Assemblies of God HERITAGE

50 YEARS AGO

THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD & WORLD WAR II

U.S. DECLARES WAR!

The Dothan Eagle

2,000 CASUALTIES! TWO WARS SHIPS LOST! AMERICA PLEDGED TO SMASH JAP EMPIRE!
For fear that some readers of this issue will get the idea that *Heritage* is trying to glamorize war, please allow me to say before you read farther that this is not the case.

And I say that knowing how easy it is for most of us—whether consciously or subconsciously—to glamorize war, especially if 1) we are on the winning side, 2) we suffer no loss, 3) we are far enough away to avoid the horror of it, and 4) we don’t have to deal with the destroyed lives and cities after hostilities have ended.

In reading through Missionary Howard Osgood’s 1941 diary (see page 14), written in Southwest China, you can quickly see that there’s nothing glamorous about seeing your house destroyed by a bomb nor to ride a bicycle with your 10-year-old daughter through the killing fields where hundreds lay dead and dying.

One can only imagine what it was like for Jessie Wengler to be running for her life through Tokyo’s fire storms as American B-29s rained down their destruction (see page 26) on innocent Japanese civilians. Interestingly she prayed for the people on the ground and the American airmen above—in a sense asking God to neutralize weapons on both sides which were designed to kill. (We do petition God with difficult requests at times, don’t we?)

Neither do we see glamour in missionaries of peace being thrown from their houses and into horrible living conditions in Hong Kong’s Stanley Internment Camp (see page 9). Missionaries and other prisoners suffered the same treatment in China, the Philippines, and many other areas of the world. Incidentally, missionaries who were serving in the Far East were given opportunities to leave before America
became involved on December 7, 1941, but many chose to stay.

In the tragic Gulf War less than a year ago we saw a great deal of glamour associated with our high-tech weapon power blazing across our TV screens in living color.

Often we look at war almost as if it were two highly competitive teams slugging it out in the Rose Bowl on New Year’s Day. Or Olympic teams competing for gold medals. How can that be? As followers of the Prince of Peace we have no cause to glamorize even a so-called just war.

We do not have words to describe war. It is horrible and no doubt at times unavoidable, but certainly not to be glamorized as Hollywood has done.

No, we are not glamorizing war with this issue. Neither are we trying to reopen wounds of belligerent nations a half century ago and again polarize the winners and losers of the world’s most destructive war. What we attempt in this issue is to present a slice of an important part of our history, as painful as it was. Perhaps you didn’t know the suffering of innocent people abroad who were caught under the guns and bombs. Perhaps you have never heard of the ways they coped during these difficult times. (Can you imagine giving birth in an internment camp as Helen Johnson and Mildred Tangen did?)

We can’t give the complete story of your missionaries during World War II in this magazine, but we have selected representative accounts of Christ’s faithful ambassadors around the world.

In this small way we honor these heroes of the faith—along with their courageous national workers and church members. Many of them are now forgotten. Most of them are now with the Lord. But we cannot forget them, and most of all we are certain that they will be remembered throughout eternity by those they reached with the gospel message.

Several readers contributed accounts of their Pearl Harbor Day memories for this issue which I hope you will read. One of the contributors, James Handly, was a sailor at Pearl Harbor that day and had a front-row seat. Elizabeth Galley Wilson and her missionary co-workers were in an even worse situation in the Philippines and were interned for the duration of the war. Howard and Edith Osgood, in Southwest China, had been living under bombings since the Japanese-Chinese conflict began in 1937; he tells in his diary (excerpt published here) of heavy bombings on December 16, 1941, which nearly hit him and his daughter. Missionary Hilda Wagenknecht tells how it took her more than 4 months to get back to India. Other accounts are from readers who reminisce about Pearl Harbor Day here in America.

As an 8-year-old Oregon boy, I remember hearing about the attack that evening when my family returned for the Sunday evening church service. If you are about my age, you probably echoed my question, “Where is Pearl Harbor?”

Since we were on the west coast, I recall having to cover the windows with dark cloth so Japanese bombardiers couldn’t spot our house. Now as we look back, it is doubtful whether the Japanese intelligence department knew where Wendling, Oregon, was located. And even if they did get that far over the west coast, they would no doubt bomb the Kaiser shipyards in Portland and the Boeing plant in Seattle long before bombing our little mountain community.

An “A” windshield sticker authorized the driver to purchase three gallons of gasoline per week during World War II. The red and blue stamps in background were used when making purchases of rationed items.

School teachers drummed patriotism into our young minds and it took hold. One old shovel, we were told, would help make four hand grenades (God says that someday “they shall beat their swords into plowshares”). So we would scour the countryside looking for old junked hay mowers, discarded logging equipment, car parts, paper, tires, zinc jar caps, and the lowly tin can. As a fourth grader it was determined that I had gathered and flattened more tin cans than any other boy in school, which earned me the title of Tin Can King; my queen, an eighth-grade girl, and I were fitted with crowns cut from large tin cans (what else?). The pile of scrap metal the kids gathered filled a vacant lot next to the school building and was eventually hauled off for the war effort.

Our town wasn’t big, but Civil Defense said we needed two enemy airplane spotter stations. Even though we knew the shapes of enemy planes and knew how to report them, we never saw one. In fact, not one ground-based enemy plane was ever within combat range of the United States during World War II.

Somewhere at home I have a certificate which states that I planted a Victory Garden, a program to encourage everyone to raise a garden for his or her own use.

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How World War II Affected Missions in the Far East

Missionaries Caught in the Crossfire

By Wayne Warner

On Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, someone in Phoenix phoned The Arizona Republic newsroom and asked for a football score in a game between the Chicago Bears and the Cardinals. Apparently miffed that the newspaper was concentrating on news from Pearl Harbor—where the United States had suffered about 3,700 casualties that very morning from the surprise Japanese attack—the caller asked, “Aren’t you getting anything besides that war stuff?”

Football was the last thing Assemblies of God missionaries and nationals in the Pacific areas would be thinking about 50 years ago on December 7. Coordinated with the

50 YEARS AGO

THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD & WORLD WAR II

Pearl Harbor surprise were attacks against Hong Kong, the Philippines, Singapore, and other Far East areas where many Assemblies of God missionaries happened to be serving. Hundreds of Japanese fighter planes and bombers descended on key Allied defense bases, followed by ground forces which quickly captured the areas.

America was suddenly drawn into a war it had vowed to stay out of. And as a result, every missionary on Japanese-held soil found him or herself under the control of the feared Japanese military. By August 1942, only 8 months later, the Japanese conquest extended from the Aleutian Islands to the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia), including large sections of China, virtually closing this huge region to outside missionary efforts for 4 years.
Japan’s efforts to create a new Asia for Asians would test the Assemblies of God indigenous missions which had been set in motion years earlier. As missionaries were either evacuated or interned, nationals were thrust into leadership roles. Many of them would be imprisoned and tortured for their faith, others would become slaves and forced to bear arms, while still many others would die martyr deaths. But the Christian Church survived in the region because of the strong teaching that the community of believers could continue with or without foreign missionaries.

“They were killing and raping, but they did not come into the house where we were hiding.”
—Lula Bell Hough

Three months before the war started, Foreign Missions Secretary Noel Perkin explained the wisdom of self-supporting missions when he addressed the Minneapolis General Council: “The big task of the missionary is to make missionaries from the native Christians. More people are won to the Lord from the ministry of native evangelists than by the word of a foreign missionary.”

The A/G work in Nigeria had doubled within a few years, Perkin said, all because of the faithful witness of national believers. Similar reports were coming out of Puerto Rico and Central America, creating a strong argument for the indigenous principles.

With the collapse of Hong Kong, Singapore, and Manila only 3 months away, implementing indigenous principles came none too soon.

Lula Bell Hough, now 85 and living in Dayton, Ohio, is representative of only a few missionaries now living who were in north China and Hong Kong during the first few days of the war. She, like the others, was interned for 6 very difficult months and then repatriated, arriving in late 1943. Two families were interned until after the war was over: Mr. and Mrs. George Slager, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ballou and six children, Frederick, William, Arthur, Edna, and twins Ralph and Shirley. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kvamme and Anna Ziese remained at their places of ministry without internment. G. K. Johansen, Chefoo, had sent his family home and then he died there July 9, 1942.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. Nine missionaries and four children interned at Baguio: Elizabeth Galley [Wilson]; Gladys Knowles [Mrs. Frank Finkenbinder, Jr.]; Doris Carlson; Blanche Appleby; Rena Baldwin; Mr. and Mrs. Leland Johnson and two children, Constance and Sammy (Margaret Joy born during the internment); Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tangen, and two children, Richard and Kenneth (Robert born during internment). Rescued by American forces in 1945. See Wayne Warner’s Heritage articles, “1945 Philippine Liberation Creates Emotional Scenes,” pp. 6-12, spring 1985, and “The Dramatic 1945 Liberation at Los Banos, Philippines,” summer 1985, pp. 7-11, 16.

SINGAPORE. Mr. and Mrs. L. O. McKinney, two daughters, Doris and Marguerite; and Lula Ashmore (Baird). Were under heavy Japanese bombing until able to leave on two separate ships in December 1941.

YUNNAN, SW CHINA. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Osgood and two children, Anita and Brenton; Beatrice and Thelma Hildebrand; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bolton and three children, Robert, Elsie, and Irene. Were airlifted to India by U.S. Army Air Force and returned to America by ship during summer 1942. They had suffered bombings since 1937. Margaret Jay, their British teacher, had gone to Hong Kong for Christmas vacation 1941 only to be captured and interned for the duration of the war.

In 1943 the Foreign Missions Department reported that 25 missionaries were still in countries under the control of Axis powers. Some of these, however, were still able to minister in such places as free China.

Continued on next page
Surviving the War in the Philippines

By Rosendo Alcantara

At the editor's request in 1985, Rosendo Alcantara, 89, a Philippine national minister who now lives in Kahului, Hawaii, submitted memories of the trying period when the Japanese army occupied the Philippines (1941-45). American A/G missionaries who were interned for the duration of the war included nine adults and four children: Elizabeth Galley [Wilson]; Gladys Knowles [Mrs. Frank Finkenbinder, Jr.]; Doris Carlson; Blanche Appleby; Rena Baldwin; Mr. and Mrs. Leland Johnson and two children, Constance and Sammy (Margaret Joy born during the internment); Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tangen, and two children, Richard and Kenneth (Robert born during internment). They were rescued by American forces in 1945. See Wayne Warner's Heritage articles on the 40th anniversary of the rescues, 1985, and "The Dramatic 1945 Liberation at Los Banos, Philippines," summer 1985, pp. 7-11, 16. Available from the A/G Archives at $2.50 each.

