

Assemblies of God
HERITAGE



T. Texas Tyler
The man with a million friends

Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center Museum



Come Explore Assemblies of God History

The Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center Museum unites past, present, and future Assemblies of God generations through a gallery of exhibits that displays the challenges, blessings, and development that our Fellowship has experienced.



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Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center
1445 Boonville Avenue - Springfield, Missouri 65802
(417) 862-1447 ext. 4400 - E-mail us at archives@ag.org

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Wayne Warner
EDITOR AND DIRECTOR

Joyce Lee
ARCHIVIST

Glenn Gohr
ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST AND COPY
EDITOR

Brett Pavia
COORDINATOR OF
DIGITAL PROJECTS

Faye Williams
ADMINISTRATIVE
COORDINATOR

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65802-1894

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FROM THE BOTTLE TO THE CROSS

A story of country singer T. Texas Tyler's deliver-
ance from drugs and liquor, and his career as an
evangelist.

By Roy Paul Nelson



THE MAN WHOSE PULPIT HAS MOVABLE TYPE

For 47 years Robert C. Cunninghams was editor
of the *Pentecostal Evangel*. Here is a glimpse of
that long and fruitful ministry. By Wayne Warner



AMBASSADOR II MISSIONARY FLIGHTS

Fifty years ago last October the Assemblies of
God traded its C-46 airplane for a converted B-17
bomber. A former crew member writes of per-
sonal experiences from around the world.

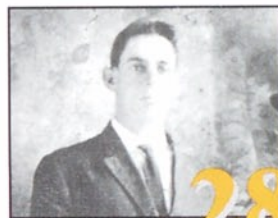
By Bill V. Taylor



GERMAN IS FOOD FOR THE SOUL GEORGE RUEB, GERMAN-AMERICAN PENTECOSTAL PIONEER

A feature on the life and ministry of George
Rueb and the German District.

By Darrin J. Rodgers



ARTHUR SHELL, SR., EARLY DAYS OF PENTECOST IN ALABAMA

As a 16-year-old boy, in 1908, Arthur Shell, Sr.,
was saved and called to preach in the same meet-
ing. His name became synonymous with the
Pentecostal message throughout Alabama.

By Glenn Gohr

- 2** Heritage Letter **34** Letters From Our Readers **38** Time Frame
40 Photos From Our Readers **42** Visitors to the FPHC
45 Testimony Time **46** 1999 General Council **48** Archives Activities

Heritage Letter

This is a reprinted article from Winter 1988-89

By Wayne Warner

Searching for Tucker Roots

This is the story of a family that suffered much for the gospel's sake and today could be mentioned in the same breath as the saints listed in Hebrews 11. Heroes of the faith, if you please. They are a part of the great missionary heritage we treasure.

Our renewed interest in this family came one day late in September [1988] when J. Dan Woodall, a Missouri state representative, walked into my office here in the Archives and introduced me to his 11-year-old grandson.

"This is J. S. Tucker," he said, "and he wants to see what you have collected on his Tucker grandparents."

That's all it took for the usual archival activities to come to a sudden stop. Here was a third generation youth wanting to see something on his martyred grandfather, J. W. Tucker.

As Joyce Lee pulled out scrapbooks, photographs, and other materials, my mind flashed back to 1964 when a civil war raged in the Congo (now Zaire). J. W. and Angeline Tucker, who had served in the Congo since 1939, were preparing to return to the Congo after being home on furlough. During the summer of 1964, they were keeping a close watch on their besieged African nation.

They wanted to return. Nationals in the country needed them, they reasoned. But what about the children? Was it foolhardy to take their three precious children--John, Carol, and Melvin ("Cricket")--back into the Congo?

One day J. W. knew he had the answer. He told Angeline, "I must go



The J. W. Tucker family, July 1964, just before they returned to the Congo (Zaire). In the front are John, Angeline, and J. W.; Melvin "Cricket" and Carol are standing.

back. The Lord is calling me back, and we must trust in Him." Angeline wasn't so sure at the time, yet she would write later, "Our paths were directed back to the Congo."

With a mixture of apprehension, courage, commitment, and faith in God, the Tuckers returned to Paulis (now Isiro), Congo, early in August 1964. Eleven days later the rebels swept into Paulis, killing, looting, and destroying property indiscriminately.

Then the rebels came for J. W. Tucker. A rebel officer, while questioning Tucker and accusing him of political involvement, placed a pistol against his head and threatened to kill him. The Christ-like J. W. Tucker had never faced such brutality. Like Paul, his time of departure was at hand--but not yet.

Everybody breathed easier and offered a prayer of thanksgiving when a shaken Jay was released later in the day.

But a few days later, the rebels returned, roughing up the Tuckers and forcing J. W. and the teenaged John into their car.

They were taken to officials



J. W. Tucker ready to board a plane at Little Rock, Arkansas, in August 1964. Rebels murdered him in the Congo 4 months later.

for identification purposes but were released within a half hour and permitted to rejoin their terrified family.

Getting out of the Congo at this point was hopeless, so the Tuckers and two other missionaries--Gail Winters and Lillian Hogan--tried to make the best of a very dangerous situation. Things did quiet down but it was hardly back to normal. A weekly inspection of their house was to be expected. The rebels always said they were looking for guns or radio

transmitters--none of which would ever be found in the Tucker house.

On October 21, J. W. and John were once again escorted to a rebel headquarters. And once again they were released.

The Tucker family would always remember November 4, 1964, the day before Jay Tucker would celebrate his 49th birthday. He was placed with about 35 others in a Catholic mission which was being used for a prison.

Angeline was able to visit Jay at the mission and take walks with him from time to time which lifted the spirits of both. A friendly commander even permitted Jay to visit his family at home. The other prisoners were appreciative of Jay's presence. "I don't know how we could have stood this without him," one man told Angeline. "He prays for us and gives us hope and strength and confidence."

In the meantime, the United Nations was negotiating a settlement in the bloody war. But negotiations broke down on November 23. Word came that paratroopers had landed at Stanleyville (now Kisangani) and rescued about a thousand prisoners. Dr. Paul Carlson, an American missionary, was killed trying to escape with other prisoners at Stanleyville.

There was a glimmer of hope that the paratroopers would arrive at Paulis to free Jay and the other prisoners. But the situation was growing more critical by the hour. There was no time to lose.

On November 25, the day before Thanksgiving, Angeline's hopes shattered into a million pieces. A Catholic nun at the mission answered Angeline's call and then broke the sad news: "Il est au Ciel"—"He is in Heaven."

As the missionaries pieced the story together, they learned that the rebels took 13 prisoners--including Jay and some Catholic priests--beat

them to death with clubs and threw their bodies in a river.

Two days later Belgian paratroopers arrived in Paulis to rescue the Europeans and Americans. But for J. W. Tucker it was two days too late. Like so many others before him and since that time, he would wear a martyr's crown.

Angeline took her family to Springfield, Missouri, where you might have met her in her work with Women's Ministries, or you might have read her poignant book of the Congo experiences, *He Is in Heaven*. The DFM produced *They Have Overcome*, a documentary film on the



Angeline Tucker autographing her book *He Is in Heaven* for Charlotte (Mrs. Bert) Webb, at the 1965 General Council in Des Moines.

Tuckers' sacrifices.

I had met the bright and likable Cricket when my family moved to Springfield in 1968. He was one of the pupils in a sophomore Sunday school class which I taught at Central Assembly. Two years later during a school break, Cricket--now a senior in high school--and several friends went to Arkansas to build a log cabin. While they were carrying a heavy log to the building site, Cricket slipped and the log fell on his head.

For 8 long months Cricket lingered in the hospital, never fully gaining consciousness. I was there, along with many others, at least once a week, hoping and praying for a miracle. You could find Angeline sitting at

Cricket's bedside early in the morning before work and late at night after work. The marathon vigil ended June 18, 1971, when Cricket entered the presence of the Lord.

Angeline returned to Zaire under appointment in 1972. In 1976, while home on a furlough, she became ill and died within a few days.

Today Carol is married to Delbert Gariepy and lives in Mansfield, Missouri. John, who returned to Zaire as a medical technician, now lives in Monett, Missouri.

This column has focused on J. W. and Angeline Tucker because John's son, 11-year-old J. S. Tucker, came to the Archives to see his grandparents' historical files.

This young lad--who wasn't bom soon enough to have known Jay, Angeline, and Cricket--reminds us of an unforgettable experience at the River Jordan. That's when God instructed Joshua to build a monument of stones after the Children of Israel made that historic crossing.

When their children would ask the meaning of the monument, they were to tell them of the miracles God had performed. And they were to add, "That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty: that ye might fear the Lord your God for ever" (Joshua 4:24).

What we have accumulated in the archives on the Tuckers--and what has been accomplished as a result of their ministry in Zaire--are like the stones at the River Jordan. They say, "God's presence was here in power. Their lives were not lived in vain."

John, Carol, and J. S. Tucker (and the other Tucker grandchildren) have a rich spiritual heritage. They treasure it deeply, and I am confident they will pass it on to the next generation. Thank you, J. S. Tucker, for stopping by. You made our day.

(continued on page 45)

A reprint from the *Pentecostal Evangel*, May 3, 1964

From the Bottle



T. Texas Tyler and his wife Dorie during the time they lived in Springfield, Missouri.

4 A/G HERITAGE, FALL-WINTER 1999-2000

to the Cross

By Roy Paul Nelson

His fans knew T. Texas Tyler as one of the nation's top western singers. His fellow entertainers knew him as an alcoholic and dope addict. Here's the story of his conversion....



T. Texas Tyler

The man on the phone thought T. Texas Tyler was drunk, as usual. In that soft, deep drawl of his, Tex insisted he was cold sober. "We have an ironclad contract," the man cried. "You can't walk out."

Tex said that other promoters and booking agents had let him out of his contracts. There was just this one contract left—one that would tie him up with fairs and rodeos for a good part of the summer.

"I'll sue," the promoter insisted.

"I don't think so," Tex said. "Get your copy of the contract. I want to read something to you...."

Skipping over other clauses, including the one in all capital letters that said T. Texas Tyler **MUST BE SOBER**

BEFORE EACH PERFORMANCE (how many times had *that* clause been broken!), he read this: "All of the above clauses in this contract are binding and apply directly to T. Texas Tyler, *with the exception of an Act of God.*"

"I've been saved," Tex added.

"You've been *what*?"

"I've been saved. I have become a Christian. And if that isn't an act of God, I don't know what is."

It was a well-known fact in the entertainment business that T. Texas Tyler, the "man with a million friends," also had a million problems, most of them

stemming from drink and dope. His fellow entertainers would feel that Tex would be the last man in the world to "get religion." But it had happened. Overnight.

"Don't you see? I can't go on in the same way. My whole life has changed. I've got to tell people about it."

The promoter merely grunted.

"I'm going to become a preacher."

Now the promoter had heard everything. "Okay, okay," he said into the phone, realizing it was useless to argue. And he hung up.

He was from Mena, Arkansas, not Texas, and his real name was David L. Myrick, not T. Texas Tyler.

Leaning back in his chair, T. Texas Tyler allowed himself the luxury of a few moments' con-

templation. What a lot had happened since that day in 1935 when, as "Ozark Mountain Dave" (his real name is David L. Myrick), he sang "That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine" on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour and won first place in that week's contest and a contract to sing in nightclubs and theaters. (Major Bowes dreamed up the Texas Tyler tag, and "T" was added later by the singer to give his name some rhythm.)

... Jobs on radio stations in New York, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana.

... A regular spot on the National Barn Dance,

Chicago.

... His finding Little Jimmy Dickens in West Virginia, his helping him and his eventual teaming up with him.

... The signing with a record company and the launching of his first record--"Remember Me." More than 2,000,000 copies were sold. And the releasing of "Deck of Cards," which sold to 3,000,000 enthusiastic fans. The writing and recording, altogether, of some 50 songs, many of them hits.

... His appearance, alone with his guitar, in New York's Carnegie Hall, the first hillbilly singer to be so honored, and other appearances in Washington's Constitution Hall and Southern California's Hollywood Bowl.

... His role in the movement to change the designation of "hillbilly" music to "country and western" and the resulting respectability that has come to the music and to its performers.

... His forming the Western Swing Band, easily one of the best in the business.

... His association with the Grand Ole Opry, Nashville.

... His making of some \$100,000 a year as one of the country's best-known entertainers.

All this for a poor boy from Mena, Arkansas. But the story is only partly told.

Midway in his career, T. Texas Tyler got to drinking, at first socially, then seriously. It was ironic that he should start. He was the product of a broken home. His father had been an alcoholic. As a boy, he had sworn it would not happen to him.

"Funny thing about show business," Tex had said. "You're surrounded by admirers, but somehow

With all of his show business success, T. Texas Tyler faced serious problems, and even thought about suicide.

you're lonely. On top of that, you're keyed up over your performance. You feel you need something. And so you try drink."

Of course, Tex found no answer there. What's worse, he found he had a new problem: how to quit. Tex, whose career began to suffer, whose personal fortune began to melt away, was drinking continuously. The more he drank, the more he seemed to need. For long periods of time he was seldom sober.

Some of his musician friends introduced him to

T. TEXAS TYLER

"IN PERSON"

★ ONE OF THE TOP COUNTRY AND WESTERN ARTISTS OF OUR TIME!

★ FEATURED STAR ON "GRAND OLE OPRY" AND T-V!

★ 28 YEARS IN SHOW BUSINESS. NOW SERVING GOD!

★ HEAR HIS GOSPEL SINGING AND THRILLING TESTIMONY!



"The man with a million friends"

Meet T. Texas Tyler in Person at...

a new diversion. He began to smoke marijuana and to use other narcotics. By this time his case was desperate. He even considered suicide.

"I tried everything. I went to meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous. I took special 'cures.' Nothing worked."

All the time a minister golfing companion, Larry Larimore, had been quietly urging Tex to change his life. His mother had been praying for him. Friends such as Stuart Hamblen, Roy Rogers, and others, aware of his Baptist background and knowing Tex was at his best when singing hymns, had been urging him to give up his drinking and to get into Christian work. A Christian disc jockey of Long Beach, Calif., had been quietly prodding him.

One day, alone and miserable, and frankly quite drunk, Tex talked to his disc jockey friend by phone. "Ask Reverend Larimore to get over here. I need to talk to him!"

In a few minutes the minister was there. The two men got down on their knees and Tex heard himself saying, "Lord, if You will help me out and give me strength to fight the devil, I will go to work for You."

"I had been drunk when I went down on my knees," Tex relates, "but when I got up I was cold sober."

ER



T. Texas Tyler sings about his newfound joy at Central Assembly of God in Ardmore, Oklahoma.

The minister didn't push for conversion right then. He simply asked Tex to come to his church--a Foursquare Gospel Church--the next night. There "I felt the peace of God come into my heart. When I got off my knees, I knew the past was washed clean, and the old account was settled."

The craving for drink and dope completely disappeared. True to his promise, Tex dramatically gave up his career for a new one.

That was in 1958. Today he is a licensed Assemblies of God minister who travels as much as before, but to churches, wherever they'll have him, to tell his story and to sing and play his guitar. With him on many of his trips go his wife and one of his two sons. In his deep, clear voice he sings only hymns--the old favorites as well as newer ones he's written himself.

At one time T. Texas Tyler was one of the top country and western entertainers in the nation. His ambition, now--at 48--is to become one of the top soul winners. He's taking two correspondence courses to equip him for his new assignment, and although he still has a way to go to develop the polish as a preacher that he has as a singer, he knows he'll make it.

He's found that his sense of showmanship can be utilized in his new role. His audience is usually a little cold to begin with, perhaps even a little suspicious. They need warming up.

He'll often start out a service by asking members of the audience to turn around, shake hands with a neighbor, and say, "Hello, Good Looking!" (One night he found a boy in the back shaking hands with him-

self.) Or he'll ask, "How many have never seen me in person before?" And when a number of hands go up he adds, "... and never want to see me again?" There is a good deal of chuckling while those with hands up hurriedly get them down again.

"I'd be lying if I said I don't at times miss show business," Tex says. "There were some fine experiences for me there, in spite of the mess I made of things. But this preaching and singing God's Word is my real role in life. I know that now."

"Besides," he adds, with a grin, "I couldn't afford to go back. After I was converted I determined to pay back all the debts I had accumulated through my squandering. I owed Hank Snow, my manager, about \$4,000. I sent him a note with a money order for \$25. I told him, 'Don't laugh. Here's the first payment on my debt to you. I'll try to send \$25 a month until it's paid.'

"But Hank sent the money order back with a note that said: 'Getting this thrilled my heart and I can't think of anything that pleases me more than your being converted to our Almighty. I'm sending the money order back. I appreciate your thoughtfulness. As of now, you can consider the debt wiped out. If, however, you ever backslide, you'll owe me the whole sum.'"

This article is a reprint from the Pentecostal Evangel, May 3, 1964, and was published while the late T. Texas Tyler traveled the country singing gospel songs and giving his testimony. After his conversion and deliverance from alcohol and drugs, he became a minister with the Assemblies of God. He was a featured star on the Grand Ole Opry and television. During his latter years he lived in Springfield, Missouri, where he died in 1972. Today he is remembered in his hometown of Mena, Arkansas, with a monument and annual T. Texas Tyler Day.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF HERMAN AND JEANNE REMPEL



ROBERT C. CUNNINGHAM

The Man Whose Pulpit Has Movable Type

*No preacher anywhere would prepare messages
with more intensity
nor with more of the touch of God's Spirit.*

By Wayne Warner

For 47 years Robert C. Cunningham's name was associated with the *Pentecostal Evangel*--the last 35 as the editor. He was as much a part of the *Evangel* as David Livingstone was of African missions, as much as C. M. Ward was of *Revivaltime*.

