

Assemblies of God
HERITAGE™

Who is this
former CA
and now
governor of
Missouri?

SEE PAGE 2



Vol. 5, No. 1, Spring 1985



**LIBERATION OF
MISSIONARIES IN
THE PHILIPPINES
40 YEARS AGO**

1st Cavalry personnel visit with Santo
Tomas internees after liberation February
1945 — Courtesy National Archives



Assemblies of God missionaries at Old Bilibid Prison,
Manila, a few days after they were released by 37th Division
— Courtesy Helen Johnson

THE HERITAGE

LETTER Wayne Warner

This year is filled with 40th anniversaries, and the biggest no doubt will be September 2 when the world will stop to remember that on this day in 1945 World War II came to an end. This shameful, terrible conflagration which had claimed an estimated 55 million lives had finally ended.

Are you old enough to remember the excitement of that day? In Oregon we heard a continuously blowing air horn approaching our town. It was on a log truck and its driver wanted to let others know it was a time to celebrate. And we knew that soon we would see my two brothers who were stationed somewhere in the Pacific.

We were so happy that the world would have peace — but only for a while as it turned out.

This issue contains stories about some of our missionaries who were affected by the war. Nine of our missionaries had been interned by the Japanese military in the Philippines. You'll read about their remarkable liberation beginning on page 6. (Other missionaries who were interned in China had been repatriated earlier.)

Along with the liberation account are two related missionary stories from that period. The first deals with Jessie Wengler who was trapped in Tokyo for the duration of the war. She tells about that experience in "Delivered From Destruction in Tokyo," which is a reprint from the February 23, 1946, *Pentecostal Evangel*.

The second story is one that happened here in the United States involving a ministry to Japanese-Americans who were interned on the West Coast. We have excerpted letters written by Marie Juergensen during the time she ministered in Idaho and Utah. Although some Americans looked at Marie as a traitor, she knew what God wanted her to do. And she did it. Her sister Agnes and her mother also ministered to the Japanese during the war.

Agnes, by the way, is now 83 and continues to minister to Japanese in San Jose, California. After the war, Jessie Wengler returned to Japan where she died in 1958.

Wayne E. Warner is
Director of the A/G
Archives



This picture of missionaries to the Philippine Islands was taken just before they were interned by the Japanese in 1941. Standing are Bob and Mildred Tangen; seated left to right are Leland Johnson, Helen Johnson, Blanche Appleby, Doris Carlson, Rena Baldwin (holding Samuel Johnson); and Connie Johnson seated in front. Not pictured, Elizabeth Galley and Gladys Knowles.

As you read of the Philippines liberation, you'll probably wonder what happened to these interned missionaries. Despite their long and difficult experiences in prison camps they never lost the vision to serve God wherever He called them.

Biographical sketches have been prepared on the nine missionaries and their families (see page 8). The sketches will probably mean more to you after you read "1945 Philippine Liberation Creates Emotional Scenes," beginning on page 6.

We have been able to talk with some of the survivors of the Philippine prison camps and have obtained information on the others.

Most of the internees suffered permanent physical impairments. Out of the nine adults who were interned — two men and seven women — six women survive. Answering higher summons during the past 17 years were Blanche Appleby, Leland Johnson, and Robert Tangen.

Helen Johnson told me recently that she did not close the Philippine chapter of her life with hatred toward her captors.

Claude White, a minister who now lives in California, was with the 37th Division in Manila during the final battle for the city in February 1945. He remembers meeting Blanche Appleby shortly after she was rescued from the Los Banos camp.

Blanche had just heard from the Division of Foreign Missions in Springfield advising her to return to America. Blanche was unhappy, Claude recalls, because she wanted to continue her ministry in the Far East.

Blanche Appleby's attitude seems typical. The vision God had given would not be taken away by hardship and war. ✠

Answer to question on cover . . .



If you said John Ashcroft, you are right. Governor Ashcroft (above) was elected governor of Missouri in 1984. The *CA Herald* on the cover is the April 1962 issue.

ASSEMBLIES OF GOD HERITAGE

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Wayne E. Warner, Editor

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When Rufus Nicholson, the black sheep of a respected family in Harrison, Arkansas, was converted that day in February 1913, there was no question that it was a genuine conversion.

This hard-working 40-year-old sharecropper who was trying to eke out a living for his wife and five children in the red clay country of eastern Oklahoma had been well known for his drunken brawls and cursing. He — nor anybody else — could hardly imagine that the Lord would lead him into an itinerant preaching ministry that would span the next 44 years.

Rufus Nicholson was my father, the one we five children affectionately called Papa.

The world changed for the Nicholson family when Papa got saved. The sun seemed to shine brighter on that shanty by the side of a country road where passers-by seldom went. Jesus had come to our little home on Owens Prairie, Oklahoma.

No one wanted to eat breakfast that memorable morning. There were no candles, no rituals, but the breakfast table became his altar. He stood to his feet and shoved back the tattered cane-bottom chair. He went around to each of us, giving us a hug like we had never had before. Then he noticed the old hound Buck — who was always fearful that he would get a kick or a beating from Papa.

Papa bounded over and hugged Buck, shouting, "God, bless the dog! It is Your creation!"

We did not go to school that day. There were shouts of hallelujah all day and lots of

*This story is adapted from a new book by Jewell Nicholson Cunningham, **Look at Your Hand**. Jewell's father, Rufus Nicholson, was a sharecropper in eastern Oklahoma when he was converted and called to preach. **Look at Your Hand** is the story of those tough times, telling of numerous revival meetings and miracles of God's grace. And it tells of the 17 churches that Rufus Nicholson pioneered during his 44 years of ministry, a ministry that did not begin until he was 40 years of age.*

Jewell Cunningham is the wife of T.C. Cunningham, longtime pastor, district official, and now a deputation representative for the Division of Foreign Missions. The five Nicholson children — Jewell, Marylydia, Pebble, Frances, and Coy — followed their father in some type of Christian ministry. Several descendants are also active in Christian ministry, including Loren Cunningham, founder of Youth With a Mission; Janice Rogers; Phyllis Griswold; and singer Twila Paris.



This 192-page book is available from the author (\$3.75): Jewell Cunningham, P.O. Box 4489, Tyler, Texas 75712.

Evangelizing and Pioneering Throughout the Southwest

The Nicholson Family. From Brush Arbors to Street Corners by Covered Wagon and Model T Truck □ By Jewell Nicholson Cunningham

laughter. After a while Papa went to tell his neighbors what God had done for him.

Dud Lewis was the first to hear the news. Then Papa went to see some of his other cronies, Uncle Joe, Harm Hopkins, Acey Shrum, and others.

Papa found Uncle Joe by the fireplace, smoking and with his feet propped up. Skipping all formalities and half-shouting, Papa began to tell Uncle Joe what God had done for him.

Uncle Joe, an avowed infidel, merely replied, "I'm going to rock over backwards into hell just to see if you, my family, or anyone else can pray me out!"

But even Uncle Joe later surrendered to God and "got the shout." At brush arbor meetings he would give a simple testimony, turn red in the face, then give out a little snort and begin running around the whole place. In his own peculiar way, Uncle Joe expressed the joy of his salvation until the day he died, well into his nineties.

At the end of the day that Papa was converted he told Mama, "You know, Gib, I have been sore from drinking too much, from having a horse throw me and fall on me while I was drunk, but this is the first time I have been sore from shouting

too much! I really hurt from laughing so much today, but thank God for the soreness!"

It wasn't long before Papa was called to preach and we began our itinerant preaching, first traveling by covered wagon and

"Papa liked to be the first Pentecostal to come to an area, especially to the boom towns that sprang up with new oil fields."

then in a Model T truck which Papa had converted into what might be called an early motor home.

The elders of the Morris (Oklahoma) assembly could hardly believe the man standing before them in mud-splattered overalls was a preacher. The black mud caked all over his shoes and clothes indicated that Papa had been on a hard trip.

It was fall 1916 and it was cold and the rain had turned the road into a hopeless mire. These elders had written to Papa and asked him to become their pastor. On the way to Morris our wagon had gotten stuck

The Nicholson family ready for a camp meeting or brush arbor service, summer of 1929. Left to right, Marylydia, Frances, Pebble, Jewell, Coy, and Papa. All are ordained except Pebble.



many times. Finally, a few miles outside of town our horses could not pull us out.

Papa rode into town for help and returned with two more teams of horses. With three teams we were pulled out of the mud and made our weary way into town.

It was all in the life of our family and its itinerant Pentecostal ministry.

We were actually on our way to Arkansas when the Morris invitation came. Papa had received a letter which told of his father's death. Although Papa had written to tell his father that the black sheep of the family finally had been converted, he so wanted to tell him personally. Now it was too late. But there were others in the family with whom Papa wanted to share his newfound joy of the Pentecostal experience.

