

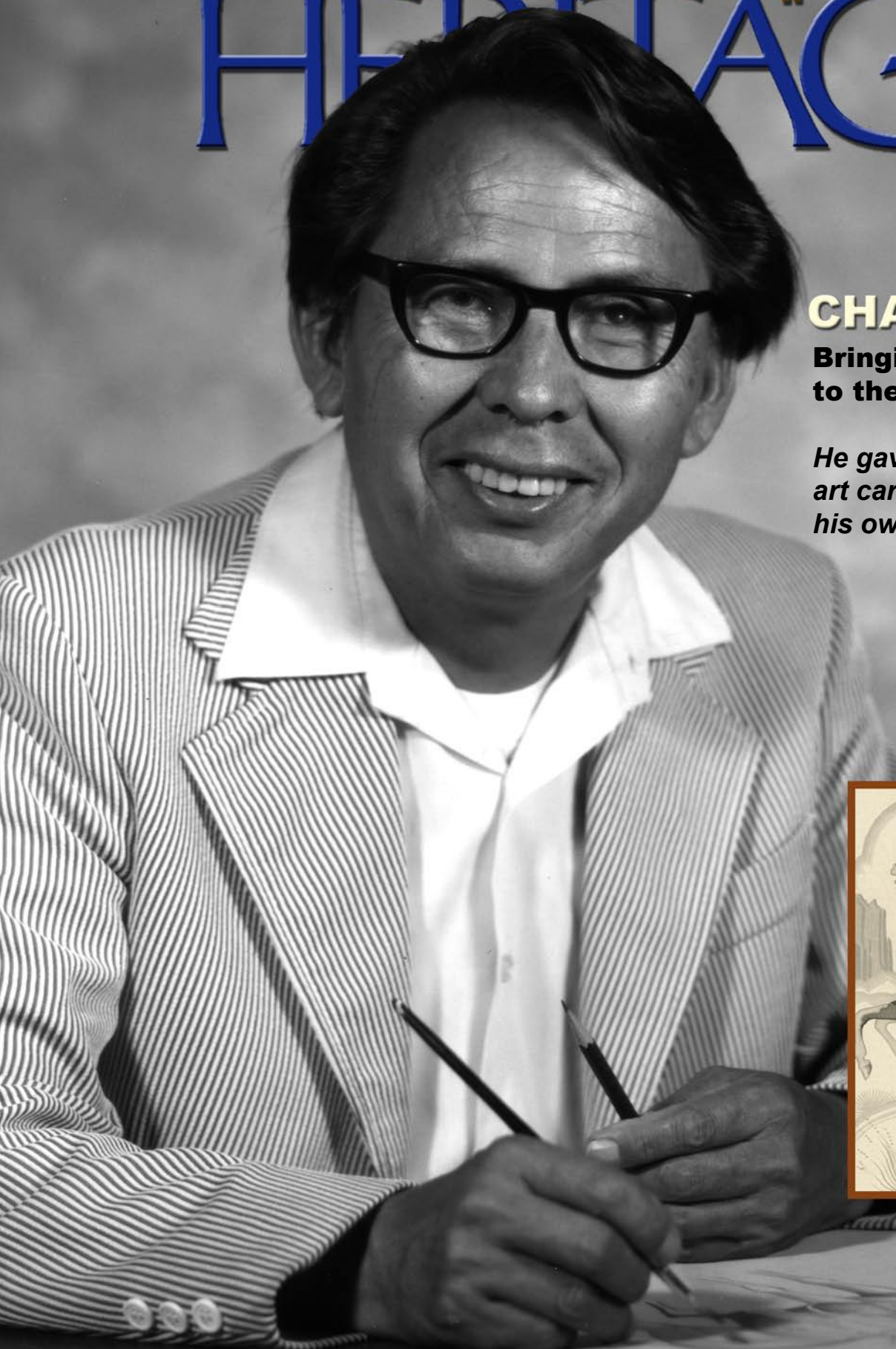
As seen on the History Channel

**The Daring World War II Los Banos Rescue, p. 14**

Vol. 25, No. 1, Spring 2005

Assemblies of God

# HERITAGE



## **CHARLIE LEE**

**Bringing the Gospel  
to the Navajos**

*He gave up a promising  
art career to minister to  
his own people.*







# Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center



## Come Explore Assemblies of God History

The photos on this page highlight the communication displays at the FPHC Museum. From the left, TV programs kiosk; sound bytes from radio programs; radio photos and memorabilia; *Revivaltime* production team; C. M. Ward's early RCA microphone; and below a family listening to *Revivaltime*.



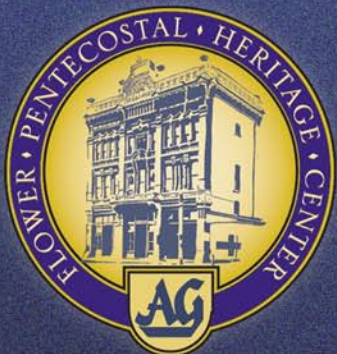
- **Museum Hours:** Open daily, Monday through Friday 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
- **Admission:** No admission fee. Free parking. Handicap accessible.
- **Tours:** Guided tours are available for interested groups.

Please contact us for further information:

**Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center**

1445 N. Boonville Avenue - Springfield, Missouri 65802

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# Assemblies of God HERITAGE

Spring 2005

Vol. 25, No. 1

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## CHARLIE LEE: BRINGING THE GOSPEL TO THE NAVAJOS

Learn about a vital ministry among the Navajos through the eyes of Charlie Lee, who gave up a promising art career to minister to his own people. He became the first appointed national home missionary and started the first indigenous Native American church.



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## THE DRAMATIC WORLD WAR II LIBERATION AT LOS BANOS

This final part of the Philippine rescue takes place at the Los Banos internment camp, about 40 miles south of Manila. Two Assemblies of God missionaries, Rena Baldwin and Blanche Appleby, were among those rescued. By *Wayne Warner*



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The *Assemblies of God Heritage* is a history magazine committed to telling the unique story of the Assemblies of God and the Pentecostal movement. Each issue aims to promote understanding and appreciation with a variety of topics and historic photos, most of which are archived in the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.

Cover: Charlie Lee painting a picture at Shiprock, New Mexico, in 1978.  
Inset: A sample of one of his drawings.

## Reminiscing Oral History Interviews

By Wayne Warner



**John Hunnicutt  
and Wayne Warner,  
Columbia, South  
Carolina, 1991.**

After evangelist T. L. Osborn and I had lunch in Tulsa early in May, we corresponded about collecting and preserving church history. “May God bless your ministry,” he wrote. He continued with kind words about the ministry of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center and the tradition we are maintaining in gathering and protecting historical materials.

“Somebody has always exercised this vital form of ministry down through the centuries, and that is what has preserved for us the precious treasures of God’s leadings, and of His revelations given to His people of past

generations.”

And he added something we should look forward to: “When you finally get to go to heaven, you and Luke can talk things over.”

Now as I prepare to close 25 years of ministry in the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center in September, I often wonder how the years have gone so fast. And I leave with mixed emotions. I will enjoy changing gears and entering a new chapter of life, but I will miss the opportunities of heading a team that deals daily with history. It has been a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

But the program is hardly one person. Through the years it seems just the right people have come along to lend their talents and experiences to make the center tick. That includes discovering and gathering materials and artifacts before they are destroyed, cataloging, microfilming (in an earlier time), scanning with new technology, building and maintaining the visitors center, taking care of the everyday activities and duties of the center, publishing *Heritage*, and assisting researchers—in person, by phone, by mail, e-mail, and web site. Each person is important to the success of the center.

Not the least important is the Board of Administration, the executive officers who have given the green light for the center to expand its operation.

One of the areas we have focused on is the oral history program—sitting down with veterans of the faith to record their stories and opinions. Many of their stories would be lost forever had it not been for the tape recorder. In the Fall 2003 issue of *Heritage* I featured my interviews with two of our pioneers, A. A. Wilson and Hattie Hammond. Both of them started to preach in the so-called roaring 1920s.

But beyond these two I can look back with appreciation for several hundred believers from coast to coast who gave me the time to record their stories—recordings that are now stored in the FPHC and available on tape, CDs, and sound clips on the web site [agheritage.org].

Two years before I transferred from Gospel Publishing House book editing to the Archives, I was impressed with the potential of the tape recorder in gathering history from our pioneers. Oral history, it is called. One of my first interviewees the next year in 1979 was former general superintendent E. S. Williams, then 94 years old. What a thrill to sit with this Azusa Street Revival veteran at Maranatha Village in Springfield and push the record button.

A year later I received my “second blessing” when William Menzies invited me to accompany him and his Assemblies of God Theological Seminary class to Maranatha where Dr. Menzies interviewed Brother Williams on my tape recorder. How well I remember Dr. Menzies asking this old veteran to pray for the students at the close of the session. May we never forget that hour and that prayer!

And the recording will be available in some form long after all of us are gone.

Most of our collected interviews were conducted in conference rooms, my office, or the interviewee’s home

or apartment, but many of them were in any place we could find—some of which bears describing.

Having a quiet place is important, and we were always trying to secure an empty room at district and general councils. Most nursing homes are not designed for oral history interviews, but we made do in such places as Malvern, Arkansas; Springfield, Missouri; Junction City, Oregon; Perry, Iowa; and other cities.

Have you ever had dinner on the grounds?

I remember one in Malvern in 1983. There I spoke at a morning service at First Assembly, followed by the dinner, and then interviewed some of the old-timers who had been around central Arkansas when the Assemblies of God started. They are all gone now, but we have these folks on tape: Richard E. Bowdle, Evalee Bowdle, Bessie Baker, Arleen Burks, Sadie Griffin, Cassie Grissom, C. V. Kemp, Emma Newton, and Eloise Null.

Sometimes you have to set up a makeshift studio in a hotel room while attending district councils, like we did with former district official Benson Compton in Des Moines, Iowa; with song writer and inner city youth worker Marvin Frey in Hagerstown, Maryland; with former Kentucky superintendent James Ellis in Lexington; with former Southern California superintendent L. E. Halvorson and his wife Beryle; and with former district official George Mandel and his wife Marguerite in Springfield, Illinois.

And while in Kentucky, I drove 50 miles or so east of Lexington to interview Kentucky mountain ministry pioneer Marion Mangold. As I left his house and drove down the mountain, I had a feeling it was my one and only visit with this honored pioneer who went to the mountain ministry during the Great Depression with hardly enough money for gas. Despite the hard times in places where he couldn’t use a car, had no electricity nor running

water, he stayed the rest of his life.

It takes more than toughness and courage. It takes a dedication to the eternal God.

Driving through West Virginia from Maryland in 1993, I stopped to meet layman Elmer Shaw who was building a house. On a porch of a house next door, we plugged in my tape recorder to an outside outlet and talked about what it was like to be a conscientious objector during World War II and of the founding of First Assembly in Charleston. Since that time on the porch, Shaw has published biographical booklets of leaders in the Appalachian District, and we have kept in touch.

Often the interviews became emotional times for both of us—the interviewee as tears came while recalling the good and hard times, and for me because many times I was pretty sure I’d never see this person again—as in the case of Marion Mangold in 1992 and a very ill John Hunnicutt in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1991. And I think of Everett Kelly telling me of his son who was a high school athlete but went away to Vietnam where he lost his life.

These are difficult things to talk about.



**Ibbie (Mrs. J. O.) Savell, Baytown, Texas, 1991.**





**Willie Millsaps, left, and David Lee Floyd, 1981. Both attended the organizational meeting in 1914.**

Several interviews were over the telephone, like with William McCann, who recounted his very successful ministry with servicemen in First Assembly, Abilene, Texas, during World War II. Some of those young men did not return from overseas battles, but McCann had the joy of ministering to them before they left.

Dining room and kitchen tables became our “studio” many times, like the 2 hours I spent with retired missionaries to India, Alfred and Elizabeth Cawston, in San Jose, California. And just last fall in Eugene, Oregon, with Marguerite Newby Dorsey who told me of the Newby family’s conversion when the Pentecostal message came to Montana. And on that same Oregon trip Alice Carlson Smith told of her missionary call and of her husband being murdered in Colombia, South America.

Some interviews were on the spur of the moment, but many of these turned out better than expected. Other interviews came at great cost as the interviewees revealed to me their disappointments and shattering experiences, like the woman in Washington who told of waking up one morning when she was in high school to see her father’s name splattered on the front page of Seattle newspapers. He was not being

honored but was in dishonor, charged with immoral conduct with girls in his congregation.

Many of my interviewees “dropped names” or told of their accomplishments, but I loved it because it helped make connections, like Paul and Madge Franklin who told me that they were the first couple to be married in Aimee Semple McPherson’s famous Angelus Temple.

Evangelist Gayle Jackson told me in his Sikeston, Missouri, home about having his huge tent meetings featured in *Look* magazine back in the 1950s (we have a copy of that issue in the collections). After our interview, we went to a restaurant where he insisted I eat a 16 oz. steak, but—much to his disappointment—I opted for the 8 oz. size.

Sign maker J. B. McMath, in the closing years of his life, sat in his Dallas home and told of the early Pentecostal meetings in Dallas with F. F. Bosworth and other legendary pioneers. As a designer of neon signs, he told the story of God’s help in designing and installing the 40’ Mobil Flying Horse on the tallest building in Dallas at the time. The experts in 1934 told him that the sign would never withstand the elements, but the sign is still there and

has outlasted tornadoes, windstorms, experts and even McMath.

W. Grady Mizelle gave me a church history lesson in the Hurley, Mississippi, area, telling me of his father’s early ministry and giving me a tour of an old Methodist campground. And the seafood dinner along the Pascagoula waterfront with the Mizelles was a delightful experience.

She wasn’t well at the time and was in her 90s, but Faith Montgomery Berry courageously told of her father and mother, George and Carrie Judd Montgomery, and their international ministry at Home of Peace in Oakland, California. The founders are long gone, but the ministry continues.

Others interviewees had connections with pioneers such as two of the best-known women evangelists in American church history, Aimee Semple McPherson and Maria Woodworth-Etter. Others counted the founder of the Women’s Missionary Council (now Women’s Ministries), Etta Calhoun as a friend. Several, like “Mother” Alice Reynolds Flower knew all of the general superintendents. Other interviewees talked of evangelists, the likes of A. H. and Watson Argue, David McDowell, Raymond T. Richey, William Branham, Fred F. Bosworth, the Bostrom brothers, and many others. The exploits of missionaries is another favorite topic, legendary missionaries like Mark Buntain, Lillian Trasher, J. W. Tucker, W. W. Simpson, Victor Plymire, and Florence Steidel.

Missionaries who were actually interviewed in our oral history program are numerous, and here’s only a few: Hugh and Betty Baker, Far East; Sydney Bryant, India; George Flattery, Sr., Africa; Hal and Mildred Herman, missionary evangelists; Eric Johnson, Africa; Paul W. Kitch, Africa; Harold and Beatrice Kohl, Asia; Ruth Melching, China; Everett Phillips, Africa; and many others.

Prisoners of the Japanese military during World War II (see Winter 2004-05 and this issue) on our interview list include Elizabeth Galley Wilson

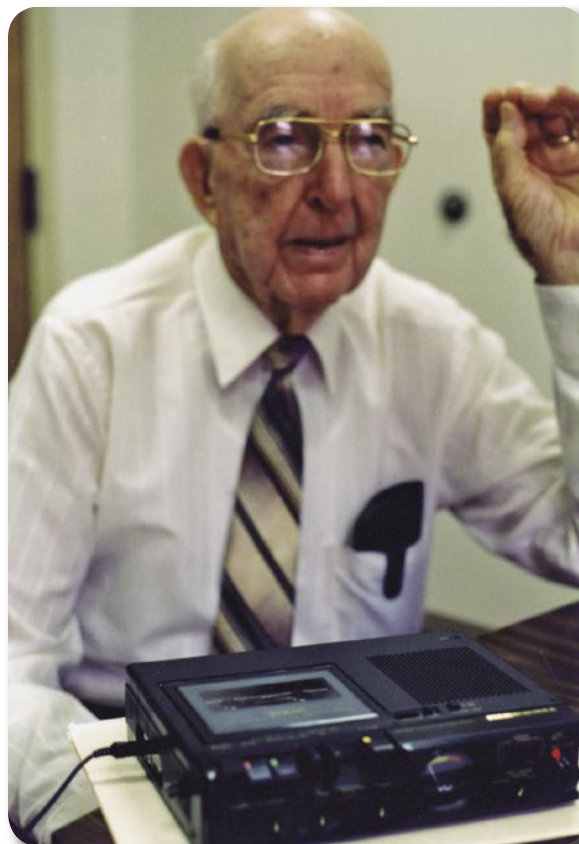
and Gladys Knowles Finkenbinder in the Philippines and Lula Bell Hough in Hong Kong. These dear single women knew the dangers of going to Asia in the late 1930s, but they went anyway. Their stories are filled with pain and suffering, and I remember each of them in the 1980s: Wilson in her Waxahachie home, Finkenbinder in my office, and Hough at an Ohio District Council in Cincinnati.

Two interviews were almost cut short when migraines hit. Those were with Lillian Riggs (Mrs. Ralph) in her Scotts Valley, California, home, and Eugene Hastie in a nursing home in Perry, Iowa. With God's help we got through those two, learning of the Riggs's missionary ministry in Africa and his ministry as general superintendent in the 1950s. And we learned of Hastie's early ministry in Iowa and about his valuable book, *History of the West Central District*.

I'll never forget a memorable Texas trip from Baytown to San Antonio when I had the privilege of interviewing Ibbie Savell, Josie Mae Netzel, Glen Adams, and James McKeehan. Mrs. Savell and Mrs. Netzel were widows of early leaders that Texas sent to national leadership positions: J. O. Savell and Martin B. Netzel. Both had great stories of their ministries. Glen Adams was not well enough to attend the South Texas council meeting in San Antonio, so I stopped at his house en route from Houston to the council. At the council I met retired Houston pastor James McKeehan. We could not find a vacant room in the complex, so we set up shop in the corner of the big lobby. It was OK until Superintendent Howard Burroughs gave the delegates a break. If you listen to that tape, you can't miss the crowd noise as they poured into our "studio" for refreshments and fellowship.

Speaking of competing with external noises, I remember driving to

Ozark, Missouri, to interview Vercel Ledbetter. He was a retired pastor but also had a hobby of collecting and repairing antique clocks. As we walked through his house, grandfather clocks chimed all over the place. We finally went to his study. And after he turned off two clocks, we sat down and recorded a portion of his history. That interview also included lunch with this



**W. Grady Mizelle, Hurley, Mississippi, 1993.**

wonderful couple. And anyone who sat at Mrs. Ledbetter's table remembered her great fruit bowls. I can taste it now!