And it is doubtful whether his mind-boggling record with the *Evangel* will ever be equaled. As editor he was charged with producing more than 1,800 weekly issues of this respected international publication--an awesome spiritual, emotional, and physical responsibility.

It isn't any wonder then that you could hardly think of the *Pentecostal Evangel* apart from Robert C. Cunningham.

And it isn't any wonder that numerous sincere expressions of tribute poured in at his retirement dinner a few weeks ago.

Thomas F. Zimmerman, who became general superintendent of the Assemblies of God in 1959--22 years after Cunningham began his long tenure with the *Evangel*--said:

"He has demonstrated unswerving consistency in his ability to hold a steady course. This has been a guiding light for the editorial policy of the *Pentecostal Evangel* during a period of its most significant worldwide growth and development.

"His God-given gifts have been recognized by his peers worldwide; and his high qualifications, coupled with a well-disciplined and truly humble spirit, have made him great among us.

"His works will follow him long after he has laid aside the strenuous role of meeting deadlines and facing the unrelenting demands of a highly technical responsibility."

Brother Cunningham's interest in gospel literature began in his native Canada. Editors and writers at the Gospel Publishing House in 1930 could hardly know that this teenager in Canada, who was eagerly devouring everything they could produce, would someday become an editor himself.

Neither could that teenager in his wildest dream picture such a happening. God was speaking to young Robert about

Christian service, but he was thinking in terms of a pulpit ministry. Writing and editing for Christian publications was a foreign idea to him.

The first big change in his life following his conversion came in the fall of 1934 when he enrolled at Central Bible Institute in Springfield, Missouri, to prepare for Christian service. Then 3 years later he was ready to find a pulpit and fulfill God's call on his life.

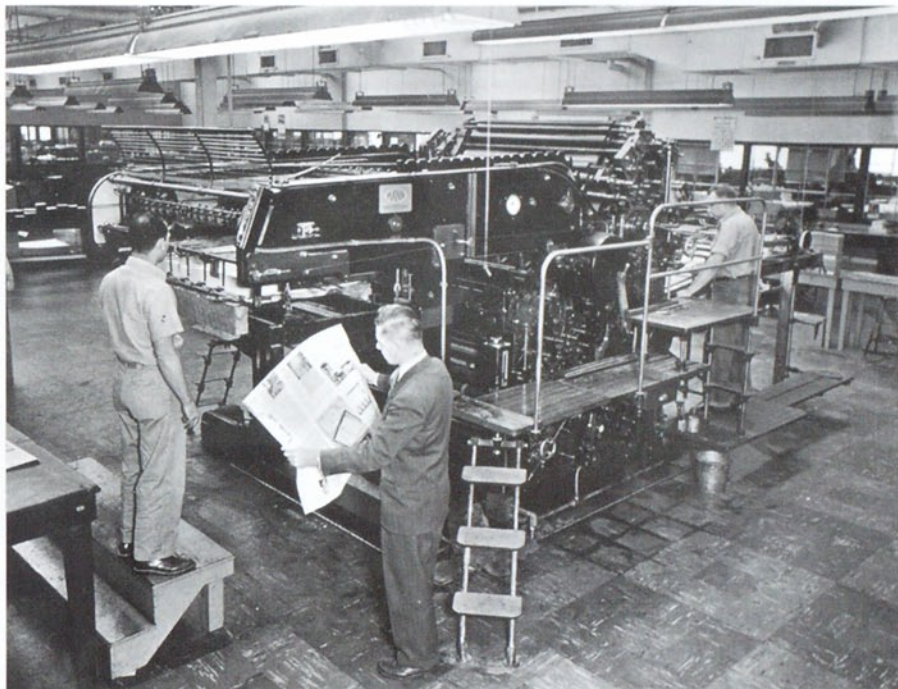
The ordinary typewriter, along with an editor's blue pencil, would become his pulpit.

Unknown to him, the pulpit God had prepared was equipped with the letters of the alphabet, numerals, and other metal symbols. The ordinary typewriter, along with an editor's blue pencil, would become his pulpit.

And what a tool it became in this gifted ministry!

No preacher anywhere would prepare messages with more intensity nor with more of the touch of God's Spirit than the man who answered this call.

As a result, readers around the world have found answers from the copy he prayerfully prepared. They have been encouraged, blessed, instructed, and--at times--admonished. Churches have been inspired to seek revival and evangelize. Young men and women have been challenged to offer their lives for service. And wayward sons and daughters have returned to the fold.



Robert Cunningham looking at a copy of the *Pentecostal Evangel*.



"The 23-year-old Canadian was so happy in his new ministry that he often said he would work free if he could afford it."

Repeatedly through his weekly editorials he reminded his growing readership that the answer to life's problems is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

He has proved that great theme as a practical and stabilizing force in his own family. And through his creative writing he was able to transmit the same supernatural truth to an international audience--from Springfield to Suriname, from Denver to Denmark, from New York to New Guinea,

But we're getting ahead of the story.

Following his graduation from Central Bible Institute, Robert Cunningham accepted an invitation from then editorial chief Stanley H. Frodsham to join the Gospel Publishing House staff. His starting salary was \$17 a week. But the 23-year-old Canadian was so happy in his new ministry that he often said he would work free if he could afford it.

Here he would write and edit for the various Gospel Publishing House publications. Later he became editor of the *Christ's Ambassadors Herald* and associate editor of the *Evangel*.

The *Evangel* circulation was battling to keep above the 55,000 mark in the late 1930s. But Brother Frodsham had the staff praying for 75,000. When they reached that lofty figure, they set their sights on 100,000--a goal far beyond any other Pentecostal publication.

By 1949 when Brother Frodsham retired and Brother Cunningham assumed the editorial leadership, the circulation had climbed to 123,000.

Today the copy you hold is one of 300,000 being circulated in every state and in more than 100 other countries.

But Robert Cunningham is the first to tell you

he could never have done it alone. "I have been blessed with many competent coworkers," he reflected appreciatively earlier this summer while working on one of his last issues. One of these is the man who worked with him for 20 years and who succeeded him as editor, Richard G. Champion.*

The increased circulation is a special thrill for Brother Cunningham, for he realizes total readership exceeds a million persons.

But the ministry does not stop there. Foreign language publishers translate articles and give them additional circulation. Brother Cunningham saw a good example of that in Honduras.

At Tegucigalpa he was introduced to a Spanish-speaking pastor. When the pastor realized he was meeting the editor of the *Pentecostal Evangel*, he said, "This is a remarkable coincidence. I was just reading a magazine, and I saw your name on one of the articles."

Brother Cunningham recognized the magazine as *El Evangelio Pentecostal*, published by Leroy and Elaine Atwood in New Braunfels, Texas. Most of the articles are taken from the *Pentecostal Evangel* and then carefully and prayerfully translated into Spanish. Consequently many articles that start in English receive at least another 100,000 printings in Spanish.

Even without the reprints Brother Champion has estimated that Brother Cunningham has ministered--through the *Evangel*--to about a billion people since 1937. That's a congregation equal to one-fourth of the world's population.

Sure, some of his friends in the late 1930s wondered when Robert Cunningham would leave the editorial office and enter "full-time" ministry. But that's

only because they didn't understand what God had planned for this young Canadian. That's because they



Robert C. Cunningham speaking at his 60th class reunion, April 1997.

didn't understand the power of the printed page.

Robert C. Cunningham was chosen to minister behind a metal pulpit which could translate God's Word into articles and editorials that would find their way into the hearts of men and women around the world. He would enjoy a ministry on which the sun would never set.

Freelance writers, editors, and coworkers at the Assemblies of God Headquarters join the great *Evangel* family around the world to thank Robert C. Cunningham for his contribution to our lives and to the Kingdom. He set a godly example before us and nudged us all a little closer to Jesus Christ.

Above all, we thank God for reaching down into that Canadian home more than 50 years ago and placing His hand upon a young man who was destined to influence people on every continent.

All it took was a consecrated life and a pulpit with movable type.

In 1984, Richard G. Champion, then managing editor of the Pentecostal Evangel and later editor, asked Wayne Warner to write a feature for the magazine on the retiring Robert C. Cunningham. Heritage is pleased to reprint that August 5, 1984, feature to honor the ministry of this gentle and spiritual friend, teacher, and counselor to millions through the pages of the Evangel. He enjoyed 15 years of retirement in Springfield. Following his wife's death in 1993, Brother Cunningham married Frances Steinberg. Robert Cunningham passed away January 7, 2000, at the age of 85.

**Richard G. Champion continued as editor until his death in 1994.*

Opening photograph: Robert Cunningham (left) and Lloyd Colbaugh, looking at a proof for the Pentecostal Evangel in 1953.

Your Historical Materials Are Valuable

The Assemblies of God has a dynamic and inspiring history—in the U. S. and around the world. This is why the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center is actively searching for historical materials before they are lost or destroyed.

And you can have a vital part in this important ministry.

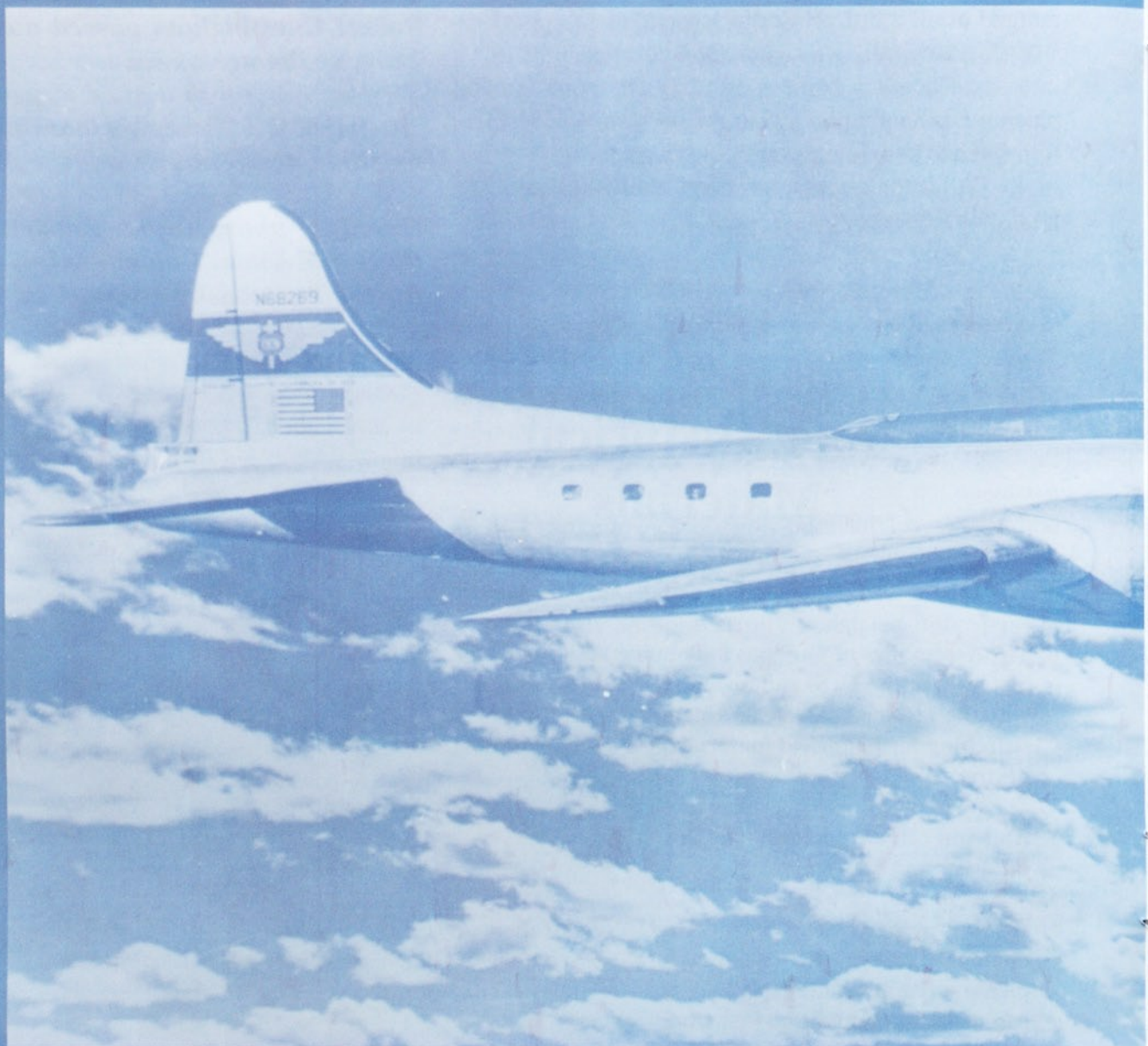
If you or a loved one were involved in the origin or development of any ministry relating to the Assemblies of God, please write or call today. Materials or information you can contribute might be just what we need to fill gaps in one of our many collections.

You are invited to stop by the new Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center whenever you are in Springfield so you can see firsthand how we are working together to preserve our Grand Heritage.





Amba



Ambassador III

Tales of Missionary Flights Around the World Aboard a Converted B-17 Bomber

By William V. Taylor

Fifty years ago in October 1949 a converted World War II B-17 bomber joined the Assemblies of God "Air Force" to transport missionaries to their ministries around the world. A U.S. Navy veteran and Ambassador II crew member recalls that exciting and almost unbelievable era.

Ambassador II was a 4-engine B-17, one of those very popular WWII bombers known as the "Flying Fortress." Its maiden flight left Springfield in October 1949, followed soon after by our first overseas trip to South America and Africa.

We carried 25 passengers and a crew of five: Herman Revis, captain (former navy pilot), Jimmy Adkins, copilot (former Army Air Corps pilot), Gene Callentine, flight engineer; Bill Taylor, flight radio operator (who later became copilot) and Bob McGlasson, purser. All the crew were licensed pilots, so we had fun relieving the pilot and copilot on long flights.

All of these crew positions are familiar, except perhaps, "purser." You run into them on cruise ships, but you didn't see them on commercial airlines at that time, except on some international flights, "money bags" as they were called. Actually, the purser was the business manager of our flights. Bob McGlasson lived in New York where he handled foreign missionary business for the Assemblies of God; he came to Springfield to join us for each of our overseas flights.

McGlasson normally carried about \$20,000 in his briefcase when we left. That was to pay for hotels, meals, landing fees, gas (when necessary), and all other costs encountered on the trip. Most of our gas was bought on "credit card," so to speak--with a worldwide agreement with ESSO.

Herman Revis, captain. Revis, who died in 1994, was captain on all Ambassador flights, 1948-51, except the first.





Noel Perkin, right, director of the Division of Foreign Missions, introduces crew members. From the left, Bill Taylor, Gene Callentine, Jim Adkins, and Herman Revis.

Fire in the Cockpit

Spartan Aircraft in Tulsa, Oklahoma did most of our major maintenance. We were flying out of there one day to return the *Ambassador* to Springfield for an overseas flight, when on takeoff, the whole cockpit appeared to burst into flame! That's one of the busiest times you have in flying--takeoff. The wheels had just left the ground and in a few seconds it would be time to reduce power for the climb out.

Gene Callentine, our flight engineer, jumped from his seat and grabbed a fire extinguisher, sprayed the ceiling and walls of the cockpit, and returned to his seat in time to reduce power--all within a few seconds. Not a word was spoken; no one knew what to say except to holler "Fire!" By then it was too late--the fire was out.

Later we learned that someone at Spartan had left some steel wool in a paper bag behind the loran (long range navigation) console. There was also an open terminal for the transmitter antenna which fed through the navigator's table behind the loran set. Surely it was an accident; we never suspected in those days that it might be sabotage--just a careless mistake on the part of some mechanic who was using steel wool, and the bag accidentally got pushed behind the loran set.

When the microphone button was pushed to say "off the ground at :36," the energy from the antenna arced to the steel wool and the paper bag went up in flames--igniting the headliner (also wall liner) of

the cockpit. The headliner material was the fuzzy stuff that was used as car headliners for years. It is very flammable.

We're thankful that no passengers were aboard and no serious damage was done. One hour later we were safe at home in Springfield, preparing for another trip to Africa.

Small Plane Ride in Liberia

When I think of E. L. Mason [missionary to Liberia], I remember a trip we took with him one day in a small plane. He had to go to Shinn, Liberia, on a government mission. Because there were few roads in Liberia then, most travel was by plane or by foot or by boat. It would have been a long walk to Shinn, so we flew in his little plane out of Monrovia. At one point, on the trip out, we flew very low over a large river, so low that we could see the crocodiles rolling around, frolicking like fish in an aquarium. That was interesting at the time; Mason was really giving us a thrill!

At our destination, Mason opened the hood of the little plane to pull an inspection on the magneto. It was just fine; otherwise we would have been down there with the crocodiles. You see, the magneto vibrator arm had broken some time ago, and he had replaced it with a piece of a razor blade. That's why Mason made more frequent inspections than the FAA would normally require; his maintenance techniques would not have been approved by an FAA inspector either. These missionaries, for sure, had learned to "make-do." On the return trip to Monrovia, we persuaded Mason to stay away from that river; we had seen enough crocodiles for one day.

The little airport in Monrovia was a road leading to a rock quarry; that's the "downtown" airport--not the big one 40 miles away where the *Ambassadors* and the large commercial planes landed. Mason and other pilots flew in and out of this little airport regularly. The road to the quarry curved to the left to follow the shoreline as you taxied for takeoff. Not a sharp curve, just enough to make it interesting. At the end of the runway (the road) there was a tall wall of rock, which they kept quarrying away. Each month the runway got a few feet longer. By now they should have a 12,000 ft. runway!

You could not fly over this mountain of rock at the end of the runway on takeoff--it was too high.

Where Are the Ambassadors?