We rarely had the money to make a trip. We would just begin and go as far as possible, trusting God to supply so we could go a little farther down the road. Such trips could take months. We had started for Arkansas from Oklahoma in the spring and now it was fall.

The Morris church was the first Assemblies of God church in Oklahoma. They had a church building but no parsonage. When we arrived they began to build a parsonage on the back of the church. In the meantime we seven Nicholsons moved in with Elder Murrell and his family.

Poor Sister Murrell! She was not well, and now she had her four or five children plus us. People were soon sleeping all over the floors of their tiny house. This was a very common practice in the early years of the Pentecostal movement, however, for the believers literally had all things in common many times.

Finally our two-room house was finished — our first parsonage, and it was built new for us!

Right from the start people were saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

Christmas came while we were at Morris. We were poor since there were no salaries for preachers, and Papa — like other pastors — survived on "hat offerings." Because we had little money, the Salvation Army brought a Christmas box to the parsonage. There were ribbons for the older girls, a bugle for Coy, a doll for me, and a toy for baby Frances. There were also dominoes in the box, but Papa threw them away because he considered such games — as well as comic papers and novels — worldly.

While we were at Morris the dark clouds of World War I appeared on the horizon. One day our school teacher announced that we had gone to war with Germany. I was so scared! Running home after school I expected to see soldiers and guns coming around any corner.



"Somebody threw a rotten egg at Papa while he was preaching, but with his style of preaching he was a moving target and hard to hit. It hit me right in the middle of the forehead!"

From Morris we packed up the wagon and started east. Papa preached to people in the communities where we stopped. On one such occasion, a Christian woman came to our camp with fresh eggs, milk, and butter for our breakfast. She said they had been praying for someone to hold a revival, so we stayed, camping near a house where we could get water. Papa and Mama slept in the covered wagon while we children slept on the ground in warm weather. When it rained we slept in a borrowed tent. We walked through the woods a mile or so to the schoolhouse where we held the revival.

During the years of our itinerant evangelistic work we covered the new state of Oklahoma, preaching in nearly every hamlet, city, or town. Papa liked to be the first Pentecostal to come to an area, especially to the boom towns that sprang up with new oil fields.

We would stretch a line of lights, put up a windbreak around the choir and platform, borrow a piano, and rent heavy boards for seats from a lumber yard.

Oil booms were happening all over, and as soon as we heard of another one we would load our truck. (We finally moved from a covered wagon to a flatbed truck with side walls and a cover which Papa had added.) We went to Farris, Seminole, Maud, Tecumseh, Wetumka, Bowlegs, Wewoka, Shawnee, and many other towns. Oklahoma state geography was our best subject in school because we had held revivals in just about every section of the state.

Papa, though an evangelist at heart, accepted pastorates for the school months so his five children could receive an education. Bixby Assembly called him to pastor their well-established church.

We received our share of persecution at Bixby. Men would come right into the

service and yell curses louder than Papa could preach. Rocks rained on the roof, and a cat was thrown through the window. Somebody threw a rotten egg at Papa while he was preaching, but with his style of preaching he was a moving target and hard to hit. I got hit by the goeey, smelly egg, right in the middle of my forehead as I sat on the platform.

But it got rougher. Shots were fired over the roof, and one night a big railroad tie was rammed through the front door and came scooting down the aisle. A deacon decided to stop the disturbance. When he went outside he was knocked unconscious by a man wearing brass knuckles.

People would tell us on the streets that they wanted to come to the church but were afraid. But we always had a packed church anyway. For those who dared to attend the services, God more than made up for the persecution. Many received the blessed Holy Spirit, and several went into the ministry from the Bixby congregation.

Ethel Musick was one of six who received the baptism in the Spirit that memorable night in 1913 when Papa was saved. She had started to preach at 16. Later when we were in west Texas we found Ethel cooking for a big ranch family.

Papa talked her into going with us to Childress to pioneer a church. "You're called to a higher calling than to cook and kick the dogs out of your way," Papa told her.

Ethel accepted the challenge, loaded her belongings and children on top of our truck, and we headed for Childress. We all camped out and held meetings in a store building. Several people were converted and filled with the Spirit. This was the beginning of the Assembly of God in Childress.

Ethel Musick continued in the ministry throughout the Southwest, pioneering many Assemblies of God churches. Few men could equal her ability in pioneering.

Papa kept preaching until a few weeks before his death, just before he turned 85. The black sheep, converted in his middle years, had preached for more than 44 years.

Two days before he died we four girls were standing around his bed. He said, "I wish I had something to leave you!" He was thinking of material things.

I said, "Papa, you have left us one of the greatest inheritances that could ever be left to a child — that Pentecostal experience and the training you have given."

Those of us who remain are still serving God. We are endeavoring to pass on the Pentecostal traditions to our children and our children's children. ♦

My Introduction to the Pentecostal Experience

By Ralph A. Durham

I have very vivid recollections of the first occasion of hearing someone speak of an experience which was accompanied by speaking in tongues. That was in the summer of 1914 when I was 7 years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Christensen came through our community in southwest Missouri pushing a two-wheel cart which contained all of their earthly possessions.

The Christensens had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and were going from house to house telling people about their experience. They trusted the Lord for their meals and a place to stay. Sometimes they did without.

They spent at least two nights and days with our family and then went on their way. We never heard from them again, but they had sparked an interest that would later lead us into the Pentecostal experience.

My father was a Church of God (Holiness) minister, and both he and my mother desired a deeper spiritual experience. Charles F. Parham was holding a revival at Joplin in 1915, so my father decided to attend and check out the speaking in tongues he had heard about.

I remember so vividly the conversation Dad had with Mother when he returned from Joplin. "Clara, speaking in tongues is real, and this is what we have longed for."

A few months later my parents learned of two brothers, Fred and Arthur Neet, who were conducting a great Pentecostal revival at Gravette, Arkansas. Dad and a neighbor arranged to have someone do their farm work so they could attend the revival.

As Dad drove away from the house in a wagon pulled by a team of mules, he told my mother, "I will be back when I receive this experience. Not before." They were



Ralph A. Durham was ordained in 1931 and ministered in about half of the states as an evangelist, pastor, and administrator. He died January 15, 1985, at the age of 77.

gone for several days, and when they returned they were changed men.

There were no church buildings available in the community for Pentecostal revival services, so Dad and Mother announced that a revival meeting would be started in our log house.

Several people were converted and some of them received the baptism in the Spirit. Some who opposed the meetings threw rotten eggs and tomatoes at us, rubbed sorghum molasses on the harness, and poured kerosene in the well.

But the people continued to come. And it soon became necessary to remove all the partitions on the first floor of our house to

"For 4 hours my brother spoke in tongues while I interpreted."

handle the crowds. The revival continued for many weeks.

The next series of meetings were scheduled in schoolhouses in surrounding communities. Dad would use the team of mules in the field until about mid-afternoon, feed and rest them, then hitch them to a new spring wagon, and take off for the revival meeting. Sometimes we wouldn't get home until after midnight.

It was during one of these early revival meetings that I received the Pentecostal experience. A few months later my older

Archives Looking for Book Donors

Have you written a book? If you have — whether it was published by Harper & Row or your local printer — the Assemblies of God Archives should have a copy.

The Archives is interested in books written by people associated with the Assemblies of God and the early Pentecostal movement; in addition, books about some aspect of the movement and its people are important records for the Archives.

Authors and others who have copies of books that fit the above categories and who would like to donate them to the Archives, are asked to write to the director.

brother Floyd also received the baptism and a call to the ministry. (Later Floyd traveled with Charles F. Parham as an associate.)

The night that Floyd received his Pentecostal experience is a night I have never forgotten. He stood before the congregation and began to speak in other tongues. I was only 8 years of age and knew little about Pentecostal gifts, but I stepped forward and began to interpret my brother's message.

For about 4 hours Floyd spoke in tongues, pausing at regular intervals so I could interpret his message into English.

This unusual experience continued until about 4 a.m., with few of the people leaving.

God used Floyd in another unusual preaching experience a few years later. He went into Mexico for a week and preached in Spanish. The unusual part of the campaign was that Floyd knew no Spanish — the Holy Spirit spoke through him with great results.

My own call to the ministry came over a period of about 8 years. I tried during this time to make some kind of a deal with God rather than accept the tremendous responsibility of preaching the gospel.

I had purchased a few dairy cows with the idea that I could help in meetings and provide a living from the cows. Yet there was no way around that urgency of the Spirit.

On a particular afternoon I was in the pasture bringing the cows home for milking. I knelt in a wooded canyon and told the Lord, "All right, if there is no other way, send someone to buy these cows."

That very evening a stock buyer stopped to see if I would sell the cows. He looked them over and told me he would pick them up in the morning.