Back in Springfield, Hazel Bakewell told of the time in 1907 her aunt Rachel Sizelove came from the Azusa Street Revival to Springfield to tell her family of the Pentecostal outpouring. Sizelove's visit resulted in the beginning of the Pentecostal movement in Springfield, and a small church was established that became Central Assembly. In that same recording session, Hazel's husband Lawrence, a retired Gospel Publishing

House printer, told of teaching a Central Assembly class of boys and sharing his radio knowledge with young students, including teenagers Paul Crouch and John Ashcroft.

Often in interviews I would begin talking with people and discover we had mutual friends. That happened when Alfred Colletti and I sat down in his retirement home a couple of blocks from my office. We discovered that we had mutual friends in New York City. Colletti was converted under the ministry of Robert and Marie Brown and then entered the ministry himself.

Some, like Willie Millsaps and David Lee Floyd, were at the organizational meeting of the Assemblies of God in Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1914. Floyd was in charge of housing, and 18-year-old Millsaps would never forget sleeping on the opera house stage with other young men and surviving on Cracker Jacks®, bananas, and prayer. The two had not seen each other for about 65 years, and it was our joy to bring these two veterans to the Headquarters cafeteria for lunch and reminiscing. Both were an interviewer's delight because their memories were still sharp as they approached their 90s.

I came along too late for most Azusa Street Revival participants, but I did visit with retired minister Adam Edwards in Oregon who grew up under the ministry of Los Angeles pastor Arthur Osterberg and William Seymour at Azusa. And then, of course, there was E. S. Williams who told me about returning to his Los Angeles home from Denver after his mother told him of the revival. While sitting in the Maranatha Village lodge, he told how the Lord baptized him in the Holy Spirit and thrust him into the ministry—first to San Francisco and Portland and eventually to the east coast and Springfield, Missouri.



Friends at coffee break often kidded me about sending people to their heavenly reward after I interviewed them. I argued that my interviewees were more often in their 80s and 90s when I interviewed them and—with the therapy I offered—I was actually giving

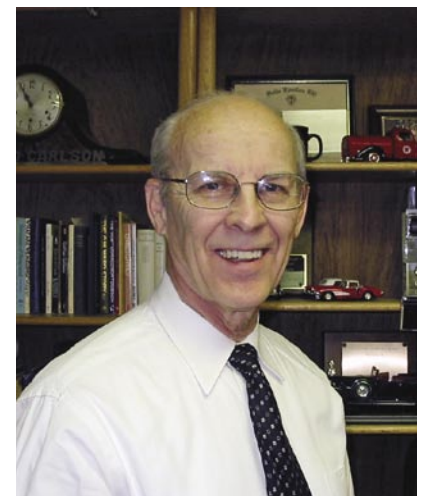
them an extension on their lives. I never killed anyone that I know about, but I probably came closest when a retired pastor, heart patient Cecil Liddle, kept his appointment by walking up to our 5<sup>th</sup> floor office when he saw that the elevator was out of service.

How long does it take to record history? It depends on how talkative the interviewee is and the skills of the interviewer. While visiting Springfield, James Menzie came to my office with his brother William back in 1981 and assured me that his story could be told in 30 minutes. After I got him started about his pioneering days in the upper Midwest and a pastorate in Gary, Indiana, we went for 90 minutes and came up chronologically only to the early 1920s. Unfortunately I never saw him again to finish the story. His, like so many other stories will have to be finished in heaven.

Do I have any regrets? Yes, regrets that I didn't start sooner, like at the time I moved to Springfield in 1968 when many other pioneers were still around, such as Watson Argue, Marie Brown, Howard Bush, J. Roswell Flower, Stanley Frodsham, Gayle Lewis, Gordon Lindsay, M. B. Netzel, Thomas and Lyda Paino, Noel Perkin, Ralph Riggs, J. O. Savell, Fred Vogler, Joseph Wannenmacher, and many others.

Their stories, like so many others, are scheduled for later.

**Oral history interviews can be ordered on cassette tapes or CDs by going to the web site [www.agheritage.org](http://www.agheritage.org) or calling toll free 877-840-5200.**



**Wayne Warner is director of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center and editor of *Heritage* magazine.**

## **A 9-week Revival in Central Texas**

Many of the stories narrated in the oral history recordings are legendary and inspiring. I captured one of my favorites while attending the 1988 Arizona District Council in Phoenix.

After making an appointment to interview retired district superintendent James "Cactus Jim" Gressett, I met him at his home with tape recorder in hand.

One of the many stories Gressett told was about his early evangelizing in his native Texas. He admits that he was not educated for the ministry and that his farm background had left him unprepared to preach.

But he said that God had called him to conduct revival meetings in the early 1920s. He wanted to preach, he said, but he did not want to return to his home area, Comanche County, because his relatives who lived there thought he had gone crazy with religion. Thinking that God would understand, Gressett held meetings elsewhere.

Like Jonah, he would not get off that easy.

"God said 'Go to Comanche County,'" Gressett said. He finally obeyed and returned to his home area and set up an old-fashioned brush arbor.

After preaching hard for 3 weeks and with no converts, the young novice Gressett was ready to close the meeting on a Sunday night. To make matters worse, a gang was preparing to throw eggs and tomatoes into the service. Then during the service a woman stood in the back with hands raised and began to sing, "I'm bound for the promised land!"

"She looked like an angel," Gressett told me.



**James Gressett, interviewed at Phoenix, Arizona in 1988, told of an early 1920s Texas revival.**

And maybe she sounded like one too, for soon 22 people streamed to the altar for salvation and 11 were baptized in the Holy Spirit.

Instead of closing the revival, Gressett kept the meetings going night after night for another 9 weeks—a total of almost 3 months. "We baptized over a hundred people," he said, "and we started a church." Many of those baptized were Gressett relatives, including a 320-pound aunt. Two of the new converts later became well-known Texas preachers, Troy Frazier and Carl Stewart.

Gressett never forgot how close he came that Sunday night to closing the meeting, picking up his belongings, and moving on. He credited the Holy Spirit with bringing him back to the area and orchestrating the spiritual breakthrough. One of the thrills of his lifetime was to return to the Comanche County church for its golden anniversary.

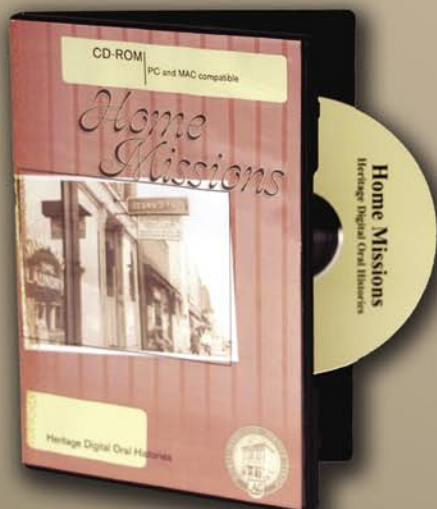


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# Charlie Lee

## Bringing the Gospel to the Navajos

Charlie Lee began his ministry on the Navajo reservation visiting families hogan to hogan.



# D

uring the Great Depression life was not easy. It was even more bleak for the Navajos of Arizona and New Mexico who eked out a meager existence in the dry, desert lands at the foot of the Shiprock landmark. Charles Lee was born April 14, 1924 in Red Valley, Arizona, the son of Dan and Ahezbah Lee.<sup>1</sup> All of his formative years were spent on the Navajo Reservation that spans the northeast part of Arizona and the northwest part of New Mexico. He was five years old when the U.S. economy plummeted, but this had little effect on the Navajos, as they were already living at poverty level.

Despite hardships and difficulties in his life, Charlie Lee chose to be optimistic and look for the beauties in God's creation. Although his family adhered to the traditional Native American ways and did not worship the God of the Bible, Charlie Lee took

notice of the world around him and accepted Christ as his Savior. This decision, along with his natural talents, helped him to leave a wonderful legacy to his family and the world.

From his childhood on the Navajo Reservation, Charlie Lee had an artist's heart. He was always observing the world around him, searching for new ideas, and expressing himself through drawings and paintings. Some of his earliest memories were of herding sheep in the Lukachukai Mountains surrounded by vast desert expanses. There, in the shadow of the Shiprock landmark, he came to appreciate the beauty of nature, of animals, and of the Navajo's simple way of life. Recording what he saw and felt, Charlie would scrape drawings on sandstone formations near his flocks or trace figures in the sand around his family's hogan. Other times he would use charcoal from the fire to make sketches

on brown paper bags, saved from his father's visits to the trading post.<sup>2</sup>

God used this talent as the backdrop for a mighty evangelistic work among the Navajos which is still continuing today. Even though Charlie Lee later became an outstanding artist, his greatest masterpieces aren't on canvas. They are in the lives of Navajo Indians where he planted the gospel of God's love and power in a personal way. He went on to become the first officially appointed national home missionary for the Assemblies of God and started the first indigenous Native American church.

### Charlie Lee As Artist

For the Navajo in the 1930s, getting an education meant spending 9 months a year in the white man's school and 3 months with his own family. At seven years of age, Charlie left his little desert home to attend a



Christian boarding school where he learned to speak and read the “white man’s language.” During this time he continued to cultivate his artistic talents and enjoyed painting. In later years, Charlie said, “I like to paint. It’s a part of me. If I go without painting for a number of days or weeks, I begin to feel restless. And I sit down and paint, paint, paint till I get it out of my system.”<sup>3</sup> During his boarding school years he also was introduced to the Christian faith and a whole new world of learning. When he would return home in the summers he began to question some of the Navajo ways and did not partake of the medicine man’s worship. Yet his conversion did not come until many years later.

Each year his budding genius as an artist found new avenues of expression. He showed such skill at painting and silversmithing in high school that his instructor encouraged him to attend the Santa Fe Indian School as a special art student.

His first painting there was a familiar subject, one he’d seen many times on the reservation—an Indian boy straddling a palomino horse. The day after he painted it, the picture was bought by an art student visiting from the University of New Mexico. The principal of the art school bought his second painting. After that it seemed every painting was sold almost as soon as he completed it.<sup>4</sup>

After graduation, Lee supported himself by painting. He sold his work to art dealers in the capital city of Santa Fe and elsewhere. In the fall of 1946 he had his first art exhibit at the New Mexico State Fair. His showing included four paintings, and when the judging was completed, he received four of the nine prizes awarded. He took first and third place in animal figures, as well as first and third place in the home life category.<sup>5</sup>

He went on to exhibit at the Indian Ceremonial in Gallup, New Mexico; the State Art Museum in Santa Fe; and the Philbrook Art Museum of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Other showings included

Heard’s Museum, Phoenix, Arizona; and DeYoung Art Memorial, San Francisco, California. He also had a one-man presentation in Santa Fe and did several traveling exhibits in the United States and abroad. For most of his exhibits he received recognition and cash awards.<sup>6</sup>

In a feature article on his sketches and paintings, *Arizona Highways* magazine reported: “Charlie Lee is one of the two youngest painters to attain prominence with his painting today ... If he can spend more time on his painting it is safe to say he will be one of the outstanding Navajo painters of future years.”<sup>7</sup> With all this publicity, the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. decided to purchase one of his paintings for its Navajo art collection.

### Searching For Answers

As he completed high school, the future looked promising for the young Indian artist. He could see wealth and security far beyond the reach of most of his people. But though he loved to paint and enjoyed the publicity, Charlie was not satisfied. He sensed more in human existence than a subject for the artist’s brush, and he searched for answers—for himself and for his people.

During his childhood outdoors, he often observed the ways of nature and reflected on the beauties of nature. He noted the season and weather changes, and to young Charlie, the billowing clouds, the driving rains, and the drifting snow all spoke of the Creator.

Prayer and worship were a natural part of Indian life. Charlie’s grandparents believed in a higher power. In fact, they believed in many gods. Mountains spoke to them of power and became objects of their worship. Lightning and thunder were viewed as manifestations of the gods. But nothing in the Navajo religion brought Charlie satisfaction, and the daily routine of Christianity he embraced at boarding school only caused him to be more confused than ever.



**Charlie and Coralie Lee with two of their children, Eric and Rebecca, in 1958.**

One particular incident launched his search for knowledge. “I stood among the circular mounds and scattered cedar logs, a small Indian boy, and looked across a small canyon. I shouted into the vast emptiness and heard the echo shouting back. Wonderingly I cried, ‘Who is talking to me. Who dares to mock Yel Ha Yah?’” (“Yel Ha Yah” is Charlie’s Navajo name, meaning “He who goes off in anger,” as a warrior departing for battle.)<sup>8</sup>

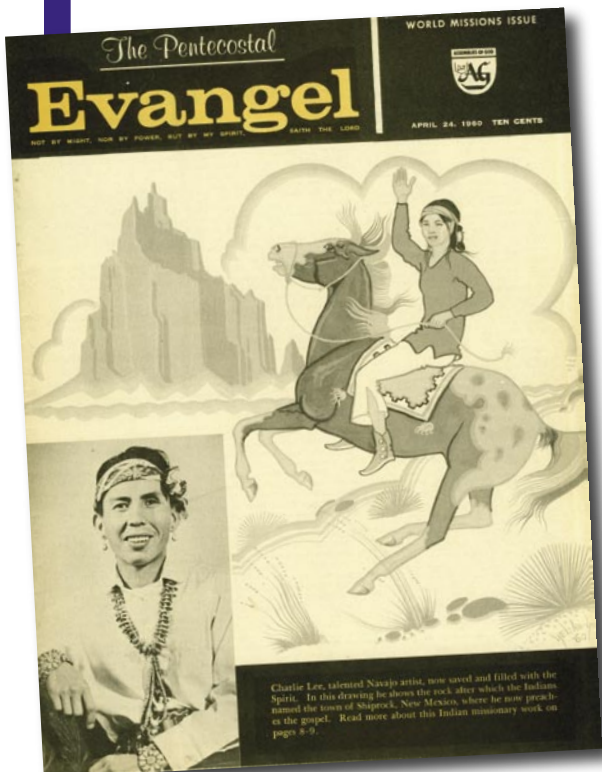
This began his search, not for knowledge alone, but for an understanding of God and life itself. “I wondered what it meant, what was its purpose, and what happened after death.”

There was a war going on within his soul, but this man was so special that God came searching for him. He spoke to him through nature at the Shiprock reservation and then later through an Apache friend. The war ended later when he yielded his heart and life to Christ and signed a “peace treaty” to serve God with all of his being.

### A Step of Faith

During his high school years he became aware of the seriousness of life. He was faced with opportunities for prosperity and a life of ease through

his artwork. Yet at the same time he realized something else. “I became increasingly aware of the physical and spiritual conditions among my own people, the Navajos. I learned that my people were living far below the white man’s standard of living. They were acquainted with poverty, sickness of every kind, and worst of all, a low moral standard.”



**Charlie Lee and his artwork were featured on the front cover of the April 24, 1960 issue of the *Pentecostal Evangel*.**

“In the days of old, the people listened to the medicine man. They respected what he taught concerning spiritual things and upheld the moral standard, but now he was no longer a leader. The old folks were no longer respected because they were thought to be old-fashioned and not up-to-date on what the white man taught. What the white man taught was not always within the confines of the school or mission station, but in the towns on the outskirts of the Navajo reservations. Many white men merely took advantage of the Indians’ ignorance, leading them into every type of sin and degradation.”<sup>9</sup>

Charlie felt a strong burden for his

people, and he longed for a way to help them.

During the summer after graduating from high school, an Apache school friend invited Charlie to visit his home on the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona.

As they traveled to Arizona, his friend said, “Charlie, my people, my relatives, are not like the people that you see. They are a little more enthusiastic about their religion than the ordinary walk of people.” He went on to warn Charlie, “When you go there you’re going to find that church is almost the whole of their lives. So, if they act a little unconventional, you’ll know why.”<sup>10</sup>

Everything his friend said was true. His relatives were *different*. But instead of being scared or uncomfortable, the Navajo visitor was greatly impressed and deeply moved. Charlie reported his reaction: “This was my first contact with the Assemblies of God and, of course, with the Pentecostal movement. And it was there that I saw the reality of Christianity. I was brought up in churches that were formal, so I accepted Christianity in a more nominal church and believed during those early years that I was a Christian because my name was registered in that church, a denomination.”

He saw a different kind of faith among these people. They were enthusiastic and sincere. He says, “I went to the missions, and I believe in the teaching, and I appreciated the teaching and high moral standards that it taught. But when I came into contact with these people, it was a different thing altogether. *They lived it from day to day!* They prayed every day. There wasn’t any time of the day when someone wasn’t talking about Jesus.”<sup>11</sup>

Charlie liked what he saw and heard. Before this time, he had practiced Christianity as he knew it, but he did not have a personal experience with Jesus Christ. He had learned

his catechism, been confirmed, and he always thought, *I went through the process, so I’m a Christian*. It was like being a member of a club.

Now his old ways were being challenged. He recognized that he was a sinner, and he needed to repent of his sin, be converted, and born again. He decided that he must take a step of faith, and he prayed, “From this day on I’ll not sin against God. From this point on, I’m going to accept Christ as my personal Savior.” He made this commitment on New Year’s Day, 1948, and this decision brought a new purpose for his life.

Although he never lost his love for painting, Charlie’s new mission in life was to preach the gospel. “I knew I was a sinner. But to me this salvation ... was more than a thing just for me. I began to reason this way: I want to help my people; lift them out of their ignorance and darkness. The best thing I can offer them is the story of Jesus because it is of eternal value ... I was more concerned with their needs than my own. I felt that I had been chosen as an instrument through which God could reveal His salvation to them.”<sup>12</sup> “I continued my artwork,” he says, “but my whole life turned in that direction—of wanting to share the good news with my people.”

As Charlie’s desire to reach the Navajos with the gospel grew, he realized his need of God’s enablement and power if he was actually to win them to Christ. And, as he worshiped with the Pentecostal believers, he realized God had provided just what he needed with the baptism in the Holy Spirit. “I sought until I received this glorious infilling. Then I desired to learn more of the Word of God.” Soon he began making plans to go to Bible school and to enter the ministry.

