

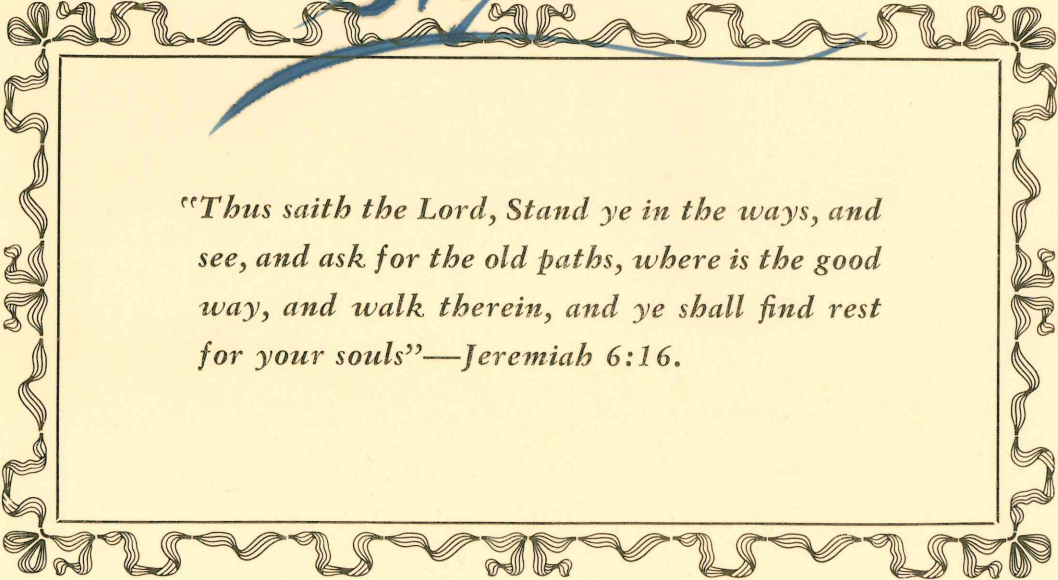
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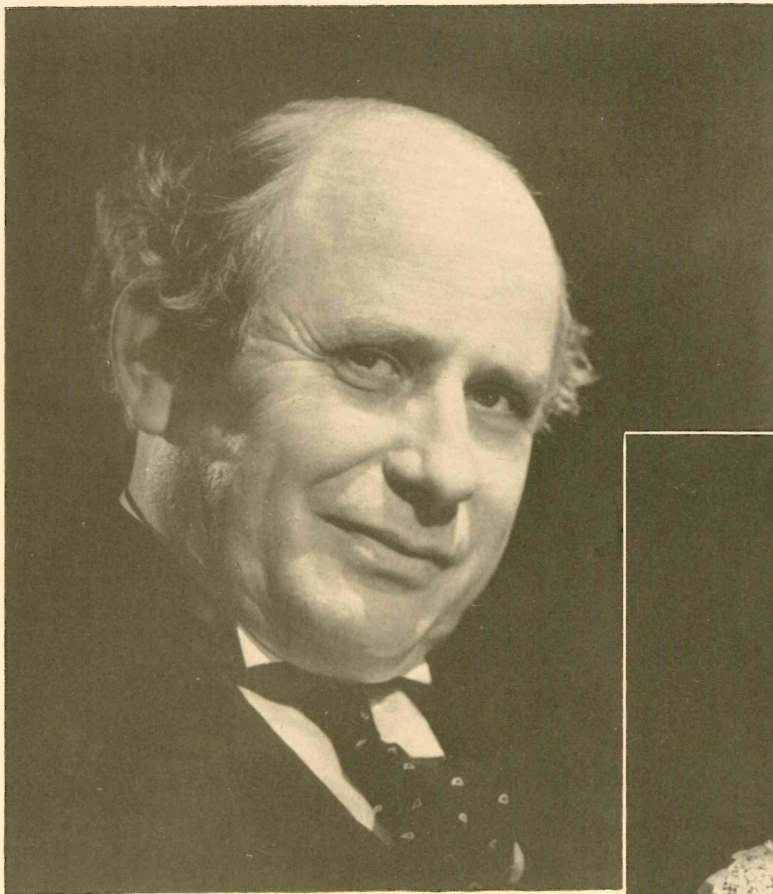
Country Church
of
Hollywood



Presented to -
Mrs. C. Lindley
by
Josiah and Sarah
Hopkins



"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls"—Jeremiah 6:16.