In the year 1940, the Foreign Missions Department sent Leland and Helen Johnson to the Philippines. Upon their arrival, we were contacted through Rudy Esperanza [a Philippine national leader], and we went to see the Johnsons and discussed and presented to them the need of establishing an Assemblies of God organization. So in the same year we organized the Philippines District Council with Leland Johnson as superintendent.

Other Assemblies of God missionaries moved from China to the Philippines early in 1941 [because of the Japanese occupation of certain areas of China] and became such a blessing to us. Through their help, Bethel Bible Institute was established in the city of Baguio.

Late in 1941, the Japanese Imperial Army invaded the Philippines. Our missionaries were taken as prisoners and were brought to the concentration camp. Leland Johnson was mauled and beaten terribly, and it's a pity. Some of the soldiers were inhumane.

They suffered so much because of the lack of food. They were so weak and thin. Their children wanting to have milk, but there was none to give. So my compassion was toward them, and I decided to do something. I approached a wealthy Dr. Manznilla and asked him if he could lend me some money to be used to buy food for our missionaries. He consented and gave some thousand pesos. The first thing I did was to buy milking goats and brought them to the concentration camp. I was nearly shot to death by the Japanese guard, but God protected me. Praise the Lord. Three times a week I bought food and took it to the camp.

During the war our lives were very risky. One Sunday morning at the service in our chapel in Baguio City, one of our brothers preached on the second coming of Christ. This sermon was taken to the army intelligence department. I was summoned and asked many questions regarding the coming of Jesus as King. I thought they were going to kill me. But thank God He was able to preserve me from death.

In spite of the many hardships, struggles, and suffering, we did not abandon the work of the Lord. The late Rudy Esperanza and I carried on the work of the Lord until the liberation. Praise and glory be given to God for His goodness and mercy toward us.

After the war the Foreign Missions Department sent missionaries to the Philippines to assist us in propagating the gospel. We do thank God for these missionaries, for they were such help and blessing to the Filipino people. Praise the Lord.

Lula Bell recalls the fears she experienced that night in the garage and the next day. "The soldiers were drinking throughout the night. Then
the next day they put us on a truck and threatened to behead us. The women knew that the soldiers had already carried out such threats in the city.

Fanling’s Door of Hope Mission Orphanage, which Mr. and Mrs. Raetz operated, became Lula Bell’s internment home for the next 6 months. “Mrs. Raetz, her children, and the orphans—68 of us—were interned. Mr. Raetz had been on a trip to Canton when the war broke out so was captured and interned there.”

The internees were ordered to stay in the house. When they were permitted to go into the yard, the soldiers threatened to shoot them if they left the premises.

Food was extremely scarce, Lula Bell recalls, and everyone was on a literal starvation diet. It was reported that a thousand people a day were dropping dead in the street from starvation. In one hospital alone 600 people died daily from starvation.

But one providential incident stands out in Lula Bell’s memory of those desperate times. One of the little Raetz boys couldn’t understand the internment and lack of food. “He asked his mother for an egg. When told they didn’t have any eggs, he asked his mother to pray for eggs. We prayed, not with very much faith,” Lula Bell admits, “but less than an hour later a Chinese woman smuggled two eggs into the house.”

Finally after more than 6 months of internment and with no communication from the United States, other A/G missionaries in Hong Kong, or from Mr. Raetz in Canton, the Americans were told they could choose to accept repatriation if they wished. “Since I was unable to minister there,” Lula Bell said, “I quickly accepted, and soon we were taken to Kowloon and then on the sea aboard the Japanese ship Asama Maru.”

It wasn’t until she boarded a launch which would take them to the ship that Lula Bell saw the other A/G missionaries who had been in...

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The Japanese Asama Maru brought repatriated missionaries to what is now Mozambique where they boarded the Gripsholm.

The Swedish Gripsholm which was used as a repatriation ship during World War II. Said to have been the first diesel-powered ship in the world, it was later renamed Berlin.

A/G missionaries aboard the Gripsholm. The children, from the left, Dorothy Park, Cecil Hall, Arlen Hall, and Betty Park. Adults are John Perdue, Nell Hall, A. Walker Hall, Catherine Park, Harland Park, Henrietta Tieleman, Marie Stephany, Alice Stewart, and Lula Bell Hough.

The Gripsholm enroute to New York
terned elsewhere. This included Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Park and their two children; Mr. and Mrs. A. Walker Hall and their two children; John Perdue; Alice Stewart; Marie Stephany; and Henrietta Tielemann—the latter three from north China. All of them were in rags and each had lost weight because of the food shortages. But they were at least happy to be headed for freedom.

As the Asama Maru steamed toward Portuguese East Africa (now Mozambique), where the Americans were to be exchanged for Japanese internees from the United States, the missionaries shared their experiences during the previous tragic months.

H. A. Park, superintendent of the South China District of the Assemblies of God, acknowledged that everyone had been expecting a further escalation of the war in the Far East. But the Hong Kong invasion by the Japanese on Monday, December 8, 1941 (December 7 U.S. time), caught everyone by surprise.

The annual district meeting was scheduled to open that day, and Walker Hall was to receive ordination during the morning (he was later ordained in the internment camp). “The first bombers arrived about 8 o’clock,” Park reported on their return to America, “and there was turmoil from then on.”

The Halls had pioneered a church in Tai Po Market, a village about 16 miles away from the Parks in Kowloon. Tai Po Market was in the path of the Japanese ground forces, so the Chinese people were fleeing toward Hong Kong. “Had I been caught,” Hall said, “it probably would have meant immediate death since at the beginning of the war the Japanese took no male prisoners.”

Another missionary came through the village in her car and made room for the Halls, leaving the village only 4 hours before the Japanese arrived. In Kowloon the Halls joined the Parks and then the next day moved into another missionary friend’s house.

For 24 days the missionaries lived on moldy rice and hot water. They cried when given a small ration of flour.

For 3 days the Japanese bombed Kowloon and then the city fell on the 4th day, sending the retreating Chinese soldiers onto the island of Hong Kong and leaving the missionaries behind the Japanese lines.

Then the Japanese set up artillery pieces and began to shell the island. “We heard the shells screeching constantly for days,” Hall wrote. “Throughout this trying time the Lord was our stay and His word quieted our nerves. We had one great prayer meeting last from morning until night. He was always there.”

After Kowloon fell, Chinese traitors who were helping the Japanese demanded entrance to the house where the missionaries were staying. They entered the house with knives, choppers, and screwdrivers, threatening the lives of the missionaries and demanding money. “It was just as if hell had opened its mouth,” Hall described it, and demons were running up and down the street.” When the missionaries told the looters that they kept their money in the bank, one of the raiders grabbed Hall’s small son. “[He] put a knife to his throat and told my wife she had better show them where the money was.”

Mrs. Park picked up the sad story to tell what happened next. “They took everything we had except our clothes and furniture. . . [they took] our money, our watches, pens, camera, even some of the bedding.” Miraculously, they were not harmed.

On December 29 the Japanese ejected the missionaries from the house without prior notice and threw their furniture out of second story windows.

Finding themselves on the street, the missionary families, now numbering 10, with suitcases and bedding, made their way to a French Catholic hospital where they were taken in for the night. For the next 3 weeks the Parks and Halls were interned together in one room in the Kowloon Hotel. Here too they were reunited with John Perdue, another Hong Kong missionary, whose wife had returned to the United States earlier in 1941.

“From the addition of a vegetable for five meals running,” Mrs. Hall wrote, “we had nothing but moldy rice and hot water for 24 days.” They were always hungry, and many were showing the first signs of beriberi. Later when about 200 internees—including the Halls, Parks, and Perdue—were transferred to the Hong Kong Stanley Internment Camp, they were given a small ration of flour. “We just cried when we got that flour,” Mrs. Hall added.

At the Stanley Camp the missionaries joined other civilians who had been trapped in Hong Kong, including 3,000 British, 300 Americans, and about 100 Dutch. At least there was fresh air at the Stanley Camp, but living conditions were extremely poor. Buildings had been shelled, and the internees were crowded into small rooms where they slept in
An American Missionary in Nazi Hands

The Story of G. Herbert Schmidt in Danzig

Unlike most mission fields of the world in 1920—which generally were evangelized by foreigners from North America or Europe—Russia and the eastern European countries saw the return of their own countrymen who had immigrated to America. Some of them returned as Pentecostal missionaries. Three of the first families to return to eastern Europe in 1920 were Dionnissy and Schmidt, to Russia, Poland, and other eastern European countries.

All three families were to suffer persecution and imprisonment. Zaplishny was beaten and tortured for 6 days and finally expelled from Bulgaria in 1924. Six years later he and his wife returned to Bulgaria to pastor the largest Pentecostal church in the country. He died there in 1935 at the age of 47.

In the late 1920s the Varonaeffs were arrested in Russia and sent to Siberia because of governmental distrust and hatred of the Pentecostals—anomity which was quite common in Russia, eastern Europe, and later under the Nazi regime. The Varonaeffs were released after 3 years imprisonment but then were arrested again. Mrs. Varonaeff was released from prison in 1953, but Ivan Varonaeff apparently died in Siberia.

Somehow the forceful, unashamedly Pentecostal Gustav Herbert Schmidt stayed out of trouble with the authorities in his successful itinerate preaching throughout Russia and eastern Europe between the World Wars—although he tells about some close calls in his moving book Songs in the Night and in the magazine he edited The Gospel Call.

Schmidt and his wife experienced a deep sorrow in 1924 when their adopted daughter Gerda died and was buried in Poland. Sorrow was to strike again on Christmas day 1929 when Carrie Schmidt died, as a result of the strain of missionary work in post-war Europe. “Ever since she was saved in 1919,” Schmidt wrote, “her heart burned with an irresistible love for Russia’s suffering millions... Traveling in Poland on missionary tours in that period exacted the utmost strength and patience from the traveler. She was always with me on these journeys, never hesitating nor shrinking from hardship.”

