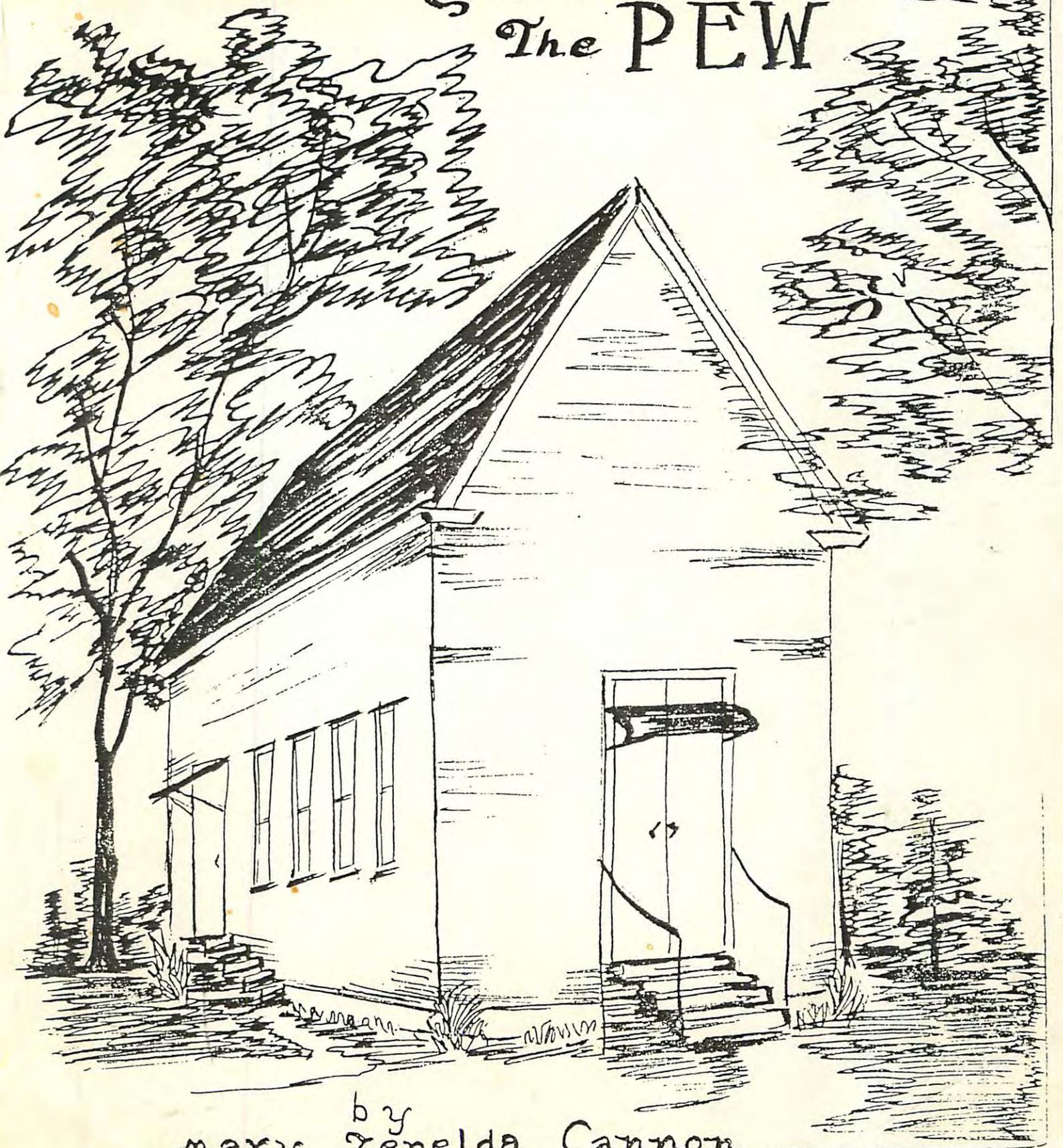


The PULPIT
AND
The PEW



by
Mary Zerelda Cannon

THE PULPIT and the PEW

by

Mary Zerelda Cannon

*To Malinda Cannon, a beloved grand-niece,
May all go well with you so that you
may enjoy a full and happy life.*

Love to you,

Aunt Mazie

(Mary Zerelda Cannon)

To commemorate the Bicentennial of the
Methodist Episcopal Church in America
December 24, 1784 - December 24, 1984

(Written between July 21 - Sept. 16, 1983)

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Author's Statement

When Louise Reid asked me to make a written contribution to the Bicentennial Commemoration of the Methodist Church in America I felt complimented and was happy to give any help I could.

My immediate plan was to deal, within the bounds of my knowledge, with those who had occupied the pulpits as pastors, and those who had occupied the pews as congregations. I knew that such an approach would require many references to kinsmen during the pioneer years of the Methodist Church in Southwest Arkansas. I knew that I would have to work Methodism into Arkansas, and into Little River County by way of Sevier County. I knew I would have to deal with the Wallace Methodist Church which was a part of the Foreman Circuit and the church where my family worshiped for years. Finally, I would be able to work into the Foreman Church.

All of this has made a very disjointed and rambling discussion. I cannot present it in good sequence because it didn't happen in that manner. If you choose to read it, try a small amount at a time. In that way, maybe you can get the picture.

Mary Z. (Mazie) Cannon

The Pulpit and the Pew
is dedicated to

Reverend John David Darnall,
Debby and Jonathan,
and to the congregation, the occupants
of the Pulpit and the Pew(s)
of First United Methodist Church of
Foreman, Arkansas,

to

Commemorate
the Bicentennial of the
Methodist Episcopal Church in America
founded at Christmas Conference
in Baltimore, Maryland
December 24, 1784

THE PULPIT AND THE PEW

1. METHODISM SPREADS FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTHWEST ARKANSAS

Inherent in mankind, God's greatest creation, was a desire to worship. Thus it came about in the early stages of man's existence that he chose to recognize powers greater than his own. Such recognition led to worship. Today mankind continues to worship, be it God or mammon, Christ or a graven image.

Created with the ability to make mental choices it was inevitable that not all men would choose to worship in the same manner. Those who had similar thoughts showed a tendency to band together. So it came about that similar ideas of worshipping God and serving their fellowmen led people into organized groups.

Adherents of one such group, attracted to the views and teachings of John Wesley, a minister of the Anglican Church of England, came to America bringing with them their religious and ethical beliefs, which in England had been termed "Methodism." So it was that in the Christmas Conference of December 24, 1784 in Baltimore, Maryland, two of these leaders, Francis Asbury and John Coke, became the founders of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

Due to the zeal and vigor with which the itinerants of this new religious organization pursued their labor, the doctrines and teachings of Methodism soon had spread from the eastern seaboard to the Mississippi River and into the area which was to become Arkansas.

Now, in 1983, we are on the verge of the two hundredth anniversary

of the existence of the Methodist Church in this country. Various names have been used such as Methodist Episcopal Church, South and United Methodist Church. December of 1984 marks the date for our bicentennial celebration.

How and when did Methodism reach our area? The Missouri Conference, including Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas, was organized in 1816. In 1817 the Hot Springs Circuit which included all the country from the Arkansas River to the Louisiana line came into being. This still was in Missouri Territory. Largely through the influence of Rev. William Stephenson, who was appointed to Hot Springs Circuit, a colony of Methodists came from Bellevue, Missouri in 1818, and settled at Mound Prairie, five miles northwest of later Washington in Hempstead County.

This group, on crossing the Arkansas River where Little Rock now is located, found no settlers there, only one or two huts. On arrival at Mound Prairie they built a church. Made of hewed pine logs, it was twenty-eight feet by thirty feet. A door in one side faced the pulpit and a large fireplace with a chimney was located at one end. The slaves worshiped in the same congregation with their masters and enjoyed all religious privileges of the whites. Called Mount Moriah, this was the first Methodist church in Arkansas.

Because of difficulty concerning a deed to the land, the first site was abandoned within a year and a new and near identical house was built. The name was changed to "Henry's Chapel" which continued as the name for fifty years. The location was on Mound Prairie and the name was to honor the leader of this Methodist colony, Reverend John Henry. The first Methodist church to be built in Arkansas pre-dated the formation of Arkansas Territory. Reverend Henry was a leading factor in establishing Methodism in Southwest Arkansas. He died at the age of ninety-three in Center Point, Howard County.

Organized Methodism was spreading. In 1818 Reverend Stephenson of

Mound Prairie was making trips to Pecan Point on the Red River. This location was south of present day Idabel, Oklahoma. There, this pioneer circuit rider held the first Protestant church service in what was to be Oklahoma. He likely crossed the old Willow Spring (Rocky Comfort) area in his moves to Pecan Point and return trips to Mound Prairie.

I give you 1839 as a significant date in the closer approach of Methodism to our locality. On February 23, 1839 at Props Chapel on Blue Bayou, location of present day Center Point, the first Quarterly Conference of Sevier Mission, Fort Towson District, Arkansas Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church was organized. Of the members present at that Quarterly Conference 144 years ago only one is familiar, Archelaus Turrentine, my great-great grandfather. Incidentally, he was the great-great-great grandfather of Foreman resident, Donna Kay Steel Matteson.

As a child, I was interested in the name of my earliest Turrentine ancestor in Arkansas, "Archelaus." It was a name with which I was not otherwise familiar. Inquiring of my father concerning the origin of this name so well established in the family, I was told it was a Biblical name. So to the indexed family Bible I went to see for whom my ancestor and other kin were named. "Archelaus" (pronounced Ärchē-lā-üs) was the son of Herod the Great. The name appears only once and that in Matthew 2:22. The name means "People's Chief."

Of the stewards elected at this quarterly Conference of 1839 only one name is familiar to me. It was Benjamin H. G. Hartfield, husband of my great-great-great Aunt Louisiana English. Their home was in Rocky Comfort, Sevier County, Arkansas. (In case she might not know it, may I tell Louise Reid that B. H. G. Hartfield's wife was of the same kinship to her as to me.) The circuit of these stewards included all of what is now Howard, Sevier, and Little River Counties with parts of Hempstead and Pike, and Choctaw Nation



ARCHELAUS TURRENTINE I
1796 - 1885

An early Methodist Circuit Rider, 1839.

NOT FOR PUBLIC RELEASE

west to Fort Towson.

There were twenty-three appointments in this new mission which extended fifty miles in one dimension and one hundred in another. The name Sevier Circuit held until 1841. Then it became Blue Bayou Circuit up until 1858. The district was Fort Towson until 1842 when it became Washington District. The first minister of Fort Towson District was Rev. S. Allen. Of this area, by whatever name, there were twenty-three preachers in the next thirty years. Of these ministers, only two are familiar names to me, T. G. T. Steel and Archelaus Turrentine.

The locations for appointments for the 1839 Quarterly Conference were numerous, twenty-three in all. I shall name a few which identify places that might sound familiar to some of my readers. There were Rolling Fork, Mine Creek, Ebenezer, Red Colony, Buck Range (near Mineral Springs and burial site of Archelaus Turrentine), Rocky Comfort, and Paraclifta.

I now have the Methodist Church sphere of influence reaching to Rocky Comfort, Arkansas. In 1842 Rocky Comfort was selected as the location for a Methodist parsonage for the Red River District of the Arkansas Conference. The land on which to locate a home for the Methodist ministers was granted by B. H. G. Hartfield and his wife, Louisiana English Hartfield.

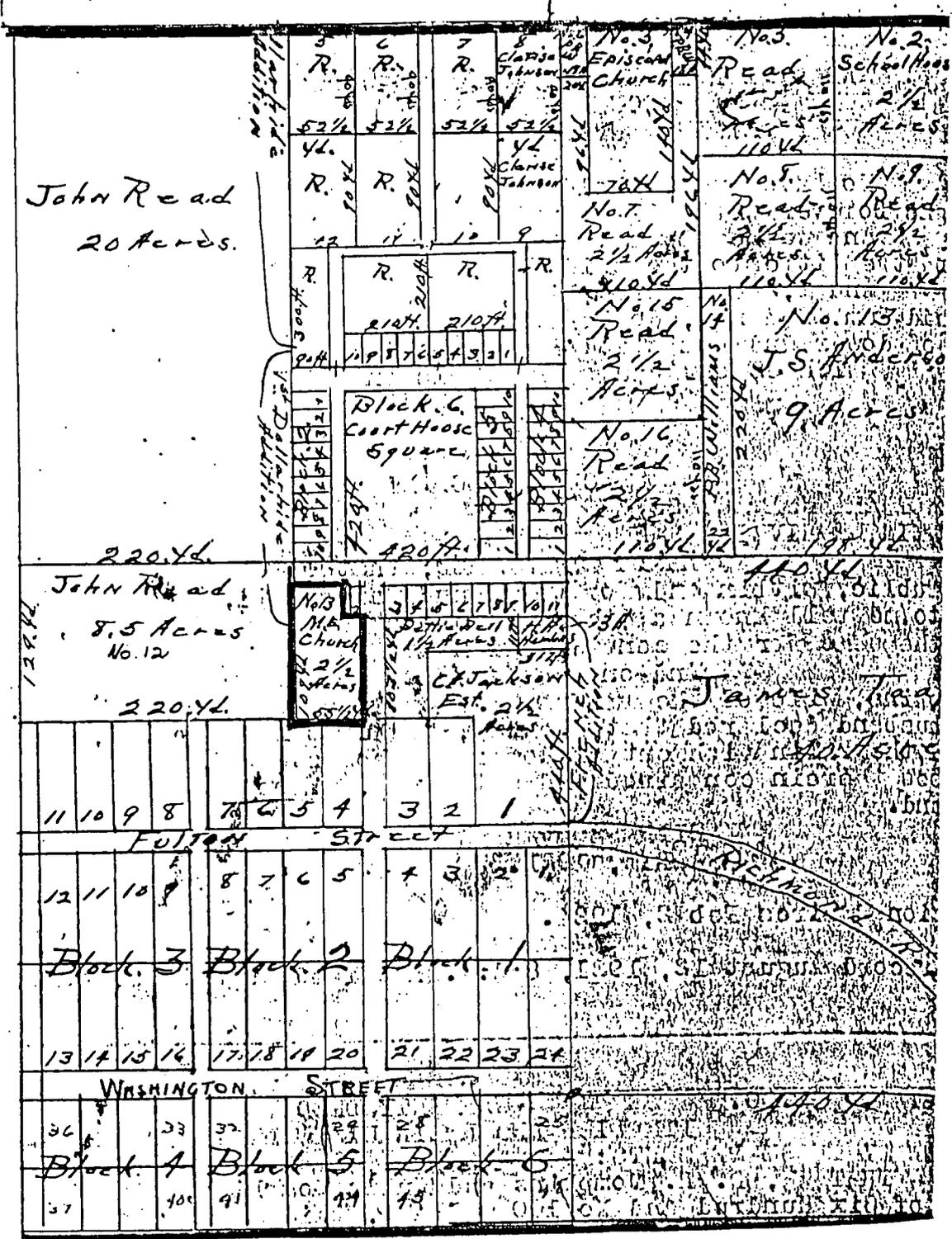
The Methodist Church of Rocky Comfort was organized in 1855. Although the plat of this early town shows the property which belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church, the site of the church building with reference to present day surroundings cannot be thereby identified. As far as I know, we, whose ancestors worshiped there, never had the forethought to inquire of the location of this earliest Methodist house of worship in our immediate area. Happily this information is available through one who grew up in Rocky Comfort and recalls with clarity the location of the building which was near the home of his boyhood.

