



Assemblies of God

# HERITAGE™



# 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA  
DISTRICT  
1919-1994



R. Ludolph '94

ALC ARCHIVE



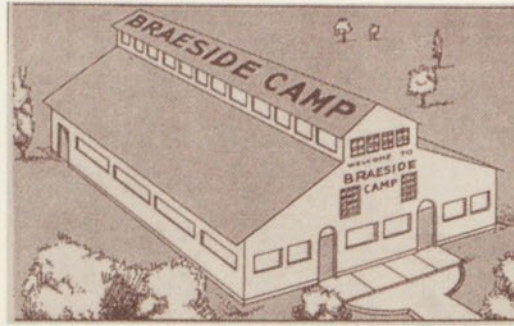
# HERITAGE™

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COVER: This artwork was created by Robert Ludolph for the Southern California District's 75th Anniversary and is used with permission. Beginning at top, George N. Eldridge, first superintendent; Bethel Temple, Los Angeles; left center, Charles F. Parham meeting at Lindsay, California, in 1920s; right center, Frances Thompson, Dorothy Williams, and Lydia Graner; center, Marcy Glassbrook and William Stoner; left above bus, Elizabeth Peters, Josephine Turnbull, and Alice Luce; Southern California Bible School used the bus for outstation work, 1936; right bottom, Louis and Josephine Turnbull.

ARCHIVES STAFF—WAYNE E. WARNER, EDITOR AND ARCHIVES DIRECTOR; JOYCE LEE, ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST; GLENN GOHR, ARCHIVES ASSISTANT AND COPY EDITOR; CINDY GRAY, SECRETARY. ARCHIVES ADVISORY BOARD—CHAIRMAN GEORGE O. WOOD, J. CALVIN HOLSINGER, GARY B. MCGEE, CHARLES CRABTREE.

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## Precious Memories

At the risk of sounding too sentimental, I believe this issue is going to remind you of J. B. F. Wright's old song, "Precious Memories." As you read, you might even do something you haven't done for a while—begin to whistle, "Precious mem'ries, how they linger, how they ever flood my soul..." Maybe you'll even sing a few bars.

If you are a younger reader, the stories in this issue will introduce you to people who helped spread the Pentecostal message when it was often misunderstood and rejected. Here are some of the people you'll meet as you read this issue: Evangelist Anna B. Lock, the former skid row derelict; Clifford and Helen Crabtree, parents of Assistant General Superintendent Charles Crabtree and Maine pioneers; Hugh and Mary Cadwalder, missionaries to Egypt before the Assemblies of God was formed; Ira Stanphill, whose songs have probably been heard in every Assembly in the country; and you'll see a collection of old-time camp meeting photographs.

I'll never forget the person who asked me if I was worried about running out of stories for *Heritage*. No, my problem is finding time and space to publish all of the stories of deserving people and events in our history. And because *Heritage* is only a quarterly, you'll have to wait until you get to heaven before you hear about many whose stories are important to the spreading of the gospel and building up of the Kingdom.

Let's give you a preview of two features in this issue:

Evangelist Anna B. Lock, and Clifford and Helen Crabtree.

### ANNA B. LOCK

My good friends and formerly members of a church I pastored in the 1960s, Jacob and Marie Schmidgall, Bloomington, Illinois, remember the time in 1939 that Anna B. Lock conducted a powerful revival at what is now First Assembly, Normal, Illinois. "A great number of people were saved," they told me recently, "including several members of the Schmidgall family."

Ed and Lora Schmidgall were in that number. Robert, one of their children who was born later, is pastor of Calvary Temple, Naperville, Illinois, one of the largest

congregations in the Assemblies of God. He is also an executive presbyter.

Some of the others saved in the 1939 meeting were Walt, Doreen, Helen, and Rosie Schmidgall; and Ruth and Earl Cutler. Jacob Schmidgall was saved at the time of the revival—out on the farm—and Marie came back to the Lord during that time. You might remember Forrest Mitchell who was pastor of the Normal Church at the time.

**For 26 years Anna was on skid row as a drunkard and dope addict. For the last 20 years of her life she preached the gospel.**



Evangelist Anna B. Lock

When Evangelist David Nunn, Dallas, saw an article about Anna B. Lock in the *Pentecostal Evangel* in 1992, he provided another story about her ministry. "I was saved under her ministry at the Oak Cliff Assembly of God in November 1946." He added that only two people—he and his sister—were saved during the meeting and that Evangelist Lock considered the crusade a failure.

"Had she not obeyed God and come," Nunn added, "I might never have had the privilege to preach the gospel in so many parts of the world."

T. Burton Pierce, secretary-treasurer of the Potomac District, had tarried for the baptism in the Holy Spirit for years when Anna held a meeting in First Assembly, Alexandria, Virginia. "She had preached on the experience and emphasized that it was for 'all flesh,'" he recalled. Pierce, whose father was district superintendent at the time, went with others to a prayer room. After Anna began praying with him, the chronic seeker experienced his personal Pentecost.

"The Spirit flowed like a river," he told me on the phone recently. "I prayed and laughed and preached for hours." It just happened that Pierce's father called the church during the tarrying meeting. As Pastor O. B. Harrup, Sr., placed the phone near Burton, the father heard his son speaking in tongues and praising the Lord. "This is your son," Harrup exclaimed. Pierce's father, who had been out of town, hurried over to get in on the blessing.

Virginia Hunt, Hampton, Virginia, remembers Anna's services, and especially the music. Virginia said that while

Continued on next page



Wayne E. Warner is director of the A/G Archives and editor of *Heritage*.



Anna preached in Newport News, Virginia, about 1950, she "taught us two choruses which have been so special to me through the years, 'Only to Be What He Wants Me to Be,' and 'My Desire, To Be Like Jesus.'"

In Fergus Falls, Minnesota, in another Lock meeting, 11-year-old Shirley Sha heard a woman evangelist for the first time. Today she too is an evangelist and lives in Klamath Falls, Oregon. She remembers that Anna also taught them the chorus, "Only to Be What He Wants Me to Be." Evangelist Sha wrote, "How I was impressed, and God put that inspiration in my heart to be an evangelist. Many years later God did put a calling on my life."

These are only a few who will rise up and call Anna B. Lock "blessed." Maybe you too can tell stories about this unusual woman who titled her life story, "From the Underworld to the Upperworld."

## CLIFFORD AND HELEN CRABTREE

Perhaps nothing is sacred about the multitude of networks we can trace throughout our Pentecostal history. But they are fascinating to follow and often give us answers to why people act and believe the way they do. And they can in many cases show the leading of the Holy Spirit throughout this century.

Take Assistant General Superintendent Charles Crabtree's life and ministry for example.

Early on, one of his most exciting activities in his father's Bangor, Maine, church was to throw spitballs from the balcony. Later, fulfillment came in music—in the church and with the New England Conservatory of Music. "I played some on the piano, but I was featured mostly on the marimba and the trumpet," he said.

In those early Bangor years, he cared little about the pioneers who had influenced his parents in the ministry—a network easily traced to the outpouring of the Spirit at Topeka, Kansas, in 1901.

Let's take a look at that network.

His father, Clifford Crabtree, was baptized in the Spirit under the ministry of Aimee Semple McPherson during meetings she conducted in Washburn, Maine, near the Canadian border. That was in 1917 when Clifford was only 14 and a year before Sister moved to California.

Sister had been influenced by one of the best-known early Pentecostals, William Durham, who had been bap-

Clifford and Helen Crabtree



## Coming in the Fall Issue



• **The Big Bible.** Seattle Pastor Ralph Harris enlisted 1,189 scribes to hand write the entire Bible. It is shown here with Kristine Mittun when completed in 1950.

• **The story of Pastor Forrest and Esteline Bridges, parents of General Treasurer James K. Bridges. Third in a series.**

• **A Good Name.** The choice of the A/G name, an effort to change it, and its proper use.

• **George C. Brinkman.** The triumphs and trials of a Pentecostal publisher.

tized in the Spirit at the Azusa Street Mission under the ministry of William J. Seymour. Seymour had sat under the ministry of Charles F. Parham in Houston before going to Los Angeles. Parham's Pentecostal ministry, of course, had started in Topeka, Kansas, in 1901 during the famous outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Our network tracing takes a different direction early in the 1920s.

During that period Clifford Crabtree ministered with Carro and Susie Davis, twin sisters, who left their Macon, Georgia, teaching careers to spend the rest of their lives preaching and pioneering in Maine. These dedicated women were baptized in the Holy Spirit under the ministry of the same William Durham who had ministered to Aimee Semple McPherson.

Helen Eddy Crabtree, Charles' mother wandered into a Montreal Mission on a lark with two other young women but came away saved and baptized in the Spirit. She later met Clifford while he ministered with the Davis sisters.

These networks meant little to young Charles growing up in Bangor. Today he is thankful for his heritage, for it has helped shape his own life and international pulpit and writing ministries.

**P**recious memories. You'll find a lot of them in this issue. And if you haven't whistled for a while, maybe you'll start before the end of the day.

*In the stillness of the midnight,  
Echoes from the past I hear;  
Old-time singing, gladness bringing,  
From that lovely land somewhere.*





# *This Side of Heaven*

## **The Story of Ira Stanphill and His Popular Gospel Songs**

By Glenn Gohr

Late last year, several members of Congress began promoting 1994 as “The Year of Gospel Music,” and the governors of Tennessee and other states signed proclamations promoting the emphasis.<sup>1</sup> Then on December 30, gospel music lost one of its foremost composers when Ira Stanphill died.

It seems only fitting, then, that the life and ministry of Ira Stanphill—one of the most prolific gospel song writers of the century—should be featured this year.

Writing from personal experiences—both good and bad—Stanphill wrote more than 600 songs, at least 500 of which were published. They continue to offer hope to people going through similar circumstances. His life story is intertwined with the

songs he wrote, and probably an entire book of gospel hymn stories could be written about his compositions.<sup>2</sup>

For Stanphill’s ministry as a gospel composer, Hyles-Anderson College awarded him an honorary doctorate in 1975, and in 1981 he was inducted into the Gospel Music Hall of Fame.<sup>3</sup>

**He wrote more than 600 songs, at least 500 of which were published.**

Encompassing a variety of topics and styles, Stanphill’s songs are written for the “common man.” He felt a song should be filled with truth, comfort, and simplicity. And it should be “born out of the experiences of life and flow from the composer’s heart

as he is borne along by the Holy Ghost, even as David and other ‘sweet psalmists of Israel.’ ”<sup>4</sup>

Stanphill often shared his philosophy in writing gospel songs:

The basic reason I have written songs is that I love God, and Christ has loved me. Most of my songs are the outgrowth of real experiences with Christ. I think they appeal to people, because I have had trials, heartaches, and sorrow in my own life, and I know what I write about.<sup>5</sup>

His devotion to God helped him to keep a proper perspective in life as he went through trials and also experienced joys, for he realized that he was “just a pilgrim in search of a city” and there were many things “this side of heaven” which we don’t understand.<sup>6</sup>



He also believed that singing is an important part of any service. To prove this point, he would explain that the biggest book in the Bible—the book of Psalms—is a song book. “There’ll be plenty of singing in heaven,” he would add, “but there won’t be preaching.”<sup>7</sup>

Gloria Gaither has said,

Ira Stanphill is one of the great writers who has given us so many songs about heavenly values in our earthly life, such songs as “I Know Who Holds Tomorrow,” “Mansion Over The Hilltop,” and “He Washed My Eyes With Tears.” These songs don’t just happen. Seventy years of serving God has given Ira Stanphill many opportunities to test the faithfulness of God.<sup>8</sup>

Many of Stanphill’s song titles were suggested by his audience. That was one of his unique practices—to write a new gospel song from sample titles submitted by people attending his meetings. Often a chorus would come to mind and be sung in the same service in which he received a title. Verses would be added later. Commenting on this, he said, “Some are good, some bad, some indifferent.” Of these songs he would spontaneously compose, he would sing them at least “once, and some, a thousand times.”<sup>9</sup>

He has traveled all over the U.S. and in many countries of the world as a musical evangelist, with his works being translated into German, Spanish, Swedish, and other languages. During the 1940s and 1950s, Stanphill helped bring gospel music into the secular world when his songs were recorded by Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Johnny Cash, Kate Smith, Gordon McRea, Red Foley, Tennessee Ernie Ford, and others.<sup>10</sup>

Probably best known of his songs is “Mansion Over the Hilltop” which has sold well over 2 million recordings. Another familiar song is “Supper Time,” a folk country classic, which has appeared in a large number of songbooks, and was popularized by former Louisiana Governor Jimmy Davis.<sup>11</sup> Next most popular is “Room At The Cross” which has been the closing theme on the *Revivaltime* radio broadcast for much of its more than 40-year history.

