

The Alabama Restoration Journal

An Historical Perspective of
Churches of Christ In Alabama

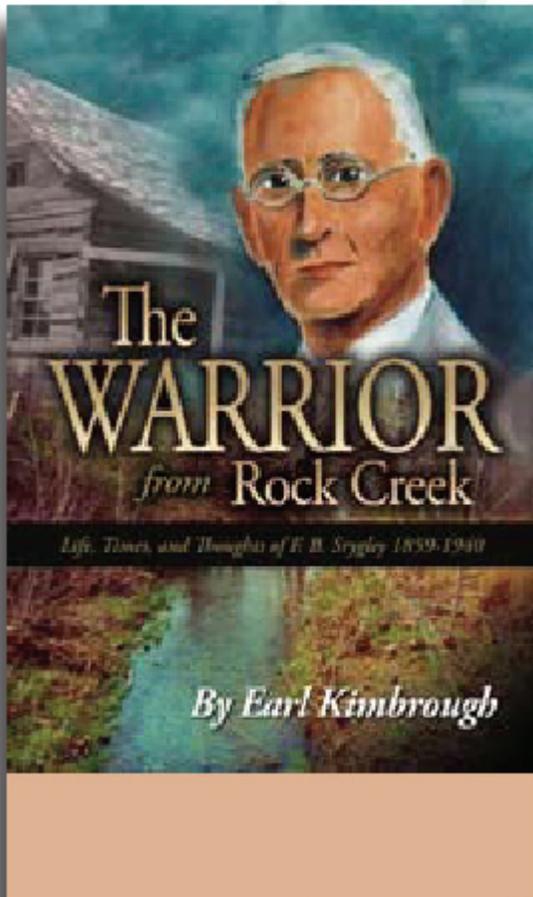


Civil War Soldier
1861-1865

VOLUME 3

ISSUE 3

December 01, 2008



The Warrior from Rock Creek

Earl Kimbrough

The Warrior from Rock Creek is a long awaited volume. Earl Kimbrough labored in this material from every available source for more than fifty years to produce this history of the life, times, and thoughts of **F. B. Srygley**, 1859–1940. It covers many events and actions among the churches for about a century. Srygley was unique and beloved; a worthy subject for Kimbrough's historiographical labor. The author's critical examination of all materials, and the synthesis of the particulars placed into this volume, make it a veritable history of the church for the time covered. It will be desired by all who have an interest in the history of the churches of Christ.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLE

The object of The Alabama Restoration Journal is to preserve and disseminate an historical record of the Restoration Movement primarily as it functioned in Alabama prior to World War II.

Brotherhood controversies as they unfolded in the years following this period are not included in this history, not because they lack historical validity, but because they do not fall within the frame of our primary time and area of coverage and because our interest is basically in our common roots.

Some articles and items may extend beyond our borders of state and time period, when the editor deems them pertinent to the main objective, when they are reflective of, or connected directly with, earlier history, or when they are purely of a human interest nature.

The Journal is not a “church paper” and is not designed to teach doctrine as such. It will not promote any hobby, controversy, or theological point of view that does not fall within the scope of the Restoration ideal within the time and area of primary interest.

The editor and contributing editors are responsible for keeping the material they submit for publication, whether written by them or selected from other sources, in keeping with the objects of The Journal.

The editor will retain the right to make the final determination of whether an article, or a portion thereof, fits the objective of The Journal.

No editing of material, other than routine editorial work, will be made on any writer’s work without his prior knowledge and consent.

All historical material submitted for publication must be verifiable by documentation. Any opinions or conclusions based in part or whole upon supposition, while valid, will be given as such and not as historical facts.

Simple documentation may be supplied within the articles published, but it will be our purpose generally to omit footnotes.

The editors may not agree on all aspects of New Testament Christianity as currently practiced, but they have a common interest in Restoration history that transcends other differences, hold one another as brethren in Christ, and consider each other as committed to and capable of representing the Restoration ideal of speaking where the Bible Speaks and being silent where Bible is silent.

The writing of a particular story or the recording a particular event should be understood as reflecting the editor and associate editors perception of history and not necessarily as reflective of their own personal view.

Every effort will be made by the editor and writers to record history as it is and not to rewrite it as they might like for it to be. Historical revisionism is not the object of The Journal and will be excluded to the extent of our ability.

Source information for all articles will be available for those who request same.

The Editors

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OUR COVER

Earl Kimbrough has done another outstanding job on the cover for this issue. The watercolor of the Civil War soldier is typical of his work. The soldier could be from either side in the conflict. Earl also did the back cover with a watercolor of John Tyler McCaleb, a veteran of the war. If you would care to order a print, you may contact us at: **(256)668-3135**

The Alabama Restoration Journal

An Historical Perspective of churches of Christ in Alabama

"Stand in the ways and see, And ask for the old paths, where the good way is," Jer 6:16



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AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Larry Whitehead

The American Civil War stands alone as far and away the greatest tragedy in American history. The loss of life and treasure was so great that if counted in today's dollars, it would exceed any war we have ever fought. At least 618,000 Americans died in the Civil War, and some experts say the toll reached 700,000. The number that is most often quoted is 620,000. At any rate, these casualties exceed the nation's loss in all its other wars, from the Revolution through Vietnam. One half of the nation (the South) was so devastated that today, 143 years after the war's end, the effects are still being felt both in economic terms as well as political and social costs.

F.D. Srygley described the devastation left in the once prosperous Tennessee valley thusly, "*The valley plantations were all in ruins, and their once prosperous owners in abject want. Mules all destroyed in the war, barns burned, palatial residences fallen into decay, fences laid waste, and negros all freed, this once glorious country was now one vast neglected, abandoned and ruined cemetery of buried magnificence.*" (F. D. Srygley, *Smiles & Tears*, 45.)

The Lord's Church paid a terrible price in the south especially. For our purposes, we will concentrate this issue of the Journal on the effects on the church in Alabama. At the beginning of the war, the church was the strongest in northwest Alabama. There were congregations meeting in every County Lauderdale, Franklin, Lawrence and Limestone were the Counties with the largest concentration of Christians meeting according to the old paths. These were followed by Blount, Morgan, Walker, Marion and Fayette (including Lamar.) Because of the political circumstances (Union sympathizers) these counties were the most damaged by marauding armies, guerilla activity and the civilian population was affected more than any other part of the state. Consequently, the church suffered more in these areas.

It is likely that most of the churches ceased meeting for most of the war. Stony Point, in Lauderdale County continued to meet, largely due to the efforts of John Taylor. This church was north of the Union Army lines and thus was protected. I would think that the church at Moulton also continued to

meet as it was in a stabilized area through much of the war. The church at Mooresville in Limestone County also met for worship on a regular basis throughout the conflict. In fact, J.H. Hundley, who had three sons fighting in the Confederate army, likely was the one who invited General James A. Garfield to speak to the congregation. If ever a group manifested a Christian attitude, in view of the circumstances, it was Hundley and the brethren at Mooresville. They extended the hand of fellowship to a Union officer even though one of their members was a casualty while serving in the army of the Confederacy. The Union church on Buttahatchee river in Marion County, continued to assemble for worship through most of the war. Green Haley, a staunch Union loyalist, was the regular preacher and was assisted in his efforts to hold the work together by John Taylor. The church on Wolf Creek in Walker county was likely able to meet sporadically through the war, due to the efforts of Jeremiah Randolph. It is also likely that the church meeting in that part of Fayette County, which is today Lamar County, continued to meet. The preacher was Lorenzo Dow Randolph. He was a dedicated man, as was his brother Jeremiah, and a guess would be that he held things together. The largest congregation in the area was the Berea church in Northern Fayette County. This church was so divided over the war, all while being located in a veritable hotbed of guerilla warfare, until it seems to this writer that it would be impossible for it to have an effective meeting.

The Rocky Springs church in Jackson County fell on extremely hard times during the war, losing 75% of the men in the congregation. Other churches in northeast Alabama probably suffered a similar fate.

The church in south Alabama, while not as strong numerically, fared much better. The brutal aspects of the war in north Alabama did not reach this section. The Marion congregation in Perry County was perhaps one of the strongest. Alexander Campbell had visited this church on three different occasions. The lamented Jacob Creath, Jr., whose daughter and her family lived there, were members. Creath would spend much time with her family and preach for the congregation. The church in Selma likely continued to meet during the war. The Fair

Prospect church, south of Montgomery, continued to meet regularly. J.M. Barnes' parents were members there. To the northeast, in Clay County, one congregation was started during the war. A small group had begun to meet in Pike County as well as in Butler County, near Andalusia.

The surrender did not end the hardship. Many of the men died in the war. Still others suffered debilitating wounds. The next nine years were the years of reconstruction and for many they were years of misery. The State government was filled with corrupt officials who raised taxes to unheard of levels to help their carpetbagging friends take what property they wanted. The Ku Klux Klan was an ever present menace to those in northwest Alabama who had remained loyal to the Union.

Into this time of turmoil and suffering came such men as the Randolph brothers, John Taylor, J.M. Pickens, J.M. Barnes, Green Haley and many others, preaching the gospel, reorganizing the churches and restoring the faith of those so oppressed. Slowly but surely, with hard work and with the Lord on their side, they were successful. Most churches began to meet again. Unfortunately, some did not. Many buildings had fallen into disrepair while still others had been destroyed by the invading armies and/or the guerilla marauders that had roamed the countryside. This of course, made the task of the faithful more difficult, but ultimately they won the day and we all owe them more than we can say....**LEW**

News & Notes

This is our long awaited "Civil War" issue. We have so much material available, until we plan on having another issue or issues in the future devoted to the same theme. It was a defining time in our history and there is much to write about. Hope you enjoy.....

Welcome

We are pleased to have as a guest columnist for this issue, Don Umphrey, Ph.D. Don's roots are in the "hallowed ground," as brother Kimbrough puts it, "of beautiful old northwest Alabama." He is a professor emeritus at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, TX. His book about his great-grandfather and the Civil War in northwest Alabama, *Southerners in Blue: They Defied the Confederacy*, was published in 2002. We are sure you will enjoy his article in this issue. This book, chronicling the exploits of his great-grandfather, John R. Phillips, Green Haley, Ansel Hyde and other members of the church in the war, is a wonderful account of the trials and tribulations of the pioneer Christians during this terrible time in our history. It provides a different perspective on the war.

Next Issue

The next issue will feature Justus M. "Mack" Barnes and the church in Montgomery and south Alabama. Brother Barnes was one of the great pioneer leaders of the church in his day.....**LEW**

In This Issue

Larry's editorial is about the tragedy of the war and its devastating impact on the church. Brother *Kimbrough* has an article about Union General Garfield and a runaway slave, titled **A Fugitive Slave In Garfield's Camp**. *Frank Richey* has a great piece on one of the Southern heroes, **General Richard Montgomery Gano**. Gano was a General, Doctor and a gospel preacher. *Larry* has an article on the persecution of Christians in Fayette County that he calls **The War Comes To Berea**. *Earl* gives a moving account of the conversion of a Confederate Soldier in an article called **An Old Muddy Pond In Pike County**. We welcome *Don Umphrey*, our guest columnist for this issue, with an article entitled **Restoration Roots Among Alabama Unionists**. *Earl* says "thank you" to one of our biggest supporters, in a piece called **Olin Warmack, A Friend And Brother**. The Poets Corner is a touching piece called **The Legend Of The Rebel Soldier**. *Earl* has his regular feature, **Heart Of Dixie: Restoration Ramblings**. Once again *Uncle Isaac* takes out the old muzzle loader and fires a few musket balls at the brethren, in **Uncle Isaac Sez**. *Larry Whitehead* has an article about *Earl's* magnificent biography of F.B. Srygley. *Kenneth Randolph* returns to our pages with an excellent review of brother *Earl's* lecture at Faulkner University. This is a reprint from *Biblical Insights*, July Issue. *Earl* tells us about a **Civil War Christmas** at the Srygley's home. One of the great grandchildren of **Prudy Tidwell-A Christian & An American Heroine**, granted an interview several years ago about her great grandmother, which we offer. *Earl* has a most interesting piece about the possible connection of another Union hero in north Alabama, Green Haley, to a famous author that is surprising. He titles it "**A Name With Roots and Branches**." *Wayne* submitted an article by an old timer from Moulton about his exploits in the Civil War with *Wayne's* comments before and after. He titled it **Confederate Spy- Ward McDonald**. *Larry* closes this issue with **The Final Say**.....**LEW**

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A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN GARFIELD'S CAMP

Earl Kimbrough

Russell H. Conwell tells about a fugitive slave that sought refuge in Gen. James A. Garfield's camp. We do not know with certainty whether this event took



James A. Garfield was a Christian and had been a gospel preacher before the Civil War.

Conwell wrote of Garfield: "It has been often related of him that while in command of this brigade, a fugitive slave came rushing into his camp, with a bloody head, and apparently frightened almost to death. He had scarcely passed the head-quarters, when a regular bully of a fellow came riding up, and with a volley of oaths began to ask after his 'nigger.' General Garfield was not present, and he passed on to the division commander. The division commander was a sympathizer with the theory that fugitive slaves should be returned to their masters, and that union soldiers should be made the instrument for returning them. He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to General Garfield, in whose command the darkey was supposed to be hiding, telling him to hunt out and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen." (Russell H. Conwell, *The Life, Speeches, and Public Services of James A. Garfield*, 163, 164.)

Garfield was not an abolitionist, but he was strongly opposed to slavery, and he did not agree with the theory that the U. S. Army should aid in the capture and return of fugitive slaves to their masters. He took the division commander's order and deliberately wrote on it, the following "indorsement": "I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for or deliver up any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open, and no obstacles will be placed in the way of search." (Ibid.)

Conwell said Garfield's defiance of the order

frightened his official staff, and they advised him that if it was returned with his refusal to comply, it might result in his being court-martialed. Garfield replied: "The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves. My people, on the Western Reserve of Ohio, did not send my boys and myself down here to do that kind of business, and they will back me up in my action." (Ibid.) He refused to hunt for and return the poor fugitive who sought refuge in his camp and he refused to change what he had written, before returning the order with his refusal. Although nothing came of the matter, it shows the courage of Garfield in seeking to do what he believed to be right, even if it violated the current practice of the Union Army regarding fugitive slaves.

The slave master's "volley of oaths" reminds us of what W. W. Wasson said: "Although Garfield faced the grim business of war as a necessary thing, his own personal religious habits seem to have undergone no major or permanent change. He earned the title of a 'praying colonel' and, according to [Wilbur F.] Hinman, he 'never used profane language,' although he did not object to those who 'were proficient in the art of swearing.'" (W. W. Wasson, *James A. Garfield: His Religion and Education*, 84.) The latter thought does not necessarily mean that Garfield approved of others swearing, but, being a realist, he perhaps saw the futility of trying to eradicate the practice in an army at war, and so patiently tolerated it.

This, in turn, reminds us of what Conwell said about Garfield in one of the battles he led against the Confederates in Sandy Valley, Kentucky. Having given orders to his cavalry, he started toward the enemy on foot with the infantry. Leading them from the front, "he took off his coat and threw it into a tree, and shouted to the horsemen so soon to charge, 'Give 'em Hail Columbia, boys!'" That was perhaps the nearest he came to cursing.

Garfield's ability to maintain his religious convictions in the midst of an army at war, surely one of the most hostile environments to the practice of New Testament Christianity, marks him as one of the noblest men to bear the armor of Christ in the nineteenth century. While Garfield became associated with the looser interpretation of the Restoration ideal, somewhat like Isaac Errett with whom he was associated, he was a simple New Testament Christian.

When he went to Washington as a member of

Congress in 1863, Garfield did not become a member of the Lord's church there in any official manner. Wasson explains that it was enough, in that day, for one to make the "good confession" and be "baptized into Christ" to be counted a member of any local congregation of the Lord's people. "A 'transfer of membership' from one local church to another was sometimes the rule, but it was not a fixed practice. One generally identified himself with a local congregation by attending its services and by sharing in its responsibilities. Garfield, accordingly, became an active member of the Washington church." (Ibid., 108.)