Parson Josiah Hopkins, Dreaming of Happy Days in the Hills



Sarah Hopkins, the Parson's Wife, and President of the Ladies Aid, Dressed in the Style of 1899

The Parson at the "Mouth-Piece" in the Country Church





*The Country Church as Seen
from Argyle Street in the Heart
of Hollywood*



*The Country Church as Seen from Hollywood
Boulevard at Night—It is Located on One of
the World's Most Famous Thoroughfares*



THE COUNTRY CHURCH OF HOLLYWOOD

Finding a site for the Country Church was no easy task. One by one possible locations were eliminated until the trustees of the Country Church leased the Bartlett property comprising two acres at the intersection of Argyle and Yucca Streets in the heart of Hollywood, in fact, a half block north of Hollywood Boulevard and a short block east of Vine Street. Here the little church nestles amidst wonderful trees and flowers.

Mr. A. P. Howard, of Howard and Smith, Montebello, California is our landscape artist. His is a work of love, and these two acres, according to Mr. Howard, will soon be the most beautiful in wonderful California. Here are some of Mr. Howard's plans:

"Goose Creek (our name for the two acres) has many slopes and hollows with beautiful trees all around. This Country Church and its woodland setting has stirred my heart to plan great masses of golden-yellow, bright red, and scarlet Nasturtiums clambering down the slopes like happy children. There will be Hollyhocks, tall and stately, pink and blue Larkspur in gay array, Candytuft, and Sweet Williams, which we call 'Stocks', but the older neighbors called them 'Gilly Flowers'. My plans include the planting of Four O'clocks, Zinnias, and Grandmother's Pinks with Poppies in the sunshine.

"Goose Creek will flow from the spring on the hill, rippling over stones, through mossy dells with the banks a-bloom with Black-Eyed Susans, Iris, and Daffodils galore which a friend is sending gratis from Holland. Baby Blue Eyes and Forget-Me-Nots will make a lovely carpet interspersed with ferns. There will be no end of Roses, Mignonettes, and Morning Glories, with delicate Lilly of the Valley reminding us of one of the Parson's favorite songs.

"My plan is to make these two acres so restful that old memories will come trooping up, and you will live over once again all the lovely yesterdays."

The walks, the creek, the spring, and the abundance of old-fashioned flowers will make a perfect setting for the Little Country Church.

The church is thirty-five feet wide, seventy feet long, and seats two hundred and ninety-nine persons. A steeple crowns

the vestibule topped with a lightning rod. The shingles are of redwood, and the inside walls are of knotted pine.

The pulpit is a work of art, made up of wood veneer from many of the countries of the world and inlaid in thousands of tiny pieces. The artist who constructed the pulpit gave both labor and materials as a work of love. The pews are home-made, but comfortable, and are composed of stained pine in a natural finish. A grandfather clock, dating from the middle of the last century, keeps watch over the sacred auditorium.

The best electric equipment available is installed. Radio programs go out to the broadcasting station through our own control room which is located just over the vestibule of the church. The "dug-out" is the Parson's place for prayer and meditation and is located under the south-east corner of the little church. Full provision has been made for weddings with a bridal chamber to the north of the vestibule and a bridegroom chamber north of the platform.

The Country Church is open to the public from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily, and concerts are held each noon when the old hymns are played and sung.

We will soon erect *an auditorium* to seat 2500 persons and house our offices.

An *old-fashioned spring* will welcome the visitor with a stream of ice-cold drinking water. It is called Buchanan Spring and is the gift of Laura A. Buchanan in memory of her neice, Lenore, who was a greatly beloved school supervisor.

Goose Creek will actually flow 500 feet through the gardens and will be stocked with fish. A large shipment of Daffodils is on its way from Holland and will soon line the banks of Goose Creek.

The *Red Onion School House* will stand on the grounds as a memorial to McGuffey and other pioneer educators. The old-fashioned desks will be covered with McGuffey readers, blue back spellers, and, once each week, we will have a memorial broadcast from the School House.