## “Seventy years of serving God has given Ira Stanphill many opportunities to test the faithfulness of God.”

—Gloria Gaither

Other well-known hymns he wrote include:

I Know Who Holds Tomorrow  
Follow Me  
He Washed My Eyes With Tears  
We’ll Talk It Over  
I’ll Trust In Him  
You Can Have a Song in the  
Night  
Crown of Thorns  
Jesus and Me  
Happiness Is The Lord

**I**ra Forrest Stanphill was born in Bellvue, New Mexico, on February 14, 1914. Bellvue, a town which no longer exists, was next to a homestead where his parents and maternal grandparents lived. Ira’s grandfather had named Bellvue after one of his daughters.<sup>12</sup>

Ira’s parents, Andrew Crittenton Stanphill and Maggie Flora (Engler) Stanphill, were musical and always were active in church work. They had traveled from Arkansas to New Mexico in a covered wagon drawn by two mules, arriving just shortly before Ira was born.

After World War I erupted, the Stanphill family lived in a succession of smaller town in Oklahoma and Kansas before settling in Coffeyville, where Ira spent most of his growing up years.

At the tender age of 5, while living in Moundvalley, Kansas, his musical appetite was stimulated by Claude Gilson, a blind pianist, who came to the Stanphill home to play for their prayer meetings. After the services, Claude would entertain the family with popular and classical pieces. And Ira would watch and listen for hours.

When the Stanphills moved to Coffeyville in 1922, Ira learned simple chording and studied piano and voice. He could also play the ukulele, and entered a contest to perform on radio. The station manager recognized talent when he saw it, and soon Ira was conducting a 15-minute radio

program, taking requests for songs he would play on his uke.<sup>13</sup>

By the time he was in the fourth grade, he was already proficient in piano, organ, ukulele, and the accordion. Later he also learned to play the xylophone, guitar, saxophone, and clarinet.

Stanphill was converted to Christ at age 12 and was 15 when he wrote his first little chorus, “Move Forward,” for a Christ’s Ambassadors youth group in Coffeyville, Kansas.<sup>14</sup> He graduated from high school in 1932 in the midst of the Great Depression, and by 17, he had begun a career as a singer. He sang gospel songs on the radio, and accompanied himself on the accordion; he sang in jails and on street corners, and participated in revival crusades, prayer meetings, and tent campaigns.

He graduated from Chillicothe [Missouri] Junior College. And at age 22, he was called to preach. The first summer he traveled with Silas Rexroat, who was then the C.A. director for the state of Kansas. Next he served as youth and music director for J.M. Cockerell’s church in Breckenridge, Texas.

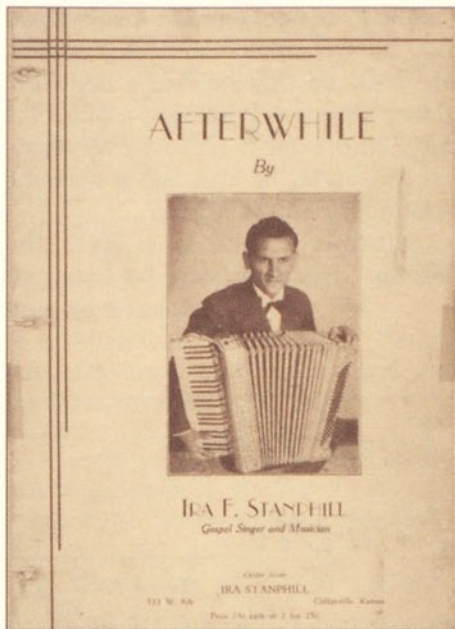
While at Breckenridge, he published his first song, “Afterwhile,” in 1935. This was soon followed by “After the Showers” and “There’s a Saviour Who Cares.”<sup>15</sup>

In 1936 he answered calls to preach revivals in Arcadia, Kansas; Pawhuska, Oklahoma; and Springfield, Missouri.

While in Springfield, he was asked to take over a church, and he soon became acquainted with the musical family of K.H. Lawson, who was Southern Missouri District treasurer. One of the daughters, Zelma, had large brown eyes and a pleasant smile. She played piano by ear and accompanied her parents on a local radio program. And she caught his eye.

Continued on page 8





Cover of Ira's first published song in 1935.



Your Invitation To . . .

## REVIVAL MEETING

October 1 - 15 - 7:30 P. M. (Except Mon. & Sat.)

**Rev. & Mrs. Ira Stanphill**  
 Songwriter - Musician - Singer  
 "MANSION OVER HILLTOP"  
 "SUPPERTIME"  
 "I KNOW WHO HOLDS TOMORROW"  
 "JESUS AND ME"  
 "WE'LL TALK IT OVER"  
 MANY OTHERS

**BETHEL TEMPLE**  
 12901 Pleasant Valley Road      Parma, Ohio  
 Louis E. Davidson, Pastor



Left, Ira and his son Raymond in 1940s. Below, a 1988 trio composed of Ira, James Blackwood, and Hilton Griswold in Joliet, Illinois. Griswold is an Assemblies of God minister and is a former pianist with the Blackwood Brothers Quartet. He is host of *Inspiration Time* television program.




Above, the early Stanphill traveling team. Ira, Zelma Stanphill, unidentified guitar player, and Raymond "Butch" Stanphill. Left, a 1961 meeting Ira and Gloria conducted in Parma, Ohio. Below, an early meeting poster; readers who can identify the church and pastors listed below are asked to write to the Archives. Poster courtesy of Frank Goss.

Ira Stanphill's 1983 autobiography, *This Side of Heaven*, is available from Hymntime Ministries, Inc., 11066 Century Lane, Overland Park, KS 66210 (\$11.50 postpaid).

# REVIVAL

FULL GOSPEL TABERNACLE  
 4TH & JACKSON



SONGS COMPOSED IN PUBLIC      LOTS OF SPECIAL MUSIC

EVAN, IRA STANPHILL, Coffeyville, Kansas

Sept. 19--Oct. 3  
 7:45 P. M., Except Saturday  
 MISSES HINK & WATSON, Pastors



It wasn't long before Ira and Zelma were attending church rallies and other events together. They had a common interest in music, and on April 23, 1939, they were married at Central Assembly.<sup>16</sup> He wrote a special song for the occasion called "Side By Side with Jesus." The couple sang it together after the ceremony. Five days later, he was ordained with the Southern Missouri District Council.<sup>17</sup>

Ira and Zelma traveled in evangelistic work in the Midwest and on the East coast, and were well-received. Then Stanphill was invited to serve for a time as music director at Faith Tabernacle in Oklahoma City under the ministry of G.W. Hardcastle, where he also had charge of a broadcast over station KTOK. In 1941 they

**After having to deal with his own divorce, Ira wrote "I'll Trust in Him Though I Don't Understand," and "We'll Talk It Over."**

attended a Raymond T. Richey meeting at Shawnee, Oklahoma, and before long they were part of the Richey evangelistic team.<sup>18</sup> Ira even helped Richey in his plan to develop a red, white, and blue campaign tent.<sup>19</sup> When Richey headed back to Texas and Florida for the winter, Stanphill found a position as assistant to Howard Rusthoi in Los Angeles. Then he pastored Trinity Assembly of God in Orange, California, for a brief time. Later that year he became associate pastor of the Full Gospel Tabernacle at Bakersfield, California.<sup>20</sup>

After 2 years at Bakersfield, Stanphill went back into full-time



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

evangelistic work, traveling primarily in the Midwest.

Then after 9 years of a stormy marriage, in August 1948, Zelma sued Ira for divorce, and the marriage was dissolved on October 7.<sup>21</sup> She was awarded custody of their 4-year-old son, Raymond, but later Ira along with Zelma's parents, the Lawsons, had charge of the boy.

These were hard times for Stanphill.

Ira never had it in his heart to counterfile, and hoped for a reconciliation. Shortly after the divorce, Zelma moved to Wichita Falls, Texas, and remarried.

Stanphill refused to wallow in self-pity during his rocky marriage and in the times of separation and divorce. More than 150 songs were written during this dark period of his life, including "Mansion Over the Hilltop," "Supper Time," "I'll Trust in Him Though I Don't Understand," and "We'll Talk It Over." His young son, Raymond or "Butch," accompanied him on some of his travels.

"Mansion Over the Hilltop" was written in Dallas, Texas, about 1946, after Stanphill heard Evangelist Gene Martin give an illustration about an industrialist who was facing bankruptcy.<sup>22</sup> The businessman went to the top of a tall hill to pray about his situation. As he neared the top, he noticed that all the houses were small, run-down shacks. He finally came to one house that was entirely without paint, the gate was torn down, the fence was torn down, and the yard was just dirt with no grass at all. It was a depressing sight. In the front yard he saw a little girl about 5 years old happily playing with a rag doll. Although the doll had no arms, and she lived in a shack, she was having a great time as if she was in a palace with a best friend.

The man could contain himself no longer and asked her how she could be so happy with all the depressing things around her. She looked up at him and said, "Well you haven't heard the good news, have you? My father recently came into an inheritance of a whole lot of money. He's just over that hilltop, and he's building us a brand new mansion."

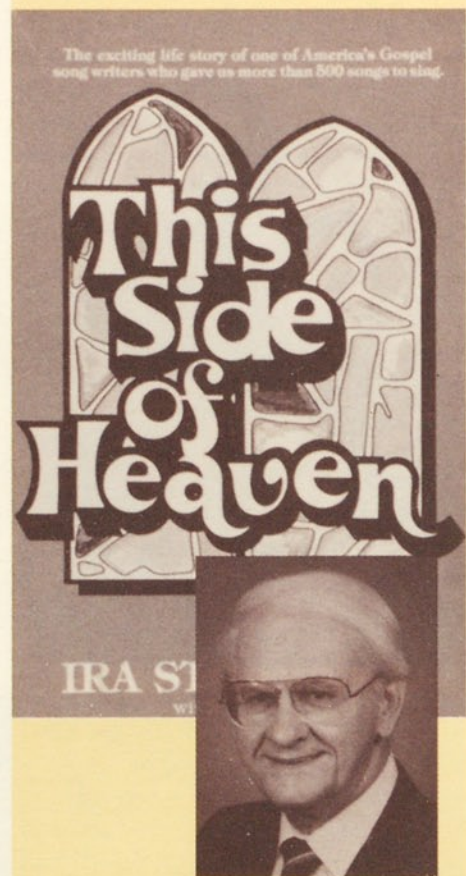
The Lord spoke to the man's heart, and he got an answer to his prayer. He realized that he had a heavenly father who was preparing a place for him. And even if he lost everything on this earth, he still had a mansion waiting for him in heaven.

Although "Mansion Over the Hilltop" has been sung by hundreds

Continued on page 24

## Touching People

### The Impact of Ira Stanphill's Music



By Glenn Gohr

Ira Stanphill's music has had far reaching effects in every sector of the evangelical world as his songs have crossed denominational lines and have blessed untold thousands. He composed a variety of songs. For instance, a 1955 ad in the



*Pentecostal Evangel* promoted his "Songs With the Western Touch" and included "A Cowboy for Jesus," "Drifting," "Supper Time," and "Old Camp Meetin' Time." About this time he also composed "The Gospel Medley" which is an interesting combination of short phrases from 17 well-known hymns. In the *Sing His Praise* hymnal (Gospel Publishing House, 1991) Stanphill wrote new words, "Bind Our Hearts With One Great Purpose," for the classic Beethoven tune which has been familiarized in the hymn, "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee."

In recent years, at senior adult camps around the country, he sang a satire he wrote, "The Senior Citizen's Shuffle."