The small Washington church at the time met in the city hall, but it soon had a modest building of its own. Garfield was partly responsible for bringing Henry T. Anderson to Washington as minister of the church. He and Judge Jeremiah S. Black, who was also a member of the church, obtained a federal job for Anderson so he could "pay his own salary" while preaching in Washington. "Garfield spoke humorously of this incident as 'a conspiracy to get the ancient Gospel preached in the City of Washington ...'" (Ibid.) According to his own Journal, Garfield seldom missed a Sunday service; and: "During the few months that Garfield was president his steadfast attendance at the small Disciple church ... never ceased." (Ibid. 109.)

We added the last two or three paragraphs of this story to show the kind of man it was that, according to a valid tradition, preached the gospel on a Sunday morning, July 6, 1862, to the Lord's church in the little village of Mooresville, while the general's brigade was camped nearby on a mission of repairing and protecting the Memphis and Charleston railroad through the Tennessee Valley.

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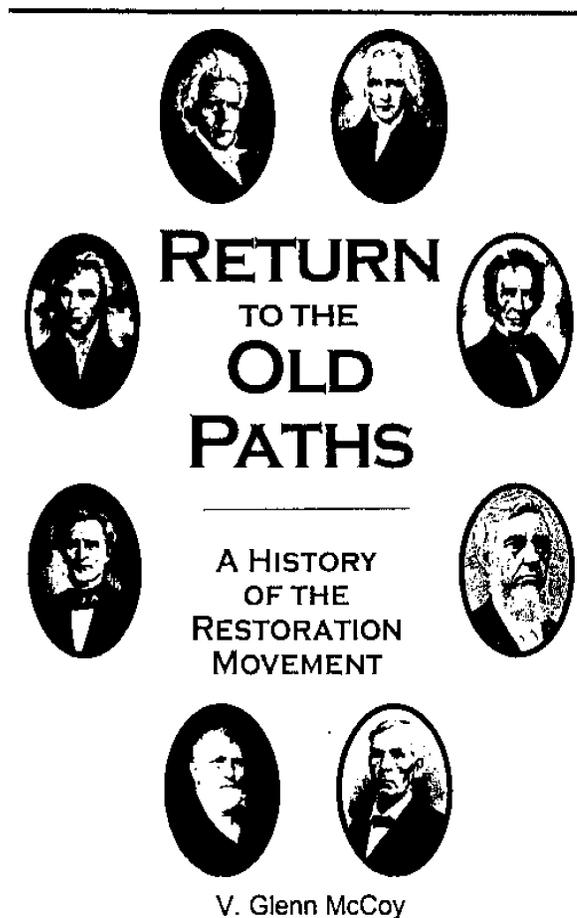
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Frank Richey

His great-grandfather baptized George Washington. His great-grandson was the richest man in America when he died. His grandfather was a general in the War of 1812. His grandchildren were prominent citizens of Texas. His father is credited with baptizing more people in Kentucky than any other man. His son apprehended the



Richard M. Gano ca. 1890

murderer of William Lipscomb in a church service in Dallas, Texas. The story of the Gano family is rich in American history and even richer in restoration history. The focus of this article is on a gospel preacher and doctor—Richard Gano, who by time and chance became a general in the confederate army. It was said of General Gano that he led his troops into battle, doctored their wounds, and preached to them on Sunday. After the war, Richard Gano became one of the richest men in Texas in a time when the south was economically destitute. The story of General Richard M. Gano is one that needs to be told. Preaching and military leadership was a part of his family. In order to better understand General Gano's character, we need to look at those of his heritage that helped shape his life. We will begin with Richard's great-grandfather.

Richard M. Gano's great-grandfather was John Gano, personal chaplain of General George Washington. He was born at Hopewell, N.J., July 22, 1727, and was ordained to the ministry in 1754. He became a distinguished Baptist preacher and started the first Baptist church in New York City in 1762. He joined the army at the beginning of the Revolutionary War and remained in that service until Independence (sic) was established. Several accounts have been given of John Gano baptizing General George Washington. One of these accounts was written by the subject of this article, General Richard M. Gano, great-grandson of John Gano. Richard tells of visiting with his uncle, Captain Daniel Gano, who served under Washington, who told him the account of the baptism. He also mentions visiting with his eldest aunt, Mrs. Margaret Ewing, who told him of the baptism. Richard Gano said that General Washington said to his great-grandfather one day, "Mr. Gano, I have been listening to you preach and examining the Scriptures. And I am satisfied that immersion is the scriptural mode of baptism. My family are Episcopalians and I have no desire to change my church, but I demand immersion at your hands."

"And in the presence of about 42 witnesses, John Gano led Gen. Washington down into the river and baptized him. It was near Valley Forge, in the Hudson river (sic)" (Gano box, Disciples of Christ Historical Society).

Richard M. Gano's story of the baptism of George Washington dispels the story that has been passed around for years, that some in the Gano family said that General Washington was baptized for the remission of sins. It seems from this account, that Washington simply questioned the mode of baptism of the Episcopalians (pouring) and demanded immersion as a mode of baptism. For this reason, the Baptists claim George Washington as one of their own, and a painting of George Washington being



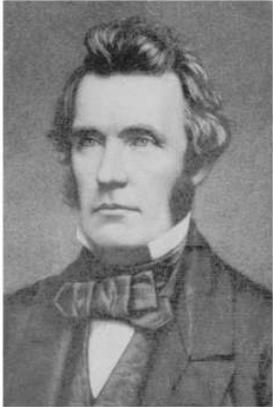
immersed by John Gano *Baptism of Geo. Washington* hangs in Gano Chapel, William Jewell College in Liberty, Missouri.

John Gano's four sons were successful; one (Dr. Stephen Gano) being a physician, and three of them were military officers. They were Captain Daniel Gano (Revolutionary War), Major General John Stites Gano (War of 1812) and Brigadier General Richard Montgomery Gano (War of 1812). General Richard Montgomery Gano was the grandfather and namesake of the Richard Gano of this article. He was born in 1775 and died at the age of forty in 1815. His son, John Allen Gano, being only ten years old when his father died, was raised by an uncle, Captain William Hubble of the War of 1812.

Richard Gano's father was John Allen Gano. He was born at Georgetown, Kentucky on July 14, 1805 and died on October 11, 1887. John Gano's beautiful mansion near Georgetown still stands today and it seems that John Gano lived a life of affluence. John Allen became an attorney and planned to go to Texas to practice his profession in that state. However, while traveling to Texas on a steamer, he became dangerously ill and was put off at some point in the lower Ohio. During his sickness, he pledged to God that if he recovered he would preach. He returned home and married Mary Catherine Conn, the daughter of a neighbor, and a member of one of the prominent families of Kentucky.

John Allen Gano had been a student of Barton Stone at Rittenhouse Academy at Georgetown and was familiar with Stone's teaching. In 1826, he attended a meeting held by Stone and T. M. Allen and converted to New

Testament Christianity, repenting, confessing and being baptized. His family was so upset by his decision to leave the Baptist Church that they sent for Jacob Creath, Sr., a prominent Baptist preacher, to come and win him back. Jacob Creath appealed to the Gano family history and how his beloved grandfather, the famous Baptist preacher would have been disappointed. It is said that at that point,



John Allen Gano

John Allen Gano laid his hand on the New Testament and said, "Elder Creath, if you will show me in this book where it says, "deny yourself, take up your cross and follow your grandfather, I will follow mine through life. But I read it, follow Christ, and I am determined to follow Him until death, if it separates me from all the kindred I have on earth." Soon after this, Jacob Creath, Sr. became convinced that Gano had indeed made the right move, publicly renounced the Baptist religion, and took his stand with the church that had no book or creed.

From that time until the time of his death, John Allen Gano preached the gospel in the Georgetown region of Kentucky. His time was split between four churches; Leesburg, where he preached for fifty-nine years; Old Union Church for fifty-five years; Newtown Church from its inception in 1857 until his death in 1887; and Antioch, the number of years of service not being known. W. C. Morro, in an address at the Georgetown Cemetery on September 26, 1909, said that John Allen Gano baptized almost 15,000 persons. Richard M. Gano, obviously, was an admirer of his father and patterned his life after him. He wrote of his father in John T. Brown's Churches of Christ, 1904, that his father was "an able defender of the truth, a close adherent to God's Word, a remarkable exhorter, and his life came up so closely to his preaching that his influence was great, and he could quiet discordant elements to a remarkable degree, and was often called many miles to make peace between men. As a neighbor, a husband, a father, he was hard to excel, and was looked up to and held up as an example as far as he was well known, and his name and memory are cherished by a host of friends. His liberality was proverbial, both to the church and to the world, and his success in business was so remarkable that he amassed a goodly amount of property, not withstanding his charities, and liberal provisions for a large family; and his untiring labors in the Master's vineyard, helping to build churches, and contributing liberally to missionary work."

This background information brings us to the life of the subject of this article, General Richard Montgomery Gano. Born in 1830, Richard was the second child of John Allen and Mary Catherine Gano. He was an intelligent child and entered Bacon College at the age of twelve and completed his course of study at Bethany College in 1847

at the age of seventeen. He graduated medical school at the Louisville Medical School two years later in 1849.

Dr. Gano practiced medicine in Kentucky and Louisiana, but moved to Texas, which was to become his adopted state. In 1859, Gano moved to Grapevine Prairie, Texas, on the site of the present day Dallas/Fort Worth International Airport. His interest in farming and producing the best stock helped the young doctor to amass wealth. He was actively involved in community affairs and when the community was attacked by hostile Indians, Gano organized and led troops against them. For his leadership, the community demonstrated their appreciation by presenting to him a sword.

Dr. Gano was also very active in the local church. His activities in the community, church, farming community, and as the local doctor, earned him the respect of his neighbors. He was elected to the Texas State legislature in 1860.

When the Civil War broke out, Richard Gano resigned his seat in the Legislature in early 1861, and organized the "Grapevine Volunteers", a company of riflemen. He was chosen as their captain. By July 1862, Gano was serving under Colonel John Hunt Morgan's 2nd Kentucky Calvary at Chattanooga, Tennessee. In September 1862, Gano's squadron became the nucleus of the 7th Kentucky Cavalry Regiment and Gano was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He participated in a number of campaigns and after General John Hunt Morgan was killed, assumed command of Morgan's survivors and continued to command his own troops. Gano and these soldiers were placed under the command of General Nathan Bedford Forrest and fought with him at the Battle of Chickamauga.

One of the interesting battles of the Civil War was at Chickamauga, where two gospel preachers on opposite sides were engaged in the battle. These were General James A. Garfield, USA, and General Richard M. Gano, CSA. As one thinks of this matchup of opposing Christians, one might think also of how many Christians were involved in the Civil War and wonder how many Christians killed Christians on the other side in the name of their country?

Even in the Gano family there was great division. General Richard M. Gano's cousin was the Union general, Stephen Gano Burbridge. "In 1864, Burbridge was given command over the state of Kentucky to deal with the growing problem of Confederate guerrilla campaigns. He established martial law as authorized by President Abraham Lincoln. On July 16, 1864, Burbridge issued Order No. 59 which declared: 'whenever an unarmed Union citizen is murdered, four guerrillas will be selected from the prison and publicly shot to death at the most convenient place near the scene of the outrages.' During Burbridge's rule in Kentucky, he directed the execution and imprisonment of numerous people, including public figures, on charges of treason and other high crimes, many of which were baseless" (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stephen_G._Burbridge). This action

earned General Stephen Gano Burbridge the nickname, "Butcher of Kentucky."

On October 3, 1863, Gano assumed command of the Texas Cavalry operating in the Trans-Mississippi Department. One of the most daring attacks of the war took place in Indian Territory at the Second Battle of Cabin Creek near Fort Smith, Arkansas in July 1864. General Gano and General Stand Watie (the only Indian General in the Civil War) led a daring raid against a Federal supply train and captured three hundred wagons and 750 mules along with their supplies. The value of these was more than \$2,000,000.00. General Kirby Smith called this "one of the most brilliant raids of the entire war."

Gano was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, but did not receive the official notice until March 1865. General Gano was recommended for promotion to Major General, but the war ended before this could be acted upon.

General Richard Montgomery Gano was one of the South's most successful military officers. He participated in more than seventy battles, winning all but four of them. He had five horses shot out from under him during the course of the war.

General Gano was remembered by his troops as a man with deep personal interest in the spiritual welfare of all with whom he served. Perhaps because of his contact with the troops as a general, a doctor, and a preacher, he became one of the most beloved commanders of the entire army. Gano never forgot the men who served for the southern cause, and for many years after the war, even into old age, Gano made appearances at many Civil War reunions.

After the war, General Gano returned to Kentucky where he was ordained to preach by Winthrop Hobson of the Old Union Church, the church where his father, John Gano, preached most of his life. Over the next six years, General Gano would preach at Mount Carmel, Berea, Dry Run, Oxford, Cane Ridge, Stamping Ground, and Leesburg, Kentucky. In 1873, Gano moved back to Dallas County, Texas where he continued to preach, farm, raise prize stock, and establish churches. In 1875, he served as a preacher in Dallas, but from 1876 until 1908, he traveled from place to place conducting protracted meetings, lasting from one week to three months. The typical meeting would last one month. He traveled throughout Texas, Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky preaching the gospel.

General Gano was a conservative at a time when being a progressive was popular. In July 1886, a state meeting was held in Austin, Texas, for the purpose of the formation of a missionary society. The delegates were



Gen. Richard M. Gano

evenly split and the chairman voted in favor of the missionary society. The conservative preachers, General Gano, J. A. Clark, Carroll Kendrick, C. M. Wilmeth, W. H. D. Carrington and others were ruled out of order by the chairman and not allowed to voice on the floor their opposition to the plan (Eckstein, *History of the Churches of Christ In Texas*, p. 238).

General Gano not only opposed the missionary society, but also opposed instrumental music in worship, which had become popular in many churches of Christ. General Gano was scheduled to hold a gospel meeting in Commerce, Texas in August 1900. When an announcement was made in April of that year that the conservative preacher, General Gano would be holding the meeting, the progressives locked the door of the building so that the conservatives could not use the building on Sundays. However, the conservatives regained the building and changed the locks. This swapping of the building continued many times until finally the progressives allowed the conservatives to have the building.

In his later years, General Gano served as an elder at the Pearl and Bryan church, along with A. T. Sitz and William Lipscomb. On the night of July 10, 1899, James S. Dunn was holding a gospel meeting at this church, when William Lipscomb, one of the elders and nephew of David Lipscomb, was shot to death during the service. It was General Gano's son, Maurice, who apprehended the assailant and held him until the police came. Earl West gives this account of the tragedy in volume 3 of his *Search for the Ancient Order*. "Professor Lipscomb with his wife and four children sat on the front pew listening to the sermon. Behind them sat Maurice Gano, General R. M. Gano's bachelor-son-lawyer. The curtains leading from the baptismal room moved; a man stepped up to the front seat beside Professor Lipscomb, pulled out a revolver and shot him in the breast. Lipscomb leaped up, grabbed his chest and fell to the floor. Maurice Gano grabbed the assailant by the throat and held him for the police while Lipscomb's hysterical wife pillowed the head of her unconscious husband on her lap." Lipscomb had served as the principal of Dallas Central High School. The assailant was a former janitor, John T. Carlisle, who had been fired from the school.

As he grew older, General Gano traveled less and stayed home more. He devoted more time to his business interest and to serving as an elder at the Pearl and Bryan church. General Gano's business interests were very profitable and allowed him to donate more money to missionary work. His interest in improving stock bloodlines continued as he imported better bloodlines into Texas, including cattle, thoroughbred horses, sheep, and hogs. He formed a real estate company and served as Vice-President of the Estado Land and Cattle Company. He also served as a Director of the Bankers and Merchants National Bank in Dallas. General Gano became very wealthy from these endeavors and donated millions of dollars to missionary work and left an

inheritance of over a million dollars to his heirs at the time of his death (DeVries, p. 31).