Marital and family bliss returned to Schmidt in the 1930s when he married a German national, Margaret Neumann. To them were born his pride and joy, Ruth and Karin. They too would suffer the ravishes of war all because G. Herbert Schmidt determined to follow his divine call to Russia and eastern Europe.

Between 1920 and 1940 Schmidt ministered to many of his former countrymen, and many were converted and became Pentecostal. Seeing the need for organized evangelism and a ministerial training facility, he helped organize the Russian and Eastern European Mission (REEM) and established the Institute of the Bible in Danzig (now Gdanska, Poland). The Assemblies of God cooperated with REEM to evangelize and educate ministers from 1927 to 1940.

Schmidt’s freedom to preach and travel would end abruptly in November 1940, more than a year after the Germans invaded Poland, when he was questioned about spying for America, preaching the illegal Pentecostal message, and mixing politics with his preaching. Because he had returned to Europe just two months before the war broke out, he was suspected of returning to spy. Nobody in his right mind, the Nazis reasoned, would return to the Continent with conditions as volatile as they were in the summer of 1939.

The beginning of the end for Schmidt happened one day late in October 1940 while he traveled on a preaching mission. The Gestapos
raided his house in Danzig and confiscated correspondence and his travel diaries; and when he returned to the city, his wife informed him that he was to report to the police station. He did but nobody seemed to know what to do with him. He returned to his home only to be confronted by a Gestapo officer that night who ordered him to accompany him back to the police station.

Earlier in the evening he had put his two small daughters to bed. "I kissed them goodnight, not knowing that it would be the last time to hold them in my arms for many months."

All of his personal possessions, including his Bible, were taken from him at the police headquarters, and he was roughly dealt with, the same as a common criminal. His introduction to prison life that night was in a small, unlit, and smelly cell with a bed made from rough boards—covered with dried vomit.

Schmidt had time to think that first night of his sacrifices for the Kingdom during his 20 years in eastern Europe, and he seemed to hear the devil taunt him with, "Now you are getting the reward, your payment for it, your payment." He prayed for deliverance, he wrote later, but "was destined to learn to know my God from an entirely new angle." A song, "He's a Friend of Mine," came to his mind, and he began singing:

Yes, He's a Friend of mine,
And He with me doth all things share;
Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine,
Why should I have a care?
For Jesus is a friend of mine.

After several days of questioning and ridicule by the Gestapo, he was placed in another cell with two men who had spoken against the Nazis, a Catholic priest and a member of the Danzig Diet, the latter an acclaimed atheist. Schmidt rejoiced to see that the priest had a New Testament which Schmidt eagerly read. When the priest was later taken from the cell, he gave the New Testament to the appreciative Schmidt. Schmidt witnessed to the Diet official, his accusers, and guards, but most of them wanted nothing to do with his faith. His interrogators accused him of "forbidden religious activity" and claimed that Germany would eliminate the movement he represented.

Meanwhile, Margaret Schmidt tried vainly to learn of her husband's whereabouts, but officials were uncooperative. Finally, she located him in the prison and through the kindness of the judge was permitted a 20-minute visit with her husband. Periodically during Schmidt's imprisonment, Margaret was permitted to visit and take care of his laundry.

During his first 70 days in prison, Schmidt lost 40 pounds.

During his first 70 days in the prison, Schmidt had lost 40 pounds which made him very sick and extremely weak. On the 72nd day of imprisonment, however, he received his first full meal and learned later that his wife was able to arrange with a local restaurant to provide the daily meal—which probably saved his life.\(^5\)

Finally after 6½ months, charges were presented in writing stating that Schmidt had participated in unlawful Pentecostal preaching. The judge accepted the recommendation of the prosecutor that he be confined for 6 months, retroactive.

He was free. He had served his sentence with 2 weeks to spare.

Since it was impossible to preach without jeopardizing his freedom—even his life—the obvious answer for Schmidt was to return to America, as had most other missionaries. After he corresponded with the REEM office in Chicago, arrangements were completed for the family to leave in October 1941, just two months before America's entry into the war. But at the last minute German authorities refused to issue an exit visa. Hope sprang once more early in 1942 that they would be repatriated. But after months of waiting with their bags always packed, that hope too was dashed when repatriations were halted.

Because of repeated warnings that he would be sent to a concentration camp (Margaret was a German citizen so she and the girls would remain free), Schmidt began looking for a way out of Danzig and to neutral Sweden where he could wait out the war as a political refugee.

The opportunity came one night in January 1943. Following a tearful goodbye to his family, under the cover of darkness he was sneaked into an unused room aboard a German freighter bound for Stockholm. It would be the last time that he would see his wife, for she died May 1, 1944 after suffering a nervous breakdown about 6 months following the sorrowful departure.

All went well aboard the vessel steaming up the Baltic Sea. Schmidt remained hidden for the few days travel but then almost made a fatal mistake by revealing himself to the crew after he thought he was in Swedish waters. "I am an American citizen fleeing Germany to reach Sweden," he told the captain.\(^6\)

Unfortunately, the freighter was still in German waters, and the angry captain had Schmidt thrown into the ship's prison, telling him that the Stockholm officials would never see him and that he would be returned to Germany.

To be returned to Germany after what he had been through? "My heart was calm," he wrote. "I somehow had the assurance within me that the Lord would not permit me to be taken back to Germany, but would make a way for my escape out of the hands of the Gestapo."

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Remembering December 1941
Readers Reflect on Dark Days 50 Years Ago

An article in the fall 1991 Heritage requested readers to write about their memories of the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the days that followed which forced America into World War II. Except for the 6th episode, which we took from a diary, these memories came by letters, interviews, and FAX. If you are 55 or over, perhaps you can identify with some of these accounts.

Forty Men Preserved During War

BY JAMES K. GRESSETT
Phoenix, Arizona

I was pastoring in Taft, California, on December 7, 1941, and after a good Sunday morning service we went home for dinner. As we sat down at the table, my wife turned on the radio for the 12 o'clock news. President F. D. Roosevelt was speaking, giving details of the attack on Pearl Harbor. It was the first we had heard of the Pearl Harbor raid; and as for many others, it was one of our lowest days.

Our church boys began to enlist; and before it was over, a board we had placed in the front of the church had 40 silver stars, each representing a man in the service. In the beginning I asked the church to pray continually that they would return. And we did not have a single gold star on our board (gold represented military personnel who had died). I talked with some of our members recently about the Taft servicemen. They said no other church in Central California had such a record.

One of my cousins (who was 6'5" and 195 pounds) did not want to become a combatant, so was placed in the ambulance corps. Those who worked with him said many times he would come in from a battlefield with a wounded soldier under each arm. He was decorated twice and never received a scratch in the entire war.

James K. "Cactus Jim" Gressett and his wife, both 90, reside in a Phoenix nursing home. "I still drive my car, read my Bible without glasses, and still preach a little," he wrote. He began preaching in 1921 and pastored in California and Arizona. For 25 years (1947-72) he was the superintendent of the Arizona District Council.

Elizabeth Galley Wilson

War Reaches Baguio, Philippine Islands

BY ELIZABETH GALLEY WILSON
Waxahachie, Texas

As the sun rose, Doris Carlson, Gladys Knowles, and I ate a hurried breakfast and prepared to go to the College of Chinese Studies where we were students. The sound of footsteps on the stairs and the pounding on the door caused us to rush to answer. On the threshold stood Robert Tangen. "Girls," he said, "Japan has just bombed Pearl Harbor." This news left us all aghast, and we pondered what the future might hold.

There were nine of us Assemblies of God missionaries serving in Baguio in the Philippine Islands. Blanche Appleby and Rena Baldwin, senior single missionaries were designated the "ladies." First termers Gladys Knowles, Doris Carlson, and I were designated the "girls." Leland Johnson was the superintendent. His wife Helen and their children, Connie and Sammy, were a blessing to us all. Robert and Mildred Tangen were a valuable asset. All of us were originally assigned to service in China but transferred to the Philippines due to unsettled conditions prior to World War II. How were we to be affected by this startling news?

We trudged on to school in a quandary. Soon we heard airplanes flying over Baguio. Many housewives ran out in the streets and waved cup towels and aprons to welcome the planes. What a shock when a short time later bombs began to fall on Camp John Hay and its surrounding area. We knew then that war had begun for us.

The apartments in which "the girls" and the Tangens were living...
seemed to be a place that would likely be in a bombing area. It was decided that we should move to a safer spot. The Tangens would move into the Johnson home and share this house, and a place was sought for the "girls." Doris Carlson and Gladys Knowles left to hunt for quarters while I was to begin packing.

In all the chaos it was difficult to find a mover. However, the Tangens were able to find one and were soon loading the truck. As I worked, I was fervently praying. I went outside to speak to the Tangens. Imagine my surprise when a truck pulled up before me and offered to move us. Somehow, I felt this incident was ordained by the Lord and accepted the offer. I had no word from Doris and Gladys as to whether they had found a place. Later we learned that they were detained because they had been in several air raids and had spent some time in the ditches. Imagine their surprise to find us partially packed and loaded, ready to move.

It was dark when we settled into a small Filipino house situated near the Johnson home. The Johnsons had a hot supper waiting for the weary travelers and we all rejoiced at God's provision. Later, the truck driver came by. He told us that he did not know why he had volunteered to move us. In fact, he had been reprimanded by his employer for taking on an unscheduled job when they had more business than they could handle.

Truly the Lord makes a way where there seems to be no way. He meets the needs of His children even in the time of war.

The Baguio missionaries were interned in late December 1941, and were prisoners until the U.S. military and Filipino guerrillas rescued them early in 1945. Elizabeth Galley later married A. E. Wilson, and served with him as a missionary to Africa. She taught at Southwestern Assemblies of God College, Waxahachie, Texas, and is now living in retirement there. Of the nine adult missionaries who were interned at Baguio, only the "girls" (Elizabeth Galley Wilson, Gladys Knowles Finkenbinder, and Doris Carlson) and Helen Johnson are still living. Heritage published two articles on the rescue of the missionaries in the Philippines (spring and summer 1985) which are available at $2.50 each.