**"[It was] one of the greatest events of my life.... I was thrilled to know that, despite their condition, they had hope in their hearts.—Ira Stanphill after hearing six lepers in Liberia sing his song, "Mansion Over the Hilltop."**

Stanphill liked to make people happy, and who could help but chuckle a little bit or laugh during the camps and other gatherings, when they heard him singing such thoughts as these:

*...I put on my glasses  
And opened the book  
And broke into song with the crowd;  
I didn't sing pretty  
I didn't sing bad,  
But boy! did I ever sing loud...*

*The music was good  
But we stood and we stood,  
So I had a few tricks I played:  
When the music got loud  
I just stood with the crowd,  
And turned down my hearing aid...*

*The sermon was dull  
So I slumped in my seat,  
I'd heard it since I was a pup;  
He thought we were captives  
To listen all day,  
But I found I could sleep sitting up.<sup>1</sup>*

Hilton Griswold ministered with Stanphill in some of the senior adult camps, in camp meetings, and at General Councils. They were together last year at the Illinois Senior Adult Camp and were invited back for this year.

Most of the songs the Lord would give [Ira] came out of an experience, something that was said or done. He never wrote a song just to say he'd written a song. He would

always preface his remarks by saying the Lord gave him the songs. He was never on the platform to entertain. Ira Stanphill's songs will never die. He wrote the type of songs that will live on, like *Room At the Cross* which was used for many years on the *Revivaltime* broadcast.<sup>2</sup>

In addition, Griswold, Stanphill, and James Blackwood ministered together in 1988 at First Assembly in Joliet, Illinois. And Griswold was instrumental in getting Ira Stanphill on a weekly television program.

Griswold, who now produces a program called "Inspiration Time" which is on satellite, originally started a program

in 1985 called "Young At Heart" on TV-38 in Chicago. It was geared to the older generation and featured old-time gospel songs. He had Ira on the program 2 or 3 different times.

On the program, I would sit down at the piano and play, and he would sing. Or he'd sit at the piano and I would sing. We'd go back and forth talking about the songs and playing and singing. We'd make it like a homespun program.<sup>3</sup>

In the spring of 1993, the station asked Stanphill to take over the "Young At Heart" program. He began taping in May, and the broadcasts first appeared in September last year. Reruns are still being aired.

Edwin Anderson, a former director of the National Music Department, knew Ira Stanphill in the mid-1930s.

He came to Tulsa in 1936 to hold a meeting at Faith Tabernacle where I was assistant pastor. He didn't have money for a hotel, so I offered to let him bunk with me.<sup>4</sup>

Many years later, as music editor, Anderson selected entries for the *Melodies of Praise* songbook in 1957. He included several Stanphill compositions, and some people were very critical because one of the songs, on the surface, was not very religious. But it remains one of the all time favorite gospel hymns, and he does not regret including it. Anderson says, "I called up James Blackwood for a Southern gospel song. And at James Blackwood's suggestion, I put in 'Supper

Time.'"<sup>5</sup>

Today Anderson has a ministry as a musical evangelist, and he uses the story behind "Room At The Cross" in an illustrated message at the close of his meetings. He further adds, "It seems that each song he wrote had a history behind it."

Deletta Tompkins, minister of music at First Church of the Nazarene in Carthage, Missouri, read in a choral club newsletter about 1994 being "The Year of Gospel Music," so she began making plans to have a special music night in her church every couple of months. Each night would feature a well-known gospel song writer, with Ira Stanphill the first to be highlighted.

On Sunday evening, February 13, 1994, we had a special service highlighting the music of Ira Stanphill. I felt it was appropriate to start with him since he had just passed away. He really had a big impact on our church [Nazarene]. And what really captivated me about him was that "Mansion Over the Hilltop" was probably one of the first songs I learned to play on the piano. I remember when I was 10 and my cousin was 9, we played "Mansion Over the Hilltop" as a duet. I played the accordion, and he played the guitar.

We had just gotten our new Nazarene hymnal, and it had 2 or 3 of his songs in it. That really helped our program. People knew his songs, but they hadn't put it together that he wrote all those songs. There was a big variety of styles within that group of songs we chose.<sup>6</sup>

As a part of the program, Deletta read a biographical sketch of Stanphill and introduced each song. The congregation also watched a video clip in which Stanphill gave the story behind the song, "He Washed My Eyes With Tears." Deletta's husband, who is pastor of the church, preached a sermon, and the service ended with "There's Room at the Cross For You."

#### NOTES

1. Ira Stanphill, "The Senior Citizen's Shuffle" (N.p.: Ira Stanphill, 1987).
2. Hilton Griswold, telephone interview, May 20, 1994.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Edwin P. Anderson, telephone interview, May 22, 1994.
5. *Ibid.*
6. Deletta Tompkins, telephone interview, May 13, 1994.





# A Powerful Witness in New England

## *The Pentecostal Legacy of Clifford and Helen Crabtree*

By Wayne Warner

He gave up one of the dynamic churches in the Assemblies of God to direct the Decade of Harvest, and for the next 4 years Charles Crabtree jetted across 57 districts preaching that message. Apparently, voters at the Minneapolis General Council last August thought so much of his abilities and focus on a mission

This article is based on an interview with Assistant General Superintendent Charles T. Crabtree and from *Prevailing Westerlies, The Pentecostal Heritage of Maine*, published in 1988 by James E. Peters. Clifford Crabtree (1903-81) and Helen Eddy Crabtree (1902-1976) were parents of five children: David, Hazel (Mrs. Bob Hoskins), Esther (deceased at 11 months), Charles, and Charlotte (Mrs. Ray Carlson). Two others important to this story were twin sisters, Susie (1884-1962) and Carro (1884-1976) Davis who ministered in Georgia, New England, and Canada.

Photo on facing page, the Crabtree family in 1955. From left, David, Charles, Hazel, Helen, Clifford, and Charlotte in front.

that they elected him assistant general superintendent.

Last November he moved five doors down executive row on the third floor at the international headquarters building—into the office next door to General Superintendent Thomas Trask.

You won't talk to Charles Crabtree about his ministry very long before you learn of his wife Ramona, a gifted pianist and companion of 36 years, and his three daughters and their families. And you'll also learn of Clifford and Helen Crabtree, his parents, who had the greatest impact on his life toward serving God and entering the ministry—and the focus of this feature.

Their life-style seemed pretty narrow when Charles and his brother David and sisters Hazel and Charlotte were children in Bangor, Maine. But their lives impacted the children, inspiring all four to "seek...first the

kingdom of God." And not only that, the third and fourth generations are also following in the steps of Grandfather Clifford and Grandmother Helen Crabtree.

The Maine Pentecostal veterans could not be more pleased if they were still here today.

When one thinks of the historic New England states, it is generally not for Pentecostal numerical strength. Stories are often told of the difficulty in developing strong churches in those six states which in geographical size combined would easily fit within the borders of the state of Missouri.

Shoved against the Canadian border and the Atlantic Ocean by New York, New England—with its many white steepled colonial period churches—seemingly speaks to would-be church planters that the area is satisfied with tradition. "Visit our beautiful rocky coast, ski in our mountains, visit our historic sites, and spend your money here," the message seems to say, "but don't even think about starting another church."

Here and there, though, thriving evangelical and Pentecostal churches were founded by fervent believers who were certain that they were in the will of God to challenge the status quo. Today the Assemblies of God has 266 churches in the Southern and Northern New England Districts, and scores of independent Pentecostal and charismatic churches dot the landscape.

One of the strong independent churches essential to this story was founded in Bangor, Maine, in 1923, and one of the founders was Clifford Crabtree—who later returned to pastor the church for 30 years.

Bangor is rich in history, giving first-time visitors a feel for another century. And even another country—perhaps Canada or even England. Straddling the Penobscot River, which empties into the Atlantic some 20 miles away, Bangor's first reported Pentecostal outpouring happened in 1906.<sup>2</sup> But the best known early Pentecostal meeting in the state came a year later and was led by







Azusa Street participant Frank Bartleman when he visited a Christian and Missionary Alliance camp meeting at Old Orchard.

Although Bartleman's contribution was not a part of the Alliance program—seekers were forbidden to “tarry” on the camp grounds—gatherings in a nearby woods and an all-night prayer meeting attracted a hundred or more people who eagerly listened to him tell of the Pentecostal outpouring a continent away in Los Angeles. Some in Old Orchard were baptized in the Holy Spirit, which gave Bartleman reason to write, “Surely He had sent me there for that purpose.”<sup>3</sup>

Within a year a Pentecostal church was established in Portland and a few more followed in other cities.

And then came Sister.

The Pentecostal movement struggled and sputtered for 10 years before one of the pastors invited 27-year-old Aimee Semple McPherson to conduct a tent meeting in Washburn, near the Canadian border. That was in 1917 just after the United States entered World War I. The Washburn area under Sister's ministry could not have received more attention had the Germans come ashore and blown up the Aroostook County courthouse.

The meetings simply exploded. About a hundred people were baptized in the Holy Spirit—including 14-year-old Clifford Crabtree, his father David Jewett Crabtree, their pastor E. L. Grant, and five other preachers. Then the Holy Spirit outpouring spread into other Maine communities and jumped across the Canadian border and ignited other communities in New Brunswick.

The Canadian-born Sister had started an international revival.

Receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit gave new direction to young Clifford Crabtree. But he soon learned that Pentecostalism was not without opposition in Pastor Grant's Union Church at Easton, Maine. There the Holy Spirit was outpoured and others were baptized in the Spirit.

“One night when Bro. Grant and the congregation met,” Crabtree



**It was an unlikely marriage: a poor farmer's son from Maine and a New Brunswick socialite. But together they pioneered and pastored and reared children who have made a difference for the Kingdom around the world.**

wrote in his memoirs, “we found the doors locked....The opposing forces got together and decided to organize the little Union Church into a Christian Church, and we found ourselves just outside the door.”<sup>4</sup>

The locked out and despised Pentecostals began meeting in homes—cottage prayer meetings, they were called early in this century. Crabtree spoke for Pentecostals all over the globe when he added, “When the Holy Ghost fire is burning, it takes more than closed doors of a church building to stop the revival.”

Later a small Easton machine shop was converted to a Pentecostal mission, but it soon became so crowded that the owner feared it would collapse. Crabtree remembered one night especially when it was jammed to capacity. “The pastor asked us to try to keep the blessing out of our feet, [as] our joy knew no bounds” to avoid collapsing the building.

The man who provided the machine shop—probably wanting to keep his building in one piece—later donated land for the church to build, and the revival continued in Easton, throughout the area, and into New Brunswick. Wherever doors were opened, the believers went in and helped spread the Good News.

In 1922 Crabtree and two other young men, Moody Wright and Charles S. Flewelling, sensed a call to Florida. So, buying an old Ford, they headed south, not knowing just what to expect—only that they wanted to confront people with the claims of the Gospel. Someone in Washington, D.C., told the young men about a Pentecostal work in Macon, Georgia, and suggested they stop there on their way to Florida.

The suggestion was to change not only Crabtree's life but also the Pentecostal work in Maine.

In Macon the young men met twin sisters Carro and Susie Davis and Minnie Scott, three women who were conducting Pentecostal tent services. “As we prayed together,” Crabtree wrote, “the Holy Spirit fell upon us and we were made to realize that we had stopped there in accordance with a Divine plan.”<sup>6</sup>

It was the answer to the women's prayers for help in spreading the fire in Macon. With great zeal to preach the gospel everywhere, the three women kept the men busy throughout the winter of 1922 and spring of 1923 in tent meetings, jail services, services for men on chain gangs, street meetings, and any other place that offered opportunities to sing and preach.



## Growing up in Bangor, Maine

Here Crabtree learned that Pentecostals were scorned just like they were in Maine. One example came from a story told of a chain gang member who heard that his sister had joined the Pentecostals. Despite the fact he was serving time on a chain gang, the man complained, "Ah, she done gone and disgraced the family."

But the knowledge Clifford gained about God's willingness to work through yielded men and women, coupled with the work ethic he learned on a rocky farm in Maine, helped prepare him for a return to his home state where he would minister the rest of his life. The Davis sisters, who had given up careers as school teachers for the ministry, coached their young uneducated assistant, teaching him some of the finer points of grammar, diction, and theology.

"He would preach," Charles said, "and they would take notes. Then they would critique him after every sermon. He said it was terrible discipline." But the training gave Clifford an education unavailable in the Bible schools or homiletics textbooks of the day.