God answered my prayer and sent me into the ministry. ✠

Do We Have Your Photograph?

Photographs of men and women who have ministered in the Assemblies of God are being collected and catalogued in the Archives.

Do we have your photograph?

If we don't, please send a copy which you do not expect to have returned.

If you have photographs of ancestors and friends who contributed to the origin and development of the Assemblies of God, we would be pleased to add them to our collection.

Please wrap the photographs carefully and send them to the Archives, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, Missouri 65802.

1941-45

Delivered from Destruction in Tokyo

A Veteran Missionary's Story of Life in Tokyo During World War II

By Jessie Wengler

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, January 6, 1946, when the U.S.S. *General Collins* arrived in San Francisco. On board were 4,000 troops, 100 nurses, and about 80 civilians. As the ship passed beneath the Golden Gate Bridge, a great cheer went up from the boys. They shouted and whistled for joy at being home at last.

I was aboard that ship, and I don't think any man felt more like shouting than I did. But I did not shout or whistle. My heart just welled up to God with great praise and thankfulness because I was safely back in America after being away 12 years.

I was in Japan throughout all the years of the war and was cut off from America almost completely. I did get one telegram from Noel Perkin, our missionary secretary; and I received a letter from my

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Jessie Wengler, missionary to Japan 1919-58

When World War II began in December 1941, Jessie Wengler was the only Assemblies of God missionary left in Japan. She was never imprisoned but was under house arrest for nearly 4 years. After the war she returned to Japan as a missionary. She died there in 1958.

This story is excerpted from "Delivered from Destruction in Tokyo," which Miss Wengler told at Central Assembly, Springfield, Missouri, in February 1946. The story was published in the *Pentecostal Evangel*, February 23, 1946.



1945 Philippine Liberation Creates Emotional Scenes

A/G Missionaries Rescued After 3-Year Internment

By Wayne E. Warner

When General Douglas MacArthur's forces landed on Luzon, the main island of the Philippines, January 6, 1945, one of their objectives was to liberate thousands of civilians and military prisoners who were being held in several large internment camps. In the civilian group were several hundred missionaries representing many missionary organizations.

A report that the Japanese military planned to kill the prisoners meant that the Allied forces had to act fast and execute the rescues perfectly.

No series of rescues anywhere would surpass the drama, danger, and — most important — success of the ones executed on Luzon during January and February 1945.

That was 40 years ago this year, and the dramatic rescues are a part of Assemblies of God history.

Thirteen of the people interned on Luzon were Assemblies of God missionaries and their children. Interned at the Old Bilibid Prison in Manila were Leland and Helen Johnson, and their children Constance, Sammy, and Margaret-Joy; Robert and Mildred Tangen, and their son Robert; Elizabeth Galley (later Wilson); Gladys Knowles (later Finkenbinder); and Doris Carlson.

They were in a group of nearly 500 civilians who were moved from the Baguio internment camp December 29, 1944, about a week before the Allied invasion at Lingayen Gulf.

Blanche Appleby and Rena Baldwin (later Lindsay), two other missionaries under appointment, were confined at Los Banos which is about 40 miles southeast of Manila. They had been transferred from Baguio in July 1944.

All of the Assemblies of God people

were interned by the Japanese at Baguio shortly after the war began in December 1941. The Johnsons, Blanche Appleby, and Rena Baldwin — veteran missionaries to China — were involved in the newly opened Bethel Bible Institute. The others were new missionaries studying Chinese at Baguio.

Horrible prison conditions in the Philippines resulted in the deaths of thousands of POWs, foreign civilians, and Filipinos. They had died because of malnutrition, mistreatment, and lack of medical attention. Others had been executed. The many crude grave markers on the grounds of several internment camps were silent but eloquent reminders that for many, the liberating army was too late.

Following a dramatic raid by army rangers and Filipino guerillas behind

“...the din was terrific. Hands just felt me, pressed me, and voices cried, ‘Thank God you are here — it’s been so long.’”
— a reporter at Santo Tomas

enemy lines which liberated 510 POWs at Cabanatuan in January, the Allied military command set its sights on two other major prison camps.

The first was at Santo Tomas University in Manila where 3,700 civilians had been interned for 3 years; the second was at Los Banos where 2,146 civilians were looking for their American liberators.

Allied intelligence was unaware that

Betty Foley and her son Michael examine loaf of bread, the first Betty had seen in 3 years. Michael was born in the prison camp at Baguio and had never seen a loaf of bread. Courtesy of National Archives



Chaplain O. Keyes and his assistant at Santo Tomas internment camp a few days after the liberation. Courtesy of Forrest Farley

Old Bilibid housed the nearly 500 civilians who had been moved from Baguio in December and more than 800 servicemen who had been captured in the Philippines. The prisoners at Bilibid were discovered only after the American forces arrived in Manila the first week of February.

Santo Tomas University Rescue

Today if you should walk across the campus of Santo Tomas University, there is little to tell you that this was once the civilian internment camp for Americans and others who were caught in the Philippines when the Japanese came in 1941.

For 3 years civilians, and army nurses who had been captured at Bataan in 1942, were subjected to torture, starvation, and numerous indignities. February 3, 1945, is a day they will remember as long as they live. That is the day a medium tank crashed through the university gate signalling the end of the long nightmare.

The rescue at Santo Tomas was assigned to units of the 1st Cavalry, a division which had been in action on Leyte and then moved to Guimba, about a hundred miles north of Manila. General MacArthur and other commanders went to Guimba and ordered a “flying column” of selected units — about 1,000 men in all — to fight its way into Manila. Rescuing the civilian internees and army nurses at Santo Tomas was high on their priority.

Colonel William Chase, the commander of the flying column, knew the assignment would be extremely difficult and dangerous. There were still some 20,000 Japanese troops in Manila and many others between Guimba and Santo Tomas. But it was not the first nor would it be the last of tough battle assignments for Chase.¹

En route to Manila the flying column did not take time to engage the enemy very long. Their job was to blast through to

Continued on next page

1943-45

Ministering to Japanese-Americans in the Northwest

God Calls Marie Juergensen to Internment Camps

By Marie Juergensen

January 25, 1943. God has answered the desire and prayer of my heart and after many months of praying, believing, and waiting, I am happy to write you that I have obtained definite permission to do missionary work in the Minidoka Relocation Center (internment camp) at Eden, Idaho, where 10,000 Japanese are located.

It is a “Little Japan” — a fair sized town built out in the midst of the desert where there is nothing but barren sagebrush land on every side as far as your eye can see.

Here are 10,000 souls! How many know our Christ as Savior? Most of the first generation who have lived in our fair land from 25 to 40 years do not understand English well enough to take in a gospel message, and most of them have never been inside a church.

During the time that our case (for missionary ministry in the camp) was under

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Marie Juergensen, ministering to Japanese since 1913



When the doors to Japan closed because of World War II, missionary Marie Juergensen began to minister to Japanese-Americans who were interned at the Minidoka Relocation Center near Twin Falls, Idaho. These excerpts are from letters she wrote from Idaho (1943-45). She first went to Japan in 1913 with her parents C.F. and Fredericke Juergensen. She, her sister Agnes, and her brother John were later appointed as Assemblies of God missionaries to Japan. Today, at age 83, she lives with Agnes in Whittier, California, and continues to minister to Japanese in a mission at San Jose.

□ Philippine Liberation/ from p. 7

Manila in a hit-and-run desperation tactic. Other divisions would close in on the city from the south and north.

After several quick battles that left the enemy stunned, the flying column reached Manila and rolled rapidly through the streets while happy Filipinos cheered wildly.

As darkness was falling, Colonel Chase's unit pulled up to the walls of Santo Tomas University. Some 3,700 internees inside preparing for bed could hardly imagine the drama that was about to unfold. Neither could the Japanese guards.

The first scene of the drama began as a medium tank opened the gate without the benefit of a key or password!

Once inside the campus the soldiers overwhelmed the guards and within

"The internees were emaciated. . . many had difficulty realizing that help had arrived."

— Dr. John R. Hall

minutes most of the internees were liberated. It was, as one writer described it, "scenes of pathos and joy none of the participating American troops will ever forget."²

A reporter traveling with the flying column followed the soldiers into the main building housing the prisoners and described the delirious scene:

"I tripped once, recovered myself and pushed into the hysterical mob of internees, waving, shouting, screaming — some weeping. The feeble shadowy light from several candles only partly lighted the large lobby. I could not say anything, the din was terrific. Hands just felt me, pressed me, and voices cried, 'Thank God you are here — it's been so long.'"³

But then it was discovered that all was not peaceful inside one of the university buildings. Here more than 200 of the internees were still being held by the Japanese commander and his troops.

