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of the

WESTERN NORTH
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of

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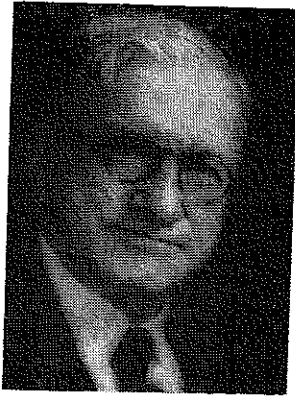


DILWORTH METHODIST CHURCH
Charlotte, N. C.

ROBERT MARSHALL COURTNEY

November 1, 1874—June 2, 1955

Robert Marshall Courtney, son of Andrew Hull and Mary Bowman Courtney, was born at Hartland, Caldwell County, North Carolina, November 1, 1874. He attended the public and subscription schools of the community.



Hartland Academy. In 1893 he went to Trinity College, entering part in the Freshman and part in the Sophomore classes. He dropped out for the spring term of 1895, but after clerking in the office of M. M. Courtney for 3½ years, he went to the Cleveland Bible Training School in Cleveland, Ohio, for a year.

He was licensed to preach in July, 1898, and was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of Rev. J. R. Moose at Bethel Church, Asheville, when Mr. Moose went as a missionary to Korea. At the session of the Western North Carolina Conference in Concord, in November, 1899, he was admitted on trial and appointed to McAdenville where he served from 1899 to 1903.

During his 48 years of active ministry in the Western North Carolina Conference, he served at Lincolnton, Norwood, Mooresville; Central, Thomasville; Main Street, Winston-Salem; West End, Hickory; First, Conference Missionary Secretary (during which time he was a leader in the great Centenary Movement for Missions), Concord; Central, Superintendent of the Gastonia District, Superintendent of the Statesville District, Shelby; Central, Greensboro; College Place, Superintendent of the Salisbury District. From this last post of responsibility he retired in 1947 at the age of 72. Since that time he lived and served in the midst of the Hartland community where he was reared as a boy. From the beginning of his life to the end of it he has been close to old Littlejohn's Church, where he was laid to rest.

On September 24, 1902, he was married to Luella Bartlett of Cleveland, Ohio. He is survived by his wife, his son, Robert Merrill Courtney, his granddaughter, Frances Ann Courtney, three brothers, and two sisters.

R. M. Courtney has left his mark in the history of the Western North Carolina Conference. For years, as Secretary of the Conference Board of Missions and Church Extension, he helped to guide in the development of our great Conference program of Missions and Church Extension. He served, also, for years as a trustee of the Children's Home in Winston-Salem and other institutions of our church. He was a man whose advice was sought and was one with whom you could share your problems in the deepest confidence. He was a pastor greatly loved in every church where he served; his preaching was warm, personal, evangelistic, and missionary in its emphasis.

A keen and wholesome sense of humor never left him. He could ease many a tense situation with a good story and heart warming laughter. As Superintendent of the Statesville District, one Saturday afternoon he visited Mrs. Abernathy at Granite Falls concerning some work of the Woman's Society. The maid came to the door and said, "Miss Abernathy ain't here. She's gone to the show." Mr. Courtney replied that he would like for her to tell Mrs. Abernathy he had been there, and then to emphasize the fact, he said, "Tell her that the District Superintendent called on her." Then, big-eyed, she replied, "Who's dat you say you is?" He replied, "The District Superintendent." Then she replied, with emphasis, "Miss Abernathy ain't gone to no show. Miss Abernathy don't never go to no show." Story after story, such as this, from his own experience throw light upon his kindly wisdom and his good humor.

He was always fond of children. He and Mrs. Courtney lived in our home some years when I was a boy. I recall that on one occasion he gave me a copy to learn the 12th Chapter of Romans. The dollar is gone but the 12th Chapter of Romans remains as a part of my life. Those first few verses of this Chapter well describe his faith and his Christian attitude toward life.