Flewelling and Wright returned to Maine in the spring and eventually went to Africa as missionaries, but Crabtree felt God wanted him to remain with the Macon work and assist the Davis sisters. Then in August 1923 the three women, William Scott, and Crabtree took off for Virginia in a 1922 Ford Model T touring car for a vacation.

It was to be a vacation, but Crabtree believed God had something else in mind.

All along the way he talked to the group about going on to Maine. One day while they traveled toward Virginia, the Spirit fell upon Carro Davis, causing her to shout and praise God for miles. Finally, she exclaimed, "I have the witness that I'm going to Maine."<sup>9</sup>

Convinced that it was God's will, the party spent a few days with relatives in Virginia and then pointed the Model T toward Bangor.<sup>10</sup>

After getting permission from Bangor authorities to conduct



Top left, Helen Crabtree with her first three children, about 1936: David, Esther, and Hazel; Esther died at 11 months of age. Top right, Clifford and three of his children in early 1940s: Hazel, Charles, and David. Bottom left, Charles with his parents in 1953. Bottom right, Charles with his grandfather, David Jewett Crabtree, 1951.

street meetings, the party went to the corners of Main and Broadway where they began to sing, testify, and preach. The open-air meetings had their share of critics, but they also drew people who were interested in the Pentecostal experience and forming a church. Soon the group began meeting in a hall three stories off the street. But the building was too small, so they used a Unitarian building for a while, and then moved into another third-story building at 40 Central Street.

Thus in 1923 Bangor had its first Pentecostal church.

The Davis sisters, again moved by the Spirit, left the Bangor church in charge of another minister and took their young protégé across the Canadian line and into New Brunswick where they ministered in several revivals.

Then they set their eyes on the capital city of Fredericton.

Despite opposition from the mayor, the party finally was able to set up a tent and began singing and preaching. Some of the people were hearing for the first time about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Things were going well until one night a concerned woman rushed from the tent to the police department, claiming that holy rollers—as critics labeled the Pentecostals—were hypnotizing the crowd.

Now it was time for young Crabtree to have his mettle tested.

When police officers came on the scene and ordered him to close the meeting, Crabtree responded that he was not the person with authority to do so. The police officers walked to the platform where one of them

Continued on page 27





Hugh M. Cadwalder and his wife Mary (second and third from left, top row), at the 50th Anniversary of the Assemblies of God with other ministers and laymen who attended the 1914 organizational meeting. In the front row are J. Roswell Flower and Ralph M. Riggs; second row, Vera Riley, Dollie Simms, Phil Darner, and Willie T. Millsaps; third row, LeRoy Jacob Miller, Lafayette Romines, Gertrude Holloway, and Nellie Shepherd; top row, Forrest G. Barker, the Cadwalders, J. E. Willhite, I. M. Glanville, and William H. Boyles. Mary Cadwalder and Vera Riley are still living.

# A Pioneer Minister Tells of Early Years

By Hugh M. Cadwalder

**I** remember when, as a boy of 14 in Alvin, Texas, in the year 1905, I heard about some people from the north who had come to our town. [The Charles F. Parham evangelistic

Hugh M. Cadwalder (1891-1973), was a charter minister of the Assemblies of God. He served as a missionary to Egypt, was an evangelist, pastor, district chairman for Western Canada (Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada), district superintendent for Texas and New Mexico, dean of Southwestern Bible Institute, and missions secretary of the North Texas District. His widow, Mary Crouch Cadwalder, 100, a credentialed A/G minister lives in Sugarland, Texas.

This article is a reprint from the 50th Anniversary series which appeared in the *Pentecostal Evangel*, "I Remember." The article was published April 5, 1964.

## CALL TO PREACH

**“Alone on the prairie, I made the deepest consecration of my Christian experience. Again God asked if I would preach, and I cried from the depths of my heart, ‘I will!’ Within a very few moments He filled me.”**

group from Kansas.] They preached on the streets and in an old store building, declaring that one could know if he were saved, and be healed if he were sick. Strangest of all, they spoke in foreign languages by the

power of God.

I determined to investigate this at my first opportunity. A few days later, on a Saturday afternoon, I noticed a crowd gathering on a street corner, and learned that there would be a church service conducted soon. I joined the crowd on the sidewalk, and during the service I heard for the first time the speaking with other tongues. Some criticized, but I felt that God was speaking to me.

At the close of the service I was told of a man who had been healed of cancer on his face. (I later knew this man, and his deliverance was complete.) I was also told that my older sister [Rosa] had received the baptism with the Holy Spirit, speaking in



other tongues. She was the first to receive this experience in our town, and became one of our pioneer preachers. For years her daughter [Naomi, Mrs. Hal Lehmann] has been a missionary in Africa; now her granddaughter is preparing to go [Gretchen, Mrs. David Kast].

These two miracles convinced me of the reality of God and created a sincere desire to know Him as my personal Saviour. I had a very limited knowledge of the Bible, and received no encouragement at home because of the rumors concerning the meetings. But after some weeks I ventured into the hall where the services were being conducted. The second time I attended, my hunger for God and for relief from my sins overcame all my fears, and I went to the altar where God graciously forgave my transgressions and filled me with sweet peace.

Being urged to seek the infilling of the Holy Spirit, I faced some real problems. The most serious question was whether or not I would dedicate myself to preach the gospel. I had known preachers who were not true shepherds; therefore I hesitated. For some time the battle went on. Then my mother began to seek the Baptism, and one Tuesday night while she knelt beside the bed where my infidel father was resting, God baptized her with the Holy Spirit.

On the following Friday night, alone on the prairie, I made the deepest consecration of my Christian experience. Again God asked if I would preach, and I cried from the depths of my heart, "I will!" Within a very few moments He filled me. I came into the house and one of my brothers said, "You received the Holy Ghost, didn't you?" When I started to answer him, I spoke in another tongue. My father looked up in surprise, for this was the second time he had heard the unknown tongue within a week.

On December 26, 1908, I was in Houston, Texas, when God made me know that it was time for me to give up my job and give full time to His work. Some of our leading brethren were conducting a Bible and Training school there in Houston, so I applied for admission. I had no finances, so



### **BLACKS SING IN SPIRIT AT FIRST COUNCIL**

**"In the balcony [Hot Springs Opera House] there was quite a group of our colored brethren who began to sing, not from a book, but with harmony and words given to them by the Spirit."**

this was a step of faith.

Upon my first visit home after entering the ministry my father refused to speak to me, so disappointed was he in my choice of a lifework. (However, later he held me up to my younger brothers as an example to follow.)

The first few years of my ministry was spent pioneering churches in Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Missouri, and Iowa. In 1912, having married, we went as missionaries to

Egypt. We went on "the faith line," which was all we had in those days, but God did not fail us, and gave us a good harvest of souls.

Upon our return from Egypt we were told of the call to the meeting in Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1914. We felt the need of closer fellowship and were glad to find such a good representation of Pentecostal brethren present for the meeting.

There were three predominant points in the thinking of those present. First, there was the fear of becoming just another denomination, and of the freedom of the Spirit being hampered in the local assemblies. Second, there was a desire to find God's form of church government. Third, we were conscious of our great need of a closer fellowship and a coordination of our ministries and finances.

We were not long in sensing God's presence to help and guide us. On the first point, we recognized that just as the members of our bodies coordinate to help one another, so the church should operate by coordination and not dictation. Hence, voluntary cooperation became the answer.

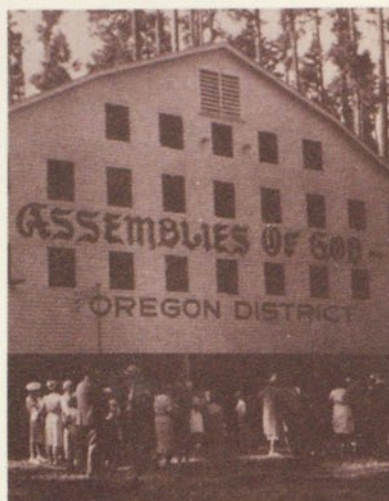
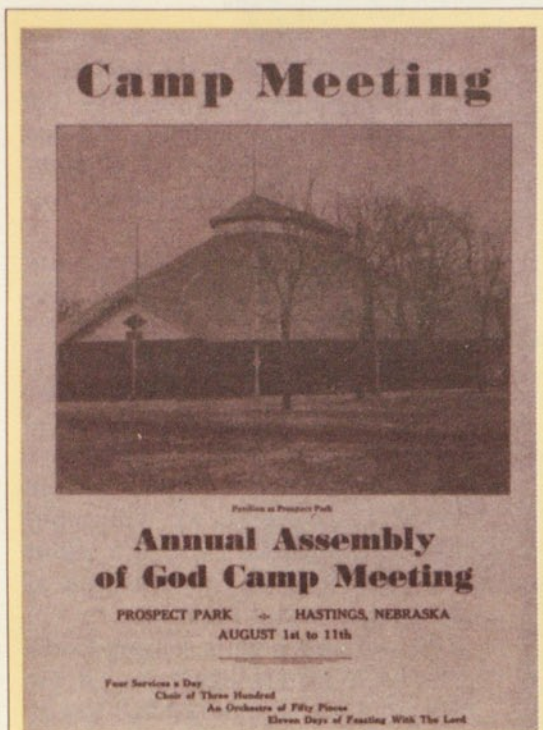
On the second point, there was a strong conviction among many that the Word advocated principles both of the episcopal and of the congregational forms of church government, so a combination of the two was agreed upon.

On the third point, not only was there provision made for a closer working together here at home, but there was a combining of our strength and finances on the foreign fields.

When these principles were presented and accepted by most of those present, there came such a wondrous moving of God's Spirit that for several hours we just worshiped and praised God. In the balcony of the building there was quite a group of our colored brethren who began to sing, not from a book, but with harmony and words given to them by the Spirit. This confirmation of God on the beginning of the Assemblies of God that day has remained with me through these fifty years. ✠



# Old-Fashioned



Oregon District campgrounds, Brooks, 1940s. The district office is also on this property.



*"Best of it all will be the 11 days of continual feasting with the Lord. A time when we will come away for a little season and refresh ourselves in the things of the Lord."*

A. M. Alber, Superintendent  
Nebraska District, 1945

**H**ow long has it been since you have attended a camp meeting?

This unique summer church event, which pre-dates the Assemblies of God and the Pentecostal movement, is still an important ministry in many churches. Old brush arbors, tents, and open tabernacles have given way to air-conditioned auditoriums. Modern cabins on the campgrounds and nearby Holiday Inns have replaced family tents and other primitive living conditions. Cadillacs and Toyotas have replaced the horse and buggy and Model Ts. But the lively fellowship and memorable spiritual experiences—coupled with enthusiastic singing and preaching—give summer camp meetings a continuing place in the life of the church.

These two pages of photographs will take you back a few years to camp meetings—some of which you might have attended or heard about. We hope you enjoy your quick summer tour of Pentecostal camp meetings through these images selected from the Archives collection.

Wayne Warner, Editor



Luther Hooper, cook for the North Carolina District camp, serving breakfast in 1950s.

Participants at Seminole (Oklahoma) Camp Meeting, July 1936. Seated, from left, W. B. McCafferty, James Hutsell, Guy Shields, Berl Dodd, and Earl F. Davis; standing, Catharine McCafferty, Mrs. James Hutsell, Addie Dodd, and Jessie L. Davis.

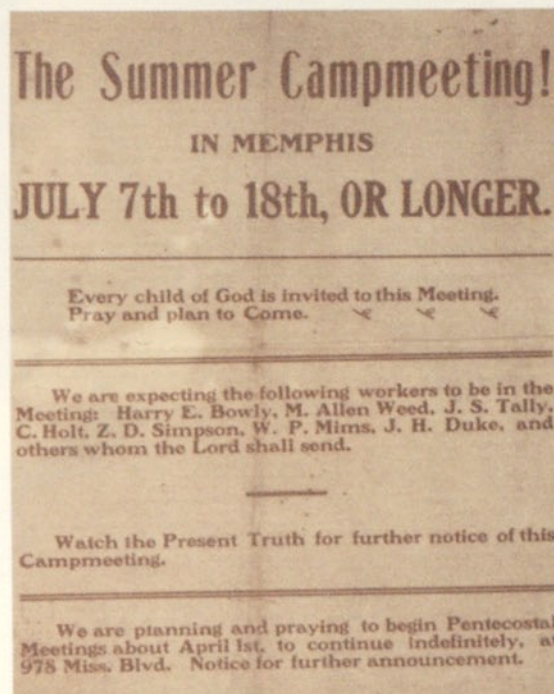




# Camp Meetings



A *Revivaltime* broadcast "live" on the ABC network at the Rocky Mountain Camp Meeting, August 7, 1955. Directing the broadcast in the foreground is E. M. Clark; leading the volunteer choir is Cyril McLellan; and announcer Bartlett Peterson is at the microphone. Earlier that summer, *Revivaltime* was broadcast from the Minnesota District Camp Meeting.