### Bringing the Gospel to the Navajos

Charlie enrolled at Central Bible Institute (now Central Bible College) in Springfield, Missouri, in the fall of 1948.<sup>13</sup> For three years he studied



the Bible and other courses related to Christian ministry. After graduation in 1951, he was licensed to preach and began visiting Indian churches across the country to learn firsthand what was being done to reach Native Americans with the gospel. He traveled extensively in the West and Midwest part of the United States and then into Canada to observe what missionaries were doing and to learn what they were projecting for future development in missions. After this, with approval of the Assemblies of God as a home missionary, he began visiting churches to raise support for a new effort to win the Navajos to Christ. In March 1952 Charlie Lee became the first officially appointed national home missionary for the newly-organized Home Missions Department.<sup>14</sup> From 1952 to 1973 he was an appointed home missionary.

Although Charlie Lee had tasted the fruits of fame and fortune through his artwork, and even though he had traveled to many places in the U.S., the longing of his heart was to work among his people, the Navajos. And so, for the rest of his life, Charlie Lee lived out the dream of living “where the deer and the antelope roam” as well as among sheep and goats amid the quiet beauty of the New Mexico desert. And Charlie, with

his positive outlook on life, could make the rest of that song happen: “Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.” Just as Christ brought meaning to his life, he was glad to share the gospel’s message of hope and love to all who would listen.

In 1953, he returned to New Mexico to begin a mission work. During his travels through the Midwest, Charlie became interested in Coralie Christensen of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and they were married before he began his ministry on the reservation. The two had met in Bible school where they were members of the same class, but their romance did not develop until later. Coralie had trained for the ministry, feeling God’s call to be a missionary, and she joined Charlie in a dedication to reaching Native Americans with the gospel.

Charlie was quick to point out that the objective of their ministry was always to establish a work that would be Indian and yet not a mission. He founded Mesa View Assembly of God, which under his leadership soon became fully self-supporting and self-governing, with more than 200 members.<sup>15</sup>

He objected to the common concept

of Native American missions because often these works would give the Indian a handout without actually ministering to real needs. Even the Navajos recognized that the new church the Lees were starting was a different kind of mission.

At first some came around, Charlie reported, expecting old clothing and free food. Their question seemed to be, “When are you going to put on the big feed?” But when they realized the Lees were not offering charity, but a change from their unhappy ways, the free meal seekers dropped off, and the Indians with real spiritual hunger and need began coming in their place.<sup>16</sup> Instead of giving people free handouts, he promoted a changed lifestyle—a new life in Jesus Christ.

Today, more than 50 years later, the church is strong and the work is prospering, but it wasn’t always so. When the Lees returned to the reservation in 1953, there were no Pentecostal believers and the nearest Assemblies of God church, an Anglo congregation, was 30 miles away in Farmington. The new work faced difficulty from the outset.

For Charlie and his new bride, finding a suitable house at Shiprock proved to be a problem. None were for rent, and they could not afford to build. For a time, they were forced to live with friends in Cortez, Colorado, which was 70 miles away. Driving over regularly, they visited the Navajos in their hogans on the far reaches of the reservations and held services for those who were interested. When they permanently settled in Shiprock, they initially camped with the people, using their station wagon for living quarters.

But the going was slow. The Navajos, bound by superstition, alcohol, and other problems were slow to respond. The missionary couple labored 18 months before claiming their first convert. Initially, Charlie’s own family did not welcome his ministry. Only his brother Harry received his testimony and accepted Christ as Savior.<sup>17</sup>

During this time they were doing



Church services were held outside and in Charlie Lee’s two-room house.

their best to get a permit to build a church and parsonage on the reservation. Finally, after three appearances before the Tribal Council, he won approval to build a house. After all, he was a Navajo, and this gave him the legal right to build a home on the reservation anywhere land was available. But the approval did not include permission to build a church. There were already enough churches in the Shiprock area, the Council reasoned.

Charlie built his house, a 14- by 28-foot, two-room frame structure, on the site he had chosen for the church. The two-acre tract was far from promising—just a dusty plot of tumbleweeds and ant hills. But the Lees built their house, and in faith they trusted God for a church to reach the Navajo people in the area.<sup>18</sup>

Twice more their application for a church building permit was rejected on the grounds that there were already enough churches in the Shiprock area, but the Lees prayed steadfastly. They asked God to change the minds of the officials involved. Their answer came when one member of the Tribal Council reminded the others that they had often encouraged Navajo young people to become educated and return to help their people.

“Now,” he said, “this young man has returned and wants to start a church, and we are fighting him. He is entitled to have a piece of land, but he has been considerate enough of our authority to channel his request through our Tribal Council. I think we ought to let him have his request.”<sup>19</sup>

His statement reversed the thinking of the entire body, and the vote was unanimous. Permission to build was granted.

The Lees moved into their new home and started their Sunday school there. “From 1953 to 1957 that was our home, church, and whatever else we needed to use it for,” Charlie remembered. When the weather was favorable, Sunday school was conducted outdoors, but in the winter the congregation moved inside. Mrs. Lee had church and

Sunday school in the bedroom for the children while Charlie ministered in the living room and kitchen to adults. By the time their building permit was granted and construction began on their church building, 45 people were regularly crowding into the Lee home each week for worship.<sup>20</sup>

Work began on the building in 1955 and took two years to finish. The congregation was full of enthusiasm when they moved into the new 30- by 60-foot building in February 1957. They purchased a piano, songbooks, and pews and began inviting their Navajo relatives and friends. By the end of the year, attendance had doubled to 90 and a steady, almost explosive growth began. By 1960 the Sunday school climbed to about 200. Just 4 years after the first building was completed, the attendance grew to 300, which demanded still another building project.

In 1961, the congregation erected a 40- by 80-foot church. The original structure was converted into Sunday school facilities.<sup>21</sup> Other building programs have taken place in the years which followed. The church has been active in helping the Navajo community. The men’s group developed an effective jail ministry. Charlie Lee also held classes at two boarding schools to bring the message of the full gospel to the children there.

### The Ministry Continues

Through the years, Charlie noted many changes on the reservation. In the 1930s, the huge reservation was undeveloped, roads were poor, and most of the schools were boarding school on the outskirts of the reservation or in nearby towns. Industries and highway construction have allowed Navajos to become better wage earners, but high unemployment was still evident on the reservation. Some of the change has been good, but some has been bad. The traditional Navajo lifestyle emphasized ethics and morality, but problems such as poverty and alcohol and drug abuse has brought a need for continued

evangelism and Christian teaching. Although the Navajo’s standard of living has raised considerably, it is still far below the national average.

But whatever problems the Navajos and other Indian tribes may face, Charlie Lee was always convinced that Jesus Christ is the answer. In addition to reaching out to the lost in his community, he served for 10 years on the Central Consolidated School Board, and was held in high esteem by the tribal leaders.

Not only was Charlie Lee the first officially appointed national home missionary for the Assemblies of God and founder of the first indigenous Native American church, but he served on various home missions committees related to Native American Indian Ministries during the 1970s and 1980s. He also was asked to serve as a teller at the 1977 General Council.<sup>22</sup> Lee had such a powerful testimony, that he was one of a select few chosen to be interviewed by David Mainse on a television program called *Turning Point* that was aired by the Assemblies of God on several local stations during 1976.<sup>23</sup>

Charlie Lee pastored Mesa View Assembly of God for 36 years, before handing over the reins to his son Eric Lee in June 1989. After more than 50 years, the message of hope continues through the ministry of this thriving church which today is called Four Corners Community Church.

Charlie was a board member of American Indian Bible College in Phoenix, Arizona, and after retiring as pastor, he taught at the school for five years. Then he served as a chaplain at San Juan Regional Medical Center in Farmington, New Mexico.<sup>24</sup> Charlie Lee continued to minister among the Navajos in the Shiprock area until his death on May 10, 2003.

In addition to the hundreds of Navajos and others that Charlie Lee ministered to in his lifetime, he also influenced his family members. Besides his son, Eric, other family members in the ministry include a nephew, William



D. Lee, who served as Native American representative for the Assemblies of God before becoming the first president of the Native American Fellowship of the A/G. He now serves as a pastor in Bloomfield, New Mexico.<sup>25</sup>

A nephew, Floyd Lee, pastored in Arizona for a number of years. He currently is on staff at Four Corners Community Church, working with his cousin, Eric. Lloyd Lee, pastor of



**Charlie Lee, chosen 1980 Alumnus of the Year, receives a plaque from Juleen Turnage at the CBC alumni banquet.**

Chikowa i Chuka Assembly of God in Wright City, Oklahoma is another nephew who is now working among the Choctaw Nation.<sup>26</sup> Also Rosie Jackson (sister of Floyd and Lloyd Lee) and her husband, Johnson Jackson, are pastoring at Dulce, New Mexico, on the Hickory Apache Reservation.

Two cousins of Charlie Lee include Russell Begaye, who has served as chairman of the Ethnic America Network and as manager of the Multi-Ethnic Church Planting Unit of the North American Mission Board of the Southern Baptist denomination. Russell's brother, Andrew Begaye, is also in the ministry.<sup>27</sup>

Currently American Indian College of the Assemblies of God offers a Charlie Lee Scholarship each year for a ministerial student that is provided by Four Corners Community Church in Shiprock, New Mexico.

Charlie Lee was named Central Bible College alumnus of the year in 1980. T. E. Gannon, national director of Home Missions declared: "Charles Lee has demonstrated doctrinal purity, spiritual development and dedication, and has distinguished himself as the first native American to take an American Indian Assemblies of God church and develop it into a fully indigenous program."<sup>28</sup> Lee was in demand as a speaker for camp meetings and conventions, particularly among Native Americans, and he distinguished himself as a leader on the reservation. In presenting the alumni award, Juleen Turnage said: "It is in recognition of his outstanding ministry and service to the Lord, bringing honor to God and to his alma mater, that we are delighted to name Yel Ha Yah, Charles Lee, our 1980 Alumnus of the Year."<sup>29</sup>

In the latter part of his ministry, home mission editor Ruth Lyon made this observation: "Although he still enjoys painting when time permits, he gets a greater thrill out of observing the 'Master Artist' at work painting the beauty of salvation upon the canvas of human lives."<sup>30</sup>

For Charlie Lee, painting became a creative outlet, an expression of his soul. It could have made him a wealthy man. But alone, it could not meet the needs of the Navajo. Realizing this, Charlie faced a choice—to exploit his talent, or to simply enjoy it while he gave himself to the more important task of helping his people find the Christ whom he had come to know. He chose the latter without regret.



**This article is an update of "The Charles Lee Story," which was published as a part of the *Turning Point* TV ministry, produced by the Assemblies of God in 1976. Glenn Gohr researched and updated the story for *Heritage*.**

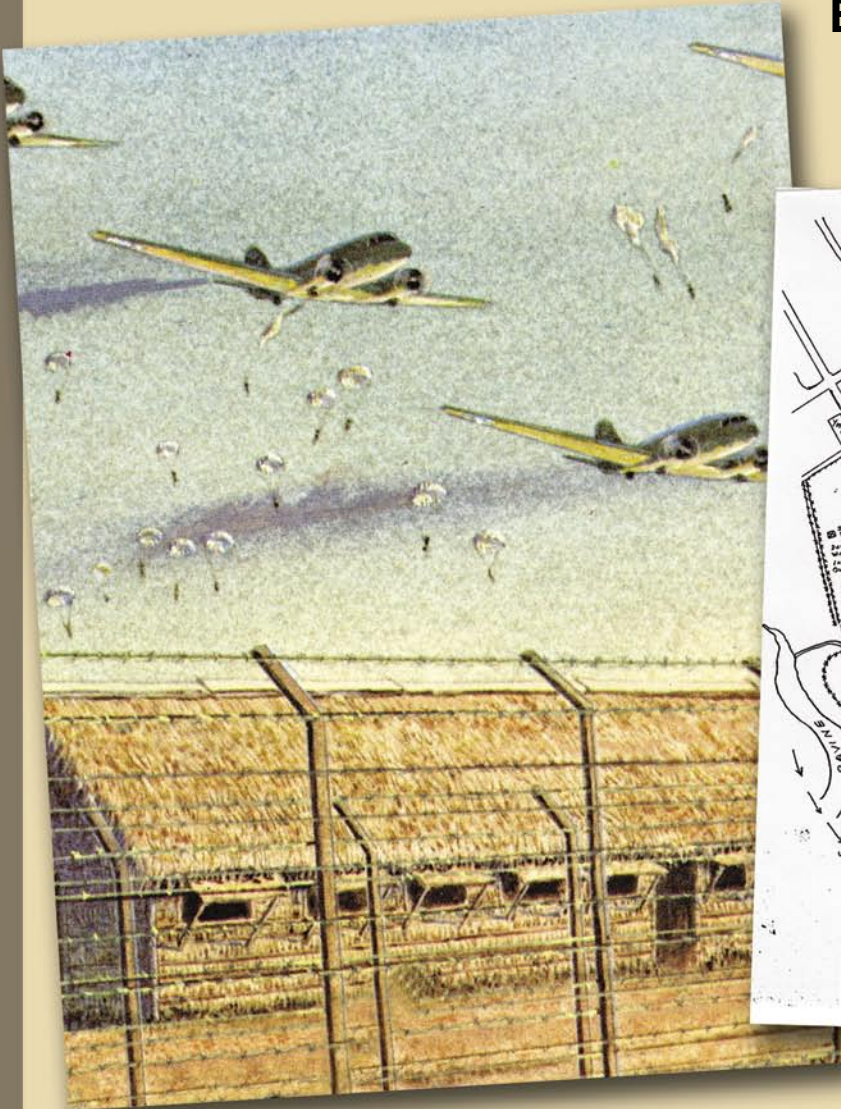
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1. Charles Lee obituary, *Farmington (NM) Daily Times*, May 13, 2003.
2. "The Charles Lee Story: Turning Point With David Mainse." Springfield, MO: General Council of the Assemblies of God, 1976, 3.
3. *Ibid.*, 20.
4. *Ibid.*, 4.
5. *Ibid.*
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7. "The Charles Lee Story," 4.
8. Charlie Lee, "Charlie Lee's Testimony," *Pentecostal Evangel*, August 17, 1952, 10.
9. *Ibid.*
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13. "Citation for Charles Lee, 1980 Alumnus of the Year" [Central Bible College], 1.
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15. "The Charles Lee Story," 10.
16. *Ibid.*, 12.
17. Harry Lee has remained steadfast in his faith and still attends church regularly.
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26. Ken Horn, "Choctaw Nation: Blessed By God," *Pentecostal Evangel*, March 13, 2005, 42-43.
27. Eric Lee, telephone interview, May 26, 2005.
28. T. E. Gannon, memo to Central Bible College, April 16, 1980.
29. "Navajo Pastor Charles Lee Named CBC Alumnus of the Year," *Pentecostal Evangel*, June 22, 1980, 29.
30. Lyon, 9.

# The Dramatic World War II Liberation at Los Banos

By Wayne Warner

Copy of map used by military personnel in raid. Courtesy of 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Association



Patroopers of the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne jump while Filipino guerrillas attack guards on the ground at Los Banos, February 23, 1945. H. Charles McBarron, *American Soldier Series*

*Rumors circulated through the prison camp that the enemy was planning to kill the more than 2,000 starving civilian internees and military nurses. Then 130 “angelic” paratroopers floated out of the Philippine dawn. It was a great day to be alive!*

**T**he Los Banos concentration camp on the 60-acre campus of the University of the Philippines College of Agriculture was just beginning to stir that morning, February 23, 1945. Little could the 2,147 civilian internees and the nearly 250 Japanese Imperial army guards imagine what would happen within the next few minutes.

If they only knew!

They were to be involved in one of the most dramatic military raids in history—one in which General Colin Powell described as a “textbook airborne operation for all ages and all armies.”

On that particular day 60 years ago, the Los Banos raid was overshadowed only by a story coming from Iwo Jima where the U.S. Marines planted the

American flag on Mt. Suribachi.

For the emaciated Los Banos internees the situation was becoming desperate. Sadaaki Kinishi, a Japanese warrant officer, announced the day before that there would be no further food rations issued.<sup>1</sup> Rumors were circulating that the ditches being dug were graves and that the enemy planned to execute the entire camp the very day that help was on the way.



Forty miles away the fierce battle for Manila was finally winding down, but questions raced through the minds of internees that morning.

What is Kinishi planning?

Will we starve to death?

Will we be shot?

Where is General MacArthur?

When will we be set free?

The answers would come within minutes from a force composed of the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division, Filipino guerrillas, and other U.S. military units.

**T**wo of the internees who were slowly dying of starvation were veteran Assemblies of God missionaries, Blanche Appleby and Rena Baldwin. Originally they had served in China; but when the Japanese invaded China, the women moved to Baguio, Luzon. There they taught in the newly-opened Bethel Bible Institute.

When the Japanese forces occupied Luzon in December 1941, the missionaries, other civilians, and American military personnel were imprisoned. An internment camp was set up at Camp John Hay near Baguio, where the missionaries remained for 5 weeks. Then they were released and told they could return to their homes.

In the fall the missionaries were reinterned at Camp John Hay. But Rena and Blanche were overlooked. For nearly 2 years they were permitted to live in their small tin house and conduct services at Bethel Church. Among those who attended services were Filipino soldiers who had been captured on Bataan and imprisoned for many months.

Writing about that 2-year period later, Rena noted that many were converted and healed, and about a dozen received the Pentecostal experience.<sup>2</sup>

But then the dreaded day arrived. Soldiers knocked on their door one day in July 1944, with an internment order. This time, however, their captors sent them south to Los Banos, located in Laguna Province and on the southern

end of Laguna de Bay, the largest lake in the country. Two volcanoes, Mount Banahaw and Mount Makiling, dominate the generally flat terrain of Laguna.<sup>3</sup>

At Los Banos Rena and Blanche found a camp of more than 2,000 internees: 1,590 Americans, 329 British, 33 Australians, 89 Dutch, 22 Polish, 16 Italians, 30 Norwegians, and 1 Nicaraguan. It was estimated that 1 out of 4 were in some type of ministry and serving several denominations. Most of them had been working in the Philippines when the war came. Several of the Americans were U.S. Navy nurses who had been captured at the fall of Bataan.<sup>4</sup>

Civilian internees imprisoned at Santo Tomas University in Manila (see Winter 2004-05 issue) dubbed Los Banos “the country club,” because gardens were permitted at Los Banos, and the internees received three meals a day. But then in September 1944 the country club status changed. The three meals a day were cut to two and gardens were restricted. The diet became very meager, consisting of only a small portion of rice and corn gruel—which was wormy and musty—in the morning, and then at 4:30 another small portion of rice gruel and sweet potato leaves and “a wee bit of sweet potato.”