Mr. Wash Yauger, now in his ninety-sixth year, locates the Methodist church building to have been near the spring which is the source of the home water supply of Marion and Polly Crank. In fact, the Old Town Spring was on the property of the Methodist Church. Mr. Wash recalls the house to have been near the water way which leads under Highway 108 to carry the run-off from the spring and branch. Furthermore, the highway itself, passes directly over the site of this early church building.

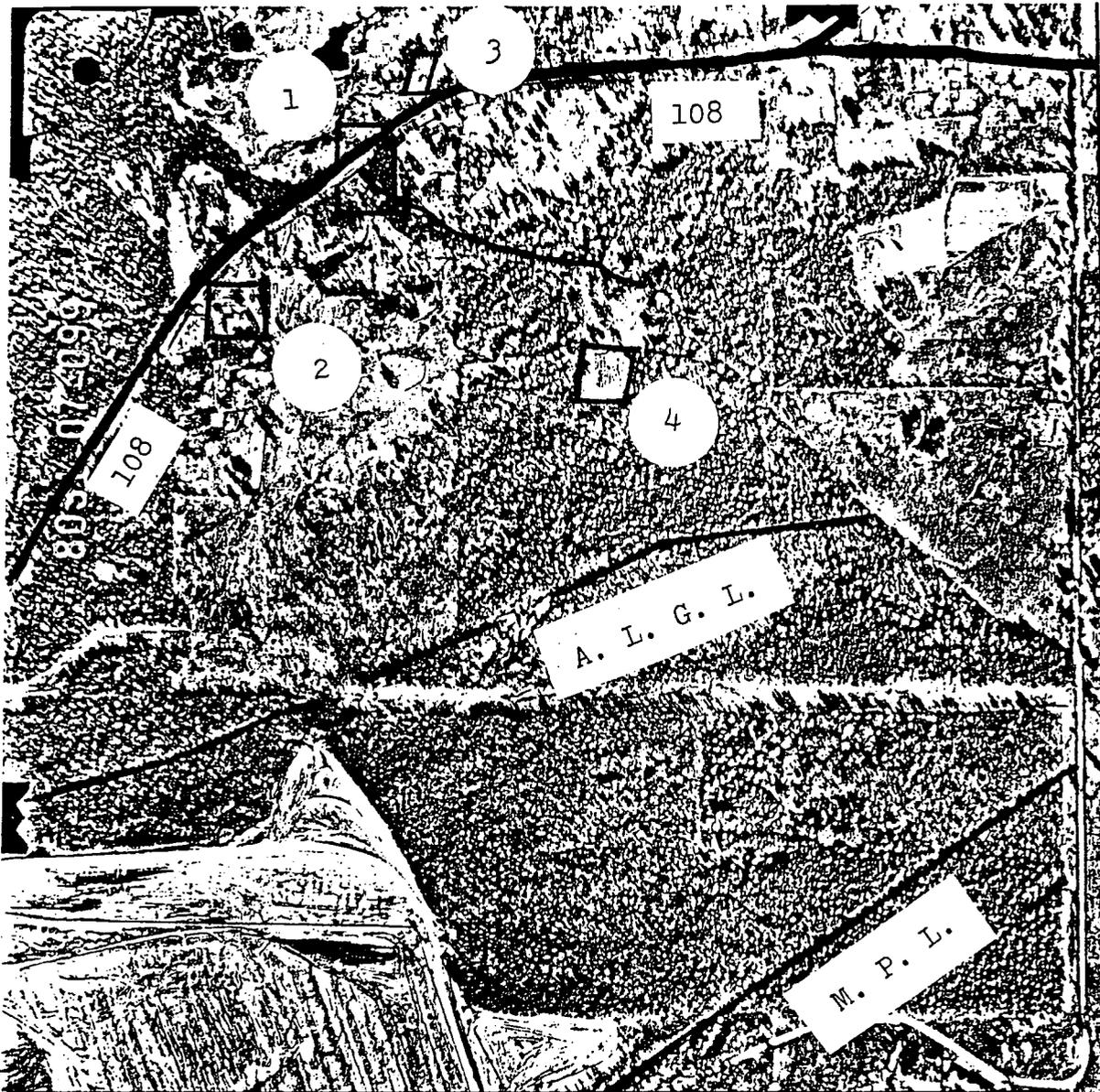
The first minister to serve the Methodist congregation of Rocky Comfort was Reverend Joseph Turrentine who came from Richmond Mission. I do not have names of the ministers who served in succession, but in 1881 Reverend J. C. Rhodes was appointed to Richmond and Rocky Comfort. This gave these two churches one of the outstanding ministers of the Little Rock Conference for that period. Of course, when New Rocky Comfort (Foreman) was established, sounding the death knell for "Old Rocky," the Methodist Church was moved to the new town. This would have been near the year of 1900.

ROCKY COMFORT

Portion of the Plat



This is a copy of an aerial photograph made for Arkansas Cement Corporation by Tobin Research, Inc. of San Antonio, Texas.



1. Methodist Church Property of Rocky Comfort Era.
 2. Marion Crank Home.
 3. Rocky Comfort Historical Marker.
 4. Holy Cross Cemetery.
- A. L. G. L. - Arkansas - Louisiana Gas Line.
M. P. L. - Magnolia Pipe Line.
108 - Arkansas State Highway 108.

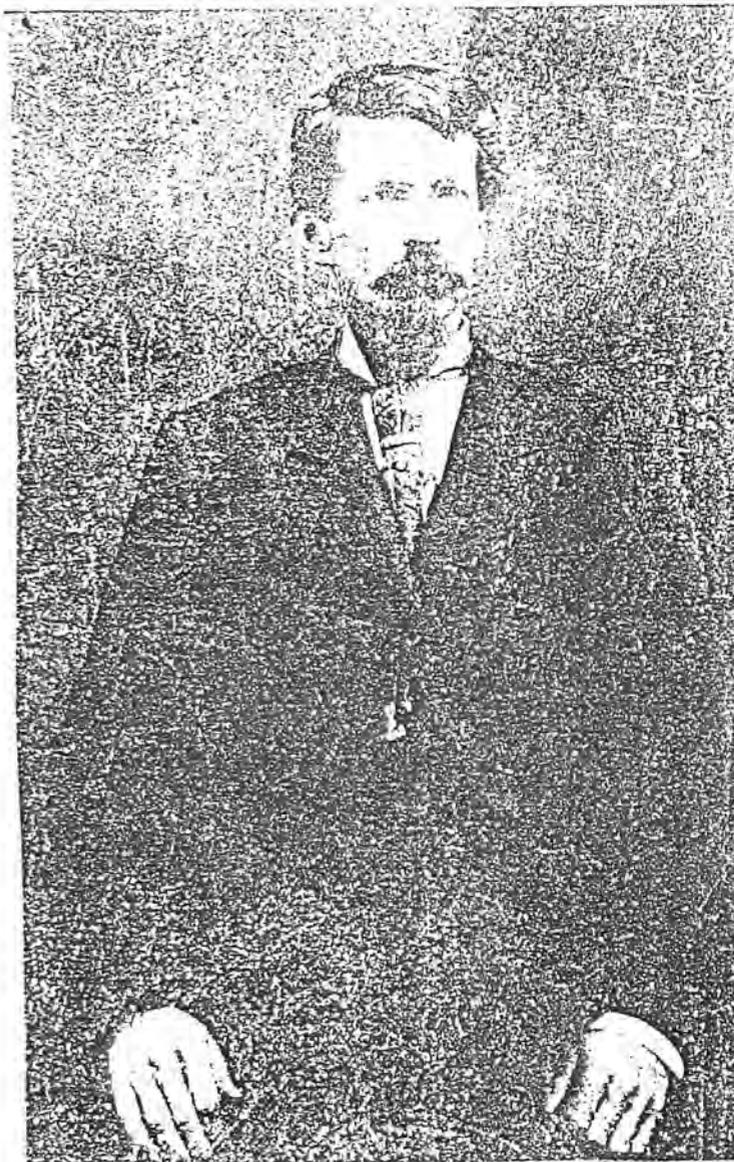
2. SPREAD OF METHODISM THROUGH THREE SEVIER COUNTY FAMILIES

Sevier County's first Methodist Church was established in Paraclyfta. The time would have been in the 1830's. Also in early Sevier County there was a community known as Gravelly Point with the Methodist meeting house known by the same name. Located about six miles southeast of Lockesburg, Gravelly Point's name derived from a considerable elevation of gravel rising noticeably above the surrounding area. Now, rather than a gravel knoll, the site exists as a gravel pit.

Gravelly Point, Sevier County, was the home of three families whose descendants are well known in the Methodist Church, both as ministers and laymen. These families, the Turrentines, the Steels, and the Cannons, prior to the year 1936 had produced fifteen Methodist ministers. The first of the Turrentines, Archelaus, came to Sevier County around 1836. The head of the Steel family, Thomas George Tucker Steel, had transferred from the Tennessee Conference to Arkansas in 1843. He located in Sevier County in 1845. Sevier County's first Cannon, Nahum, came in 1854.

Archelaus Turrentine whom I have previously identified as an ancestor had, among others, two children who had a definite connection with early Methodism in Southwest Arkansas. These two were Phoebe Turrentine and George Smith Turrentine.

Phoebe Turrentine became the wife of the early circuit rider T. G. T. (Tucker) Steel. On his first circuit in Arkansas, Brother Steel received ten dollars in money for his year's pay. Despite his meager wage he married Phoebe and continued his traveling ministry for a few years. Embarrassed by the difficulty of supporting a growing family on his minister's earnings he located, and as a planter, merchant, and lawyer lived in Paraclyfta and near Lockesburg, a highly respected citizen with his staunch



T. G. T. Steel

Early Methodist Circuit Rider

Born Dec. 2, 1816

Died Jan. 3, 1889



Phoebe Turrentine Steel

Born Mar. 11, 1825

Died Oct. 25, 1910

support of the Methodist Church shifted from the pulpit to the pew.

George Smith Turrentine, a son of Archelaus Turrentine (I), was a local preacher. His wife was Zerelda Bradshaw. Three of their children were concerned in the development of Methodism in Little River County and elsewhere in the state. Sons, George S. Turrentine and Archelaus Turrentine II, occupied the Methodist pulpits in Rocky Comfort and Foreman, respectively. George S. (Shird) Turrentine was admitted to the Little Rock Conference in 1889. His son, George Ruford Turrentine, was ordained and licensed to preach but decided to enter the field of education as a teacher, instead of the ministry. This G. R. Turrentine was the revered "Mr. T." of Arkansas Tech at Russellville.

I am going to recount a little happening during the assignment of Brother Shird Turrentine to the Rocky Comfort Church. It will show that there can be trouble between occupants of pulpit and pew. Living In Rocky Comfort was a highly respected family of the name of Schoolfield. One member of the family, Josephine, "Miss Jo," evidently had been a victim of polio in her childhood. Although unable to use her lower limbs, she was an accomplished musician. Her piano teacher was a blind man. In time the blind man and the crippled woman decided to become man and wife. They went to Brother Turrentine to exchange their marriage vows. The minister performed the ceremony with the couple sitting in their buggy. "Miss Jo's" family was very unhappy over the turn of events. Josephine's brother, Mr. Albert Schoolfield, decided to make an issue of the affair, with the minister. He encountered Brother Turrentine on a store front in Rocky Comfort. Buggy whip in hand he announced his intention to thrash Shird Turrentine for marrying the couple. He lashed at the minister who evaded the whip. Quickly drawing and opening his pocket knife, the preacher lunged at Mr. Schoolfield. Totally unprepared for active resistance to

the intended lashing, Mr. Albert stumbled backward and fell off the store porch. Shird Turrentine pocketed his knife and went his way. As between the two, there was no further trouble. When questioned by his family about the happening, Uncle Shird replied that there was nothing in a Methodist preacher's commitment that said he had to take a whip lashing for doing what his church and the law permitted him to do.

The other George Smith - Zerelda Bradshaw Turrentine son to be concerned with Foreman Methodism was Archelaus Turrentine II. This Archelaus, grandson of the earliest Turrentine, was licensed to preach in the Little Rock Conference in 1879. He was stationed in Foreman in 1908. Later, with a large family to educate, he acquired a big house in Arkadelphia near the Henderson Brown College campus. With his wife and children located there, he continued his ministry wherever he was appointed. His seven daughters and two sons were educated in old Henderson Brown, a school of the Methodist Church. One of the sons, Dr. P. W. Turrentine, was head of the English Department of Henderson Brown College and its successor, Henderson State Teachers College, for many years.

The third child of George Smith and Zerelda Turrentine to be closely connected with the development of Arkansas Methodism was Mary Frances Turrentine. John Cannon, born in 1839, a son of Nahum and Cynthia Wyatt Cannon of Gravelly Point, Sevier County, married Mary F. Turrentine in 1867, thus uniting two strong Methodist families. John and Mary F. Cannon had seven sons. The youngest was born after the death of the father on July 11, 1879.

The Cannon family of Northumberland, England, headed by John Cannon (the first) brought with them to America strong beliefs in the newly developing doctrines of Methodism in England. A survey of early names used by this family indicates to me that the Bible was an important guide in their

ARCHELAUS TURRENTINE II



An early pastor of Foreman M. E. Church, South, 1908 - 1909

lives. Here are some of the names evidently taken from the Bible to designate Cannon off-spring, many being used repeatedly: John, James, Jesse, Joel, Elijah, Zachariah, Naomi, Nahum, Noah, Naaman, Simeon, Asenath, Elkanah, Enoch, Mary, Matthew, Elisha, Joseph, Martha, Gabriel, Luke, Erastus, Sarah, Ruth, and Thomas. Then there was the appropriate name, Asbury, pointing toward Methodism.

I cannot carry on my discussion of these three families in a very orderly fashion. So I now must return to the T. G. T. Steel - Phoebe Turrentine Steel family of near Lockesburg. Two of their sons, William A. and Ed R. became Methodist ministers of distinction. William A. Steel was admitted to the Little Rock Conference in 1881. He was an effective and beloved pastor throughout the conference, serving faithfully for many years. Ed R. Steel was admitted to the Little Rock Conference in 1891, and transferred to the Arkansas Conference in 1898. He was the father of Dr. Marshall Steel, who for years was pastor of Highland Park Methodist Church of Dallas, Texas. Later he served as President of Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas.

Others of the Tucker Steel family served from the pews of Methodist churches unless they were invited to occupy the pulpit on special occasions. When so invited they could preach with the very best of the ordained ministers. Judge James S. Steel, son of Tucker and Phoebe Steel, was one such. He could deliver a soul stirring sermon from his Judge's Bench to one accused, to a convicted felon, or to a trial jury, or from the pulpit to a congregation of consecrated Christians.