Heritage is frequently asked about the two World War II planes the Assemblies of God Division of Foreign Missions operated between 1948-52. For many years the planes seemed to have dropped out of sight. Then with a little detective work, we found them. The first plane, the C-46 *Ambassador I* came to an ignominious end during Typhoon Andrew in 1992. While undergoing repairs at the Tamiami Airport, Miami, the plane was picked up by the fierce storm and tumbled across runways and landed in a heap about a mile away. The owners sold *Ambassador I* for junk.

Ambassador II, the B-17 bomber, has a much better story to tell.

After the closing of Missionary Flights, DFM sold the plane to Leeward Aviation, Ft. Wayne, Ind., who in turn sold it to the French government. The once world-recognized *Ambassador II* then became an ordinary government plane used in map making. Finally, it fell into disuse and

many of its parts were stripped for other planes. Then a group in England learned of its availability and purchased it for parts of a plane they were rebuilding. But then *Ambassador II* received new life when the Imperial War Museum at Duxford Air Field, near Cambridge, began the painstaking work of restoring it to its original shape.

Today, *Ambassador II* is *Mary Alice* and is one of the centerpiece planes in the new American Museum at Duxford. I have Keith Hill's painting of *Mary Alice* hanging in my office. *Ambassador II* has indeed had quite a career and no doubt will outlast all who saw it in operation while taking missionaries to every continent a half century ago.--Wayne Warner

*The Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center can furnish a wide selection of articles and photographs of the two *Ambassador* planes.

The prescribed takeoff procedure was to make a right turn when you had enough altitude to avoid dipping a wing in the water--not too sharp--just a gentle right turn and then you were out over the ocean with plenty of time to climb out to altitude after taking off.

When coming in for a landing, this bluff of rock at the end of the runway was a tremendous incentive not to overshoot!

Operating on the Ham Radio Band

While flying across southern Europe one day, en route to Athens, I had time on my hands. So I fired up a transmitter on 10 meters (an amateur radio frequency). I put out repeated "CQ" (a call to any ham operator), and nobody answered. I left the receiver on and went on about my business.

In a few minutes, there was a call on the radio for "W5IDM...W5IDM," etc. It was from W5HML in Germany, an old friend that I hadn't talked to for six or seven years. Bill Kiser was an old "ham" buddy from Russellville, Arkansas, who helped me get my amateur radio license when I was 13 years old. He was older than me, and went away to the war earlier--he to Europe and I to the Pacific. He had married a German girl after the war and remained in Germany for many years.

On this particular day we had an hour and a half conversation as we continued our

flight to Athens. I had nothing better to do than to talk anyway. The weather was nice and there was no air traffic. It was just one of those times when you would do anything to kill a little time.

But I got my first "pink slip" from the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) for this conversation. I had no idea that the FCC was listening, but they were. This was an illegal conversation; 10 meters was not permissible on aeronautical mobile outside the United States. I escaped prison time, but had to do penance for my sins.



Bill Taylor, left, flight radio operator and copilot on *Ambassador II*, discusses overseas flights with current Assemblies of God pilot John Savage. Savage, who will retire May 1, would have enjoyed the adventures aboard *Ambassador I* and *II* had he been around 50 years ago.



Bill Taylor, one of the *Ambassador II's* crew and writer of these vignettes.



ing across Pakistan.

We had the necessary diplomatic clearances from the Pakistani embassy in Washington, so we thought everything was O. K. About an hour out from Karachi, we checked in with Pakistani En route Control to be told that there was a "NOTAM" (Notice to Airmen) for us. It read as follows: "THERE WILL BE PRACTICE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF COASTAL PAKISTAN THIS EVENING BETWEEN 1900 AND 2100 HOURS AND BETWEEN LATITUDE 23 DEGREES AND 24 DEGREES NORTH, AND LONGITUDE 63 DEGREES AND 64 DEGREES EAST."

That put the "practice firings" directly in our path. It didn't take us long to decide to make a right turn and go south down the Indian ocean to Bombay. We may not be very smart in some things, but this message was loud and clear (five by five). This B-17 would have been a great target for practice that evening.

A Memorable Flight to Athens

We stopped in Athens several times. It was a convenient stop on our way to India, and a good place from which to cross the Mediterranean to Egypt.

Our first stop in Athens was on March 5, 1950. I remember it well because we landed during a snow storm. I thought that the Mediterranean was sub-tropical. It is, much of the year, but March 5, 1950 was a cold, snowy, windy night at Elinikon Airport in Athens. It may have been March 6, because we landed at 2:00 a.m. It had been a long day and would have been a very long night if we hadn't met Jimmy Van Fleet.

Avoiding Pakistan Anti-aircraft Firing

We endeavored to enter India through New Delhi, rather than Bombay, as we normally did. It didn't work. New Delhi is farther north than Bombay, so it was closer to Basra, Iraq, our previous stop. It was also more directly in line to go to Lucknow in North India, then back to Bombay to return to the U.S. The problem was that to fly from Basra to New Delhi required fly-

The Imperial War Museum, Duxford Field, England, began with the *Ambassador II's* airframe to restore this B-17, *Mary Alice*. It is now on exhibit in the American Museum at Duxford.



I remember that the guards at the airport were wearing heavy top coats, fur hats, boots, gloves and wool scarves around their necks. I've never been to Russia, but this looked like the pictures I've seen of winter there. We weren't dressed for this; we had just come from Lisbon which was quite mild. Our stopping at Athens that night was a last minute change of plans, so we had no hotel reservations or any other accommodations, such as transportation, etc. Our next stop would be Cairo.

This would have been no problem in many cities of the world, but it could have been a big problem for us in Athens that night except for a young Air Force Lieutenant named Jimmy Van Fleet. He was the son of Lt. General James Van Fleet of Korean War fame.

We were called on the radio just after midnight by Lt. Van Fleet, himself. He was the communications officer in charge of the American Mission in Athens. He had learned from en route control that an American B-17 was en route to Athens. The American Mission was an Air Force detachment there to assist the Greek nationalists in fighting the communists in the mountains of northern Greece.

"Who in the world are you?" he asked. After he learned who we were, and that we had no office or representative in Athens, and no bombs aboard, he took us under his wing.

He couldn't stop the snowstorm, but he did arrange for hotel rooms for us--also transportation to the hotel and breakfast the next morning.

Lt. Van Fleet knew a woman by the name of Betty from New Jersey who owned a small hotel in Athens. He called her just after midnight when he

learned of our plight and arranged for rooms for us. We didn't realize at that time just how fortunate we were--that could have been a harrowing experience without his help. (We learned later that he was killed in action in Korea.)

On to Cairo, Egypt

The next day, Lt. Van Fleet gave the crew a full military type briefing before we crossed the Mediterranean to Cairo. We hadn't flown that route before--not even Ed Powell, our navigator, who had flown for Pan American for 13 years.

The lieutenant warned us of "cumulo-granite" clouds. We knew of cumulus, cumulonimbus, fair-weather cumulus, towering cumulus, anvil cumulus, and buttermilk cumulus, but we had never heard of "cumulo-granite" clouds.

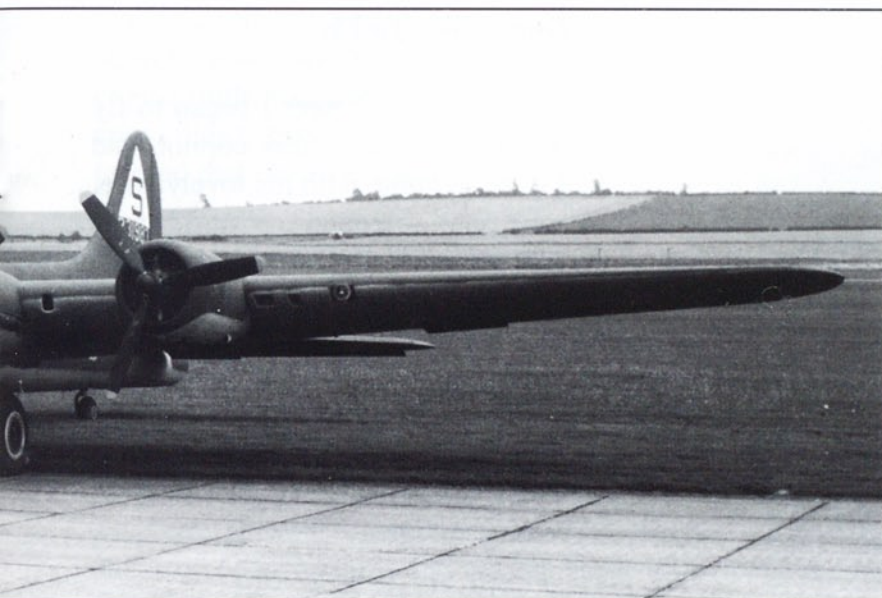
We learned they are the white granite mountain tops of the Mediterranean islands that tower 9-11,000 feet. You can't fly through them like most cumulus clouds. You've got to go over them or around them because they are solid granite rock, sometimes protruding out of the top of a beautiful white cumulus cloud layer.

Jimmy also warned us of down drafts and up drafts--severe ones caused by these small, high-rise mountains. "Just stay away from these islands as much as possible," he said. "If you do get caught in these up/down drafts, don't fight it--you'll always come back down or go back up, as appropriate."

Gene Callentine, our flight engineer, couldn't resist the temptation. The next time our altimeter started unwinding rapidly, he gave it all we had to maintain straight and level flight--full war emergency power--turbo superchargers, full throttle. It didn't even appear to phase the rate of descent. But as the lieutenant had told us:



**Gene Callentine,
flight engineer.**



"Don't worry, you will rise again." We did.

The nearest we came to tragedy on that leg of the journey was in landing at Cairo that evening. It wasn't a long flight, just a hop across the Mediterranean and you're there. It had been a late start getting out of Athens, since we didn't get to bed till nearly breakfast time, and the lieutenant and his people had given us an excellent briefing in the afternoon. We would be arriving in Cairo in the evening hours, well after dark.

That was the time (1950) when Egyptian-



Ambassador II, used by the division of Foreign Missions during a period 50 years ago when commercial flights were not readily available.

American relations were strained to an all time low. *Life* magazine had printed a series of articles about King Farouk that were everything except complimentary....The King banned not only *Life*, but all other American publications and was making other threats toward Americans.

We had all the necessary clearances to overfly Egypt from Alexandria, on the Northern coast, to Cairo and land there. Being a military type bomber, the Egyptians were jittery. Bright spot lights followed us

all the way from the coastline to the extent that we were blinded by the lights; it was difficult to see landmarks and navigational aids.

As a result, we almost landed at the wrong airport. The commercial and military airports at Cairo were adjacent to each other. We learned just in time that we were lined up for landing on the wrong runway--the wrong airport.

Normally this wouldn't have been too serious, but with the political tensions as they were, it might have caused an international scene and even confiscation of the *Ambassador*. The crew could have been entombed and the passengers mummified! We're glad this didn't happen, because we had a great visit in Cairo and returned for more visits. We were hosted there by Phil and Hazel Crouch, Assemblies of God missionaries to Egypt.

The Name of God

On one of our trips to the Bahamas we had a little delay clearing customs in Nassau, so I was walking around trying to kill some time. I walked back out on the ramp toward the *Ambassador* which had caused quite a gathering of people. It was an unusual airplane--unusual in the sense that it was a World War II bomber; they hadn't seen many of those for several years. They had never seen one quite like this one beautifully painted in silver and blue with a big gold embossed insignia on the rudder which said "Christ's Ambassadors"; it also said "Assemblies of God."

This woman who worked at the airport in Nassau said to her friend, "I've seen a lot of airplanes come and go here, but this is the first one that I have ever seen that had the name of 'God' on it."

Don't Like To Fly

Later in my *Ambassador* career I began to fly copilot, after Jimmy Adkins, our former copilot, had left us. He wanted to be at home with his lovely wife, Mattie, and their new baby. Around the world three weeks out of four, home one week, for a newlywed, was not his bag. He did continue flying, however, but only after trying, and failing, to make a living for his family doing something else. Jimmy did limit his flying, however, to the continental United States--no long overseas flights at that time.

He later spent 32 years with American Airlines, and became the youngest captain they had ever had. Not bad for a young man who "didn't like to fly."

I met Jim in Indianapolis for a missionary pilots breakfast in 1997 (and again in 1999)--the first time we had seen each other for nearly 50 years. I guess he still doesn't like to fly; he drove up from Nashville.

Another crew member who didn't like to fly was Paul Gatts, who met us for the 1999 pilots' breakfast in Orlando; he was formerly the flight radio operator on *Ambassador I*. He had moved on to other things, also, including marriage, after his tour of duty on the *Ambassador*. Actually, it was his fiancée who didn't want him to fly. She promised to marry him if he would "quit flying on that crazy airplane." That was an easy decision for Paul.

We needed Paul again later for another trip to Africa on *Ambassador II*. He had been married then long enough to get excited about going back to Africa; it had been a while since he had been there.

Herman Revis, the "Old Man"

The crew had decided that Captain Herman Revis was too old to continue flying, based solely on the fact that he had reached his 40th birthday. That was old! The other flight crew members were in their 20s. Most airline captains and other crew members retired at about 40 in those days. Ed, our navigator, had retired from Pan Am in his 30s, after having flown for only 13 years.

We did, however, learn to appreciate Herman's seniority, experience, maturity and competence when he made our first three-engine takeoff from Liberia and others en route to Tulsa (that's another story).

On long flights Herman spent most of his time in the passenger compartment socializing with the passengers and playing checkers. On the three-engine flight home we had no passengers, and the crew didn't play checkers with him; we had learned that he always won.

It became evident that age had taken its toll on Herman on a night landing we made in Mexico City. We were supposed to use oxygen if we flew above 10,000 feet. We were well equipped with oxygen masks for passengers and

Bill Taylor in 1998 with *Mary Alice*, the former *Ambassador II*, now on display in the American Air Museum, at the Imperial War Museum, England. He said he used to swing up through the little door shown just above his head. "I don't think I could do it now," he added.



Herman and Ruth Revis in 1990. Other crew members thought he was getting old when he turned 40 during the *Ambassador II* flights.



crew. But it's messy; you look like space men with big noses. We would only be above 10,000 feet for 30 to 45 minutes while we crossed the 14,000-foot mountains between Brownsville, Texas and Mexico City.

We made a beautiful landing that night about 15 or 20 feet above the runway, dropped like a rock and bounced three times, three big bounces, before continuing down the runway and taxiing to our parking area. The fire trucks and crash vehicles were all out to meet us before we ever parked. The tower had called them when they watched us bounce like we did, knowing that we were in big trouble. With any commercial airliner we would have been in trouble, but the wartime specifications on the B-17 were ten times normal stress, rather than three times, as was customary for most commercial aircraft like the DC-3, DC-6, Constellation, etc. We also had B-29 tires installed, which were much heavier than B-17 tires.



ONLY ON MONDAY

History proud for church planes

By Hank Billings

Last Wednesday marked a significant anniversary for the missionary department of the Assemblies of God.

It was Aug. 12, 1948, when *Ambassador I*, a twin-engined C-46 World War II cargo plane, took off from Springfield Municipal (now Springfield-Branson Regional) Airport. The plane returned Sept. 3 after a successful, but eventful, flight to Africa.

In connection with that 50th anniversary, the *Assemblies of God Heritage* has a stirring account of flights on *Ambassador I* by Paul Gatts, who signed on as radio operator on the C-46's second flight to Africa.

Gatts related the sudden silence when both engines stopped over the Atlantic. Pilot Herman Revis was preparing to ditch, after the plane had glided from 9,000 to 2,000 feet above the ocean.

At that point, the flight engineer's manipulation of fuel pumps got one engine and then the other to cough and resume a reassuring roar.

It might have been this ordeal that led the late Noel Perkin, then AG missions director, to decide a four-engined airplane would be safer for trans-oceanic flights.

Wayne Warner, Assemblies of God archivist, reminds in a 1990 story for *Springfield! Magazine*, that the church found a modified B-17.

The *San Miguel* had been the executive plane of Col. Andres Soriano, president of Philippine Airlines.

The church bought the plush plane for \$90,000, with a \$35,000 trade-in for *Ambassador I*.

Two war surplus C-46s had been purchased for \$5,000 each with funds raised by AG youths' annual "Speed-the-Light" campaign, Warner's story says.

The church added \$15,000 to modify one plane, saving the other for parts.

The B-17 was renamed *Ambassador II*. It seated only 25 compared to the C-46's 40, but offered the security of two extra engines and added speed.

After carrying missionaries literally around the world, Warner wrote, the B-17 was sold in 1951 for \$75,000.

Expanding airlines had filled the void that created the missionary aviation need in 1948. Rising insurance costs and landing fees made it easier for the church to part with the old friend.

Where are they now? Warner said *Ambassador I*, after a colorful career, came to an ignominious end in Hurricane Andrew at a Miami Airport.

Ambassador II had a happier fate. Now named *Mary Alice*, the restored B-17 is part of the American Air Museum in Duxford, England.

The church had no official celebration of the Aug. 12 anniversary--except perhaps to ponder gratefully how many lives were touched by *Ambassador I* and *II*.

This column is reprinted from the Springfield (MO) News-Leader, August 17, 1998. Hank Billings is editorial page coordinator for the newspaper. Billings, who is a pilot, wrote an earlier column about taking a flight to Tulsa aboard the B-17, even taking the wheel for a while.

It was clear that night why oxygen is required at higher altitudes; your vision is effected and that worsens at night and with age. So, Herman's depth perception was impaired momentarily, plus the fact that the Mexico City runway is at 7,000 feet elevation.

Gene Callentine and I went back to the airport the next morning to make a more thorough daylight inspection. One strap holding the No. 3 engine oil tank had snapped, which was easily repaired. After that, we were ready to fly again. Some of those passengers probably remember the landing to this day, but nobody was hurt. That's why we have seat belts.