General Gano died on March 27, 1913, at his home on the corner of Cedar Springs and Oaklawn Avenue in Dallas, Texas. He is buried in the Dallas Oakland Cemetery. David Lipscomb wrote of his death in The Gospel Advocate, May 1913 that "General Gano was gentle and suave in his manner, but firm in his convictions and steadfast in his purposes." Lipscomb recounted he became well acquainted with General Gano during a gospel meeting. Lipscomb said, "I used to boast sometimes of abstemious habits; that I had never drunk a cup of coffee, smoked a cigar, or took a chew of tobacco or a drink of spirits as a beverage. I told this to the general. If I mistake not, he added that he never had drunk a cup of tea, in addition to my restraints."

Three of General Gano's sons formed in Dallas the law firm of Gano, Gano, and Gano. The oldest of General Gano's sons was William Beriah Gano. He received his law degree from Harvard. William's daughter, Allene Gano, married Howard Robard Hughes, Sr. Their son, Howard Hughes, Jr., became the wealthiest man in America and one of the wealthiest men in the world. He was known as a movie producer and director, developer of experimental aircraft, and held a number of aviation speed records. He owned Hughes Tool Company, Hughes Aircraft Company and Trans World Airlines. Howard Hughes died in 1976, leaving a multi-billion dollar estate. His closest living relative was his aunt, Annette Gano Lummis. Her son, Will Lummis, an attorney, was chosen to handle the multi-faceted estate of Howard Hughes which was made of several companies and many assets in different forms. This settling of Howard Hughes will took many years.

General Richard Montgomery Gano was not only a soldier in the confederate army; he was a soldier of the cross of Jesus Christ. His personal journal records that from 1866 to 1908, he preached regularly in 13 different churches. Between 1866 and 1883, he held 167 protracted meetings. The journal also records names, dates, and locations of 4,635 people that he baptized during the course of his ministry (Edward DeVries, p. 29). Another source says, "It is estimated that he personally baptized (immersed) 10,000 souls during his lifetime"(<http://members.aol.com/swarren385/cabin creek/gano.htm>). Earl West said, "By the time he (Gano) was eighty-one years old, he had baptized 6,800 people (West, vol. 3, p. 148). Still another source said "Before his death, the general was credited with 'saving sixteen thousand fellow Texans" (Bartlett and Steele, Empire—The Life, Legend, and Madness of Howard Hughes, p. 29). Regardless of the number of baptisms, from these sources we can see that General Gano was obviously involved in several thousand conversions. General Gano and his father, John Allen Gano, were perhaps the only father and son to have each baptized as many as 10,000 people.

Dr. John Dwyer, Professor of History at Southern

Nazarene University, wrote a foreword in Dr. Edward DeVries book, The Christian Generals, Vol. 3. He had this to say of Richard Gano:

"For a Texan of course, it (this book) resurrects the life and legacy of one of our greatest heroes, and causes us to wonder how we ever forgot him."

"For the American Indian, it shows the electrifying feats of which his ancestors were capable, such as when Gano's colleague in command, Cherokee General Stand Watie, and his Oklahoma Indian horse soldiers rode to thundering victory alongside the soft-spoken... preacher in the middle of the night at Cabin Creek."

"For the young single woman, Richard Gano is a reminder to wait on God's best, that He is in the business of raising up devout, pure, and faithful Christian men, in every generation, even when fools and blackguards surround them on every side."

For the young man (and those of us not-so-young), Gano, like no small number of other Confederate heroes, leaves a standard of immovable loyalty to our Saviour, albeit nurtured in graceful humility, which helps us remember—and gives us hope—that an honorable and chaste earthly pilgrimage is indeed possible for us."

Dr. Lawrence L. Anderson said of Gano, "The life and ministry of Brigadier General Richard Montgomery Gano was a powerful example of bravery, compassion, and devotion to God." Indeed, Richard Gano was one of the great personalities of the restoration movement and worked to preserve the church of the New Testament. David Lipscomb concluded the obituary of Richard Gano by saying, "The last years of this life he served as an elder in the church at Dallas, Texas and died respected and honored by those who knew him."

So True

People spend money they don't have, to buy things they don't need, to impress people they don't like.
George Bailey

Rock Creek Philosophy

Brotherly love is a principle that controls action, rather than a sentiment that would withhold truth from a brother...*F.B. Srygley*

Any one ought to be able to express his *faith* in the exact language of the word of God. *F.B. Srygley*

Wesley said it

"When I was young, I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man.".....*John Wesley*

THE WAR COMES TO BERA

Larry Whitehead

By 1860, the Berea church was a strong and vibrant congregation. Many of the leading families in the area were represented there. In 1858 a cooperative meeting was held at Berea and representatives from many churches in North Alabama attended. The purpose was to find ways to cooperate in putting an evangelist in the hard pressed fields of West Alabama and East Mississippi. The meeting was a success and money was committed to the project. The work at Berea was flourishing and the future looked bright indeed for the cause.

Things were about to take a drastic turn. In November of 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of The United States. The slavery question was the defining issue of the campaign. While most of the members at Berea either had no slaves or were against slavery, the election created turmoil amongst the general populace. Ashton's General Store in Glen Allen was the gathering place for the locals and as secession talk increased, passions became more heated. Stories abound of fist fights at Ashton's as tempers ran amuck. Within three months of Lincoln's election, Alabama seceded from the Union and two months later the Confederates fired on Fort Sumter and the war was on.

The Berea community was within a mile of the County line between Marion and Fayette Counties. It was at the very epicenter of the struggle between Union sympathizers and Southern Loyalist. The Union sympathizers probably outnumbered the Southern loyalist. The tensions between the two sides inevitably reached a breaking point.. There is no way for us to look back on this time in our history and fully comprehend the bitterness that was so prevalent. As tensions heightened, violence followed. Finally the Governor of Alabama sent troops to the area to try and quell the violence. This act only served to inflame the already heated situation. Shortly afterwards the Confederate government created the first conscription act ever on American soil and formed a militia (The Homeguard) to enforce the act and force young men into the service of the Confederacy. This was the final straw. Immediately the Union loyalist formed a guerilla militia to fight back. Violence then spread over the countryside like wildfire. Men on both sides were murdered in cold blood, homes were burned and anarchy reigned. *Wes Thompson in "Tories of The Hills" states: "Bitter feelings turned to persecution and what followed was some of the worst brutality against private citizens suffered anywhere in the country."* There was no way for the Berea congregation to be immune and not be impacted by these events.

Andrew McCaleb, an elder at Berea, publicly announced his sympathies for the Union. His great grandfather, Hugh McCaleb, had fought for the colonies in the war for independence from Britain. He wasn't about to turn against the old flag. He had once owned several slaves, but became convinced that slavery was sinful. He freed his slaves. Andrew was too old to serve but his

oldest son, John Tyler, was of age to serve in the Army. Soon pressure was applied to young John to join the Confederate cause. When he refused, he was threatened with hanging. *Capt. D.H. Whatley threatened to hang claimant for refusing to join the rebel army. He entered the army of the United States as a volunteer in December 1862 and remained until honorably discharged 26 Jul 1865. Report of The Southern Claims Commission - 1872*

John Tyler returned from the war safely, married and began a family. He served as an elder at Berea and became a successful farmer and businessman. He also was a gospel preacher and started the New River church where he again served as an elder until his death in 1918.

Alexander McDonald and his wife Preschious Howell raised five daughters and three sons. Six of the children married members of the church at Berea. McDonald early on proclaimed his loyalty to the Union and paid a dear price for it. His testimony and that of witnesses before the commission is compelling. *He was visited at his farm in July 1863 by a Mr. Beard (probably a rebel conscription officer) and 14 other men. When he refused to tell where his sons were, he was hanged with a rope three different times until he was nearly dead. He was then "bucked and gagged" for four hours and severely beaten over the head. He was taken five miles from his home on foot and released. Three of his sons enlisted in the Union army, and he frequently advised other young men to do the same. He declared that he would suffer death rather than forsake the Union. He strongly supported the Union cause... Report of The Southern Claims Commission - 1872.* As far as this writer knows, Alexander was faithful to the Lord's cause until his death in 1877. Prechious was a member of the Howell family that were and are members of the church in Marion and Fayette Counties until this day. Alexander and his wife are buried in the Whitehead Cemetery on the hill above Berea.

Andrew Jackson Tidwell was an early member at Berea. He was married to Margaret Tucker, a sister of Prudence Tucker Tidwell who became a folk heroine among the Union Loyalist in Northwest Alabama. His testimony is as follows: *In 1862 or 1863, he was threatened to be hanged or shot by Harrison Eason of the rebel army. His property was taken and he was molested so much that he had to go into Union lines for protection. He enlisted 11 Mar 1863 in the 1st Alabama Regiment of Volunteer Cavalry, Co. B, and remained in the service until honorably discharged 22 Jan 1864... Report of The Southern Claims Commission - 1872.* After the war, Tidwell became the postmaster at Dublin, a few miles East of Berea. He served in that office for many years. He was a respected member of the community and of the church.

The Joseph Whitehead family were early members at Berea. Joseph's family history was rife with military men. His great great grandfather was a Colonel in the British Army before the Revolutionary war. His great grandfather

was a Colonel in the American army. His maternal grandfather had fought with General Nathaniel Greene against the British. There was no question that his loyalties were with the Union. His son, Joseph P., joined the 1st Alabama cavalry-USA and served the Union honorably until the end of the war. Joseph P. would later serve as an elder at Berea.

Newman Theodore McCollum refused to sign up for the draft and would "hide out" when he heard that the homeguard was in the area. On one occasion, Sie McCollum, a young McCollum family slave, was captured by the impressment men and when he refused to tell where his master was hiding, he was hanged. He too, survived. Newman T. McCollum would later serve as an elder at Berea. (Sie's loyalty was rewarded after the war when the McCollum family and Andrew McCaleb, a McCollum son-in-law, gave him a sizable farm on which he lived until his death in the 1940s.)

Prudence Tucker Married Baswell Tidwell. Baswell was likely a kinsmen of Andrew Jackson Tidwell. It is also likely that they were members of the Berea church before the war. They moved to northern Marion County and lived there the rest of their lives. Prudence became a part of the Civil War folklore for her heroic acts during the war. She carried food and messages to the men who were "hiding out" from the homeguards, at great personal risk. She would hide food in her bosom, knowing that if she was found out she would likely be killed. Prudy and Bas were members at Union on Buttahatchee (White House) and later the Thornhill church, where they are buried.

Margaret and Prudy Tidwell were aunts of Henry Tucker. Tucker was wantonly and brutally tortured and murdered by a company of the Home guards in Winston County. This barbarous act is chronicled in Wes Thompson's book *Tories Of The Hills*. So brutal was the killing, that to read about it 150 years later, takes one's breath away. Thompson gives an account, many years after the war, of the death of one of the men involved in the killing, When Joe Roberts, a member of the home guard, on his deathbed, confessed: "*Lord God,*" he said, "*I'm doomed to hell! All that I have been able to see night or day for twenty years is that Henry Tucker that I helped to butcher!" It is said that he expired in such anguish that the flames of Hell seemed to be tearing his soul from his body.*"

It is not known if Henry Tucker ever obeyed the gospel. It is likely, however, that he had heard it preached.

Such were the times when man's inhumanity to man was in full flower and the fires of hatred fanned by political fanaticism caused ordinary men and women to do things they would otherwise never thought of doing. No wonder David Lipscomb would later write article after article in the *Gospel Advocate* condemning a Christian's participation in such. These are but a few examples of the war's effect on the membership at Berea and the community at large

There are no records to confirm that the church ceased meeting during the war, but in view of the turmoil

and bitterness in the community, it is likely that they did. The only other church in the area was the New River Baptist church and they stopped meeting in 1862 and did not meet again until 1865. Fortunately, the Berea Church came together after the war (see "*Forgiveness,*" Volume 1-Issue 2, *The Alabama Restoration Journal*) and became one of the most powerful voices for the ancient gospel in northwest Alabama.

Problems continued after the war as the Ku Klux Klan began to raid and harass those in the area around Berea who had been loyal to the Union. Daniel Lapsley Logan was the eldest son of Robert and Jennie McCaleb Logan. The Logans were charter members at Berea. "Lap" Logan was a successful farmer and Blacksmith. Family lore has it that on the night of December 8, 1871, Logan was brutally murdered and his body thrown in his yard. The family believed that his murder was in retribution for his activities during the war. It was rumored that he rode with one of the guerilla bands that was loyal to the Union. He had seven brothers that fought with the famed 1st Alabama Cavalry-USA. Due to a birth defect he was unable to serve. but contributed by building bridges for the Union armies.

Logan's murder would have likely been a shocking occurrence to the citizenry, as well as the membership at Berea. Logan was a much respected member of the community. His blacksmith shop was a popular gathering place in the area where one could always get the latest news.

Joseph Pinkney Whitehead, an elder at Berea, was appointed Justice of The Peace for that section, thus becoming the chief law enforcement officer in the area and he visited Montgomery and convinced the Governor to send troops to quell the threats and restore order. This met with some success. Eventually peace was restored but resentment among many continued for many years.

Some congregations did not fare as well as Berea. Some never met after the war. Most did, however, and slowly but surely growth began to take place. God fearing men such as John Taylor, J.M. Pickens, Jeremiah and Lorenzo Randolph, John A. McCaleb, Green Haley and Jesse T. Wood, redoubled their efforts and spent long hours visiting the various communities and helping to heal the wounds with the ancient gospel. By and large, they succeeded in restoring the cause to a sound footing and also healing the broken fellowship in many locations.

This writer believes that no congregation suffered as much trauma because of the war, as did Berea. The church survived it all and became one of the leading voices in spreading the ancient gospel throughout Northwest Alabama. Many of the congregations in Fayette, Marion, Walker and Lamar Counties, owe their existence to the efforts of the leadership and members at Berea.

Looking back on the events of 145 years ago, Berea's "trial by fire" may have inspired the brethren to become more committed as a result. As has been mentioned in earlier articles, the church experienced its greatest work in the years following the war and many years afterward....

AN OLD MUDDY POND IN PIKE COUNTY

Earl Kimbrough

In the midst of the Civil War, a small seventeen year old boy from near Troy, Alabama, was marching with a band of soldiers through Virginia to join the conflict raging farther north. The swarthy and unhealthy looking lad, little more than kid bearing arms in a man's war, and some comrades stopped at a roadside well for a drink of water. As they were about to leave, the lady of the house from whose well they drank came out.

Noticing the smallest boy in the group, and no doubt feeling a motherly sympathy for the frail lad, she spoke kindly to him, saying: "Young man, you will please pardon me, but you do not look so very strong, you may live a long time or you may not, but if you will wait a moment, I have something that I should like to give to you." Her words reveal a trace of doubt as to whether, due to his size and delicate appearance, he could endure a military engagement and live to see his Alabama home again.

The boy waited, perhaps expecting food or a talisman for good luck, when the lady returned with a small volume in her hand. She said: "I want to give you this book. It is the Holy Bible. You take it and be sure to read the Psalms and Proverbs. You will get much comfort and pleasure from these two books." He thankfully accepted her gift and saw that it was a fine printed leather bound Bible. He placed it in his pocket and resumed his northward march with the troop.

In time he began to read the books the kindhearted lady recommended. Not stopping there, he continued until he had read the Bible through. He evidently found both the comfort and joy the Virginian promised. Further, the reading strengthened his faith in God and he made a vow, saying: "*Jehovah God, if thou wilt guide me and care for me till I get back home, I will become a member of thy church the first opportunity I get.*"

The teenage soldier who received the Bible on his northward march was Monroe M. Bell of Pike County, Alabama. Writing about it many years later, Bell's son said: "This young man said in after life that he trusted so implicitly in God and in his word till he felt that there was no enemy bullet that could strike him. He became sick several times and was told by his physician on several occasions that he could not live, yet he trusted in his God and still believed that he would live to get home and obey the gospel. Just a short time before the war closed he was granted a furlough."

