised over those who make the campus community their living quarters. We expect more and more Christian young people from the entire West as well as an appropriate number from the remainder of the United States and from the other nations of the world.

A Bible and Christian Education Building is also planned for the near future. Bible is the heart of the curriculum and it is the desire of the board and the faculty to help each student develop a knowledge of the Word of God and to implement its teaching through his own life and activities. A special building for Bible training will be most helpful to this program.

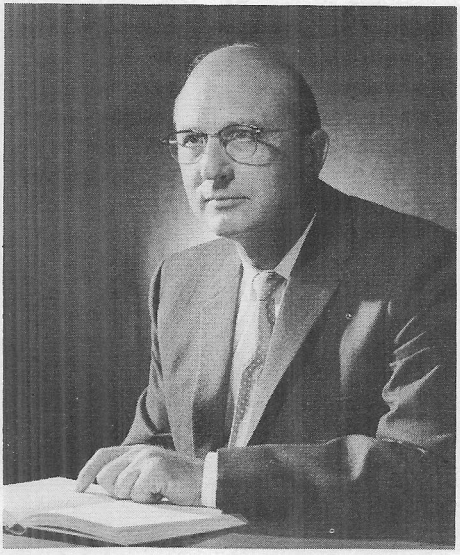
A building to house our science department is also planned. Each student needs an understanding of the physical universe in which he lives. Particularly in this age, one cannot appreciate much of what goes on around him without some understanding of the principles operating in the physical universe. In a Christian institution the universe is regarded as the creative work of God and in understanding and using it one is simply thinking God's thoughts after Him and following God's instructions to subdue the earth.

Our entire physical plant, as it grows and develops, will simply be a means to aid in the overall purpose of helping young men and women to develop dynamic, Christ-centered lives and to equip them so that they may be good citizens in a free society. Along with the growth in the physical plant there will be a corresponding increase in the size of the faculty. Pepperdine College will provide a faculty of the highest academic training who possess Christian ideals and who are dedicated to motivating and guiding young people in the Christian way of life.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF M. NORVEL YOUNG



Born October 5, 1915 in Nashville, Tennessee. Graduate of David Lipscomb College in Nashville, Abilene Christian College, B.A., 1936; Vanderbilt University, M.A., 1937; George Peabody College, Ph.D., 1943. Also studied at Columbia University and University of Southern California. Teacher David Lipscomb College (High School), George Pepperdine College (Social Sciences), 1938-41. Minister College Church at David Lipscomb College 1941-43, and Broadway Church of Christ, Lubbock, Texas, 1944-57. Associate Editor, Firm Foundation magazine; Staff Writer Gospel Advocate magazine. Cofounder 20th Century Christian magazine, 1938, Editor and Publisher, 1945---. Master of Ceremonies, weekly T. V. program "Family Bible Quiz." Leader in church relief work in Germany following World War II. Lecturer, Frankfurt, Germany Lectures, 1956. World Study Tour 1937; Europe and Near East, 1949; Europe 1956. Weekly Column author, Avalanche Journal, Lubbock. Member of Board of Trustees of Abilene Christian College; Board of Gospel Press, Dallas, Texas; President of Christian Publications, Inc., Nashville, Tenn.; Author, "History of Christian College," 1949; "The Church Is Building," 1956. Member Phi Delta Kappa (Educational Fraternity). Married Helen Mattox, 1939 (Pepperdine Graduate 1939). Four children: Emily, Matt Norvel, III, Marilyn and Sara Helen. Became President of Pepperdine College, Los Angeles, California, July 1, 1957.



J. P. Sanders

Biographical Data

Born July 23, 1906, Ft. Worth, Texas; son of H. C. and Cora (Pilant) Sanders; married Gloria Millay 1941 (Pepperdine graduate); three sons: Joel, Michael and Rickey; B.S., Texas Christian University; M.S., B.D., Vanderbilt University; Ph.D., University of Southern California; Professor, George Pepperdine College, 1939-42; Dean, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tennessee, 1942-57; Dean, George Pepperdine College, 1957---; Minister, Walnut Street Church of Christ, Sherman, Texas, 1931-35, Vermont Avenue Church of Christ, Los Angeles, 1939-42, Hillsboro Church of Christ, 1935-39, Belmont Avenue Church, 1943-53, and Harding Place Church, 1953-57, Nashville, Tennessee; Co-author, Preaching in the Twentieth Century; Co-founder, 20th Century Christian, Editor 1938-45.