A Memphis camp meeting advertised in *The Present Truth*, February 1910.



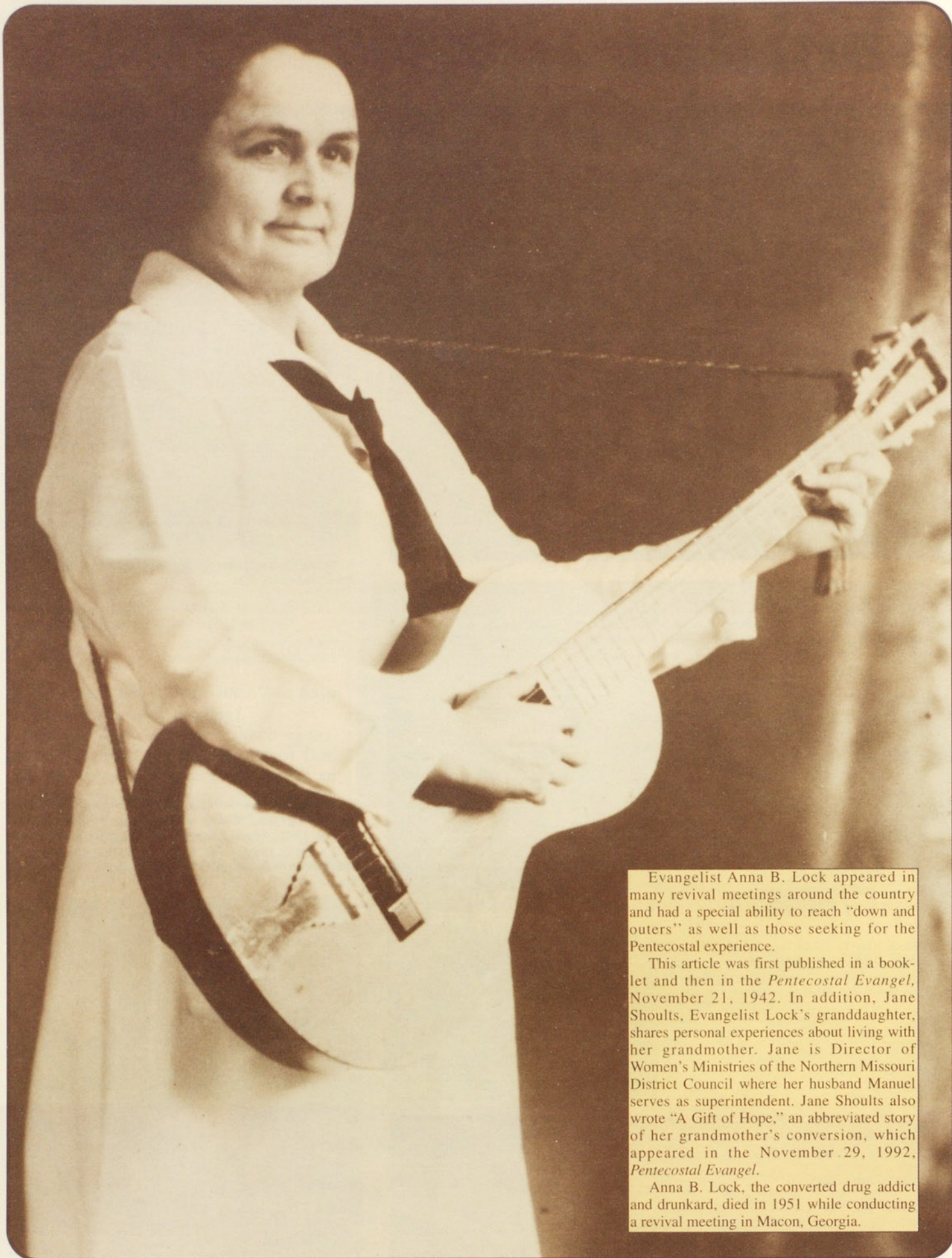
Above, J. Roswell Flower speaking at Lake Geneva Camp, Minnesota, 1938. Right, Ohio District camp at Medina, date unknown. Below, a lone seeker with many altar workers at Oklahoma District camp at Jay, about 1938.



Below, William Burton McCafferty wrote on the back of this photograph, "Camp meeting tent, Houston, Texas, August 1940, where I taught morning and afternoon." McCafferty taught for many years at what is now Southwestern Assemblies of God College, Waxahachie, Texas.







Evangelist Anna B. Lock appeared in many revival meetings around the country and had a special ability to reach "down and outers" as well as those seeking for the Pentecostal experience.

This article was first published in a booklet and then in the *Pentecostal Evangel*, November 21, 1942. In addition, Jane Shoults, Evangelist Lock's granddaughter, shares personal experiences about living with her grandmother. Jane is Director of Women's Ministries of the Northern Missouri District Council where her husband Manuel serves as superintendent. Jane Shoults also wrote "A Gift of Hope," an abbreviated story of her grandmother's conversion, which appeared in the November 29, 1992, *Pentecostal Evangel*.

Anna B. Lock, the converted drug addict and drunkard, died in 1951 while conducting a revival meeting in Macon, Georgia.



# From the Underworld to the Upperworld

## *The Former Derelict Woman Who Became an A/G Evangelist*

By Anna B. Lock

I became a human derelict when 14 years of age and spent 26 years among harlots, dope fiends, murderers and drunkards. I was finally saved at 40 years of age, through the power of the blood of Jesus Christ.

I was born in a small town in southern Illinois. My father was a coal miner. My earliest recollections is of my mother, my father, my youngest sister and I attending Sunday School at the little village Christian Church. Both father and mother took an active part in all church affairs. I remember how proud I was when I saw mother stand, with tears streaming down her beautiful face, telling how she loved Jesus.

But my father backslid and started drinking, working only enough to buy whiskey, and not supporting his children or home. When he would have his drunken friends in the kitchen, and be mixing drinks for them, I would beg for whiskey and he would give it to me. I think I was about seven or eight years old at the time, but it is very clear to my mind today.

Mother kept on taking us children to Sunday School, leaving my drunken father standing in the door cursing her and calling her "an old hypocrite." Finally she too backslid, and when I was twelve years old she took me out of school and moved to another town where she took in boarders to get food for herself and four children. God had sent two babies into our home, and after mother backslid she divorced my father. I was her main

witness as I told how he pulled her out of bed by the hair at midnight, trying to make her get up and cook, to appease his drunken appetite.

At fourteen I was left to the mercy of the world, being compelled to earn my own living. I went into a hotel to work, and they taught me to wait on tables. At sixteen years of age I became the mother of a baby girl and was married to a man whom I did not love. I lived with him on meager fare until my baby was 2½ years old, and then I deserted them both.

My husband's mother lived in Iowa, and after a few weeks when I didn't return, he took the baby to his mother, who gave her a Christian home, doing the best she could for her. How my heart would ache for the touch of those baby hands and the smile on that little face (even derelicts have hearts). Many a night, half drunk and miles away, I would cry myself to sleep longing for my baby.

I traveled all over, working at different hotels and getting by as easily as I could, associating with the lowest type of humanity. At 17 I learned to smoke cigarettes and to drink whiskey like a man, and finally got to using dope when trying to sober up (only a drunkard knows what a sickness it is). Some of my best friends were dope fiends and so it was easy to get. I lost every job I had through whiskey. I would stay drunk as long as I could beg, borrow, or steal to get whiskey.

When my girl was 13 years old I was in Chicago. Her grandmother had died, and later her father died, and so I went to Iowa and brought her to my people. My sister gave her a home

and she found employment when she was 15; but I had gone back to the old haunts, bound by the desire of sin, not strong enough to break away even for my little girl's sake. Oh, how she needed a mother's love and guidance!

Finally I drifted to Los Angeles, California, and found work, but only for a short time. The demon whiskey caused me to lose my job again. I was taken to the General Hospital there, after having been drunk for several weeks. I was nearly dead from an overdose of dope. A white screen was put around my bed and I was left to die.

When I regained consciousness and saw that screen, I knew they expected me to die. I have been practically dead 5 different times, as far

**For 26 years Anna was on skid row as a drunkard and dope addict. For the last 20 years of her life she preached the gospel.**

as human aid was concerned. How remorseful I would be when in my right mind, and how I would long to be free; but I could not refuse whiskey when it was offered me. I had lots of friends (poor, miserable creatures) and I was always the life of the party.

I finally drifted to San Francisco and was there off and on for six years. On several occasions I was taken to Central Emergency Hospital to be treated for chronic alcoholism and dope. The doctor stated that if I came again, I would be sent to a State institution where the public would be protected from me.

The Salvation Army people were wonderful to me. I shall never forget the sweet motherly love that Major Annie Eastwood had for my poor broken soul. I weighed about 107 pounds; I had previously weighed 163 pounds. I surely was a pitiful sight.

The chief secretary of the Salvation Army wired to my daughter asking what should be done with me, and my daughter sent \$125.00 to provide transportation, and stated that she would be responsible for me. I



was placed on the train in charge of a Pullman porter, who was to look after me.

After I came to the town where my mother lived and my older sister had a place of business, I got away from whiskey for a time and gained in strength and health. I went to work for my sister, but after a while got drunk every chance I had.

After being home one year I married one of the most honorable men in town. I told him my past life. I told him I was ready to settle down but was not fit to be his wife. (Thank God, I was honest with him even though I was in sin.) He loved me and took a chance on my changing. I didn't take dope anymore because I couldn't get it, but I still smoked and drank. I made home brew by 20-gallon lots and drank it the same way. My husband furnished a lovely home for me but I didn't take care of it. All I wanted was drink and cigarettes.

One day my mother's sister came to visit my mother. She was a saint of God and I remembered that she always had been a Christian woman who prayed. A Pentecostal church had been opened in our town, two young couples being in charge. Auntie came to my home and told me how sweetly they sang, and asked me if I would go to their meetings. I answered, "Oh, maybe some night."

Thousands who heard Evangelist Anna B. Lock will remember seeing this familiar sight—Bible in left hand and gesturing with her right. She died in 1951 while conducting a revival.

(But I really had no intention of going, I wanted to get rid of her.)

I had never forgotten the prayer my mother had taught me, the only one I knew—"Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. Sometimes in loneliness and remorse I would say it. I knew Jesus died on the cross but I did not know what to do to be saved.

**"I lost every job I had through whiskey. I would stay drunk as long as I could beg, borrow, or steal to get whiskey."**

No one had asked me to go to church before. But my dear aunt remained at mother's home and one night (I didn't know why) I said, "Auntie, I'm going to church with you tonight." I can still see the look of joy on her face and the tears in her love-lit eyes, and I did go. I sang along with the rest, as bold as a lion. I liked the service and went back the next night.

My daughter in the meantime had come to the town where I was. She was living at home and working for my sister. She had been married and God had given her a precious little girl. The baby was my life and joy. I took care of her while my daughter worked, as she was divorced from her husband.

I went to church almost every night, for about two weeks. I could not understand why I wanted to go. One night the invitation was given and the congregation was singing:

*I've wandered far away from God,  
Now I'm coming home.*

*The paths of sin too long I've trod,  
Lord, I'm coming home.*

One of the young women preachers came and put her arm around me and said, "Jesus loves you. He needs you." I found myself at the altar with burning, scalding tears streaming down my face in true repentance. I said, "O God, I've been so wicked and low. Could You do anything with a wreck like me? Here I am, Lord. If You'll forgive me, I'll live the rest of my life for You." God knew I meant it. He looked right down into my heart. I didn't get the victory at the church but I went to the place where my daughter was working and said, "Honey, mother went to the altar tonight and from now on I'm going to be a different mother."