Soon after reaching his home in South Alabama,

Bell heard the news of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox and the war's end. Now safely home again, with the war behind him, he recalled his vow and sought to do what he promised. He learned from reading the Bible that he needed to find "*a church that accepted the Bible and the Bible alone as their guide.*" Unfortunately, no church in that part of the state met the Bible description, but he continued searching.

"By chance" he found a book entitled: "History of All Denominations." He began reading through its pages and noticed "a small squib" under "Campbellites." It described these people as claiming "to have no creed, discipline, confession of faith, bylaws or other rules except the Bible." He thought about that and repeated the word "Campbellites." He then said: "*I never heard of any church of that sort in my life, but if they accept the Bible as this book says I must find a church of that kind and become a member of it.*"

While he was hunting for a church called "Campbellite," young Bell was also hunting for a life companion. He was more successful in the latter pursuit, but in 1870, after he had been married about two years and his first child was almost a year old, he heard about a man living near Andalusia, Alabama, named Sanford Barron, who was called a "Campbellite." He wrote to Barron inviting him to come to his place about five miles northeast of Troy, Alabama.

A while after the letter was written, R. W. Turner, a doctor who preached the gospel, came to see Bell. Bell's young wife as a fine Methodist girl whose father was a steward in the Methodist Church. Perhaps through that relationship, Bell obtained the use of the Methodist Church in the community for a Sunday afternoon service for Dr. Turner to preach. Writing of that occasion, S. W. Bell, said: "*At the end of the first and only sermon my father had ever heard from a man who preached the Bible without addition or subtraction, he walked down the aisle and made the 'good confession,' and was baptized that afternoon in a pond of water near by.*"

Bell's wife was not as pleased with baptism as he was. In fact, she was mortified and enraged when her husband was baptized. As her son describes it: "*His good little wife went with others to the baptizing place but with my oldest brother in her arms turned away and would not see her husband 'go down into that old muddy pond and be 'ducked.'* As she thus spoke and walked away she said: '*He has disgraced me and all*

of my people.' And with tears of anger in her eyes and madness in her heart, did not want to even talk to my father for a few days."

When his wife's anger subsided enough for them to talk, Monroe Bell proposed that they read the New Testament through chapter by chapter, without either making any comments and neither asking anyone else what any pas-sage means. He added: "If, when we have read it through together, if you find that it supports the Methodist Doctrines and I find it supports them, I will become a member of the Methodist church, but if you find that what I have done is according to the teachings of the Bible, will you become a member of the church with me?" After thinking about this, she said: "Your proposition sounds fair, we will begin and read the New Testament through together, and I am sure that you will become a Methodist with me within a year, for I know they believe and teach the New Testament."

As agreed, the young couple read the New Testament together without comment or "help" from others. S. W. Bell said: "But when they read such passages as the baptism of Jesus, the baptism of the three thousand; the man from Ethiopia, Saul, Cornelius, and many other cases, my mother would go back and re-read them after he was gone. The year came and went. One day my mother said to my father, 'Monroe, where does that man live who baptized you last year?' 'Down near Andalusia, Ala., but why do you ask me that question?' 'Well, I have made up my mind that I want to be baptized.' 'What, you don't want to go down into an old muddy pond and be baptized and disgrace yourself before all of your family do you?' 'Well, I have never been baptized, and I feel that it is my duty to be baptized.'" They wrote for Turner to come and baptize her, but he sent Dr. S. I. S. Cawthon who came and baptized her.

"Thus in about 1871 there were only two members of the church of Christ in a radius of many miles around. This united husband and wife in Christ served as the first church in or near Troy. My father did not become a 'preacher' in the general sense of the term, yet there were but few days that there was not a lesson in the Bible read and studied. On Sundays either services were conducted in the home with the wife and children as well as the neighbors or else he would carry the family to some place where they could be with others in studying and worshipping."

"In the course of years there were small congregations established in different directions: many miles away, so that father would leave home on Saturday riding for many miles and would 'preach' for them on Saturday night and Sunday morning, and in some

cases return home Sunday night late ready for work by Monday." (*Sound Doctrine*, Sept. 10, 1941.)

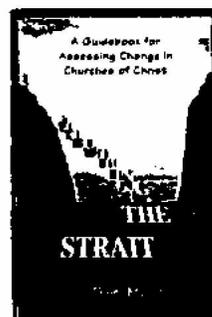
Bible believers can see the hand of God in the marvelous story of Monroe Bell's conversion. It not only shows how a small, swarthy, and frail Alabama boy became a Christian and a messenger of Christ because a good woman in Virginia gave him a Bible for comfort and help in his efforts to outlast the Civil War. He not only survived that awful time, but upon being baptized in that "old muddy pond" in Pike Country, he became the first New Testament Christian in that region and, together with his wife, established the first church of Christ in Pike County.

The word of God cast upon the waters by that good woman in Virginia, as the prophet said, did not return to him void, but accomplished that whereunto it was sent, even when it led to an old muddy pond in Alabama.

If there has been a book in the last half century that should be required reading by every Christian, this is it. Brother Miller cuts to the chase and nails the problem with no holds barred.

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RESTORATION ROOTS AMONG ALABAMA UNIONIST

Don Umphrey

When meeting someone, did you ever wonder whether each of your ancestors were acquainted decades or even centuries earlier? Did you ever speculate that someone in the other person's lineage may have had an impact—either good or bad—on the life of your ancestor?

Of course, usually no one but God would know such things.

In one particular instance, though, I discovered the dramatic influence a college friend's ancestor exerted on the life of my great-grandfather. It also turned out that if these two men hadn't met near the outbreak of the Civil War, my fellow student and I probably would never have become acquainted 110 years later.

For me this scenario started when I was a student at Lipscomb University, Nashville, TN, in the fall, 1968. One day at lunch in the student cafeteria, I joined a long table of students, some of whom I did not know.

During the course of the meal, I heard one student ask another, "Where you from?" "Haleyville, Alabama." My ears perked up.

Even though I was born in Detroit, MI and grew up in a nearby suburb, I was well acquainted with Haleyville, a town of a few thousand people in Winston County, Alabama, in the northwest part of the state. Every summer until my grandmother died when I was 16, my family had visited Bear Creek, AL, a small dot on the map in Marion County about six miles from Haleyville. My mother was born and raised in Bear Creek, and the town was filled with my relatives.

Walker Dobbs was the Haleyville student. He knew some of my cousins. We talked many times after that, but our conversations never turned to our ancestry.

At my grandmother's house in Bear Creek, a portrait of a bearded elderly man was displayed in a prominent place in the living room. This was John R. Phillips, my great-grandfather. From the 1870s until his death at age 87 in 1925, he had owned and managed a general store serving that region. The school across the street from my grandmother's house was (and is) named Phillips High. I knew that had something to do with my great-grandfather, but I was never sure how.

During one visit to Bear Creek during my early teens, my mother handed me a black, hard-cover book titled *My Life Story*. The author was John R. Phillips and it was written in 1922 when he was in his mid-80s. In this volume he focused on his Civil War experiences.

By the time I transferred to Lipscomb at the beginning of my junior year, I knew I wanted to be a writer. I hoped to write a book about my great-grandfather.

After college graduation in 1969, I returned to Michigan with the idea of starting that book. But after puzzling over it for awhile, I discovered that I had no idea of where to start. I could tell I was not intellectually ready for the task but vowed to try it again at some point in the future.

I worked as a print journalist during my twenties, started teaching at the university level during my early thirties, and wrote the fact-based novel about God's grace, *The Meanest*

Man in Texas, First published in 1984 and still in print.

As the years passed, I kept thinking about my great-grandfather's story but circumstances seemed to prevent me from doing anything about it. Finally, at the age of 48, even though I still did not feel intellectually ready to write the book, I began thinking "now or never." I started on it in earnest, spending nearly a year compiling hundreds of pages of research before writing even the first word.

As I shared tidbits of my research findings with friends, most were surprised to hear conventional knowledge about the Civil War turned upside down. For example, the south is usually depicted as having been solid for the Confederacy. It wasn't. Many southerners were pro-Union. In fact, every Confederate state except South Carolina had at least one Union regiment, and many had several.

I was also astounded to find pro-Union slave-owners.

Some southerners wanted to stay neutral but were forced to choose a side. In a number of instances, men were conscripted at gunpoint into a Confederate army they hated. The neutrals and partisans for both sides were neighbors in Winston, Marion and surrounding counties. As the war heated up, individuals committed atrocities against people they'd known for years. The conflict was truly neighbor-to-neighbor.

You've probably heard about how brothers fought on opposite sides. That was true in northwest Alabama, but it was not because family members studied all the issues and then came to different conclusions. This mostly occurred because one man was caught by Confederate conscription officers and his brother ran off and joined the Union Army before he, too, was caught.

What made the people in the northwest part of the state different? They lived in a mountainous area and did not have access to major markets. Most farming was for subsistence purposes in contrast to the big planters in the river valleys both to the north and south. In 1860 Winston County had the smallest cotton production and the fewest number of slaves compared to every other county in the state.

These mountain people resented the fact that the state's aristocracy looked down on them as ignorant hillbillies. One of their heroes was Andrew Jackson, the nation's first log-cabin born president. Like Jackson, they believed in a strong union, putting them at odds with the state's-rights advocates who formed the Confederacy.

Winston County became known as the "Free State of Winston" because it tried to secede from the Confederate State of Alabama and remain neutral during the war. More than a half century later, it was said that the roads got narrower and bumpier when entering Winston; supposedly, this was payback from state legislators for their disloyalty to the Confederacy.

My great-grandfather had moved his family from North Carolina to Winston County in 1858 and then into Marion County the following year. While getting settled, he met Green Monroe Haley, a man about 20 years his senior, who, in the words of my great-grandfather, "was a slave holder, a farmer,

horse trader, and what was then called 'a Campbellite' preacher." He also called Haley "one of the most accommodating men I ever saw."

Haley settled on a large tract of land on the Buttahatchee River in Marion County during the early 1840s. There are contrasting accounts on how he had become a Restoration Movement preacher. One source says he had been influenced by the teaching of Barton W. Stone in his native Crab Orchard, KY. More recent research (See Vol. 1, #1 of this journal) indicates that Haley was baptized in Alabama by pioneer preacher John Taylor who first converted Haley's wife, Juliet.

For the next five paragraphs, I'll quote directly from my great-grandfather's book but have added some information in parentheses:

"I admired Mr. Haley as much as any man I ever met, except his Campbellism, which I could not endure. My father and his people were Methodists, while my mother and her people were Baptists. So I held with the Methodists after my father died (when my great-grandfather was eight years old), but my mother went back to the Baptists. We went to all the camp meetings of each one every year and attended meeting regularly. My mother encouraged me in reading the Bible, and I had read it all through by the time I was 10 years old. Nearly all of my neighbors (in Marion County) were Campbellites, and I had many discussions with them on the Bible. Quite often, I would, I thought, get the best of the argument. As soon, however, as they would meet Mr. Haley, they would meet my argument and show my interpretation to favor them and confound my position.

"The mill I went to weekly was kept by a Methodist circuit rider who preached for the Ireland (a small northwest Alabama community) congregation. They were not able to support him and got him the position as miller to assist them in supporting him. I told him of my discussions with the Campbellites and desired him to come over and help me out. He said if I could get a place for him to preach, he would come. . .

"The country was sparsely settled, and I do not suppose there had ever been any preaching done in that settlement before. (That settlement—now the Thorn Hill community—was about six miles north of where Green Haley lived.) When the appointed time came, we had quite a crowd for a place like that. Some that were there came 10 miles. The Campbellites were there, also. We fixed dinner for all that would stay. I wanted the preacher to skin the Campbellites, just rip them up the back; he did not, but gave us all some good practical advice.

"After dinner I told the preacher I wanted him to help me to put down such doctrine as they preached, that I had some children that would soon be old enough to need teaching the religion of the Bible, the old reliable religion of our fathers and mothers, and I did not want them to hear any such stuff as they would hear at what is now called 'The White House.' (This was the congregation first built on the corner of what was Haley's property in Marion County during the 1840s, and it still thrives today—the White House Church of Christ.)

"He told me the best thing I could do was to not go to their

meetings and not to associate with them any more than I could help, as it was a dangerous doctrine they advocated, and he did not feel competent to discuss religious subjects with them... I had good neighbors that helped me roll logs and were good and kind to me, and I could not afford not to associate with them, but liked them and was their friend, and they had as much right to their way of thinking as I did or anyone else. So that ended the meeting at our house."

After that, the Phillips family joined their neighbors in worshipping at the congregation at the White House church.

Besides their religion, the people at Haley's church had something else in common. They were all "Tories," a name used during the Revolution to describe people who remained loyal to the British but later applied to people in the south who sided with the Union.

Besides his preaching duties, Haley served as leader of the local chapter of the Union League, a pro-Union organization that was active throughout the nation, including parts of the south. In this capacity, Haley spied on Confederate troop movements and also guided men toward Corinth, MS, where the First Alabama Cavalry, USA (Alabama's only Union regiment not made up of liberated slaves) was headquartered in 1863.

Like many others in northwest Alabama, John R. Phillips wanted to remain neutral in the war and had long talks with his minister about his best course of action. My great-grandfather was finally forced to join Col Josiah Patterson's 5th Alabama Cavalry, CSA, headquartered in Tusculumbia, AL. He deserted after a few months and returned home. Suddenly the stakes were much higher for him. As a Confederate Army deserter, he could be shot for treason.

Phillips then joined Haley in recruiting Co. L for the Union's Alabama regiment, made up of other men from northwest Alabama who were in much the same position as himself. For his recruiting leadership, he was given the rank of sergeant. The new company journeyed to Corinth to be mustered in, and within a few weeks took part in a fierce battle in Mississippi just across the state line from Red Bay, AL.

Haley stayed home but continued to work on behalf of the Union, much to the chagrin of local Confederate authorities. Haley's activities nearly ended up in his lynching in 1864.

After the war was over, Haley and Phillips continued as friends until Haley's death in 1882.

Green Haley's son, Charles, married Martha Phillips, a daughter of John. In 1885 they moved to an area of Winston County then known as Davis' Crossroads. They were soon joined there by Walker Haley, a younger brother of Charles. The two brothers started a store in that area that was soon very successful. According to local folklore, Charles Haley gave a suit to a man known as "Bucky" Davis in exchange for renaming the town to Haleyville.

Walker Haley started the Traders and Farmers Bank in Haleyville in 1906, which now has many branches throughout the region.

Recall that my friend at Lipscomb was named Walker Dobbs. As it turns out, he was named for his great-grandfather, Walker Haley.

Remember my earlier statement that Walker Dobbs and I probably would never have met except for our ancestors? As you have seen, Walker's great-great grandfather, Green M. Haley, played a large role in converting my ancestor from Methodism. Without that influence, John R. Phillips would not have been instrumental in helping to start what is now known as the Thornhill Church of Christ. In 1882 my great-grandfather moved his family to the present site of Bear Creek and also was instrumental in helping to form a congregation there. My grandfather was raised in that congregation and so was my mother, who due to the church of Christ influence in her life, enrolled as a student at Lipscomb in the late 1930s. Thus, in 1967 when I was seeking a college to which to transfer, I followed her recommendation and applied to Lipscomb.

A couple of loose ends before I close:

Green Haley freed his slaves when Lincoln announced the Emancipation Proclamation. Doing research for my book, I interviewed Telia Dobbs, Walker's mother, at her home in Haleyville. She showed me a letter written to her by Alex Haley, the author of *Roots*, indicating there was a good chance that one of the slaves owned by Haley was an ancestor of the famous author.

How did Phillips High in Bear Creek get its name? The old school burned down shortly before the death of John R. Phillips in 1925. His widow, Mary Eveline Phillips, my great-grandmother and my mother's namesake, donated land on which to build a new school. My grandfather and some of his brothers spear-headed the effort to raise the money to build the new school.