I had the thrilling experience in my early teens of hearing Judge Jim Steel preach at the Sunday morning worship service of the Foreman Methodist Church. I do not recall the pastor who had issued the invitation. But the sermon the Judge delivered would have ranked with the best from the finest minister of the Methodist Church. His dedication and dignity, the

effective delivery of his words, the unmistakable imprint of character, all combined to indicate him to be one of the great leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. After the service, when Judge Steel and my Father greeted each other as "Cousin Ed" and "Cousin Jim" I felt a great upsurge of respect and pride for these two men who had common ancestry in the early circuit rider, the first Archelaus Turrentine.

Nearer the present time, Judge Bobby Steel would have been a wonderful preacher had the ministry, rather than law, been his field. And this story comes out of Dr. Marshall Steel's Highland Park Church from many years ago. Dr. Steel's cousin of Nashville, Arkansas, George E. Steel, Sr. (Jetty) was visiting in Dallas and on Sunday morning accompanied Dr. Steel to his church where they met with the Men's Bible Class. Dr. Steel introduced his lawyer cousin to the group. Their spokesman, in turn, invited the visitor to speak to them. It is typical of a Steel to have something to say if he is invited to speak. Accepting the invitation he proceeded to deliver a fine extemporaneous sermon to these leading men of Highland Park Church. When finished, his message was lauded highly. The head of the Bible Class then told Dr. Marshall Steel that Highland Park had the wrong Steel for its pastor.

I am eager to get the Cannons into the pulpits and pews of Little River County but the years between the death of their father in 1879 and their moves to Rocky Comfort in 1896 and 1897 were the ones in which the seven sons of John and Mary F. Cannon became men. The oldest of these children was twelve when the father died at the age of thirty-nine.

With great zeal the mother took upon herself the task of making men of her sons. What a stupendous task it was! But through prayer, she had help that assured the results for which she strove so faithfully. By the time of their move to Rocky Comfort her boys had become men; men who were physically

strong, who were mentally sound, and who were spiritually righteous. And Mary F. Cannon knew that the task to which she had dedicated her life's efforts had been accomplished. The hope and dream of her lifetime had been realized. She had trained and developed seven stalwart Christians who were "approved unto God."

At the death of John Cannon, his widow and sons had a small hill farm (120 acres), a home, and a few head of livestock from which their living would have to come. The first year of operation for the mother and her boys on a small cultivated acreage resulted in the production of one bale of cotton and twenty-five bushels of corn. Indebtedness for store furnishing was an account of twenty-five dollars owed to her cousin, Thad McCown, a merchant of Lockesburg. (This Thad McCown was the great grandfather of Eric Bishop of Ashdown.) As soon as the cotton was sold Mary took the \$25 to "Cousin Thad" to settle her account. He tried to refuse payment but she would have no such settlement. She had promised to pay, and pay she would. So Thad McCown was forced to accept payment. Thaddeus McCown was one of the early stalwarts of Lockesburg Methodism.

The 25 bushels of corn, handled so carefully and sparingly, must furnish their bread with a small amount for the livestock. Corn, carried to a grist mill and made into meal, was their bread source. Once a week, and that for Sunday breakfast, the luxury of flour bread was enjoyed. A great baking pan of biscuits was their Sunday treat. At times the mother would fry a big stack of the thinly rolled biscuit dough. When dropped into hot fat the dough would puff up as it turned a golden brown. According to my father, who used to tell us about his mother cooking puffs for them, the boys called this version of flour bread of which they were so fond "Will Steels." Their mother's first cousin, Will A. Steel, a brother of Judge Jim Steel, had gone to college, been licensed and or-

dained to preach, and admitted to the Little Rock Conference. The boys loved and respected their Cousin Will but they thought he was "puffed up," proud of himself. As children, we of my family also liked this kind of fried bread. When mama cooked it for us, papa called it "Will Steels."

The spiritual training of Mary Cannon's sons was pursued diligently in her home. The family was called together every day for Bible reading and prayer. In this manner she kept in touch with God, her "Silent Partner." Sunday School and preaching were attended. From her meager store regular contributions were made to all claims of the church. The ministers were welcomed to her humble home.

From the beginning of her lone care of the boys she placed their feet in a path from which there was to be no deviation, no turning aside, no change of direction. Perhaps a physical analogy of this path would be that leading from their home to the little Methodist meeting house atop the gravel knoll of Gravelly Point. It was no great distance from the Cannon home to the meeting house. On Sunday or any day when church service was to be held she, equipped with her hymnal and Bible, and her boys in their clean but coarse garb set out for their house of worship. In the spring or summer season she sent the older boys ahead of her in the path which they were to follow. Each, armed with a pine branch he could handle, flailed the grass and weeds that hung out over the path. Can you imagine the reason for such unusual activity? It was to knock the seed ticks off the vegetation so that "Ma's" long full skirts would not collect these obnoxious little creatures as she walked along the path. Regardless of the strength of ones religious faith and the deep desire to worship, an infestation of seed ticks would present a near insurmountable diversionary activity in competition with worship. If you do not understand what I am talking about, may you never know.

Perhaps the last truly great milestone in the life of Mary F. Cannon before leaving Sevier County in 1896 to make her home in Little River County was seeing three of her sons, George Nahum, James Monroe, and John Lewis licensed to preach at the same Quarterly Conference in Ben Lomond, Arkansas, in 1893. These three with younger Robert Henry added later comprised the group of four Cannon brothers to be ordained to the ministry of the Little Rock Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

On December 18, 1896, George, James, and Arch Cannon and their mother left their old home place at Gravelly Point near Lockesburg in Sevier County and moved to Rocky Comfort, Little River County. They bought property and established a home. In the latter part of 1897 the other members of the family, Lewis, Ed (Thomas Edward), Robert, and Shird (J. S. M.) also moved to the same locality.

All the brothers were single men when they settled in their new home near Rocky Comfort. Four of them soon found young women in Rocky Comfort with whom they wished to establish homes. The first to be married was Arch Cannon whose wife was Bertie Schoolfield. Ed Cannon was the second to marry, his wife being Fannie Jane Taaffe. The wives of the third and fourth Cannon men to be married were both grand-daughters of Judge James S. Dollarhide, a pioneer Methodist of Sevier and Little River Counties. James M. Cannon married Bessie Clark, a daughter of Hattie Dollarhide Clark. Bessie Clark was a sister of Hearon Atkinson's mother, "Miss Willie" Clark Atkinson. J. S. M. (Shird) Cannon married Edna Dollarhide, a daughter of D. S. (Uncle Simp) Dollarhide.

The remaining three chose wives not of Rocky Comfort. John Lewis Cannon married Annie Turrentine of Center Point. George Nahum married Ruth Presson of Lockesburg, and Robert H. Cannon's wife was

Brenda Thornton, daughter of Colonel J. R. Thornton of Camden. Six of the Brothers and their wives made homes in Foreman for a time, Robert and his wife Brenda Thornton, being the ones who did not.



JAS. M.

ROBT. H.
JNO. L.THE
CANNON GROUPTHOS. E.
GEO. N.

J. SHERD.

Not pictured was Archelaus (Arch) Cannon

3. WALLACE CHURCH AND COMMUNITY ORIGINATE

I come now to my home area, the Wallace community. It was quite common, in the earlier period of establishing schools and churches throughout rural areas, that individuals would donate small parcels of land on which to locate buildings usually designed to serve a dual purpose, both as a school and a church. More often than otherwise, the name by which the school or church, and very often the community, became known was that of the donor. Such was the case with the Methodist church of my childhood.

On the 15th of April, 1891, W. M. Wallis and his wife, Sallie P. Wallis, executed a Warranty Deed to C. Schuman, E. L. Sterling, and Robert Paxton, Directors of School District No. 1 of Little River County, State of Arkansas, for the purpose of receiving a school and church site. It read, "to be used for school for white pupils only and a church site for white people only, and no graveyard is to be erected on said land either for white or colored people to be buried in or on, and whenever said tract or lot of land ceases to be used as a site for School or Church purposes for white people, the same is to revert to and re-vest in the grantors herein." The grantors stipulated very clearly the conditions under which the donation of land was to exist. The deed then describes the exact measurements of the parcel being granted to the school directors. The plot covered in the description was two acres, more or less.

A building was erected without delay and soon short sessions of school were being held for the children of the community, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South was using it as their meeting house.

The dual purpose, one roomed building and the community itself became known as "Wallace." Evidently it was not of widespread knowledge that the name of the donors of the land was spelled "Wallis." But that was



THE WALLACE SCHOOL - CHURCH HOUSE

To serve a dual purpose, school and church, this first building to carry the name "Wallace" was being used as a school at the time this picture was made in the year 1898.

On Sunday it served as the Wallace Methodist Church.

of little importance. For a number of years both school and church services were held in the building which was a frame structure, with outside walls of drop-siding, ceiled inside, planed floors, and plenty of windows and doors. In 1898 John Lewis Cannon was the teacher of the school for the summer session while on his vacation from Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas.

Many years later he was to be back at the same site, serving from the pulpit as a member of the Little Rock Conference and as the Presiding Elder of the Texarkana District. Finally after his superannuation (about 1939) he made his home in Foreman, became an active member of the local Methodist Church and was happy to accept the invitation of the Methodist people of the Wallace community to preach for them on Sunday afternoon since they no longer had a regular minister.

In the early 1900's the directors of School District No. 1 saw fit to acquire land and relocate the community school at a place more centrally located to accommodate the main body of the people. This site was near the present day Wallace Baptist Church, whereas the Wallace Methodist Church location was the present site of the home of Mrs. Lloyd Butler and the late Mr. Butler.

Among the families attending the earliest Wallace Methodist Church were: John and Laney Moore and children, Malissa Taaffe and older children, Caroline Belt, the Rucker Mauldin family, the Zach Mauldin family, Blanton and Fronie Lowery and older children, Isaac and Pearl Beard, George and Almeda Anderson and family, "Grandpa" Murphy and his kin, the older daughters of Jim and Mary B. Taaffee (Mamie, Sadie, Eva) and many others with whose names I am not familiar. Among the ministers occupying the pulpit of this early church in its infancy were those by the name of Harrell, Bradford, Benson, and Rushing along with others.



Artie and Viola Moore, daughters of John and Laney Moore were members of the Wallace Methodist Church in the late 1890's.

4. REV. W. W. NELSON AND THE WALLACE CHURCH

The year 1907 came. The minister assigned to the Foreman charge of which Wallace had become a part was Reverend W. W. Nelson. Seeing the need for improvement and repair of the Wallace meeting house, he began an intensive campaign to raise funds for such a project. Money was scarce, especially for the church.

Brother Nelson prepared a request for assistance which he circulated among the business people of Foreman. As I fear the original copy of this request might not be legible from a copying machine, I am going to copy it in so far as I can decipher. The request ran thus:

"There is now being built at Wallace a Methodist Church worth when it is finished at least \$500 and as all the people in that community do their trading in Foreman we make this appeal to all merchants of the town and friends to assist in this worthy cause, to be paid to W. J. Mauldin."

The response to Brother Nelson's request follows:

Frank Hornér.	pd	50¢
Bridewell and Atkinson		40# nails
W. T. Young	pd	50¢
J. W. Hopson	Nails	1.00
N. A. LaGrone	Nails	1.00
G. T. Lollar	pd	25¢
? Briggs	pd	10¢
H. M. McIver	pd	1.00
H. M. Schoolfield	pd	50¢
Foreman Merc. Co.	Nails	2.00
? Williams	pd	25¢
J. E. Martin & Co.	pd	50¢
W. M. Gallaher	pd	50¢
S. Ranier	pd	50¢
Thos. Dollarhide	(lumber)	2.50
J. B. Clifton	pd	2.00
W. E. Gray & Co.	nails	1.00
Cash (totaling)	pd	1.00
S. B. Schoolfield	pd	1.00
D. S. Dollarhide	pd	50¢
N. A. George	pd	5.00
(Illegible)	pd	1.00

Aside from the nails and the lumber this appeal seems to have netted \$15.10.

One of the money making projects was a picnic. The supplies purchased for this outing are shown on this copy of the original list. I gather, after studying this record of Brother Nelson's, that the picnic must have brought in \$118.38 paying various bills with \$52.13 as net for bank deposit.

Proceeds from Picnic

Cash paid out	
J. H. Block Condy	\$ 2.40
R. W. Shockelford Lemons & Co	" 11.65
Martin & Dickens Ice	" 4.00
J. E. Martin & Co, Gum	" 2.25
Thos. H. Hilde Sugar	5.75
The Sun Dudes	1.00
McDonald work & hauling	2.00
Pop 18 cases 60 ct. Each	10.80
	<u>39.85</u>
<u>Paid note at Bank</u>	20.75
" Bridewell & Atkinson	5.65
Dep. in Bank	<u>52.13</u>
	<u>118.38</u>

Only one other source remained for funds to make the repairs. That was contributions from the men of the church and others who might join in. A subscription sheet was circulated with amounts opposite the names. The results as shown do not indicate too good a response within the church.

All the undersigned promise to pay amt. opposite their names before Mar. 20 1907 for the purpose of repairing Methodist Church at Wallace.

J. E. Cannon Paid	15 ⁰⁰
W. G. Mauldin	15 ⁰⁰
J. J. Taraffe Paid	10 ⁰⁰
J. H. Cartwright	1 ⁰⁰
L. B. Lowery Paid	5 ⁰⁰
W. M. Priest	5 ⁰⁰
E. J. Mouldin	4 ⁰⁰
J. R. Mouldin	5 ⁰⁰
L. A. Mauldin	5 ⁰⁰
W. A. Mouldin	5 ⁰⁰
J. K. Trague	2 ⁵⁰
W. A. Wagner	2 ⁰⁰
J. R. Allen Paid	2 ⁰⁰
John L. Lowery Paid	5 ⁰⁰
W. G. Anderson	4 ⁰⁰
L. N. Cannon Paid	2 ⁵⁰

J. L. Moore Paid	5 ⁰⁰
M. V. Lawrence Paid	5 ⁰⁰
Geo. H. Robertson Paid	2 ⁰⁰
J. T. Tarumill Paid	2 ⁰⁰
Uncle Joe Pickett Paid	1 ⁰⁰
S. M. Johnson	2 ⁵⁰
J. H. Calver	1 ⁵⁰
T. B. Cook Paid	5 ⁰⁰
Lee J. Jones	5 ⁰⁰
H. L. Serlerson	2 ⁵⁰
W. E. Mansworthy Paid	5 ⁰⁰
L. A. Mouldin	2 ⁰⁰
R. H. Murphy Paid	1 ⁰⁰
J. W. Brown Paid	53 ⁰⁰ 2 ⁰⁰

The Lumber was purchased from Arden Lumber Company. I am showing the statement of that account so that you may compare lumber prices of seventy-six years ago with present prices. Did you know that Arden, Arkansas once had a big sawmill and lumber business?