The commander sent a message to Colonel Chase stating that the internees would be released in exchange for his own freedom and that of his troops. Negotiations continued through Sunday night. Finally Chase, fearing that the Japanese would execute the hostages, agreed to permit the enemy troops to leave Santo Tomas so they could join the major Japanese units south of the Pasag River.⁴

On Monday internees at Santo Tomas could hardly believe they were no longer prisoners and that it was an American flag waving from the main building. They gathered to rejoice that the long captivity had finally ended. They could now receive

proper food, medical help, catch up on the news, and wait for the end of the battle of Manila.

Ironically, some of the liberated internees would never make it home. Some would die despite medical help from the military. Others would get caught in the cross-fire of American and Japanese mortar fire and die only hours or days after their liberation.

Dr. John R. Hall, division surgeon for the 1st Cavalry and a member of the flying column, remembers the awesome task they had in treating the civilians. "The internees were emaciated," he wrote recently, "had been deprived of security and liberty to the extent that many had difficulty realizing that help had arrived."⁵

Dr. Hall called the medical care "a work of love by all our troopers as well as the doctors and corpsmen."

Filipino Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo described many of the internees as "pitiful skeletons." But he added, "On their faces — a glory! It was of liberation, of the body and soul set free."⁶

Claude White was a member of the invasion force, serving as a medical corpsman, as an assistant chaplain, and acting chaplain. He was only 19 when he marched into Manila with the 37th Division.

White, for many years an Assemblies of God minister, would have been a casualty at Santo Tomas had he not listened to an inner voice. He was walking toward the back gate of the university campus when suddenly he felt that he should enter another gate.

"About that time," he recalls, "mortar shells began dropping in the area I had just left."⁷

Old Bilibid Prison

The most surprising event in the battle for Manila came Monday evening, February 4, some 24 hours after the 1st Cavalry had liberated Santo Tomas.

That was when the 2nd Battalion of the 148th Regiment discovered the nearly 1,300 prisoners at the Old Bilibid Prison. The 800 POWs confined here were mostly sick and injured.

Old Bilibid had been condemned by the American authorities before the war be-

UPDATE

Missionaries Interned on Luzon, Philippine Islands, 1941-45

Blanche Appleby. She was 58 years of age when she was liberated so did not return to the field. At the age of 80 she was still teaching a class and conducting a prayer meeting at Faith Memorial Church, Atlanta. When she died in 1968, the district report — which usually reports only the facts — carried this line: "A real soldier called home!"

Rena Baldwin. Several years after returning to America she married a former missionary to North India, Alexander Lindsay. She told of the imprisonment and liberation in her story, "Peace in the Day of Trouble," which was published in the *Pentecostal Evangel*, July 9, 1967. She lives at Maranatha Manor, Springfield, Missouri.

Doris Carlson. She studied more Chinese at Yale University and returned to China where she ministered until the Communist takeover in 1949. She later was appointed a home missionary to the Apache Indians in Arizona. From 1966 to 1975 she taught at the American Indian Bible College. Since that time she has ministered to several Indian tribes. She now lives in Phoenix.

Elizabeth Galley. She planned to return to China and went to Yale for more language study. But she accepted instead a position with the missions department at Southwestern Assemblies of God College. She married veteran missionary A.E. Wilson and served with him in Africa until forced home because of sickness. She rejoined the faculty at Southwestern and then ministered in California, returning to Southwestern where she retired. She now lives in Waxahachie, Texas.

Leland and Helen Johnson. After returning to the States in 1945 they pastored and evangelized. Leland, who was ordained with the Assemblies of God for 40 years, died in 1968. Helen lives in Dayton, Nevada. Children: Leland is a general contractor in Dayton; Margaret Joy, who was born during the imprisonment in Baguio, is married to Wesley Erickson, son of former missionaries to Peru, Walter and Ruth Erickson; Constance is married to James Dresbach and lives in San Jose, California.

Gladys Knowles. Because of her prison ordeal, she spent several months in a hospital after returning to America. Later she attended the language school at Yale University and returned to China where she ministered until the Communist takeover in 1949. She and her husband Frank Finkenbinder, Jr., are home missionaries working with the blind in the Denver area.

Robert and Mildred Tangen. They returned to China and pioneered a church in Hankow but had to leave when the Communists took over in 1949. After pastoring in the Northwest for several years, they prepared for missionary service in South Africa. However, Robert died in 1975 just before they were scheduled to leave. Since that time Mildred has served in Taiwan and now lives in Seattle. Children: Robert, who was born during the imprisonment at Baguio, works for the Veteran's Administration in Reno; Richard is a dentist near Seattle; Kenneth is an Assemblies of God minister.

gan. But the Japanese had reopened it in 1942 and had crammed thousands of American prisoners into its limited capacity. Most of the prisoners were held here only temporarily and shipped to other camps.

The civilians housed at Old Bilibid had been interned at Camp Holmes, the Baguio internment camp.⁸ At the evening roll call on December 28 they were told that they would be moving the next morning at 3 o'clock.

There was at least one pleasant moment for the Assemblies of God missionaries in the rigorous 26-hour truck ride to Manila. While the internees bumped along in the back of a truck, Gladys Knowles began to sing "Happy Birthday" for Leland Johnson.

Being disheartened by their long internment, the uncertain future, and the sudden move both Leland and Helen had forgotten that December 29 was Leland's 43rd birthday.

Two times as they were leaving Baguio Leland made the mistake of waving at Filipinos standing along the road. Both infractions brought painful jabs from a guard's rifle butt.

The birthday song helped take away some of the sting.

About halfway between Baguio and Manila the convoy came to a halt at a point where a second convoy from Manila was to take the prisoners to Bilibid. But the second convoy did not show up at the appointed time, and the prisoners were ordered to march south. Fortunately for the tired and sick prisoners, the convoy arrived and transported them through the night to Bilibid.

Leland Johnson later wrote about the new living quarters: "Everything about it was delapidated and filthy. It was enough to turn the stoutest heart, and some of our folk were almost beyond recovery from the long hard trip."⁹

Soon 90% of the civilians were stricken with dysentery. For 14 days Johnson ran a fever of 102. Elizabeth Galley had been helping the sick, but she too was stricken. Gladys Knowles assisted in the Bilibid hospital, and Doris Carlson — who had prior training in laboratory work — put her training to use in the prison laboratory ward.

Probably in the worst shape of all was little Margaret-Joy Johnson, who was born 3 months after the internment in 1942. Doctors at Bilibid had given her parents very little hope that she would survive because the dysentery was destroying her little body.

One night during Margaret's crisis and after the Americans had landed on Luzon, Leland and Helen Johnson went to the top of the prison and looked to the north. On



T./Sgt. Forrest Farley, Assemblies of God pastor's son, and missionary children.



Doris Carlson, Elizabeth Galley, and Gladys Knowles.

A/G Missionaries After 3-Year Internment

Photos courtesy of Forrest Farley



Leland and Helen Johnson with children.



Robert and Mildred Tangen with Robert.

the horizon they could see the flash of exploding artillery shells as the American forces fought their way toward Manila.

"Lord," Helen prayed, "if only Margaret-Joy can live long enough for the Americans to get here! Then everything will be fine."¹⁰

Later while Helen was washing clothes, an Anglican priest, also an internee, asked about Margaret-Joy. He then told Helen that all the Christian groups in the camp had been praying for her. Hope flooded Helen's heart as the priest spoke a word of faith: "I believe she is going to live!"¹¹

She did recover and years later married Wesley Erickson, son of former missionaries to Peru, Walter and Ruth Erickson.

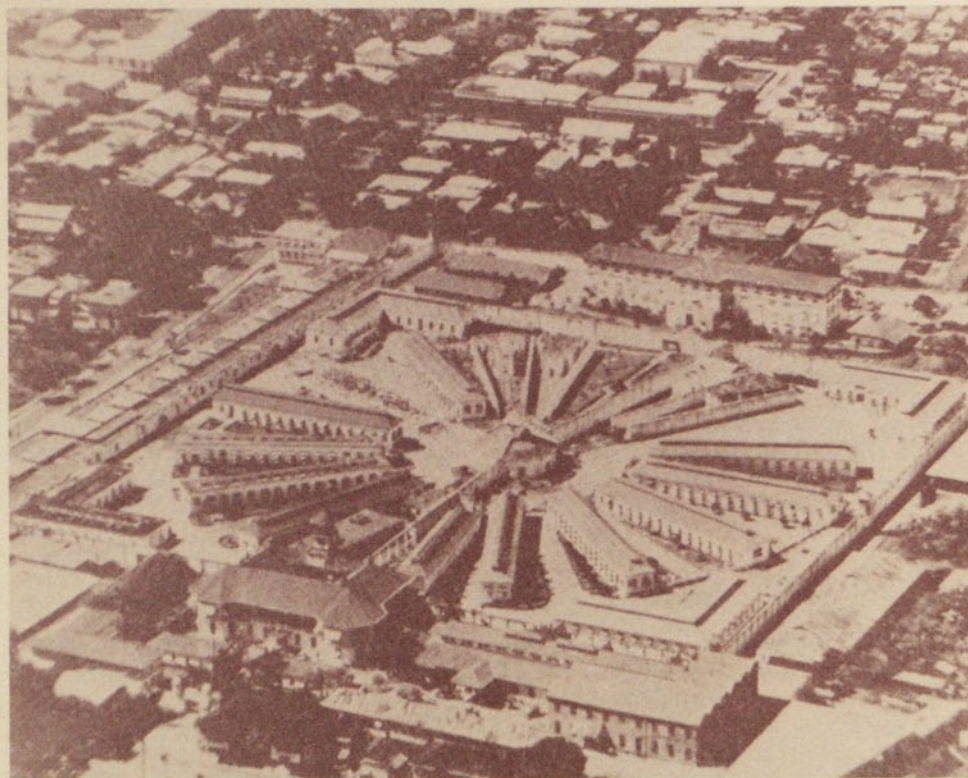
Despite the horrible living conditions at Bilibid, Mildred Tangen can look back and see providential guidance in their move from Baguio. American planes had been strafing the road to Manila in December, but a typhoon had prevented

their flights on the 29th — which gave the convoy a safe trip.