War and Insurance Rates End Ambassador Flights

After the Korean War intensified, we knew that we would ultimately be forced to quit flying the *Ambassador*.

Insurance was the big issue. We carried \$1,000,000 liability insurance in addition to property damage and other coverage. That doesn't sound like much today; we carry that much on our automobile, but a million dollars was a lot of money in 1950. Lloyd's of London, who carried our insurance, began to tighten the screws on us in 1950, after the Korean



Above, in 1949 the Assemblies of God traded the *Ambassador I*, left, for the B-17, right. The new plane became *Ambassador II* and served the Division of Foreign Missions for the next 2 years. Right, the winter 1985-86 cover of *Heritage* featured both planes with the first of several stories on the DFM airline venture.



war was no longer just a "police action."

At first they restricted our flying to the eastern hemisphere. That wasn't too bad, but that meant no more India trips (no more curry!). They then required 30 days notification of our itinerary, wherever it was, to go anywhere outside the United States. We could live with that.

Normally a letter went out of our office in Springfield about once a month to 92 different missions boards announcing a forthcoming trip and asking whether they had missionaries wanting to fly on the *Ambassador* (this was a practice if we had seats available). Then we would firm up an itinerary and make their reservations.

A few months later, Lloyd's increased the 30-day notification from 30 to 90 days. That was the

beginning of the end of the *Ambassador* Missionary Flights. Even if Lloyd's of London hadn't tightened our reins, the military would have--and did. Most of the crew were in military reserve units and knew that we would likely be recalled to active duty in the Korean war; it was only a matter of time.

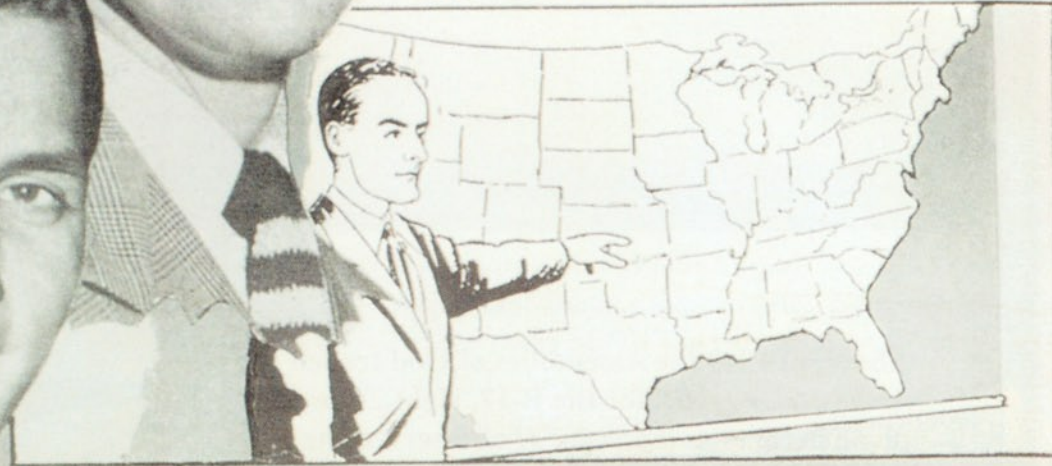
William "Bill" Taylor was flight radio operator on Ambassador II and made all the flights, foreign and domestic, in 1949-51, returning missionaries to their fields. He was also navigator on trips to the Caribbean, South America, and Africa, and later flew as copilot. He had gained experience as a ham radio operator beginning at age 13 in Russellville, Arkansas, as a private pilot, and as a navy veteran during World War II. He later served in the Korean War.



The Missionaires

Kenny

WE'VE TRAVELED THE COUNTRY OVER—
SOME 44,000 MILES LAST SEASON—
REPRESENTING SPEED-THE-LIGHT.



Joe



OUR SPECIALTY IS SINGING—QUARTET, TRIO, DUETS, SOLOS,
WITH AN INSTRUMENTAL NOW AND THEN. KENNY SINGS FIRST
TENOR; EDDY, SECOND TENOR; JOE, BARITONE; AND DEL, BASS.

Representing

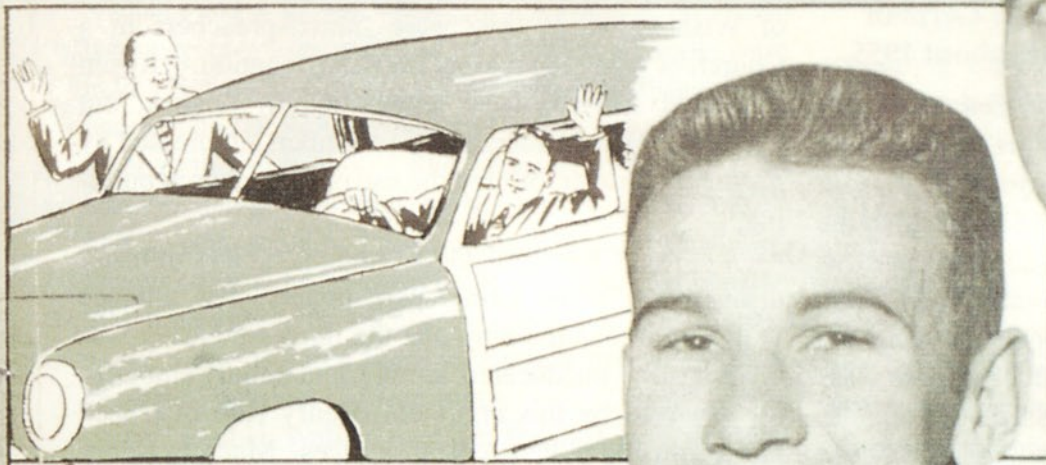
SPEED the **LIGHT**

This 1949 Speed-the-Light poster promoted the Missionaires quartet during its second year. Above are pianist Joe Johnson, now of Maple Valley, Washington; and Kenny Klessaas, deceased; next page: left, Del McLaughlin, deceased; and Eddy Eliason, now of Grass Lake, Michigan. Courtesy of Eddy Eliason

on-aires



SPEED-THE-LIGHT, IS THE MISSIONARY PROJECT OF THE CHRIST'S AMBASSADORS. THROUGH IT RADIO, PRINTING, AND TRANSPORTATION EQUIPMENT IS PROVIDED FOR OUR MISSIONARIES LIKE THE HUGE AIRLINER NOW IN OVERSEAS SERVICE.



LOOK FOR US! WE'LL BE COMING YOUR WAY SOON!



World-Wide Missionary Project
of the
CHRIST'S AMBASSADORS
Youth of the Assemblies of God



George Rueb standing in front of the German Pentecostal Church at Medina, ND about 1955.

As a child in Wishek, North Dakota, it was obvious to George Rueb [reeb] that God spoke German, just as everyone else in town did.¹ Once Rueb felt God's call to the ministry, it was in German, then, that he began preaching the Word. Saved in a raucous revival in 1933, Rueb became one of the Pentecostal pioneers among the German-speakers in the Dakotas, and a leader in what became the German District of the Assemblies of God.

George Rueb was born on February 13, 1917 to Henry and Phillipina Rüb. Rueb's grandparents immigrated to the Dakotas in 1886 from Odessa, Russia, where they had lived in a German agricultural colony.² Henry Rüb was saved in the Evangelical Church in Wishek in about 1922, but hungered for a deeper experience with God. Accordingly, in 1931 he began attending a small Church of God (Anderson, IN) congregation in Wishek.

In May 1933, fifty-six year old Jacob Rosen [roh-zeen'] held what were probably the first Pentecostal services in McIntosh County, North Dakota. Rosen and his wife had recently moved from

German is Food for the Soul:

George Rueb,

German-American Pentecostal Pioneer

By Darrin J. Rodgers

Lemmon, South Dakota, over one hundred miles west of Wishek, where they were farmer-preachers in a Church of God (Cleveland, TN) congregation.³ Rosen first held services in a rented hall in Wishek, but Church of God (Anderson, IN) members, impressed by his fervent prayer, offered the use of their church building.

The Church of God (Anderson, IN) minister disagreed with his former parishioners' new alliance with Rosen, complaining that the farmer-preacher was theologically uneducated, simple, and unduly emotional. Swayed by this argument, Henry Rüb distanced himself from the Pentecostal services. Much to Henry Rüb's dismay, his children preferred the noisy Pentecostals. At first he disallowed his children, yet unsaved, to attend Rosen's services. However, he relented when Rosen reasoned that it was preferable to have his children in a Pentecostal church rather than in Hell.

George Rueb was saved and Spirit-baptized on a Monday night, July 17, 1933. Praying through to salvation took energy: "I kicked and kicked, even lost a heel on a shoe, so we believed there must have been power." For six weeks George felt he was "floating on air," his newfound faith displacing former sins. After

this spiritual honeymoon, however, the curse words in which he was formerly fluent all returned. George, distraught, questioned his own salvation. Allaying his fears, his mother advised him "just don't say it, it's only a temptation." By July 1933, fifty-six people were saved and Spirit-baptized in Wishek, including George, his mother, and his five siblings.

Rosen organized and pastored German-speaking Church of God (Cleveland, TN) congregations in Wishek and Venturia. Rueb recalled that the "Rosens believed everything is spirit, nothing is flesh." During song services the benches were pushed aside and people danced with the music, shook, and rolled on the ground. Mrs. Rosen "would shake, quake, and often throw her wristwatch." Once, when everybody at the altar "fell under the power," a concerned observer called the health department in Bismarck. The prostrated worshipers were given clean bills of health by befuddled emergency health workers.

Mrs. Rosen was a close friend of Bertha (Mrs. August) Miller of Venturia, who was considered a prophetess. The two women drew their neighbors' ire when they once stood at the door of the Baptist church and declared loudly for all inside to hear, "The devil's in there." Bertha Miller appointed Sunday school teachers and made decisions on other church issues, so business meetings were not needed and none were held. Before communion, Miller walked through the benches and pronounced people worthy or unworthy to receive the elements. She considered George, his mother, and his siblings to be worthy, but George's father, who remained suspicious of the Rosens, was always deemed unworthy. Miller also dabbled in matchmaking, once leading two surprised parishioners to the altar, declared that they should marry, and proceeded to conduct the ceremony.

Paul H. Walker, overseer for the Church of God in the Dakotas, visited the churches in 1935 and tried



Youth service at Ebenezer Assembly of God, near Long Lake, SD in early 1940s; George Rueb is standing in front of the window.

to correct the supposed fanaticism. Language, he discovered, was also a point of contention. Rosen demanded he be appointed overseer of the German-speaking congregations, an idea rejected by the English-speaking Walker. Rosen responded by withdrawing from the Church of God and chartering his own denomination, the German Church of God. Most of the 175 adherents in Wishek and Venturia followed Rosen.⁴

Henry A. Sayler pastored the small group of remaining Church of God (Cleveland, TN) members, who were English-speakers. Sayler and Rosen fought for the Wishek church building, to which both claimed a right. Once they tried to hold competing concurrent services, singing different songs and preaching different sermons at the same time. Rosen's group won the building, as they sang louder and had the piano. Over time the feuding flocks lost many followers who had become disillusioned, and the Rosens and Miller abandoned their prophetic practices. In 1938, Rosen and his churches agreed to work with the German Branch of the Assemblies of God, which promised to supply German-speaking pastors and literature.⁵ Within a year the Rosens left for Lodi, California.

When he started in the ministry, George Rueb rejected great emotionalism in church services, in part a reaction to what he had experienced as a youth. Wishek area residents also had long memories; Rueb discovered he had to overcome suspicion of Pentecostals birthed by the Rosens' raucous revival. Even so, he noted that in the Rosens' church "permanent, real healings occurred, and as soon as the wild stuff stopped, the healings also stopped."



First baptismal service at Medina, ND in 1950. George Rueb is standing on the right.



Left to Right: David, Adolph, George, Alma, and Ruthie Rueb



George and Alma Rueb

Rueb's hesitance to accept the supernatural was challenged in a 1950 revival in Medina, North Dakota. A man laying horizontally for whom Rueb was praying rose into the air and spun several times without touching the floor. Startled, Rueb prayed, "Lord, I believe it's you." Ready again to accept greater physical demonstrations in church, Rueb later embraced the often emotional services of the charismatic renewal.

George Rueb married Alma Sayler on March 11, 1937 in Wishek, after dating for two and a half years. In May 1937, he helped Rosen to pioneer what became Ebenezer Assembly of God in Long Lake, South Dakota. Unable to secure a church in which to hold meetings, Rosen rented a barn, where he and Rueb built a platform and altar. Rueb received his license to preach from the German Branch in 1939. Unable to attend a Bible college, he studied theology by correspondence, and was ordained in 1943. Rueb proceeded to pioneer five German District churches: Streeter, North Dakota (1942-51); Medina, North Dakota (1949-55)⁶; Herreid, South Dakota (1956-62); Java, South Dakota (1957-62); and Ellendale, North Dakota (1957-63)⁷. He pastored five additional German District churches: Ashley, North Dakota (1955-62, 1970-73); Wishek, North Dakota (1970-73); Puyallup, Washington (1973-74); Santa Clara, California (1964-69, 1977-79); and Cleveland, Ohio (1975-77).

Rueb took to the airwaves in 1956, extending his German-language ministry far beyond the congregations he served. He continues to host the weekly *Hour of Worship* program, now in its forty-fourth year, first broadcast from Aberdeen, South Dakota, and later from Mobridge, South Dakota. Rueb maintained his radio presence while pastoring in other states, mailing taped programs every week. The format consists of German music, including requests, and a short message. George and Alma occasionally performed some of the requests themselves, but also relied on recordings. "We've got some listeners over around Hague and they don't understand any German at all, but they still tune in because they like the music. Most of all they like those old German hymns they grew up with. If I do have some English songs, they're not so fond of it."⁸ Rueb's radio ministry helped his church planting efforts, as many in his radio congregation joined the local churches he pastored.

George and Alma enjoyed 60 years of marriage together and had three children, Adolph, David, and Ruthie Vilhauer. David has been the superintendent of the German District since 1985.⁹ George and Alma moved back to Ashley, North Dakota in 1979, where she passed away in September 1997.¹⁰ George married Lenora Moser on November 14, 1998. Even though Rueb retired from the pastorate in 1979, now at 83 years of age he still maintains a very active ministry.

Licht und Leben (Light and Life) is the German district's publication



David, Adolph, Ruthie, George and Alma Rueb in 1950s



In addition to his radio program, he fills in at regional churches nearly every week, a favorite among parishioners of many denominations.

Even today, guttural German accents prevail in many communities in the central Dakotas, where English is still a second language. Concerning his own experience, Rueb recounts, "I couldn't preach English. I couldn't even pray English. I learned that in later years. Even all the scriptures that I knew, I knew in German. They didn't sound right in English."¹¹ He explains the continued attraction of German ministry: "We who were raised with this language, it goes deep into your heart. English seems a little shallow. People are just blessed when they can hear the scripture and hymns in German, like when they were young. German is food for your soul." *Gott segne dich, Bruder Rueb.* God bless you for feeding so many souls.



Darrin J. Rodgers earned his M.A. from the Assemblies of God Theological Seminary and is a J.D. candidate at the University of North Dakota School of Law. He is researching the history of Pentecostalism in North Dakota and its origins in immigrant pietism on the northern Great Plains.

Notes

¹ Indeed, one historian recorded that German parents in that area would admonish their children, "Our Lord God knows everything--but He cannot understand the heathen babbling that is English!" William C. Sherman and Playford V. Thorson, eds., *Plains Folk: North Dakota's Ethnic History* (Fargo, ND: North Dakota Institute for Regional Studies, 1988), 140. Rueb related that one old German man, as proof that God speaks German, turned to Genesis 3:9 in his German Bible, reading that God spoke, "Adam wo bist Du." Except where noted, the information in this article came from an interview with George Rueb on July 10, 1999 in Ashley, North Dakota.

² South central North Dakota and north central South Dakota were populated primarily by German-Russians, who immigrated to America via the Black Sea region of Russia. While in Russia for over one hundred years, these Germans lived in semi-autonomous colonies, clinging fiercely to their identity. Likewise, after settling in America at the turn of the twentieth century, their communities were dominated by the German language and their often-fervent faith. Sherman, 140.

³ The Lemmon Church of God was organized following a revival campaign in May 1929. Jerald Daffe, "North and South Dakota: Church of God Chronology, 1919-1986" (N.p.: privately published, 1986), 6.

⁴ Jerald Daffe, "The Church of God in the Dakotas During the Depression of the 1930's" (M.A. thesis, Wheaton College, 1973), 66.

⁵ By 1938, the German Church of God consisted of four congregations: Ashley, Venturia, and Wishek, North Dakota, and Long Lake, South Dakota. Minutes of the Administrative Committee of the German Conference of the Assemblies of God, held at Hebron, North Dakota, July 14, 1938, p. 106.

⁶ "Neue Gemeinde in Medina, No. Dakota," *Licht und Leben* (December 1950), 12-13, 16, 17.

⁷ George Rueb, "Einweihung der Kapelle in Ellendale," *Licht und Leben* (February 1964), 12-13.

⁸ Lance Nixon, "People Just Seem Hungry for the German: Ashley Couple Marks 40 Years of German Radio Ministry," *Aberdeen American News* (Dec. 2, 1996), 1.

⁹ With David as superintendent, George teasingly likes to say that now his son is his boss. George's brother, Raymond Rueb, also served as German District superintendent from 1981-1985.

¹⁰ Obituary, "Alma Rueb," *Aberdeen American News* (September 28, 1997).

¹¹ Nixon, 1.



Arthur Shell, Sr. Early Days of Pentecost in Alabama

By Glenn Gohr



Arthur Sr. taken while in college in Tennessee at age 23.



Rev. Arthur L. Shell and his parents at a camp meeting in 1912 at Brownville Community, near Evergreen, Alabama.