We cried together, with our arms around each other. She said, "Oh, mamma, I'm so glad! I couldn't let you raise my baby if you had kept on drinking," and God knows I wouldn't have been fit to raise her if something hadn't happened when it did.

Bless His name, He always moves

Anna B. Lock visiting with Major Annie Eastwood, San Francisco, the Salvation Army officer who rescued her from the gutter in 1929.





in time. I went home. My husband and little granddaughter were sleeping, but I couldn't sleep. I knew I had to have more of God. I went to the bathroom, and over the bathtub with tears flowing I said, "God, You have to give me this salvation. I mean it. Take away the desire for whiskey and cigarettes; make me a real mother to my daughter and granddaughter." I prayed until 3:30 in the morning. God let the light from heaven shine on my soul as He did on Saul of Tarsus. But instead of blinding me as it did Saul, it opened my eyes and I saw Jesus in all His beauty. His smile of love was radiating in my being. Glory to His name!

The next morning I went down to get breakfast. How beautiful my house was after I had prepared breakfast. I sat down and as usual my husband started to eat. I said, "Just a minute, dear. I went to the altar last night and I want to pray before we eat." He looked at me strangely, but I prayed and how happy I was. I didn't know how to tell him I had found Jesus, so I said, "I went to the altar." Thank God, he soon found out what it meant.

We gave away the beer bottles and we didn't buy any more cigarettes. Jesus had moved into our house to take full possession. When Jesus came in the front door the devil went out the back. No house is large enough for both of them. But, oh! how Satan fought to keep me. I had been his right-hand servant for 40

**A salvation Army officer saw a touch of God in the drunken Anna Lock on the streets of San Francisco. Later, Anna wrote about that experience, "I shall never forget the sweet motherly love that Major Annie Eastwood had for my poor broken soul."**

years. He lied to me all along, telling me I was having a good time, when I was on the verge of insanity or suicide.

**A**fter I was converted I got a great burden for my dear old mother, and how I prayed and asked every Christian I met to pray for my backslidden mother. I was converted January 25, 1931, and on March 27, 1931, my mother came back to Jesus. I was more joyous over her conversion than I was over my own.

In April, 1932, I received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, as they did on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2:4), and the following year, in February, at my home, my mother was filled with the Holy Ghost and preached for an hour in another tongue. Glory! Hallelujah! We continued on together, testifying on the street corners, in our home town, amid great persecution, sneers and scoffs.

In March, 1934, my only child was saved. In September she received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, glorifying God as the Spirit gave utterance. In December of the same year she was

enrolled in Bible school and is now living for Jesus, taking care of my home and her little girl. Her husband passed away in October, 1938. She, her daughter, and I led him to Christ at the hospital before he died.

**I** pray that the blessing of God may rest upon this testimony. It took 6 years to get grace enough to publish it for my Saviour's glory. I pray that conviction may rest upon the unrighteous and the self-righteous as they read this, my testimony. Only God knows how miserable I was and the half has not yet been told. But it takes no more of His precious blood to cleanse a poor, drunken, cigarette-smoking, dope-using sinner than it does the haughty, high-minded, stiff-necked church member who has a form of godliness, but denies the power thereof.

He lifted me from the underworld and prepared me for the upperworld. He saves from the uttermost to the uttermost. I ought to know. Praise His Holy name!



## Remembering Grandmother Lock

By Jane Shoults

**I** know Anna Lock's story well because she was my grandmother. She gave me a beautiful Christian home and has been a major influence on my life.

In 1931, two years after her dramatic conversion, Anna rented a room in the basement of the Galva, Illinois, post office and started a mission. It was a humble beginning, but the congregation grew to about 80 people in the 6 years she was the pastor.

This was during the Great Depression, and like other communities across the country, Galva had its share of the poor. Anna bought some old treadle sewing

machines and had women come in and sew clothing for the poor.

As I grew up in her home and the church, I sensed a real love and concern from the members. I knew they were there to help me in any need I might have.

How I remember those old-time gospel services!

Foot washing services and cottage prayer meetings were all part of the agenda. Prayer at the altars on Sunday evenings often ran until midnight and beyond. The prayer times were characterized by shouting, singing, and dancing in the Spirit. And it was the time of great intercession for the lost.

Holiness was emphasized and deemed

very important for the believer's walk with God. Worldly amusements were shunned. There was a spirit of love and unity that visitors sensed, and the poor and uneducated were treated with love and respect. New converts were baptized in a farm watering tank—primitive, but no one seemed to notice.

In the late 1930s Anna felt the Lord calling her into full-time evangelistic work, and soon she began traveling across North America, sharing her testimony of salvation from a life in the underworld.

The main emphasis of her meetings was on the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and it is estimated that thousands

Continued on next page



received the experience under her ministry.

D. V. Hurst, who later served as president of Northwest College of the Assemblies of God, likes to tell how he was baptized in the Spirit in one of Anna's meetings—a story which illustrates Anna's ministry style.

Hurst was kneeling at the altar on a clean white handkerchief he had spread on the floor. With hands folded, he was quietly praying in a very dignified manner. Anna had never seen anyone baptized in the Spirit in that way and was certain Hurst would go away disappointed. She pulled off his necktie, ruffled his hair, and told him to "get serious or get up!"

He got serious and soon was filled to overflowing with the Holy Spirit.

When Anna conducted a meeting in San Francisco, the pastor surprised her

**"He lifted me from the underworld and prepared me for the upperworld. He saves from the uttermost to the uttermost. I ought to know. Praise His holy name!"**

one Sunday evening by bringing Major Annie Eastwood to the platform. It was Major Eastwood of the Salvation Army who had rescued Anna from the streets of San Francisco 20 years earlier. They had not seen each other since. What a joyous reunion as these two women recalled their meeting and the years that had followed.

Besides her pulpit ministry, Anna was a great personal soul winner. She often went to Chicago's skid row and witnessed on the streets and in the bars. She often would bring her converts home with her, and they would live with us until they could get on their feet and make it on their own.

You can imagine the interesting assortment of characters who came in and out of our house. London Taylor was a tall and handsome man who had once held a high position with the FBI, but landed on skid row after his fiancée was killed just before their wedding. He finally pulled himself together and made a new life for himself after spending several months in our home.

Anna was a self-taught woman who had only a third-grade education. She taught herself to play the guitar and composed many of the songs and poems she



### To "Underworld" Friends

Evangelist Anna B. Lock appealed to her "underworld" friends to accept the Lord as she had done. She included the appeal in her booklet and in the 1942 *Pentecostal Evangel* story.

Dear Underworld Friends:

Jesus loves you, and He will save you and give you the joy that

has been abiding in my heart for six years. No one came to me when I was where you are and told me about Jesus. I pray that this message may be the means of your finding my Jesus as your Jesus. He will save, He will keep, and He will satisfy. Bless His name!

I will gladly answer any letters I receive and will tell you more about this wonderful Christ who made a new creature out of me.

Anna B. Lock

used in her meetings. She had a natural flair for dramatics and could have become a very good actress. She could hold her own in any kind of company and had hundreds of friends, some of whom are still living and remember her well. I seldom go anywhere without finding people who knew her.

Being a part of the Illinois District Council, she loved the annual camp meetings. She could always be seen on the platform with her tambourine and usually led at least one "Jericho March" during the meetings.

In my teen years I began to travel with her during the summer, conducting children's services during her revivals. Because of the training I received and her godly example, I have a wonderful Christian heritage. My mother, Anna's only child, has been a Christian for more

than 50 years and for many years taught the Wednesday Bible studies in the church her mother founded in Galva.

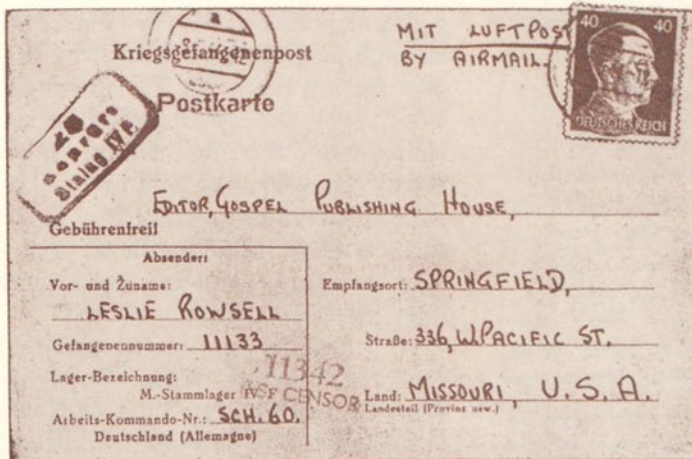
Many people will rise up and call her blessed, including our whole family who were saved because of her influence. ❖

Jane Shoults, Evangelist Lock's granddaughter, is director of Women's Ministries of the Northern Missouri District Council where her husband Manuel serves as superintendent.





## 50 YEARS AGO—1944



### From a Prisoner of War in Germany

16 April 1944

To the Editor, The Pentecostal Evangel  
Dear Brother in Christ:

I have been a prisoner of war for three years. Over a year ago, after writing to Geneva, I managed to obtain a year's supply of the Pentecostal Evangel (1939), and would like to take this opportunity of saying how much I appreciate the gospel message contained therein. Before the war I lived in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, and attended the Bethel Pentecostal Church many times when Pastor J. Morrison was there. I truly thank the Lord for salvation. "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe; sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow." Please pray for me.

In His service,  
Leslie Rowsell

**Editor's Note:** Readers knowing anything about Leslie Rowsell are asked to write to the editor with information on his circumstance after he wrote this card in April 1944. The above postcard was reprinted in the July 1, 1944, *Pentecostal Evangel*.

### "Hallelujah in Boom Town"

Editors and leaders of a number of different denominations have branded as "blasphemous" and "shameful" the recent article in *Collier's* entitled, "Hallelujah in Boom Town." The article is purportedly an expose of religious rackets. Actually, however, it is a sarcastic attack on all evangelistic effort.

The article dealt with a number of Detroit churches, including Berea Tabernacle, where Brother J. R. Kline is pastor. The assistant pastor, Brother Lewis H. Horn, was in charge. Brother Horn co-operated with the photographer from *Collier's* in getting perhaps a score of pictures at Berea, including several secret shots of the altar while the

people were praying. He says that upon the Tabernacle officials' objections the photographer promised not to publish any of the latter group. However, when the article appeared, altar photos were the only ones of the Tabernacle that were used. *Collier's* could find no place for the other pictures which showed the attendance and other favorable phases of the Tabernacle program.

The article held up Pentecostal meetings to national ridicule. We rejoice, however, that we are gaining the world's attention, no matter by what means. Did not Jesus say, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets"? Luke 6:26. (*Pentecostal Evangel*, July 1, 1944)

## 40 YEARS AGO—1954

### Charles E. Robinson With the Lord

The beloved man who served for 22 years (1925-47) as associate editor for the *Pentecostal Evangel*, Charles E. "Daddy" Robinson, 86, died on March 17, 1954. He was ordained to the office of deacon under John Alexander Dowie in 1900. He attended law school and practiced law with his father in Kansas City before entering the ministry. After receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit, he became a Pentecostal preacher in Arkansas. In addition to his editorial duties, he acted as consulting attorney for the General Council. He wrote several children's books and the popular *Praying to Change Things*.

The report of his death in the *Pentecostal Evangel* told about his devotion to the Lord everywhere he went. When he left the publishing house in 1947, the employees "missed his voice as he would walk down the corridors...praising the Lord so that all could hear....He prayed as though he knew God was listening to every word. When he prayed he spoke to God as he would speak to a friend across the desk." (*Pentecostal Evangel*, April 18, 1954, 12.)

### God Moving in Cuba

Floyd C. Woodworth reports a breakthrough in Oriente, Cuba. "Three years ago there was not one Pentecostal person (that we know of) in the town or region. Then the revival came and now there is the large mother church with a building that seats over 400 people, and a daily half-hour radio program with a large listening audience. We are holding some forty Sunday Schools and have 19 outstations to oversee...One has a regular Sunday night attendance of over 200. I was figuring up the other day, and to my amazement I discovered that with the Sunday Schools, radio, and outstation work we hold over 83 services every week." (*Pentecostal Evangel*, April 11, 1954, 7.)