While doing research for the book, my cousin Mona Brown gave me about a thousand pages of records kept by John R. Phillips pertaining to his business and other dealings. (These records are now available at the Haleyville Library.) In these papers were notes that my great-grandfather had written about a reunion of the First Alabama Cavalry, USA that he hosted in Bear Creek in 1910. In this he wrote, "The old soldiers marched from John R. Phillips' store to the Christian Church." This surprised me since during all of my visits, Bear Creek had three churches: Baptist, Methodist, and church of Christ." I asked my mother (born in 1918) about this.

She said that when she was a young girl, there was no sign on the church building where they worshipped, and it was known as the Christian church. Finally, sometime between 1925 and 1930, they put a "Church of Christ" sign in front. My mother believes this was due to the influence of circuit preachers who visited. Reflecting on this, it struck me that a church name that was seemingly set in stone when I was growing up had not been so just a generation earlier.

(Don Umphrey, Ph.D. is a professor emeritus at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, TX. His book about his great-grandfather and the Civil War in northwest Alabama, Southerners in Blue: They Defied the Confederacy, was published in 2002.)

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER HOME

Private Evan Thornton was a son of Thomas Thornton and Orpha Randolph Thornton. Thomas was an elder at Berea. Orpha was a daughter of Elisha Randolph, making young Evan a grandson of Elisha. The lad, only 16 years of age, was killed in battle shortly after this letter was written....LEW

In camp near O.C.H. Va. April 5th 1864

Dear father,

It is with pleasure that I have the present opportunity of dropping you few lines to let you know that I am well except a head cold and it is getting better. Thair is not but five of us in the (co) at this time the rest of them are out on pickett. I did not go on account of my bad cold and such bad weather.

I seen the letter that you sent to Lieut. Walden and Capt. Harris you said. I left home without a blanket or any money As to a blanket I would not have loaded it, as to money I did not have any use for it . I swapped hats with one fellow on the boat and got a hat nearly as good as my other one was and got \$30.06 to boot and I sleep as warm as I ever did at home and I will \$50 in a few days and in the course of a month I will get \$50 more from S. P. Thrawelk by me coming back him it gave him a furlough and he sold it to Ben Smith for \$350 and gave me \$50 and Mr. Smith sold it to a man in Co A for \$450, Lt Walden has gone to Va on furlough he had left before I got here. I am mighty well satisfied. as well satisfied as I could be we get plenty to eat we draw corn meal hog meat rice and sugar coupheo and molasses I cannot grumble at what we have to eat and I don't never expect to grumble without I see a mighty large cause for it. The most of the people think them that lives to see the first of next march will see the war through, but I don't know myself. I am in hopes it will end before too. It is the opinion that we will have some this summer it is thought that we will go into O.S. id again this summer.

The boys are all keen to go. Ole Grant has not taken command of Meade's Army yet . It was reported that he'd reviewed the Army a few days ago we heard cannon in that direction.

Well I recon I have written enough for this time. I hope this letter will find you Enjoye good. Don't you grieve yourself to death about me for it won't do a bit of good. Tell Press and Bash to write to me and you do the same. I have wrote one letter to you since I have been here, write soon and give all of the news, your affectionate son

E.V.F. Thornton

P.S. Press and Bash I will write to you in a few days, so good bye E.V.F Thornton

Direct your letter in this mannar Private E.V.F. Thornton Co (I) (11th Regt.) of Al

Thanks to Herbert Hollingsworth for providing this letter....LEW

OLIN WARMACK, A FRIEND AND BROTHER

Earl Kimbrough

The unexpected discovery of historical information is one of the joys the editors have in producing *The Alabama Restoration Journal*. I have occasion to talk often with Larry Whitehead and much of our conversation reflects mutual joy over unexpected data that comes to us from various sources. Frequently a seemingly trivial discovery turns up a new theme to delve into, confirms an old hypothesis, or adds a significant detail to a particular story. The editors are grateful to all who recognize the value of preserving the early history of churches of Christ in Alabama and especially to those who are willing to share what they know with our readers.

I was recently invited to speak at Faulkner University in Montgomery on, "The Alabama Influences of F. B. Srygley." After concluding the lecture, I met Brother and Sister Olin Warmack of Montgomery in a hall at the V. P. Black College of Religious Studies. Brother Warmack is a true friend of *The Journal*. He made a comment about the lecture and I noticed in his hand a plain manila folder. In our conversation, he showed me its contents. I remembered that he said something about it in the question and answer session that followed the afternoon lectures, but I did not then understand what he said about it. He indicated that he did not know if anyone was interested in what he had. Upon seeing what it was, I assured him that I was *very much* interested in it. It was the kind of information I am always looking for.

The folder contained several pages of text and pictures that he had prepared in 1995 for an address on, "Churches in Clay County, Alabama," for the Clay County Historical Society. It included brief histories of several churches of Christ in Clay County, southeast of Birmingham. This is an area of the state that had largely escaped my historical radar. When I asked if he would send me a copy, he gave me the one he had with permission for me to use it in *The Journal* in any way I could.

Upon returning home, I had occasion to read the documents carefully and was even more delighted with the contents. They told about some churches of Christ established in the Talladega Mountain region near the time of the Civil War, and identified some of the early preachers and other Christians in that part of Alabama, that I had not heard about. Since then, I have talked with Brother Warmack by phone and have corresponded with him about additional information concerning the things he wrote or quoted.

I have already written five historical vignettes for

The Journal from the material in Brother Warmack's papers. Some are for the *Restoration Ramblings*, *Where the Saints Met*, and *Gathering Home* columns. The others are for a book I am compiling on *Alabama Restoration Sketches* (two volumes), many of which have appeared or may appear in *The Journal*. For instance, Brother Warmack told about a deserter during the Civil War who was converted while hiding out from the military authorities in Talladega Mountain, and he gave the obituary of Asa Turner Hobbs, a cousin of A. G. Hobbs, well known for his numerous religious tracts that have been used by faithful churches of Christ for many years. Articles include *Missing Churches of Clay County*, and *Mount Zion Church in Shinbone Valley*. And, *The Pleasant Grove Church of Christ*, by Brother Warmack.

We are indeed grateful to Brother Olin Warmack for his help regarding *The Journal*, and for sharing with us the interesting and valuable fruit of his research in sources beyond our reach. He thus becomes a source providing intelligence about the Lord's people in Clay and Cleburne Counties from pioneer days. The material we use from his collection is credited to him. We want him and all others who may contribute material for *The Journal* to know our appreciation. *The Journal* is intended to be a cooperative effort and we want our readers to be partners with us in collecting and preserving the history of Alabama churches of Christ

"All Night Sinning"

From a newspaper clipping that tells how the ladies' Bible class of East Side Baptist Church in King's Mountain, North Carolina, quickly sold out when they had 500 tickets printed for an "All-night sinning." When some horrified dowager discovered the typographical error, and had a new batch of tickets printed for an "All-night singing" — they couldn't sell a single ticket! **GG October 22, 1953**

Pews On Pivots

"It is suggested by a Pennsylvania paper that church pews be placed on pivots, so that the occupants may not be obliged to strain their necks every time somebody comes into church."

The Journal would make a great gift...

The Poets Corner

Legend Of The Rebel Soldier –

Charlie Moore

In a dreary Yankee prison Where a rebel soldier lay
By his side there stood a preacher
Ere his soul should pass away
And he faintly whispered: Parson As
he clutched him by the hand Oh,
parson, tell me quickly
Will my soul pass through the Southland?

Will my soul pass through the Southland
Through the old Virginia grants
Will I see the hills of Georgia
And the green fields of Alabam?
Will I see there little church house
Where I pledged my heart and hand
Oh, parson, tell me quickly
Will my soul pass through the Southland?

Was for loving dear old Dixie In
this dreary cell I lie
Was for loving dear old Dixie In
this northern state I die
Will you see my little daughter
Will you make her understand
Oh, parson, tell me quickly
Will my soul pass through the Southland?

Then the rebel soldier died

“WAS FOR LOVING DEAR OLD DIXIE”

Earl Kimbrough

All of my Alabama and South Carolina ancestors who participated in the Civil War were “rebel soldiers.” My mother’s maternal grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Sumner, served the Confederacy, entering the army in 1862 at the age of sixteen. I was nine when he died and I remember him well. He was one of the last Confederate veterans in Franklin County at the time of his death. *The Franklin County Times* called him, “A Gallant Confederate Soldier.” He is buried at Mountain Home Cemetery near Belgreen, Ala. My mother’s paternal great-grandfather, Samuel Aiken Todd, Jr. (1831-1900) served in the Civil War 1861-1865 and lost his left arm in battle. His parents had five sons in the war and they paid a heavy price for “loving dear old Dixie.” In addition to the surviving son’s loss of an arm in battle, the four other Todd brothers paid the supreme sacrifice. John A. Todd (1822-1864) died at Charlestown, S.C.; Nathaniel C. Todd (1824-1864) also died in the Confederate army leaving a wife and seven children; Andrew W. Todd (1833-1862) served in Gen. Robert E. Lee’s Army of Northern Virginia and died in Richmond leaving a wife and two children; and Thomas L. Todd (1842-1862) died at Lynchburg, Va.....

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A DESERTER IN SHINBONE VALLEY

Shinbone Valley lies in the evening shadow of Mt. Cheaha, the highest elevation in Talladega Mountain. The Mt. Zion church of Christ at Union began during the Civil War, possibly at the time when a protracted meeting was held "in a clearing at the edge of the woods." This was either a brush arbor or an open air gathering; both were common in pioneer times. Hiding in the woods near the site of the meeting was Joe Carter, a deserter from the war. "He would come to the meeting every night, staying in the edge of the woods, so no one could see him, but near enough for him to hear the preaching and singing." The gospel message and his wayward condition apparently overcame his fear of being caught away from his military duty without leave. One night when the preacher invited sinners to come to obey the gospel, Joe left his woodland cover and went bravely through the worshippers "to give the preacher his hand and God his heart, and was baptized into Christ, and from that day forward lived a faithful Christian." (Olin Warmack, *Churches in Clay County*, Unpublished Manuscript.)

EASING THE CHANGE

The earlier part of T. W. Caskey's ministry, 1840-1875, is associated with Mississippi. During this time he often preached in places along the state's border with Alabama and also across the line in the latter state. F. B. Manire, a close friend of "Uncle Caskey," as he called him, wrote a lot about him, related an incident that took place near Meridian, Mississippi, during the Civil War. Caskey was serving as a chaplain in the 18th Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers. Manire said he never heard the story but once and it was related to him in a private conversation. That was in the last year of Caskey's life and was told to Manire as "a real occurrence." Caskey said: "Meridian, Miss., is now a beautiful city, but during the Civil War it was a forlorn looking pine woods village. One day after a battle in that part of the State, I went out as chaplain to comfort the dying. Seeing a lad that was nearly gone, I said 'Is there anything I can do for you my boy?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I'm dying, parson, and I want you to carry me over to Meridian and let me die there.' 'Why?' he was asked. 'Well, I know where I'm a-goin' to and I think the change would be less from Meridian than any other spot I know.'" (B. F. Manire, *Life of T. W. Caskey*.)

SEEING THE UNSEEN

Dorothy Giddens Warmack, wife of Olin Warmack, recalls that her great-grandmother, Elizebeth McCollough, was already a member of the Lord's church when she came to America from Scotland. Little is known of her earlier life. The first mention of her in Alabama finds her in the Delta community of Clay County, where she was member of the Delta church. She first married a McClland of whom little is known. They had several children, but he died relatively young. She later married William Hobbs, a widower with several children who lived in the Red Ridge, near the Pleasant Grove church house. Hobbs was considerably older than Elizabeth and her neighbors, bluntly asked her "what she saw in old man Hobbs." She saw something they failed to see. She replied the "he was interested in the Bible that she was interested in, and he was interested in the church that he was interested in." Ultimately they married and he became a Christian, seemingly through her teaching. "He was one of those who signed papers to borrow money for putting up the Pleasant Grove building." What Elizabeth saw in "old man Hobbs" was something of far greater value than her more mundane neighbors could see. "For the things which are seen are temporary, but the things which are not seen are eternal." (Olin Warmack, *Letter to Earl Kimbrough*.)

WHAT IF....

In reflecting on the past, there is often a tendency in people to wonder about what may have happened if some key events had turned out differently. What if the South had won the Civil War and the Confederate States had survived as a separate nation? One thing we sometimes think about along these lines is John Taylor's restoration in Northwest Alabama. When he was baptized for the remission of sins in about 1828 and established the first New Testament church in Fayette County soon after, he did not know of any other person on earth who taught what Peter taught about baptism in Acts 2:38. Nor did he then know that there was another church on earth composed of people baptized for the remission of sins and committed to following the Bible alone. What if he had never known of any others who taught as he did? We know that the seed of the kingdom is the word of God and that it produces after its kind. There is no doubt but that on this basis, simple New Testament churches could be, and were, established in that country. But without other influences that soon came to his part of the state, what direction would his movement have taken? Well, of course, we can never know. But it is interesting to think about. (EK)



An anxious brother called the other day to express his concern over the fact that the congregation where he attended had stopped extending the invitation at the close of their services. I told him to "chill out," this is 2008. The invitation is an old tradition and this generation's goal is to purge the Church of all that they

consider traditions such as a cappella music, baptism for the remission of one's sins, etc and now I guess the invitation to obey the gospel is out the window also. After hearing some of the sermons that are preached today, the potential invitees wouldn't know what to do anyway. Many of these so called gospel sermons could be read in *The Readers Digest*. No mention of the Gospel Plan of Salvation. No mention of the denominational error that permeates our world. Remember, we can't be judgmental. Don't dare preach the truth. It's offensive to point out error. Besides, most of us know what to do to be saved. Let the rest find out for themselves. After all, there are more important aspects of one's spiritual life to be considered such as the 2008 version of the restoration motto. No longer in vogue is the statement, originally credited to Thomas Campbell that proclaimed "where the Bible speaks, we speak and where the Bible is silent, we are silent." This has been replaced by the modern motto that proudly proclaims "If it feels good, do it, if it entertains, enjoy it."

We visited a congregation recently and sat behind a young mother and her children. The lady was wearing a "sun" dress that was "low cut" in the back. Between her shoulders was a tattoo of a giant bird. Whether an eagle or a turkey buzzard, it was unclear. I finally came down on the side of the buzzard. As she moved her arms it appeared as if the thing would take flight. I was mesmerized by the site and did not get much from the service. I kept thinking of the Lord's condemnation of such foolishness in the book of Leviticus (19.28). I shouldn't be surprised at such in this day when absolutely anything seems to be acceptable. I came away looking for a positive about the matter and decided that at least she had on a dress, all be it skimpy, in lieu of shorts and whatever or less. I remembered what J.D. Tant said to one of the ladies he considered immodestly dressed in his day, "I could have taken off my pants and had more on than you have." But, of course I didn't have a tattoo to show off.

A recent article in the "Nashville Tennessean" carried the following headline. "Judges lay down law on courtroom dress." Fed up with defendants coming to court wearing flip-flops, wife-beater t-shirts, saggy drawers and gangster couture, some Nashville judges are saying, "Enough!" Said one attorney. "People come to court in flip-flips, open-toed sandals, no socks _ just about anything you can imagine, some bordering on indecency."

Josh says "bordering on indecency me eye. They've long ago crossed the border." Makes one wonder if these defendants are members of one of the local "come as you are" churches of Christ. If the Judges would attend one of their services, they wouldn't be so up tight. Then they could see the outrageous way some of the younger and not so younger members dress to come to the Lord's house. Some dress as if they just dropped in on the way to the local honky-tonk. Seems to me we need some hard preaching on modest apparel. Question?-- Why do the Judges think they have a right to more respect than God Almighty?