Arden Lumber Company,
Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in
Oak and Yellow Pine Lumber,

Our Order No. Arden, Arkansas, March 30, 1907.
Your Order No. Sold To W. W. Nelson,
Car No. Foreman, Ark.
Car Initial Shipped To
All Claims Must be Made Within 5 days after receipt of Shipment. At

PIECES	SIZE	LENGTH	DESCRIPTION	FEET	TOTAL FEET	PRICE	AMOUNT
	1x6		#1 Drop Sidg.		2150	20.00	43.00
	5/8x4		" Ceiling		584	18.00	10.51
	1x12		#1 S2S		410	18.00	7.32
8	1x6	12	" "	48			
45	"	14	" "	318			
3	2x8	12	" "	48	1411	16.00	6.57
	1x4		#1 Flooring		1650		32.00
							<u>100.40</u>
			Paid by check			54.00	
			By Mauldin subscription			46.00	
			By Company			.40	100.40

Paid
Arden Lumber Co
Per W. A. Eskew

PLEASE RETURN FREIGHT BILLS PROMPTLY.

The carpentry for the repairs was done by J. L. Barnett. His wage amounted to an even one hundred dollars. In examining old 1907 bank statements of the Wallace Methodist Church, I find that Mr. Barnett was paid at two weeks intervals. His carpentry wage seems to average out at about \$21.25 per week.

Two years after his work on the church, Mr. Barnett with my father as helper began building us a new house, the one Joseph and I now live in. It was new seventy-four years ago. Meaning no disparagement against the building ability of head carpenter Barnett or helper Ed Cannon there never seemed to be a square corner in the house. But it gave my parents plenty of space in which to entertain Methodist preachers as their guests and to rear a sizeable family of children.

Through April and into May of 1907 Reverend W. W. Nelson was attending some kind of school for ministers in Chicago, Illinois. His stay must have been of about six weeks duration. I am going to quote part of a letter written by him on April 8, 1907 to a member of his congregation.

"I am simply delighted here. I believe with all my heart that this is the greatest school on the face of God's earth. Bro., it is simply wonderful what they are doing here. There are about 500 students here now from all over the world. This whole city loves and honors this institution and the boys. We go out-- a certain number every night -- to jails, hospitals, missions, rooms right down in the worst part of the city. (Note carefully the next sentence to see what a queer combination of depravity Brother Nelson makes.) Lewd women are converted, old grey head drunkards, Catholics, all classes and kinds of people."

My grandfather, Joe Taaffe, had an orchard of fine peaches in the summer of 1907. At his invitation to come and can peaches, Brother Nelson and his wife came in their buggy and spent several days. Papa Taaffe and the preacher gathered the peaches (super quality Elbertas). Brother Nelson helped with peeling the fruit and getting it ready for canning. Mama Taaffe and Mrs. Nelson handled the final sequence. Papa Taaffe furnished the jars



Joe Taaffe and Malissa Taaffe

It was in their home that Rev. W. W. Nelson and his wife visited for a few days in the summer of 1907 and canned peaches. Malissa Taaffe was a Methodist. Joe was not.

and sugar. The result was that the Nelsons returned to the parsonage in Foreman with a buggy load of peaches in jars.

Ed and Fannie Cannon were very happy that Brother Nelson pushed the work of repairing the church. Now they had a suitable house in which to worship with their children. There was one other event of the year 1907 which brought them happiness. A fourth member was added to their family on October eleventh.

They gave her the name Mary Zerelda for her grandmother Mary Cannon and her great grandmother Zerelda Turrentine. Then her father evidently put together the first part of each name and called her Mazie. If all should go well with this new Cannon and her mother, within a few weeks there would be an additional member in the Cannon pew at the Wallace Methodist Church. And most likely before Christmas there would be a family christening, except my parents said, "have the baby baptized." And if all went well with the child's mental development she should begin storing facts in her mind by the time she was five or six years old that might stay with her for the next seventy years.



George Bell and Della Beck Bell were members of the Wallace Methodist congregation in the very early 1900's.

5. THE WALLACE CHURCH WITH REV. LUTHER BEASLEY

What I have to recount from the year 1913 and thereafter about my childhood church connection will be largely of my recall. What I have forgotten will just have to be lost. There is no one to recall it for me. The Methodist ministers to fill in the gap until 1913 included Archelaus Turrentine II in 1908 followed by W. W. Mills, Ben Few, and Edgar Seay.

The first minister of whom I have definite and clear recollection was Reverend Luther Beasley. He was our pastor at Wallace Methodist Church in 1913. He was a young man and a fine preacher. We liked him very much. As with all the other pastors who served our church he was a frequent and welcomed visitor in our home.

During the tenure of Brother Beasley as our pastor at Wallace there transpired a happening in the church which was completely shocking at the time. In the years since, seventy of them, the shock long since has turned to amusement as we keep the story alive by repeating it to younger members of our family. I am going to recount it to you as it fits in with my title. In this case he, in the pulpit, had to straighten out his occupants of the pews. Because of the uniqueness of this affair, I shall present it under a special heading. I doubt a similar one to have existed in the history of Methodist churches.

Bro. Beasley's Goose Episode

During the period of 1911-1912-1913 many of the families of the Wallace community kept geese. A few of these birds in a cotton patch were equivalent to a good hoe hand. In addition, their feathers were plucked or "picked" twice a year, usually, for making beds, pillows, cushions and

the like.

Mrs. Malissa Taaffe, wishing to improve her strain of geese, purchased a nice starting stock of the heavy French breed, "Toulouse." With her flock faring well and eggs promised to many neighbor women so they could get a staff of toulouse, her geese failed one evening to show up at the usual feeding time. A night and day passed with no geese reporting in. Knowing the habits and nature of her fowls, Mama Taaffe started out to find her geese. She knew that if they were penned up anywhere near she would be able to hear their squawking.

Now there lived a "neighbor" about a mile away, a certain Mrs. X, who was hard for the other women of the neighborhood to get along with for various and sundry reasons. As Malissa Taaffe approached the home of Mrs. X she heard a great medley of goose voices emanating from the barnyard of Mrs. X. Mrs. Taaffe knew she had located her geese. When she approached them, they looked quite different than their appearance two days earlier when they left home. Each had a daub of red paint atop its head, and each had the feathers of one wing clipped. When asked to release the birds, Mrs. X refused saying they were hers. Mama Taaffe opened the gate and with a rush and a clatter the geese broke for freedom. They followed their owner home.

The following Sunday Brother Beasley held his regular afternoon service at the Wallace Methodist Church. Mrs. X occupied a prominent bench. At the close of the sermon Mrs. X rose in her place and announced to the pastor and assemblage that she had a complaint to make against a member. Brother Beasley granted her the floor. Then the audience was dumbfounded. Mrs. X wished to bring charges against Mrs. Taaffe and have her name removed from the church membership roll for stealing her geese.

It so happened that Grandmother Taaffe was not present at the

service. As evidence of the theft, Mrs. X reported that Mrs. Taaffe had come to her home, opened her gate, and taken her geese away, not allowing them to return to her barnyard. As proof of her ownership of the geese she cited the fact that every one of them had red paint on its head placed there by her for identification purposes, and each had a wing clipped to prevent it from flying away from its home enclosure. Having presented her case she sat down.

For a moment Brother Beasley appeared at a loss for words as a murmur of disapproval seemed to spread over the congregation. The pastor had to make a reply to the charge. He suggested that Mrs. X permit him time to see Mrs. Taaffe in the hope of resolving the issue without a church trial. I never learned what passed between the preacher and the accused on his interview with her. Nor did I ever hear what transpired between him and Mrs. X. But the Wallace Methodist congregation was spared a church trial. Mrs. X made no further claim to the geese, and in due time a number of the community's women had Toulouse goslings in their yards paddling in the water while their foster mothers (chicken hens) protested their actions.

(End of Goose Episode)

6. WALLACE METHODISM WITH REV. R. G. ROWLAND

Following Brother Beasley our minister was Reverend R. G. Rowland. I recall the Rowlands quite well. Mrs. Rowland was a frail and lovely woman. Bro. Rowland was a devout and effective pastor and a diligent worker. The daughter, Bessie, near the age of my older sisters was a sweet, kind girl. There were Rowland sons of an earlier marriage but I did not have occasion to know them except by name.

When Brother Rowland came to Foreman, with a second church at Wallace to serve, he was handicapped by the lack of transportation. Through some sort of transaction a black man, Will White, farming near my father had become indebted to him. Being unable to pay in money he had asked "Mr. Ed" to take his two near used-up work ponies for the debt. Papa took the ponies with no idea what to do with them except give them something to eat. Becoming aware of the preacher's problem, he offered Bro. Rowland his choice of the ponies if he thought he could use one. Bro. Rowland made his selection; papa took him some hay and corn and with care and feed the animal's bones began to be hidden by flesh. In a short while the pony was stepping out with the preacher's buggy in a quite lively manner.

Brother Rowland's first year became a very important one for me. A new school building had been erected in Foreman except that the school was R. C. H. S., Rocky Comfort High School, when it opened in October, 1914. I started on my formal education that year, nearly seven years old and quite able to walk the three miles to school. Before the year was out, Brother Rowland in one of his church services at Wallace "opened the doors of the church." Why not?, I reasoned. Since I was old enough to go to school, I must be old enough to join the church. So I rose from my place by my mother and marched over to accept the preacher's invitation to give my life to God

and become a member of the Methodist Church. Seeing my movement, my father met me from the opposite side of the church. I could see pride and approval in his eyes. He sat on the front bench of the middle tier and took me on his lap. As I repeated the vows I had such a sure feeling that I was becoming a member of the greatest organization on earth. I still have very much that same feeling.

One of the stand-out events in my childhood memory of the years connected with our attendance at the Wallace church was the "protracted meetings." Brother Rowland enjoyed working in them. It was an annual affair of the summer, usually planned for a week, but often prolonged for two. The local pastor would invite a visiting minister to handle the sermons for the series of services. The plan consistently followed was a morning service throughout the period at eleven o'clock, due to terminate by mid-day. The daily evening service usually began at seven o'clock. The morning services as a rule were not as well attended as those of the evening. Such was understandable since many of the mothers had to use that part of the day in their homes in order to be able to have things in readiness to attend church at night.

Most of the men of the church were farmers. But the revival services usually were not scheduled until most of the farming was "laid by," the slack period. Such was not true with Brother Cannon. My father farmed all his life (died in a freshly plowed furrow with the plow lines over his shoulder) but he never laid by. There was always some summer plowing that needed to be done. Before daylight papa would have had his breakfast. As he ate, mama would fix his lunch. He would have fed his mules by lantern light as mama fired-up the wood cook-stove to prepare breakfast. By the show of the first streaks of dawn, Ed Cannon was in his wagon and headed south the two miles to his farm on Walnut Bayou. We could hear him singing as he

went his way.

He would be carrying a little bundle in which was a fresh shirt and his "Sunday shoes." Working steadily at his plowing until about ten o'clock, which he gauged by the sun, he would place his mules in the shade, give them their noon feed, hurriedly change to the fresh shirt, don his lighter shoes, and set off a-foot for the eleven o'clock service at Wallace, eating his lunch as he walked. The two mile hike was a simple thing for him. He was tall, moved briskly, and his long stride got him "to the church on time." Spiritually refreshed from his worship and physically rested by the hour in the church, he returned to his plowing getting in a few more hours of work before returning home.

Mother, with the help of the children, would have all the work done when papa got home. The cows would have been milked, the hogs and chickens fed, wood brought in for the breakfast cooking, feed placed in the trough for the mules, and supper on the table for the family. The church clothes would be laid out for everybody. Following such a fast-paced day mama was likely to say, "Ed, don't you think you are sort of overdoing it?" But his love of the Methodist Church and a desire to worship God were too deeply ingrained in his life for him to do otherwise.

With supper eaten, dishes washed, personal cleaning up done, church clothes put on, the girls' hair freshly combed with hair ribbons attached, the big boy taking care of himself, and mama and the big girls taking care of the little boy and the baby (by 1913 there were six of us, three boys and three girls), we soon were ready to go to church.

With perhaps two hours to roll, drink fresh water, eat, and rest the mules were harnessed again, hitched to the wagon, and our transportation was ready. There was never any indication that the two faithful, gentle work mules objected to doing double service for us. They worked for our temporal

welfare during the day and to further our spiritual well being at night. We owed a lot to old Job and Jerry.

The church was about one mile from our home and we traveled mainly over a one way dirt road along a country lane. Mama had a heavy handpieced comforter quilt which was known throughout my childhood as the "pallet quilt." It was placed in the rear of the wagon bed with various cushions. That arrangement was for the return trip. We had only one spring-seat in the wagon. With father, mother, Joseph, and Baby Robert in the spring-seat, and George, Delia, Malissa, and me on a board across the wagon bed we set out to church.

Arrived at the meeting house papa would drive his team up alongside the window inside which was located the pew (bench) accepted as that of "Miss Fannie" and her children. Dropping the breast-yoke and unhooking the traces he led the team aside and tied it to a tree. If the weather were too miserably hot, mama might sit in the wagon with the two youngest children. She would be directly across from the pulpit and able to hear and see the minister. If I chose to stay in the wagon the older three would be just inside the window.

In the seating arrangement, a strange custom prevailed. The women and children sat on one side of the house and the men sat on the other. Unless it was a young couple they seldom sat together. The women with small children often spread a quilt on the floor so their little ones could lie down.

Do you relate to a palmetto fan? The main way of trying to keep cool on those late July or August nights was through use of this type of fan. Of course some of the ladies had the more elegant folding fans. The source of light was kerosene wall lamps with bright reflectors behind the globes. Directly above the pulpit was a hanging kerosene lamp. There were no screens on the windows and flying bugs in great numbers were attracted to the lights. Some of the biggest beetles I ever saw made their way to the night services

of these protracted meetings. If one dropped on the preacher's collar, he calmly flicked it off and continued his exhortation to the listeners.

Some wonderful sermons were delivered to the rural people in these revivals. From miles around they came, not just Methodists but of all the religious affiliations there about. It was a great thing for the community, this extended period of worship. There was some great singing. There were testimonial meetings when people shared their religious experiences. Of course, those times when the minister "opened the doors of the church" for them who desired to dedicate their lives to God by way of the Methodist Church were perhaps the most stirring times emotionally. It cannot be questioned but that there was a strong tie between one's emotions and the dedication of his life to serving God. Such a tie was strong in early Methodism.

Did you ever hear of "Shouting Methodists"? If your background is deeply rooted in the Methodist Church you have heard of them. Did you ever see "Shouting Methodism" in action? "Shouting" was just as much a part of pioneer Methodism as was fried chicken in the circuit rider's diet. In referring to religious shouting I am not talking about something loud, raucous, or undignified. The word shouting, itself, doesn't quite fit in with the exhibition in my childhood of this emotional display. It was stirring and beautiful, perhaps because my father and my Grandmother Cannon were involved.