The mercies of God were always a vivid part of the world in which he lived. He gave himself a living sacrifice. His character was holy and acceptable. He was never conformed to this world but was continually transformed by a living relationship with Christ. Always he was proving through his ministry the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. He never thought of himself as more highly than he ought to have thought. He believed that every man had a part to play in fulfilling the work of Christ, that all Christians are one in Him, that God seeks to bring all humanity into this same relationship.

His translation was not a day of sorrow. It was a day of completion, a life well lived, a term of service fully rendered. He has completed his task here to make up a new assignment in the world that we see only through a glass dimly, but wherein he now sees face to face.

He left this world with the same dignity with which he had lived. Even in his final sickness his room was a sanctuary. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He has entered into this rest. "Even as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren," this his life has been devoted. "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." This he has done, and at this point, we part company from him for a little while.

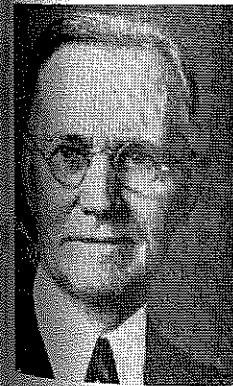
"Now the labourer's task is o'er
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

—Robert G. Tuttle

WALTER MAKEPEACE CURTIS

February 18, 1867—July 7, 1955

Preacher of the Gospel, builder of churches, educator, trusted and efficient administrator, worthy husband and father, friend of youth, militant champion of righteousness, loyal and conscientious citizen of his country—all these things, and many others like them, could be said of Walter Makepeace Curtis. Quiet and gentle of manner and bearing, he possessed remarkable powers of mind and heart which he dedicated without reservation to the things he believed of first importance. What more can a man do than that?



As a preacher, his people knew him to be one who bore their burdens and carried their sorrows. This priestly concern for those of his parish endeared him to many who knew that in him they had a friend. In the declaration of the Gospel he showed kinship with the prophets in that he believed in attacking evil wherever it threatened harm to those for whom he was responsible. The fact that he was at times threatened with violence by some who practiced evil did not deter him in

his crusade against it.

Brother Curtis was perhaps best known for his work as Treasurer, and later Business Manager, of Greensboro College, a position he held for thirty-four years. In times of financial stress when many colleges found it impossible to meet their obligations, he never once failed to send out salary checks when

they were due. Many patrons of the college during this period will testify to the Business Manager's personal interest in their problems and his willingness at all times to help find a way to keep their children in college. During the thirty-four years of service to Greensboro College, he raised the first \$100,000 on endowment, obtained funds for building Fitzgerald Hall and pulled the institution through the depression of the early thirties.

Born in Franklinville, February 18, 1867, he received his early education from a tutor but entered Bingham Military School at the age of thirteen, later entering the University of North Carolina, where his fine scholastic record qualified him for Phi Beta Kappa, an honor he received some years later when a chapter of this organization had been established at the University. After some further study at Vanderbilt University, he joined the Conference at Concord in 1890. He served the following charges before taking up his work with Greensboro College in 1905: Zion and Prospect circuit (near Thomasville), Winston-Salem: Grace, Kernersville, Walkertown, Bunker Hill and Bethlehem in Forsyth County (building new churches at Walkertown, Crews and Bethlehem), Hendersonville, Advance, and Fulton, Davie County, where he helped to build a church at Mock's Schoolhouse.

Who can estimate the value of a life well-lived? Surely no one can. In God's divine economy all our lives are finally assessed at their worth—what we were endowed with and what we made of it. Whoever is conscious of the limitations of his own judgment will hesitate to pass upon the life of another. Nevertheless, it appears that Brother Curtis found the secret of a useful and happy life by giving himself to the best that he knew—his home, his Church, his college, and his community. The words of R. L. Stevenson seem appropriate for him: "To be honest, to be kind; to make others happier by our presence; never to be embittered by events but to emphasize what is good and fair in every hour. To cultivate courage and joy, and the quiet, trustful mind; and be true to the best we may attain . . . and when the day is done to lie down content and undishonored; ready for sleep and for the awakening to the glory of tomorrow."