All of which reminds me of a tale I recently heard about one of the churches in Northwest Alabama. Seems someone complained to the preacher about some of the ladies wearing shorts to the Wednesday night Bible study. He retorted, "It's not my place to tell the ladies how to dress." Pray tell, whose place is it? The elders; They were probably busy planning the Luncheon for the Boy Scouts or the banquet for the high school seniors in the fellowship hall and couldn't be disturbed. By the way, the preacher has been preaching for this congregation for 25 or 30 years. Probably the reason he's been there so long, he don't believe in "rocking the boat." Likely another one who gets his sermons from "The Reader's Digest."

Speakin of proper or improper dress, Brother Josh says it's like a two edged sword. Says he can remember when a lady wouldn't be caught dead without dressing up to go to town or just shopping at the local store. All has changed....While some of the sisters dress shockingly immodestly, others carry it to the other extreme. Some appear as if they threw their dress up in the air and ran under it and then hang their head out of the car window to dry their hair....Men are no different. There is something disconcerting for a brother to serve the Lord's supper when those being served can't concentrate on the reason for the memorial for reading the funny ads on the server's T-shirt..So it is in our day.

Another former great old congregation of God's people has removed their candlestick from the way of light. The elders of the Skillman Avenue church in Dallas have announced that they have sold their souls and the souls of the membership at Skillman for a mess of the Devil's porridge. They no longer will make the use of instrumental music a test of fellowship. Women will take an active role in the worship service and henceforth the name "Church of Christ is for identification purposes only," meaning I suppose, that they no longer believe it is the one true church. In a long rambling announcement of their sellout, the only justification they gave for the move was, "we are losing members." Based on this logic, if you are losing members, toss your faith out the window ...Sickening!...You have to give the takeover artists credit...They go for the biggies..The psychology is to make a big splash with a well known church and thus demoralize the smaller ones...Look for a flood of announcements as others will follow Skillman, Richland Hills and Quail Springs soon. Come quickly, Lord Jesus.....ISAAC

A great historical novel....Set in the hill country of North Alabama, Don Umphrey does a wonderful job of recreating the trials and tribulations of his ancestors during the Civil War...A must read for lovers of Civil War history.....LEW



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The Need For Warriors

There is no place in defense lines of the truth for time-servers. We need men who know where they stand and who will not lend comfort to the enemy. We need men who will do some of the fighting themselves instead of occupying an observation post to observe who is and who is not fighting in just the manner that he likes. It is an easy matter to stand by and criticize those who are in the fight but it is quite another matter to gird up the loins and do some of the fighting. Issue No. 1 —Foy E. Wallace, Jr. GG January 1936

Editor's Note: While brother Wallace was referring to the battle over the premillennial issue, the same principle applies today, maybe even more so, than long ago.....LEW

New Book

The Warrior From Rock Creek

Earl Kimbrough's long awaited book on the life and times of F.B. Srygley is finished and available for sale. Earl has spent almost fifty years gathering information on this old soldier of the cross.

It is fitting that Earl be the one to write this book because the two, Kimbrough and Srygley, have much in common. At some point in the future someone writing about the two men can truthfully say the following: Both were born and raised in the hill country of, as Earl says, "beautiful old northwest Alabama." Both began preaching the gospel at about the same age and both were influenced by great gospel preachers from the area. Srygley by T.B. Larimore and John Taylor, while Earl came under the influence of such men as Granville Tyler and George DeHoff. Both men shared a love of the church and the history of the restoration movement. Both men wrote for brotherhood journals. Both men were well respected by their peers. Neither man feared controversy. Both manifested a spirit of independence. Both men were, above all, devoted to Christ.

From his position as both a writer and one of the editors of the Gospel Advocate, Srygley was involved in most of the issues that confronted the church for a period of almost 60 years. Brother Kimbrough follows Srygley's thoughts with quotations from the great man himself and leaves little doubt where Srygley stood on any issue discussed. Some will be surprised at some of Srygley's views. Earl also shows that brother Srygley was a gentleman but did not shy away from confrontation when what he believed was the truth came into question. This book is a veritable history of the New Testament church for the period from the 1880s until the 1940s.

Readers of this Journal will find this work particularly interesting due to the fact that Srygley was an Alabama boy and proud of it. Earl, in speaking of this aspect of Srygley's life and his Alabama roots said, "He was not ashamed of his roots and that is one of the reasons I love him so."

Earlier this year brother Kimbrough spoke of the relevancy of F.B. Srygley on the "Friends of the Restoration" program at the Faulkner University Lectures. Brother Kenneth Randolph was asked to write a review for "Biblical-Insights" magazine. They have consented for us to reprint brother Randolph's excellent article in this issue of the Journal. His article follows this one.

This is the only biography of Filo Bunyan Srygley ever published. It is a great read, well researched and beautifully written by Earl Kimbrough....LEW

A Review of the Lecture, "F. B. Srygley" by Earl Kimbrough Kenneth L. Randolph

Earl Kimbrough lives and preaches in Brandon, Florida, but a part of his heart is in the steep hills and deep hollows of northwest Alabama. His great interest is in the church there and elsewhere and, particularly, in the men and women of the past who sowed the seeds of New Testament Christianity. He is one of the editors of the Alabama Restoration Journal, a fairly recent publication that is proving to be one of the most significant that has been introduced in this generation. Brother Kimbrough's numerous articles in this paper have served to preserve important history of people and churches in Alabama. He is also the author of Fifteen Miles From Heaven, one hundred vignettes relating to the Restoration Movement. This book is one of the most captivating I have read in recent years. His latest book on the life of F. B. Srygley is now being printed and soon will be available. This book of over 650 pages may prove to be his most significant work in Alabama restoration history. Brother Kimbrough spoke on Srygley in the "Friends of the Restoration Lectures" at the 2008 Annual Bible Lectureship at Faulkner University.

Earl Kimbrough added much to the knowledge of his listeners regarding Filo Bunyan Srygley and his roots in Alabama. His lesson encompassed the following major points: The relevance of F.B. Srygley, his Alabama roots and the four men who had significant influence on him. I wish to give readers a brief overview of these three points in Kimbrough's own words, as much as is possible, or in quotations he used from editors, preachers, and the words of Srygley himself.

When Srygley died in 1940, H. Leo Boles wrote:

It will be a long time before, if ever, there arises among us another such man as F. B. Srygley. No man living today can claim greater loyalty to the church. He has fought more battles for the truth of God, won more victories over error and false teaching than any man now living. No man has sacrificed more time away from home and family for the cause of Christ than brother Srygley. No one has endured more hardships, suffered more persecution and been slandered more than he.

B.C. Goodpasture said of Srygley :

He never declined to labor in any field because it was hard; he never refused to meet an opponent because he was strong. Like old John Knox, he never feared the face of man.

He was loyal to Christ, first, last and all the time.

He waged a relentless warfare against every encroachment on the truth of God and against the

enemies of the church of the Lord. Srygley was a consummate warrior for divine truth. He opposed carnal warfare but he believed that a preacher should be a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Srygley was cheerful by nature, had a sense of humor and a sense of humility. He was not characterized by fanaticism, egotism, or pretense. He did not harbor anger and bitterness. John T Lewis said "*he would fight with you one minute and eat with you the next.*" Yet his love for truth would cause him to challenge error or wrong in anyone, even his closest friends. Harry Pickup, Sr. said, "*If I have ever known a man who wore no man's collar, it was Srygley.*"

Brother Kimbrough established the relevance of F. B. Srygley's life and work based on three propositions: the first, that Srygley is a significant link between the original restorers and the church of today. He was born on the eve of the Civil War and died on the brink of WW II. He was seven years old when Alexander Campbell died. Raccoon John Smith and Walter Scott were still living when Srygley was born, and Jacob Creath, Jr was still preaching when Srygley began his ministry in 1880.

Second, Srygley's relevance is evident because he is an explicit channel of the restoration principles that Alexander Campbell hammered out on the pages of the Christian Baptist. He championed the principles of Thomas Campbell's "Speak where the Bible speaks, and be silent where the Bible is silent." Srygley set forward the same principles that were carried on by Tolbert Fanning and David Lipscomb in the South and Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Sommer in the North.

Third, the life and work of F. B. Srygley is relevant based on his writing in the Gospel Advocate over a period of fifty to sixty years. He wrote upon a wide range of topics and covered the major issues that have arisen, even into our times.

One reason for Brother Kimbrough's keen interest in Srygley is because Srygley had a deep love for the place and the people from which he sprang, which were the same as that of Brother Kimbrough, namely northwest Alabama.

Srygley's forebears came to the new world from England and his immediate ancestors settled in the South. Srygley's parents were born and married in Lawrence County, Alabama, but soon located in Franklin County at Rock Creek in the vicinity of Frankfort. (Rock Creek now is in Colbert County because the county lines have since been redrawn.) His mother was thirteen and his father a little older when they married. In the early years of the marriage,

Srygley's father sometimes would return home from work and find his young bride playing with her dolls! His father was converted by presiding at a debate between John Taylor and his opponent in which he was convinced on the matter of baptism for remission of sins.

F. B. Syrgley was born and raised on a farm in a hard working family of five boys and four girls. He loved the people and was never ashamed of his place of origin. He later recalled his days at Rock Creek when but a lad, including incidences of Southern and Northern troops passing on their land and of his older brother going as a soldier with the Southern Army in the Civil War.

It was at Rock Creek he was baptized by J. H. Halbrook under the preaching of John Taylor. John Taylor was a Baptist preacher in Fayette County who reached the truth about the church of the New Testament independent of any knowledge of the early restorers such as Stone or Campbell. After he found someone to baptize him, Taylor proceeded to preach the ancient gospel and establish churches after the New Testament order throughout North Alabama. Taylor had a great impact on F. B. Srygley and was instrumental in leading and training him to begin preaching. In addition to Halbrook and Taylor, Srygley came under the influence of J. M. Pickens, an able preacher and educator who had a school at Mountain Home and also published a gospel paper. Brother Kimbrough holds that no other had as much influence on the church of that area of Alabama after the war because of his efforts in gathering the scattered flocks and getting the churches to meet regularly again. T. B. Larimore, a graduate of Franklin College in Nashville, Tennessee, run by Tolbert Fanning, came to teach in the school of Pickens at Mountain Home for a short while. He later established Mars Hill in Florence, Alabama. Srygley said that besides his parents, no one had a greater influence in the direction of his life than T. B. Larimore. He sat under Larimore's tutelage for three years at Mars Hill College and was a close companion with Larimore in his life of preaching.

Thus was made and molded the man of Rock Creek in Northwest Alabama, Filo Bunyan Srygley, whom Earl Kimbrough aptly depicted as "a consummate warrior for divine truth." Brother Kimbrough stated that he doubted whether F. B. Srygley would feel comfortable in many churches of our day. He states that perhaps he would feel more comfortable in the more conservative churches but would likely not feel at home even in some of them. I agree. A consummate warrior for divine truth is out of place in our world where by and large we prefer a comfortable and compromising peacemaker. We want compliments from the enemies of divine truth more

than conviction and conversion to divine truth. Perhaps our reflections on the life and times of Srygley, as ably set forth by Earl Kimbrough, will help to lead us into paths of truth and light.

(For information on receiving a CD of this lecture by Earl Kimbrough, contact Dean Kelly at 334-386-7992 or dkelly@faulkner.edu)

A Tongue Twister

Stories abound about brother W. Claude Hall warning the young preacher-boys at Freed Hardeman to beware of using phrases that could become tongue twisters or have a different meaning than intended...Seems one of the young preachers was trying out for his first job, He preached on gossip. Really getting into it, he got all lathered up and said, "If there's anything the Lord hates, it's a tongue bearing and tale wagging woman!" hmmm.....

The Gems of Pullias

"There are some who want us to preach 'a positive gospel'-that is, preach Christ and say nothing about the devil. Any gospel preacher who yields to such whims needs over hauling. He is the most dangerous man to be found." (C.M. Pullias, *Life and Works*, 46.)

"The church is being filled with weak sentimentalists who think more of denominational friendship than they do of the truth of God." (C.M. Pullias, *Life and Works*, 46.)

"Churches are building fine meeting houses and equipping them like hotels. Here they meet, not for worship, but to eat and have a social time. None of these things tend to spirituality. These things, perhaps, may hold the time servers and pleasure seekers, but will not promote the spirituality of the church." (C.M. Pullias, *Life and Works*, 68.)

"Whenever advertisements for gospel meetings read like that of moving picture shows and street fairs, it is time to offer strong rebuke, for such is beneath the dignity of the gospel and tends to cheapen it." (C.M. Pullias, *Life and Works*, 561.)

A CHRISTMAS REMEMBERED

Earl Kimbrough

Most of us, myself and the readers, can distinctly remember some special Christmas in our childhood. The older we are the quainter our remembrance is apt to be. When F. B. Srygley was near the end of his life, he wrote about one Christmas that he remembered “distinctly.” He was about seven years old at the time and it was only a few months before the dreadful War Between States ended on April 9, 1865. His parents sent him to spend Christmas day with a cousin who lived in a different neighborhood. One thing he especially remembered about that day was very likely the reason he was sent away from home on such an important day for the family. An encampment of Confederate soldiers staged what they called a “sham battle” on a hill about one mile south of the Srygleys’ farm.

For Christmas, he and his cousin each received one orange and about fifteen firecrackers, which, he said, “we used up very soon.” He did not mention their eating the oranges, but they were probably devoured about as quickly as the firecrackers. “Then,” he said, “all we could do to make a fuss was to burn some bright coals and lay one on a stump, spit on it, and hit it with a small axe. It sometimes would pop rather loud, as we believed; but we soon got out of spit and had to quit.” The cousins no doubt had a good time, but young Filo was greatly disappointed because of what happened near his home while he was away, a disappointment that seems to have lingered with him for three score and ten years.

He said he remembered: “That night when I got home I found that I had been cheated out of seeing the sham battle.” What boy would not rather see real solders in time of war, with real firepower, engaged in real war games, than to set off fifteen comparatively muted firecrackers? This is a serious charge for one to make so late in life. The old warrior apparently believed that his good parents had “cheated” him out of experiencing what would have been an unforgettable lifetime experience. With the loss of that great “present,” he said: “Then and there I began to wait for the next Christmas, and it seemed to me that Christmas would never come again.”

Thousands of Southerners died in that war and many more were maimed for life. The land was soon filled with widows and orphans of war and veterans with severed limbs and worse. But the Srygleys were fortunate in the safe return of their son and brother. Srygley said: “When the South surrendered, Bud [his oldest brother Felix] came

home, arriving late at night, and he went to bed in my mother’s room. When I got up, my mother said: ‘Bud got home this morning.’ I slipped to the door and looked at him as he slept, and I thought he was the finest looking young man I had ever seen. I never thought after he went to the war that I would ever see him again.” (*Gospel Advocate*, Sept. 23, 1937.)

While Srygley was deprived of the “sham battle” on December 25, 1864, the war that engulfed the land was genuine to its people and he saw much of it first hand. He became and remained a pacifist for the rest of his life both because of his understanding of the word of God and because of the experiences he had as a child at Rock Creek during the conflict. He believed that there is only one war that Christians should engage in, and that is the war against sin and error. He said: “The only thing that will bring peace to the world is the gospel of Christ, and the only uniform for a Christian are the habiliments of heaven, and the only weapon is the sword of the Spirit.” (*Ibid.*, Sept. 9, 1937.)

LOOKING BACK: 1937

Rawden Bullard, Florala, Ala. “The church here is small numerically, and there is opportunity for some real missionary work. The church is fortunate, however, in having W. R. Peters as a leader and teacher. He moved here recently from Troy, Ala., where he had been since leaving Greenville, Miss., a year ago.” (*GA*, 6-17-1937.)

LOOKING BACK: 1932

Chester Estes, Winfield, Ala., “Today is my first time to visit the congregation at Mount Hope, Ala. I found a splendid, attentative audience to preach to. They are hospitable, faithful, and are to be highly commended for their zeal.” (*GA*, 2-4-1932.)