Arthur Lee Shell, Sr., is remembered as one of the early pioneers of the Alabama District. Born in Conecuh County, Alabama, on February 3, 1892, he was the son of Henry and Ida (Cardwell) Shell. He was reared in the Methodist church at Garland, Alabama, where his mother and father were members. Then as a 16-year-old boy he was saved and accepted Pentecost in an Apostolic Faith brush arbor meeting held at Bowles, Alabama, in 1908 and conducted by Isaac Jordan and Bernard Robinson. A hundred or more people were saved in that meeting. Shell declared, "That very night I felt a call to preach. Friends and people at the meeting all prayed and asked God to use me."¹

Sparked with the enthusiasm of youth, he immediately began testifying and preaching the gospel anywhere he could. He preached in homes, backyards, open fields, and anywhere else the Lord would lead. While he traveled around the countryside preaching, Shell said he wore out several tents. He also wore out many pairs of shoes, since walking was usually the only way he had to travel. In his early years as an evangelist, he also used to ride on a mule.



One of his first preaching locations was in the Weeks schoolhouse near Sampson, Alabama. He had been invited to go with a young evangelist named Walker Bullock. Bullock preached so strong against tobacco one night and whiskey another night, that the people must have gotten mad at him. Nothing positive was ever said in Bullock's sermons

during that whole campaign. The people left the services without saying a word. No one offered to let the evangelists stay with them, so they had to sleep on the hard benches at the schoolhouse.² That was a lesson to be learned, that preaching needs to be positive and not just full of do's and don'ts. After that meeting he went by himself to Graceville, Florida, and other places. He was gone from home over a month.

Next he traveled with Edward Brooks, who was about 12 years older than him. They went to Geneva, Alabama, and to Conecuh County, Alabama. Homer Brooks, son of Edward Brooks, remembers that one time

they were having trouble finding a church or school to preach in. People were afraid of the Pentecostal message. Finally, when they were in the Fairfield section west of Boze, Alabama, Ed Brooks saw some logs and brush ready to be burned. He said, "Art, what's to keep us from setting these logs on fire and inviting the people to come out?" Sure enough, that got everyone's attention, and a flock of people came out to see what was going on and listened to the gospel message.

Homer Brooks says, "Art Shell was one of the nicest men I ever knew. If there ever was a man that loved God, he was one I know that really served God."³

Before long Shell was ordained by the Apostolic Faith people in South Alabama in the winter of 1909. He had a ninth grade education and also attended two years of Bible school--one year in a small school in Alabama, and one year at Trevecca College, a Nazarene school in Nashville, Tennessee.⁴ He became active in evangelistic work and helped to organize churches in various communities.

When the Assemblies of God came to Alabama in 1915, he became an active participant. A prime example of this can be found in a notice which appeared in the *Weekly Evangel*, dated August 14, 1915, where he reports that he and coworker, Edward Brooks, had just closed an 18-day revival near Bellville, Alabama, that was very well attended.

He declared, "This is a new field and God is wonderfully blessing and opening up doors of entrance. The people for miles around became very much interested. The attendance would probably average three hundred at night. The old citizens of the community said it was the best meeting they ever saw."⁵

A similar ad appeared in the *Weekly Evangel*, dated September 4, 1915, where he reports on tent meetings he was holding in the Repton and McWilliams communities in South Alabama during that time.⁶

Another announcement tells of a camp meeting near Newhope Church north of Owassa, Alabama, which Shell was conducting in September 1915. He said the camp meeting was "beginning Sept. first and continuing indefinitely. Bring quilts, sheets, pillows, and other things needed for camping. We expect to have several Spirit filled workers."⁷ While living near Garland, Alabama, he applied for and received ordination with the Assemblies of God as an evangelist on December 2, 1916.⁸

A little over 3 weeks later, he married Hettie Irene Pruitt on December 27, 1916. Together they raised a daughter and two sons. Irene had formerly been a music teacher and pianist at the Methodist church of Laurel, Mississippi. She was a good pastor's wife and a marvelous musician. Being a pianist of some quality, she had been asked to join the W. B. Jessup evangelistic team.⁹ She was with them for at least one summer, and that is where Art and Irene first

became acquainted. Even in later years people would come from miles away to hear her play the piano. Irene also was ordained with the Assemblies of God in the early years of their ministry.

Although his permanent address up until 1924 was listed as Garland, Alabama, during the teens and early 1920s, Shell was busy evangelizing with a gospel tent in southwest Alabama in Monroe and Conecuh counties and also in Mississippi and Florida. After evangelizing in a place, he would stay long enough for a regular pastor to come and take over the work.

In 1920 he helped establish Excel Assembly of God, where he served his first pastorate and stayed for more than 20 years. In later years the town of Excel gained recognition because of Leroy Jordan of the Dallas Cowboys. His father was a deacon in the Excel church.¹⁰ The first church building at Excel had a sawdust floor and was simply called "The Tabernacle." While still pastoring at Excel, Shell was instrumental in establishing Assemblies of God churches at Megargel, Colemanville, Monroeville, Frisco City, and Goodway, Alabama. When Shell would come into a community, he said he'd "put up a tent and start preaching. Folks would get saved, and pretty soon they'd start talking about getting a church building to meet in."¹¹ Other churches that he helped to organize or pastor included Oak Dale Assembly near Repton, McCullough near Uriah, and the Assembly in Bratt, Florida.

Shell's son, Art Jr., well remembers that in 1925 his father conducted a summer long tent revival at Megargel, Alabama. The tent was built with his own hands, using a borrowed shoemaker's sewing machine. The Shell family lived in an army tent near the main tent, but when cold weather set in, they had to find a house to rent. There was a house in the neighborhood, but the owner refused to rent it to them, because she hated Pentecost. A man with an empty automobile repair garage offered that building for their use. It was about 18 x 20 feet and had an oil-soaked floor. Irene Shell was a meticulous housekeeper, but she swallowed her pride, and the family moved in for the winter months. That year the children each received a mesh stocking filled with an apple, an orange, and some nuts and raisins for Christmas. Art Shell, Jr., received a pair of overalls, and his sister, Carolyn, was given a dress.

Much of Shell's ministry was spent evangelizing

or pastoring small country churches in Monroe County, Alabama. Money was scarce, but the reason he stayed there was his strong feeling that he was in the will of God. This feeling was so strong in fact, that in 1933, in the midst of the Great Depression, he turned down the call to be pastor of Kingston Assembly of God at Laurel, Mississippi. Not only was this Irene Shell's hometown, but at that time it was considered the best church in the Southeast. The church had given Shell a unanimous vote, even though he had not applied for the church.



Arthur Shell, Sr. and his wife Irene

There was some strong discussion between the Shells concerning this decision. As their son, Art Shell, Jr., remembers, his dad said, "Mother, I know the \$25 a week and a parsonage plus utilities and a grocery shower each month is much better than the less than \$500 we received last year, but God is not through with us here, and we can't leave until God is through with us."¹² Mrs. Shell was in tears, but she said, "Whatever you think God wants is fine with me." And so they continued pastoring where they were. For several years he had been pastoring at Excel and Megargel, Alabama, and also Bratt,

Florida, all three of which he had started.¹³

He continued to pioneer and pastor small churches in southwest Alabama, preaching and living by faith. In all his ministry, he was never given a salary, and he always had to supplement the family income by some means. He sold cars one year, raised chickens and sold them, bought and sold pecans several years in a row, and did other odd jobs. There was rarely any extra money, but the family never went hungry. God always supplied their needs in one way or another.¹⁴

J. Foy Johnson says, "He pretty much paid his way to preach the gospel. He worked other jobs so he wouldn't be a burden to his congregation."¹⁵

During the Depression the government cut Shell's rations for fuel. They thought he was only a part-time preacher since he didn't draw a salary. He went to find out why. "What is full-time basis?" he asked. Then he explained that he was preaching 7 times a week including Saturday, Sunday, and Sunday night, each at a different church. These were all small churches that he had established. With that explanation, his rations were reinstated.¹⁶

Although the Shells lived in humble surroundings, yet they entertained some well-known figures in the Assemblies of God. Some of these included General Superintendent Ernest S. Williams, Fred Vogler, D. P. and John Wes Holloway, and J. D. Courtney.

Shell's method for determining where a church should be started revolved around how many souls from a community were saved during the big summer camp meeting which he would hold at Excel each year. Usually he invited the entire Alabama District to attend these meetings. Some well-known evangelists such as Guy Shields and George Hays would speak at these events. The camp meeting consisted of about 10 nights and some days of preaching. The meals were provided by the attendees who raised calves and pigs during the year and would also can vegetables to be used during the camp meeting. Irene Shell would be in charge of the cooking, with several wood stoves set up. Meals were usually a dollar a day.

From these meetings, people would be saved from nearby communities. If a sufficient number from one area would be converted, then Arthur Shell, Sr., would begin holding services in a home, and later a building would be constructed in that community. Usually one church a year would be started like this. Shell would continue to shepherd the new flock until a regular pastor could take over the church.

In similar fashion, Shell's method of financing the buildings was unique. He would rent maybe 10 acres of land, and have the church members help plow, plant, and cultivate cotton. Then everyone would gather in to pick and gin the cotton so it could be sold. The proceeds would go to help pay for the church building. Usually a building would be constructed and paid for in two or three years by this method.¹⁷

A humorous event happened at the Excel Assembly one year. At an annual business meeting, one of the members stood up and said, "We are giving the pastor all of the Sunday morning offering, and I think we should take a part of that and put it in a fund to repair the building." The church was small and had only paid Shell about \$200 in the previous year, which was not a lot. Fortunately, the treasurer stood up. Looking at his book, he said, "Brother _____, since you only gave \$2.00 last year, I don't think you should have any say in what we give the pastor." The people laughed, and the man sat down embarrassed.¹⁸

Despite the low wages he received (he chose not to take a salary), Shell was a generous giver to the district. The average pastor probably thought he was doing well financially, when in reality he might have given his last money for the week. In church services his policy was to lay the open Bible on the altar rail and allow people to come and place their money on the Bible. Although during Depression days money was scarce, even in later years the

poor farmers did not have a lot of money to offer.

According to Robert Spence's history of the Alabama District, Art Shell served in some elected or appointed position in the Alabama District almost continually from 1917 until his health and age would no longer allow him to serve. Spence notes in 1917 that A. L. Shell, along with two other preachers, were to "examine the standing of preachers for this Council." In 1920 he was a member of the committee on applications for ordination and license. He served as a district presbyter 27 years, district secretary from 1930 to 1934, general presbyter, etc.¹⁹



Art Jr. and Davene Shell, Colonel Sanders, and T. E. Gannon.

Art Shell pioneered several churches in South Alabama. In his late 60s and 70s and even into his 80s, when most ministers would have accepted the term "superannuated," Shell preferred to remain active in preaching. From 1961-1966 he was pastoring Oakdale Assembly of God at Repton, Alabama. To help support himself as he pastored this

small church, he did farming and had a used car business part-time. He also raised cattle and had a pecan shelling plant. He would handle up to half a million pounds of pecans a year. He also made sure to send a gift of pecans to the executives in Springfield several years in a row.

One letter of interest came from General Secretary Bartlett Peterson in 1969, which reads in part: "Dear Brother Shell: I wish to express deep appreciation to you for your kindness and generosity in sending gifts to each of the Executives in the form of pecans. That bag has been delivered to my office and I have distributed to each of the brethren as indicated therein. Mrs. Peterson and I really enjoy these fine nuts. They're always very delicious and greatly appreciated at our house. Please be assured of our sincere thanks and appreciation to you."²⁰

From 1967 through 1971 he served as a supply preacher for area pastors. In 1971 he and his wife moved to Clearwater, Florida, to assist his son, A. L. Shell, Jr., who at that time was pastor of First Assembly of God in that city. He also taught the adult Sunday school class there for several years.

After 60 years of marriage, Art Shell's first wife, Irene, passed away in 1976. Later he returned to Monroe County, Alabama, and in 1977 he married Addie Hines, a widow he had known for years. She had been saved in his church at Excel in 1931, and he was her pastor for a time.²¹

Even at the advanced age of 88, Shell did not turn down a call to minister. Vaudie V. Lambert, the Alabama District superintendent, asked him to assist the Monroeville church to help it get back on its feet following a serious split

and problem. Shell was delighted to be asked, and during the several weeks that he worked with them, the church was strengthened and came back to life.

He knew all of the people involved in the church and most of their parents, so he really was able to have a good influence. He had one light stroke while assisting at the church and was complaining some of pain in his back. His son, Art Jr., said, "Dad, why not let someone else preach this Sunday?" He said, "Son, I don't have many more sermons to preach, and I will preach Sunday if I have to sit on the altar rail."²²

Shell did preach his last sermon there while sitting on the altar rail part of the time because he was unable physically to stand. A few months later the church elected a new pastor, and the church was back on its feet again. The new pastor took great delight in telling the Shell family a few months later that the church had an attendance of 235 in one service. About this time, Art Shell, Sr., had another stroke and was ill for several months before he died at the age of 89.

Shell's years of Assemblies of God ministry spanned from 1916 through to his death in 1981, which brings the total to 65 years.

The Shell children gladly assisted their parents financially over a period of many years. After the last doctor and funeral bill was paid, there was a total estate of \$250.00. It is obvious that Shell had no interest in laying up treasures on earth. He was more interested in saving the lost and helping the people that he ministered to in his congregations.

Art Shell was living in Goodway at the time of his death on October 24, 1981.²³ He and his first wife are buried in the Excel Cemetery.

Art Shell is survived by a daughter, Carolyn Burns of Sacramento, California, and 2 sons, Art Shell, Jr., of Cape Coral, Florida, and William L. Shell of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Art Shell, Jr., is assistant pastor to Phil Goss at Faith Assembly of God in North Fort Myers, Florida. William Shell is a retired pastor in Oklahoma City.

His influence was far-reaching, for he not only was a spiritual influence in the churches he pastored, but he influenced the election of honest men in the political arena. Once he was successful in getting Foy Johnson's uncle elected to the school board. The uncle was a Nazarene pastor in the area and helped to put a halt to dancing and other worldly things which the Methodists, Baptists, Nazarenes, and Assemblies of God people disapproved of at that time. The school principal at that time had been promoting social

dancing, but with the influence of Art Shell, Sr., and the other ministers in the community, activities like that were squelched. In fact, the principal came to visit Art Shell, Sr., and begged him to allow him to continue in his position. He promised to follow whatever moral path the ministers wanted him to follow. The principal knew the ministers, led by Shell, could call the shots in the community at that time.²⁴

For several years Arthur Shell had a radio program that was very popular in the community. This was one reason he had such influence in the political arena. He was

well-respected and had the trust and confidence of the Christian community in Monroe County. The pastor of one of the denominational churches commended Shell on holding up a morally strong standard in his preaching on the air. The pastor said one reason he admired Shell's ministry is that he himself could not take such a public stand and keep his church. Too many of his members would oppose him, and he had a family to support. This situation was sad, but Shell's commitment on the radio



Davene and Art Shell, Jr.; James Brown, his mother and his wife, D'Ann; Arthur Shell, Sr. and Irene; Ray Schulz and wife Helen.

caused politicians to take note of his stand for integrity in the community.²⁵

His opinion was highly regarded by pastors and lay people alike. And he was called upon more than once to help settle a dispute through his steady and wise advice. His godly wisdom was a real asset wherever he was needed. On one occasion the Alabama D-CAP was at odds with the district superintendent. One of the presbyters said, "I move that Brother Shell, Sr., take the floor." He did, and in a kind but direct way he talked to the two men and resolved it. They were both weeping and embracing by the end of the talk. Shell rarely entered the discussions on the Council floor, but when he did, he spoke with soundness and brought wise settlements to matters that needed to be resolved. His son, Art, Jr., says, "He just had an unusual talent in this area of ministry."²⁶

J. Foy Johnson, former Peninsular Florida District superintendent, has fond memories of A. L. Shell, Sr. and says, "He was a great inspiration in my life. My Methodist parents were swept into the Pentecostal movement through his leadership, and later I was called into the ministry. He influenced several to the ministry."²⁷ The family of Gemini Waite who lived at Megargel, Alabama, was also influenced by Shell. Two of his daughters have fond memories of Arthur Shell, Sr. "A. L. Shell was a very upstanding person. He opened up several churches in Alabama," says Dorothy (Waite) McHaffie. "My father was greatly influenced by Shell." Jewel (Waite) Wood, wife of General Secretary

George Wood, makes the statement: "He was a leader. And the generations of ministers and dedicated Christians that follow him speak to the great influence which he had and still has today."²⁸

Sometime in the late 1960s or 1970s, Foy Johnson, E. Ray Schulz, and A. L. Shell, Jr. (these men served together as superintendent, secretary-treasurer, and assistant superintendent of the Peninsular Florida District in the 1960s and knew Art Shell, Sr. very well) tried to make a count of the number of preachers either directly or indirectly that Art Shell had influenced. They came up with more than 50 young men and women who were saved and entered the ministry, due to his life of service. Many of these stayed in Alabama and never became well known, but still they furthered the cause of Christ.