In short, when you enter the Country Church grounds, you will step back thirty years!



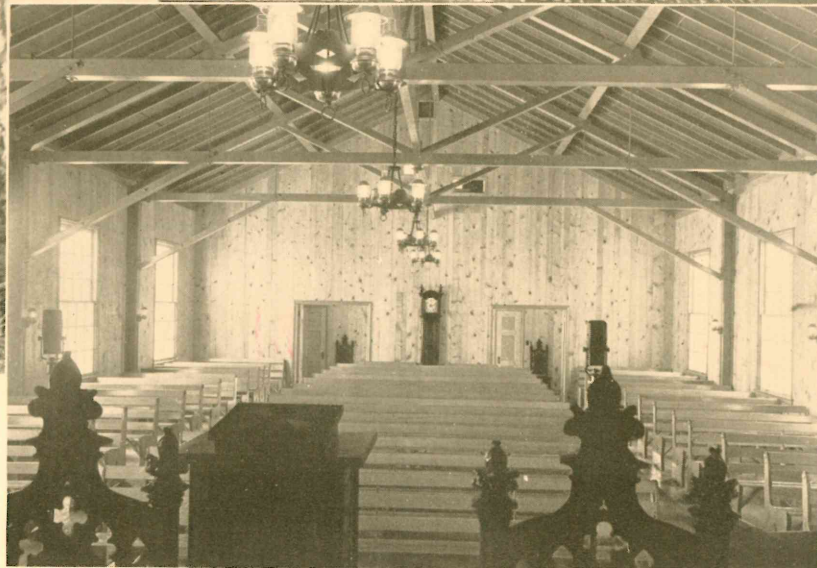
*The Interior as
Seen from the En-
trance*



*The Vestibule of
the Country
Church*



*The Country Church as Seen
from Hollywood Boulevard*



*The Interior as Seen from the
Pulpit*





“DAN”

Away back in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, Josiah and Sarah Hopkins lived as an old fashioned country preacher and wife. Both were college folk earnestly desiring to render real Christian service. The salary was too little to mention, but the neighbors brought butter, chickens, eggs, and meat in season, so there was no lack of life's necessities.

These hill people were wonderful! Simple in their tastes and ruggedly sincere. For some years, Josiah and Sarah lived this simple life. The Parson walked the trails until he was able to buy “Dan” as a colt and train him for a parson's buggy horse.

Success came to beckon to the country parson, and he left the hills for the city.

Then, came the war days of 1917. Josiah Hopkins left a city pastorate to go to France as a regular army chaplain. The parson, now a Chaplain, became Chaplain of a division of troops, 30,000 men; then, Associate Base Chaplain at Bordeaux, France; on special assignment out of general headquarters at Chaumont; then, a serious trip to the hospital.

It was in this hospital that the inspiration for the Country Church of Hollywood was born. While exercising his hands one morning in a ward with about forty other soldier patients, Parson Hopkins accidently struck his hands together making a perfect imitation of old Dan's hoofbeats on a country road.

A soldier said, “Whoa, Dobbin”! That started the boys to asking for a daily ride with the Skypilot and his imaginary horse.

The doctors asked the parson to take the boys “riding” every day.

One night a fine fellow was going west. The orderly said, “Parson, a Buddy four bunks up is about to leave us. He wants you to drive your horse and take him as far as you can go. He said its dark down the road, and he's scared to go alone.”

So, they moved the Chaplain up by the dying soldier. It was about three o'clock in the morning. No light save the rays of a flashlight in the orderly's hand.

“Let's go, Buddy,” whispered the Parson. “Let's play like we're back home, Chaplain, and we're riding in your buggy,” gasped the soldier.

“Sure,” the Chaplain said. Then they started.

Klop, klop, klopity klop went Dan's hoofbeats made by the Parson's hands.

“Buddy,” the Parson ventured, “You don't have to travel this road alone. David said, ‘Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.’ He found someone to hold his hand as he faced death.”

The doughboy said chokingly, “That's Bible ain't it, Parson?”

“Sure, that's Bible, my boy, and it's true.”

Then, the soldier asked God to travel with him down this lonesome road. A light far brighter than the flashlight illumined the soldier's face as he whispered, “You can turn back now, Parson, I don't have to go alone.” Then he added faintly, “It's getting purtier and purtier.”