## □ Ira Stanphill/ from page 8

the world over, perhaps the most meaningful rendition was done by a group of lepers at New Hope Town in Liberia. Stanphill was there in concert, and afterwards, Joseph Judah, the director of the camp, said, "Brother Stanphill, these people want to sing you a song."

Out of the congregation came a man with an old beat-up trumpet that had been hit on both ends and was all waffled up. Also a man with a gourd that had rattly beans in it. Another man had a tambourine, and there was a little concertina.

It excited Stanphill to think how he had written a song thousands of miles away in Texas and then to go to the bush country of Africa and have a group of lepers sing his song. They lived in mud houses with thatched roofs and didn't have much in this life, yet they sang with more gusto than most Americans would. This left a deep impression and was a highlight of Stanphill's travels.

One of the greatest events of my life was hearing one of my songs sung by six lepers in Liberia. I was thrilled to know that, despite their condition, they had hope in their hearts.<sup>23</sup>

The Stanphill family gathered for this Christmas portrait in 1991. Surrounding Ira and Gloria in back, from left, are Andrew Ragusin, Judy Ragusin holding Alessandra, Rick Cole, Cathy Cole, and Nathan Cole; children in front, from left, are Travis Cole, Laine Cole, and Marc Ragusin.



Another great experience connected with this song is found in a short note he received while holding a service at Melodyland, Anaheim, California, in August 1983:

Brother Stanphill,

My name is Manasseh from Kenya. I want you to know that a girl prophesied about her going home by singing your song, "Mansion Over the Hilltop." At her funeral we sang it again, and 300 people received the Lord in Maragoli, Kenya. Her name was Joy, from All Nations Church, Nairobi, Kenya.

"Room At The Cross" was written in 1946 as a result of a suggested title at one of his meetings at Riverside Church in Kansas City, Missouri. He told the people he was going to write a song on that Sunday morning, and requested they send in titles. The people turned in a whole pocketful, and in a hurry between Sunday school and church, he wrote a song and sang it that morning.

In relating this incident, Stanphill shared that, "It wasn't any good at all. I never sang it the second time." He felt bad about it and told the congregation, "Let me try again. If you'll

just given me till tonight, I'll look these over and see what I can do for something for tonight."<sup>24</sup>

He took all the pieces of paper back to the parsonage where they were staying, and spread them out on a grand piano. Prayerfully picking through them little by little, he selected "There's Room At The Cross For You." That Sunday afternoon he and Zelma wrote the song, and he sang it for the congregation that night.<sup>25</sup> Its simple salvation message has lent it to be used as an altar call on countless occasions, and has influenced many to accept Christ.

In a tent meeting in Germany, Al Garr, an artist from Supreme Records, had translated the song into German and was singing its message. A man who was on his way to commit suicide, passed by the tent, heard the song, and was so attracted to it, that he came and sat down for the service. At the conclusion of the preaching, the man went forward and accepted Christ.<sup>26</sup>

Al Garr approached him and said, "I'd just like to know how come you came tonight to give your heart to the Lord."

He said, "Well, it was the song you sang, 'There's Room at the Cross for You.' To tell you the truth, I thought there was no room for me any place in the world. The song got a hold of my heart and brought me in, and I found Jesus." He explained that he was a businessman who was unhappy with his life. He had planned to go down to a nearby lake, take his revolver, shoot himself, and fall in the water, and hope that no one ever found him.

This man later attended a Bible school in Germany, his wife and family were converted, and he went on to become an Assemblies of God pastor.<sup>27</sup>

Like many other Stanphill favorites, this song has been published in several foreign languages, including Spanish, German, and Italian, and has been recorded by numerous Christian artists.

After talking with a lawyer, who gave him no hope of reconciliation after the divorce, Ira walked out



of the office and began walking around the town square where he was at. He began praying and talking to God. And God seemed to speak to his heart and say, "Don't worry about the circumstances now." So he quit worrying. He also felt God telling him: "Just put your trust in me." Finally God comforted him with this thought: "One of these days we'll talk it over in the bye and bye." From that experience he penned these familiar words:

*Tho shadows deepen and my heart bleeds,  
I will not question the way He leads;  
This side of heaven, we know in part—  
I will not question a broken heart.  
We'll talk it over in the bye and bye,  
We'll talk it over, my Lord and I,  
I'll ask the reasons, He'll tell me why,  
When we talk it over in the bye and bye.*

Also about this time, Stanphill preached a revival at Osceola, Missouri, and took along his son Raymond who was about 6 or 7 years old. Raymond "Butch" would take a nap each afternoon because he had to stay awake for the evening services.

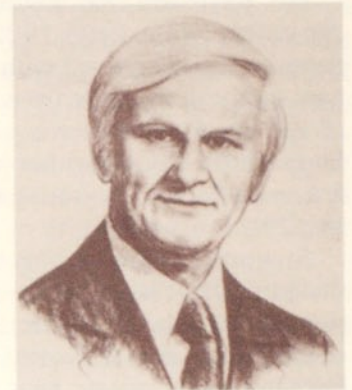
While watching his son napping in the bed in the hotel where they were staying, he pitied the fact that Raymond had to travel around the country without a mother or any friends to play with. Ira began to reminisce about his own childhood. He remembered playing all sorts of games as a child and having lots of fun. He'd play all day and into the evening. Then he recalled how his mother would step out on the back porch of the old homeplace in Coffeyville and say, "Ira, come on home, it's supper time."

This was the setting for one of Stanphill's best selling songs, "Supper Time." Some may feel it is not as spiritual as other selections he wrote, but if a person knows the Scriptures, he will see the imagery of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

In 1949 Stanphill went to Fort Worth to become music director at Bethel Temple under Pastor Charles

## Almost everyone has heard at least one of these Stanphill gospel favorites:

**I Know Who Holds Tomorrow  
Follow Me  
Mansion Over the Hilltop  
He Washed My Eyes With Tears  
We'll Talk It Over  
I'll Trust In Him  
You Can Have a Song in the Night  
Crown of Thorns  
Jesus and Me  
Happiness Is the Lord  
Room at the Cross**



*For its skies may turn to gray,  
I don't worry o'er the future,  
For I know what Jesus said;  
And today I'll walk beside Him,  
For He knows what is ahead.*

In the meantime, Ira learned that Zelma had left the second husband and moved to New York. She eventually ended up singing in a nightclub in Troy, New York. While enroute from one nightclub to another, she was in a bad car accident and died a few hours later in February 1951. Zelma's father and Ira traveled to New York in hopes to see her alive, but she passed away before they arrived. They arranged to bring her body back for burial in Springfield, Missouri, her parents' hometown.

It was a long, sad journey back to Missouri, but during the trip, Lawson turned to Ira and said, "You've been through a great deal, and God knows you and your son Butch deserve the peace and stability of a normal home. You are free now—free to make a new home for yourself and for Butch."<sup>29</sup>

Ira had known the Holloway girls, daughters of D.P. Holloway of Cleveland, Ohio, for several years. And after Zelma's death, he began a relationship with Gloria Holloway. She eventually came to Fort Worth, and on June 7, 1951, they were married by Albert Ott in the home of Charles R. Jones.<sup>30</sup>

Continued on next page

Jones. At that time the church had a daily early morning live radio program on KFJZ.

Mrs. Billyevan Benton of Fort Worth remembers, "When I was a girl, I sang solos on the KFJZ program before going to school. Brother Charles Jones would speak and Ira would sing and play the piano," she recalls. "He [Ira] was wonderful. Sometimes he would ask us to give him a subject and he would write a song about it."<sup>28</sup>

While at Bethel Temple, he received a call to hold a revival for Charles Blair in Denver, Colorado. On the long drive across the prairies, he did some real soul-searching and made a pact with God that as long as Zelma lived, he would not remarry. He was determined to trust God to guide him in every circumstance and also that God would take care of Raymond's needs. With a new zeal for living, he preached the 2-week revival, and returned to his position at Fort Worth.

Shortly after this, one morning in the fall of 1950, while on his way to the church, he found himself singing a new song, which brought comfort to his soul and strength for the road ahead:

*I don't know about tomorrow,  
I just live from day to day;  
I don't borrow from its sunshine,*



Ira and Gloria stayed in Fort Worth for a couple of years before moving into the evangelistic field. In between their travels, Ira pastored Bethel Temple at West Palm Beach, Florida; First Assembly, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and Rockwood Park Assembly of God, Fort Worth, Texas.

He pastored Rockwood Park Assembly from 1966-1979. While there he was diagnosed with a malignant tumor in the right front quadrant of the brain. The doctor gave little hope: "If the Lord does not intervene, Ira, you have 3 months or so to live."<sup>31</sup>

Stanphill had a strong belief in divine healing; however, he also supported the use of medicine when needed. It was a delicate situation, but after much prayer, he decided to have surgery.

In the meantime, he told one of his board members:

I don't know how this will come out. If anything happens to me, I want Brother Bert Webb to have my funeral. See if you can locate him. Ask him to come to the church, and let him pastor the church for awhile until we see what happens.<sup>32</sup>

The board member, J.O. Strahan, was able to contact Webb through the North Texas District superintendent. Astonishingly enough, the superintendent declared, "Bert's telephone number and address are laying in front of me on my desk."

Webb had to cancel some meetings, but he was glad to help. After about 5 or 6 months, Stanphill fully recovered from the surgery, and Webb went on to become campus pastor at Evangel College. Stanphill was very conscious that he had been the recipient of a real miracle of God. That was in 1976.

He pastored the church for 3 more years and then devoted his time to composing music and holding evangelistic meetings. The Stanphills moved to Overland Park, Kansas, in March 1993 to be near their two daughters, but they didn't slow down much. Stanphill conducted a senior adult camp for the Illinois District and sang in concert with the Cathedrals. He also began producing

his own TV program "Young At Heart," on Channel 38, a religious station in Chicago.

Probably the biggest thing for Stanphill in the last 2 years was appearing on a series of videos produced by Bill and Gloria Gaither. The segments feature many well-known gospel musicians and quartets and the stories behind the songs they wrote. Several Stanphill selections are highlighted. For instance, on the tape "Old Friends," Ira and Gloria nod their approval as the Cathedrals sing one of Stanphill's best-loved songs, "Supper Time," and add their own testimony to the song. On another tape, "Turn Your Radio On," Stanphill gives the background of the song, "He Washed My Eyes With Tears."

**I**ra Stanphill passed away suddenly with a heart attack at Overland Park Regional Medical Center on December 30, 1993, at age 79. He would have been 80 in a few weeks, and a celebration had been planned. His widow, Gloria, relates,

We had been in church the evening before and had just completed our morning devotions together. Ira commented on God's faithfulness to Moses and that he would also be with us. He emphasized especially, Deuteronomy 4:9-10. Moments later he suffered a massive heart attack and was soon with his "best friend."<sup>33</sup>

Services were held at Evangel Temple Assembly of God in Kansas City with burial in Johnson County Memorial Gardens.<sup>34</sup> At the funeral, Dallas Holm, a contemporary gospel music personality, sang "Room At The Cross" and "I Know Who Holds Tomorrow."

"There were virtually no tears," says Dan Wakefield, pastor of the church where the Stanphills attended. "We knew he had been promoted to something better." He further comments that "One of the pastors at the funeral said the birthday celebration, planned for February, would be called off until we get to heaven."<sup>35</sup>

#### Notes

1. Senators Jim Sasser of Tennessee and Carol

Moseley-Brown of Illinois introduced the bill to the senate. Representatives Jim Cooper of Tennessee and Floyd Flake of New York sponsored a similar resolution to the House.

2. Stories behind many of the songs are scattered throughout Stanphill's autobiography: Ira Stanphill with Earl Green, *This Side of Heaven* (Fort Worth, TX: Hymntime Ministries, Inc., 1983).

3. Gloria Stanphill, telephone interview, May 23, 1994.

4. Carl Brumback, *Suddenly...From Heaven* (Springfield, MO: Gospel Publishing House, 1961), 317-318.

5. Kenneth W. Osbeck, *101 More Hymn Stories* (Grand Rapids, MI: Kregel Publications, 1985), 232.

6. "This Side of Heaven" is the title of Stanphill's autobiography and an album. The phrase comes from one of his best-loved songs: "We'll Talk It Over."

7. Mrs. J. R. Baxter and Videt Polk, compilers, *Gospel Song Writers Biography* (Dallas, TX: Stamps-Baxter Music & Printing Company, 1971), 21.