An Unlikely Turn of Events
BY U. S. GRANT
Lenexa, Kansas

I was 31 years old in 1941 and was pastor of First Assembly, Bartlesville, Oklahoma. After the morning worship service, Sunday, December 7, 1941, my family and I were enjoying dinner in our home. The radio news was disturbing to us because much of the world was at war. As we ate, the program was interrupted with a bulletin stating that the Japanese had made a surprise attack on our installations at Pearl Harbor.

I learned later that Mitsuo Fuchida was the pilot who led the raid on Pearl Harbor. I didn't know him from millions of other Japanese people, and I suppose my fierce American pride dictated that I would hate him.

Never in my wildest dream or imaginations would I ever dream that Fuchida's path would cross mine. But years later he had become a devout Christian and had become my brother. And it was one of the high points in my ministry when Mitsuo Fuchida graced my pulpit at First Assembly, Kansas City, Kansas, and witnessed to his love for Jesus.

Oh, the marvels of the providence of God!
But he assured me that a radio would work in a car. “Watch,” he said as he flipped on the radio switch. Out of the speaker we heard sounds of planes and bombs exploding.

I stared and listened and then said, “It must be a soap opera.” As we continued to listen, we learned that it was for real; the Japanese were attacking Pearl Harbor, and we were listening to a description of the raid.

It’s a morning I shall never forget.

I was 20 years old and was pastor of my first church, Antioch Assembly of God in Winn Parish, Louisiana. The church was located in Kisatchie National Forest where thousands of American troops were already playing war games at nearby Camp Polk. Brother Smith had started a revival that morning; but because of the anxiety and turmoil in our community, we closed the revival on Monday night.

When I think back about that fateful Sunday, I think of the words of Jesus who said, “In such an hour as you think not, the Son of man cometh.” Though our nation had been warned, we still were not prepared. Pearl Harbor Day speaks to me of constant preparedness for the return of Christ.

Cecil T. Janway is superintendent of the Louisiana District Council. He began his ministry at the age of 18. A month following the above incident, he accepted a call to pastor First Assembly in Winnfield. The church attracted many servicemen, and he

James Handly joined the U.S. Navy in 1929 and became an aviation machinist. His wife and three children were preparing to join him at Pearl Harbor when the war started. He retired from the navy in 1949 and attended Central Bible College. From 1960-72 he was a layout artist for Gospel Publishing House. He and his brother—who was in the army air force at Hickam Field on December 7—are members of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Assn.

War Comes to Winn Parish

BY CECIL T. JANWAY
Alexandria, Louisiana

As I got into Murphy T. Smith’s new car following the Sunday morning worship service, I asked, “How much did you pay for this one?” The answer was $900.

“Too much, that’s too much,” I answered. “Yes,” he answered, “but this car has a heater plus a radio.”

I laughed when he said radio because I couldn’t believe a radio would work in a car without a ground connection, like our radio had at home.

The panic in the streets was indescribable. We [with 10-year-old daughter Anita] went slowly, watching lest we be trodden down. Broken rickshaws, spilled baskets, loud bawling, till we were just outside the East Gate. “The enemy planes have come!” We lay flat, face down, on the dirty sidewalk and prayed as we heard the machine guns and the exploding bombs. It was soon over.

We rose to run again, crossed the bridge...and were soon in the midst of carnage! Had we been two minutes earlier, we might have been right there where hundreds of dead and wounded lay all about us. It was terrible! But how God had kept us!

This is an excerpt from Howard C. Osgood’s diary, December 18, 1941. Howard and Edith Osgood went to China in the 1920s. After they had moved to the country because of the air raids, their Kunming home was destroyed by a bomb April 8, 1941. The Osgoods now live at Maranatha Village, Springfield, Missouri. Anita is the wife of Gerritt W. Kenyon, pastor of First Assembly, Millville, New Jersey. Her brother Brenton is National Speed-the-Light field representative.

Fleeing the Bombs in Kunming, China

BY HOWARD C. OSGOOD
Springfield, Missouri

The panic in the streets was indescribable. We [with 10-year-old daughter Anita] went slowly, watching lest we be trodden down. Broken rickshaws, spilled baskets, loud bawling, till we were just outside the East Gate. “The enemy planes have come!” We lay flat, face down, on the dirty sidewalk and prayed as we heard the machine guns and the exploding bombs. It was soon over.

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Four-Month Return Trip to India

BY HILDA WAGENKNECHT
Las Vegas, Nevada

Yes, I remember Pearl Harbor Day. I was speaking in a Milwaukee church that Sunday morning and evening, giving my farewell messages before leaving for my third term in India. After the last service, someone came to me and said, “You won’t be able to leave for India; haven’t you heard about Pearl Harbor?” No, I had not heard.

Two days later I received a letter from the State Department in Washington, D.C., asking me to return my passport at once as overseas civilian travel had been cancelled. Then the steamship company wrote asking me to return my ticket as they had cancelled all bookings.

It was a traumatic experience, and for the next year and a half I tried every possible way to get back to India. Then I heard of a shipping company in Argentina; so I wrote asking for a booking to India, but the reply came that it would not be safe. I replied that I was not afraid as the Lord would be with me and that I wanted to get back. “The Lord may be with you,” they replied, “but the devil is surely down here. No booking.”

Finally I was able to sail on a Portuguese ship from Philadelphia to Portugal. After more than 3 weeks of waiting, I boarded another Portuguese ship which traveled down the west coast of Africa (struck by lightning enroute), then around Capetown and up the east coast. After another month’s delay, I was able to board a warship at Durban, East Africa, for Bombay, India.

It took 4 months from Philadelphia to Bombay, but God protected me and brought me safely to my destination.

Hilda Wagenknecht served as a missionary in North India from 1922 to 1960. Her sister Edna served under appointment to North India from 1926-58. Even though the 92-year-old Hilda retired in 1964, she is still working, taking care of church records at Trinity Life, Las Vegas, Nevada, and still takes speaking engagements.

Revival Stirs Flint

BY CURTIS W. RINGNESS
Highland, California

Pearl Harbor Day found me in the middle of an evangelistic crusade in Flint, Michigan, with Pastors Kenneth and Paula Brown. It was the first revival in their beautiful new sanctuary.

Just prior to the Flint meetings my wife and I had conducted a series of revival meetings in Oklahoma and Kansas. The crusade in Baxter Springs, Kansas was going so well that the pastor asked us to continue at least another week. I remained until the following Friday, November 28, and left on a midnight bus out of Joplin, Missouri, for Flint to open the meeting on Sunday. Ruth, an excellent evangelist in her own right, closed out the meetings in Baxter Springs and then drove with our infant daughter to her parents’ home in Coffeyville, Kansas, where I would join them for the Christmas holidays.

The first week of the Flint meeting went well, but from Pearl Harbor Day on we had a mighty move of the Holy Spirit. Almost Continued on page 31
CONCLUDING PART

BERT WEBB
A Man Used by God

His pattern was simple: evangelize in a new area, begin a church, pastor for a while, turn it over to someone else, and move to another city.

By Glenn Gohr

In 1929 Bert Webb was invited to return to Oklahoma from Minnesota—where he had gone to evangelize and pastor—to deliver the commencement address for Southwestern Bible School at Enid. Guess who was there? Charlotte Williamson, the young woman who had caught Bert’s eye at a 1927 youth convention, was seated in the Enid audience. Afterwards they went on a date before he returned to Minnesota.

It was a social experience that would help change their lives.

By this time Charlotte was living in Oklahoma City where her father, Fay Williamson, was minister of music and visitation at Faith Tabernacle. The Willliamsons were a musical family, having been converted from the professional stage (see accompanying story, “Grace Williamson's 1914 Healing”). Their ministry included conducting “live” gospel broadcasts over Faith Tabernacle’s radio station KSFG. Charlotte played the piano for the church and produced her own kindergarten broadcast, “Aunt Polly and Play-Like Time,” which had become one of KSFG’s most popular programs.

Bert and Charlotte corresponded for the next year, and then he returned to Oklahoma during the 1930 Christmas season and asked her to marry him. They were married at Faith Tabernacle by William Kitchen on June 14, 1931.

Bert couldn’t have asked for a more suitable minister’s wife. Warm, outgoing, and ambitious Charlotte soon became deeply involved in her husband’s ministry at the thriving Alexandria Gospel Tabernacle, Alexandria, Minnesota.

But the call to evangelize and pioneer kept Bert from putting his roots down too deep in Alexandria. One day he told Charlotte that he felt it was time to enter the evangelistic field as a team. He enjoyed pastoring, but his call at the time
Above, Assistant General Superintendent Bert Webb, right, discussing 1958 world events with General Secretary J. Roswell Flower. In the photo at the right, Bert Webb conferring with his secretary, Marge Lessten.
was to evangelize and pioneer. Resigning the Alexandria pastorate in May 1932, the Webbs entered the evangelistic field.

Then an opportunity opened to pioneer a church at St. Cloud, Minnesota. Bert felt compelled to launch the new church, and within 2 years the congregation grew to 200. By 1934, with the St. Cloud church thriving, Bert believed it was time to turn the new church over to someone else and go on the road again. It was a pattern he had developed with considerable success.

During the 1920s and 1930s, as he traveled throughout the Central states for meetings, he always managed to have a car for transportation—despite the hardships of the Great Depression. As Webb puts it, "When I started preaching, an Assemblies of God evangelist couldn’t make it without a Ford car and a trombone. So I acquired both and went at it."13

From Minnesota the Webbs were invited by Albert and William Pickthorn to hold a meeting at Memphis, Tennessee, during the fall of 1934. A mighty move of God resulted and the crowds more than filled a tent that would seat hundreds. During the 5-week campaign there, nearly 100 were converted and many received the Pentecostal experience. This great stir was a factor in the growth of First Assembly of Memphis which has become one of the strongest A/G churches in the South.14

The Webbs also traveled to Columbus, Georgia; Dyersburg, Tennessee; Cairo and Springfield, Illinois; and Russellville, Arkansas, for revival meetings.

While holding services at Russellville, in a large brush arbor, a man approached Bert and asked him if he would consider coming to Hope, Arkansas, to be their pastor. Bert had never heard of Hope, which is in southwest Arkansas about 20 miles from Texarkana, and it didn’t take long for him to respond: "No, I’m an evangelist. I wouldn’t be interested in pastoring."

The man looked half-stunned and disappointed. As he left, he said, "Thank you. God bless you."