Today countless thousands turn their radio dials to their Country Parson and hear him as he drives his dream horse “Dan” to the gatherings in the Country Church of Hollywood.

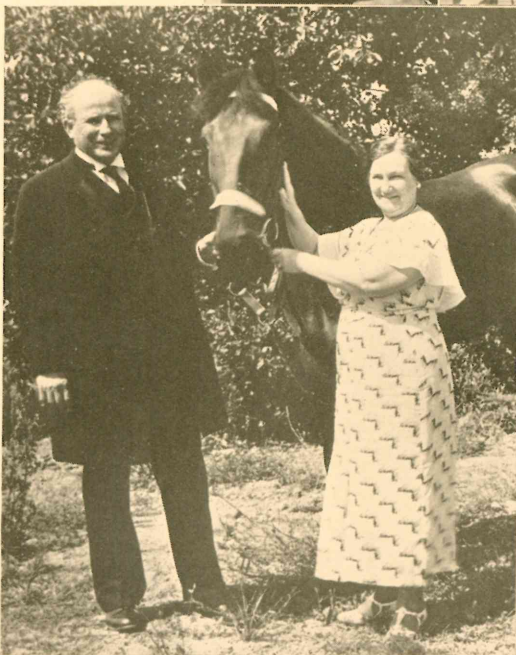




*The Parson Enjoying
a "slab" of Barbe-
cued Beef at the
All Day "Preaching
and Dinner on the
Grounds"*



*(Below)
Josiab,
"Dan", the
Parson's
Buggy-horse,
and Sarah*



*The First "Gathering" of
Neighbors on a Prospective
Site near Hollywood Blvd.
and Bronson, Aug. 27,
1933*

*The State Banners on "States Day"—The Par-
son and Sarah in the Center, February 4, 1934*





Scenes from the Ground-
Breaking for the Country
Church, Feb. 25, 1934

*The Parson Delivering the
Ground-Breaking Address*



*Otto K. Olesen, Pres. 233 Club, and John Kings-
ley, Pres. Hollywood Merchantors, Congratulate
Josiah and Sarah*

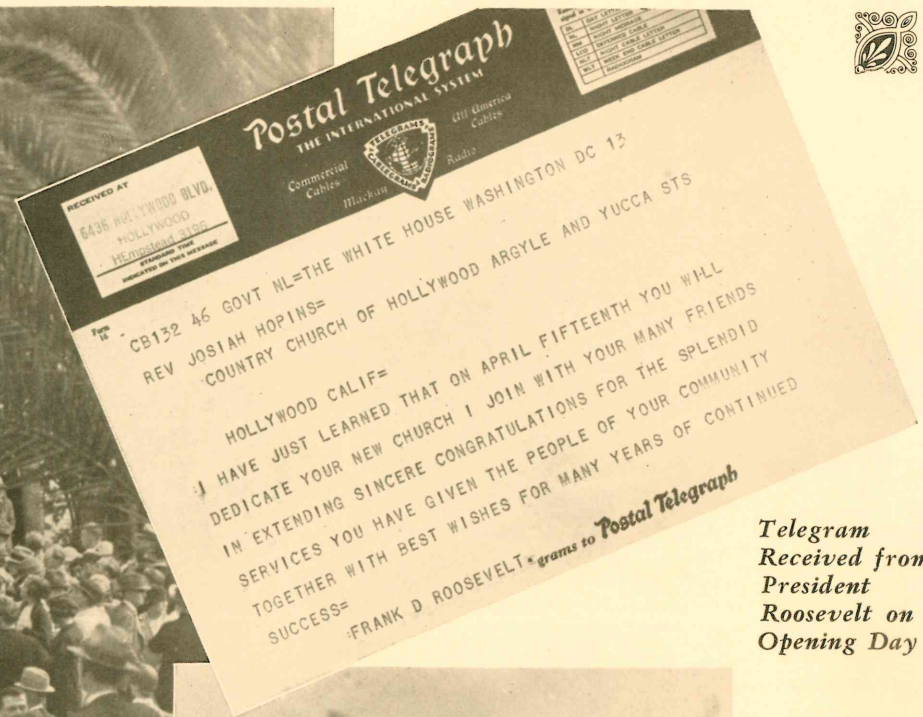


*Rev. Levi Easton, 99 Year Old Cir-
cuit Rider, Delivering the Prayer of
Dedication at Ground-Breaking*





Portion of the Crowd on the Opening Day of the Country Church



Telegram Received from President Roosevelt on Opening Day



Carrie Jacobs Bond, Josiah and Sarah Receiving 150-Pound Cake and Replica of Country Church, Presented by W. C. Baker, Ojai, Calif.