Mrs. Tangen also reasons that had they remained in Baguio, chances are they would have died in the later battles. American forces practically destroyed the city to drive the enemy out. Two handicapped American internees who were left at Baguio died during the battle for the city.¹²

But hope for survival at Bilibid was slipping away, both for the civilians and the POWs who were housed in an adjoining section of the prison. Food rations were extremely skimpy. And Elizabeth Galley told of another discouraging sound. "We could hear the scrape of the shovel frequently as GIs were buried in the prison grounds."¹³

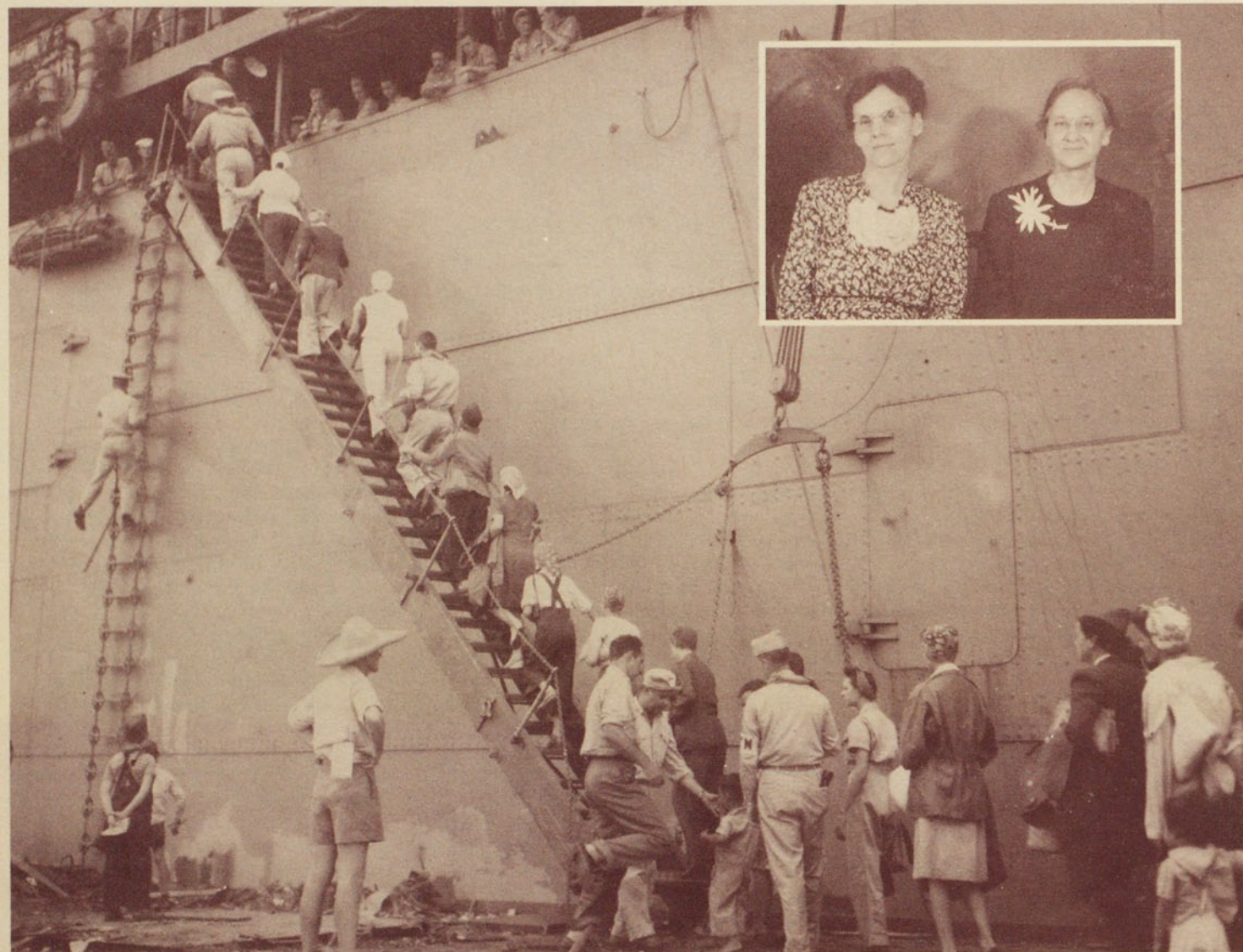
One day, however, a printed message on a piece of paper floated out of the sky and into Bilibid. American planes were dropping the leaflets which contained encouraging words from General Mac-



Old Bilibid Prison, Manila, where Sgt. Anderson discovered 1,300 prisoners, including the Assemblies of God missionaries. Below, the 37th Infantry Division insignia.



Below, civilians board a Coast Guard ship at Manila for the United States. Inset, Rena Baldwin and Blanche Appleby, Assemblies of God missionaries who were interned at Los Banos, Luzon.



Arthur. He and his liberating force were on their way!

Manila saw the first elements of the liberating force on Sunday, February 3, at Santo Tomas.

Now it was Bilibid's turn.

All day Monday American forces were engaged in battles with the Japanese in the northern section of the city. In addition to the 1st Cavalry, the 37th Division had joined the battle to take the city. And the 11th Airborne Division was closing in from the south.

Toward the end of the day Sgt. Rayford Anderson of the 148th Regiment's 2nd Battalion was ordered to take a squad to reconnoitre Bilibid Prison as a possible command post for the night.¹⁴

By this time most of the prison guards had been ordered to leave Bilibid and help defend the city against the American forces. However, for their own safety the civilians and POWs remained inside the prison.

After Anderson reached the prison and determined there were no snipers close by, he went into the second story of a nearby house so he could see over the prison wall.

He couldn't believe what he saw. Here were scores of men, women, and children — the civilians who had been moved from Baguio. There were no guards in sight, so Anderson waved at the prisoners. They waved back.

Anderson and his men cautiously moved around to the back of the prison and broke through one of the doors. They sneaked through darkened rooms, still not knowing that the Japanese guards had left.

In one of the rooms Anderson saw a crack of daylight. When he looked through the crack he got his second shock. Several POWs were standing nearby. After Anderson made contact with them it didn't take long for the word to circulate in the military section that the Yanks had arrived.

Later Anderson and his squad reported to their command what he had discovered. They could hardly believe it. The decision was made to move the battalion down Avenida Rizal and into the prison grounds. By that time it was getting dark.

Meanwhile, inside the civilian section of the prison, the Assemblies of God missionaries were waiting for their liberation. In his book *I Was a Prisoner of the Japs*, Leland Johnson tells about hearing a lot of noise and commotion on the street outside Bilibid. As it turned out, it was the Second Battalion — Sgt. Anderson's outfit.

"The rumble increased," Johnson wrote, "until it was a roaring, clanking, thrashing thing. Down Quezon Blvd.

came seven big tanks, a few small trucks following, then more tanks."¹⁵ (The small trucks, as Johnson and the others were to learn later, were Jeeps, the vehicle which had been developed after the war began.)

Many of the prisoners ran to upper story windows. Then one of the internees began to shout. "It's the boys! It's the boys! It's the boys, I tell you. It's the boys!"¹⁶

Enemy troops nearby tried to hold off the American forces, but they were no match for the big guns on the tanks. Like fans at a ball game, the internees looked down on the scene and cheered for the liberating forces.

William A. Miller, who was captured on Bataan in 1942, remembers vividly when the Americans arrived at Bilibid. After they heard all of the noise in the street, they heard someone trying to knock down the door to the building he was in. "One of our guys yelled out from the inside, 'Who's there?' A friendly voice came back, 'Hey, take it easy buddy.'"¹⁷

It was the end of a long night of suffering.