Under the stirring persuasion of a dedicated minister that his listeners give their lives to God, it seemed that some of them who already felt such closeness could not contain their feelings. At that point in the revival, when I was seven or eight years old, Ed Cannon became a "Shouting Methodist". Rising to his feet, softly clapping his hands, he launched into song. Others joined in, on his song or some other. Soon, most of the dedicated adults were moving among the congregation, shaking hands, urging their

acquaintances, friends, even family members to come to Christ.

My father, as I recall, spontaneously began "I Am Bound for the Promised Land." The words which he sang went like this:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

I am bound for the Promised Land,
I am bound for the Promised Land.
Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the Promised Land."

In the simple religious interpretation of that song, the connotation of the River Jordan and the Land of Canaan were of a barrier which when crossed would place the traveler in that "Heavenly Land" promised to the faithful. What a far cry such connotation to my father of these two places was from the reality of political expediency today where war is a way of life. Presently, more fitting would be the words:

On Jordan's war torn banks they stand
And cast a baleful eye,
Toward Canaan's poor beleaguere^d land,
Where further conquests lie.

Although a little girl, as I saw my father move slowly along the aisles, shaking hands and singing, "Oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the Promised Land," I had to believe that such was true. He was bound for the Promised Land. And when he came by to embrace his family, my childhood feeling was that his family would go with him.

With the stirring events of a great Methodist service concluded, it was time to go home. Our parents saw that all were in the wagon where most of us collapsed on the quilt for such a contingency. We were asleep by the time the team was hitched to the wagon. The grind of the wheels on the rocks awakened us and we discussed the stars. I wondered how papa managed to keep his mules in the road since it was dark. He explained to me that he

only held the lines, the mules knew the way and would take us home. In my childish simplicity I thought I had found a connection here with what the preacher was trying to tell us. According to him, the Bible pointed the way. So if I showed as much sense as Job and Jerry and followed the way I would go home.

7. ALL-DAY SERVICE WITH DINNER ON THE GROUND

In connection with Sunday School and the worship service at our country church an annual practice was the addition of a special singing service for the afternoon. The total of the activities filled the entire Sunday with the famous "dinner on the ground" included at noontime. The entire community was drawn into this great occasion. The grounds would have been well cleared of trash for it was in the shade of the big old trees that the white tablecloths would be spread, and tremendous amounts of food distributed thereon.

Most of the women in attendance brought ample amounts of food, plenty for their own family and some to share with others. It was well that there was an over supply because the only blot on the occasion would be the very few who brought empty boxes but carried away well filled ones.

Looking back on the all day service with dinner on the ground I find it hard to believe that mother, with our help, prepared and carried to the Wallace church as much food as she did. At my very earliest memory there was among our family possessions a small metal trunk with a tray and a curved top. It was in this trunk that the food for the dinner on the ground was packed for transportation in the wagon.

I do not think I would be exaggerating to say there was near half a bushel of fried chicken, three big fryers would about make it. There would be a whole baked ham. I'm not talking about picnic or small pig hams. I refer to a hog-ham, cured in our own smokehouse. Potato salad was a popular number with a big platter of stuffed eggs. There would be a jar of deliciously crisp sweet cucumber pickles. The aroma of those loaves of home cooked bread made with "starter" yeast literally made the mouth water.

To us, one of mama's best cakes was a white layer job with thick

white icing and a generous sprinkling of shredded cocoanut. Knowing how much we like it, she expected others to do the same. Such turned out to be the case since none ever remained to be carried back home. The tray of the trunk held the pies. "Half-moon" dried fruit pies were a well received item and one for which we had our home processed filling, dried peaches and apples. The plate pies had to be those that would be easy for us to handle, no meringues - too messy. So it would be egg custard pie, sweet potato pie, and cushaw pie. I hope you are acquainted with cushaws.

With generous amounts furnished by so many families there was plenty of food for everybody. The behavior of those attending such affairs was always exemplary with no boisterous or rough talk. Children were well behaved and waited for the ladies to hand them whatever they wanted. Truly it was a time of great fellowship.

While the women and girls removed the remnants of food and cleared the ground, the men returned to the church to begin their singing, joined shortly by the women and children. For the church worship service the Methodist Hymnal was used but for the "singings" there were special song books individually owned and designed to accommodate various parts singing. The song leader during most of my period of recall was Mr. Henry Miller. He was good. My first time to see a tuning fork used was when Mr. Miller used his to get the tune pitched right. There were some fine parts singers in the group. The very most outstanding one was Mr. Ernest Mauldin who could handle the bass in a manner superior to any other. I always liked it when they chose to sing "The Church in the Wildwood." When Mr. Mauldin hit his deep, deep, bass on, "Oh, Come, come come, to the church in the Wildwood", I thought it was wonderful. There were some fine alto voices among the young ladies, Flora Cartwright and Freddie Bell among the best. There were

good tenors but in the main there were just singing voices of men, women and children doing something that made them happy. It was a great day for the minister to see the cooperation and fellowship of the people of many religious groups in making so fine an occasion.

8. QUARTERLY CONFERENCE - REV. J. L. CANNON, PRESIDING ELDER

It was the practice during the time when the Wallace Methodist Church was a part of the Foreman Circuit to have one of the Quarterly Conferences at Wallace. Usually, it was the last one of the year. At one such time the Wallace church was acting as host to the Conference with the stewards of the Foreman church in attendance. The Presiding Elder of the Texarkana District holding the Conference was J. L. Cannon who lived in Texarkana. Following the afternoon conference session Brother Cannon was to preach at the evening service.

As was to be expected, there was good attendance at the service. Most of the people who were native to the area knew J. L. Cannon from earlier days, some having gone to school to him in the closing years of the 1800's. A good representation came from the Foreman church. There was no question but that Brother Cannon would have a fine gospel message. We always enjoyed Uncle Lewis' sermons, even his conversation in our home, because he had such a wealth of background experience to lighten the serious moments of his discourse. In other words he had quite appropriate stories to toss into his sermons. I liked this one.

Brother Cannon was present at a testimonial meeting in his early ministry. An old fellow was testifying concerning his conversion. He had been struggling within himself for days. There was an inner compulsion that he give his life to God. Finally, the inner turmoil became more than he could withstand. He was working in his field at the time he decided to have a showdown with the Lord. He knelt by a peach tree and grasping the tree with both hands he "rassled" with the Lord. He prayed and he prayed, and he "biled" and he "biled," and the Lord skimmed him off. Things were not right. Again he prayed and he prayed and he "biled" and he "biled";

and the Lord skimmed him off. Once more he prayed and he "biled" and he "biled." And once more the Lord skimmed him off, "Until, brethren, I thought I was going to turn to 'skimmins'." At that point Uncle Lewis threw back his head with a great outburst of laughter and the story was over.

You will not be able to appreciate this story unless you have a knowledge of the old sorghum mill where molasses was made. With the cane juice in the boiling pan and a fire in the furnace underneath, the juice was boiled and boiled and the dross was skimmed off. The partially cooked syrup was passed into a second vat where the boiling continued and the skimming of foam was repeated. Into a third vat the more nearly finished product passed where the boiling and skimming continued until a syrup of the desired consistency was reached. And sure enough, if the raw product were inferior cane, most of the juice had turned to "skimmins" when the "bilin" was finished.

On the occasion of his sermon following the Quarterly Conference, Reverend J. L. Cannon created a terrific doctrinal clash in Wallace. Toward the end of his sermon he had worked into the topic of Baptism and its meaning in the life of the Christian. He stated that for physical baptism different people required varying amounts of water. But he struck a disputed point when he declared, "For some people it takes a barrel full of water. It took a thimbleful for me and I got it when I was a baby." Such a statement for him to make before the Baptists and Christians in his audience! (I refer to the members of the Christian Church, called ^bCampellites at that time and place.)

After the service Mr. Ab Scott, a stern Baptist and a long time acquaintance, told Bro. Cannon how much he enjoyed his sermon but that he disagreed with him on some points. Patting him on the shoulder, Lewis Cannon told him that was just fine, that men were not meant to agree. Since

Mr. Scott could not arouse an argument with the Methodists, the Baptist leaders and those of the Christian Church found points on which to differ as a result of Rev. Cannon's sermon. So a tremendous debate was arranged between the two on points of doctrine. A well known Baptist minister of Texarkana, Dr. D. N. Jackson, represented his denomination while an Elder Harris "carried the ball" for the Christians. Oh, it was such an entertaining affair. The people could scarcely talk of anything else. The use of the Methodist meeting house was permitted for some of the sessions since the Christian congregation had no building. I suppose the exercise in polemics may have been good for the community. At least for the time being it aroused great denominational zeal.

9. THE WALLACE CONGREGATIONS

There were many consecrated Methodist families who attended Sunday School and church at Wallace. Through all the years of my attendance, Ed Cannon was superintendent of the Sunday School. Others of the dedicated men and women were faithful teachers. Many who attended regularly were not of the Methodist faith. They came because there was no service at their church or perhaps no church. They came because they desired to worship wherever the opportunity offered. I am going to name some of those who occupied the pews of the Wallace church during the period of my childhood attendance. Not many of them remain. Few will be remembered by those who read my list. But memory of them is very clear to me.

Blanton Lowery
 Fronie Lowery
 Will Lowery
 Josie Lowery
 Arthur Mauldin
 Ab Mauldin
 Lucy Mauldin
 Mary Mauldin Stuart
 Catherine Clevenger
 Jeff Cartwright
 Laura Cartwright
 Nellie Cartwright
 Flora Cartwright
 Buck Cartwright
 Frank Miller
 Mrs. Frank Miller
 Henry Miller
 Florence Miller
 Martha Miller
 Riley Miller
 Kenneth Miller
 John Miller
 Ashland Richardson
 Vicie Richardson
 Jesse Richardson
 Willie Richardson
 David Richardson
 Martin Priest
 Gus Priest
 Maud Priest

Owen Lowery
 Lummie Lowery
 Rob Lowery
 John Lowery
 Bob Priest
 Jessie Priest
 Ab Stuart
 Lena Stuart
 Henry Coleman
 Monroe Coleman
 Ellen Coleman
 Walter Thomas
 Tina Thomas
 Caroline Belt
 Malissa Taaffe
 Ed Cannon
 Fannie Cannon
 George E. Cannon
 Delia Cannon
 Malissa Cannon
 Joseph Cannon
 Robert Cannon
 Hallie White
 Phene White
 Clara Dell White
 Carson Fawcett
 Daisy Fawcett
 Claud Day
 Sallie Day
 D. Gray

Everett Lowery
 Forest Lowery
 Ernest Mauldin
 Lummie Mauldin
 Mrs. D. Gray
 Roy McMahan
 Mrs. Roy McMahan
 Hubert Gray
 Hazel Gray Murphy
 Edd Murphy
 Joe Sellers
 Ida May Sellers
 Arthur Bell
 Pharo Bell
 Freddie Bell
 Tom Fowler
 Fay Humphrey
 Will Calicott
 Fred Calicott
 Charlie Thomas
 Stell Thomas
 Wiley Lewis
 Maybud Lewis
 Willie Butler
 Dora Butler
 Ras Murphy
 Florence Murphy
 Will Hampton
 Ivy Johnson
 Otis Johnson

Nora Mason
 Lou Humphrey
 Will Humphrey
 Pearl Mason
 Tommie Walker
 Henry Shelton
 Annis Shelton

"Aunt Helen" McCandless
 "Uncle Si" Clark
 "Grandma" Ida White
 Ethel Mauldin
 Luther Mauldin
 Ras Priest
 Finos Fox

I think the oldest person whom I remember to have attended church at Wallace was "Grandpa" Cleghorn. He didn't come regularly because of the distance but he was such a dedicated man. He was the father of Mrs. Ella Patton, grandfather of Mrs. Hallie Anderson, and great grandfather of Edna Louise Reid. Any time Brother Cleghorn was in a pew there was a stand-in for the preacher should he become incapacitated in the pulpit. I don't know the exact status of this venerable old man in reference to the church regulations. I believe he was an exhorter. How he loved to talk of God and to God! His prayers were a pretty good sermon both in substance and in length. He was the fulfillment of my idea of an Old Testament Patriarch, truly a godly man.

For Edna Louise Reid, especially, I am going to tell this story about her great grandfather Cleghorn. The story came from Mr. Edd Murphy, father of Dale Murphy. Edd, on the verge of mature manhood, was spending some time with the Cleghorn boys, Joe Cleghorn being one of them. Joe and Edd were trying to plow a patch of stumpy new ground. It was very difficult to manage the plow. Holding as firmly as possible the plow could not be controlled when it hit a stump. Now this is the manner in which Mr. Edd expressed it in later years. "The plow would hit a stump and the plow handle would hit us in the gut on one side, and we would 'cuss'. The plow would hit another stump and the handle would hit us in the gut on the other side, and we would 'cuss'." Finally the father heard the carrying on of Joe and his

friend. He came out and halted the work. In his gentle voice he said, "Now boys, you are doing wrong. You are blaspheming God, and you know that is wrong." Presenting their problem, Joe asked, "Well, what would you do?" The father said, "Let me try it."

The plow lines were relinquished to him and the young men stood back to see how he would plow new ground free of blasphemy. Within seconds the plow hit a stump. The handle jerked from his hand and struck him in the midsection. With an audible grunt he said, "Now that sure is aggervatin." Shortly the plow hit another stump and the handle struck him quite sharply. His reaction was the same, "This sure is aggervatin." After the third blow he turned the plow back to his boy with the remark, "Boys, it sure is aggervatin." So this man of God practiced what he preached, "No blasphemy." Brother Cleghorn, born in 1842, died in 1930 at the age of eighty-eight.

10. REV. W. W. CHRISTIE ENDS AN ERA; REV. Z. D. LINDSAY OPENS ONE

Another minister of the Foreman Circuit who served the Wallace church, loved and respected by both his congregations, was dear Brother W. W. Christie. He was a source of great comfort to our family in its first great loss, the death of the oldest daughter, Delia, in 1918. Brother Christie's ministry in the Wallace Methodist Church marked the end of an era for the Ed Cannon family. We had to advance from the mule and wagon, horse and buggy days. We became a family with an automobile, and moved our church membership to Foreman's Methodist Church where we were accepted by the larger congregation and put willingly to work.

Reverend Z. D. Lindsay was the pastor at the time of our move in 1919. He was not a young man but he knew the program of the church and was completely dedicated to preaching the word of God. From the very outset of our affiliation with the church in Foreman, I was interested in some particular long-time pew occupants. Jesse L. DeLony, a legend in the Little Rock Conference for his loyalty and support of everything connected with Methodism, was an unusual person. He worshiped asleep most of the time. Anyone who ever attended church with Mr. DeLony could attest to that. His young son, Thomas, sat at his side always, and played with his daddy's ear during most of the service. A sudden rise in the pastor's voice usually brought Mr. DeLony to a temporary wakefulness for the utterance of his trademark, a lusty, "Amen."

I think it was Reverend Lindsay who undertook a little jest at Bro. DeLony's expense by making a remark about a preacher whose message was so dull that it put the congregation to sleep. Contrary to expectation, Mr. DeLony chose to wake at that stage with a forceful, "Amen." The resulting ripple of laughter was at the expense of the preacher whose joke had

back-fired.