Blanche Appleby’s weight had dropped from 115 pounds to 79.<sup>5</sup> She and the other internees foraged for leaves, snails, grass, or anything else that would help supplement their starvation diet. Pre-teen Sally Bateman, daughter of an American soldier who died in China, illustrated just how desperate the internees became when she said, “I learned to skin a rat at a very young age.”<sup>6</sup>

Carol Terry, a young woman on her way to teach orphans in India, was caught in the Japanese invasion and eventually sent to Los Banos. “Deaths by starvation accompanied with beriberi increased,” she wrote, “as did deaths by execution of men, who escaped the camp to get food for

## Philippine Story Update

The winter 2004-05 issue of *Heritage* carried the first part of the Philippine liberation story—the thrilling account of the U.S. Army’s 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry storming Santo Tomas University in Manila and releasing 3,700 prisoners. This rescue was followed the next day when the 37<sup>th</sup> Division rescued another 1,300 civilians and POWs at Old Bilibid Prison, about 10 blocks from Santo Tomas.

Of the 1,300 at Old Bilibid, seven were Assemblies of God missionaries and four children: Leland and Helen Johnson, and their children, Constance, Sammy, and Margaret Joy; Robert and Mildred Tangen, and their son Robert; Elizabeth Galley (later Wilson); Gladys Knowles (now Finkenbinder); and Doris Carlson.

Now we come to the most exciting of all rescues—this one at Los Banos, some 40 miles SE of Manila. Among the 2,147 civilians and military nurses were two Assemblies of God missionaries, Rena Baldwin and Blanche Appleby.

Both of these stories are updates from the author’s features in the Spring and Summer 1985 issues. The author is indebted to several organizations, web sites, individuals, and written accounts for information and photographs used in the stories. These include the 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry Division Assn., the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division Assn., the 37<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Assn., individual veterans and internees, the Assemblies of God World Missions, the American Ex-Prisoners of War, the Library of Congress, and the National Archives.

themselves and their loved ones. They were shot when returning to camp.”<sup>7</sup>

By the end of their long night of captivity the internees were given only hot water.<sup>8</sup>

This apparent deliberate plan of malnutrition was suspended for one week in January 1945. Blanche later recalled that she was in a gully picking

# A Teenager Growing Up at the Los Banos Camp

**D**avid Blackledge was living with his mother and brother Bob at a place called Los Banos in February 1945. David was almost 15, and his brother was 9.

Los Banos was hardly an ideal place in which to grow up. For you see, Americans knew Los Banos best as an internment camp for civilian prisoners in the Philippines.

While most American teenagers were going to school and thinking about the possibility of going away to war, David was already in the middle of the war. Internment camp had been his way of life for 3 years, ever since the Philippines fell to the invading Japanese in 1942.

David's father was a teacher and a U.S. Army reserve officer in Manila when the war broke out. Mr. Blackledge left the family on Christmas Eve 1941 to help defend the Philippines. He gave his life in the heroic American-Filipino stand on the Bataan Peninsula.

That's when Helen Blackledge and her two sons were placed in an internment camp, first in Manila and then later at Los Banos.

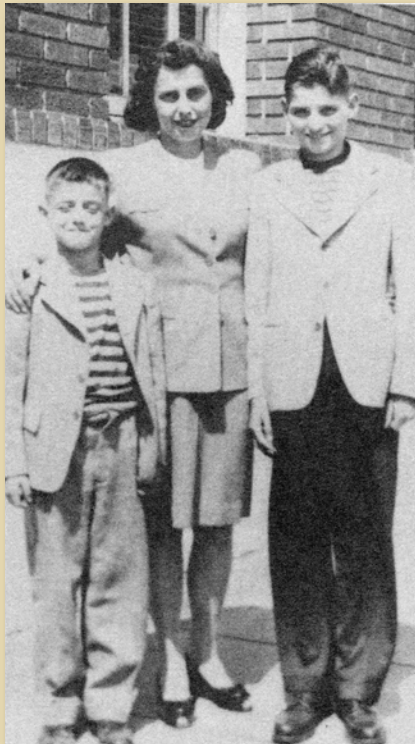
David, a retired U.S. Army colonel and later director of admissions and financial aid at the Dickinson School of Law, now as part of Penn State, will never forget the day of liberation at Los Banos, February 23, 1945.

They were miles behind the enemy lines, but their fears left them when the raid began. "Once we saw those husky paratroopers with their guerrilla allies. I know of no internee who didn't feel in safe hands."<sup>1</sup>

Later that day the 2,147 rescued internees were moved across the nearby Lake Laguna de Bay to the New Bilibid Prison for temporary housing. Some skirmishes were still taking place around the prison, so planes were used for air drops.

"I well remember the excitement," Blackledge added, "about noon the day after we were rescued when the C-47s flew over dropping chutes of food."<sup>2</sup>

As David Blackledge looks back on his difficult early teen years in internment camps, one



**Helen Blackledge with her sons in California after the Los Banos rescue. On the left is 9-year-old Bob and on the right is 15-year-old David. Courtesy of David Blackledge**

quality among the internees stands out. "My overall recollection as a young teenager is of the impressive cooperation and an ecumenical spirit prevailing among the various religious groups, young and old, male and female, singles and families."<sup>3</sup>

No doubt this prevailing spirit which young David Blackledge saw behind the barbed wire was a key to their survival at Los Banos.

Now more than 60 years later, David lives in Pennsylvania; his brother Bob lives in San Diego; and their mother who will be 97 this year, lives in Indiana.<sup>4</sup>

## Notes

1. David Blackledge, letter to editor, June 24, 1985.
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid, June 22, 1985.
4. David Blackledge, telephone conversation, Feb. 2005.

weeds, tears streaming down her face, but then something happened. "Suddenly the Spirit of God came upon me, and I began to sing, 'I know the Lord will make a way for me.'"<sup>9</sup>

The next day the enemy guards deserted Los Banos.

They had no sooner left the internment camp when hungry internees rushed to their captor's quarters and raided the food storage area and looted personal items that belonged to the guards.

Wiser heads among the internees prevailed, and the food was distributed so that they would have some left in case the guards returned.

Patty Croft Kelly, who was a teenage internee, said her mother had concealed an American flag during their imprisonment. She brought it out after the guards left, and men in the camp erected a flagpole. Soon the American flag was raised over the camp. And then the British internees, not to be left out, brought out their own flag, and it too went up a second pole.<sup>10</sup>

But the week of freedom came to an end when the Japanese guards marched back into the camp. Fortunately the internees were able to remove the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack before the enemy spotted them.

**C**onditions after the week of freedom grew steadily worse. People who had had a glimmer of hope were now despondent, thinking perhaps MacArthur's forces would never free them in time.

One writer described Los Banos as a place "peopled by a gaunt, haggard crew of spectators who dragged themselves around attending to the business of living through sheer courageous will power."<sup>11</sup>

Will power, however, can only work for a limited time when your body craves for food.

Time was running out. Nobody knew it any better than the internee police chief, a Seventh-Day Adventist



**“The Japanese [prison guards] are as war made them, not as God did, and the same is true of the rest of us. We are not pleasant people here, for the story of war is always the story of hate; it makes no difference with whom one fights. The hate destroys you spiritually as the fighting destroys you bodily.”—Agnes Newton Keith in *Three Came Home*, surviving for 45 months in a World War II North Borneo prison camp**

educator, Dr. Lawrence M. Stump. Stump and other internee leaders met with the Japanese officers to request more food.

They were told in so many words that it was tough all over: Japan, America, and in the foxholes. Kinishi, the cruel officer in charge of food rations, told the internee council and the other Japanese officers, “We have all the food we will need.”<sup>12</sup>

Stump recalled a touching story of a Presbyterian missionary who lost the will to live. “I helped Brother Blair to the hospital when he got sick, and that is when his spirit broke.” He had waited 3 long years but then lost all hope for a rescue. “We tried to encourage him,” Stump added, “but he gave up and died.”<sup>13</sup>

On the same day that Blair died, Blanche Appleby became so weak and—like Blair and so many others in the camp—thought she could not go on. Lying on her bed, she was ready to give up. That is when Julia Hodge, a Presbyterian missionary, came by and opened the Bible to the Psalms. “As she read,” Blanche wrote later, “the words of the Scripture were just life to me, and I became wonderfully revived in spirit and soul and body.”<sup>14</sup>

The next day was Friday, February 23, 1945. The day of liberation for Los Banos.

But leading up to the liberation day, the internee leaders knew something had to be done. Someone had to get word to General MacArthur. It was an extremely risky mission. Everyone knew it was a capital offense to simply sneak out for food.

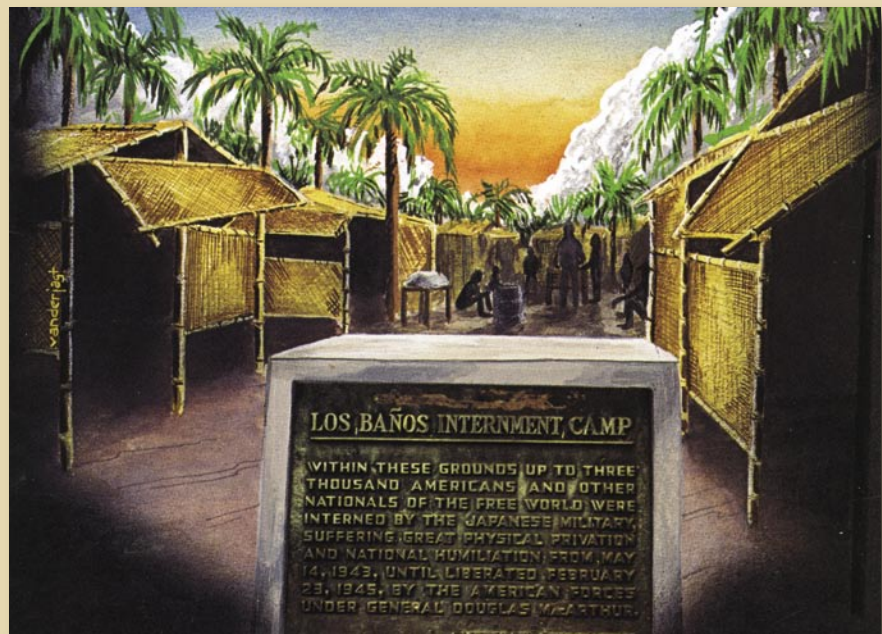
But two young men—Ben Edwards and Peter Miles—volunteered to escape and go for help. Their intelligence reports proved invaluable to the raiding forces in the next few days.

**G**eneral Joseph Swing’s 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division had earned a well-deserved reputation as a disciplined, courageous outfit in battles before it landed on Luzon. Some had even unofficially referred to the division as “Joe Swing and his 10,000 bandits.”

After the raid at Los Banos they would be known as “The angels.”<sup>15</sup> The reason is that internees who looked into the sky and saw the paratroopers floating to their rescue thought at first they were indeed angels from heaven.

several key officers of the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne were pulled out of the battle for Manila and ordered to report for a secret meeting. This included Colonel Robert Soule, Major Henry Burgess, 1st Lt. John Ringler, and 1st Lt. George Skau. Here for the first time officers of the 11th Airborne heard about Los Banos and the secret raid.

General Swing told his officers that the assignment would be most difficult and would require absolute secrecy and perfect timing. Otherwise the units participating as well as the internees



**Artwork of Los Banos camp used on book *That We Might Live*, by Grace C. Nash. Courtesy of author**

Tokyo Rose, the radio propagandist during World War II, supposedly reported that the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne was destroyed. But the division’s obituary was premature, for it was the first American unit to set foot on Japan after the war, and General MacArthur chose the unit as a guard of honor for his headquarters.

On Sunday, February 18, 1945,

could be wiped out.

Colonel Soule would be overall commander; Major Burgess would be in charge of the ground and water forces; Lt. Ringler would command the paratroopers who would make the jump; Lt. Skau would be in charge of a reconnaissance platoon, which would arrive at Los Banos the night before the raid.

**“The greatest need for a prisoner who is to live again without lasting debilitation is to resist consuming hatred. It is not easy, for hatred is the very foundation of the prison camp.”—Carl Mydans, in introduction, *Three Came Home*. Mydans was a *Life* photographer who was interned in Japanese prison during World War II**

The officers had a lot to think about as they poured over maps and intelligence information. The biggest concern was that the raid would be made several miles behind enemy lines and that within 2 hours marching time were 10,000 Japanese troops.

Because of that danger, the officers developed two options for evacuating the internees.

Colonel Soule’s 188<sup>th</sup> Regiment would open the highway from Manila

along the west side of Laguna de Bay. They would take trucks for the evacuation of the internees. In the event Soule’s force could not get through to Los Banos, the assignment to evacuate the internees would fall on the shoulders of 26-year-old Major Henry Burgess.<sup>16</sup>

Burgess would command 59 amphibious vehicles, called amtracs or alligators, which were borrowed with their drivers from the 672<sup>nd</sup> Amphibian

Tractor Battalion. The vehicles were slow and would be plan two, a last resort for the evacuation. Burgess would lead the amtracs across Laguna de Bay during the early morning hours of February 23.

A sober John Ringler left the meeting that Sunday “knowing I had 80 men that could go down the drain.”<sup>17</sup>

An encouraging note in the plan was that General Swing promised air cover in the raid. Another important factor was that the 188<sup>th</sup> Regiment’s line of travel would cause a diversionary attack, drawing the enemy away from Los Banos.

George Skau, who would later lose his life in a plane accident on Okinawa, would be responsible for marking the beach with colored smoke for the amtrac landing, mark the drop area for the paratroopers, organize Filipino guerillas, and attack the guards when Ringler’s men began their jump on the morning of February 23.

Ringler’s paratroopers, about 130 in all, were to be flown to Los Banos from near Manila in nine C-47 cargo-airborne planes. Their plan was to jump just before 7 o’clock when the enemy guards would be at their calisthenics and unarmed.

The plans were laid. Time would tell whether they could be executed.

**F**riday, February 23 started as usual with internees dragging around for another weary day. This day would be different, however, and the first indication came when some noticed nine planes approaching the camp.

One of the many Catholic priests interned at Los Banos, George J. Willmann, saw the planes but paid little attention because American planes frequently flew over the area. Then he saw the paratroopers, but he thought



Placing flowers on the grave commemorating the heroism of the Filipino guerillas are former internee Patty Kelly and two of the rescuers of the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne, Ray Laudenslager, left, and Sterling Gable, on a trip to the Philippines in 1979. Two Filipinos were killed in the raid. *Courtesy of Patty Kelly*



the objects falling from the planes were leaflets.

A few moments later he knew that this was no leaflet drop; it was the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne floating out of the sky and landing just outside the Los Banos internment camp.<sup>18</sup>

Sister Patricia Marie Callan also saw the planes approaching the camp, and she would never forget what happened next. “In the face of the rising sun, parachutes started tumbling out of the planes, and we were all screaming, ‘Parachutes! Parachutes!’”<sup>19</sup>

Blanche Appleby and Rena Baldwin were in their bamboo barracks when they heard shooting and excitement outside.

Rena looked outside when the firing eased somewhat and cried, “‘Girls, look! An American soldier!’ Oh, how good he looked to us.”<sup>20</sup>

The raid could not have been executed more perfectly. Fifteen minutes after the action began, the roaring amtracs splashed out of the water and crawled up on the beach. By this time the paratroopers and the Filipino guerrillas were in charge of the internment camp. Casualties for the allied forces were light: two of the guerrillas had been killed and a few had been wounded. But the entire enemy force of 250 had either been eliminated or driven off.

Not even the veteran military people could believe that the raid had been so successful. For some GIs it was their first experience being closely associated with the heroic guerrillas—an undermanned but courageous force which contributed greatly to the success of the raid.

The internees began to realize that they were not dreaming, that their long-awaited liberators had come.

Emotions could not have been running any higher for the McCarthy family. Francis McCarthy, a United Press war correspondent, accompanied the amphibious force for something more than a story. His brother and sister were internees, and it was the end of a long and trying separation.<sup>21</sup>



**John M. Ringler, commander of the paratroopers who jumped at Los Banos. He is now a retired colonel and lives in Fayetteville, North Carolina. Courtesy of John M. Ringler**

**“I am deeply grateful [for the successful raid]. God was certainly with us today.”  
—General Douglas MacArthur**



**Amphibious vehicles (amtracs) pull up on the shore after liberating internees at Los Banos across Laguna de Bay.**

Another internee, William Henry Donald, an Australian and a close friend and adviser to Chiang Kai-Shek of China, was especially happy to be free. He had been interned in Manila 5 days after the war began. For 3 years the Japanese military had looked for him, not realizing that he was already in their hands. War correspondents for the *Chicago Daily Times* said Donald “was breathing easy for the first time in years of hide and seek.”<sup>22</sup>

Now the only problem facing the military force was to get the internees

out of the area before enemy infantry and tanks surrounded them. The first plan was to evacuate by trucks furnished by the 188<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, but that unit was engaged in heavy fighting and had not broken through to Los Banos.

Major Burgess waited as long as he dared and then ordered the loading of the amtracs. Out of necessity, plan two would be used.

The internees were not used to the care and concern demonstrated by their liberators. Father Willmann said the soldiers “tumbled over each other to



**Missionaries Rena Baldwin (left) and Blanche Appleby who were rescued at Los Banos.**

**“Girls, look? An American soldier! Oh, how good he looked to us.”**

**—Missionary Rena Baldwin**

carry the stretcher cases.”<sup>23</sup>

Blanche Appleby was one of the last to get in one of the 59 amtracs. She had to crouch beneath a machine gun. When nearby enemy forces began to fire on the retreating amtracs, the gunner on their amtrac opened up with his machine gun. Suddenly the hot spent shells began to fall on the crouching Blanche, burning her back. Fortunately, someone came to her aid by placing a coat over her for protection.

Paul Kucik, a soldier in one of the amtracs, said he gave one of the internees a razor while they were crossing the lake. “He was tickled to get it,” Kucik recalled.<sup>24</sup>

As enemy snipers continued to fire at the amtracs, the air corps furnished cover overhead, giving the amphibious parade 2-hour protection to the Cabuyao landing place. From Cabuyao the weak but happy civilians were transported by trucks and ambulances to the New Bilibid Prison, which had just been captured the day before.

En route to New Bilibid, the internees were greeted by Filipinos lining the road, shouting “Mabuhay” (“Long live”) and waving their fingers in a victory sign.<sup>25</sup>

At New Bilibid the internees were checked in and given a small meal consisting of thick corned beef, vegetable stew, and tomato juice. But

they were not permitted large rations for fear they would become sick.