A select number of these include Matthew Johnson (uncle of J. Foy Johnson); Roy Johnson (son of Matthew); 4 Luker brothers (Joe Luker became a district presbyter, and Ulus Luker later pastored the Excel Assembly of God, which was their home church); Mary Watford; the late James D. Brown (became President of Southeastern College and of the Assemblies of God Theological Seminary); Calvin Melton; Robert Earl Bowen; Montez Coleman who married Philip Green and both became evangelists and pastors; Clarence Morris (pastored several churches in Alabama and Mississippi); George Skipper (pastor of First Assembly, Crestview, Florida); Herbert Brooks (accepted the call to preach but was drowned in a boating accident); James Shelley (pastored in Alabama and Peninsular Florida districts); and his own two sons, Art Shell, Jr. and William L. Shell.²⁹

Art Shell, Jr., pastored churches in Huntsville, Alabama and later at First Assembly in Clearwater, Florida (23 years), Trinity Assembly in North Miami (11 years) and now 10 years as an associate at Faith Assembly, North Fort Myers, Florida, under Pastor Phil Goss. He also served as Alabama district secretary-treasurer (1950-53), was business manager of Southeastern College for one year (1953-54), and was assistant district superintendent of the Peninsular Florida District (1965-68). After 44 years of pastoral and executive leadership, he had planned on retiring when he moved to Cape Coral, Florida, ten years ago. But when asked to assist at the church, he agreed, and now at 79 years of age, like his father, he feels an urge to keep on preaching and ministering as long as he is able. His wife, Davene, also holds a specialized license. And her mother, Minnie Bishop, was also an ordained A/G minister.

William L. Shell received credentials from the Alabama District in 1955, and he has an M.Ed. and Ed.D. from the University of Oklahoma. He has a background in financial services and for a time was assistant to the superintendent of Schools for Oklahoma City. Since retiring from the school system, he has helped three large churches in the capacity of business administrator, when they have been in

a financial crisis. He now lives at Oklahoma City and continues to do consulting work for churches in the field of administration and finances.

Other family members are active members of their respective churches. In addition, a granddaughter, Kimberly Shell, daughter of A. L. Shell, Jr., is in the ministry. She is married to Ron Graban, and they are assisting his father, Paul Graban, who is pastor of Fountain of Life Assembly of God, a large congregation in Burlington, New Jersey. Thus the legacy of Arthur L. Shell, Sr., continues on through the lives he influenced and those who are in Christian service today.



Glenn Gohr is the assistant archivist and copy editor for the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center

Notes

- 1 Peggy Hoomes, "Retired Minister Approaches 73 Years of Preaching," [Monroeville, Alabama paper], July 1981; A. L. Shell, Sr., "Early Days of Pentecost in Alabama" (cassette), March 8, 1980.
- 2 Shell, "Early Days."
- 3 Homer Brooks, telephone interview, November 30, 1999.
- 4 Arthur L. Shell, Jr., "The Arthur and Irene Shell Family History," unpublished manuscript, 1999, 1.
- 5 "Revival Near Bellville Ala.," *Weekly Evangel*, August 14, 1915, 1.
- 6 "Alabama Notes," *Weekly Evangel*, September 4, 1915, 1.
- 7 "Camp Meeting Near Newhope Church," *Weekly Evangel*, August 7, 1915, 4.
- 8 Robert H. Spence, *The First Fifty Years: A Brief Review of the Assemblies of God in Alabama (1915-65)*. N.p.: n.p., 1965, 24.
- 9 Shell, "The Arthur and Irene Shell Family History," 3; William L. Shell, telephone interview, November 30, 1999; Arthur Shell, Jr., telephone interview, December 1, 1999.
- 10 J. Foy Johnson, telephone interview, November 29, 1999.
- 11 Hoomes, "Retired Minister."
- 12 Ibid.
- 13 Excel Assembly of God was affiliated in 1922 and celebrated its 75th anniversary in 1997; Bratt Assembly observed its 75th anniversary in September 1999; Megargel Assembly celebrated 70 years in 1997.
- 14 Art Shell letter to George Wood, Sept. 30, 1998.
- 15 J. Foy Johnson, telephone interview, November 29, 1999.
- 16 Arthur Shell, Jr., telephone interview, December 1, 1999.
- 17 Shell, "The Arthur and Irene Shell Family History," 11.
- 18 Ibid.
- 19 Spence, 24, 25, 32, [116-118].
- 20 Bartlett Peterson, letter to Arthur L. Shell, February 12, 1969.
- 21 Hoomes, "Retired Minister."
- 22 Shell, "The Arthur and Irene Shell Family History," 8.
- 23 "In Memoriam," *Alabama Messenger*, December 1981, 7; Arthur L. Shell, Sr., ministerial file.
- 24 Shell, "The Arthur and Irene Shell Family History," 8.
- 25 Ibid.
- 26 Art Shell, Jr., telephone interview, December 9, 1999.
- 27 J. Foy Johnson, telephone interview, November 29, 1999.
- 28 Jewel Wood, telephone interview, December 1, 1999; Dorothy McHaffie, telephone interview, December 3, 1999.
- 29 Shell, "The Arthur and Irene Shell Family History," 8-9.

Letters From Our Readers



Frances Foster



Hart Armstrong

Remembering Pioneers

Frances Foster and Hart Armstrong

The passing of Frances Foster, who for so many years was director of BGMC (Boys and Girls Missionary Crusade) brought to my mind the time when the program had its birth. Perhaps you have these details on record, perhaps not, but I will rehearse the situation as I remember it. I was with the *Pentecostal Evangel* and Hart Armstrong was editor of the Sunday school literature (take-home papers, teacher quarterlies, etc.). Hart was very creative. He was full of ideas for promoting God's work through the Sunday schools....He had a leading part in the great Sunday school conventions, parade, and pageant "The Good Ship Sunday School Evangelism," and the Read-the-Bible Through project at Heer's store on the public square, and you already have in your files all his planning papers, letters, etc., concerning these events.

Something you may not have on record is the leading part he played in beginning BGMC. The program was his idea. I remember that quite well. He suggested it and did the spadework in organizing it, including "Buddy Barrel." Loine Honderick, a national representative of the National Sunday School Department at the time, helped in developing it. Once it started, the leadership was assigned to Frances Foster, a staff member of the National Sunday School Department. Hart has not been given the credit he deserves in the matter, in my opinion.

I hope this information is helpful to you.

Robert C. Cunningham
Springfield, Missouri

Hart Armstrong is still going strong with his Christian Communications, Inc., in Wichita, Kansas. His catalog lists 29 books and other materials he has written. Readers can inquire about his writings by contacting Dr. Armstrong at: Box 1601, Wichita, KS 67201 or the internet: <http://www.thinklikegod.org>. Robert C. Cunningham served as editor of the Pentecostal Evangel from 1949 until his retirement in 1984. He passed away January 7, 2000, at the age of 85.

Translating Willis Hoover's Spanish Book Into English

Mario and I visited the Iglesia Evangelica Pentecostal in Santiago, Chile, again last spring. Great growth and progress are taking place. The spiritual fervor continues. They now have their own well-equipped printing press (Eben-Ezer Press), and 2 years ago opened their first church-operated elementary school. They now have Pre-K through grade 5, with grades added every year. Appropriately, the school is named "Collegio Dr. Willis Hoover"--in honor of Mario's grandfather.

Mario is at last translating his grandfather's book *Historia del Avivamiento de Chile* into English. He writes the translation; I edit and type it; then our son Rick enters it into his computer. Mario will be adding some information and features as we see fit, including his own insights and observations.

We always read with interest your good articles concerning the early days. Keep them coming. And we rejoice with you and all involved in the opening of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.

Mario and Elva Hoover
Lakeland, Florida

See Mario's article "Willis Hoover Took a Stand," in the fall 1988 issue of Heritage. Elva is a former national secretary for Women's Ministries.

"Little David" Walker's Ministry



Sometime ago in *Heritage* you requested any news of children evangelists. Enclosed are two pictures of the "Little David" Crusade in Rochester, New York in 1949 or 1950.

I remember great crowds attending and many miracles of healing occurring nightly. It was tremendous. I was a teenager then and my father, George Shea, was one of the sponsors. He founded and pastored Faith Temple,

which I pastor today.

My father was ordained by the Duncan sisters in the 1920s and was one of the first ministers of the healing revival in Rochester.

Mary L. Edlin, Pastor
Faith Temple
Rochester, New York

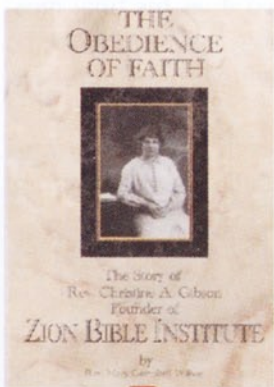
See David Walker's photo taken at the Orlando General Council on page 47 of this issue.

You may be interested to know that I attended "Little David" Walker's crusade in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1950. My files contain a large photo of him and others who attended the services. I recall those days and would share a bit of information with you if you so desire.

Rev. Christine A. Gibson, founder and president of Zion Bible Institute, sponsored this crusade. Some of the converts during this series of meetings went on to attend Zion Bible Institute and became part of the faithful staff at the school.

It is wonderful to keep ministries alive in the hearts of our future Christian leaders through magazines such as *Heritage*.

Mary C. Wilson
Former President and
Principal of ZBI



Yes, we are interested in more information for our collections. Mary C. Wilson is the author of *The Obedience of Faith*, which is available for \$10.95 plus \$2.75 shipping from Zion Bible Institute, 27 Middle Highway, Barrington, Rhode Island 02806.

Enjoys *Heritage*

Please send Vol. 3 of the *Heritage* reprints. I enjoy *Heritage* so much. I pass on individual issues to others. I want to keep the reprints for my children and grandchildren. I pray for you and our movement.

Mrs. J. E. Adkisson
Sherwood, Arkansas

See advertisement on page 44 for ordering information on the three volumes of *Heritage*.

Now as a senior-retired A/G minister, I enjoy each edition of *Heritage*. I received my preaching license in June of 1947 after graduation from Eastern Bible Institute in Green Lane, Pa. Believe it or not, in all my 50 plus years as an Assemblies of God minister I had never been to "Mecca." I was in Springfield to officiate at my grandson's wedding and visited headquarters and took the tour on Friday, June 25.

Another incident came to mind as I read about the Flowers in the copy of *Heritage*, winter of 1997-98, Vol. 17, No. 4. Sometime while my wife and I were students at E.B.I. during the years of 1944-47, Sister Flower was one of our chapel speakers, and she stopped abruptly during her message and explained that she had recently gotten a new denture and it was bothering her. So she simply turned, removed it and continued speaking!

Another amusing incident occurred at the Sunday School convention in 1955 in Boston. L. B. Keener was making announcements and said that one of the sessions was to be held in the Carousal Room. (It was the Carousel Room!)

Well, after being in the Assemblies of God since my salvation in 1934 at the tender age of 8 years, I have many fond memories of many incidents, both amusing and inspirational.

May the Lord bless your work honoring our great "Heritage."

Gordon F. Preiser
Eustus, Florida

Ambassador I Correction

It was probably just a typographical error, but I just wanted to correct the story of the *Ambassador I*, C-46 (Wayne Warner's "Looking Back" in the *Pentecostal Evangel*, February 28, 1999).

The C-46 was not a surplus World War I aircraft (they were not even dreamed about yet). It was a surplus WWII aircraft. I know because I jumped out of them many times during WWII as a paratrooper.

But I do enjoy your articles of our heritage very much. They bring back many good memories. Keep up the good work.

Ronald D. Haley
Pontiac, Michigan

Our paratrooper friend is absolutely right. "Charlie 46" was developed as a cargo plane for WWII. DFM bought the plane in 1948 for \$5,000 and then converted it to a passenger plane for another \$15,000--with Speed-the-Light funds. It was used for a year and then traded for the Ambassador II, a B-17. See Paul Gatts' "Remembering Charlie 46" in the summer 1998 issue. See also Bill Taylor's memories of the B-17 in this issue.

Visitors to the Center's Museum

Just a note to let you know how much we appreciated our visit and the hospitality shown by the entire staff. I realize we were in traveling attire and didn't look like much. We had been to Branson, and I wanted to stop and let our group of senior citizens see some of our heritage. They were greatly impressed.

I feel the Heritage Center is a great addition, and I want to congratulate you on the wonderful job you are doing. It illustrates perfectly how far we have come and how greatly God has blessed us in such a short time. Keep up the good work.

M. C. Johnson
Founding Pastor
Calvary Temple Church
Springfield, Illinois

Pastor Johnson sent a generous check for \$500 from the church to help finance the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.

Beryl and I both immensely enjoyed the tour. Other Calvary Temple people on the tour expressed the same sentiments. Some thought it was the highlight of the 3-day trip. Everyone seemed to also thoroughly enjoy eating in the cafeteria. The food was good and the price was right. We really appreciated your hospitality.

Virginia Siscoe
Springfield, Illinois

Virginia and her sister Beryl Siscoe were part of Brother Johnson's Springfield, Illinois, tour. They had worked at Headquarters ("We don't care to remember how long ago it was that we worked there, preferring to refer to such things as 'yesterday'!").

G. Raymond Carlson's Education; Remembering Wire Recorders

This matter may be trivial, but I thought it desirable that you have on file a correct version of Raymond Carlson's Canadian education. I have noted in his obituaries it is reported that he attended Western Pentecostal Bible College in Winnipeg, Canada. In fact, the name of the college which he attended was Western Bible College. Western Pentecostal Bible College was in North Vancouver until 1974 and then in Abbotsford BC, and it was not the school that Bro. Carlson attended.

Bro. Carlson's Canadian school was founded in Winnipeg in 1925 as Canadian Pentecostal Bible College. The principal was Dr. J. E. Purdie. In 1930 the P.A.O.C. moved the school to Toronto and it operated there for two years, but closed in the spring of 1932. That fall, Dr. Purdie

returned to Winnipeg and he began Western Bible College which operated until 1950 and then closed. Thus, the school that Bro. Carlson attended at the end of the thirties was called Western Bible College. Though Dr. Purdie was wholeheartedly committed to the reality of the Pentecostal experience, he felt it was unwise to use the word Pentecostal in the name of the college.

I was a student at Western in Winnipeg 1941 to '44, and a teacher there 1944 to '47. In the fall of 1947 I joined the faculty of Glad Tidings Bible Institute in San Francisco, and I remained with that school through its move to Scotts Valley and name change to Bethany. In 1968 I returned to Canada to serve as president of Western Pentecostal Bible College (formerly [until 1962] British Columbia Bible Institute) in Vancouver and in its move to Abbotsford. I retired in 1987.

Some time ago in *Heritage* you asked for reminiscences about wire recorders. In the early 1950s in my days at Glad Tidings Bible Institute (it became Bethany in 1955) I served also as editor of *Glad Tidings* magazine, the Northern California District publication. In his final Western trip prior to retirement, General Superintendent Ernest Williams came to campus and spoke in chapel. I installed a wire recorder in the pulpit to record his message. He gave me permission to transcribe his message and print it in *Glad Tidings*, but with the stipulation that as necessary it be edited to assure correct written form. This was done (though as I recall very little editing was needed) and the message was printed. I was quite gratified to note that a few months later Bro. Williams used the message in the *Evangel*, virtually as we had published it, as his final message to the denomination. The message was on the theme of Regeneration not Degeneration, and that may have been its title.

My wife and I greatly enjoy each issue of *Heritage* and we commend you for the excellent job that you are doing.

L. Thomas (Les) Holdcroft
Abbotsford, BC, Canada

Ruth Burke Rill Documenting 20th-Century Pentecostal History

Congratulations! Congratulations! Congratulations! To you and your staff for the wonderful achievement in the formation of the new Flower Center and all the assembling of the historic archives! It is exciting and thrilling to see what has been accomplished! I have a few things to send, namely a small book of poetry and other items. As I was 74 in March, I know that what I have to do, I must do speedily. Time waits for no man, and of course, no woman!

There is so much I wish to write about. My husband and I were on the flight of the *Ambassador* to Africa in 1948, in the company of the Garlocks and John Weidman as a teenager. Our eldest son was an infant and I well remember the flight to the Congo!

Perhaps I may have mentioned in the past that the Lord told me to "Write the record, that generations unborn may know what God has done"! I'm sure he gave you and the others who are associated with you the same command! I have been trying to obey the injunction, which has entailed learning to use Windows 95, and word processing!

Perhaps you were unaware that the [George] Bowies went from Azusa [revival in Los Angeles, 1906-09] to NYC where my grandparents, the Burkes came into Pentecost about 1906. My father was a small child at the time--and Grandmother Sarah was healed of T.B. when baptized in the Hudson River.

When Dad and Edgar Pettenger arrived in South Africa, they were met by the Bowies in Johannesburg, and taken by them to Kwazulu in a Model A (or T), and I have photos of that historic trip. They were to study Zulu under the Guthries. Mama Guthrie was from Topeka, Kansas. (I wish I had her story.) John "Baba" Guthrie was from Scotland, and had been a schoolteacher there. Their twins, John and Lois, both became missionaries as well.

I've been writing my grandparents' story, as they also came into Pentecost through the Bowies; in fact my Gran Andersson was with them in Lesotho, South Africa, at Mount Tabor. David Kast from Seaside Assembly was also

born there, I believe....David du Plessis was also there, as his father built the mission house and church in what was then Basutoland. "Mr. Pentecost" received his Baptism under Bro. Heatley who had been healed in the first tent meeting John Lake and Thomas ("Brother Tom") Hezmalhalch conducted near Johannesburg [see David du Plessis' autobiography, *A Man Called Mr. Pentecost*]. Brother Heatley was a cripple, but threw away his crutches. I also received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit under Brother Heatley in 1939. This account is recorded in the book I'm writing.

George Bowie was also responsible for William Burton [from England] going to the Congo, as he had also gone there in the early days. My Dad recorded that in a memorial he wrote to the Bowies! Dad will be 100 on January 27; when he went to preach at a Black church near Johannesburg, the pastor, who earned a Ph.D. from the USA, capped and gowned him as a D.D!

Ruth Burke Rill
Sacramento, California

Ruth's father, Fred H. Burke, was ordained in 1918 and is one of the oldest Assemblies of God ministers. Readers wishing to send him a card for his 100th birthday, January 27, 2000, can use this address: P. O. Box 14685, Leraatsfontein 1038, South Africa.