As the man was driving away, Bert felt God dealing with him about his answer. It seemed as though God was saying: "The least you could have done is to say ‘I’ll pray about it.’ You laughed in the man’s face."15

Immediately Bert felt he must apologize to this man. He learned his name and called him on the phone and asked him to forgive him for his curt reply.

After accepting his apology, the man asked, "Are you going to the General Council in Dallas?"

"Yes," replied Webb.

"Well, you’ll drive right through Hope. Why don’t you stay all night and we’ll arrange a service?"

Webb agreed to hold the service. When he arrived for the meeting, it was raining, and he found only 16 people at the church. They were meeting in a 60- by 150-foot skating rink.

Nothing spectacular happened that night, and thinking this had freed him from all obligation to the congregation at Hope, Bert went on to Dallas to attend the 1935 Council.

Arriving early for one of the sessions, he was startled to find the 12 members of the Hope church sitting on the steps of the Fair Park Auditorium in downtown Dallas. He questioned them as to what they were doing there.

"We had a prayer meeting, prayed nearly all night. We feel like you ought to be our pastor. We decided we’d just come to Dallas and talk to you."

He replied, "Folks, I am touched. I am overwhelmed. But I can’t be your pastor. I’m an evangelist. I’ve resigned every church I ever had to be an evangelist. I’ve got meetings scheduled, I guess, for a solid year."

The people would not take "no" for an answer. They insisted that he postpone his next meeting and come...
and hold a revival for them. Finally he agreed to come, and he brought Fred Henry, the famous blind pianist, to help with the services.

After preaching for 3 weeks without 3 conversions, he planned to go elsewhere to evangelize. But then he felt a tug to stay and be their pastor. Charlotte also felt a witness to this. People began to get saved and filled with the spirit. Before long the church grew to 300 people. The church was beginning to prosper when Webb announced that James Hamill, a young evangelist from Mississippi, would be coming to hold evangelistic services.

A mighty move of God transpired beginning on the Sunday before Hamill arrived. Twenty-four people were saved that day, with the meeting continuing into the afternoon. During that same week others found the Lord in their homes. Eight or nine had received the Baptism before Hamill arrived! In 4 weeks, over 100 were converted and scores received the baptism in the Spirit. Several leading businessmen of the community became zealous disciples of the Lord.16

Hope became quite a harvest field. Several of the young people went into the ministry. Soon the church was running over 400 people in Sunday school and church.

Then one Sunday morning Bert got up to preach and found the pulpit committee from Central Assembly in Springfield, Missouri, sitting in his congregation. What a surprise! They wanted to observe his preaching, see the congregation, and ask him to consider becoming their pastor. He graciously thanked them for considering him for such a position, but he declined the offer for a number of reasons. He told them he was an evangelist and a pioneer preacher, and he had never followed another pastor in a pulpit, had only pastored churches he had started.

Bert did not wish to candidate at the church, but he did agree to preach in the Sunday services a couple of weeks later.

As soon as the men left, God gave him a peace that indeed he would become the next pastor of Central Assembly in Springfield.

Two weeks later Bert preached at Central Assembly and the people elected him as pastor.

When the Webbs announced they would be leaving Hope to pastor Central Assembly in Springfield, the people thought they would like to have James Hamill as their pastor. Hamill was preaching a revival at Houston at the time. Bert went to Houston and spoke with him, and sure enough, Hamill agreed to pastor the Hope church.

The Hope, Arkansas, church members followed Webb to the 1935 Dallas General Council and convinced him that he should become their pastor.

The Hamills only a short time before had decided it was time for them to take a pastorate, due to the fact that their young son would soon be in school. (Hamill later was the long-time pastor of First Assembly, Memphis, and served as an executive presbyter.)

It was 1939 when Bert Webb became pastor of Central Assembly. Ralph Riggs, the former pastor, had been elected superintendent of the Southern Missouri District and later rose to become general superintendent. Webb and Riggs had a warm, personal friendship. One time Riggs told Webb that, outside of his own family, he felt closer to him than to any other person he knew.17 They had a wonderful rapport.

Webb found the people at Central to be dedicated and loving. It was a very missions minded church, sending a number of missionaries out to the foreign field. Charlotte Webb served as director of the orchestra, and the Sunday school advanced, exceeding all previous records in attendance. During one period of time lasting 7 months, from 2 to 12 people were saved every Sunday.

One of the high points of Webb's ministry at Central was the meeting with Dr. Charles S. Price which he sponsored at the Shrine Mosque in 1940.

Three times weekly, on Springfield's KTTS radio station, Webb broadcast "The Church By the Side of the Road" which included a ladies trio. He also broadcast a weekly program on KWTO called "Assembly Vespers." The name was later changed to "Sermons in Song." The new title was so catchy that the national A/G radio broadcast adopted the same name for its weekly program which began in 1946.18 The two radio programs attracted many visitors, and usually 2 or 3 people would get saved every Sunday.

Pastoring Central Assembly was no easy task. It wasn't uncommon for Bert to teach the sanctuary Sunday school class, preach in the morning, hold a funeral at 1:30 in the afternoon, speak on the radio program at 4:30, and then conduct the evening service—all this on a Sunday!

After successfully pastoring Central for 4 years, Webb was elected superintendent of the Southern Missouri District in 1943, once again following in the steps of his predecessor Ralph Riggs. At that time the district office was located in the Woodruff Building in downtown Springfield. Bert's secretary was a bright and efficient girl straight out of high school, Betty Thompson, who later became the wife of Philip Wannenmacher and served many years as secretary to Thomas F. Zimmerman. Webb kept his district position until 1949 when he was elected as an assistant general superintendent.

During his 20-year term (1949-1969) as assistant general superintendent, at various times he served as executive director of the Sunday School, Youth (Christ's Ambassadors), Evangelism, Radio, Personnel, and Publications Departments at the A/G headquarters. He also became active in the National Association of Evangelicals (NAE)
and headed the National Sunday School Association for Evangelical and Protestant churches.

The last ten years (1959-1969) at Headquarters he served as executive director of the Publications Department. This included personal responsibility and supervision of the creation, editing, producing, and marketing of various A/G periodicals, books, and literature. He had oversight of the divisions of Church School Literature, Music, Merchandising, The Pentecostal Evangel, and the overall Gospel Publishing House operation. He also served as chairman of the building committee for the $3 million administrative office building at 1445 Boonville Avenue which was occupied in 1962.19

During the same period he served 9 years as chairman of the Commission on Chaplains where he was responsible for 46 active duty A/G chaplains assigned to the Army, Navy, and Air Force. In 1969, he was a member of the 8-man National Advisory Board for the United States Air Force Chief of Chaplains in Washington, D.C.

He also was appointed by the Air Force Chief of Chaplains, and the Department of Defense, to conduct preaching missions in Europe on military bases and to conduct Christian Education Conferences on bases throughout the Pacific. In line with this and many other responsibilities, Webb has traveled in more than 62 countries of the world.20

At the 1959 General Council it took 9 ballots before the general superintendent was elected.21 One of the men who figured high in the running was Bert Webb. On the 9th ballot Thomas F. Zimmerman received the required two-thirds vote and was elected superintendent. Bert sincerely thought this to be the will of God.

After Zimmerman’s election, Webb continued to serve as assistant general superintendent until 1969 when he retired and moved to California where he became administrator of a 262-bed convalescent hospital owned by a group of A/G ministers. Then, in recognition of his long years of service as an A/G official, he was named an honorary general presbyter at the 1971 General Council.

For about 5½ years Bert and Charlotte, who was executive housekeeper, operated Royale Convalescent Hospital in Santa Ana, California.22 In keeping with its name, a slogan of the hospital was “Where each guest is royalty.”

During this time Webb preached in many West Coast A/G churches. They left their position in Santa Ana in February 1974 to establish a pioneer church at Mission Viejo, California. Webb was 68 years old at the time! A full-time pastor was installed to succeed him there in June 1975, and the church has continued to prosper.

During early 1976 Bert was engaged in Minister’s Institutes and camp meetings across the country. From June through December 1976 he served as interim pastor at Rockwood Park A/G in Fort Worth, Texas, while its pastor, Ira Stanphill, was recovering from brain surgery.

In January 1977 the Webbs moved back to Springfield where Bert accepted the position of campus pastor at Evangel College. His “congregation” of 1,800 was comprised of both students and faculty, and his responsibilities included scheduling chapel services, conducting the services, speaking in some services, and counseling students. After 6 very rewarding years, he “retired” in May 1983 with a conviction that it might be time for a younger man to carry on the job.23 Charlotte was active in the college auxiliary during the entire 6 years. The Evangel athletic teams never had anyone who supported them any more than did the Webbs.

In recent years Bert Webb has been interim pastor at Willamette Christian Center in Eugene, Oregon (twice for 6 months each time); Park Place A/G at Houston, Texas (2½ years); and churches at Fort Worth, Texas (6 months); Biloxi, Mississippi (4 months); and most recently, Omaha, Nebraska (5 months).24

The Webbs have made a happy home for three adopted children. One of these, Sharon Elaine, died with cancer at the age of 5. Their son is Tom Bert Webb who has worked for 29 years in the pressroom of the Gospel Publishing House. Tom has three sons. The Webbs’ other daughter, Mary Sue, is married to Gale Stubblefield, and they have three sons and one daughter. There are seven great-grandchildren.

This past June, Bert and Charlotte celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. It was estimated that more than 300 friends and family members packed into the Holiday Inn North of Springfield for the occasion. Nearly 30 relatives from Oklahoma, Kansas, and Florida were together as a family group for the first time in about 20 years. Also a number of couples that Webb had married while pastoring

Continued on page 28
Grace Williamson's 1914 Healing

How Charlotte Webb's Mother Was Healed of Spinal Meningitis

Fay and Grace Williamson and their two children Charlotte and Jimmy, in the late 1920s.

Many are the accounts of people who were attracted to the early Pentecostal movement because of a physical healing, a powerful deliverance, or an outstanding conversion.

Charlotte Webb's family is one of these, for they experienced conversions and a marvelous healing in 1914 and became lifelong Pentecostals. (Charlotte married Bert Webb in 1931.) Her mother, Grace Williamson, was stricken with spinal meningitis and was told she would die, but her healing changed all of that and gave the family a new direction—from the theater to Christian evangelism.