**R**ena Baldwin looked back on the rescue at Los Banos, thanking God—and the liberators—for the freedom they enjoyed at New Bilibid. But not everyone shared her faith.

One of the freed internees told a soldier that other internees might give God credit for the rescue, but not him. “We know it was you brave fellows who saved us,” he said.

The soldier answered, “Well, we know God did it.”<sup>26</sup>

Lt. Ringler, now a retired colonel in North Carolina, saw a miraculous



event in the rescue. “How could you have over 2,000 persons in the target area,” he asked, “and live fire coming in from four sides and yet not have a casualty within the camp?” He added, “It is actions like this that makes us think of WHO controls our destiny.”<sup>27</sup>

General Douglas MacArthur seemed to echo these paratroopers’ words in his announcement of the Los Banos raid. “Nothing could be more satisfying to a soldier’s heart than this rescue,” he said. “I am deeply grateful. God was certainly with us today.”<sup>28</sup>

One of the guerilla leaders, Colonel Frank B. Quesada, agreed. “This crucible of Los Banos seemed no less preordained by the unseen hand of the Almighty,” he wrote. “Not one man could have orchestrated the near-perfect combined liberation operation without divine intervention.”<sup>29</sup>

More than 60 years have passed since the Los Banos raid. The list of participants grows smaller each year. But there are still airborne, internees, and Filipino guerillas who get together to renew acquaintances and talk about what happened on February 23, 1945. In recent years participants have returned to the internment camp which is now a peaceful pasture for carabao. New Bilibid is now a federal prison. And in 2004 the History Channel produced a documentary, “Rescue at Dawn,” which will keep the story alive long after the participants are gone.

At the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Los Banos held in Las Vegas in 1985, one of the paratroopers—Skeeter Young—called the rescue one of the most beautiful things that happened in his life. He doesn’t want to make another one, he admitted, “But I also would not have sold my seat on that plane for a million dollars.”<sup>30</sup>

More than 2,000 internees—including missionaries Blanche Appleby and Rena Baldwin—had something in common with Skeeter that day. It was one of the most beautiful memories of their lives too.

**A TRAGIC ADDENDUM. When the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne returned to Los Banos**

**a few weeks after the liberation, they were greeted by a tragic scene. The Japanese Imperial army—apparently in retaliation for the help the guerrillas had given the Americans—had returned to the town of Los Banos and murdered some 1,500 nationals of all ages.**



## Notes

1. *Time* magazine (March 5, 1945, p. 28) called Kinishi (or Konishi) “the darkly sinister commandant.” He was actually second in command but was taking most of the blame for the poor conditions at Los Banos. He escaped from Los Banos but was later tried for his crimes and apparently hanged. Colonel (Ret.) David Blackledge, who was a 15-year-old internee at Los Banos in 1945, told the author that it was reported that Kinishi was baptized a Christian a short time before his death.

2. Rena Baldwin Lindsay, “Peace in the Day of Trouble,” *Pentecostal Evangel*, July 9, 1967, 26-27.

3. Civilians who remained at Baguio were later transferred to Manila’s Old Bilibid Prison in December 1944. See *Heritage*, Winter 2004-05, for the story of their rescue.

4. This number fluctuated because people were dying and babies were being born.

5. Blanche Appleby, “Our Remarkable Deliverance from Los Banos Internment Camp,” *Pentecostal Evangel*, June 16, 1945, 1, 4-5.

6. Sally Bateman Morgan, interview in History Channel’s “Rescue at Dawn,” 2004 and my telephone interview, Feb. 2005.

7. Carol Terry Talbot, “Escape at Dawn,” *Winds Aloft*, 511<sup>th</sup> Airborne publication. She did make it to India after the war where she served at an orphanage of 800 children. She later married Dr. Louis T. Talbot, author, professor, and president of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles (Biola) now at La Mirada, California.

8. Sister Patricia Marie Callan, “A Brief Account of the Concentration Camp Under the Japanese at Los Banos, Laguna, 1944-45,” unpublished paper.

9. Appleby, 5.

10. General Leonard Wood had given the flag to Patty Kelly’s father in Manila in 1919. Mrs. Kelly, who lived in Oklahoma City in 1985, continued to prize the flag 40 years later.

11. H. W. Lombard, “A Military Epic,” in *Santo Tomos* (New York: Fred Stevens,

1946), 369.

12. Lawrence Murphy Stump, tape narration, 1945, and telephone call with Mrs. Stump by author, February 1985.

13. *Ibid.*

14. Appleby, 5.

15. The division was deactivated in 1958, but it has an active 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Association with officers and a *Voice of the Angels* publication. General Swing, their World War II commander, died in 1984 at the age of 92.

16. After World War II Henry Burgess returned to his native Sheridan, Wyoming, where he was a rancher and attorney. His Los Banos experiences are recorded in a manuscript, “Reminiscences of the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division Raid on Los Banos” which was later published in *Winds Aloft* (Jul-Oct 1989), 20-29.

17. John Ringler, telephone conversation with author, June 19, 1985.

18. Father George J. Willmann, “The Rescue Operation: Los Banos,” n.d., reprinted in *Voice of the Angels*, Aug. 15, 1982. See also James B. Reuter, *The Gentle Warrior: The Story of Father George J. Willmann*. Manila: Knights of Columbus, Father George J. Willmann Charities, 1998.

19. Callan.

20. Lindsay, 27.

21. H. D. Quigg, “Los Banos Hit: Prisoners Free,” newspaper story reprinted in *Voice of the Angels*, Aug. 15, 1982.

22. C. Yates McDaniel and Dean Schedler, “Freed Friend of Chiang Sought 3 Years,” *Chicago Daily Times*, Feb. 24, 1945.

23. Willmann.

24. Paul Kucik, telephone call with author, Feb. 1985.

25. Grace C. Nash, *That We Might Live* (Scottsdale, AZ: Shano Publishers, 1984), 222.

26. Lindsay, 27.

27. John M. Ringler, “The Los Banos Raid,” *Winds Aloft*, publication of the 511<sup>th</sup> Parachute Infantry Assn.

28. “God With Us - MacArthur,” *Chicago Daily Times*, Feb. 24, 1945.

29. Col. (Ret.) Frank B. Quesada, “Freedom at Dawn,” Sulat Paete, web site.

30. Penny Levin, “Ex-Manila Prisoners Recall WWII Rescue,” *Las Vegas Sun*, Feb. 8, 1985.

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# Harold Thompson



## With Roots in Antigua, This New York Pastor Is One of the Longest-serving Persons of Color Ordained by the A/G

By H. Paul Thompson, Jr.

On April 14, 1917, Harold Paul Thompson became the last of six children (three boys and three girls) born to Rachel and James Thompson, immigrants from Antigua in the British West Indies. The Thompsons had made their home in New York City, and when Harold was born the family lived on 51<sup>st</sup> Street between Eighth and Ninth avenues, near “Hell’s Kitchen.” The 51<sup>st</sup> Street address was just the first of six different addresses Harold lived

in Manhattan and Brooklyn. Although they called many places “home,” they only called one place their church home, namely, Glad Tidings Tabernacle, pastored by Robert and Marie Brown.

Both of Harold’s parents left him a strong spiritual heritage, even though his father died when he was only eight. He has two recollections of hearing his father’s voice. One was when his father complained to his mother that she was spanking him so

hard that the police might come. She responded that if they came she would ask them, “Would you rather me take care of him now, or you take care of him later?” The other remembrance of hearing his father’s voice was of him singing “Trust and Obey.” His mother, a well-known Glad Tidings prayer warrior, shut herself in her room for a season of prayer every morning. Harold also recalls that once during a church service his mother uttered



an uninterpreted message in tongues, only to be approached afterwards by a visiting missionary to China who said the message was in Chinese, she understood it all, and that it was for her personally.

Harold's family first took him to Glad Tidings when it was still meeting in a storefront on 42<sup>nd</sup> Street. Although he cried and threw a tantrum that day, the House of God soon became central to his life. As a teen, Sunday at church became a full-day affair, as he would attend Sunday school at 1:30 followed by the 3 p.m. service, dinner at the Automat across the street, the youth service, and finally the evening service at 7:30. He also fondly remembers the week he spent every summer at the country camp owned by Glad Tidings.

Although he was born again at the age of four, it was at camp, at the age of 16, that he and a friend of his together formally dedicated their lives to the Lord. When in high school he played the alto horn in the church orchestra. Upon graduation from Boys High (Brooklyn) in 1935, he became one of the church's radio soloists for their live WODA broadcast and enthusiastically participated in their Saturday night Times Square street ministry, in which he was the only person of color at that time. Among the various jobs he had after high school was a carpenter's apprenticeship with a brother-in-law.

It is clear when you hear Harold speak of Glad Tidings and the Browns that they significantly influenced his spiritual development. He has always praised the combination of evangelistic and deeper life ministry that they embodied, and insists that every congregation needs those two ministries. He saw them as fair, unprejudiced, and highly principled. They were open to all types of people in their church. The Browns welcomed to Glad Tidings the most popular preachers of the

**His mother spoke no Chinese but gave a "message" in that language. It was for a missionary to China who was in the service.**



Rachel Thompson

day—like Aimee Semple McPherson and Smith Wigglesworth—as well as Harold's maternal grandfather, George Sergeant James. James, a spirit-filled African Methodist Episcopal preacher who was assisting Sister Craiger, a white woman, in establishing Bethel Gospel Assembly, in Harlem, preached and assisted Pastor Brown with water baptism on several occasions. The

**Robert Brown, pastor of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City, told the Bible school president that he was sending a young black student by the name of Harold Thompson and that he expected him to be accepted and treated fairly. He was.**

Browns also demonstrated practical wisdom. Although they regularly urged believers to tarry for the Holy Ghost baptism, on one occasion Pastor Brown suggested to an individual who had tarried a particularly long time that it was all right if he went home and came back again to tarry at another service.

Perhaps Harold's fondest memory though, was of the day he received the baptism himself. He was only 14 years old, but he has never forgotten that even though it was very hot that day, on the way home he didn't feel the heat he normally felt radiating from the pavement.

For Harold, however, perhaps the height of the Browns' principled living was experienced when they perceived the calling on his life and used their finances and clout to launch him into ministry. At a church prayer meeting in the summer of 1938 the Browns approached Harold's mother with the offer of paying his way through Bible school. They had in mind the new Eastern Bible Institute (EBI) that the Assemblies was opening that fall in Green Lane, Pennsylvania (now known as Valley Forge Christian College).

"I thought the only college I'd get to go to was 'Mary's college' (i.e. sitting at the feet of Jesus), but I gladly accepted their offer, and had only two weeks to get ready." Harold was a member of the first class to attend all three years at EBI. Some years after graduation, Harold heard from a fellow minister that Brother Brown had given a "heads up" to EBI's principal, Allan Swift, that he was sending a young black man, and that he expected him to be accepted and treated fairly—which he was.

Harold fully participated in student life at EBI, and the connections he made there determined the direction of the rest of his ministry. Once,



George Seargeant James and wife. These are Harold's maternal grandparents. George James assisted Robert Brown with water baptisms at Glad Tidings Tabernacle on several occasions.



Harold's father, James Thompson, also left him a strong spiritual heritage.

preaching, transporting children to Sunday school, and above all, for his consistent, impeccable character and high standard of holiness. He became widely and affectionately known as "Brother Harold." There was also a Presbyterian church in town, but as one resident recently commented to the author, "Even if we attended the other church, like I did, everyone went to Brother Harold if they needed prayer or spiritual help."

The 1940s and 50s were busy ministry years for Harold and his family members. Because of the 4D classification ministers received during World War II, he was not drafted into military service, although both of his brothers served.<sup>4</sup> Wanting to refine Harold's singing talent, in 1947 Marie Brown paid the wife of evangelist David McDowell to give him voice lessons. He was in the middle of a voice lesson in February 1948 when he heard the shocking news that Robert Brown had died.

During these same years his three sisters and two of his cousins were members of the original Christ Crusaders team, helping Billy Roberts establish the Soul Saving Station for Every Nation in Harlem. Another female cousin, Louise Whittingham, was busy founding yet another Pentecostal church in Harlem, and his sister Mae married the pastor of one of the Soul Saving Station satellite churches. Ministry was just a normal part of his family's life. In addition, in the mid-1950s Harold passed the civil service examination and began working for the U.S. Post Office in Brooklyn.

On June 17, 1948, the General Council of the Assemblies of God ordained Harold Thompson to the ministry.<sup>5</sup> It was unusual for the Assemblies to ordain people of color during these years, and although Harold was never aware of any controversy over *his* ordination, he was aware that almost 10 years earlier Robert Brown defended the ordination of William Ellison, a black pastor in the Bronx with

while he and a group of students were conducting a church service in which he was scheduled to preach, he saw a bright light from behind the pulpit and heard God's audible voice say to him "I am here to help you." That night he said he was so anointed that, "I was not responsible for a word I said!" On another occasion he received a very painful head injury while playing football, but after he was prayed for the pain left instantly. These were faith-building experiences for the ministry opportunity soon to come.

Edward Klaus, the father of a fellow student from New Jersey, ministered regularly with a woman named Anna Solomon at a facility for indigent sick people in Rockland County, New York. Sister Solomon was also conducting prayer meetings and Sunday school classes for children in her home village of Hillburn, New York, about 35 miles northwest of Manhattan, on the New Jersey border. Both she and the people she ministered to were part of a tri-racial isolate group now known as Ramapo Mountain People.<sup>1</sup>

When she asked Brother Klaus if he knew of anyone who could help her in the ministry, he thought of Harold. The next time Klaus visited EBI he

spoke with Harold, and he agreed to spend the summer of 1940 in Hillburn helping to found what would become Lighthouse Assembly.<sup>2</sup> By the time he graduated from EBI in 1941 he had become so widely respected and was such an outstanding student that he was selected to be the class speaker at graduation, perhaps the first black in an Assemblies Bible school so honored. That same year he was licensed by the Eastern District.<sup>3</sup>

Harold received his call to Hillburn on the Memorial Day weekend following his graduation. While at Penn Station preparing to buy a train ticket to visit EBI for a special function, he heard God say, "Go to Hillburn." Immediately he altered his plans, and when he arrived in Hillburn he found Sister Solomon holding a service and waiting for another minister who never showed up, so Harold spoke instead.

He soon started ministering there regularly, and eventually Anna Solomon and her husband, Trueheart, invited Harold to move in with them and to help out as a buyer and counter worker in the store they owned.

Church services were initially held in that store's basement, and before long Harold became well known in Hillburn for his work at the store,



whom he was acquainted. It certainly would not have been out of character for Robert Brown, or surprising, if at some point he also had to speak up for my father.<sup>6</sup>

It is very revealing of the mentality in the Assemblies at the time that the only question my father remembers from his ordination was, "What is your position on interracial marriage?" His response was, "It is not convenient." Today, however, when retelling that story, he quickly adds that if he knew then what he knows now he would have repeated Paul's advice to widows in I Corinthians 7: 39, "she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; *only in the Lord*" (emphasis added). Although Harold emphatically believes the last phrase gives the only requirement for a Christian's marriage partner, his answer at the time was very tactful.

The 1940s and 50s were growing years for Lighthouse Assembly. Assemblies of God missionary Josephine Furnari, also from Glad Tidings, spent five years as superintendent of the Sunday school, and worked closely with the children, not only teaching the Scriptures, but also such things as sewing. Norma Johanson, another missionary friend from Glad Tidings, also ministered in Hillburn on several occasions. The now world-renowned Morris Cerillo, taught Sunday school on a few occasions while he was a student at the Metropolitan Bible Institute that the Assemblies operated for a few years in nearby Suffern, New York.

As the Lord added to the church, a building program was begun, and the Solomons eyed the land across the street from their house. Eventually a series of miracles transformed that empty plot into a house of worship. While walking into a county office building one day, Sister Solomon saw a flyer announcing the sale of that very property. After telling her husband about it, he purchased the lot and gave it to the church.

A local contractor donated his men and equipment to excavate the

foundation and basement, and the fathers of several Sunday school children volunteered their time to lay the foundation walls. Harold was also directly involved in the construction, using his carpentry knowledge and helping do such things as "floating out" the concrete basement floor. After the walls and roof were finished the congregation ran out of money and boarded it up.

Then a New Jersey woman by the name of Lillian Klemm came on the scene. She had stored \$5,000 in her piano. One day while praying, Lillian sensed God telling her He wanted to use that money. After sensing that message a third time, she told her pastor, Albert Blaise. The pastor

dedication service. Accepting the \$5,000 as a loan, the church paid it off and held a mortgage burning on October 5, 1958, with District Superintendent Joseph R. Flower as speaker. When the Ford Motor Company built a plant about a mile away and needed to remove some houses, the church purchased a small house to serve as a parsonage.

### Marriage and Ministry in California

During a California vacation with two sisters and their friends in 1957, Harold met and ended up proposing to Mary Bagley. So in 1959 he moved to Los Angeles, and on September 5, Raymond Harms, pastor of Faith



Trueheart and Anna Solomon's store in Hillburn, New York

Thompson became known for his work in a store during the week and as an assistant in the church that was meeting in the store basement on Sundays.

thought the money was to be used for expanding his ministry. But none of his attempts materialized.

Some time after that the Blaises, who knew the Solomons, came for a visit. Upon seeing the unfinished church they asked how much it would cost to finish. Anna Solomon said that she heard in her spirit, "\$5,000," so she just repeated the figure, not really knowing how much it would take. The Blaises immediately replied, "We have that \$5,000!"

With the money from the Klemms and more donated labor, the building was completed, and dedicated on July 9, 1951. Marie Brown preached the

Tabernacle Church of the California Evangelistic Association, performed their wedding ceremony.<sup>7</sup> From 1960 to 1965 Harold assisted Grace Elliot in founding Trinity Chapel A/G in Compton, California. He ministered through preaching, teaching, and bringing children to Sunday school.

A frightening time came in 1964 when Harold suffered a stroke and experienced complete paralysis on his left side, but in a matter of weeks he recovered. In 1965 he felt led to begin attending West Adams Foursquare Church, where he served as an assistant to pastors Marvin and Juanita Smith. The Thompsons' only child, Harold



Lighthouse Assembly of God dedication, July 9, 1951. L-r: Marie Brown of Glad Tidings in New York City, Charles Shuss, Thomas Brubaker, Harold Thompson, and Anna Solomon.

the 1980s and 90s was characterized by an emphasis on prayer and the Word. Many people were familiar with the sound of Brother Harold's praying, and it was widely known that he loved to pray. During church prayer meetings he made a point of praying first as an example to others. Equally, he loved the Scriptures, and everyone knew it. He was (and is) known to be able to produce a relevant Bible verse for any situation, and in his sermons he recited from memory literally dozens of Bible verses. When people ask him if he knows the whole Bible he modestly responds that he only has a "working knowledge" of it.