—Raymond A. Smith

DANIEL LOVELESS EARNHARDT

February 6, 1877—January 7, 1955

The sudden passing of the Reverend Daniel Loveless Earnhardt on January 7, 1955, came as a great shock to his family and many friends and cast a deep and sincere sadness over the entire community. Being weary with the more

than seventy-seven years on the journey of life, he lay down and using his burden for a pillow fell into that dreamless sleep. Truly, he had fought a good fight and kept the faith to the very end. So another faithful servant of God, and retired member of the Western North Carolina Conference of The Methodist Church, passed triumphantly through the valley of shadows, and his gentle spirit passed to the church eternal.

"The golden gates were opened,
And a gentle voice said, 'Come.'

With his farewell unspoken

He comely entered his heavenly home."

He was born in Stanly County, North Carolina, February 6, 1877, son of the late Rufus and Rose Lentz Earnhardt. He was educated in the public schools and Tennessee Wesleyan College, was ad-

mitted on trial in the Blue Ridge-Atlantic Conference, of the former Methodist Episcopal Church in 1906, and was received into full connection in 1908 and ordained elder in 1910. He retired from the active ministry at the Annual



Conference in 1940. Brother Earnhardt was a man of noble character, integrity and was firm in his convictions. For thirty-four years the following charges in North Carolina were bountifully blessed by his faithful ministry: Culberson, Clyde, Asheville Circuit, Marion, Ocracoke, Harmony, Etowah, Pisgah, Leicester, Bakersville, Marshallberg, Macon-Sylvania, Casar-Hickory, Wilkesboro, Traphill, and Saluda which he served two years after he retired.

He was twice married. His first marriage was to Miss Mary L. Goodman. He is survived by his second wife, Mrs. Maggie Garren Earnhardt; two sons and four daughters by his first marriage, Ralph of Asheville, Berry of Hickory, Mrs. Daisy Green of Detroit, Michigan, Mrs. Ella Johnson of Fayetteville, Mrs. Ruth McKinna of Etowah, and Mrs. Margaret Barker of Hickory; two step-daughters, Mrs. J. R. Stephenson and Mrs. Fred Robertson of Saluda. Also surviving are four brothers and four sisters, Thaddeus of Salisbury, Rufus of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Ray of Salisbury, and Rony of Misenheimer, Mrs. Annie Wagner and Mrs. Ida Mae Morgan of Gold Hill, Mrs. John Lents of Salisbury, and Mrs. Beulah Windsor of Ayden; 25 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren.

He was converted at the age of fourteen. He began early and spent his whole life in traveling this road, continually growing in grace. Thus he came nearer and nearer to heaven, the future world his settled and everlasting home.

Funeral services were held in the Saluda Methodist Church on Sunday, January 9, at 2:00 p.m. by the pastor, M. M. Armstrong, assisted by the writer. His body was laid to rest beside his first wife in Oak Forest cemetery in Etowah, Henderson County.

Christ stands today within the shadow of all our Christian dead, saying, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Our bodies may fall into the grave, but our spirits shall rise and praise God, in other worlds, durably without end; this is our faith, this is our hope, and this shall be our blessed realization.

"Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing—
O grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O death thy sting?"

—W. H. Pless

WILLIAM JUDSON HACKNEY

February 13, 1880—March 19, 1955

The Reverend William Judson Hackney, son of Spencer and Martha Hinchey Hackney, was born near Newburn, Tennessee, on February 13, 1880, and during the early morning hours of March 19, 1955, at his home in Charlotte, slipped away to be with God. Although he was born in Tennessee, Brother Hackney, whose mother died when he was only six years of age, lived almost his entire life in North Carolina, his father bringing him to this state soon after the passing of his mother.

Brother Hackney was one of those fortunate persons who had the heritage of a fine Christian father and a life-long relationship with the Christian Church. Consequently, in his early teens, he gave his heart to Jesus Christ and united with the Mount Vernon Methodist Church on the Siler City Charge. He received his education in Siler City, at the Liberty Normal College, and Elon College.

Feeling early in life that God had laid his hand upon him in a particular way, he dedicated his life to the full time service of the ministry.

