



DR. HARMON B. RAMSEY

He began his ministry here in June, 1938, as Rev. Ramsey and served until September, 1942.

Rev. Ramsey was modest and reserved. His unassuming competence needed no flourish of trumpets to publicize his efficiency—his work spoke for itself! Mr. Ramsey was tall, slender, boyish-looking. He was serious-minded, and sometimes the robust exuberance of his elderly officers made him politely wonder what that generation was coming to!

He was thorough in everything, and if any one achievement stood out above the rest, it may have been his leadership in the young people's work in this church, and in the conferences at Petit Jean and Ferriscliff.

Rev. Ramsey's theological education included study in Edinburgh, Scotland, and while at Central he had arranged to return to Richmond, Virginia, for a period of advance schooling.

Before leaving his pastorate here, Rev. Ramsey was honored with a Doctor of Divinity degree, but even his officers were a long time finding out about it—Dr. Ramsey just hadn't thought to mention it! Dr. Ramsey and family's address is Bluefield, West Virginia.

man of strong convictions, and a marvel at free speech when aroused. After this safeguard against further effort to merge the two churches, the ardor of the pro-annexationists cooled and soon was forgotten. Rev. Hyde moved on, with the blessings of the officers and congregation, and plans were laid for finding a new preacher.

The old Pulpit Supply Committee declared it couldn't look another preacher in the face, so Elders Chas. McKee and John W. Wade, and Deacons A. A. Shilcutt and W. A. Treadway, formed a new committee. Through their efforts and the assistance of R. W. Porter, Rev. J. Leighton Read became Central's leader on September 1, 1912. The new preacher's high regard for Mr. Porter brought forth this tribute: "Since the inception of Central the name of R. W. Porter is a golden thread of achievement woven into the tapestry of the church's brilliant history." Mr. Porter's life ran parallel to Central's, and each aided the other.

Rev. Read left Central in the war year of 1917. Sorrowfully, the church officers began casting about for a pastor to take his place. They were successful, and the Recording Angel smiled in anticipation as she inscribed, on a clean page, the name of Dr. J. F. Lawson.

Strange young men whose current address was Camp Pike, but whose homes were Everywhere, U. S. A., were pouring into Little Rock as a result of World War I. The army uniform was conspicuous at church services, on the streets and in the hospitable homes of the sleepy old town, which was beginning to take on some of the do-it-now aggressiveness of the khaki-clad visitors. Dr. Lawson made them welcome at Twentieth and Arch.