Two of the most important parts of a church service to Harold are the testimonies and the altar time. He did not allow a service to be conducted without at least "two witnesses" (testimonies), and an altar call for sinners to be saved and for believers to "wait on the Lord." During these years he also wrote poetry and penned several choruses. One poem was

Paul Jr., the author, was also born in 1965 and dedicated by the Smiths.

### Return to New York

Feeling the call to return to New York, the Thompsons arrived in Hillburn on Palm Sunday 1969,<sup>8</sup> and remained there as pastors for the next 25 years.

When Marie Brown died in 1971, Harold participated in her memorial services. He sang "When I Behold Him," and he and his cousin Louise Whittingham were among the people of color who eulogized her.

Mary Thompson actively supported her husband's ministry in Hillburn, as she became the church pianist, taught Sunday school, did secretarial work, oversaw the women's ministry, and was Sunday school superintendent. In addition, she directed Vacation Bible School in the summer, organized Christmas and Easter Sunday school programs, and personally hosted in the parsonage the various evangelists and missionaries who ministered at Lighthouse over the years.

In the 1970s Lighthouse grew through conversions and a merger with a nearby independent Pentecostal church. Some misunderstandings with the pastor of the merged church led to Harold's resignation shortly after the

merger. Following his resignation, Harold remained in Hillburn, ministered in A/G and non-A/G churches in the region and began a Bible study which rotated between the houses of several families in the community. Because of difficulties at Lighthouse, the church

split, and the congregation asked Harold to return in 1979. The people quickly embraced the stability he represented.

### A New Tenure at Lighthouse Assembly

In order to devote all of his energy to the pastorate, Thompson retired from the Post Office in October 1980. Because of the very small size of the parsonage, one of Harold's first projects was to arrange for a new parsonage on a nearby piece of property bequeathed to the church by Trueheart Solomon. This parsonage was completed in November 1984 and dedicated in June 1985 by the sectional presbyter, Clayton Glickert, and Atwood Caldwell, an early convert of Lighthouse Assembly and graduate of Zion Bible Institute.

In general, my father's ministry in

**His motto was printed on the church's paper:  
"Concerned with Personal Christianity; Confident  
of Biblical Authority."**

published on the cover of the *New York District Beacon*, and his approximately twelve choruses were put to music by his wife, and sung by the congregation from time to time. Although the stroke weakened his voice, Harold continued singing solos into the 1980s.

Harold's burden for the people of Hillburn was evidenced through his regular hosting of outdoor evangelistic crusades and outdoor summer Sunday evening services. Residents from blocks away would comment favorably on the services. In addition, with the help of his family he published "Lighthouse Rays" for a few years, which was a two-page newsletter that he mailed free to every resident in town. The paper contained brief meditations, scriptural commentary on current events, poems, announcements of upcoming church



events, and a subtitle that set the tone: "Concerned with Personal Christianity; Confident of Biblical Authority."

But his vision expanded beyond Hillburn, as he prayed weekly with younger pastors from other towns, fellowshipped with Rockland County's Evangelical Ministers Association, and for a brief time served on the board of the county's pregnancy counseling center.

Missions were also given prominence at Lighthouse. In addition to supporting several missionaries, Pastor Thompson thought it best to donate to Bible schools, so that the relatively small amount of money that was available for missions would go farther. Zion Bible Institute and the West Indies School of Theology (WIST) in Trinidad were the beneficiaries of this practice. Some of the dividends of this policy were reaped when a WIST alumnus, W. Stephen Swan, succeeded Harold.

After retiring in July 1994, Harold and his wife moved to Easley, South Carolina, and his son chaired the pastoral search committee that called the new pastor. Although he admits he is getting older, Thompson currently enjoys a regular ministry to the inmates of the jails of Pickens and Anderson counties, that he calls the "Should Way Ministry." In 2002 Lighthouse Assembly (now known as Lighthouse Worship Center) paid his way to return and participate in the church's 65<sup>th</sup> anniversary.

Harold and his wife Mary currently attend Trinity Christian Church in Powdersville, South Carolina, and it is *still* true that nothing excites Harold as much as praying and talking about God's Word.



## Notes

1. A region along the state border made up of parts of Hillburn, New York and Mahwah and Ringwood, New Jersey, contains this historic people group. They are a relatively isolated and insular people who are generally wary of outsiders. They have been known as "Jackson Whites"

since at least 1880, but they consider it a derogatory term. In 1939 one author pointed out that they were considered blacks. See David Chanler, "The Jackson Whites, an American Episode," *Crisis* 46 (May 1939), 138. Truthfully, the Ramapo Mountain People have a mixed African-American, American Indian, and Caucasian racial ancestry. Over the years several articles have appeared about them in the both regional and academic presses, and several unpublished academic papers exist, but the only book-length scholarly work is David Steven Cohen's *The Ramapo Mountain People* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1974). Aspects of Cohen's work were strongly refuted by the people. In 1978 several individuals created the Ramapo Mountain Indians, Inc., and eventually petitioned the Bureau of Indian Affairs to be recognized as an American Indian tribal group. In 1993 the Bureau of Indian Affairs rejected their petition, but those living in New Jersey are recognized as Indians by its government. See also Daniel Collins, "The Racially-mixed People of the Ramapos: Undoing the Jackson White Legends," *American Anthropologist* 74 (October 1972), 1276-85; Jacquetta M. Haley, *Rockland County, New York in the 1790s* (New City, NY: The Historical Society of Rockland County, 1997), 130-31, 143; and Allan J. Mayer, "Is this Tribe Indian?" *Newsweek*, January 7, 1980, 32.

2. Anna Solomon, pastor of the church, became a licensed A/G minister in 1948. Although Lighthouse Assembly joined the Assemblies, in the 1960s it apparently mistakenly believed Central Bible College, Springfield, Missouri, had a ban on black students. Cohen, 164-65; author's phone conversation with David Rodrigues, August 9, 2004. Rodrigues was a church trustee in the 1960s and later. In the 1980s, however, Harold led the church back into the denomination. David Drake, now retired and living in Springfield, MO, told the *Heritage* editor in a telephone conversation, Feb. 12, 2005, "I became a faculty member beginning in 1950 and became registrar in 1959, and to my knowledge there was no official ban against enrolling black students."

3. According to information supplied to the General Secretary's Office of those ministers who listed their ethnic background, Harold Thompson appears to be the longest-serving person of color ordained by the A/G. He was licensed in

1941 and ordained in 1948.

4. The writer remembers from his childhood that when given opportunities to donate to veterans groups his father would take advantage of them, because—as he would point out—he owed them because they fought for him while he remained home to minister.

5. Harold Thompson's ordination only proves the accuracy of Howard N. Kenyon's point in "Black Ministers in the Assemblies of God," *Heritage* (Spring 1987), 10, that the recommendation of the 1939 General Presbytery that blacks only be licensed to preach in their home district was not used "uniformly" in credentialing blacks. My father was told of no restrictions on his preaching, and proceeded in following years to preach in Southern California.

6. See Kenyon, 10-11 for a discussion of other black ministerial candidates supported by Robert Brown.

7. My mother was originally from Shelton, Connecticut, and had moved to Los Angeles with some sisters in 1951. She and her siblings were among the first converts of Henry Schiek, founding pastor of the Full Gospel Church (Assemblies of God) at Shelton.

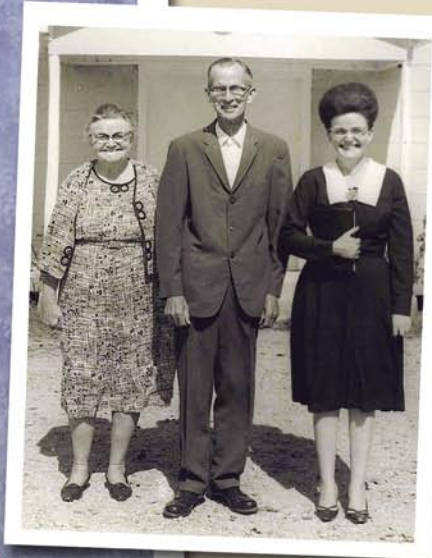
8. In 1968 the author of *The Ramapo Mountain People* visited Lighthouse Assembly several times, and met Harold once while he was visiting from California. See Cohen, 162-68 for his description of Lighthouse Assembly.



**H. Paul Thompson, Jr., taught secondary school in New York before returning to the classroom as a student. He is now completing a Ph.D. in history at Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia. At the suggestion of the editor, H. Paul Thompson, Jr., wrote this feature on his father.**

# Scratch Ankle's Counterpart to Joan of Arc

By George Thomas Jones



**Sister Mary and her parents, Mattie Eliza and John Wesley Watford, in 1967.**

righteousness, and hatest wickedness, therefore God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.”

From that time on, there was no doubt in this 16-year-old teenager’s mind that God was calling her to preach. Just as Joan of Arc was called to take up a material sword to fight against her country’s enemies, Mary Watford was called to take up the gospel sword to wage war against the wiles of Satan.

Major obstacles lay directly in the path of both young ladies. Their primary roadblock was twofold: skepticism because of their youth and further doubt because of their gender.

Back in the 13th century, it was unheard of for any female to become a combatant in warfare. Likewise, in the 1930s, public opinion frowned on female preachers in general and specifically those yet to attain adulthood.

One can only imagine the mental strain and turmoil that must have raged through the minds and hearts of both of these two young girls when they first became aware of God’s hand in these seemingly impossible missions.

Little is known of this human aspect in the life of Joan of Arc, but

a backward look at the response of Mary Watford, this extremely shy young girl who was initially terrified at the thought of speaking before a group of any size,

reveals this gift of the Holy Spirit and her adherence to His leadership despite any and all obstacles placed in her path.

They were born 500 years apart (Joan of Arc around 1412 and Mary Watford Stabler in 1922) yet the life stories of these two women have many similarities.

Neither were born of royalty, but both felt called by God for a special mission at the young age of 13.

It was at this age Joan of Arc said she began having visions of St. Catherine and St. Margaret (two early Christian martyrs) and St. Michael the Archangel. Her charge from God was to lead a contingent of France’s army against English invaders.

Mary Watford’s call came about in a different way. In August 1935 she

become quite sick and suffered a weak spell that affected her heart. Fearing for her life, her father, who was a devout Christian, sought a visiting preacher who came and prayed for her recovery.

She told me, “I felt the power of God as it ran through my body and I was healed instantly.”

Three years later in February 1938 while reading the 45<sup>th</sup> Psalm, the Lord spoke to her through his Word, “Gird thy sword upon thy thigh. Thou lovest

**Mary Watford Stabler  
Has Pastored Faith  
Chapel Assembly of God,  
Scratch Ankle, Alabama,  
Since 1939.  
Is It a National Record?**



Would not human nature still place lingering doubts and fears in the mind of one so young? How would her parents, who were devout believers, react when told of her religious “calling”? Would her school classmates ridicule and make fun of her? Would she become alienated from her close friends?

For the following three years, she kept this secret locked inside but threw herself into a crash course of Bible study and prayer as God prepared her for her life mission. It is doubtful if any 16-year-old girl ever accumulated more of the Bible than had Mary Watford, nor had any teenager been more burdened for the welfare of unbelievers and those hungry for the gospel.

Her parents had moved from Awin to the Wildfork community south of Excel when she was 3 years old. From the outset, the family had been staunch members of the local Oak Grove Assembly of God Church. When Mary told her father of her spiritual calling, to her surprise, he told her that the Lord had already revealed it to him and that he thought the time had come for her to begin her ministry.

About this time, a former neighbor, who was not a religious man, had moved to Dottelle and had a very sick child. The doctor had offered no hope for the child’s recovery, but when Mary’s father and a visiting preacher went to the home and prayed, the child reportedly was healed instantly.

This led to a request for some preacher to come to the house and hold a religious service. “When I told my papa that we should try to find some preacher to go,” his reply was, “Why don’t you go?”

On July 3, 1938, in the presence of 40 or more people, this 16-year-old girl preached her first sermon in this home.

Doubtless, some of those came more out of curiosity than to worship. However, doubters became believers as evidenced by their urgent plea for her to return two days later to conduct a full-scale revival.

Typical of responses was the lady

## Sister Mary and Scratch Ankle, Alabama

Sister Mary is a story in herself.

She’s 83, a small woman in a speckled house dress, her face furrowed with study and thought. She wears no makeup, no jewelry other than a simple watch and a plain wedding band, and never has. She has no time for television. Her days are consumed with Bible reading and the preparation of Bible classes, sermons, and church secretarial work. She founded the church 66 years ago and has been its pastor ever since.

As a timid 15-year-old girl, she realized the Lord wanted her to preach, she said. Female pastors were almost unheard of in that day and locale, but she was sure of her ministry. Her parents supported her. The Lord had told them, too, that she was destined to preach, she said. There were hardly any churches in the area, and none in Scratch Ankle, when she began.

She started preaching at age 16. She was nervous, but she prepared the best she could. She ran into problems almost right away.

“They, oh—bitter against a woman preaching,” she recalled. “That was something a woman had to face.”

One man came up to her before the service started at a revival. Women were supposed to hold silence in the church, he said. But she knew other verses—how a woman was the first to carry the resurrection message, and how a woman was an Old Testament judge.

“I told him I know God called me to preach,” she said. And others came forward to support her.

Scratch Ankle never had any industry or railroad, said Jane Ellen Clark, education director at the Monroe County Heritage Museum.

It was settled by small farmers in the 1800s, one of several communities between the Alabama River and Big Flat Creek. Locals estimate there are about 100 households, or 200 or so

residents.

Most of them are related somehow, said Billy Dees, a storekeeper. The old Scratch Ankle school was moved to a lot across the road from his store. The community is a place of American flags, cornfields, red clay driveways and boxes of flowers. Those in their 60s can remember when the area



Sister Mary with children in 1939. She has seen children grow to retirement, yet she is still pastoring.

first got electricity, plumbing and cars. Nowadays, outsiders are snatching up property when they can get it, just for the quiet beauty.

“A lot of people wish they were born and raised in Scratch Ankle,” Dees said. “It’s a lot of fun. It’s home.”

**An excerpt from “Roads Less Traveled, ‘Scratch Ankle: Mosquitoes and Mysterious Lights,’” by Karen Tolkkinen, *Mobile (AL) Register*, June 16, 2003. Courtesy of the Mobile Register©2003. All rights reserved. Reprinted with permission.**



Faith Chapel's congregation in 1951.



Sunday school teachers in 1951, including Sister Mary in front row center, at Faith Chapel.

who said to her, "I had previously told folks that you know, that little girl don't know anything about the Bible, but I found out that you did."

Present at this series of meetings were people from Perdue Hill who insisted that she come there and preach. Word spread, and her schedule was soon filled, preaching in other area homes and groves.

The year 1938 had become a full year and culminated with a great revival at Oak Grove Assembly of God Church in Frisco City. It was at this meeting that an offering was taken to send Mary to the Southeastern Bible School at New Brockton [school later moved to Atlanta and then to Lakeland, Florida where it is Southeastern College of the Assemblies of God]. Although no one that young had ever been accepted, an exception had been made and plans formulated for her to attend that fall.

Apparently this was not God's plan, however. Her father declared that God had spoken, telling him to buy a tent with that money and to go toward Camden. Thus it was again following God's marching orders that the young evangelist and her father made their way to the tiny community of Scratch Ankle in the Franklin area of north

Monroe County.

As in previous places, they again were met with skepticism. Some envisioned their venture as a man exploiting a scam using a child preacher. This notion was quickly dispelled when it became known that the only honorarium her father would accept was just enough to buy gas for traveling from their home in Wildfork.

At this time, Mary had only envisioned her ministry as being that of an evangelist and not the pastor of a church, but there was no church of this kind in this sparsely settled area and the people pressured her to organize a church. What a challenge for a young girl who had just turned 17!

For the next two years, Mary and her father commuted from their farm home in south Monroe County, and services were held in the tent and in the one-room schoolhouse. Then, in 1940, her father reasoned that the only way to really help those folks would be for the family to move to their community.

Again, the Lord opened the way by providing a home place and farmland for the Watford family. The community gained twofold as Watford showed the farmers how to double their corn crop production and Mary was available to

minister on a full-time basis.

Obstacles still abounded since the congregation had no church building of their own and there was no money to build as the entire country was just beginning to recover from the Great Depression years of the early to mid-1930s.

However, no earthly economic depression ever closed any door that God wanted left open. This time it led to a disbanded Baptist Church in the Hixon community, which once thrived just west of the town of Fountain. The only surviving member who could be found just happened to be living right under their nose in Scratch Ankle and, when contacted, gladly donated the old, now dilapidated, building.

Still, two things remained to be solved. They had a building that had to be moved with no way to move it and no place to put it. Faith triumphed again when Mammie Rutherford donated an acre of land and volunteers from the community tore down the Hixon church, labeled the timbers, transported them to Scratch Ankle, and erected the new church building.

Although a new brick sanctuary has been built alongside, it is still used today for a fellowship hall. The





Faith Chapel Assembly of God. Courtesy of Mitchell Stabler



Alabama District Superintendent Billy Glover and Sister Mary on the church's 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 1999.

pulpit taken from the old Hixon Baptist Church, which at the time Mr. Watford cut down to accommodate his young daughter's height, is still used today.

Alvin Bayles was just a little fellow at the time, but remembers well the building of this first church. Everybody in the community pitched in with free labor and materials. "My job was to pull the nails out of the old boards and straighten them so they could be reused," he told me.

The foundation for the little church was poured on July 8, 1941, and when it was completed and the building dedicated the following 31<sup>st</sup> of August, it was completely debt free.

Amidst prior moments of uncertainty, faith of the little band of members had prevailed—God had met every need. Thus, when the question arose as to giving the church a name, the only logical one was "Faith Chapel."

And so today, 66 years later, the small assemblage that first gathered together to worship in private homes, in a grove, under a tent, into a small one-room schoolhouse and finally into their own building, still prospers as it ministers weekly to an equal number of members and visitors.