To illustrate a point in one of his sermons Brother Lindsay called for a boy to volunteer from the congregation. By prearrangement, I am sure, Thomas DeLony quickly responded and hurried to the pulpit. The demonstration was to show how the bonds of sin could so engulf a person that he might not be able to break free of them. Equipped with a spool of sewing thread he began to encircle Thomas, explaining that each encirclement indicated a bond of sin. Whether the victim could break the bonds thus freeing himself of sin depended entirely upon the spiritual strength of the individual. With all the thread from the spool wrapped around the boy, the time was at hand for the test. Could he break his bonds and free himself of sin? At the given signal Thomas flexed his arms and broke every strand of the thread. Pleased with the result, the minister had made his point. Had Thomas been unable to break the thread, the point still would have been made.

11. REV. W. A. STEEL IS ASSIGNED TO FOREMAN IN 1920

In 1920 there was assigned to Foreman a kinsman, a son of the early circuit rider T. G. T. Steel, previously discussed. It was none other than W. A. Steel, he for whom the seven Cannon boys had named their fried bread back in old Gravelly Point, Sevier County, "Will Steels." It was the first time Ed Cannon's children had seen Cousin Will Steel. He was tall, slender, white haired, a gentle and kindly man. Having been admitted to the Little Rock Conference in 1881 he had a goodly number of years in the service of Methodist pulpits to his credit by 1920, thirty-nine to be exact. His years notwithstanding, he still could stir a congregation with his Steel-Turrentine eloquence.

Cousin Will, as papa called our minister aside from official church relations, and his wife, Cousin Emma, visited us very often. They had a standing invitation. True to a tradition concerning Methodist preachers, he had a special liking for fried chicken. Knowing of this food-fondness, mama made it a point to serve fried chicken when the Steels were guests.

Now, I do not know whether fried chicken is still a favorite food of Methodist ministers. I have not helped prepare a meal for one in half a century. But I would like to know how it came about in years gone by that there was such a strong connection between Methodist preachers and fried chicken. In fact, I would enjoy the findings of a research group making a thorough study of "How Fried Chicken Became of Dietary Importance to Methodist Preachers."

The only plausible explanation I am able to arrive at is that it all started with the pioneer Circuit Rider. Traveling on horseback for miles through unsettled wilderness, he finally came upon a cabin in a

clearing where a kindly family was establishing itself. He, eager to find a place to rest and perhaps get food, and they, eager to hear the message he brought, made a happy combination. While the husband and the preacher talked and the children listened, the good housewife dashed out into the yard, grabbed one of her frying sized chickens, and within an hour had a platter of tasty fried chicken to set before their guest for his enjoyment.

The only alternatives to killing the chicken would have been to butcher the milk cow or go into the woods in search of game. Neither would have been feasible. Hence fried chicken became a popular meat for pioneer itinerants. The idea caught on. Now I have indulged in enough foolishness, so I return to the pulpit and the pew.

12. REV. JOHN C. GLENN AND FOREMAN METHODISM

The Annual Conference of 1921 assigned to Foreman a man quite different from anyone who had occupied their pulpit in many years. He was Reverend John Calhoun Glenn, fresh out of Alabama, with a wife and two young sons. It was a lovely family. Bro. Glenn was tall, well built, handsome, with dark curly hair, and blue eyes. His fine speaking voice was most definitely identifiable as of the deep south. My description of him is through the eyes of a fourteen year old girl. Most important of all was his complete consecration to his ministry. Mrs. Glenn was of medium height, a lovely blonde, with a rich Alabama voice and a strong desire to make good as a pastor's wife on what, apparently, was J. C. Glenn's first charge.

Within a very few Sundays a difference could be detected in the attendance at church services. The new pastor was all over town, in and out of business houses, meeting people on the street, identifying himself to them and inviting them to church. His sermons were well prepared and eloquently and forcefully delivered. As it turned out, before the year was over he had ruined his voice. He strained his vocal cords and his eloquence turned to a hoarse rasp. Too bad!

Brother Glenn attacked vice as he saw it wherever he found it. Many things accepted now, he presented as workings of satan. One of those things was dancing which he condemned strongly with a special full evening sermon.

With John C. Glenn in the pulpit all pews were filled. Chairs were brought up from the basement for extra seating. The Sunday School increased tremendously in attendance. Right frequently this vigorous young man treated the Sunday School audience to something special. We enjoyed it thoroughly when in his fine strong southern voice he sang,

"Pharoh's Army Got Drowned." Do you know it?

"Oh, Sister Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn.
 Oh, Sister Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn.
 Pharoh's army got drowned
 Oh, Mary, don't you mourn."

Brother Glenn arranged a study course for those of the church who would participate. It was a project sponsored by the Conference. I think the name of the text was Methodism in the Making. Of course I took it along with the grown-ups and near grown-up. We had an instructor who gave us a pretty thorough work-out. There was to be a written examination at the completion of the course. Papers would be sent to the Committee on Evangelism for checking. This same group had prepared the test. I took the whole thing very seriously as certificates were to be issued to those who passed the exam. I studied, and knew I had done well when I handed in my paper. In due time presentation of the certificates was made at a church service. To my great disappointment I received a note from the committee to the effect that I did well on the examination but certificates were issued only to those fifteen years of age and older. I was only fourteen, a high school freshman. I wanted to weep; I didn't. I had not known of the age restriction; but I enjoyed the study course.

The years of the early 1920's were a pretty rough period. Morals seemed at a low ebb. I suppose part of it could be attributed to the reaction and readjustment from the close of World War I. At any rate, the duly authorized law enforcement officials seemed lax in some areas. So the Ku Klux Klan organization was revived. Brother Glenn was a recruiter for the state wide organization. They fielded a candidate for the office of Governor of Arkansas. I am not making this up about Brother Glenn, nor am I stating it as something detrimental to his service as a minister. I happen to know. He recruited the men in my family with his strong point of

persuasion being that some of the Cannon preachers of the Conference were members of the Klan. At any rate, Little River County had a strong organization which functioned successfully but very briefly. The head of the Klan was one of the leading citizens of Little River County.

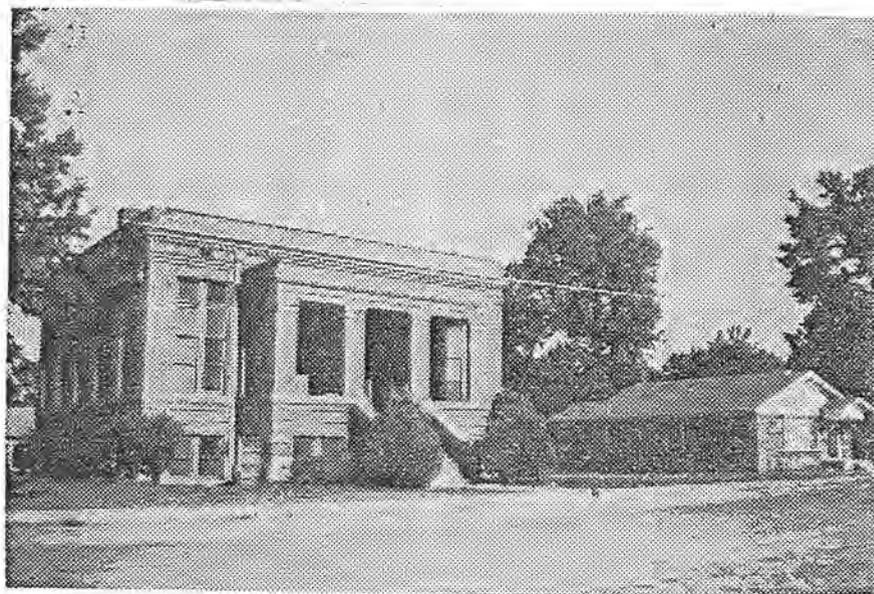
At the worship service of the Foreman Methodist Church one evening in late autumn Brother Glenn had preached a fine sermon to a crowded congregation. He had made his closing remarks and the benediction seemed imminent. The minister raised his eyes and looked toward the doors. A strange hush fell over the audience. I was sitting with my family near the front in the south tier of pews. As far as I knew none of us looked back. In seconds the tread of steps could be heard and six klansmen in full regalia were approaching the chancel, three advancing along each aisle. They turned and met in front of the pulpit. One of their number handed the minister an envelope. Then, having said nothing, they turned and strode quietly from the church.

Of course there was no fear in the audience but it was likely something none of them had ever before witnessed. It was as if the people had all been holding their breath and all expelled it at the same time, so audible was the sound. Brother Glenn opened the envelope and announced a generous donation to the church. That same night a similar visit was made to the Methodist Church in Ashdown. No other denominations in the county were visited, likely because their pastors did not choose to permit it.

At school the next day one of the main topics was the visit of the robed Klansmen to the Methodist Church. Great were the conjectures as to whom the men were. One enterprising youngster, L. J. Atkinson, announced the identity of one, a steward of the church, whom L. J. insisted he knew by his shoes. My father was not one of them because he was sitting with his family. I really can't say where my big brother was. He was not in

his usual place for the church service.

Brother John C. Glenn did such a wonderful work in the Foreman Methodist Church. It grew in numbers and influence. It was sad that before his year ended help had to come to hold the services. I never did learn after the Glenns left whether the damage to his vocal cords ever was overcome. As I grew older I never knew what became of this man of such brilliant prospects.



The First Methodist Church of Foreman was erected in 1917 and removed in 1975.

13. MINISTERS RULE, ROGERS, CLARK, LEONARD SERVE IN SUCCESSION

Reverend E. C. Rule who followed Brother Glenn was a very different type from his predecessor. He seemed extremely well schooled, was soft spoken, and meticulous in his grooming. In his approach to people he was very retiring. His sermons held great substance and the services were well attended.

One Sunday morning as Brother Rule was delivering his sermon I just chanced to let my glance wander ever so slightly to the side. In that brief moment I saw a once in a lifetime happening. Such a dear lady of the membership sitting with her husband, a steward of the church, happened to raise her hand maybe to adjust her glasses or for some other reason. In so doing she touched a feather on her hat. As quick as a wink she jerked her hat off, turned it around, and set it back on her head, never glancing away from the minister. Evidently she had her hat on backward. If I had kept my eyes on the speaker in the pulpit, I would not have observed the little incident.

Reverend J. D. Rogers and his wife appealed to the Foreman congregation. The young people of the church loved them. He was a good pastor, and both were delightful people. We greatly enjoyed them in our home. One thing that endeared them to many in the church was that during their stay they adopted a lovely baby girl. She was about thirteen months old. The happiness of this dear man over the child in his home actually lighted up his countenance as he delivered his messages. As J. D. Rogers from the pulpit turned his head to look at Mrs. Rogers and this beautiful child, it was not hard to understand that the little one had become a shining light in his life.

Brother Clark was assigned the pastorate of Foreman in 1924.

From his first arrival in our church he did not appear to be a happy man. There were, I believe, four children, the oldest being a daughter nearing the completion of high school. Dear Mrs. Clark realized that he was a sick man and from later developments it seemed that she had prepared her close neighbor, Fred Gantt, a member of the Board of Stewards, for what might happen.

One night, in response to a call for help from Mrs. Clark, Fred hurried over to the parsonage to find Brother Clark standing in his back door firing his gun promiscuously. He was shooting Baptists. It was so strange that mental illness should take such a turn. It was necessary that Mrs. Clark have her husband hospitalized. She remained in Foreman, continuing to live in the parsonage until the close of school. Then she moved away.

A supply minister, Reverend Fletcher Cannon, was sent to finish out the year assigned to Brother Clark.

The last pastor of the Foreman Methodist Church with whom I had contacts was Rev. J. L. Leonard, and his family. Brother Leonard attended the duties of his pastorate with wholehearted zeal and efficiency. He worked with the Boy Scouts Organization, enjoying his fellowship with these youngsters. He was an ardent fisherman which gave him good contacts with men of similar interests in his church or not in his church.

During the period of Brother Leonard's pastorate, at least three years, there was among the young people of the church a very active Epworth League which met on Sunday evening just prior to the worship service. As a matter of fact there had been an active Epworth League throughout the time I had been in the Foreman church. The Leonard children participated in this group. Dodson, a student in Henderson Brown College, and Mary, a high school student and fine pianist, were very active League workers.

I have to omit son John Leonard; he did not take part in Epworth League activities.

I was not in Brother Leonard's congregation except during the summer for most of his stay in Foreman. Having finished high school I was enrolled in Henderson Brown College where every Sunday I heard my dear uncle, Dr. J. L. Cannon, deliver a great message in the church at Arkadelphia. Like Jesse L. DeLony, Dr. J. L. Cannon was near legendary in the pulpit of the First Methodist Church of Arkadelphia. He was there for nine consecutive years starting immediately after his period as Presiding Elder of the Texarkana District.

I am about to close out Rev. J. L. Leonard's stay in Foreman, and my active participation in the Foreman Methodist Church, but I cannot do so without mentioning a comparison he made so frequently from the pulpit that it lodged in memories. It may seem a bit uncouth, but who would think of uncouth in connection with J. L. Leonard? He was just a "natural" and this which I am passing on may have been a carry over from his boyhood on a farm. Many times when he referred to someone's happiness he would say, "A smile crossed his face like a wave on a slop bucket." Perhaps he fed pigs in his boyhood.

