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JOURNAL

of the

Ninth Session

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Western North Carolina
Annual Conference

of

The Methodist Church

(Being also the 70th year of the organization of the Blue Ridge-Atlantic Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the 58th year of the organization of the Western North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the 120th year of the organization of the North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church.)

Edited for the Conference by
EDGAR H. NEASE

DILWORTH METHODIST CHURCH
Charlotte, North Carolina

October 8-13, 1947

whole-heartedly used in the service of God and his fellow men. He was tireless in labors, genial in heart, and gave his best to the work of the Church he loved. He made friends easily, and was trusted by all who knew him as a man of wisdom and integrity.

An appreciative editorial in *The Charlotte Observer* of March 4, 1947, concluded with the following tribute:

"Such a life can never cease its influence of ennoblement. In the years that come after the translation of a person of the heroic mould and spiritual stature and invincible faith of D. M. Litaker the people who have been blessed by direct and specifically helpful contacts with him surely cannot fail to derive much inspiration of the kind that makes confidence in immortality burgeon into robust radiance and incontestable triumph. Heaven naturally becomes ineffably realizable and earth incomparably brighter by reason of his goodness and grace, his religious might and selfless ministrations. Such a heritage, then, is happily uppermost in the contemplation of heart-impacted friends of Dr. Litaker today."

Richard L. Ownbey

JOSIAH THOMAS MANGUM

April 13, 1877—January 19, 1947



No one who knew Tom Mangum intimately, and loved him, can now think of him as either retired or dead. His was a vivid, living personality. As I write he seems to be at my side. The secret, then, of his power as a pulpit orator could not be found alone in his unusual training in the Hebrew, Latin and English literatures; nor yet alone in his evident mastery of the art of public address—but deeper still.

I have never known a man who had a deeper, a more robust yet tender appreciation of the friendship of his fellows than he. It was in memory of those dear old Mount Airy days that climaxed a long play of fellowship and friendship that Bishop Paul B. Kern wrote to Mrs. Mangum: "There was a robustness about Tom's attitude to life, a frankness and directness that to me was most charming. When I was with him I knew that he was thinking of me not as a bishop but just as another Methodist preacher whom he loved. His contribution to the church was a significant one. Not many people now will know what he meant to the missionary enterprise in the long ago. His devotion to Bishop Lambuth and his service in that pioneering day belongs to the history of his church and is written in God's book of remembrance." In similar vein, Bishop Costen J. Harrell wrote to "My Dear Edith": "You and Tom have been our genuine friends for many years. Your home has been for us a center of wholesome fellowships. On one occasion it was for our broken hearts a haven of refuge and peace. We know that such fellowships are not dissolved by the event of death, but that they are an eternal possession."

Then, too, he was amazingly, even passionately religious in the core of his strong, rugged being. One day as we rode along, side by side, on one of our many trips together I saw a rare smile light up his Socratic countenance; and upon my proposal, "A penny for your thoughts," he answered still as if to himself: "I was just thinking about Peter, James, and John and the other old boys of the Band, how their hearts must have leaped to their throats when Jesus said, 'I have called you friends.'" Then, with a glance at my neck, he chuckled: "Bet that lump worked like a weaver's shuttle." Mine did.

In there, somewhere in his great heart (I can't place my finger on it) was the source of his superb power and influence as a preacher. And, strangely for one so highly gifted, his presence never seemed abashing or intimidating to others more humbly endowed. I have done some of my highest thinking in the light of Tom's brilliant mind. When one had the rare privilege of standing with him and Keats, "Silent, upon a peak in Darien," it didn't seem to matter much who else were there—whether "stout Cortez" or another. His mind had a way of ringing bells in a sort of "third heaven" of thought.

Born at Greenville, Ala., April 13, 1877, the son of the late Dr. T. F. Mangum, a Methodist minister, and of Julia Perkins Mangum, Josiah Thomas Mangum was educated at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, and did post graduate work at Vanderbilt University. He later was accorded honors as an alumnus of API, and was invited back to the college in recent years as a special speaker.

Brother Mangum served in the Alabama Conference of the Methodist Church prior to World War I, and at the outbreak of the war he went into YMCA work, being stationed at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., as a secretary for the "Y". Ties of blood, social and cultural interests along with religious sympathies so bound him to North Carolina that he remained among us, becoming a member of the Western North Carolina Conference of The Methodist Church in 1920. In this Conference of his adoption he immediately took first rank and served some of its most important charges: Lincolnton (1920-24), Waynesville (1924-27), Lexington (1928-29), Greensboro (1930-31), and Mt. Airy (1932-36). His administrative ability was also recognized by appointment to membership on the board of trustees of the University of North Carolina and of The Children's Home, Winston-Salem, and many other posts of special trust. Those years of faithful service to the Children's Home reminded Superintendent Woosley to write: "We remember him with loving satisfaction."