The 17-year-old lass who became

the church's first and only minister is now in her 83rd year and has no inclination whatsoever of retiring from this ministry. Those who know her best claim she doesn't even know the definition of slowing down and taking it easy.

One lady told me that she ministers to anyone in need of any kind, regardless of whether or not they are members of

**Mary and her father formed a team to get her started in the ministry.**

her flock. Another said that she is the most beloved person to have ever set foot in that area.

After informally chatting with her in the comfort and warmth of her home, I can believe that wholeheartedly. Her advanced age is completely belied by her enthusiastic attitude for the present and her optimistic outlook for the future. Her pleasing personality and down-to-earth genuineness easily overrides any differences one might have regarding denominational doctrines.

I joshed with her, asking if she went along with my Baptist belief of "once saved, always saved." She didn't

hesitate when she replied, "No," but the soft tone in her voice and the warmth of her smile was assurance that this issue took a back seat to a person's acceptance of Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. And since we both believe in the universal brotherhood of Christ, we can be brothers and sisters in Christ even though the doctrines of different denominations are not shared.

I can honestly say that, while in her presence, I felt completely at ease and bonded in a unique relationship.

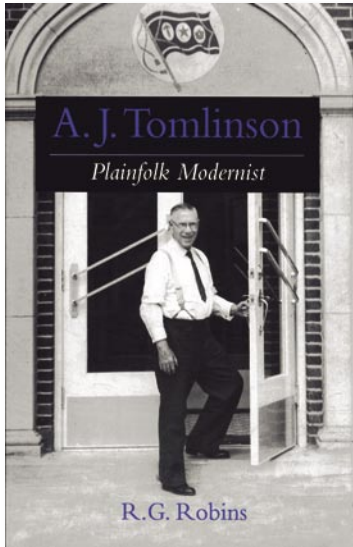
How many ministers of either gender do you know who have pastored the same church for 66 years and are still going strong? There are few living legends, but Sister Mary Watford Stabler is certainly numbered among them.



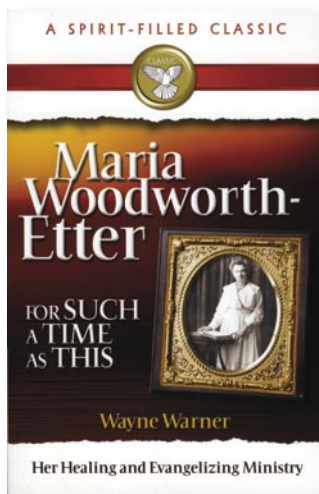
**This article by George Thomas Jones appeared in "Happenings in Old Monroeville," and was published in the *Monroe (AL) Journal*, Monroeville, Alabama, April 7, 2005. Used by permission of the author. *Heritage* wishes to thank Delores Johnson, Monroeville, for calling the story to our attention.**

# SEEN IN PRINT

As a service to our readers, *Heritage* highlights selected published books—some of which are self-published and must be ordered from the authors. Others are available from booksellers or the Gospel Publishing House, 1445 N. Boonville Ave., Springfield, MO 65802 [www.gospelpublishing.com].

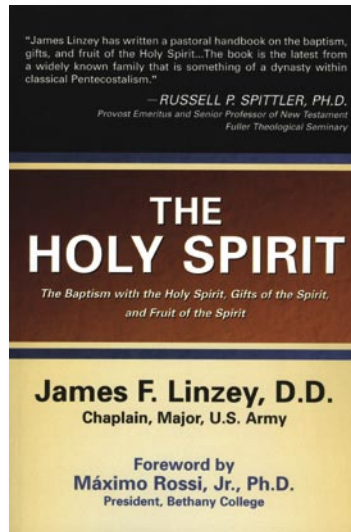


*A. J. Tomlinson, Plainfolk Modernist*, by R. G. Robins, Oxford University Press, New York. A biography of an early Pentecostal and one of the founders of the Church of God, Cleveland, Tennessee. Hardback, illustrated, 336 pages. \$45.00.

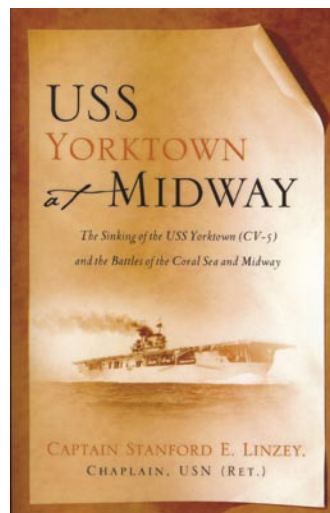


*Maria Woodworth-Etter, For Such a Time as This*, by Wayne Warner, director of the Flower Pentecostal

Heritage Center. Bridge-Logos Press. A biography of one of the leading evangelists in the early Pentecostal movement. Paperback, illustrated, 359 pages. Available from Gospel Publishing House, No. 03-7511. \$12.99.

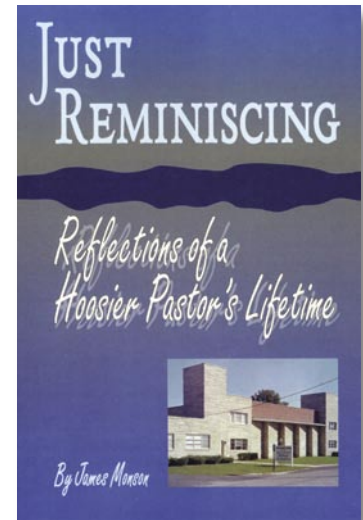


*The Holy Spirit*, by James F. Linzey. Zulon Press. A handbook on the baptism, gifts, and fruit of the Spirit. The author is a U.S. Army chaplain. Paperback, 173 pages. Can be ordered from Gospel Publishing House, No. 03-6968. \$13.99.

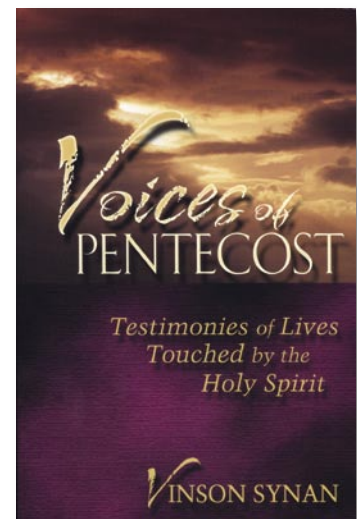


*USS Yorktown at Midway*, by Stanford E. Linzey, Jr., Zulon Press. Formerly published as *God Was at Midway*, this book tells the story of the sinking of the U.S.S. *Yorktown*, by one of the survivors,

a retired A/G chaplain. Paperback, 164 pages. Can be ordered from the author, 1641 Kenora Dr., Escondido, CA 92027. \$16.99 postpaid.

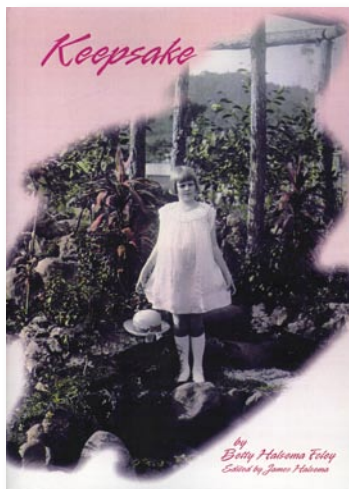


*Just Reminiscing*, by James Monson. A Hoosier pastor reflects on his life, including 40 years as founding pastor of Faith Assembly, Beech Grove, Indiana. Available from author at 28770 Bermuda Bay Way #104, Bonita Springs, FL 34134. Paperback, illustrated, 98 pages. \$10 postpaid.

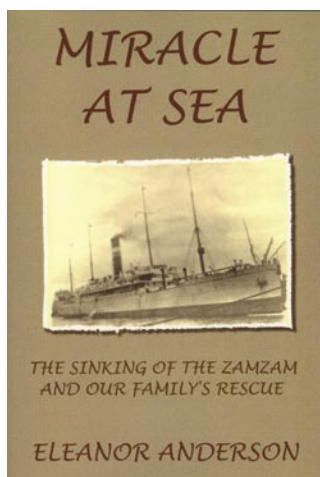


*Voices of Pentecost*, by Vinson Synan. A collection of 61 inspiring stories of people who were touched by the Holy Spirit—from St. Augustine to Oral Roberts. Published by Servant Publications, Ann Arbor, MI. Paperback, 180 pages. \$10.99.



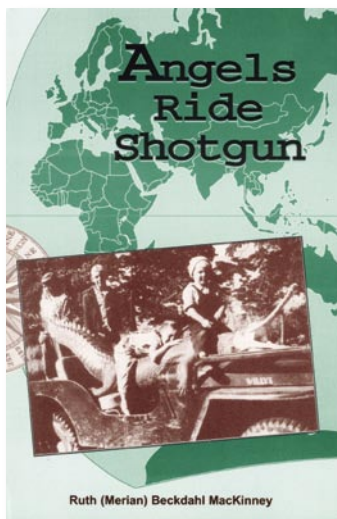


**Keepsake**, by Betty Halsema Foley. Paper & Ink, Publisher. The life story of a woman who was reared in the Philippines and who was one of the internees during World War II (see Winter 2004-05 *Heritage*). Paperback, illustrated, 241 pages. Can be ordered from Copyfast, 15020 N. Hayden Road, Suite 100, Scottsdale, AZ 85260. \$20 postpaid in U.S.

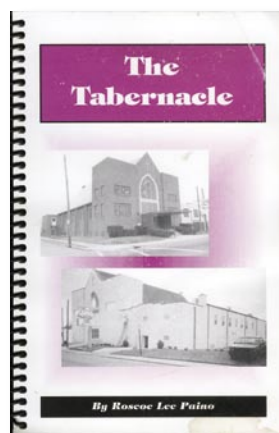


**Miracle at Sea**, by Eleanor Anderson. Published by Quiet Waters Publications. The story of the sinking of the *Zamzam* ship in 1941. More than 120 missionaries were aboard this ship, which was sunk by a German "raider" ship. All were rescued. Four of them were A/G missionaries on the way to Africa: Paul and Evelyn Derr and their daughter Ruth and her husband Claude Keck (see "The *Zamzam's* Last Voyage," *Heritage*, Fall 1987).

Paperback, illustrated, 144 pages. Order from publisher at P.O. Box 34, Bolivar, MO 65613. \$17.50 postage paid.

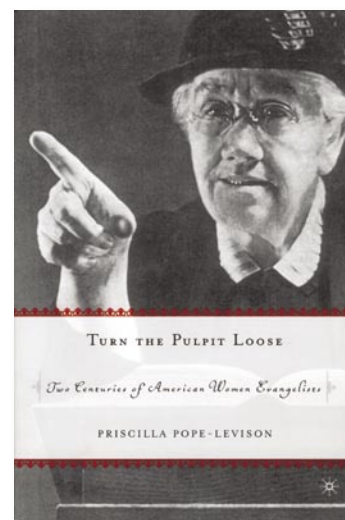


**Angels Ride Shotgun**, by Ruth (Merian) Beckdahl MacKinney. Cherokee Books. The story of a woman and her family whose life included exciting missionary experiences in India. Paperback, illustrated, 209 pages. Order from author at 6690 East Highway 86, Neosho, MO 64850-5204. \$10 postpaid.

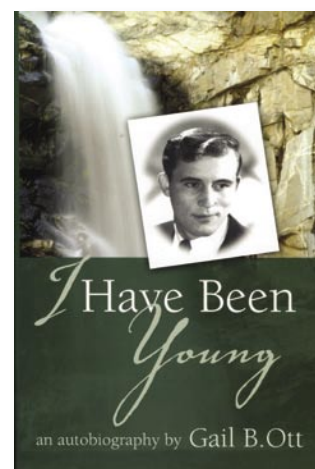


**The Tabernacle**, by Roscoe Lee Paino. The story of a church that started as the Woodworth-Etter Tabernacle, Indianapolis, became Westside Tabernacle, and is now a Hispanic ministry. Paino's parents, Thomas, Sr. and Lyda, pastored the church beginning in 1932. Book is wire bound, illustrated, 98 pages, and

available from the author at 809 Hardin Blvd., #B, Indianapolis, IN 46241. \$5.95 postpaid.



**Turn the Pulpit Loose**, by Priscilla Pope-Levison. Palgrave Macmillan Press, New York. The author has extensively researched American women evangelists of the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries, including Phoebe Palmer, Maria Woodworth-Etter, Ida Robinson, Uldine Utley, and 14 others. Paperback, 272 pages. Available on the internet from Amazon.com, \$24.95.



**I Have Been Young**, by Gail B. Ott. WinePress Publishing, P.O. Box 428, Enumclaw, WA 98022. An autobiography by an Assemblies of God pastor, which includes ministry overseas. Hardback, 216 pages. Order from publisher, \$19.95, plus \$6.95 shipping and handling.

# Society for Pentecostal Studies

Meeting at Regent University  
March 10-12, 2005



Above: FPHC director, Wayne Warner, visiting with Barbara Lyles of St. Louis.

Right: FPHC special projects coordinator Brett Pavia (left) explaining the Center's products to Vinson Synan, dean of the Regent University School of Divinity.

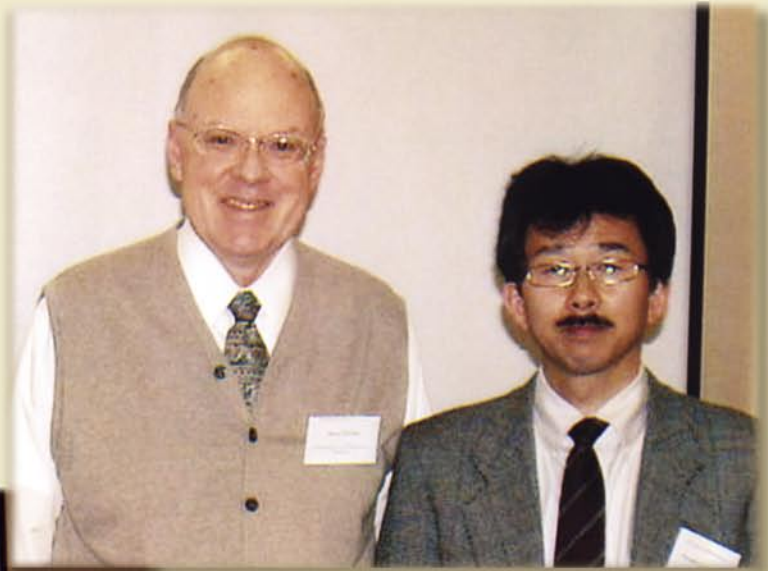


With a challenging theme — “That which we have received, we now pass on: Spirit, Word, and tradition in Pentecostalism” — the 34<sup>th</sup> annual meeting of the Society for Pentecostal Studies met March 10-12 at Regent University, Virginia Beach, Virginia. Representing the FPHC were Brett Pavia, Wayne Warner, and an Evangel University history intern, Ben Ranta. Plenary guest speakers included theologian Clark Pinnock, and Doug Beacham, International Pentecostal Holiness Church.

These two pages have selected conference photos by Brett Pavia and Wayne Warner.



Right: Gary McGee, professor at the Assemblies of God Theological Seminary and Masakazu Suzuki, adjunct professor at the Central Bible College, Tokyo, Japan.



Below: Darrin Rodgers (left), a librarian at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, California, and David Cole, president of Eugene Bible College, Eugene, Oregon.



Below: FPHC intern Ben Ranta (left) and Allan Anderson, professor at the University of Birmingham, United Kingdom, at Saturday banquet.



Above: Barbara Cavaness, professor at the Assemblies of God Theological Seminary, presenting her paper, "How Three Prominent First-Generation Pentecostal Leaders Viewed Women in Ministry."

# TESTIMONY TIME

## Frank King Discovering Early Ties with the Assemblies of God

When Frank King would think of his Assemblies of God heritage, he looked back to his great-grandmother, Adeline Godwin, who was connected with the Assemblies of God in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. She was converted in 1921 and was the founder of First Assembly, Bartlesville.

You can imagine his pleasant surprise when he found in his genealogical search that his family's Assemblies of God heritage actually began as early as 1915. That's when his 67-year-old great-grandfather Joseph Bryant—a one-half Osage Indian—was saved and joined the Assembly of God at Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

Pawhuska, which is 24 miles west of Bartlesville, is the capital of the Osage Indian Nation, and in the 1920s was called the richest area of the world per capita because of the oil discovery. The Assembly of God there was one of the first in Oklahoma.\*

King, who lives in McAllen, Texas, and who has worked with MAPS, using his skills as an electrician, knew his great-grandfather was baptized as

a child in the Catholic Church. He wrote, "I am proud of my Assemblies of God heritage, which goes back to the early days of the denomination." King is also proud of his Osage Indian blood that his great-grandfather passed on to him. He can even go back farther than that as he traces his ancestry to Jean Pierre Chouteau, a famous trader in St. Louis and founder of Salina, Oklahoma.

The Joseph Bryant obituary King found reports that he was born in 1850 in the Indian Territory and died in his Oklahoma City home, May 4, 1917, leaving a wife and eight children. "Brother Bryant gave his heart to God, Dec. 20, 1915," the obituary continued, "and became a member of the Assembly of God at Pawhuska."

King was thrilled to read, and share with others, that while his great-grandfather was near death, he assured his pastor that he was ready to go and that all was well. A few minutes later, he was gone.

"Joe probably faced persecution for his decision," King reasoned, "but

he held fast to the Lord till the end!" King added, "Heaven's sounding sweeter all the time. I can't imagine the joy I'll have when I meet Joe for the first time up there."

Evangelist W. H. Pope and pastor Thomas J. O'Neal conducted the funeral services at the Assembly of God Tabernacle, Pawhuska. The obituary concluded that burial was in Pawhuska cemetery "to await the resurrection of the just."

Frank King, who doesn't try to hide his excitement when he discusses his heritage added, "It amazes me that I had two great-grandparents who joined the Assemblies of God during those early years."

He is a member of First Assembly, McAllen, Texas, and at 76 is not looking for any other church: "I was born Assemblies of God, and I'll die Assemblies of God. PTL!"

\*See *Like a Prairie Fire*, by Bob Burke, for a complete history of the Oklahoma District of the Assemblies of God.



Joseph Bryant, a convert of the Pawhuska Assembly ministry in 1915.



Frank O. King, great-grandson of Joseph Bryant, in his Osage Indian regalia.