"We shall never forget that first meal of American food in more than 3 years."

— Leland Johnson

The next night the Bilibid prisoners, who had been kept in the prison because there were still snipers in the streets, had to be evacuated because fires which the Japanese had set were burning dangerously close to the prison. A convoy took them to an abandoned shoe factory farther north where they stayed that night. Here they would enjoy their first American food in more than 3 years. "We shall never forget that meal as long as we live," Johnson wrote.

Helen Johnson told about the emotions they experienced at the shoe factory when they heard a shortwave radio broadcast from San Francisco. One of the lead news items was that the prisoners in Manila had been released. Then she added, "They played the 'Star Spangled Banner.' I can't hear it now without crying. I don't know how we survived the emotion."¹⁸

Elizabeth Galley had her own dramatic experience once she arrived at the shoe factory. Medics there decided she should be transferred immediately to the medical stations that had been set up at Santo Tomas University. She was only semi-conscious but overheard a soldier say, "We'll make it if we don't get hit by a sniper."¹⁹

They did get through, and she was able to receive medical attention.

One of the most moving experiences in the Bilibid liberation came when General Douglas MacArthur was driven through the gates. He stepped out of his jeep and greeted each of the internees.

Overhead a special American flag — which had been stitched by every woman in the camp and hidden from the Japanese — fluttered in the breeze.

It was a great day to be alive.

Notes

1. Chase retired as a major general. He is now 90 years of age and lives in Houston, Texas.

2. Robert Ross Smith, *Triumph in the Philippines* (Washington, D.C.: OCMH, Department of the Army, 1963), p. 251.

3. Quoted in the *Pentecostal Evangel*, March 17, 1945, p. 10.

4. *Life* magazine (April 2, 1945) published a photograph of the 60 Japanese troops being led to their freedom after the hostages were released.

5. Letter to author, January 17, 1985.

6. Carlos P. Romulo, *I See the Philippines Rise* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1946), p. 218.

7. Telephone call with author, January 16, 1985. (White's wife Ruthe is the author of several books.) In addition to White, other Assemblies of God military personnel stopped by to visit the liberated missionaries. These included Forrest Farley, Kansas; John Frisby and Benny Walker, Texas; and two chaplains, Otis Keyes and A.C. Lane, both of Texas.

8. Filipino believers risked their lives to sneak food into the internment camp at Baguio. One of these nationals, Rosendo Alcantara, is now an associate pastor of First Assembly, Kahului, Maui, Hawaii. He borrowed money to buy food which the Filipinos brought into the camp. A Japanese guard almost shot him when he showed up at the camp one day with milk goats. Alcantara worked with the late Rudy Esperanza and other Filipinos to hold the church together during the war.

9. Leland Johnson, *I Was a Prisoner of the Japs* (published by author, n.d.), p. 127. The civilians were placed in separate quarters from the POWs, although they were close enough to see them.

10. Tape narration by Helen Johnson, 1984.

11. *Ibid.*

12. Interview with Adele Dalton, 1984. The typhoon could have been a reason the Americans did not know that the civilians were moved from Baguio since reconnaissance flights would have been curtailed.

13. Taped interview, 1981.

14. Anderson's experiences are recorded in Robert Shaplen's "The Freeing of Bilibid," *The New Yorker*, March 3, 1945, pp. 56-57.

15. Johnson, p. 136.

16. *Ibid.*, p. 137.

17. Telephone interview with author. Miller's wife had been interned at Santo Tomas. They now live in San Antonio, Texas.

18. Helen Johnson, taped narration, 1984.

19. Elizabeth Galley Wilson, taped interview, 1981.

TO BE CONTINUED

The next issue of *Heritage* will have the story of one of the most dramatic liberations in history, the raid on Los Banos by the 11th Airborne. Blanche

Appleby and Rena Baldwin were to be executed along with 2,144 others the very morning men from the Airborne Division floated out of the sky and performed this unbelievable rescue. The story will include accounts from survivors and military personnel who took part in the rescue.

Tokyo/from p. 6

sister in 1945 which she had mailed in 1942! Another sister sent a letter through the Red Cross which I received 2 years later.

I had no means of communication with the U.S., but many times when in difficulty I would call to the Lord and ask Him to put me on the heart of some of His children in the homeland. And I have heard that He did that.

There was a passage of Scripture which the Lord quickened to me in Japan, Job 5:19-21: "He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine He shall redeem thee from death: and in war from the power of the sword. Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue: neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh."

In the summer of 1941 I was suffering from anemia and heart trouble. When the war began I thought, "Surely this will be

"One night hundreds of B-29s came over Tokyo, and before we knew it incendiary bombs were falling like rain all around us."

the end of me." But in spite of all the difficulties and the lack of food as the war went on, I grew stronger. I am sure God's hand was holding me and I believe He did a definite work of healing in my body.

During the first year of the war there was not a severe lack of food, but each year the situation grew worse. Toward the end of the war the people were really suffering for want of food. My weight dropped from 124 to under 90 pounds.

Fuel was as scarce as food. It was difficult to keep warm, and it was hard to find enough fuel for cooking.

Less than a week after the war broke out, five Japanese detectives came to my rented house (where I was permitted to stay but under restrictions) and searched it thoroughly, looking for maps or other things they did not want me to have.

I was greatly troubled, however, when I

remembered I had about 3 thousand yen of church money in a trunk upstairs.

"Lord," I prayed silently, "it is Thy money. I can't do anything about it. If you don't intervene, they will take the money away."

The detectives searched for 2 or 3 hours. When they came to the trunk, they asked me for the key. They opened the trunk, looked over a few papers in the top, and then one of them said, "We have been here a long time and have found nothing. We do not need to look through all of this."

So they left without finding the money, and I knew God had undertaken.

Although the Japanese people liked me before the war began, their feelings changed. During the second year of the war, the women of the neighborhood turned against me. They would stand in front of my house and loudly criticize me because I would not display my Japanese flag on Rescript Day, the anniversary of the day the war started with America.

They were very angry and threatened to force me to display the flag, but I earnestly called on the Lord to help me, and He spared me from any further trouble.

I was able to return to America with a clear conscience. I never once bowed toward the emperor's palace. I never went to a Shinto shrine and bowed. I never once put out a Japanese flag on the anniversary of the war. It was easier to find God in the midst of all these experiences than at any other time in my life. I am sure this was largely a result of the prayers of God's people in America.

The passage which God gave to me from Job helped me through the American bombings of Tokyo, which began in earnest about November 1944. Hundreds of American bombers came over Tokyo every day and night, dropping incendiary bombs. The Americans usually dropped pamphlets first telling the people they were coming on a certain date and advising the people to leave.

Because of the bombings, we had to be up every night. For a year I never took off my clothes and went to bed at night for we had to be ready to get out and run for our lives. The strain was terrific.

One night hundreds of B-29s came over, and before we knew it incendiary bombs were falling like rain all around us. We ran outside and found the whole district was a mass of flames. I cannot describe the terror of that scene. The exploding bombs, the roaring fire, the screaming people!

I had been through the great earthquake in 1923, but that night of incendiary bombing was the worst night of my life.

We ran right through the wall of fire to a

school compound where we watched the bombs falling and the Japanese anti-aircraft. I prayed for the boys up in the planes.

I was not afraid to die. I was trusting in God, leaning very hard on Him which brought an assurance that all would be well.

In the morning we returned to our house, expecting to find it burned, but it was undamaged. Not one of our group of six missionaries was hurt. Surely the Lord was with His people that dreadful night and delivered us from destruction.

Thank God, the war is over, and now the churches in Japan are reaching out again to America. Our work in Japan must start again. We must help them rebuild their churches. We must help them in every way possible — but our greatest responsibility is to give them spiritual help; we must lead them to Jesus who can give them new life, new hope, and fill their souls with joy and gladness, making them the kind of citizens their country needs.

Northwest/from p. 7

consideration, a number of meetings were arranged for us. In the first service 140 attended; 240 the second; and 275 listened to our Christmas message. The Spirit of the Lord was present and tears flowed freely. So much interest was manifest among the people that the meetings became the talk of the camp. At the close of one service, the Japanese Baptist pastor came forward, and gripping my hand, said, "It is a revival — a revival!"

It is needless to tell you how much at home I feel and what a joy it gives me to use the Japanese language in making the gospel message plain to these dear ones.

Often in spirit and in thought we travel back to Japan to the work and the dear ones

"On November 15 we had the joy of seeing another group of six follow the Lord in water baptism."

we have left there. We shall not hear from them until this war is over. May He keep the native Christians true to Him and each worker faithful in occupying.