Entertainers Fay L. and Grace Williamson had earned a livelihood by traveling across the country for the old Keith Circuit, performing skits and singing in local theaters.

Following a disastrous flood in Dayton, Ohio, where they were living in 1913, the Williamson family moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, and continued their life on the stage and entertained at parties and banquets.

One night Grace became sick, and doctors diagnosed her case as the first stages of paralyzing spinal meningitis. For 2 months she struggled between life and death. Around the clock nurses kept an eye on her condition. "As the disease raged, it twisted Mrs. Williamson so completely that she faced the opposite direction to her feet," C. M. Ward wrote in his 1968 story about the healing. It was impossible for her to walk.

News spread rapidly, and a parade of people came into the building to see the happy woman who had been healed of a terminal illness.

Even though she was hopelessly bedfast and in much pain, Grace Williamson became angry when Martha Kitchen talked to her about her spiritual condition.* But Grace's husband was more receptive when another believer invited him to attend a church service. Williamson came home and joyfully told his wife that he had been converted.

Grace Williamson was unimpressed and told her husband that he could follow the Lord if he wanted to, but she wanted no part of the church. Only when the doctor told her she could not live was she willing to consider a spiritual change in her own life. She asked friends to call Mrs. Kitchen to return.

Continued on page 28

*Martha Kitchen was the wife of William Kitchen, members of what is now Central Assembly, Tulsa. Later they became pastors of the church. William Kitchen also performed the marriage ceremony for Bert and Charlotte Webb on June 14, 1931, at Faith Tabernacle in Oklahoma City.
PART 2

The Canadian Jerusalem
The Story of James and Ellen Hebden and Their Toronto Mission

By Thomas William Miller

Into All the World

The Hebden Mission, like its counterpart “the American Jerusalem” in Los Angeles, was a mecca for many of the early Pentecostal evangelists and itinerant workers. Toronto became a key stopping point, for George Chambers reported that he had met many “workers from all over the world who had come to see and experience what God was doing for hundreds of others.” At the Hebden Mission he met the returned missionaries Herbert Randall and H. L. Lawler, and Thomas Hindle who later went overseas as well. Frank Bartleman stopped off in Toronto during one of his worldwide tours, and Daniel Awrey, who had received the Baptism in 1890 in Ohio, also visited the East End Mission. James and Ellen Hebden were the acknowledged leaders of the Latter Rain Movement in Toronto for nearly a decade, though their influence gradually declined for reasons to be discussed later.

One of the chief by-products of the outpouring of the Spirit at the Mission was that missionaries Randall and Lawler both came into the Pentecostal experience there. These two men, before returning to their overseas field, Egypt and China respectively, went to Canada’s capital city and introduced the Pentecostal doctrines to its inhabitants. They were joined by Robert E. McAlister, who had earlier received the Baptism at Los Angeles, on December 11, 1906. He was to become one of the leading figures in Canadian Pentecostalism in the years that followed; he helped establish the Ottawa church, pastored a number of others, was founder of the Pentecostal Testimony, the official publication of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada (PAOC), was a founder of and administrator for the organization, and was renowned as a Bible teacher. He had been converted in a Holiness Movement church near Cobden, Ontario, and thus found much in common with the Hebdens and those who gathered at their mission. One cannot be certain at this point, but it seems reasonable to assume that “R. E.,” as he was affectionately called, was in contact with Randall and Lawler in...
Toronto, for he obviously planned at one time to go to some overseas field at the same time the other two men left. In his first report of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the Ottawa vicinity, R. E. identified himself as one of the missionaries enroute to the foreign field.17

Herbert Randall had received the baptism of the Spirit at the Hebden’s meetings in March of 1907, while home on furlough. Before going to Ottawa, he began Pentecostal works in Wingham and Stratford.18 After a short visit in Portland, Oregon, he went to Ottawa in December 1910, and became the leader of a local Pentecostal revival in the nearby hamlet of Kinburn, about 30 miles away. R. E. arrived shortly afterwards and immediately became active both at Kinburn and then at Ottawa. By May 1911, he reported that more than 70 had been baptized in the Spirit at Kinburn, and that some had received miraculous healings. In later meetings more than 20 more had a Pentecostal experience and a church building was soon erected in Kinburn. It was the first such structure erected in Canada specifically for a Pentecostal congregation. The Randall’s and the Lawlers moved on to other fields of service, but McAlister remained to pastor in Ottawa. A few residents there had received the Baptism in the autumn of 1908, and the Hebden’s magazine contained an account from William Watt of Ottawa, in March 1910, reporting his Pentecostal baptism. Watt added that he had left the Holiness Movement church in the city because of its criticism of the Pentecostal experience as a “delusion.”19

R. E. rented a hall in Ottawa and held meetings which were attended by large crowds, including some of the highest ranking members of the city’s middle class. C. E. Baker came into the movement as a result of the supernatural healing of his wife. She had suffered long with cancer and was facing another operation when she asked to have “hands laid on” her at the Pentecostal meetings. The result was an instantaneous healing. Baker gave up his business in the city and became a Pentecostal evangelist, working first in the eastern townships, and then moving into Quebec. His first meetings at McBean were marked by many conversions, and thus encouraged he launched a new work in Montreal. Until his death in 1947, “Daddy” Baker directed an evangelistic thrust in Montreal and encouraged outreach to other parts of the province. He invited Aimee Semple McPherson to the city in 1920 and her meetings that year have been described as the greatest revival in the history of Quebec. The largest church in the city could not hold the crowds and supernatural healings confirmed the word of God in so marked a manner as to lead many hundreds to seek salvation.

One miraculous healing was that of a Mrs. L. R. Dutaud. This woman was the wife of a Baptist preacher and had been given up to die because of tuberculosis of the throat, cancer, and other infections. At her insistence she was taken to the Pentecostal meetings, and there was completely healed. Her husband became an assistant to C. E. Baker and then assumed responsibility for all of the French-speaking Pentecostal work in the province.20

The work in Montreal also expanded to include Italian-speaking residents and eventually there arose an all-Italian organization affiliated with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada. This long, tenuous arm of the Hebden Mission’s influence can be traced still further: in the 1920s a young Methodist pastor, disillusioned with what he perceived as creeping modernism in his denomination, left Newfoundland to attend Moody Bible Institute. Enroute, he stopped off at Baker’s church in Montreal to investigate Pentecostalism. Four years later, having received his own Latter Rain experience, Eugene Vaters felt called by God to take the “full gospel” to his homeland. Again, he and his wife visited Montreal, and for a time assisted in a suburban mission hall. He also visited fledgling Pentecostal works in the Maritimes, and then began a lifetime of ministry in Newfoundland. In a few years he had become general superintendent of the Newfoundland churches, and invited Pastor Baker to St. John’s for meetings. As a result, the Pentecostal church in the city was “greatly strengthened.”21 The ties between the Montreal church and the Pentecostals of the island, which came into the Canadian Confederation in 1949, always have been especially close. The Hebden influence naturally declined with the passing of years and the spread of the Latter Rain to the farthest reaches of the Dominion, but it was unquestionably very strong in the first decade of the movement in Canada.

The East End Mission in Toronto can be credited with influencing the development of Pentecostalism in Canada indirectly through the life of Robert Semple and his widely known wife Aimee. Robert Semple had immigrated to Canada from Britain and somehow had declined in his degree of commitment to Christ. George Slager met him at the Hebden Mission and reported:

Robert Semple renewed his consecration to preach the Gospel, after the Lord healed him of TB. He also tarried and received the baptism in the Spirit during the earliest days of the outpouring in the East End Mission.22

Semple went to Ingersoll, in western Ontario, where he met young Aimee. She had been converted and filled with the Spirit in some local meetings in 1908 and agreed to become Semple’s wife and go with him into the ministry. They held meetings in London, in the home of Dr. C. M. Wortman, during the winter of 1909-10. More than 100 received the baptism of the Spirit, many others were saved, and there

[They came] from all over the world ...to see and experience what God was doing for hundreds of others.”

—George Chambers

T
were several remarkable healings. Robert and Aimee were assisting William H. Durham of Chicago at the time, where Aimee was pianist and an altar worker. They helped Durham in his meetings in Ohio and Chicago, then returned with them to London where still more were saved and filled with the Spirit. Then the three of them attended the Pentecostal Convention in Toronto in January 1910. The Promise, in reporting on the Convention, noted that:

Brother and Sister Semple broke away from the London meetings with Bro. Durham, who remained in London and as they came we enjoyed another season of refreshing and another wave of baptisms. Brother Semple was so led of the Spirit that he always spoke to edification; . . . and Sister Semple's gift of interpretation was such a blessing to us as we were not mistaken by Sister Semple about that time in the Manitoba city. That there were close relationships between the Toronto and the Winnipeg saints is evident from the visits to the former city by A. H. Argue (1868-1959), a man described by Gordon Atter as "probably the greatest Pentecostal evangelist Canada produced."25

From the first news of the Azusa Street outpouring that reached Winnipeg, there had been an interchange of people going to Los Angeles to participate in the revival there, and returning north with glowing testimonies.26 A. H. Argue was a Winnipeg businessman and a Methodist “exhorter” when he first heard of the Latter Rain movement. He went to Durham’s Mission in Chicago and there “waited on God for twenty-one days (until)... I was filled with the Holy Ghost, speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance.”27 Following his personal ministry, Argue returned to Winnipeg and began to hold “tarrying meetings” in his home. A local revival began which brought hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people under the influence of the Pentecostal Movement.28 One of those to receive “a mighty baptism” of the Spirit in the Argue meetings at that time was Harry Horton, father of Stanley M. Horton.29

Argue arranged his financial affairs so as to provide his family with a regular income and became a full-time Pentecostal evangelist, ministering for many years throughout Canada and the United States. His son Watson and daughter Zelma traveled with him and later became evangelists in their own right. For a time, A. H. pastored in Winnipeg and it was in one of his meetings that Walter McAlister, later to be a general superintendent of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, was filled with the Spirit and spoke in tongues.30 But Pastor Argue’s chief ministry was evangelism and he made many early trips throughout the Dominion to preach the “full gospel.” One of his first trips was to Toronto; from there he went to Ottawa, then down to the northeastern states, back to Chicago, and finally on to Winnipeg. It is significant that he chose Toronto as his first stop. In a report to William J. Seymour, editor of The Apostolic Faith, he wrote:

The first place I visited was Canadians welcomed their own Aimee Semple McPherson (seated in center with tambourine) back home for this Lethbridge, Alberta, campaign during the summer of 1920. Others were identified with the assistance of Douglas Rudd, director of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada Archives. Front row, from left, Dr. H. Geddes, Mrs. H. Geddes, Mary Crouch Cadwalader, Watson Argue, Phillip Schneider, and Orville Benham. Second row, George Schneider, next three unidentified, Hugh Cadwalader, Mrs. McPherson, Walter McAlister (pastor of the church), Mrs. John McAlister, John McAlister (Walter’s parents), next two unidentified. Third row, fourth from left, Lila McAlister (Mrs. J. Skinner); fifth from right, Mrs. Edgar Taylor; and on the end, Mrs. Taylor’s daughter, Lillian. Fourth row, second from right, Hugh McAlister. Photo courtesy of James Crouch.
Another evidence of the widespread influence of the East End Mission is found in a letter addressed to Mrs. Hebden from Brownlee, a small Saskatchewan community. The writer, S. T. Odegard, outlined the events in his life which led him into the Latter Rain Movement. He reported that his hunger for reality in religion had led him to read his Bible. From a tract he got the address of the Hebden Mission, and in July 1907, he went to Toronto. There he was instructed by James Hebden, was baptized in water, and then received the Holy Spirit infilling, and spoke in new tongues. On his return to Saskatchewan, he wrote to express thanks to God. Odegard opened a Pentecostal "philanthropic mission" in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, in 1913 and personally financed that work until 1950. When he was 84 years of age, he sold the building but left the sum of $3,000 in a local bank for the establishment of a new Pentecostal church. The nucleus of this early Pentecostal congregation eventually joined with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada.32

Scattered references such as these make it abundantly clear that the Hebden Mission in Toronto had an influence in Canada which was out of all proportion to its size.

Though the Hebdens did not itinerate like other early Pentecostal leaders, they appear to have made a few visits to Ontario towns to promote the revival: for example, they visited Sarnia in August 1908. They maintained close contact too with the fledgling Latter Rain groups at Abingdon, Hartford, and Ottawa, in Ontario, as well as with the six or more Pentecostal missions in Toronto. They probably were well-known to R. E. McAlister, and they most certainly had cordial relations with A. H. Argue. In fact, it would appear that some workers from Winnipeg were channeled through the Hebden Mission enroute to their respective fields.

The Promise of March 1910 contained a report on the progress made to that date in sending out missionaries. It noted that there were then five Pentecostal workers in Mongolia—"three from 651 Queen Street East, Toronto, and two from Brother Argue's Mission in Winnipeg."33 Thus there developed within a few years a tripartite axis of Canadian Pentecostals who looked toward Los Angeles, Toronto, and Winnipeg as the chief centers of the movement. Gradually, the Apostolic Faith Mission of William Seymour in Los Angeles lost its overwhelming importance for the Canadian believers, and the Hebden Mission, for reasons to be described later, followed suit. Eventually, the broad stream of Canadian Pentecostalism was to flow east and west, rather than north and south, but the Hebden Mission was instrumental in bringing about this change.

Before it lost its distinctive position as the earliest Pentecostal center in Canada, the Hebden Mission helped launch a world-wide missionary outreach which in large measure shaped the program later developed by the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada. Two, whose work has already been noted were Herbert Randall and H. L. Lawler.

The Hebdens stressed foreign missions and could list several who had left the mission for overseas ministry.
sleeping bags on the floor and had little protection from the bitter cold.

One bright side of the Stanley internment came when the missionaries organized Bible studies. They could squeeze 40 people into one room and Mrs. Hall reported that "there were prayer meetings every night, three Bible studies a week, three children's services, crusaders' services, and Sunday night open air meetings."

As a result of the gospel efforts, many of the internees who had shown little spiritual inclination turned to the Savior. 12

The other women who had boarded the Asama Maru at Hong Kong for the return to America were longtime A/G missionaries in northern China, Marie Stephany, Henrietta Tieleman, and Alice Stewart.

Marie—winner known by her Chinese friends as "Mother Peace"—had arrived in North China on Thanksgiving Day 1916. Henrietta and Alice joined Marie in 1926 to help her develop a strong ministry in Ta Ch’ang, Shansi, despite a civil war and Japanese occupation; even after the occupation began in the late 1930s, the women built a church that would seat a thousand people. 13

Despite the Chinese Civil War and the Japanese occupation, Marie Stephany, Henrietta Tieleman, and Alice Stewart built a church that would seat a thousand.

Alice, who is the only survivor of the three, recalled some of their experiences recently from her home at Maranatha Manor, Springfield, Missouri. "During the occupation, the Japanese didn't bother us much. But then after Pearl Harbor was bombed, the soldiers began carrying rifles when they came to our compound." Following America's entry into the war, Alice remembers offering soldiers tea and something to eat; for fear that the Americans might poison them, the soldiers would only accept after they saw their hosts eat the same food. 14

The three American missionaries were told they would be repatriated along with about a hundred other Americans in Shansi Province. After several days on trains and a ferry, the internees arrived in Hong Kong where they boarded the Asama Maru with the Hong Kong missionaries.

Adele Dalton, who had met Marie Stephany after she had returned to the United States in 1942, described Marie's departure from the people she had served since 1916.

Despite the danger of traveling on a Japanese ship during the summer of 1942, the insanitary conditions, and lack of food, the internees aboard the Asama Maru could sing a new song as they sailed closer and closer to Lourenco Marques (changed to Maputo in 1976). Waiting in the harbor was a beautiful sight: the Swedish Gripsholm which could take them on the America. 16

Despite the Chinese flag on patriotic days. One of the most difficult hardships was the enemy, especially when she refused to display a Japanese flag on patriotic days. One of the most difficult hardships was being cut off from America. Only two letters reached her during the war—delivered 2 and 3 years after they were mailed—and a telegram from Noel Perkin, A/G secretary of Foreign Missions.

Toward the end of the war when hundreds of American B-29s rained
incendiary bombs on the city, she fled for her life along with thousands of Japanese civilians. “I had been through the great earthquake in 1923, but that night of incendiary bombing was the worst night of my life.”

As she ran through the walls of fire, she took time to breathe prayers for civilians around her and for the safety of the American pilots above her. For herself, she said, “I was trusting in God, leaning very hard on Him which brought assurance that all would be well.”

Through the influence of this man, Lewis Pethrus, pastor of Stockholm’s Filadelpia Church, G. Herbert Schmidt was released from custom authorities.

period are Edmund Heit’s The Soviets Are Coming, Gospel Publishing House, 1980; and Oscar Jeske’s Revival or Revolution, Full Gospel Publishing House, Toronto, 1970; a copy of Fred Schmoluch’s unpublished book manuscript From Azusa Street to the Soviet Union is in the A/G Archives.

2. Schmidt’s parents were reared in Poland but moved to Russia where Gustav was born in 1891. Following Mrs. Schmidt’s death, the family moved to the United States from 1924 to 1930, Zaplishny became chairman of the Pentecostal Union of the Slavic Churches in America, Katharina Varoneff returned to America in 1939.

I am aware of the many nationals in Europe who suffered for their faith during this same period, but the scope of this article does not include these courageous brothers and sisters, many of whom were martyred. In his book Songs in the Night (Gospel Publishing House, 1945) Schmidt wrote about those who suffered far worse than he did: “So often in my dark cell, I thought of my Slavic brethren in Eastern Europe who had come under the heels of despots and under the wheels of the war machine. My suffering is nothing in comparison to theirs” (p. 161).

Two other books focusing on Europe during this closed in 1939.

5. G. Herbert Schmidt, Songs in the Night (Springfield, MO: Gospel Publishing House, 1945), pp. 43, 46, 49-50. Several prisoners had been tortured, some had died of malnutrition, and others had committed suicide.

6. Ibid., p. 182.

7. Ibid., p. 183.

8. Ibid., p. 191. A happy experience while under the Swedish authorities came for Schmidt when an officer thought Schmidt looked familiar and asked him if he had ever been to Stockholm before. It turned out, the officer had heard Schmidt preach in Stockholm in 1919 and was baptized in water along with Schmidt’s future wife Carrie.

TO BE CONTINUED. Despite the fact that G. Herbert Schmidt found freedom in Stockholm, his thoughts remained continually on his family in Danzig. What little mail that came through brought sadness and deep sorrow. Food shortages and other deprivations concerned him. Then Margaret Schmidt suffered a nervous breakdown and died. The welfare of his Ruth and Karin, now in the custody of their sick grandmother, weighed heavy on Schmidt’s mind, and it would be more than 3 years before they were reunited. The concluding part of the story will tell of the anguish and danger the two girls faced as the Russian armies drove into Danzig. And it will tell of G. Herbert Schmidt’s renewed ministry to Europe where he suffered a heart attack while preaching and died a few days later. The story will also have an update on Ruth and Karin.

Watch for it in the spring 1992 issue of Heritage.

NOTES


3. Ibid., p. 9.

4. Ibid., p. 19.

5. Ibid., p. 20.

6. Ibid.女士es aboard the Asama Maru dubbed it the Asthma Maru.


9. Ibid.

10. Ibid.

11. Ibid.

12. Ibid., p. 9.


16. Lula Bell Hough remembers the contrast between the internes headed for America and those going back to Japan. “We looked like refugees, while the Japanese were well-dressed and no doubt had been well-fed.”


19. Ibid.

20. Ibid.

21. Ibid.

□ Nazi/ from page 11

In Stockholm a custom officer spotted Schmidt in the cell and took him ashore, thus thwarting the plans of the freighter captain. Even in Stockholm, however, he remained in a prison cell for several days until his friend Lewi Pethrus, pastor of the Filadelpia Church, was able to have him released.

As they walked away from the Swedish authorities, Schmidt remarked to Pethrus, “In Jerusalem an angel came to take Peter out of the prison and after nearly two thousand years—” Pethrus interrupted him to add, “Pethrus takes out an Angel.”

NOTE

Mrs. Williamson told Ward, "and with each pop I straightened up a little more. Then I stood up erect as I am today."

She not only stood to her feet, she also ran the length of the building while the congregation rejoiced and praised God.