GEMS OF PULLIAS

“Any doctrine that necessitates the use of words and phrases not found in the Bible must be wrong.” (C.M. Pullias, *Life and Works*, 103.)

Remember to renew your subscription!

PRUDY TIDWELL – Christian & American Heroine

Prudy Tidwell's story is one of the compelling stories of the terrible times that average citizens endured in Northwest Alabama during the Civil War.. This short excerpt is from an interview with one of her descendants conducted several years ago and is an example of the brutality of the war. She was a brave woman who put her life in jeopardy many times in order to stand firm for her convictions. Such were the pioneers that have given us the marvelous legacy we should cherish.....LEW

This is an excerpt from the oral history of Prudence Tucker Tidwell's descendants (as told by Dorothy Tidwell Allen of Bakersfield CA, to Alanna Tidwell Rucks, of Taft California; these stories were passed down to Dorothy by her father, Monroe Freman Tidwell, Prudy's grandson who as a young lad would go with Granny Prude to the river/or spring while she washed clothes and told him the old stories of an earlier time):

One day during 1864, Baz Tidwell had bagged a nice wild turkey and brought it home for a special dinner for his near-starving family. It was too dangerous for Baz to stay around for the meal so Prudy and her eldest daughter set to work cooking that turkey and whatever fixings such as cornbread dressing and jibbet gravy as they could come up with from the bare cupboard.

Suddenly, a group of homeguards broke in and helped themselves to the fine turkey dinner which had been prepared. The rogue vigilanti CSA soldiers ate everything and then started tearing boards out of the floor to see what valuables might be hidden underneath. They were even going to pull up the boards under the baby's crib, destroying the crib in the process. Prudy pleaded for them not to destroy the crib, and one sympathetic homeguard pulled out his gun and threatened to shoot his cohorts if they destroyed the crib.

It wasn't long until one of the intruders decided to attempt rape with Prudy. She is said to have hit her assailant on the head with her frying pan - knocking him into the front yard. Dazed, he pulled his pistol on her and cocked it. She responded with the challenge, "shoot and be damned". The assailant backed down, but before leaving he said to her, "you'd better be gone from here when we ride back this way tomorrow or we will kill all of you and burn down the house.

Prudy didn't realize it at the time but that late afternoon before the rogues left, her eldest daughter (Betty, b 1852) had been raped. She later bore a child

which was referred to as a "bushcolt" because of the circumstance of conception. Before morning Prudy and her children began their flight to safety [first to a Union encampment about 50 miles away and eventually to refuge in northwest Tennessee].



Prudence Tucker Tidwell The next morning the bushwackers were on their trail. Prudy and the children hid in the underbrush of the surrounding woods. The baby (Nancy, b 1861) who was sick with a cold started to whimper. Prudy put her hand over the child's mouth to stop the crying until the bushwackers were gone. When she took her hand off the child's mouth, little Nancy had been stilled too long - she died there in the bush, of suffocation. Sadly, little Nancy was buried by her mother in a grief-stricken ceremony, there alongside the trail.

Prudence Tucker Tidwell and her remaining family, except Baz, lived out the war behind the safety of Union lines in northwest Tennessee. Baz was continuing to hide-out in the bluffs. On one occasion he was forced by some Union recruiters to go into their encampment to enlist. He and a group of eight men ran away before enlistment. They took shelter wherever they could, recalling on one occasion, with snow everywhere, they ran the farmers hogs out of the barn so that they could get warmth in the straw where the hogs had been lying. It was during this time that one of his comrades reportedly pulled his frozen, frost-bitten foot completely off one frigid winter day, just by taking off his boot.

After the war, several of Prudy and Baz's children elected to live in the relative security and safety of the new Tennessee home; eventually migrating to Oklahoma, California and beyond. Baz and Prudy were reunited and lived on in Thornhill, mending wounds of the spirit and building the peaceful community which has been home to both my parents. The Thornhill Church of Christ cemetery is the final resting place of Baz and Prudy. Baz is also shown as one of the early leaders of the [Union Church on Buttahatchie] Whitehouse Church of Christ, located on the Buttahatchie River at US Hwy 278. [Marion County]

Thanks to Joel Mize for providing this interview..LEW

A NAME WITH ROOTS AND BRANCHES

Earl Kimbrough

Green M. Haley (1820-1882), a pioneer gospel preacher of Northwest Alabama, is memorialized for his courageous activities during the Civil War by Don Umphrey in his book, *Southerners in Blue, They Defied the Confederacy*. Haley, a successful Marion County farmer and preacher, owned nine slaves when the war began, but he freed them during the war, using Abraham Lincoln's "Emancipation Proclamation," issued January 1, 1863, as the occasion. Haley held to the Union and recruited men for the Union army during the war. He also gave cover and support to men of his region who sought to evade Confederate conscription and helped



supply the needs of the families of area men who served in the Union army. One of the slaves freed by Haley was the grandfather of Alex Haley, author of *Roots, the Saga of an American Family*. Haley's book is an historical novel that naturally includes fiction, but some of the historical data on which the narrative is based has been questioned by historians.

Green Monroe Haley However, Alex Haley's family name and connection with Green Haley's freed slave are close enough to the famous writer, the information coming directly to him from his immediate family, to be credible. In an addendum, "Others After the War," Umphrey says that Martelia Dobbs of Haleyville, Alabama, "provided evidence that a descendant of a slave owned by Green Haley was Alex Haley, author of *Roots*. In a July 6, 1991 letter to Mrs. Dobbs, Alex Haley wrote the following: 'I've thought about how from childhood I'd heard my daddy mention "Haleyville" as where the plantation had been upon which his father was born, the son of a mulatto slave woman named "Viney" or "Sabrina" (maybe both names) and an Irish overseer. Reportedly, his name was Jim Baugh. And we got the "Haley" surname as all slave-born children were automatically surnamed for their plantation's owner.'" (Don Umphrey, *Southerners in Blue*, 317.)

In another noteworthy item in connection with the name of Green M. Haley that is also given by Umphrey is an account of how the town of Haleyville in Winston County, Alabama, got its name. The main character in Umphrey's book is his great-grandfather, John R. Phillips, who lived at Thornhill, and later in

Bear Creek in Marion County, Alabama, after the war. John and his second wife, Mary, are buried in the Bear Creek Cemetery, six miles northwest of Haleyville. Martha Phillips, daughter of John and Mahala, Phillip's first wife, born in 1861, married Charles L. Haley, a son of Green Haley. Umphrey says: "Charles moved his family in 1885 to the area of Winston County near where Judge Oran Davis had lived. Charles started a general store there and was soon joined in the business by his younger brother Walker."

The site of the Haley brother's store, then called Davis Cross Roads, was on the Old Byler Road that ran from the Tennessee River near Courtland to the Warrior River near Tuscaloosa. The store grew to become the largest mercantile enterprise in the area, and in 1906, Charles and Walker Haley started the Traders and Farmers Bank at the same place, which by then was known as Haleyville. Umphrey, relying on local "folklore," explains the name change, saying Charles Haley gave a suit of clothes "to a man known as 'Bucky' Davis [apparently an heir of the man for whom Davis Cross Roads was named] "in exchange for renaming the town." (Ibid., 320.)

We know nothing about the overseer who begat Alex Haley's grandfather, but the episode was, unfortunately, a sordid consequence of slavery. Green Haley, a righteous man, voluntarily sought to rectify the evil institution so far as he could by granting freedom to the few slaves he owned. We are glad that the name of this pioneer gospel preacher of Northwest Alabama found a happier heritage in subsequent history by its attachment to one of the fine towns of Alabama where many New Testament Christians, including some of Green and Juliette Haley's descendants yet reside.

Rock Creek Philosophy

The church was led into apostasy by emphasizing the "preacher" as a special class, a minister in a special sense. This will lead again to preacher rule, and to the kingdom of the clergy. *F.B. Srygley*

—

Money has a tendency to make people dictatorial. It gives men a feeling of superiority and power, and, therefore, causes them to have less respect for the rights of others. *F.B. Srygley*

CONFEDERATE SPY - Ward McDonald

Ward McDonald with Comments by C. Wayne Kilpatrick

Ward McDonald was born on a farm near Woodburn, Kentucky in 1839. Ward's parents were Ward Sr and Lucinda Ann McDonald. Ward, Sr was the brother to Crockett McDonald who moved to Lawrence County, Alabama in 1826, and who established the Church of Christ in Moulton that same year. Ward, Jr's father died in 1859. By this time he had decided he wanted to be a school teacher. He went to Marion, Illinois to be educated. (Harold Willis, Johnny Reb-Confederate Spy, p. 10-12) The Civil War interrupted Ward's education. He joined the Confederate Army in 1861 at Bowling Green. He was assigned to Buckner's Guards (Willis, p. 5) The Guards were attached to Albert Sydney Johnston's command.

During the war, Ward operated in Northern Alabama as a spy. He fell in love with his first cousin Cecilia McDonald and they were married on October 4, 1866. Cecilia's brother James was the Probate Judge and was the one who issued the marriage license. They left for Texas the same day; taking with them Cecilia's mother and two younger brothers. (Willis, P11) Ward and Cecilia both became school teachers. Ward would preach when his services were needed, although that was never his major emphasis. He helped his family to establish the church at Votaw, Texas. Ward's remains are resting in the small cemetery at Votaw. His death occurred in 1904. Before his death, Ward published his memoirs if the War in the Moulton Advertiser of Moulton, Alabama. This was accomplished from 1902 through 1903. The following is an excerpt from Ward's own account of an interesting trip into Winston County, Alabama during the war:

There was one neighborhood that I was to make a specialty of. There had been several attempts to bring the men from this locality in, but they had all failed and I was now directed to try my skill on them. It was a hilly, rough, country with fertile valleys along the branches and creeks. The people of this whole section of country, being remote from more favored parts, and having little to do with the balance of the world, were ignorant beyond ordinary localities. The people knew very little about the causes of the war, or the results principally aimed at, and almost to a man adhered to the union. This particular settlement had met together, formed plans to evade conscription and perfected a scientific system of communication and hide out. Along one valley there were four houses in succession and in sight of each other. The old man, the son and two sons-in-laws. On another branch, parallel with this one, and over a high hill, were three other houses—father, son and nephew. Again another stream almost a creek, with a considerable valley, and a number of houses, running almost at right angles with these, all more or less related, and you have a map of the locality. All of these were in two miles of each other.

There had not been a single man recruited for the service from this lot of kinsfolk, and there was a likelihood that there wouldn't be, so well were they fortified by bush and signal. I had caught on to a part of their signals which

were made with the horn. One of the alarms was a rapid blow, of continued blasts of the horn, which was to be answered, if heard, by three measured blasts; these were to be answered by the alarm signal, like there first, until all could hear and govern themselves accordingly; these I had learned from a man who had it from one of the party who had hitherto been in there after them, but I concluded, if possible, to get the rest of the signals, before attempting to capture. To carry this out we camped about two miles from them, away from the road to avoid discovery, the first night, it was about 35 miles from headquarters, and we arrived there about an hour by sun. I sent a man afoot to stay all night with some one of them, who was to represent himself as a deserter, seeking refuge from the soldiers and a place of safety to rest a short time, and had been directed to their neighborhood. He was fully competent to do the proper thing, and fell in with one of them under these representations to stay all night. He made himself agreeable to the man of the house and accepted an invitation to stay among them a week or two, first one place then another, the man assuring him that he would be perfectly safe and entirely welcome, but said the deserter, "I am rather afraid that these conscribers would pick me up and send me back, and this is a case of life or death with me."

"Oh!" said he, "if you aren't safe here you'll never be."

"It looks so, I'll admit, but I would get out in these mountains if these fellows were to come here looking for me, and get lost forever."

"Never, mind that," laughed the man, "we could fix that all right; you see we have signals made by horns that tell us all we want to know." "Yes, but if one don't understand these signals they would do him no good."

"Just stay with one of us and we'll bring you out all right."

"I could depend upon that I am confident, but again suppose we were to get separated in a close place, then what?"

"If you'll stay until tomorrow night, that will show that you are all right, and I will see the rest about it, and I know they will be willing to it, so I will give you these signals. You see we have to be a little on our guard about strangers, you know."

"All right, I expect to stay about two weeks, or longer, if you'll let me." "You will certainly be welcome to stay as long as you want to—we can show you just how to keep out of the d---d rebel ranks, you bet."

"You are certainly in a good place. It would be almost impossible for them to catch you here if you've got them signals down right and understand them."

"Just tell your folks that we've got them down right, and every man, woman and child knows them to a sound."

"Well, that's pretty good. I want to get them down so I can have things fixed up down at home when I get

there.”

“Where do you live?”

“In the lower part of Mississippi.” “You are tired of the war, then?”

“I am just tired enough to hide the balance of the time and risk my life on it. There are a good many down where I live that’s going through on this line, and when I get there I will give them your plan here, which I know must be a bang-up good line. I am anxious to learn it.”

“It can’t be beat, and you shall have it tonight.”

“It has excited my curiosity, it seems that I can hardly wait, it’s new to me. I had never thought of it. Tell me now and the others will not know anything about it til night, and then we can learn it over again- you needn’t be the least afraid of me.”

“I am satisfied that you would not tell it and are all right, but it is against orders for me to tell without our leader knowing it.”

The spy was then satisfied of having to stay until next after tomorrow, so he did not urge it. I had said nothing to him about when to return, having full faith in his doing the best in as short a time as possible. He passed the night pleasantly, receiving their best attention and eating the best they had. Next morning, he was taken around to the neighbors and finally to the leader, a large, bony fellow about 40 years old. He eyed our men with suspicion, and exhibited a visage expression of great caution, but much firmness. He shook hands with him, invited him to a chair, when a signal from the man accompany him, he walked out and the two stayed out a good while in close confab. After they returned the leader sat down and asked the spy a good many questions, after which he quietly observed: “My friend, I hope you are all right- your looks are all right – but I am not in favor of giving you our signals yet. I hope this will not rile you, for we have got enemies enough, but you see how bad it would be if they should get out- we’d be caught in our trap.” He made several regretful excuses and stopped. The conductor then rose and said “we’d better go.” After getting a little ways from the house he said that the leader and himself had talked it all over and concluded it would be better to wait for a week at least, and didn’t want you to think hard of him for it. So it was all that could be down, through the spy, and he had inwardly concluded to go back to camp that night, having taken close observation of everything he had seen. But when he got back a piece on the road to another house, he was told by his entertainer that he could stay there that night at this cousins if he wanted, that he was a good, clever man would be glad of his company, in fact, he had told him to bring you there, and let you stay with him awhile.

The spy said “all right,” and went in. The man, after a short stay said good-bye to all, shaking hands with his new made friend, telling him to come back soon and make himself at home.

He stayed with the family until the man of the house returned and was treated by him with great hospitality. The next morning the man of the house was called away

and the spy left with the family. He had learned from them that night something about where they secreted themselves in time of danger, and this is the reason why he did not return that night to camp. He had also been struck by a thought that he could get those signals next morning from the woman, who was very communicative. The men were off from their houses most all the day time, and our spy being aware of this, was not surprised at the man’s going away in the morning. Being left with the woman and her three small children, not large enough to understand, our spy began: “Do those conscript fellows bother you much now?” “Yes, they have been here three times in the last four months, but they have never caught a single one of the boys.” “Well, that’s pretty lucky—they’ve got a boss place to hide here?”

“They have that and us women can just talk to them on our horns. We can tell them to go, to stay, or to come, and these fellows can’t get in hearing of um.”

“Yes, I’ve been trying to learn these signals, but don’t know whether I’ve got them down right or not; let me see: Blowing right fast is for then to run and three slow blows is the answer—and—let me see, and two slow blows is to stay away, and one blows is to come home,”-

“They are all gone,” said the woman. “Yes! “Yes!” said the spy, “that’s right.”

“One quick blow,” continued the woman, ‘is to go north, two quick blows is to go south, three and four quick blows is to go east and west.”