December 1943

One year has already passed since we came to work among the thousands of Japanese located in the Minidoka Relocation Center. It has been a busy, happy year and we can say with Paul, "A great

door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries.”

On November 15 we had the joy of seeing another group of six follow the Lord in water baptism. One of them was a dear old lady 70 years of age — so near the end of life’s journey and so happy the tears of joy flowed freely.

Mother is living with me and enjoys attending services on Sunday. Agnes has a ministry with older and hospitalized Japanese in the Los Angeles area.

January 1945

Our weekly services have been well attended with a continued hunger for the Word. Visiting the homes, and the sick, always pointing men and women to Christ has given us unspeakable joy.

Perhaps the most outstanding blessing of the Lord to us this past year was the opening of the door to another equally large camp, the Topaz Center in Utah, some 400 miles distance.

The services were blessed of the Lord. Splendid interest was in evidence and many hearts touched. We told them how God called, sent, provided, and blessed during our 29 years in Japan.

In November we returned to Topaz for a series of evangelistic meetings. How we were welcomed! The services started with an attendance of 320 and ended with 417. Fifteen hands were raised for salvation. There was much rejoicing and thanksgiving to our Lord.

December 1945

The Relocation Center, in which we have spent three years of joyful service for our Lord, is now closed. There is a constant song in our hearts of praise and thanksgiving to Him for so marvelously opening the door for us. God brought light out of darkness and many hundreds heard the gospel message who perhaps otherwise would never have heard. Many testified they had lived in America for 30 years and more and had never been to a Christian service.

Our last visit to the Topaz Center in Utah was in May. Evangelistic meetings were arranged in the different mess halls so that people in every part of the camp would have a chance to attend. And they did come, filling the mess halls every night. The final meeting was held in the large auditorium at the center. The place was filled — 705 attended! It was the largest gathering of older Japanese for a Christian meeting ever held at Topaz.

Now that our work is ended here in Minidoka and also since the war is over, our thoughts and heart turn to the land of our adoption — Japan.

I believe God is giving us another chance to carry the light of salvation through Jesus Christ. ♦

Archives Searching for These Books

The Assemblies of God Archives continues to add books to its collection, and readers of *Heritage* can assist in the task by donating books that are no longer in use.

Readers are urged to check carefully the list below. Please write or call the Archives if you have books that are on the list and if you are willing to donate them to the Archives. If you have other books not on the list that you would like to donate, please give us the title and author’s name.

Books Wanted for the Archives

- Anderson, Robert Mapes. Vision of the Disinherited
 Angley, Ernest W. Miracles are Real
 Argue, Zelma. Practical Christian Living
 Bach, Marcus. The Inner Ecstasy
 Baker, E.V. and Duncan. Pentecost or the Latter Rain Outpouring
 Barabas, Steven. So Great Salvation
 Barratt, T.B. In the Days of the Latter Rain
 Barrett, C.K. 1. The Signs of An Apostle 2. The Holy Spirit and the Gospel Tradition
 Bartleman, Frank. Around the World by Faith
 Beatty, Jerome. Americans All Over
 Boggs, Wade H. Jr. Faith Healing and the Christian Faith
 Boone, Pat. A New Song
 Booth-Clibborn, William. The Baptism in the Holy Spirit
 Bostrom, John H. 1. The Scarlet Worm 2. There’s Trouble Ahead! 3. “I Saw the Lord!”
 Branch, Robert. So Your Wife Came Home Speaking in Tongues? So Did Mine!
 Brewster, P.S., ed. Pentecostal Doctrine
 Buntain, D. Mark. There’s Healing for You
 Buntain, D.N. Helps for Young Converts Vol. 1
 Campbell, Joseph E. The Pentecostal Holiness Church
 Carter, Charles W. The Person and Ministry of the



ARCHIVES ACTIVITIES

Recent Acquisitions

Photographs and books donated by Jewell Nicholson Cunningham, Jerome Beatty, Jr., Mrs. Harvey Wells, Chuck Wetter, Lorne F. Fox, Edith Osgood, Central Bible College Library, Dorothy D. Amon, and Christian Drexler.

Microfilm of selected early southern periodicals: *The Way of Faith*, *Pentecostal Holiness Advocate*, etc.

Microfilm of *Apostolic Faith* (Portland) 1906-55. Audio tapes (40), including sermons, teaching, and testimonies.

LP recordings (14), sermons and songs by Jack Coe.

“Philippine Internment, 1941-45,” tape narration by Helen Johnson.

“Philippine Internment, 1941-45,” tape narration by Doris Carlson.

“Los Banos Prison Camp Experiences and Rescue,” tape narrated by Dr. Lawrence Murphy Stump.

Voice of the Angels, 11 issues of 11th Airborne Division Association paper relating to the Los Banos Prison raid. Related materials also donated by the Association.

Oral history interview: Archie R. Nichols, interviewed by Carol Duvall.

- Holy Spirit
 Carter, John. Donald Gee, Pentecostal Statesman
 Cerullo, Morris. 1. The New Anointing 2. Why Do the Righteous Suffer?
 Coe, Jack. 1. Apostles and Prophets...in the Church Today? 2. Baptism by Fire
 Crawford, Mattie. On Mule Back Thru Central America with the Gospel
 Culpepper, Robert H. Evaluating the Charismatic Movement
 Davidson, C.T. Upon This Rock
 Drummond, A.L. Edward Irving and His Circle
 Duffield, Guy P., and N.M. Van Cleave. Divine Healing
 Duggar, Lillie. A.J. Tomlinson
 Ewart, Frank J. The Name and the Book
 Farah, Charles Jr. 1. From the Pinnacle of the Temple 2. Filled With the Fulness of God
 Fowler, Charles J. Back to Pentecost
 Goben, John D. The Gospel Gold Digger!
 Godbey, W.B. Current Heresies
 Hall, Franklin. The Fasting Prayer
 Harris, Thoro. Full Gospel Songs
 Haywood, G.T. 1. The Finest of the Wheat 2. Before the Foundation of the World 3. The Marriage and Divorce Question in the Church 4. Ezekiel’s Vision 5. The Victim of the Flaming Sword 6. “The Resurrection of the Dead” 7. The Old and New Tabernacle Compared 8. Divine Names and Titles of Jehovah 9. The Birth of the Spirit in the Days of the Apostles
 Hicks, Tommy. 1. Capturing the Nations in the Name of the Lord 2. Millions...found Christ 3. The Eternal Flame
 Humbard, Rex 1. Miracles in My Life 2. Our Scrap Book 3. Put God on Main Street: An Autobiography 4. To Tell the World
 Hurston, John W. and Karen L. Caught in the Web
 Jenkins, Leroy. How I Met the Master
 Jeffreys, George. Pentecostal Rays
 Kelsey, Morton T. 1. Tongue Speaking 2. Healing and Christianity 3. God, Dreams and Revelation 4. Encounter with God
 Kenyon, E.W. Jesus the Healer

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Kinghorn, Kenneth Cain. Gifts of the Spirit *
 Koch, Kurt. 1. Charismatic Gifts 2. The Strife
 of Tongues
 Lennon, T. Bingham. Holy Ghost Missionaries
 LePers, Ruth E. Living in the Land of the White
 Man's Grave
 Lillie, D.G. Tongues Under Fire
 Lindblad, Frank. The Spirit Which is from God
 Litzman, Warren. The Rebirth of Pentecost
 MacArthur, John F. Jr. The Charismatics
 MacNutt, Francis. Healing
 McAlister, R.E. 1. Pentecostalism: What Saith
 the Scriptures? 2. The Manifestations of the
 Spirit
 McCrossan, T.J. Speaking with Other Tongues
 McPherson, Aimee Semple. 1. Give Me My Own
 God 2. The Holy Spirit 3. The Second
 Coming of Christ
 McPherson, Ian, ed. Like as of Fire
 Mahan, Asa. The Baptism of the Holy Ghost
 Martin, Sandra Pratt. Bite Your Tongue
 Mason, Mrs. E. W. The Man... Charles Harrison
 Mason
 Meloon, Marion. Ivan Spencer: Willow in the
 Wind
 Mills, Watson E. 1. Speaking in Tongues: A
 Classified Bibliography 2. Speaking in
 Tongues: Let's Talk About It
 Missen, Alfred F. The Sound of a Going
 Myland, D. Wesley. The Book of Revelation
 Offiler, W.H. The Majesty of the Symbol or Bible
 Astronomy
 Parham, Charles F. The Everlasting Gospel
 Patterson, J.O.; Ross; Atkins. History and For-
 mative Years of the Church of God in Christ with
 Excerpts from the Life and Works of its Founder
 — Bishop C.H. Mason
 Pethrus, Lewi. 1. Christian Church Dis-
 cipline 2. Secret of Success 3. The Wind
 Bloweth Where it Listeth
 Quebedeaux, Richard. The New Charismatics
 Reed, David Arthur. Origins and Development of
 the Theology of Oneness Pentecostalism in the
 United States
 Rice, John R. The Charismatic Movement
 Richards, W.T.H. Pentecost is Dynamite
 Robinson, Wayne A. 1. I Once Spoke in
 Tongues 2. Saved to Serve: The Life of Ray-
 mond R. Crawford
 Shuler, R.P. (Bob). McPhersonism
 Simpson, A.B. 1. The Four-Fold Gospel 2. The
 Holy Spirit or Power from On High
 Squire, Fred H. The Healing Power of Christ
 Stewart, Don. 1. How You Can Have Something
 Better through God's Master Plan 2. How to
 Receive Your Healing
 Tari, Mel. Like a Mighty Wind
 Thomas, Lately. Storming Heaven
 Torrey, R.A. The Person and Work of the Holy
 Spirit
 Turner, W.H. Pentecost and Tongues
 Underwood, B.E. The Gifts of the Spirit
 Unger, Merrill F. 1. The Baptism and Gifts of the
 Holy Spirit 2. New Testament Teaching on
 Tongues
 Wagner, Peter. 1. Look Out! The Pentecostals are
 Coming 2. Your Spiritual Gifts Can Help Your
 Church Grow
 Ward, A.G. ...Soul-Food...for Hungry Saints
 Warfield, Benjamin B. Counterfeit Miracles
 White, Alma. 1. Looking Back from Beulah
 2. The New Testament Church
 Williams, J. Rodman. 1. The Era of the Spirit
 2. The Pentecostal Reality
 Winsett, R.E., ed. Songs of Pentecostal Power