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Time Frame

Missionary Letter from China 65 Years Ago

Editor's Note: We are pleased to reprint excerpts of this missionary letter from Helen Gustavson, written from Shantung, China, [now the Shandong province in eastern China] in 1935. Beulah Erickson, Butte, Montana, donated the letter to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. She wrote recently, "My mother, Mary Larson Carlson Matson, was a missionary to China from 1918-26. Her first husband, Victor Carlson, died in China. While in China, my mother, along with Helen Gustavson and Grace P. Nicholson, worked at the Home of Onesiphorus, with Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Anglin."

Assembly of God
Pu Tsih, Kiao Tsi R.R.
Shantung, China
May 15, 1935

My Dear Homeland Friends:

A short time ago I returned to Pu Tsih from an evangelistic trip to our two outstations. Special meetings were held at both places. As I have a good report to give of the work of the Lord at both places I am writing my friends that you may rejoice with us in victories won for Christ.

The two outstations are located at Yuin E and Ta Yan Teh. Miss Nicholson opened the Yuin E station about 7 years ago. It is located about 45 English miles from Taian and about 145 miles from Pu Tsih. The preacher in charge there was formerly a worker in the Home of Onesiphorus located at Taian. The Ta Yan Teh Mission was opened about 3 years ago, and it is located about 5 miles from Taian. We have a day school there.

To travel from Pu Tsih to Taian is very simple as we have train service all the way, but from Taian to Yuin E is more difficult as it is a day's journey by wheelbarrow which is the most popular way of traveling into the country. In that part of the country, there are no automobiles or buses; they are only to be seen in the larger cities where highways have been built. As yet, I have not seen a good highway. The road to Yuin E was very poor and narrow.

I left Pu Tsih the last part of March for Tsinan--capital city of Shantung. I spent a few days there as I had shopping to do for our Mission Station. There Mrs. Chang--my Bible Woman--joined me and together we traveled to Taian by train. Before the train pulled out from Tsinan, an inspector came aboard the train to inspect my passport and who I was. Thus, the Chinese are keeping tag on the foreigners and their activities in China. At Taian Evang. Chang Wu Gung joined us to go with us to Yuin E. As I had never

traveled that road before and as we had heard rumors of bandits, I did not wish to travel without a man in our party.

We were told we could make the trip in one day. So we prepared to leave early on Thursday morning April 4th. Two wheelbarrows had been hired and one rickshaw. One wheelbarrow hauled our baggage which consisted of bedding, cots and a box of food and a few cooking utensils. One wheelbarrow was the passenger car for the two native workers. I rode in the rickshaw which is a small two wheel buggy pulled by one man. Two men are used for the wheelbarrow. One pushes and one helps to pull. It must seem very strange to you modern folks at home to read of such means of travel; you see China is not a modern nation, far from it. It would do some of you good to take a trip to China and see for yourself how conditions are in some parts of the world and it would make you more thankful and satisfied for what you have and enjoy in America.

We were disappointed in not reaching our destination in one day. When darkness settled upon us we were only three miles from Yuin E and as there was a wide river to cross, it was impossible to do so at such a late hour. Therefore, we stopped at a village inn for the night. The inn was a mud house with a mud brick bed at one end and a table and chair. Had only been there a short while when a group of soldiers appeared. They wanted to know who we were and where we were going. I showed them my card and when they saw who I was they politely said, "If you wish to have an escort to see you to Yuin E tomorrow just let us know." In the early part of the year the bandits had been numerous there and there was war between them and the government soldiers. The bandits were subdued. Many killed. Just then there was no disturbance, but the soldiers still remained to keep watch. We committed ourselves into the hands of God for the night. Did not undress, slept in our clothes undisturbed and in the early morning continued our journey to Yuin E. Arrived there at 8 o'clock in time for breakfast.

That day Christian people arrived to attend the convention which commenced on Saturday April 6th. There were as many as 120 people who were served meals and stayed right through to the closing day.

From beginning to end God's presence was felt and the convicting power of the Holy Spirit rested on the people. The 3rd day of the convention confession of sin began and continued for three days. My, What dark and gross sins were openly confessed. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Psa. 30:5 and "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven whose sin is covered." Psa. 32:1.

On Friday the day of the baptismal service there was great joy because many had prayed through. At 9:30 in the A.M. the congregation marched to the river and 25--



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twenty five--were baptized. It was the best baptismal service I have witness in China. The weather was fine and the presence of the Lord hovered over us. Among those baptized was a lady 82 years old. While baptized she received healing. Had suffered from pain in her back which then disappeared. Three saw heavenly visions at the river. During the meetings some were healed of various physical infirmities and a few received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The meeting at Ta Yan Teh were of the same nature as at Yuin E. There was much confession of sin. Two outstanding conversion were two afflicted people, a man and a woman were brought there to seek God's salvation and healing. The lady had some terrible running sores on both legs. Could not walk. The man was a cripple. Both of them confessed so many sins and both received a bright conversion. Returned home happy and encouraged to believe God for healing for their bodies, too. On Easter Sunday the meetings closed at Ta Yan Teh. In the A.M. service I preached the message and served Communion. About 35 Christians were served. It was a precious meeting.

Our evangelist at Pu Tsih, Bro. Lieu has also returned from an evangelistic trip to nearby villages. He brings good reports. God is using him in casting out demons. On this trip there were some cases of demon possession which were delivered. Bro. Lieu has been used much in Shantung in soul winning. He has also met with much persecution. Please pray for him and our evangelistic field and for all our workers that God shall continue to use them in the upbuilding of His kingdom here.

As we are dependent upon our friends at home for

the support of our work, we feel it is the will of God we mention to you a special need and that is, we need a larger church both at Yuin E and Pu Tsih. At Pu Tsih there is a heathen temple on the east side of our church. We are trying to obtain this temple from the government, but as yet we have not succeeded. We hope and pray it may be donated to us, but if not we will needs funds to buy it as the only way to enlarge the church is by obtaining this temple.

Miss Nicholson joins me in sending best regards to all. We wish to thank you for your prayers and for all you have done for us in the past. The Lord bless you.

Sincerely in Christ's glad service,
Helen Gustavson

Helen Gustavson (left) with Liu En Hsin, 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Liu, Bible school students at Tsinan. Chrystal Ladner, her coworker is on the right. Photo taken in January 1940 in front of Helen's home at Tsinan, Shantung, China.



Photos From Our Readers

Evangelist and Mrs. E. T. Quanabush visited Star of Hope Tabernacle, Detroit, Mich., about 1940. Marian Dunbar was a teenager, but she remembers the meetings and donated this portrait of the Quanabushes. "She was so pretty and [wore] not a bit of worldly makeup," Mrs. Dunbar added.



Photo Quiz

These men participated in the 1963 National Music Conference in Springfield, Missouri. How many can you identify? Turn this page upside down for the answers.

Identification: From the left, Bud Tutmarc, Bob Waters, Eddy Anderson, Bert Webb, Emil Ballet, and Paul Ferrin.



The National Youth Department staff and D-CAPs met during 1979 and posed for this photo. Spud DeMent, seated on right, was head of the Department. See how many of the others you can identify before looking at the list below.

Row 1 (L-R) Oregon, Ormel Chapin, Nat'l Youth Committee; Eastern, John Butrin, Nat'l Youth Committee; Oklahoma, Frank Cargill, Nat'l Youth Committee; Carol Ball, Supervisor of Publications; Roberta Bonnici, Special Assignments Editor; Dave Gable, Campus Ministries Rep.; Dennis Gaylor, Campus Ministries Training Coordinator; Brent Osgood, STL Rep.; Terry Carter, Bible Quiz/Teen Talent Rep.; Glen Ellard, *The Youth Leader* editor; Jim McCorkle, AIM Rep.; Spud DeMent, Department Head.

Row 2 (L-R) So. Missouri, Russ Turney; New York, Ron Domina; Mississippi, Larry Smith; Alaska, Dick Carlson; Newfoundland, Robert Dewling; So. New England, Bob Wise; Minnesota, Don Bowman; Appalachian, Troy Bartley; Kentucky, Loren Kohl; Wyoming, Bruce Strong; Wis./N. Michigan, Larry Liebe; So. Idaho, Keith Butler; Iowa, Dave Decker; So. Dakota, Morris Conklin; Montana, Roy Brewer.

Row 3 (L-R) Kansas, Dave Satterfield; No. Missouri, James Skinner; German, Vergil Moos; Michigan, Gary Cullison; Potomac, Willie Davis; So. Texas, Larry Parnell; Rocky Mountain, Bob Cook; Tennessee, Randel McCarty; New Mexico, Mike Wall; West Florida, Robert Thompson; No. New England, Bob Genevicz; Illinois, Rick Olson; Louisiana, Doug Fulenwider.

Row 4 (L-R) Puerto Rico, Moises Garcia; Pacific Latin America, Danny Vargas; Ohio, David Yannatone; So. Carolina, Victor Smith; Spanish Eastern, George Rosado; New Jersey, Bob Fisher; Nebraska, Ted Brust; Italian, Pat Donadio; So. California, Dale Van Steenis; Arizona, Del Bittner; Georgia, Jerry Elder; West Texas, Harvey Wampler; Pen. Florida, David Matheny; Indiana, Dave Wigington; Arkansas, Bobby Johnson; Northwest, Bob Fox; No. California/Nevada, Larry Kasper.

Visitors to FPHC



The Rev. John Ikoni, general secretary of the Assemblies of God in Nigeria, and his wife Priscilla examine historical documents as archivist Joyce Lee assists. In the foreground is Paul Harvey, professor of history at the University of Colorado.

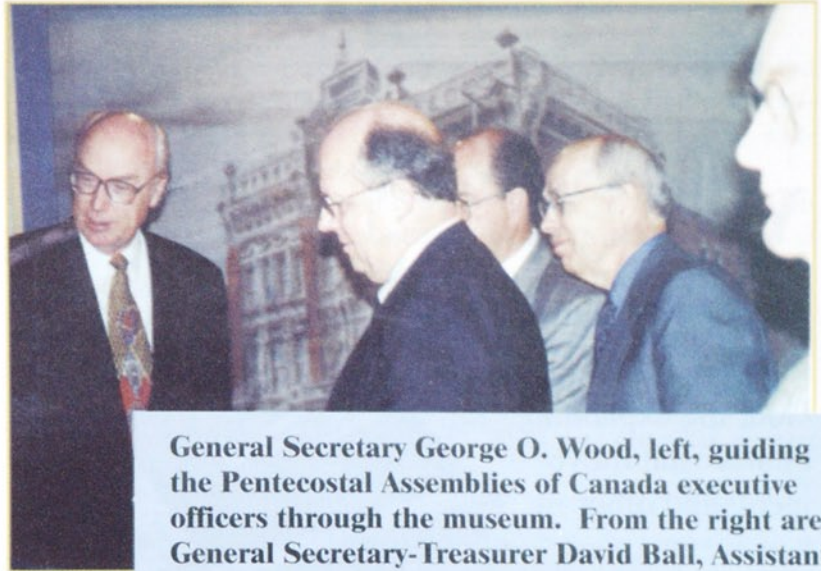
A delegation from the Church of the Nazarene visiting the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center for ideas on their proposed center in Kansas City, Missouri. From the left, Don Neil, Oklahoma City; A. Gordon Wetmore, president of Nazarene Theological Seminary; Dudley Powers, M.D., Oklahoma City; Joyce Lee, Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center archivist; Ed Robinson, dean of Nazarene Theological Seminary; Bob Helstrom, Nampa, Idaho; and Stan Ingersol, Nazarene archivist.



Elizabeth Baker, Fairbanks, Alaska, visiting with Center director Wayne Warner. Mrs. Baker, who is researching ministries in Alaska, stopped by the Center with her missionary parents, Dr. and Mrs. Arvin Glandon.

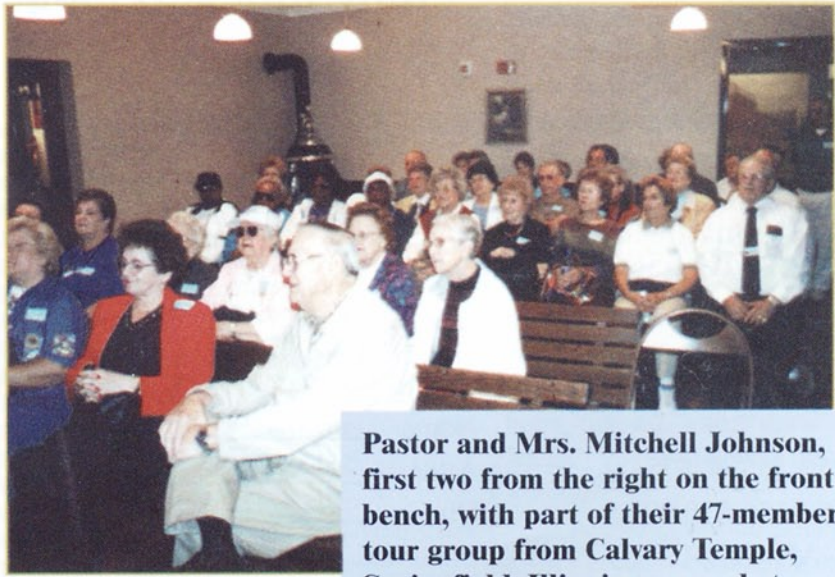


Kiosks in the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center seem to attract all ages. Here Chris Emerick, 14, Springfield, Missouri, watches video of the Ambassador airplanes.



General Secretary George O. Wood, left, guiding the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada executive officers through the museum. From the right are General Secretary-Treasurer David Ball, Assistant General Superintendent Stewart Hunter, and General Superintendent William Morrow.

Dr. Harold Hunter, Director of the International Pentecostal Holiness Church Archives and Research Center, and his wife Sondra, visiting with Assistant Archivist Glenn Gohr (right).



Pastor and Mrs. Mitchell Johnson, first two from the right on the front bench, with part of their 47-member tour group from Calvary Temple, Springfield, Illinois, are ready to watch a video in the E. N. Bell Chapel.

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Testimony Time

Remembering Pastor Bruce Gibson's Teaching

After reading about the late Bruce Gibson, by Lloyd Christiansen ("From Our Readers," spring 1999), Verna Spencer Hart recalled other incidents in the life of this African-American pastor. Although she never met Pastor Gibson, her husband Ed Hart knew him in Portland, Oregon. "He had fellowship with Brother Gibson, which enriched his life," Mrs. Hart wrote. She shared the following two memories.

Keep It Simple

Where the scriptures are concerned, simplicity seemed to be the key with which Bruce Gibson worked. Easily, he made scriptures simple to understand. For those who wished to complicate it with argument, twist it, or tangle it to fit their fleshly desire, he had an answer. This oft spoken, uncomplicated answer removed any further dispute. Brother Gibson would drop, "You want to know what that scripture means? It means just what it says."

Getting Answers to Prayer

A valuable lesson in getting answers to prayer, Bruce Gibson learned, but he learned this one the hard way. The benefit of that lesson he passed on to anyone who would listen.

As an itinerant preacher he had Sunday services all day long. The services were one after the other with miles of driving in between them. Frequently flat tires slowed his travel, thus, robbing him of precious time and energy.

Humbly, he prayed, "Lord, Send me any old tire. I'm not proud."

Old tires came. Early Sunday morning he started out with his trunk full of them, with more stashed between seats. Sure enough, he had need to change tires often.

His old car got him to the church late, dirty, hot and sweaty, say nothing of being worn out and just a little discouraged. When he went into the pulpit, his nice white shirt--wilted and soiled--told the story.

Feeling all of this wasn't quite right, Brother Gibson went complaining to the Lord. He didn't make a very good appearance, not the way things stood.

The Lord heard his cry, "Why me? Why this--? Lord, what's happening?"

The answer came in the form of a reminder of his own prayer for "any old tire." The Lord assured him that his prayer was being abundantly answered. Then the Lord asked why he did not pray for a new set of tires.

Bruce liked this new idea. He prayed. Right away came a whole set of brand new tires. Now the Lord asked him why he didn't pray for a new car to go along with the new tires.

It took a little adjusting to this new concept, lest it affect his "humility." Because the Lord had spoken, Brother Gibson in time succumbed and prayed. Again the Lord answered by giving a new car to go along with the new tires.

At this point the pieces of the lesson came together. 1) We get what we pray for. 2) "We have not because we ask not." 3) We receive according to our faith. 4) God is faithful.

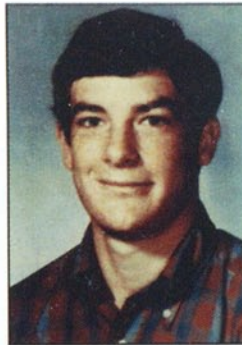
(Continued from page 3) The Rest of the Story

Was J. W. Tucker's death a waste? It seems as if this 25-year missionary veteran could have had many more productive years in Zaire. Instead, he was clubbed to death in 1964 during that country's civil war, and his body was thrown into the crocodile-infested Bomokandi River, in the area called Nganga.

Former missionary Derrill Sturgeon* disputes any argument which calls Tucker's death a waste. In an article published in *Mountain Movers* (May 1986), Sturgeon writes that the Mangbetu tribe in the Nganga area had no known Christian converts. Not even the famous C. T. Studd had won converts among the tribe.

After the Congo rebellion ended, one of J. W. Tucker's converts in

The late Melvin "Cricket" Tucker, youngest child of J. W. and Angeline Tucker. He died in an accident while a high school senior in 1971.



Isiro, a police officer known as "the Brigadier," moved to the Nganga area where he became chief of police. But he also witnessed to Mangbetu people.

He had found the Savior through the missionary whose body had been thrown into "their" river and whose blood had flowed through "their" waters.

The Christian police chief had a very receptive audience owing to the fact that Mangbetu culture considers the land and the rivers theirs personally.