The ambulance attendants were told they were not needed for the return trip to the Williamson home, but they were not as certain as the Pentecostal saints were that night. They could only remember the twisted form that they had brought to the church service a few hours earlier. So while Mrs. Williamson walked the several blocks home, the skeptical ambulance attendants followed behind.

The next day Mrs. Williamson walked back to the church and stayed all day. News spread rapidly, and a parade of people came into the building to see the happy woman who had been healed of a terminal illness.

Fifteen days after the miraculous healing, the Williamson family consecrated themselves to the Lord for full-time service. Then women in the church assisted Mrs. Williamson in transforming the gaudy theatrical clothing for the work of the Lord.

In subsequent years Fay and Grace Williamson were instrumental in establishing 18 local churches that affiliated with the Assemblies of God.

Fay and Grace Williamson were instrumental in establishing 18 local churches that affiliated with the Assemblies of God.

This story is excerpted from "After Fifty-four Years: My Healing Still Holds," Grace Williamson's Story, by C. M. Ward, published by Revivaltime, ©1968 by the Assemblies of God. Fay Williamson died in 1950; Grace, in 1970 at the age of 85, after the doctor had declared her case incurable.

Glenn Gohr is a staff member of the A/G Archives.

Webb / from page 20

at Central Assembly and who had been married over 50 years were in attendance. One of the special guests was Lil Sundberg Anderson of Revivaltime fame who sang a solo number.

A statement Webb made upon leaving his position at Evangel College still applies today:

Most preachers my age are hoping and praying that somebody will ask them to do something. They feel like a lifetime has been given to the ministry and now what are they to do? But, that's never been one of my problems. He further adds: "God has been gracious to give me many opportunities for ministry in various areas."

Even though he has accomplished much for the kingdom of God and is well into his 80s, Bert Webb still has a strong desire to be used by God and continues a very productive semi-active retirement.

NOTES
18. Ibid.
1. Can you recommend any books that trace the occurrence of charismatic movements before the emergence of Pentecostalism in this century?

Pentecostals have always been interested in past charismatic movements from the 2nd century Montanists to the 19th-century Irvingites in England. The first full-length book by a Pentecostal on the subject was probably Bernard L. Bresson’s *Studies in Ecstasy* (1969). Bresson served for some years as a professor of history at Evangel College in Springfield, Missouri. Recent publications have depended more heavily on primary sources for their analysis and conclusions. These include Stanley M. Burgess’s *The Spirit & the Church: Antiquity* (1984); *The Holy Spirit: Eastern Christian Traditions* (1989, Hendrickson); and Ronald A. N. Kydd’s *Charismatic Gifts in the Early Church* (1984, Hendrickson). Both Burgess and Kydd are Pentecostals, the former serving at Southwest Missouri State University in Springfield, Missouri, and the latter at Eastern Pentecostal Bible College, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.

2. Did the famed healing evangelist Smith Wigglesworth ever hold credentials with the Assemblies of God?

Despite Stanley H. Frodsham’s remark in his *Smith Wigglesworth: Apostle of Faith* (1948) that Wigglesworth remained “unattached to any religious body” and had “no denominational affiliation” (pp. 78-79; GPH edition [1972]), he did hold credentials with the Assemblies of God (U.S.) from 1924-1929. In the latter year he allowed them to lapse. When he attempted to renew them in 1930, he was informed by J. R. Evans, the general secretary, that the Executive Presbytery had recently decided that where amicable relations existed between the General Council and Pentecostal church bodies overseas, ministers from these churches visiting the U.S. would not qualify for A/G credentials. (Watch for a forthcoming article in *Heritage* on the life of Smith Wigglesworth.)

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**Letter** from page 3

Speaking of food, do you remember the rationing books with their red and blue stamps and the red and blue tokens which were used for change? Since my parents had nine children to feed, we were issued more coupons than say a family of three. I’ll never forget the woman who tried to talk my mother out of some of her meat coupons, reasoning that we had far more than we would need. I’ll let you guess how my mother handled that one.

If you had a car (we didn’t) and were an “average” driver, the government issued an “A” sticker for your windshield and limited you to three gallons of gas per week. (Preachers and other professionals qualified for more.) Since rubber was hard to get and the military was in need of millions of tires and other rubber products, motorists had to get along with bald tires, often inserting a “boot” inside to keep the inner tube from being punctured.

The war hit home in December 1942 when my brother Lawrence was drafted and eventually wound up in the South Pacific. My brother Ellis joined the navy and was at Okinawa during the fierce fighting in 1945. We worried and prayed for their safety, especially after learning that Buddy Star, one of our neighbors, became one of the more than 400,000 Americans who died in the war. And our church prayed for its young men too. No service ever went by that someone didn’t request prayer for the men and women in uniform.

I relate these few memories of the tragic 1940s with the hope and prayer that the world’s present and future generations will not become embroiled in another global war. As in most wars, seldom is anything accomplished except hatred, destruction, pain, death, and sorrow.

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Wong to China. Now no collections are taken up except for Missions. Faith in God is the greatest inspiration, and God, so far, has supplied all needs. Some of the missionaries have refused aid, selling all they had, and paying their own way out, waiting on God to supply the rest. Others have nothing to go with, but the prayers still go up almost daily in the name of Jesus and by the Holy Spirit to send forth more laborers and to equip them for the journey.

That the missions policy was one of entire faith was confirmed by George Slager, who noted that soon after the start of the work in Toronto, baptized believers were called by God and sent to various mission fields. "The work was unorganized in those days, so these went out without financial backing other than God's promises."

George Chambers once made up a list of all those who had gone out from the Hebden Mission in the decade before 1919, when the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada was incorporated. It is an impressive document, given that few of the missionaries named had any financial backing and none of them had any religious organization behind them. The list included: Bro. & Sis. Charles Chawner, Africa; Bro. & Sis. Arthur Atter, China; Bro. & Sis. Hindle & Grace Fordham, Mongolia; Bro. Edgar Scurrarah, S. Africa; Bro. & Sis. George C. Slager, China; Bro. & Sis. Robert Semple, Hong Kong; Bro. & Sis. Herbert Lawler, N. China; Bro. H. L. Randall, Egypt.

In addition, a number of Pentecostals from other communities went to Africa before 1919, two from Kitchener and five from Parry Sound. Charles Chawner was a saintly man who gave up his trade as a painter in Toronto after his call to Africa. Gordon Atter described him as "a great man...his prayers were the simplest things in the world...just like a child addressing a father." Chawner was baptized in the Spirit at the Hebden Mission in February 1907, and given a vision of his future sphere of labor in Zululand. His revealing account of that call and the steps taken to fulfill it were included in a letter sent from South Africa and reprinted in The Promise:

He made it plain that I should leave all and follow Him to Zululand, and having drawn me aside one day He told me it was time to go. He led Bro. Hebden in such a way that he secured the ticket much more reasonable than we expected, and so laid it on the hearts of the friends of the Mission that sufficient money was contributed, most of it in one night, all of it within about one month, to supply me with some needed clothes, pay the passage over the water, and railways right to Weenen, Natal, S.A.

After scouting the unevangelized portions of the country, and finding Zululand to be exactly the place shown him in his vision, Chawner returned to Toronto. Again the Hebdens supported his work by publicizing it in their magazine and announcing that the entire Chawner family would return to Africa within a few weeks. The career of Charles Chawner in South Africa was so remarkable over a 30-year span that Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada historian Gloria Kulbeck called him "the Apostle to the Zulus." His son, Austin, continued his father's work in Africa and these two men laid a basis for modern Pentecostal missions which has continued to the present.

Another of the earliest Canadian missionaries connected with the East End Mission was Arthur Atter, the prosperous Caistor Township farmer who had become pastor of the Abingdon congregation. His name appears several times in The Promise and he played a prominent role in the establishment of Pentecostalism in southwestern Ontario. The Atters left from Toronto for China in 1908 and helped to establish the foundation for a strong national church centered in Shanghai. Ill health forced them to return to Canada and after 1911 they became pastors of a number of Pentecostal congregations.

Besides those names on the list drawn up by George Chambers, there were others at the Hebden Mission who went overseas and they were listed in a late 1909 issue of The Promise. Their names, and places of service, were listed as: James Chapman, South Africa; Edwin and Margaret Hill, China; and Samuel Grier, South Africa. The individuals in the list were said to have gone already, or to be going soon, to the field. Some, it seems, may not have finally gotten to the land of their call, for W. H. Burns is reported the next year to be ministering to the saints at Abingdon. On the other hand, at least two more workers did leave the Hebden Mission for overseas work. A native of Holland, a "Bro. Lak," left in February 1909 for South Africa, and James Hebden himself left about the same time for North Africa. As Mrs. Hebden noted:

Missionaries are still going forth and God still keeps providing for them. It is now two years since our first one went out, and since that time some one has always been on the way to the foreign field.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES


18. The Promise, 1 (May 1907) and 2 (June 1907).


22. George C. Slager, letter to W. E.
26. The Apostolic Faith, 1:6 (February-March 1907), p. 3; also 1:9 (June-September 1907), p. 1; and 1:12 (January 1908), p. 4.
32. The Promise, 15 (March 1910), p. 8; see also Songs of the Reaper: The Story of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Saskatchewan (Saskatoon: PAOC, Saskatchewan District, 1985), pp. 75.
33. Ibid., p. 2.
34. The Promise, 12 (February 1909), pp. 1, 3.
36. Data derived from a summary of early Pentecostal missions, located in PAOC Archives, undated, but probably ca. 1956 and from G. A. Chambers.
38. The Promise, 12 (February 1909), pp. 4-5.
39. Ibid., p. 8; see also The Promise, 15 (March 1910), pp. 2, 6.
42. The Promise, 15 (March 1910), p. 2.
43. Ibid., p. 5.

☐ Remembering/ from page 15 immediately the church filled up with newcomers. Night after night souls were saved. It seemed that people were greatly concerned, not only about the security of our country, but also about their own personal security—physical and spiritual.

Curtis W. Ringness and his wife Ruth continued their evangelistic ministry until June 1942 when they accepted a call to pastor Bethel Temple, Tampa, Florida. He later served in several leadership capacities at the A/G Headquarters, including director of Home Missions. After leaving Springfield, he pastored First Assembly, Santa Monica, California (1973-88).