14. FOREMAN CONGREGATIONS - 1919-1927

I have placed a minister in the pulpit of the Foreman Methodist Church for the years 1919 through 1927. Who were in the pews? It was sixty-four years ago that I became a member of that congregation. In recalling those dear people who were in faithful attendance then, I find that nearly all are gone now. Their sons and daughters may remain in the church of their parents, but the truly adult members of 1919 remain few in number in 1983. It pleases me to try to recall the congregations of the years 1919 - 1927. In general, I shall steer clear of the children because I might be mistaken on their ages. There were:

Jesse L. DeLony	Luther Atkinson	Wade Atkinson
Lucy DeLony	Chester Atkinson	Willie Atkinson
Thomas DeLony	Alice Atkinson	Fred Gantt
Lucy Elise DeLony	L. J. Atkinson	Bettie Gantt
Will Davis	Mr. Callan	Charles Berry
Hazel Davis	Cecil Callan	Mrs. Patterson
Joseph Davis	Clarence Callan	John C. Johnson
Lee Campbell	Leslie Callan	Margaret Johnson
Mrs. Lee Campbell	Ella Patton	Ned Patterson
William Anderson	J. B. Patton	Nora Patterson
Vessie Anderson	Carrie Patton	Maureen Johnson
Walter Anderson	Hallie Patton Layne	Allene Johnson
Walter Martin	Verona Anderson	John James Johnson, Jr.
Mrs. Walter Martin	Will Madden	Byron Goodson
Roger Martin	Dollie Hayden	May Goodson
Minnie Martin	Ed Cannon	Evelyn Dunn
Lige Pettigrew	Fannie Cannon	Walter Dunn
Winnie Pettigrew	George E. Cannon	Robert Harris
Dan Pettigrew	Malissa Cannon	Elizabeth Harris
"Mother" Pettigrew	Joseph Cannon	Joe Harris
Oscar L. Davis, Sr.	Robert Cannon	Pearl Harris
Oscar L. Davis, Jr.	Mrs. H. Castile	Mrs. Bettie Harris
Mary Bell Davis	Lyle Cook	Amy Whitmore
Collis Key	Mamie Cook	Gus Bowden
Ruth Key	H. J. Tipton	Kelsie Matthews
U. C. Hogrefe	Lillie Tipton	Reese Matthews
Mrs. U. C. Hogrefe	Gladys Tipton	Willie Bowden
Lorene Hogrefe	Ervin Tipton	Mrs. Mary B. Taaffe
Thelma Hogrefe	Jeanette Tipton	Mamie Taaffe
Raymond Harris	Mrs. Roy Berry	Eva Taaffe
James Taaffe	Marguerite Campbell	Mrs. Andy Bush
Alma Taaffe	Robert Layne	Bertha Bush
"Grandpa" Cleghorn	Willie Layne	D. S. Dollarhide

Electra Farrow	Jim Anderson, Sr.	Lucy Dollarhide
Bendette Dollarhide	Mrs. Jim Anderson, Sr.	Noah Green
Floy Dollarhide	Fletcher Bell	Virginia George
Nora Taaffe	Nelle Bell	Charles Johnson
Pauline Lefevers	D. A. Cook	James Johnson
Ottolyne Miller	Mrs. D. A. Cook	Elton Davis
Myrtle Miller	Ben Wade	Marie Davis
Will Pullen	Lucy Wade	Lloyd Reid
Adele Pullen	Amelia Wade	
Mamie Pullen	Raymond Anderson	
Grace Pullen	Nellie Anderson	
Chester Pullen	Mr. Blakely	
Eulah Pullen	Willie Blakely	
Beulah Pullen	Roland Blakely	
Bryan Pullen	Nolia Blakely	
Flora Pullen	Ethel Blakely	
Nettie Dickens	H. Y. Stuart	
N. A. LaGrone	Mrs. H. Y. Stuart	
Mrs. N. A. LaGrone	Harvey Stuart	
H. O. Campbell	Nunn Stuart	
Mrs. H. O. Campbell	Talbert Bowman	
Christine Campbell	Nell Bowman	
Henry Etta Campbell	Andy Bush	

Having completed my list, I find that only three of those who in 1919 were mature people are living now. They are Mrs. Flora Pullen of De Queen, Miss Bendette Dollarhide of Pleasant Manor Nursing Home, Ashdown, and Mrs. Hallie Patton (Layne) Anderson of Little River Nursing Home, Ashdown. Miss Bendette was my third grade teacher in 1916. Both Bendette Dollarhide and Hallie Anderson are members of the First United Methodist Church of Foreman. I feel sure there are many of this era whom I have failed to name but memory is fallible.



Oscar Laban Davis

His dedicated service in the Sunday School of the Foreman Methodist Church earned for him the love, esteem, and respect of the great numbers of men and women who made up the classes which he taught on Sunday for a period of thirty-five years. The memory of him in this phase of church service which he loved so well is kept alive in the name of the group he served.

"The O. L. Davis Class"

15. PRESENT CONGREGATION OF FOREMAN'S FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

There now ensues more than half a century for which time I shall make no effort to list those who preached from the pulpit or those who listened from the pews. But for the present year, on the verge of its Bicentennial, I desire to list for the First United Methodist Church of Foreman the members of the congregation to the extent of information available to me. With Reverend John David Darnall working from the pulpit with these who are faithful to their religious affiliation, the surrounding area is made a better place in which to live. My list of those who in 1983 occupy the pews for Foreman Methodism includes:

Don Adams	Vera Black	Myrtle Gathright
Gladys Adams	Cecil Callan	Hilda Gilpin
Joel Adams	Christine Callan	Orley Gilpin
Judy Adams	Eula Capps	Beulah Goode
Mrs. C. L. Allen	T. S. Capps	Joe B. Harris
Donald Anderson	Dayton Capeheart	Pearl Harris
Hallie Anderson	Easter Capeheart	Doc Hector
Margaret Arvin	Doris Champlin	Viola Hector
Mike Arvin	Lillie Clayton	Lois Hollingsworth
Roger Arvin	Willie Clayton	Kelly Bell Irwin
Elizabeth Atkinson	James B. Cleghorn	Rendall Irwin
Hearon Atkinson	Kim Adams Cody	Charles Johnson
Cathy Aubrey	Roscoe Cranfill	Verdith Johnson
John Allen Aubrey	Doris Cross	James Paul Jones
John A. Aubrey, Jr.	Deborah E. Darnall	Lou Jones
Ola Mae Aubrey	Syble Davis	Richie Jones
Harriet Babcock	Taylor Davis	Ronnie Jones
Sarah Babcock	Wayne Davis	Matthew Keeling
Lois Baker	Duane Dickens	Ada Ruth Keller
Gladilou Ballard	Fountain Dickens	Clark LaVoice
Marcel Ballard	Jo Ann Dickens	Diane LaVoice
Denise Beasley	Tracy Dickens	Don C. LaVoice
John Beasley	Bendette Dollarhide	Leann LaVoice
Becky Beck	Jean Dowling	Martha Dell LaVoice
Joyce Beck	Joe Dowling	Ray Glenn LaVoice
Susan Beck	Carl Edwards	Laney Lawrence
Berry Belanger	Mrs. Carl Edwards	Kathy Lawrence
Betty Belanger	Tony Edwards	Wendy Lawrence
Bobby Belanger	Orleen Ferguson	Debbie Martin
Len Belanger	Kelly Gage	Tommy Martin
Charles Bell	Leigh Gage	Patti N. Matteson
Madonna Bell	Dorsey Gathright	Mary Bell Maulding

Janet McArthur
Deborah McDonald
Angel McRae
Gigi McRae
Herman McRae
Stephen McRae
Marcia Moore
Melanie Moore
Myra Murray
Leon Newman
Pat Newman
Donald Newton, Jr.
Mildred Newton
Gayle Oliver
Rush Oliver
Ethel Marie Proctor
Bill Joe Pullen
Carolyn Pullen
Dolores Pullen
Keith Pullen
Billy Bob Pyron
C. O. Pyron
Nita Pyron
P. C. Pyron
Diane Reed
John Reed
Edna Louise Reid
Ulys Reid
Pearl Renfroe
Jackie Sanders
Linda Sanders
Evelyn Scarborough
Harry Scarborough
Billy Doss Self
Edith Self
Hulon Self
Odessa Smith
Elwood Speed
James Speed
Katie Speed
Georgia Tipton
Brenda Vanscoder
Delbert Vanscoder
Patricia Vanscoder
Sheila Vanscoder
Denson Walker
Kathleen Walker
Marion Walker
David Warrick
Earlene Warrick
Lana Warrick
Mrs. R. Whisenhunt
Rose Whisenhunt
Charles Wofford

Pauline Wofford
Glenn Young
Madge Young
Margie Young
Perry Young
Perry Clifton Young

A Special Tribute

is extended to

Miss Bendette Dollarhide
 who joined Rocky Comfort Methodist
 Church in 1907 ~ presentlly a
 Methodist for seventy-six years,

and to

Mrs. Hallie Anderson
 who became a member of the same
 Church in 1909 ~ now a member
 for seventy-four years.



Of the present members of Foreman's
 First United Methodist Church, Miss
 Bendette and Miss Hallie are blessed
 with the longest periods of Methodist
 membership.



16. WHAT CONSTITUTES A CHURCH?

Lurking in the background of my thoughts as I have put together this rambling account has been a question, "What is a church?" In Colonial America the question was a topic of heated disputation. To most people now, the word "church" refers to a place of worship as well as to the ecclesiastical organization. But in Colonial America several of the religious sects called their places of worship "meeting houses". To them the term "church" applied only to a congregation of "believers". Richard Mather, one of the most notable Puritans of seventeenth century Massachusetts, wrote that he "found no just ground in Scripture to apply such a trope* as church to the house for public assembly." (Note* - trope means "figure of speech")

Whether a congregation of "believers" is a church, or makes a church is of small consequence. There must be a place in which to worship. However, should it happen that the building which houses the Methodist congregation in Foreman were suddenly destroyed and the congregation pitched a tent on the site for shelter as they pursued their worship, the sign, "First United Methodist Church, Foreman, Arkansas" still would fit the situation. Where the congregation and its minister are, there the church is.

This comes to my mind. Oh, so many years ago, a common elementary school practice was literary contests of various kinds. For the boys there was a declamation contest. A short selection which lent itself to youthful oratory would be chosen by the instructor. There would be competition between grades, even between schools. On one such occasion my big brother, quite advanced in school, sixth grade, mind you, was such a contestant. I, being in the first grade, thought George to be about the smartest boy going to Rocky Comfort High School. As we walked the three miles to school, big

brother in the lead would practice his declamation. Sometimes trotting to keep pace, I listened in awe, and in the repetition learned a part of his speech. The title was What Constitutes a State?

"What constitutes a State?

Not high raised battlements nor labored mounds,

Thick walls nor moated gates.

But men -- high-minded men

With thoughts so far above dull brutes;" etc.

In the manner of my brother's declamation, I suggest:

What constitutes a church?

Not burnished spires nor cushioned pews,

Choir vestments nor cleric's robes.

But men -- God serving men,

In pulpits and in pews.

Let it be clearly understood that my use of men is in its very broadest sense, including the whole scope of mankind.

Consider the little 28 feet by 30 feet hewed log meeting house of 1818 at Mound Prairie, Hempstead County, with Rev. John Henry in the pulpit, and the Methodist group from Bellevue, Missouri, in the pews.

That, my friends, was a church.

Now move with me to old Gravelly Point in Sevier County around the year 1880. In the rough boxed house we find, perhaps, Rev. A. Turrentine (II) in the pulpit and on the benches Mary F. Cannon and her boys, Nahum and Cynthia Cannon and their sons, Joel, Noah, and Lewis, Sarah Turrentine



Melissa Cannon Hallman, daughter of Nahum and Cynthia Cannon, was a member of the Gravelly Point, Sevier County, Methodist Church in early years.

Zachry and her family, Tucker and Phoebe Steel and their family, and many other dedicated pioneer family groups. This, you may be sure, was a church.

Enter the twentieth century, the year 1907, location, Wallace Methodist Church. In the pulpit is Reverend W. W. Nelson, struggling to repair a building in addition to his pastoral duties. Loyal members of the congregation are the Lowerys, the Mauldins, the Richardsons, the Cartwrights, the Cannons, the Millers, and many others. There can be no doubt of it, that was a church.

With nearly two centuries of existence in its historical background, the First United Methodist Church of Foreman passes in review with a modern edifice, a vested choir, a minister in cleric's robe, and a congregation comfortably seated on cushioned pews. With Reverend John David (Brother John) Darnall in the pulpit and that loyal group of Methodists who make up the membership in the pews, I have no fear of contradiction when I say, my good friends, that is a church.

May you keep it so, and may Methodism in the year 2084 be ready to celebrate its tercentennial. And in the meantime, may God bless and keep you and your descendants.

APPENDIX

THE CHURCH REGISTER

With my material presented, and my discussion entitled The Pulpit and the Pew completed, there became available to me a copy of The Church Register of the Rocky Comfort, Arkansas, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. I cannot disregard its wealth of information concerning the occupants of pulpits and pews in the Methodist Church of Rocky Comfort and early Foreman.

Families of those years, in most cases, are completely gone from this area. There are others whose descendants remain and even now worship in the First United Methodist Church of Foreman. So I must append some of this church history which will be of great interest to many of my readers as it is to me.

Although organized some years earlier, the documented material of the Rocky Comfort Methodist Church begins in this Church Register in the year 1882, with Rev. Wade Preston as the pastor. He served from November of 1882 until December of 1885. The first name listed on this membership register was James H. Gray. None of his family line remains here now. He was the area's respected Dr. Gray, the father of "Miss Vessie" (Mrs. William) Anderson. The last local member of the family was Walter G. Anderson, a man well known and fondly remembered by many. Mr. Walter, a teacher, coach, and administrator of Foreman High School for years, was a life-long member of the congregations of Foreman's Methodism.

I am going to mention several of the early pew occupants with whom can be associated a valuable significance in our church. The second name on the register of members is Hattie Dollarhide Clark, and the ninth is Mary Taaffe. Both of these became members in 1882. Still with Rev. Preston as



A Methodist Family of Rocky Comfort

This family group is Mary Taaffe (seated), the widow of James K. Taaffe, with five of her seven children. Not shown in the picture are Jesse Taaffe and Sadie Taaffe Davis. The children: left front, James K Taaffe IV; right front, Bettie Taaffe (Gantt); back, left to right, Winnie Taaffe (Pettigrew), Mamie Taaffe, and Eva Taaffe. The picture was made about 1905.



1818 - 1899

1832 - 1905

James Samples Dollarhide and Martha King Dollarhide founded the Methodist Dollarhide line of Rocky Comfort which, after the lapse of more than a century, continues unbroken in the First United Methodist Church of Foreman.



Catherine Gage



Willie Clark Atkinson Granddaughter of the above and Great Grandmother of Catherine and Trey Gage. Joined the Methodist Church in 1896 - died 1975 - Member 79 years



Trey Gage

Catherine and Trey Gage youngest of the Dollarhide line of the First United Methodist Church

the pastor, F. M. McIver and Mrs. Lela D. McIver became the fourteenth and fifteenth members to be named. In 1894 with Rev. B. F. Scott as the pastor James K. Taaffe joined the Methodist Church. He was the husband of Mary Taaffe previously mentioned.

I am indebted to this old church record book for the information that J. L. Cannon held the pastorate of the Rocky Comfort Methodist Episcopal Church for a short period. This I had never before known. He was the pastor for Quarters 2, 3, and 4 of the Conference Year 1895 - 1896. Rev. J. L. Cannon received into the church in 1896 Miss Willie Clark and the three McIver sisters, Nettie, Florence, and Ethel.

In 1897, Charles H. Dickens joined the Methodist Church under the ministry of Rev. F. F. Harrell. When Nettie McIver married Charles H. Dickens an all Methodist family was initiated.

Mrs. John Patterson, May Patterson (Johnson) and Sadie Taaffe (Davis) joined the Rocky Comfort Methodist Church in 1903 with Rev. J. R. Rushing in the pulpit.

I am now going to develop my reasons for selecting these particular names from the great numbers listed on the old register of members. When a number enclosed in parentheses as (1882) follows a name, the number indicates the year in which the named person joined the Methodist Church.

Hattie Dollarhide Clark (1882) was the daughter of Judge James Samples Dollarhide and Martha King Dollarhide. This couple, staunch Methodists of Sevier County, moved to Little River County soon after its formation. The title "Judge" for J. S. Dollarhide derived from the fact that he had served as county judge of Sevier County during the four Civil War years. The membership of James S. and Martha King Dollarhide in the Rocky Comfort Methodist Church predated the church register with which I am dealing.