The Entrance at Eventide



The Country Church as Seen from Atop the Equitable Building at Night

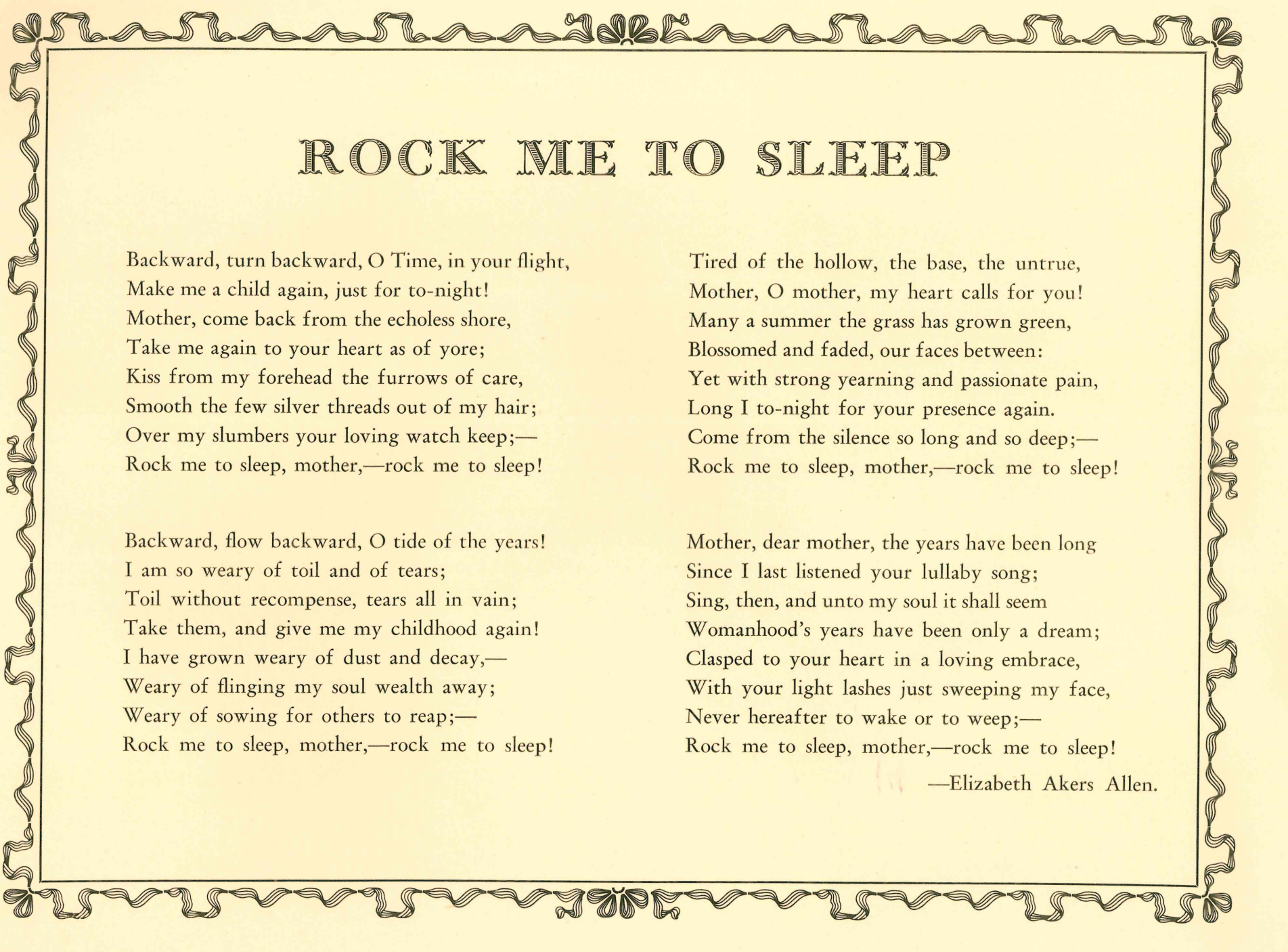


The Bride's Room



Josiah in the Dug-out





ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.