Sturgeon wrote, "This proved to be the key to their hearts. Individuals began to accept that message and to receive Christ as their personal savior."

A great revival exploded among the Mangbetu; thousands were saved, hundreds were healed, and reports of people being raised from the dead reached the national church in Isiro.

Today, despite the continuing war in that country, Nganga has more than 50 Assemblies of God churches among the Mangbetu tribe. Nobody knows how many thousands have been converted.

Sturgeon cannot look at J. W. Tucker's death 35 years ago as a waste. A sorrowful loss. But not a waste.

*Sturgeon is now pastor of Family Praise Fellowship, Riverside, California.

1999 General Council

Retired missionaries Angelo and Helen Nesta, Ocala, Florida, viewing photos of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center exhibit. They served in Italy and Malta.



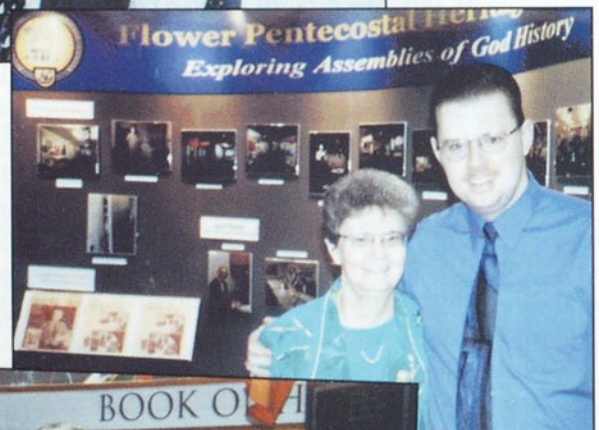
Glenn Forsee, left, pastor of First Assembly, Shelbyville, Tennessee, discussing with Eula M. Call of Fort Morgan, Colorado, about a photo of the late Myer Pearlman which appeared in the spring issue of *Heritage*.



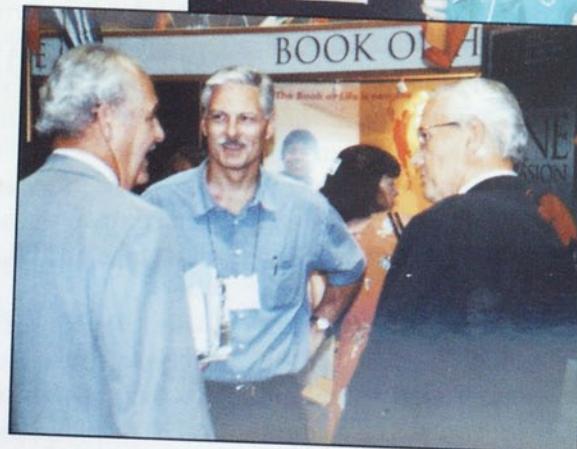
Carlton Milbrandt, Northville, Mich., left, renewing acquaintances with Julius Braun, retired pastor who now lives in Winter Haven, Florida. They had been in the same church in Rochester, New York. Milbrandt was at the Council representing the Royal Family Kids Camp.



Martha Tennison, Rocky Mount, Missouri, and her son Allen stopped by the exhibit. Readers might remember that Martha and her husband Weldon were pastors of First Assembly, Radcliff, Kentucky, in 1988 when their church bus was hit by a drunken driver, killing 27 passengers. Allen, who is a student at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, Calif., is one of the survivors of the tragedy.



Missionary Bob Hoskins, left, talks with Paul Irwin, First Assembly, Grand Rapids, Michigan; and Don Argue, president of Northwest College of the Assemblies of God, Kirkland, Washington.





Retired pastors Julius Braun, Winter Haven, Florida, and Leon Johnston, Fort Worth, Texas, visiting in front of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center exhibit. On the left is a Center staff member, Amy Fulfer.



David Walker, known as Little David, began his ministry as a boy and continues to minister in overseas crusades more than 50 years later.



Archivist Joyce Lee visiting with Madge Mayo, Atlanta. Mrs. Mayo and her late husband Jimmy pastored in Atlanta.



Rachel Farley Perry, Roma, Texas, with *Heritage* editor Wayne Warner. Mrs. Farley's parents, A. R. and Alice Kersey Farley, were longtime pastors in the Kansas District.



These four airmen got together at the Pilots Breakfast during General Council. From the left is Dan Knight, Orlando; Jim Adkins, Nashville; Paul Gatts, Milpitas, Calif.; and Bill Taylor, Clearwater, Florida. The latter three were crew members on the Ambassador planes the Assemblies of God operated from 1948-51. Knight was pilot of the *Mary Alice*, a well-known B-17 bomber during World War II. Ambassador II is now in the American Museum, Imperial War Museum, near Cambridge, England, and has been restored and renamed Mary Alice in honor of the first Mary Alice.

Archives Activities

AGTS: Cassette of inauguration of Dr. Byron D. Klaus, president, Sept. 23, 1999. **Elizabeth Baker:** Book: *Shadows on the Arctic Snow: The Story of Don and Gen Nelson, KJNP, North Pole, Alaska* / by Don Leach and Don Nelson. **Bethel Assembly of God (Lincoln Park, MI):** *Bethel Assembly of God Diamond Anniversary, 1924-1999.* **Glenn F. Blossom:** Materials related to the missionary career of Pansy Blossom (1 box) and Florence Blossom Beck (3 boxes); 16 mm. camera & 6 boxes of films. **James K. Bridges:** Group photo of 1947 General Council. **Karen Burnett:** (Granddaughter of W. W. Simpson). Biographical materials on her grandparents.

John Carver: Several booklets written by Guy P. Duffield: *How May I Know I Am Born again; The Inerrancy and Authority of the Bible; Salvation and the Seventh Day; The Security of the Believer; Time Line of the Old Testament;* videos of "The Life Story of Missionary Evangelist David Nunn" and "Clifton Erickson: Great London, England Crusade." **Barbara Cavaness:** Inauguration program for Dr. Byron D. Klaus, President, AGTS, 9/23/99; duplicate copies of many C.M. Ward booklets; *Sirius* student publication of Great Lakes Bible Institute, Zion, IL, Nov. 1939 (v. 1 #1) - Apr. 1941. **Esther Cimino:** Book: *Linking Hands to Plant the Church: A compilation of the profiles of the Assemblies of God missionaries in Nigeria* / Ralph L. Cimino, 1998. **Russell Coyne:** News clip (6/28/51) concerning his brother Ronald's healing; photocopy of handbill featuring his brother's demonstration of his healing.

Division of Foreign Missions:

Missionary photographs. **Hazel (Mrs. Eric) Dando:** Books: *Sunday at 6:30* / Eric Dando; *Sunday at 10:30* / Eric Dando; *World Pentecost* (Memorial edition) [1983]. **Vivian Deno:** Photographs of Trinity Christian City International. **Kenneth Dunbar:** Sunday school class notes from college class taught by C. M. Ward, Central Assembly of God, Springfield, MO. **Ed Eliason:** Poster of the Mission-Aires, Speed-the-Light quartet, ca. 1949. **First Assembly of God (Versailles, MO):** History: *Celebrating the Spirit of our faith together*, 1999. **Gary Flokstra:** Items concerning missionary Betty S. Haney: photographs, correspondence, receipt books, reports on work with the deaf, news clips on Jim Bakker; M.A. Thesis: "Education and Rehabilitation of the Deaf in Nepal, India, the Philippines, Korea and Japan" / Betty S. Haney, 1974; several other books, brochures, etc. from various sources. **R. Kenneth George:** Book: *God Has No Borders* / Ellis J. Stone (Missionary biography).

David Hagood: Photo of Rev. & Mrs. E. B. Turner. **Almer Harris:** *Golden Grain*, May 1929 (duplicate). **Henry Jauhainen:** Booklet: *Fellowship of Christian Assemblies: An Introduction.* **David Krueger:** Booklet: *Cyrus B. Fockler: The founding pastor of Brookfield Assembly of God* (8 p.); *The Messenger* (Brookfield (WI) A/G, June 1999. **Mariana Langwell:** Cassette of funeral service for Rev. Hollis Lawson. **Rod Larkins:** Music and teaching record albums of Jimmy Swaggart; R. W. Culppepper record albums; A. A. Allen record albums. **Dottie (Rydstedt) LeGrande:** *Pentecostal Evangel*, Sunday school quarterlies, etc.; *Bread of Life*, Apr. 1981. **John Lindvall:** Books by Paul E. Kauffman: *China Today*, 1975; *China's coming revolution*, 1977; *Piecing together the China puzzle*, 1987; *The Cross and the Dragon*, [1984?] / Donald H. Kauffman; *Too Soon: A*

Missionary Kid's Story, [1999?] / Samuel H. Cos.

Maranatha Worship Center (Wichita,

KS): 75th Anniversary book. **Bob Marks:** Constitution and Bylaws (Alton Gospel Tabernacle, Alton, IL, n.d.); News clippings from Alton, IL, 1964: 1) "African Struggle Compared to that of the 'Old West' [Morris Plotts]; 2) "They Don't Find Glossolalia Controversial"; 3) "The Churches at Alton-Wood River area are celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the Assemblies of God." **Gary B. McGee:** Correspondence, memos, etc. concerning the development and publication of the *Dictionary of Pentecostal and Charismatic Movements*; "'Latter Rain' Falling in the East: Early Twentieth-Century Pentecostalism in India and the Debate over Speaking in Tongues" / Gary B. McGee, in *Church History: Studies in Christianity & Culture* 68:3 (Sept. 1999): 648-665. **Mrs. M. L. Mundt:** Photographs of Texas ministers—Hodges, McKnight. **Ernest & Pearl Norton:** Video on their life and ministry. **Brenton Osgood:** Historical photographs of National Youth Department. **Eleanor Parry:** *Insight* (Yearbook for Southern Asia Bible college, 1999); various items regarding her father's ministry. **John & Rachel (Farley) Perry:** Photographs from Iowa and Kansas. **Vernon Pettenger:** Descriptive account of a tour through East Africa and the Belgian Congo, 1914; Photocopies of Photo albums documenting the ministries of the Pettengers in S. Africa.

Bonetta Rabe: Printed materials:

Personal, biographical and teaching materials documenting the ministry of Bonetta Rabe; Correspondence concerning her successful effort to make a change in the early bylaws which committed the A/G to pacifism, 1965; Cassettes: sermons and lectures of Bonetta Rabe; Photograph: "Volunteers for Christ" youth group w/ youth pastor, Bonetta Rabe, Bellflower, CA, late 30s or early 40s. **Ora Lea Rea:** Poster featuring early Gospel Publishing House staff. **Cecil M. Robeck, Jr.:** Articles: concerning World Alliance of Reformed Churches/Pentecostal Dialogue (Seoul, Korea) [Mostly in Korean]. **Darrin Rodgers:** Photocopies: *True Conversions: Living Testimonies* / by students of the North Central Bible Institute, Minneapolis, MN, 1932; *Fighting the Call* / William F. Herbig; *Sanningens Vitne* (1921 Jan/Feb, My/Je-Nv/Dc). **Ron Sherman,**

Purchasing Dept.: General Council Purchasing procedures manual, 1953. **Francesco Toppi:** Book: *Le Radici del Movimento Pentecostale*; Booklets: on several pioneers of the Italian Pentecostal revival [In Italian]; Giuseppe Beretta; Luigi Francescon; Giacomo Lombardi; Pietro Menconi; Pietro Ottolini; Michele

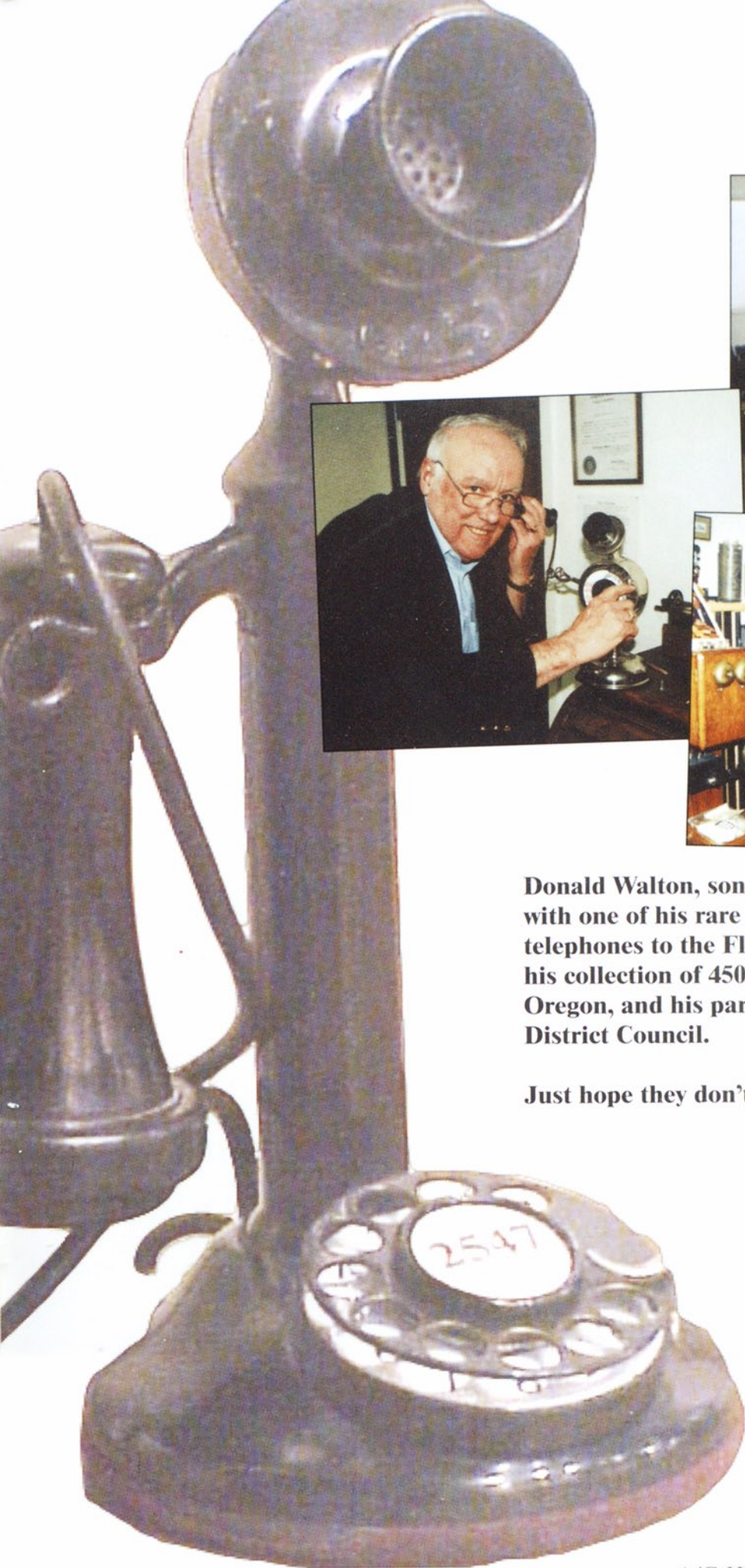
Palma; Massimiliano Tosetto. **Guy Trower:** *Full Gospel choruses* (Atlanta Full Gospel Church, Atlanta, MI), 1942; tract "He is the same today" printed by Northern Gospel Pub. House, Minneapolis, MN. Books: *Bible Studies for Bible Study Classes* / George Anderson, 1946; *How Beautiful Heaven Must Be* / Clarence H. Jenson, n.d. [194?].

Grant Wacker: Article: "Hot Springs Eternal" (Hot Springs, AR), 1999. **Harriet Wallace:** Historical items on First Assembly of God, Coquille, OR. **Wayne Warner:** Yearbook: *Karisma*, 1950 (Northwest College, Kirkland, WA); Map of MO, 1950; Videos: "The Miracle at Pensacola"; "Together We Can ... 2000 Vision & Celebration"; Central Assembly of God, Springfield, MO a.m. service, June 27, 1999; Cassette: "From This Day Forward," Sept. 11, 18, 1999. **Dorothy Watson:** Cassette tapes of Willard Cantelon, Mark Buntain, Charles Greenaway, and Paul Lowenberg; photographs of the Emmett family; miscellaneous items from Springfield, Illinois & Huntsville, Alabama. **Johnna Wheeler:** Miscellaneous photographs from the estate of Helen Shumate Petersen. **Barbara Sutphin Witwer:** Historical materials on First Assembly of God, Lancaster, PA (Includes a history, news clips, photographs, etc.); *Journal of the Lancaster County Historical Society*, 94:2 (Easter 1992) which includes an article on the origins of Pentecostalism in Lancaster, PA by K. Daniel Armstrong. **Daniel Woods:** Ph.D. dissertation: "Living in the Presence of God: Enthusiasm, Authority, and Negotiation in the Practice of Pentecostal Holiness," University of MS, 1997; *Live Coals*, Feb. 13, 1907 (photocopy); items concerning Samuel Perry from the *Church of God Evangel* and *Bridegroom's Messenger*; items concerning Mattie Perry from the *Bridegroom's Messenger* and *Elhanan Witness*; items written by A. J. Tomlinson, including "A Peculiar Treasure" and "Answering the Call of God"; *Steps to the Upper Room* / Granville H. Montgomery; references concerning G. H. Montgomery from *The Herald of Truth*.



CORRECTION

The missionary in the above photo, which appeared in "A Woman of God" (summer 1999), was mistakenly identified as Florence Blossom, the subject of the story. However, the missionary is Florence Blossom's coworker, Beulah Buchwalter, on the way to the market in Kegyetia, Kumasi. We regret the error.



Donald Walton, son of the late Fred and Annie Walton, with one of his rare telephones. He donated two antique telephones to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center from his collection of 450. He is a businessman in Beaverton, Oregon, and his parents were ministers with the Oregon District Council.

Just hope they don't all ring at once.

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