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS



Enjoys Story About Lillian Trasher

Greetings from the Caribbean. When I was ready to leave on my trip, I picked up the winter issue of *Heritage* to bring with me for reading. Thanks so much for reprinting the story of "Nile Mother." I remember reading the story in *Reader's Digest* when I was pastoring in El Centro, California. That story got me interested in Lillian Trasher's work. As long as I pastored I was an ardent supporter of that work. It was my privilege to have "Mama Lillian" in my Long Beach pastorate on two occasions.

I have read every of issue of *Heritage* because it brings back so many fond memories of the early days of our movement. On May 5 I will observe the 50th anniversary of my ordination.

Keep up the good work.

T.C. Cunningham
 Deputation Representative
 Division of Foreign
 Missions
 Tyler, Texas

Author's Son Writes About Nile Photos

Your query on my father's story "Nile Mother" forced me to do something I had not done before: go through the hundreds of photos my father took on his trip around the world (1938-39). I found the enclosed collection of photographs of Lillian Trasher and her orphans. They are in the same folder in which they were delivered to him in Cairo!

My mother went on the year-and-a-half trip with him. In 1938 that was quite a journey. They went by ship and plane (there were no night flights in those days), traveling to the remote parts of the world. I am more and more amazed as I think of it.

I am impressed with *Heritage*. Good layout and good writing. My father would be pleased to have his story appear there.

Jerome Beatty, Jr.
 Waquoit, Massachusetts

Mr. Beatty, who is also a writer, donated the photographs his late father took at the Lillian Trasher Orphanage in

Egypt. Some of the photographs were used with "Nile Mother" (Winter 1984-85), which was a reprint from The American Magazine (June 1939).

Response to Alabama Stories

I recently received copies of *Heritage*, and the information in each is very interesting, especially the winter issue. This issue has a photo of my late father, Edward B. Brooks, an early Alabama preacher, and myself. The photo was taken in 1913 at our old home near Bowles Church, north of Evergreen, Alabama.

I greatly appreciate our Assemblies of God and the success of the Archives. I hope I can visit you soon.

Homer Brooks
 Kensington, Maryland

After the writer retired from his law practice in 1973, he was granted credentials with the Assemblies of God. He has donated several historical items to the Archives. His autobiography, Life Begins at Seventy, is available by writing to him at 10417 Ewell Avenue, Kensington, Maryland 20895.

Schochs Avidly Read Heritage

My wife and I avidly read each issue of *Heritage*, and we are thrilled with what we learn about the Pentecostal movement. We are glad you do not limit your articles to the Assemblies of God history. Thank you for helping us to appreciate our Pentecostal heritage.

Paul C. Schoch
 Pleasant Hills, California

History of Memphis Church

I appreciate the information you sent (on First Assembly, Memphis) more than you could possibly know. You opened up a real bonanza of history for me that I had not really expected. For instance, one of my research priorities, copies of *Grace and Truth*, edited by L.P. Adams. I had not been able to acquire a copy of any kind, so this information you have is a real plus.

The background information about Walter B. Jessup (*Heritage*, Winter 1984-85) will be invaluable to me as I put together this church history.

Paul S. Carter
 Memphis, Tennessee

Mr. Carter is writing the history of First Assembly, Memphis. If you can provide additional help, please contact him at the church, P.O. Box 11267, Memphis, TN 38111.

TIME FRAME

A QUICK LOOK INTO THE PAST

Each issue the editor selects items of interest for this column from the *Pentecostal Evangel*, *Latter Rain Evangel*, *Apostolic Faith*, *Word and Witness*, and other publications. Comments and suggestions from our readers are invited.

10 Years Ago — 1975

Dr. Stanley M. Horton was honored at the annual Spring Communication Seminar for 25 years of writing ministry. He was presented with a plaque and a pre-release copy of his latest book, *It's Getting Late*.

Missionary Robert Crabtree was inaugurated as the second president of Continental Bible College, Brussels, succeeding Charles E. Greenaway.

20 Years Ago — 1965

The Southern New England District has moved into a new office building in Auburn, Massachusetts. A house next door has been obtained for a parsonage for superintendent George E. Flower and his family.

Deaths reported in the *Pentecostal Evangel* include three prominent persons whose ministries were worldwide. Lillie Buffum, 89, was the widow of Herbert Buffum, evangelist and hymn writer; George O. Hayes, 64, was an evangelist, having preached more than 600 revival campaigns; Violet J. Schoonmaker, 86, was a well-known missionary in India from 1902 until she retired in 1951.

30 Years Ago — 1955

South Texas District established 29 pioneer churches during 1954 to lead all districts. A total of 360 new churches were started during the year. Following South Texas were Southern Missouri (26), Southern California (23), Indiana (22), South Florida (21), and Georgia (18).

Reports out of Manila tell of an outstanding revival conducted by Ralph Byrd, Atlanta. More than 200 received the baptism in the Spirit, including four Methodist ministers.

40 Years Ago — 1945

The War Relief Commission of the National Association of Evangelicals is now operating a receiving and shipping depot in New York to help people in countries affected by the war.

Christ's Ambassadors are trying to raise \$100,000 for Speed-the-Light. One of the themes is "Miss a Meal to Save a Soul," with the idea that youth and others donate the value of the meal to the effort. (*Speed-the-Light goal for 1985 is \$3 million.*)

50 Years Ago — 1935

Evangelist Hattie Hammond's scheduled 2-week revival at Bethel Church in



Evangelist Hattie Hammond, 1930s

Newark, N.J., was extended to 6 weeks because of the interest. There were converts in nearly every service, 79 received the baptism in the Spirit — including 29 in the Sunday school.

Shiloh Bible Institute has been organized in Zion, Illinois, and will open September 30.

60 Years Ago — 1925

An outstanding Pentecostal work at Alton, Illinois, under the leadership of A.W. Kortkamp continues to grow. Kortkamp went there in 1915 and in 10 years the church membership jumped from 18 to 872. More than 2,500 have received the baptism in the Spirit. The youth group numbers 200.

Plans have been released for the 16th annual convention at Chicago's Stone Church. Speakers include, A.G. Ward, E.L. Banta, E.C. Erickson, H.A. Baines, L.C. Moore, E.E. Brooks, John Bostrom, E.S. Williams, and P.C. Nelson.

70 Years Ago — 1915

The *Word and Witness* and *The Christian Evangel* are now being published at 2338 Easton Avenue, St. Louis, new home of the Gospel Publishing House. The *Evangel* will now be known as the

Weekly Evangel since another magazine in St. Louis uses the name *The Christian Evangel*.

Fred Vogler, Martinsville, Indiana, is in need of a used tent that will seat 700-800 people. A.B. Cox, Cumberland, Maryland, is offering special prices to ministers and Christian workers on used and new Blickensderfer typewriters.

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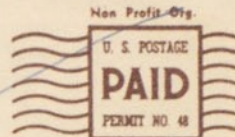
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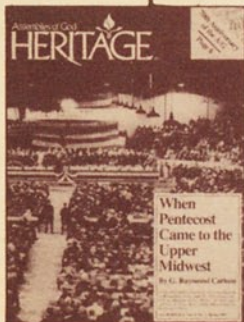
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