Now this was bordering on the scientific, but our man had them all down at last, and after staying a while longer said that he would walk around the neighborhood that day. The woman cordially invited him to come back again, to drop in when ever he felt like it, which he said he would do. He had wondered at one thing, that they had left him exposed to capture with no instructions as to what or how to do in case of the approach of the conscriptors. He don’t know yet, but his theory was that they were afraid to put him in possession of the signals or places of concealment ‘til further time, and the last man he stayed with had slipped out, that there was a large cave west of the largest settlement where they went, but said nothing of any other place or places of hiding. The different blasts of the horn however indicated there was one at each point of the compass, and the horn told then which one to go to.

After leaving the house the spy lost no time steering clear of the houses to avoid discovery in getting to camps. I had in the meantime been a little impatient, but kept perfect quiet in camps so out presence would not be found out. I now had everything before me and I speedily formed my plans.

After dark awhile we saddled up and got into the road. We were east of the settlement and I was of the opinion that the cave on the west was the principal place they ran to when pursued. To get round on that side between the cave and the houses was what I was determined to do if possible. How could I do it? That was the problem. The surrounding hills were extremely rough, there was no use trying to ride and go to it, could footmen

get there? This was doubtful for there were bluffs twenty feet high and the timber so thick in places that a fox would find difficulty in getting through, to add to the trouble there was not moon, and darkness deep down in these wooden gulches was like Egyptian darkness. The prospects promised no good results but I had no idea of fooling away the opportunity if it was a dim one.

I called my spy and asked him if he thought he could take a half dozen men and get round the houses to the other side. "I man afoot, said he, but there is no riding there.

When we got within a half mile of the first house, we left the road a short distance dismounted and leaving a guard with our horses set out for business, ordering guard to bring up the horses the first alarm. When in about three hundred yards of the house we halted. My spy explained again the whole situation and I detailed six men for him to make this very uncertain and hard movement, with instructions to be cautious in passing close to the houses, to cause alarm, to take his time and when he had done the best he could in getting in the right place to fire a gun. We waited long and patiently for the signal. Finally the sound fell upon our ears as it came rolling down the forest valley like that of a small cannon. We plunged up to the house and into it but if the man had been there he was not there now. The woman was astounded and seemed to have forgotten things for a moment, she recovered herself in a moment and slipped into the back room, snatched something by the side of the outer door, went through it like a dart and then began rapidly, toot, toot, toot, toot, from the horn. In the excitement of the instant I had forgotten the horn business but when the first blast split the air it woke me to remembrance, and I sent a man in a run to snatch it out of her hand. It was too late. I stepped to the door and all along the valley and across the hills, toot, toot, toot, toot, from a dozen of twenty horns were sounding the alarm. I hadn't expected to capture more than the first man, the one at the first house, but I had missed him and things looked like a failure.

All I hoped for now was a man or so by the party on the other side. I mounted my men and rode rapidly on to the next house and by all them on the road until I got to the last one. Every horn was sounding. I stopped and listened and they were sounding 'west' with four blasts. The party I had sent around had found a path in the darkness and followed to a high cleft. It was very steep and they concluded to stop there. When the alarm was given and the signal, "west" was heard, the settlers made with all speed in that direction. A party of five presently came in a brisk trot along the path, reaching within twenty steps of the precipice without interruption, but here two soldiers stopped in behind the, called out "halt", "Halt! Halt!" "halt!" was then heard on each side and in front. They stopped not uttering a word. "Who comes there?" no reply again. "Who comes there?" still no reply. "Answer", said a voice in the rear, "or we will fire."

"Wilson" in a faltering voice.

"Surrender at once." "All right," in a weak tone. "Advance

one at a time and deliver your arms."

Slowly they returned one at a time and gave up their arms, those that had them, which was only three and they were the old fashion squirrel rifle. While this was going on some others just behind had heard a part of the talk just ahead of them and knowing something was wrong took the back track. In the meantime I had dismounted the men with me and struck down the hill and up the valley accidentally falling into the path and was going in a run, when I heard a horn at the house we had just left. I stopped and listened for a moment, it was sounding one ling blast, which meant "go north". The woman after seeing us dismount and go west warned the refugees to go north and all the rest took up the sound.

Those that had run up on the surrendering party turned and came flying back, ran against me and grabbed the foremost man ordering the balance to surrender, but they burst through the bushes to the north and although the men fired at them following as fast as they could through the thick bush, they never made any halt. I had caught six altogether or, which I learned after meeting my other party, but was not satisfied with this. I wanted more. Though I knew nothing whatever of their hiding place north. I dispatched a party in that direction and started back east with the others on the road we had come in. We had barely got away, when the horn at this same house commenced sounding "south" two quick blasts, presently two quick blasts were heard from fifteen or twenty others in several directions. I kept several men behind with me to watch the road, and sent the prisoners along. I stationed them afoot at short intervals a distance of half a mile. We had demoralized the whole concern I knew they would be creeping about by detail in the direction the horns would warn them.

Their course was now south and we must look for them in every direction the horns would warn them.

The party I had dispatched at the last house where we had mounted, strode quickly over the ridge into the next valley, the spy being in charge and knowing the road, and was at the fourth house in the shortest length of time. Turning the far corner of the fence, they kept the road intending to travel it some little distance and see what they might come upon. After leaving the fence and climbing a pretty steep hill they found themselves in large timber and on a dividing ridge. To the right, a deep gulch abruptly set in. Turning with the road around the head, the party halted to listen and an amusing thing took place here by which we received another prisoner.

A joking fellow in the squad looking down into the dark chasm below, said seriously and in a voice loud enough to be heard down there, "Boys, they are right down there if the devil liveth. Come out of there, or we will send forty shots down after you; don't let 'em out, over on your side, boys."

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," cried a voice down among the rocks. A minute later, after scrambling among the rocks on the side of the hill, a man presented himself with "Here I am." "All right, give me a full name." "I haven't got

any.”

“Where are the rest of them?” “There’s none but me here.”

“That won’t do,” said the spy. “We just roused a parcel of you fellows back yonder near the cave and all came over this way. I guess we’ll have to go down after the balance of them.”

“You’ll find no one down there sure, boys.” “What went with the others?”

“I’ve not seen a man tonight, besides you all.”

“How come you didn’t go to the cave when the horns sounded “west” instead of coming here?”

“I heard a gun over there and it didn’t sound like any of our guns, and I thought I would risk it here.”

“How is it the others went?”

“I reckon they never thought of the gun – there’s hunting down in there sometimes of a night and they thought it was someone hunting.”

“Well, all of you keep quiet and the others will come in after a little – they come this way.”

“How do you know?” asked this man in a tone of wonder, for you could not see his face in the darkness.

“We met them on the path to the cave and captured one man and the others jumped into the brush, striking out this way, while the horns were blowing ‘north’ and they have hardly had time to get here.”

The man stood dumbfounded; at last he said, “They’ll not come here, certain, for they never do; I just come down here tonight for the first time. I thought I would risk it.”

“No, I hadn’t thought,” said the spy, “the horns have sounded ‘south’ some time ago.”

“How in the world did you find out these signals—you not use to deny it; you know everything, but I would like to know how you found out; there’s been a spy in camp, shore.”

“I may tell you some day, but you’ll have to wait.”

We will now go back to the guard on the road. After waiting a few minutes a man was discovered cautiously slipping to the road from the north, by one of the guards who was sitting down on the side of the road, where I had placed him a short while before. He was in fifteen steps of him before he saw him. His form was perfectly plain in the darkness and was coming straight to the man on post.

“Is that you, John?” said the guard in a suppressed voice. “No – who’s that?” stopping. “Thomas, come down,” in a just audible tone.

The man without hesitation approached him with “who’s with you, Tom?”

“Nobody,” and as he came right up to him the guard rose, took hold of his rifle with one hand and his arm with the other; “but this is not the Tom you want to see.”

The man made a surge to escape but was held fast. After going some 300 yards beyond the last guard with the prisoner, we stopped and dismounted. We had only waited a little while when the party I had dispatched north returning, gathered up the guards along the road and caught the horses and prisoners where we had stopped.

We were all together again, with eight prisoners, and a better catch than I expected or than the circumstances warranted. It was now about 11 o’clock and we could do nothing more that night, so we fell back a mile or two and camped for the time. I guarded the prisoners that night very closely.

The spy had whispered to me before lying down that we had the leader. Next morning I took a view of the gang after they had awakened. The leader was a man of more intelligence than was generally found in the layouts. I spoke to them and they all said “good morning” very good humoredly. I fell in conversation with the leader, who seemed to want to talk.

“You lost some sleep last night,” said I. “Yes,” he replied with a laugh “you fellows disturbed us considerably.”

“How is that your men have not gone out before this?”

“Well, we don’t want to fight – besides its all we can do to support our families and stay at home.”

“You can’t work much, can you?” “Oh, yes, we’ve all made very good crops this year.” “How do you manage it?”

“One of two stand guard while the others work, and we generally hear anyway when you fellows get in ten miles.”

“Do they notify you that far off?” “Yes, and sometimes further. They’ll start at 20 miles off and inform the next neighborhood and the next until they get here.”

“How is it they failed this time?”

“I don’t know, without you came in on the wrong road.”

“We came in on the old upper road.”

“That’s the reason of it – nobody lives on that, hardly.”

“This will rather disarrange your matters won’t it?”

“Yes, I hate it mighty bad – the balance of them will be caught and our families will suffer,” he said with evident pain.

“Well,” said I, “you just collect all of them which will make a good beginning and form a Company; you can fill it with out help out here, directly.”

“No, sir, I couldn’t do that – I will never do anything against the Union that I am not obliged to do.”

“Then you are a Union man.”

“Yes, sir, I’ll never do anything against the Old Union, while I keep head and heels if I know it.

The above account contains Ward’s original grammar and unusual style. Ward always prided himself in never shooting to kill during the entire Civil War. He loved to reminisce about those adventures and especially the humor in many of those accounts. Too bad there had not been more Ward McDonalds in the Civil War...CWK

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The Final Say

Around the Hogpen Cled Wallace

Not having much to do except preach regularly, write for the paper, carry on an extensive correspondence, and read everything I can get my hands on, I decided to employ some of my leisure time feeding a few hogs. I find it at least as profitable as some other forms of exercise I have engaged in—chasing a golf ball, for instance. The prodigal son was in a pretty sorry business when he was feeding hogs; but, then, he and I differ somewhat. I am feeding my own hogs and he fed somebody else's. I am not feeding them for the same reason he did. I have an idea that I am feeding a better quality of feed than he did, but at that my plan is to eat them and not eat with them. I am at home and he was away from home. A hog can start you to thinking if you can think. If you can't, then nothing can start you, anyway. The hog has been rather needlessly slandered. He is a glutton for food; but, then, if you feed him, he will furnish the bacon. That is better than some of the brethren will do. On occasion I have fed some of them some pretty strong food and got mighty little out of it. It may be that they are natural razor-backs and can eat up a lot of protein without its showing up on them. I knew a good preacher who went about two hundred miles and back and gave a large church some good feedings. They paid him ten dollars. Feed a good hog a little corn and he will beat that.

Caskey Said It.....

There are certain kinds of people in the church who have been brought in by certain kinds of schemes. When I find such stock as that in the church which I am preaching for, I give them plainly to understand that if they haven't enough religion to come out to the Lord's house without being driven up every Sunday like a parcel of stray cattle, they may jump over the fence and starve to death in the wilderness. Brethren, I'm not coming down from intellectual work in the pulpit to make a common herd-boy out of myself. I have recently had some valuable experience myself in pastoral visiting in a sickly little church in a fashionable town. I tramped up the streets through dust and heat for three miserable days. I found only one old wanderer on the mountains of sin, wild and bare, and he had grazed on the devil's commons so long that he couldn't tell clover from sneezeweed. He had lost his bell, shed his fleece and herded with the goats till he wasn't worth driving home.

Remember to renew your subscription!

Lipscomb on the Civil War

Before the contest between the North and the South ended all concluded it was a war of the politicians and leaders for their personal and ambitious ends and aims, but it was not for the good of those who bore the brunt and sufferings of the war . . . the rich will use it to make money out of the blood of the poor. The poor will kill and be killed. Christians have no part nor lot in such affairs.

Gospel Advocate 38 (16 Jan 1896), 37.

The Map

A father wanted to read a magazine but was being bothered by his little girl, Shelby. She wanted to know what the United States looked like.

Finally, he tore a sheet out of his new magazine on which was printed the map of the country. Tearing it into small pieces, he gave it to Shelby, and said, "Go into the other room and see if you can put this together. This will show you our country today."

After a few minutes, Shelby returned and handed him the map correctly fitted together. The father was surprised and asked how she had finished so quickly. "Oh," she said, "on the other side of the paper is a picture of Jesus. When I got all of Jesus back where He belonged, then our country just came together."

"Outta the mouths of babes.". it's really that simple. *Bulletin: Clay church of Christ, Clay, Alabama*

Snakes & Things

"Some are trying to build up the church by being nice to error. Some things deserve no consideration. A snake does not appreciate petting. He does not know what it is. Take a cold snake into you house and warm it into life, and it will bite you for you kindness. Error in religion is as bad as a snake. Be nice to error, warm it into existence, and it will take your meeting house and turn you out on the street." (C.M. Pullias, *Life and Works*, 126.)

Last Words

The dying words of "Raccoon" John Smith were, "What a failure, after all, would my long and checkered life had been, but for the glorious hope of hereafter."

Shortcomings

Isaac's column reminds me of the following quote I read somewhere. *"The lady of the house is often embarrassed when the preacher calls because of her shortcomings. That is, her shorts do not come to where they should."*.....**LEW**

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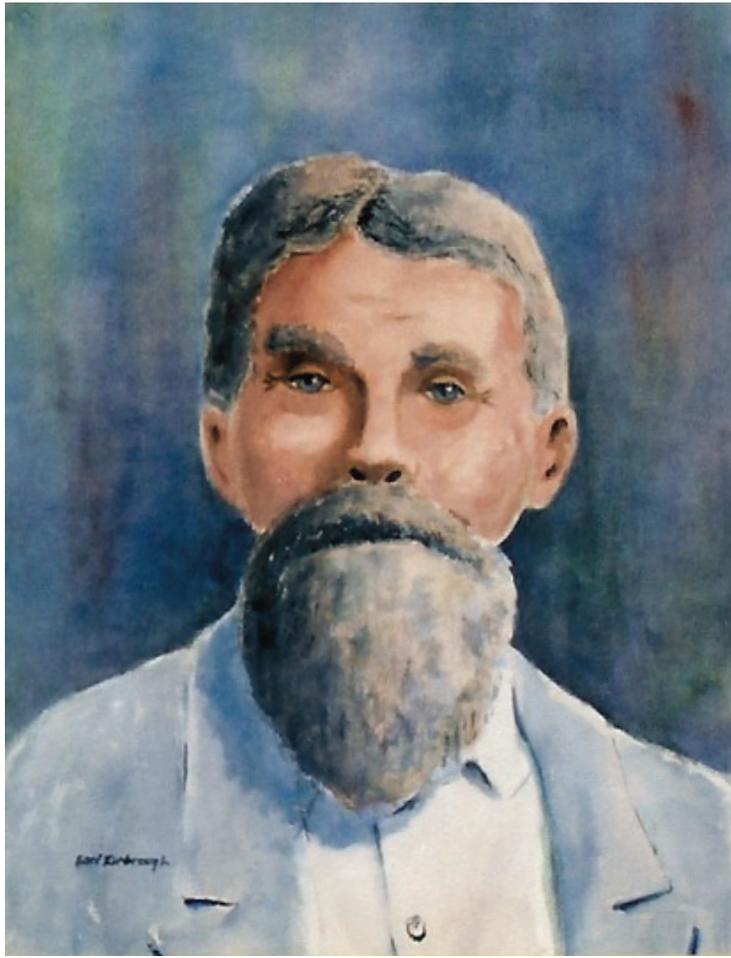
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