*The Goose
Creek
Quartette*

*Si Green, "Tune-Hister", and
Mrs. Si Green, Harpist*



*The Hack Driver in
"Sunday" Clothes*



*Slim
Williams,
Birdman*



*(Right) Rudy Simmons, Cross-
Roads Storekeeper, who "Picks
on the Piano"*





*Miss Flutie Belcher, Teacher of
Red Onion School House, with
the Children*



*The Buglers from "Five
Forks"*



*"Joey Staples",
Radio Operator*



*Trio from
"Possum Trot"*



*Ladies Quartette from
Pleasant Valley*

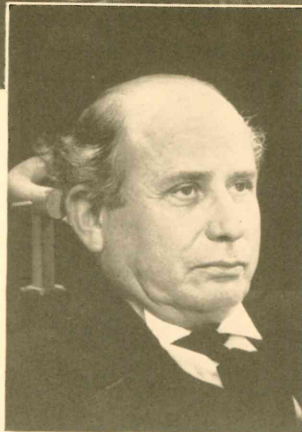




(Left to right)
Office Force—Letitia Hanks,
Julia Bright, Pearly White,
Peachy Applewhite, Doc. Hocks,
Pete Ashley.



W. A. Barr, Trustee

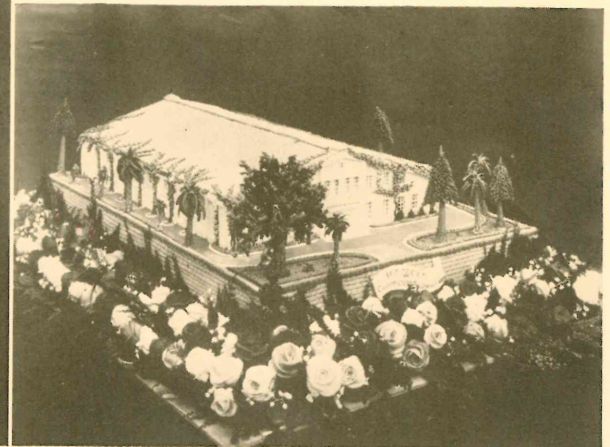


The Parson in the
Brace for a Tin-
Type



Sarah in the "Brace" Posing with
Josiah for an Old-Fashioned
Wedding Picture

Replica of the Auditorium for
Overflow Gatherings, Modeled
by W. C. Baker, Ojai, Calif.





GRIGGSBY'S STATION

Pap's got his pattend-right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a-livin' here! it's jest a mortal pity
To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen! And the city! city!
city!—
And nothin' but the city all around us ever'wheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellow tree!
And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousan' people,
And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And ever' neighbor round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole kit-and-bilin',
A-drivin' up from Shallor Ford to stay the Sunday
through;
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
Out there at 'Lizy Ellen's like they ust to do!

I want to see the piece-quilts the Jones girls is makin';
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired
hand,
And joke her 'bout the widower she come purt' nigh
a-takin',
Till her Pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where they's nothin' aggervatin' any more,
Shet away safe in the woods around the old location—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Mirandy and he'p her with her sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and
gone,
And stand up with Emanuel to show me how he's growin',
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she putt her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower eighty,
Where John, our oldest boy, he was tuk and burried—for
His own sake and Katy's,—and I want to cry with Katy
As she reads all his letters over, writ from The War.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk a-bloomin' at the door?—
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

James Whitcomb Riley.





"And so we say 'Goodbye' until this time tomorrow.
God bless you and keep you until we meet again.

"May you face this day with Courage, and be sustained by Faith.

"And though you travel far, so far, God grant your road will turn this way again and bring you back to us sometime in the Country Church of Hollywood.

"Remember, we'll all be looking for you!

Goodbye."

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THE COUNTRY CHURCH
OF HOLLYWOOD

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