Thomas Mangum was truly a great pulpiteer. He was representative of a golden age of knightly preaching. And do not forget, "There were giants in those days." Tom was "thrust out" to be a preacher. The gospel Excalibur did fit his hand. As I think back, in my loneliness, I am almost tempted to cry out, "Sir Bedivere, the last of King Arthur's table!" But Tom did not feel that way about himself. His appreciation of good sermons preached by others, was sincere, deep, and sympathetic. It was an experience never to be forgotten, to hear him tell how, on occasion, the princely Bishop Wilson would "playfully tickle his mental toes in the shore ripples of thought, and then unexpectedly, dive from mundane sight into the gospel sea." He could preach and, also, appreciate preaching.

It is fitting that his active ministry amongst us should end in mellow, tender light. He was closing a four-year pastorate at Central, Mt. Airy—one of his most successful—when he was stricken with heart disease. His physician warned me that he could not go on in active work. It was up to me to tell Tom. I kept the doctor near but out of sight; for we expected a crash. This was it: "Well, Gibbs, I'll just go back to 'Ole Alabam'; get me a place out by the river, hire me a 'blackie'; and I'll grow sweet potatoes, dig worms, and catch fish." It turned that he did that—and more. He took the Superannuate Relation that fall, 1936.

Being pressed for time in the preparation of this sketch, I hold myself guilty, in a few instances, of quoting from personal letters without specific permission from the authors; but only did I resort to this method in those cases where I was confident of security and forgiveness in sincerity, good-will, and friendship for both Tom and me. But if anyone should detect the slightest tinge upon good taste in this matter I am wholly to blame; for Mrs. Mangum cautioned me, and did not specifically authorize my use of but one letter—a letter from Baraca Class, Church Street Methodist Church, Selma, Alabama—to her upon the death of her dear husband, Josiah Thomas Mangum, in a hospital in Selma, Ala., January 19, 1947.

The letter in part follows: "We, the members of the Baraca Class of the Church Street Methodist Church, are greatly bereaved at the passing of Mr.

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Tom Mangum, who, for a number of years, has given us companionship and spiritual guidance. For the past three years, we have had the privilege of being students of the Holy Scripture under his inspiring leadership. Our church has lost a great teacher. Each member of this class has lost something in his death; for in his life, he made himself a part of us. It is that part which we shall cherish during the years to come." No wonder Edith loves that letter.

Funeral services were held at Church Street Methodist Church, Selma, Alabama, with Bishop Coston J. Harrell, Dr. Stanley Frazer, D.S., Dr. W. F. Calhoun, pastor, and Rev. Fletcher Howington in charge. The Baraca Class which Brother Mangum taught assembled in a body for the services.

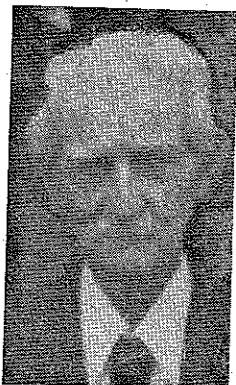
Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Edith Hooper Mangum; a daughter, Mrs. Edith De-Wolfe of Putney, Vt.; three grandsons; a sister, Mrs. Helen Mangum Laughlin of Cliffside, N. C., and a nephew, Rev. Robert Mangum Laughlin of the W. N. C. Conference of the Methodist Church.

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more."

A. C. Gibbs

WILLIAM FRANKLIN McDOWELL

December 16, 1853—November 21, 1946



William Franklin McDowell was born on a farm near Asheboro in Randolph County, N. C. on December 16, 1853 and departed this life at his home in Asheboro on November 21, 1946. Had he lived a few more weeks he would have been ninety-three years old. During Brother McDowell's early years educational advantages were very meagre and it was only those with great determination that acquired much learning. Those who succeeded in spite of this handicap deserve even more credit. He heard the call to preach the gospel and was admitted into the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church in 1883. At the time of his death he was Number 1 on the conference chronological roll, he having been a member of an annual conference longer than any other man. Brother McDowell began his ministry at Belmont in Alamance County. He served churches also in Randolph,

Buncombe, Chatham, Mecklenburg, Montgomery and Union Counties. The most of the charges served by him were rural, however, he held a revival meeting in Burlington and organized there what is now known as the Davis Street Methodist Church, an organization which has had an honorable record and is still a very influential church. In the funeral service for Brother McDowell, conducted in the Central Church in Asheboro on Nov. 24, Dr. R. M. Andrews who was in charge of the service with the assistance of the pastor, Rev. Mark Tuttle, made the statement that when he was a young man he was converted in a revival meeting held by Brother McDowell. Thus it could be said with all truthfulness that while Brother McDowell never served what we would think of as an important station he was instrumental in leading one to Christ who did serve some of the most important churches in his conference. Brother McDowell never helped to build a college neither was he ever president of one but the Lord used him in the conversion of one who was one of the leading spirits in building High Point College and who was its president for the first six years of its existence. So, here is

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