Willie Clark (1896), the daughter of Hattie Dollarhide Clark,



Rev. J. L. (John Lewis) Cannon was pastor of Rocky Comfort Methodist Church for Quarters 2, 3, and 4 of the Conference Year of 1895-96. In the year 1896 he received into membership of that church Miss Willie Clark, and the three McIver sisters, Nettie, Florence, and Ethel.



Teen-agers of the Rocky Comfort
 Methodist Congregation
 about the year 1899
 Mamie and Sadie Taaffe

Children of Rocky Comfort
 Methodist Church
 Eva Taaffe, 10 years old;
 Winnie Taaffe, 8 years old



married Wade Atkinson (1918). Continuing this line we have Hearon Atkinson (1928), the son of Wade and Willie Atkinson, in the present First United Methodist Church of Foreman. The daughter of Hearon and Elizabeth Atkinson, Leigh Atkinson Gage, and her husband, Kelly Gage, are on the present church roll. Their children, Catherine and Trey, are being reared in this church.

For a period of more than one hundred years there has been unbroken membership continuity of the Dollarhide family line in the Rocky Comfort (Foreman) Methodist Church. This period includes one half of the Methodist Bicentennial which will be celebrated in 1984. In this instance, the unbroken family line embraces six generations.

A similar situation exists with the family of Mary Taaffe (1882) and her husband James K. Taaffe (1894). Sadie Taaffe (1903) married Oscar L. Davis (1919). Their daughter, Mary Bell Davis (1922) married Hawkins V. Maulding. Mary Bell Davis Maulding is a member of Foreman's First United Methodist Church. Here, again, is a century of Methodist membership of an unbroken family line in the same church. This involves only three generations. The combined years of membership of these three in the local church is impressive. Mary Taaffe with sixty-six years, Sadie Taaffe Davis with forty, and Mary Bell Davis Maulding currently with sixty-one makes the total to be 167 years.

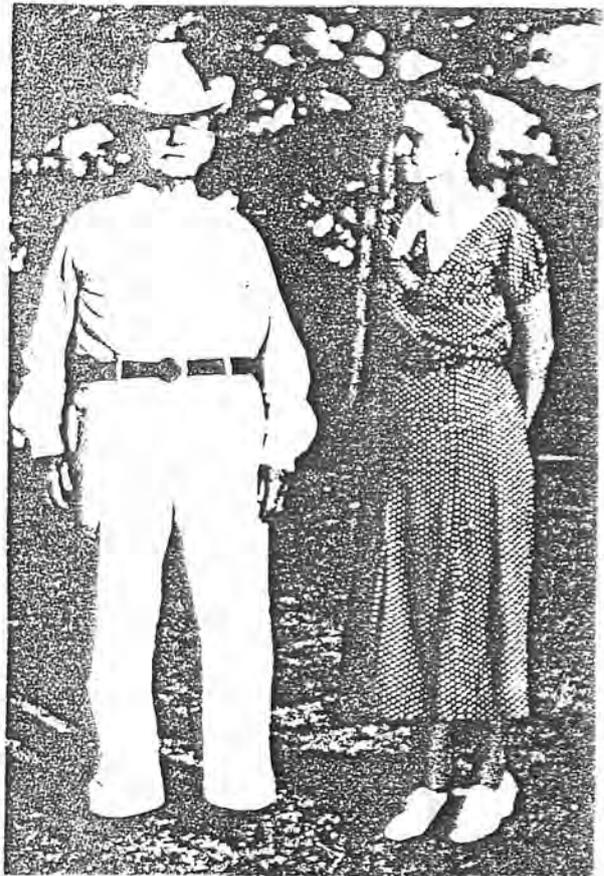
There remains a third family of Rocky Comfort-Foreman with an unbroken line of participating members in the Methodist Church extending throughout a century of time. Begin with Fountain M. McIver (1883) and Lela D. McIver (1883); then move to Nettie McIver (1896) and her husband Charles H. Dickens (1897). Their son Fountain (1921) at the present time is a member of the Foreman Methodist Church, along with his son and daughter Duane and Dolores.

Duane Dickens and his wife Jo Ann with their children DeRendâ Dolores,



The Methodist Church of Rocky Comfort Arkansas in the year 1896 and the First United Methodist Church of Foreman of the year 1982 marked the Alpha and Omega of the dedicated religious life of Mrs. Ethel McIver Cook. The interval between these times is eighty-six years. Much of this interim period was spent in the membership of the Fairview Methodist Church of Texarkana.

Charles H. Dickens and Nettie McIver Dickens were an essential cog in the McIver - Dickens line in Foreman's Methodism.



Daphyne DeAnn, Samuel Duane account for five generations in an unbroken McIver line. Dolores Dickens Pullen and her husband Bill Joe Pullen, with their son Keith and his wife Carolyn, and their children Kelli and Brian bring to six their generations of McIver Methodist continuity.

For these young sixth generation Pullens in the Methodist McIver line there can, also, be established through their Pullen descent a fair unbroken line in Methodism. To list these family members beginning with young Kelli and Brian there are Keith Pullen, Bill Joe Pullen, and W. J. and Adele Pullen (1920). In addition to the two unbroken lines mentioned there is another. The parents of Mrs. Adele Pullen, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wilson, joined the Foreman Methodist Church in 1920 under the pastorate of Rev. Z. D. Lindsay. Why not trace the fourth unbroken Methodist line which is available to these two youngest of the Pullens? Start With Mr. Charlie Dickens (1897), then to Fountain Dickens (1921), next to Dolores Dickens Pullen, then to Keith Pullen and last to Kelli and Brian.

Based on the information available from the old church register, the Keith and Carolyn Pullen children are sixth generation McIver, fourth generation Pullen, fifth generation Wilson, and fifth generation Dickens of unbroken Methodist family lines in the local church. Kelli and Brian Pullen, if not supersaturated certainly are saturated in the Methodist background. Only the future will tell whether they prolong the continuity of their families in Foreman's Methodism.

Although not among the centenarian families, the line of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Patton has been in the local church for a long time. John Brack Patton and Ella Cleghorn Patton transferred their memberships to the Foreman Methodist Church in 1908 with Rev. Archelaus Turrentine (II) as the minister. Their daughter Hallie Patton (Layne) joined her parents' church in 1909. Hallie's daughter, Edna Louise Layne (Reid), became a member of the church

A STRONG METHODIST FAMILY



Grandfather J. H. Cleghorn
 died 1930 - age 88
 Mother Ella Cleghorn Patton
 Hallie Patton (Layne) Anderson
 Daughter Edna Louise Layne Reid (1929)
 Grandson James Guy Hankins (1951)
 Great Grandson James Guy Hankins II (1976)

Hallie Patton (Layne) Anderson joined the
 Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of Foreman
 March 27, 1909

Mr. and Mrs. John Brack Patton
 transferred their membership to
 the Methodist Episcopal Church,
 South, of Foreman in 1908



of her mother and grandparents in 1929. The continuous years for this three generation group of the Patton family is seventy-five. The membership of Hallie Patton (Layne) Anderson covers seventy-four of these years.

I wish to mention another early family named in the church register although there is not unbroken continuity of membership. Mrs. James O. Patterson and her daughter May Patterson became Rocky Comfort Church members in 1903. May Patterson Johnson was the mother of present First United Methodist Church member, Charles Johnson, who, upon retirement, returned to Foreman where he and his wife Verdith have established a home and become a part of the church of his boyhood. Charles, in a broken family membership line, still is worshiping with the congregation of the same church of which his mother became a part eighty years ago.

The Rocky Comfort Church Register names in its membership record a number of men and women who became members of the Foreman Methodist Church more than fifty years ago. To worship in the same church, or at least to have an opportunity to do so, for half a century is a fine life accomplishment. Not too many are privileged to do it. I am going to list those of the present membership of First United Methodist Church of Foreman who have held Methodist membership for fifty, even sixty years. I am aware that a few of whom I shall name left Foreman for short periods of time in years gone by to pursue employment elsewhere. Some carried their church membership with them, considering their religious affiliation of equal importance with the necessity to earn a livelihood. But they came back home, re-entered their church and are actively involved in it now.

Fountain Dickens (1921)

Christine Campbell Callan (1922) (1926)

Mary Bell Davis Maulding (1922)

J. B. Harris (1922)

Georgia Reid Tipton (1924)
Jeanette Tipton McArthur (1924)
Orleen Anderson Ferguson (1925)
Lois Anderson Baker (1925)
Cecil Callan (1926)
Hearon Atkinson (1928)
Willie Clayton (1929)
Lillie Clayton (1929)
Louise Layne Reid (1929)
Taylor Davis (1929)
Madge Deal Young (1931)
Vera Dover Black (1931)
Joyce Reid Beck (1933)

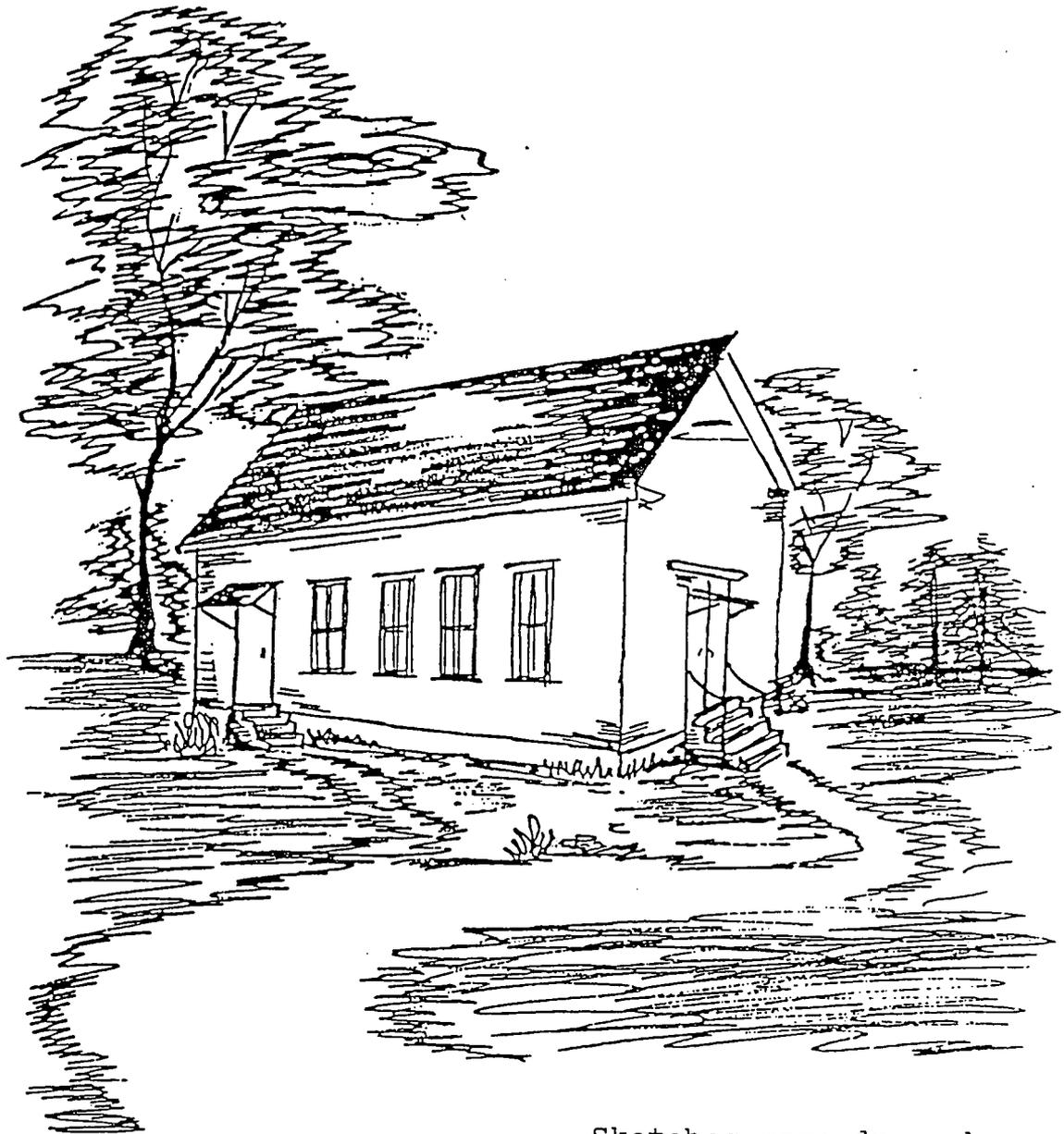
In my opinion, continuity of family lines and memberships of more than fifty years in the same church are wonderful, adding stability within the pews as occupants of the pulpit come and go. However, there must be an influx of new members, families from other areas bringing fresh ideas and new religious vigor in order to guard against the stability of the old lines becoming stolidity for the church.

I have a few statistics that I feel are appropriate to mention. As far as I can determine, the member longest on the Foreman Methodist Church roll is Miss Bendette Dollarhide of Pleasant Manor Nursing Home in Ashdown. She joined the church in 1907, giving her seventy-six years of membership. A close second is Mrs. Hallie Anderson of Little River Nursing Home in Ashdown who has seventy-four years to her credit. I believe the record number of years as a continuing member was held by Mrs. Nettie McIver Dickens who joined the church in Rocky Comfort, Arkansas in 1896.

COVER STORY

The cover sketches depict old Bellville Methodist Church built two miles south of Lockesburg in 1905. The original one, a log cabin, was built in 1856.

Bellville Cemetery near the church has gravestones of several pioneer Methodists mentioned in The Pulpit and the Pew. Among them are T.G.T. Steel and Phoebe Turrentine Steel, Nahum Cannon and Cynthia Wyatt Cannon, Zerelda Bradshaw Turrentine, and John Cannon.



Sketches were drawn by
Mary Jane Rice Pruitt

She died in 1979. Her tenure in the Methodist Church was eighty-three years. What a wonderful way to live!

In reading the several hundred names listed in the Church Register of Rocky Comfort, I found one which, I think, will be just a name to you who read this, as it ordinarily would have been to me. The name is Rev. Frank Hopkins. Did any of you ever hear of him? The name is listed twice, in 1895 and in 1907.

Perhaps two years ago I became aware of this name through correspondence with Frances Anne Dollarhide Smith of Huntsville, Alabama. She is the wife of Thelmer Smith who grew up and attended public schools in Foreman, the son of Thomas and Dovie Green Smith. Frances Anne Dollarhide, a native of Foreman, is a descendant of Judge J. S. Dollarhide. From Frances Anne came the information that a member of Dovie Green Smith's family, Mary Caddo Green, married the Methodist Circuit Rider, Rev. Frank Hopkins. Leaving Little River County, they made their home in Norman, Oklahoma, where Rev. Hopkins continued his Methodist itineracy.

I come now to my reason for mentioning this individual. The Methodist Circuit Rider Frank Hopkins, a long ago member of Rocky Comfort Methodist Church, is named as the man who converted Geronimo, the militant leader of the Chiracahua Apaches, to Christianity during his confinement by the United States Army at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Rev. Frank Hopkins must have been a very persuasive Methodist minister to have enticed the scourge of the Southwest with his pillage and massacre to exchange the hatred in his heart for the teachings of Christ.