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# Hankins Family Follows Ancestors Into Christian Ministry



**Left to right: Kerry and Faith (Hankins) Wood, Mark and Trina Hankins, Michael and Vicki Hankins, Bob and Candy Hankins.**

*When Gail Lester saw the Heritage Letter in the Fall 2004 issue of Heritage featuring Robert and Rachel Hankins, she pulled together third- and fourth-generation Hankinses to show the continuing ministry of the family. Gail, who is executive assistant to Pastors Michael and Vicki Hankins, provided the photo and the information in this story.*

Robert Q. and Rachel Hankins have several grandchildren and great-grandchildren who are serving in full-time pastoral ministry. They are the children and grandchildren of their son, B. B. Hankins, and wife, Velma, who served almost 55 years in pastoral ministry, with 49 years served as senior pastors of Gulf Coast Christian Center in West Columbia, Texas. Their children and Robert and Rachel's grandchildren are Michael, Mark, Faith, and Bob.

Michael and Vicki Hankins (Robert and Rachel's oldest grandson) are senior pastors of Christian City Church (CCC), Rowlett, in the Dallas area. Michael and Vicki have four children: Julie, Lyndi, Ryan, and Kynsie. Ryan serves on the pastoral team of CCC as does Kynsie and her husband, Mark Zakem. Julie is married to Eddie Woods, Jr. They are involved in planting a CCC in the Los Angeles area since June 2004, which is currently meeting in Woodland Hills, California.

Mark and Trina Hankins (B.B. and Velma's son) are senior pastors of Christian Worship Center, Alexandria, Louisiana. Their son, Aaron and wife, Erinn, serve as the associate pastors of their church. Daughter Alicia and her husband, Caleb, also serve on the ministry team of the church. Mark Hankins Ministries is another arm of

their international ministry. Mark has multiple media ministries, is the author of several books, and travels extensively nationally and internationally.

Faith Hankins Wood (B. B. and Velma's only daughter) is married to Kerry Wood. They are the senior pastors of Calvary Church, Stafford (Houston), Texas. They have four children: Robert, a freshman at SAGU, Geoffrey, Audrea, and Lauren.

Bob and Candy Hankins (their youngest son), succeeded B. B. and Velma Hankins as senior pastors of Gulf Coast Christian Center, West Columbia, Texas, in 2003 after B. B. went to be with the Lord. They have two children, Christian and Annie. Bob and Candy were pastors of Beeville Assembly of God prior to becoming senior pastors in West Columbia.



# FROM OUR READERS

## 1945 Rescue in Manila

It was with great interest that I read the article in the February 13 copy of the *Pentecostal Evangel* about the World War II Philippine rescues. Mildred Tangen was a Cole, and my cousin. I remember well as a boy of eleven years of age when Bob and Mildred walked into my uncle's home where we were all gathered as a family to welcome them home. They had little Bob in their arms and the excitement, joy, and relief that filled our hearts, I will never forget.



**Mildred Tangen in 1982, during the time she was ministering in Taiwan.**

Then I received the new copy of *Heritage* magazine to discover the more complete article on "The 1945 Rescue in Manila," along with the pictures that included my cousins, Bob and Mildred. They were very special people to me through the years. It was my joy to know them well, to minister in their church in Seattle years later, to observe their great faith in God's sovereignty when they could not return to the field because of their family situation, etc.

Following Bob's untimely death, Mildred came and told her story to our congregation here in Sacramento. It was our privilege to help send her to Taiwan for the last chapter in her ministry days.

Thank you for including this timely report of what many would not have known, or to remind those of us

who did have some knowledge, of what these great warriors of the faith went through.

Warmly and with thanks,  
Glen D. Cole, Pastor Emeritus  
Capital Christian Center  
Sacramento, California

I read your article in the *Heritage*, "The 1945 Rescue in Manila" and really enjoyed it. One reason it was so enjoyable was I was serving in the 31<sup>st</sup> Infantry in the southern Philippines at the same time. We helped take back New Guinea and Mindanao. I was a new Christian before I was inducted into the service, and I was able to pray with several Filipinos while there. I am a retired Assemblies of God pastor and was also a chaplain for the Civil Air Patrol for 28 years.

May God bless you for the great job you are doing and may His best be yours.

H. Wayne Crawford  
Gridley, California

Thank you for the copies of the POW memorial edition. We have sent copies to all of our family, including the one that is an Episcopalian missionary in Panama, Canal Zone.

In your email you had mentioned that you would be sending us a copy of the *Heritage* which had an article about my Grandfather, Alvin Branch. We haven't seen that yet, but are looking forward to it.

My sisters and brothers were greatly excited about having received the POW edition and thank you profusely.

Connie (Johnson) Dresbach  
Sonora, California

*Connie was imprisoned with her family (Leland and Helen Johnson) during World War II in the Philippines. FPHC has sent her a copy of her grandfather's story by Glenn Gohr, which was published in the Summer*

*2003 issue of Heritage. Back issues are available for \$4.50.*

I would like to express my appreciation for your thoughtfulness and special attention to assure that I received the winter issue. It was of personal interest to me in view of the fact that I was assigned to a ship in the naval task force that successfully reclaimed the Philippines from Japan in December/January of 1945. Your interesting article provided me with a humble feeling of accomplishment to have taken a small part in such an important mission to finally bring help to the local population and servicemen that endured so much hardship for many months.

I also found many of the other articles in the magazine very meaningful and instructive on how individuals and families handled challenges and difficulties. The "Heritage Letter" section gave me insight in how dedicated people and families can use their faith and with God's assistance overcome what would (to me!) seem to be unattainable results. It is my sincere hope that your church and religion is still producing individuals and members (like you) of the same quality and caliber for mankind.

I was extremely impressed with your ability as a writer to make your readers feel the emotion and involvement with the story as it progresses. In particular I liked the biographical sketches bringing the reader up-to-date on individuals involved. My impression of your interviews suggested that you derived considerable satisfaction in contacting and visiting each and every person (JOB WELL DONE, WAYNE)!

L. D. Karnes  
Sumner, Washington

*Lyle Karnes was a Springfield, Missouri, neighbor for 10 years to Wayne Warner, Heritage editor.*



### From an Internee of World War II

A profound THANKS for sending the two *Heritage* magazines! Reading the detailed events that occurred so many years ago brought back emotional tears of joy and endless gratitude to the 37<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division who literally “stumbled” onto our starving and motley group [imprisoned at Old Bilibid Prison in Manila]. I especially remember Betty Halsema Foley. Her parents and mine were “bosom friends.” I was a junior bridesmaid in her 1939 wedding. Besides Betty and her husband, Rupert, Bob and Mildred Tangen were young couples whose kids, Michael Foley and Bobby Tangen, were born in Camp Holmes.

To this day I have never been able to figure out why MacArthur’s forces did not know we POWs were in Bilibid, as military POWs (adjacent to our civilian compound) who were captured on Corregidor and Bataan in early 1942, were “marched through the streets of Manila” and placed in the “God-forsaken” former penitentiary. By no means do I criticize our military! War is hell! My parents, older brother (Billy), Betty and I watched (I get goose pimples when I recall the event!) those first tanks of the 44<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion (attached to the 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry) make its spearhead entrance on Quezon Blvd. the eve of February 3, 1945. Those rumbling tanks were on the other side of the 20-foot Bilibid wall, less than 50 feet away. From thence they drove east and liberated Santo Tomas. God bless Rayford Anderson, Claude White, and Leland Johnson their buddies. I wonder if those gents are still alive. I would give them a big HUG!

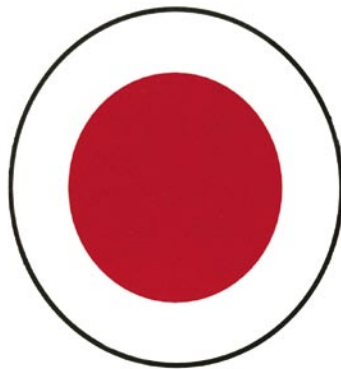
My very patriotic mother engineered the construction of the American flag that was lost during the Battle of Manila when we were evacuated to Ang Tibay, the shoe factory. I hand-sewed my own little flag from larger scraps. It is framed and hangs in our family room.

The 37<sup>th</sup> has infrequent reunions. The last 2 years in Macon, Missouri, and in Corpus Christi, Texas, a couple years ago. We laugh and cry and give our eternal thanks to those gallant GIs [The 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion of the 148<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment of the 37<sup>th</sup> Division] and the Man Above.

Branson, Missouri, always has a great city-wide Salute to the Veterans the week of November 11<sup>th</sup>. Our Heart-of-American EXPOW Chapter participated by riding in a float in the parade the last 2 years—got soaked in the rain last year!—but loads of fun.

Betty Halsema Foley died several years ago. Her 82-year-old brother, Jimmy Halsema, is our wonderful self-appointed “Prison Camp Historian,” a former journalist. Thanks again, Wayne,

Betsy Herold Heimke  
Overland Park, Kansas



### OHIO BUCKEYE DIVISION

*Rayford Anderson and Claude White were members of the 37<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division (Ohio National Guard). We have been in contact with the 37<sup>th</sup> Assn. but do not know whether Rayford Anderson is still living. Claude White is a retired A/G pastor who lives in California (see winter issue for information and photos, pages 2, 4). Leland Johnson was an A/G missionary who was one of the internees; he died in 1968. As we were preparing this issue, we learned that James Halsema died in Pennsylvania.*

### Letterheads I Have Known

Regarding letterheads shown on page 28, Fall 2004, I recognized the name Anna C. Reiff, publisher of the *Latter Rain Evangel*. My earliest recollection of Miss Reiff is when she sat in the front row at Stone Church [Chicago] with a small table in front of her with a steno pad and a few sharp pencils. She took the sermons in shorthand and also other points of interest in the service, such as a missionary report or a testimony of healing. These were published in the *Latter Rain Evangel*.

Formerly Anna C. Reiff had been the secretary of Dr. Dowie, founder of the Zionist movement in Zion, Illinois. She was a very capable and educated lady. It was Dr. William H. Piper, founder of the Stone Church, who enlisted her help in publishing the *Latter Rain Evangel*. Dr. Piper had also been a former member of Dr. Dowie’s work in Zion. The circulation of the *Latter Rain Evangel* grew steadily.

Miss Reiff needed help and Rose Meyer came to be her assistant. When the Stone Church moved to 70<sup>th</sup> and Stewart Avenue, the ladies acquired a home on 74<sup>th</sup> Street and moved the presses to their basement. It remained there until it was discontinued in 1940. Thousands of issues were printed and required volunteer crews to help mail. Miss Reiff and Miss Meyer were first paid \$4.00 each per week for many hours of hard work. In later years it was raised to \$5.00 per week. It was my privilege in my adolescent and teen years to know these ladies and spend time in their home. It was my understanding they later were given ownership of the publication.

Miss Meyer also was in charge of children’s meetings on Saturday afternoon at the church. She was superintendent of the Sunday school and also conducted our first Daily Vacation Bible School (D.V.B.S.).

**(Continued on next page)**

In retirement years these two ladies left Chicago and went to Wisconsin to open a place for Christians to have a restful retreat. One of their favorite guest speakers was John Wright Follette. In previous years, Bro. Follette held services at the Stone Church, and many of those messages had been published in the *Latter Rain Evangel*.

I love my *Heritage* publication.  
God Bless,  
Roelina G. Sennese  
Crestwood, Illinois

*The historic Stone Church is now located in Palos Heights, a SW Chicago suburb. The Latter Rain Evangel (1908-39) is now available on a text-searchable CD for \$30. Order from the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center, 1445 N. Boonville Ave., Springfield, MO 65802.*

### Still Going Strong at 90

It has been a long time since you have heard from me. It was 1984 when I sent you some information on the O. T. Killions.



**O. T. and Vida Killion, while pastors at Sulphur Springs, Texas, standing outside with their daughter Dou Vena in 1956.**

In 1989 we moved to Houston to be near our daughter, our only child. O. T. went home to be with the Lord, June 12, 1996.

This past August 28, 2004, my daughter and family gave me a beautiful 90<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration at North Central Assembly of God. Brothers Paul and Larry Emerson are my pastors.

I still teach a monthly Bible class for the Women's Ministries group and some substitute teaching of adult Sunday school classes. Plus, I do some freelance writing.

I always enjoy reading *Heritage* articles. The World War II days you covered was of special interest. We were pioneering a church in Paris, Texas, during that time. Many soldiers came to our church and were a great blessing in helping us in radio programs, Sunday school, and Vacation Bible School. I still hear from some.

I'm still living in the strength of the Word, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." May His best ever be yours.

Vida Killion  
Houston, Texas

*Congratulations to Vida Frazier Killion who will be profiled in the 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary edition of Who's Who in America, to be released in October.*

### Chaplain Stanford Linzey Writes

I received the 20 copies of *Heritage* (Winter 2004-05). Thanks so very much. I have put in the mail a check for my donation to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. I am impressed with the work you and your staff are doing. The church has a fine history, and you are bringing it to our attention. God bless. I appreciate your assistance. Again, Thanks.

Chaplain Stanford Linzey  
Escondido, California

*See Chaplain Linzey's story, "Retired Navy Chaplain Reflects on Military and Spiritual Battles," by Dawn-Marie Wilson, in the Winter 2004-05 issue.*

### Appreciation from Chile

Yesterday my wife Betty and I received the winter issue of *Heritage*. Although we are snowed under with activities, we drop everything to read this superb publication. How grateful we are to you for making available the fascinating history of the acts of the 20<sup>th</sup> century apostles. It would be a crime to allow these inspiring stories to be lost in oblivion.

Paul King's article ["Pentecostal Roots in the Early Christian and Missionary Alliance," Fall and Winter] on the relations between the Pentecostals and the Christian and Missionary Alliance is most interesting. The C&MA has invited me to speak in several conferences. Several of their pastors teach in our Bible college, and one of our professors teaches in an Alliance Bible institute. Of course, we respect each other's doctrines and practices.

May our Lord continue to use you to remind us of the great heritage that heroes of the past have left us, and so enrich the present with the past. Keep up the good work.

Paul Hoff  
Instituto Biblico Nacional  
de Chile  
Santiago, Chile

### Christian and Missionary Alliance

We recently received the fall and winter issues of *Heritage*, which include a two-part article by Paul King on "Pentecostal Roots in the Early Christian and Missionary Alliance."

We are honored that you shared these with us. Paul King has researched extensively in our archives, and it is interesting to read the results of his hard work. We appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending us these copies.

Mrs. Patty McGarvey  
Assistant Archivist  
Christian and Missionary  
Alliance Archives  
Colorado Springs, Colorado



# ARCHIVES ACTIVITIES

**Eddie Anderson:** Photographs of Charles Blair and W. F. Garvin; Biographical information on Esther (Bender) Meier; Cassettes of Eddie Anderson and J. Robert Ashcroft. **William C. Booth-Clibborn:** Family information: "Booth-Clibborn USA History" / by William Carroll Booth-Clibborn. **Mike Cooper (Prepress):** Matchprint Viewer used in the Prepress area of the Gospel Publishing House. **Richard Crayne:** Booklet: "The Mailing List Controversy" / by Richard Crayne, 2004. **Frances Cunningham:** Photographs of Anna Ziese. **Paul Davis:** News clip: "Tidings Temple Family Has Noted Converts" [Ivan and Irene Doepke], *The Post and Times Star* [Kentucky], Sept. 6, 1963.

**John Eller:** Photographs of Royal Rangers district campground at Lake Return, Arkansas. **Vladimir Franchuk:** Books written by him: *Journey to the Country of the Mountains and Valleys*, 2003; [*Russia Asked the Lord for Rain*] English title of 3-volume set [in Russian] on the history of the Church in Eastern Europe, 2001-2003. **Fuller Seminary, McAlister Library Exchange:** Several titles of Pentecostal/charismatic periodicals; *The Burning*

*Bush* (holiness periodical), 1905, 1907-1915. **Glenn Gohr:** "Whirling Squares and Golden Sections" / Jim Payne; *Regular Polygons and the Circle*; "On the Road Again" / Jim Payne.

**John Hall:** Information on his grandfather, George Lee Hall, who was at Azusa Street. **Beth Hardin:** Photographs of Hart Armstrong. **Lorin Head:** Cassettes: "Spiritual Secrets of the Man Who Walked With God" [4 tapes on Smith Wigglesworth] / George Stormont; "Praying Marbles or Moving Mountains" [4 tapes] / George Stormont; "Revival" [6 tapes] / George Stormont. **Elva Hoover:** News clip: "Delayed Harvest," *The Chanutte Tribune*, Nov. 30, 2004. [Re. mission work in the Kentucky mountains]. **Charles A. Jennings:** Booklet: *Sounding the Trumpet: Prophetic Words Given Through Stanley Frodsham*. **Dorothy Johns:** Pictures and notebook connected with Elim Bible School (Rochester, NY).

**Marge Marshall:** Obituary and tribute to Harriet Brown, long-term missionary to Alaska, Feb. 8, 2005. **Ohio District Archives:** Miscellaneous publications, etc. (9 boxes). **Brett Pavia:** News printout: "The Soul of

the New Exurb" / Jonathan Mahler, *New York Times.com* Mar. 27, 2005 [re. Radiant Church, Surprise, AZ]. **Patricia Pickard:** Postcard of Kinzie Evangelistic Party; News clippings, articles, and letters on various topics; Letters to Mary Campbell Wilson; Miscellaneous photographs; Gipsy Smith scrapbook; Autobiography: "Why I Am a Pentecostal Historian." **Marshall Price:** Dissertation: *The Literary Function and Theology of Biblical Genealogy*. Ph.D., University of Wales, 2001.

**Elwood Rakes:** News clip: May 15, 1968 re. Willie Millsaps being nationally honored. **Michael Reid:** Books: *Faith: It's God Given* / by Michael S. B. Reid; *Strategic Level Spiritual Warfare: A Modern Mythology?* / Michael S. B. Reid. **W. L. Roset:** Autobiography: *This is My Story* / by Wilfred Laurier Roset, 2004. **Bill Taylor:** News clip of Philip and Hazel Crouch with their son, Wedge. **Wayne Warner:** Memorial pamphlet and obituary of Rev. Robert L. Swope. **Donna Whitt:** Framed photograph of Southwestern Bible School (Enid, OK), 1933.



Recently the Open Bible Churches brought copies of the *Message of the Open Bible* and related publications to the FPHC for scanning. Here General Superintendent Thomas Trask (left) greets Open Bible President Jeff Farmer and wife Ramona, as FPHC director Wayne Warner looks on.



Staff members Brett Pavia (left) and Glenn Gohr are helping Jeff Farmer (center) to unload one of the boxes of periodicals.

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