8. *Turn Your Radio On* [video] (Alexandria, IN: Gaither Music Co., Inc., 1993).

9. Osbeck, 231.

10. Jim Jones, "Fort Worth Songwriter Helped Make Gospel Popular," *Fort Worth Star Telegram*, January 9, 1994, C-8; "Ira Stanphill, 66, Stumps Concert Circuit," *HIS People*, April 1980, 12.

11. Wayne E. Warner, "Stanphill, Ira," *Dictionary of Pentecostal and Charismatic Movements*, Stanley M. Burgess and Gary B. McGee, eds. (Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan, 1988), 810.

12. Stanphill, *This Side of Heaven*, 24.

13. *Ibid.*, 29.

14. Ira Stanphill, "Composer Testifies..." *C.A. Herald*, January 1956, 8.

15. Stanphill, *This Side of Heaven*, 45.

16. Marriage record, Greene County, Missouri.

17. Ira Stanphill, ministerial file.

18. Stanphill, *This Side of Heaven*, 64.

19. *Ibid.*, 64-66.

20. Stanphill ministerial file.

21. Zelma Stanphill vs. Ira Stanphill, circuit court case #20864, Greene County, Missouri.

22. Stanphill, *This Side of Heaven*, 76.

23. *Ibid.*, 140; Osbeck, 232.

24. Ira Stanphill, guest speaker at Central Assembly, Springfield, Missouri, June 14, 1981, cassette tape.

25. Stanphill, *This Side of Heaven*, 74.

26. Osbeck, 232.

27. Ira Stanphill, Central Assembly cassette tape.

28. Jones, C-8.

29. Nat Olson, "A Song In His Heart," *Pentecostal Evangel*, March 27, 1994, 12.

30. Gloria Stanphill interview.

31. Olson, 13.

32. Bert Webb, telephone interview, May 23, 1994.

33. Gloria Stanphill, letter to Richard Champion, February 15, 1994. Ira Stanphill is survived by his wife Gloria of Overland Park, Kansas; a son Raymond of West Virginia; a daughter Judy Ragusin of Overland Park, whose husband, Andrew, is an international lawyer; and another daughter Cathy, who is married to Rick Cole, son of Glen Cole of Sacramento. Rick and Cathy Cole are pastors of Glad Tidings Assembly of God in Omaha, Nebraska. There are 7 grandchildren.

34. Obituary, *The Kansas City Star*, January 1, 1994, C-5.

35. Jones, C-8.



shouted to the congregation, "Everybody leave this tent!"

Crabtree had always respected police officers, but he said he felt the Holy Spirit come upon him. "I leaped to where they were standing and shouted, 'Who is on the Lord's side?'"<sup>11</sup>

The crowd jumped to their feet and began cheering and praising God. The police officers realized they were greatly outnumbered and retreated from the platform. They were angry and embarrassed, and it probably didn't help matters when one of the Pentecostals tried to hand them gospel tracts. Brushing him aside, the officers stomped out through the back of the tent.

Surprisingly, the police did not return with reinforcements, as Crabtree expected, and another church was planted without further trouble.

The Davis-Crabtree party continued ministering, going from one city to another faithfully and determinedly preaching the Pentecostal message. But one day an event happened that would break up the party—the day Clifford met Mary Helen Eddy. She had only recently been saved and baptized in the Spirit after walking into a Montreal mission as a prank with two other young women.

She came out of the old mission a transformed woman. And little could she know how drastic her life-style would change as a result of her conversion and baptism in the Holy Spirit.

"My grandfather George Eddy was the lumber king of Canada—he was a close friend of Henry Ford," Charles explained. "Mother was born into one of the wealthiest homes in New Brunswick." Eddy made a fortune in lumber and had his own buggy factory. He practically owned the city of Bathurst where Mary Helen and her 10 siblings were reared.

George Eddy was rich, but he saw that very little of his money went into Pentecostal hands. When Mary Helen

was saved and baptized in the Spirit, her father disowned her and never forgave her for getting involved with Pentecostals. His children divided millions of dollars—except for Mary Helen who received \$5,000 at her father's death.<sup>12</sup>

But the spiritual treasures she had gained were more valuable than all of the money, mills, and buggy factories in Canada and the United States com

### **Clifford Crabtree believed that God had sent him to Bangor, not to entertain or soft-pedal the gospel but to preach its truths with power.**

bined. And on top of that, she met the man who would become her husband—Clifford Crabtree—who came into Bathurst for a crusade with the Davis sisters.

That relationship upset George Eddy even more. But the two young people—the poor farmer's kid from Maine and the socialite from New Brunswick—knew they were in love.

In the beginning of their marriage, Clifford and Helen continued working with the Davis sisters but then certain tensions made them realize that they should go out on their own.

So now Clifford and his bride began evangelizing and planting churches—something Clifford had learned from the Davis sisters. But it was all new to Helen. She quickly learned that pioneering in early Pentecostal circles was a world away from what she had experienced growing up in the wealthy Eddy home.

Hatfield Point, New Brunswick, opened her eyes to an entirely different kind of life-style. But she was ready for the challenge, even to the pinning up of newspapers for curtains in a tiny two-room apartment. The event which made pioneering easier to accept was a tremendous move of the Holy Spirit which began after the

Crabtrees cleaned out a dance hall and held services.

Charles heard his parents tell the story of the Hatfield Point revival many times. "There were stretches of 5 and 6 miles along major roads up there where everybody was saved and filled with the Holy Spirit." Then they moved into Halifax, Nova Scotia, to pastor a Baptist church that had experienced a mighty revival with over half of the congregation being baptized in the Holy Spirit. And it was here in 1937, during the Great Depression, that Charles was born in an upstairs apartment at the "Baptical" church.

In those early years, Clifford and Helen Crabtree didn't stay long in any one place. Clifford was a trouble-shooter and church planter. After Hatfield Point and Halifax came Prince Edward Island, Grand Manan Island, and other less glamorous communities. It was a way of life, the style that Clifford knew was ordered of the Holy Spirit.

But in 1940 the itinerant ministry would give way to a permanent pastorate.

Back in Bangor trouble had been brewing in the Pentecostal church which Clifford helped start 16 years earlier. It had splintered, leaving only a handful of people who were so poor they could hardly pay the light bills. They believed Clifford could unite the church and turn it around; so they begged him to assume the pastorate. Never one to move without having the mind of the Holy Spirit, the Crabtrees prayed about it until they believed that Bangor was in God's plan for them. They accepted the challenge, moved to Bangor, and went to work.

Clifford and Helen Crabtree would pastor the church for the next 30 years. Taking a remnant which was meeting in an upstairs hall, the Crabtrees would inject a new fire and loyalty, and the church began to flourish and became one of the strongest Pentecostal churches in all New England.

It is where Charles and his siblings would grow up, learning early what the call of God was all about and what it was like to be in an old-time



Pentecostal service. "It was pretty lively," Charles recalls. "It had dancing—in the Spirit, of course, not choreography. They had a lot of prophecy. A lot of messages in tongues. A lot of shouting. They would sing until you were hoarse."

Charles saw excesses, but he recognized the balance his father possessed. Clifford gave believers freedom to worship and operate in the gifts of the Spirit, yet he knew when to place controls over certain activities that seemed to go too far.

An important part of their Pentecostalism, and one which they treasured, was their independence.

The Crabtrees and many other pastors in New England were fearful of organizations, so they belonged to a loose association called Full Gospel Fellowship, which operated in New England and Canada. More than a hundred churches were involved, with the high point of the year coming at the Bridgewater, Maine, camp meeting. There a thousand or more worshippers still gather for a time of fellowship and meeting God.

**W**hat kind of relationship did Clifford and Helen Crabtree have and how did they affect David, Hazel, Charles, and Charlotte?

Charles called their marriage a wonderful relationship through the years. "It was an unbelievable blend. My father was an extremely devotional, legalistic, holiness man, who just...he did not believe in anything of the flesh at all. He would have been a wonderful monk."

Preparing for a sermon didn't seem spiritual to Clifford Crabtree. This is perhaps best illustrated when he was 75, retired, and living in Des Moines where his son David pastored First Assembly.

On a Friday when Clifford was to preach for his son David on the following Sunday, one of the staff members—Randy Hurst—approached him for his sermon title to place in the bulletin. A sermon title? "A sermon title on Friday?" Clifford queried the startled Hurst. "How can any man know the mind of God and preach in the anointing of the Holy Ghost on Sunday and know what he's going to



Clifford Crabtree dedicates Rene Elizabeth in 1964. Her parents, Charles and Ramona, are at the left.

do on Friday?"

Helen Eddy Crabtree was an opposite.

"My mother was an incurable student, and a great student of prophecy," Charles remembered. "And my dad scorned it. He would scorn prophecy, saying, 'I'm a pan-millennialist; it's all going to pan out,' and 'You can't get into those mysteries. That's a mystery that only God has within His keeping.'"

Now reflecting on his parents' views on prophecy, Charles is wondering if his father wasn't closer to the truth.

Not only was Helen Crabtree a great student, but she was also an excellent communicator. And even

### **The Crabtree home had strict rules, but the children saw a genuineness in their parents.**

though the Crabtrees were independent, the New England Assemblies of God enlisted her to teach Sunday school conferences.

"She was very, very outgoing," Charles remembers fondly. "Very, very humorous." When Clifford would unintentionally say something humorous and have people rolling in the aisles, he would feel guilty and quickly put a damper on the frivolity: "Well, we've got to cut out this foolishness. God's not pleased with all

this foolishness."

Helen would rejoin, "God made you, and I think that he has a pretty good sense of humor, Clifford."

People who knew Clifford and Helen Crabtree do not have to guess from which side of the family Charles received his often rollicking sense of humor.

Helen would never preach when Clifford was in the service, but she would fill the pulpit in his absence—and in Charles' opinion—she was the better of the two when it came to preaching.

Much of that preaching centered on holy living. How could one claim to be a Pentecostal without focusing on holiness? The two were just inseparable.

And Clifford and Helen believed that their household should set a good example for the church. There was no question where they stood on worldly entertainment and questionable activities.

"I didn't attend one ball game in my life until I came to Central Bible Institute," Charles remembers with a chuckle. "No comics....no socializing. I was never in anyone's home overnight growing up. No school activities except the chess club, and they [his parents] would play chess and checkers with us."

Worldly activities were just not negotiable in the Crabtree home. They filled their lives with church activities and their music and never missed events other kids regarded as essential to a well-rounded development. Charles played the piano, marimba, and trumpet; David, trombone; and Hazel, piano. "My mother and dad loved the classics," Charles added, "and felt that there was a religious connotation there."

Her children remember Helen Crabtree not as an early morning person. "She had all this church work, and she also ran a large nursing home by phone, and was pretty much of an entrepreneur herself," Charles said.

So Clifford took the responsibility of preparing breakfast after his daily 5-6:30 prayer and devotional time. Anyone who had been around Clifford could tell you his devotional period would never be a quiet time.



"We could hear him storming heaven," Charles recalled, and at 6:30 he would cook breakfast for us—which was the most terrible breakfast in history. He never did improve."

At 7:00 Helen would come in and the family would have devotions before the children headed for school. Although struggling through Leviticus and Lamentations was hardly inspiring for the children, Charles saw their parents as people who believed in divine intervention. "The Word was supreme. They would talk to us about trouble, problems with kids, and we'd pray over these situations."

Charles remembered his mother pressing her children to excel. She said, "Whatever you do, my goodness, don't bore the people. For heaven's sake, give them something to think about." And from their father, the children learned the devotional part of living for God.

He may have had his shortcomings and been considered too strict, but Clifford Crabtree was transparent. "He was one of the most consistent men that I ever knew in my life," Charles added. "He lived what he preached." And he reached out to the city, to the sinners on the streets, in the jails, and wherever they could be touched.

He saw the potential of gospel radio and started the "Glad Tidings" broadcast with its unmistakable theme, "What the World Needs Is Jesus." Jesus was the answer to every problem, radio listeners would soon learn, and they knew that Clifford Crabtree had selected the theme for something more than a melodious tune. Bangor and the world needed Jesus. Crabtree believed that God had sent him to Bangor, not to entertain or soft-pedal the gospel but to preach its truths with power.

When it came time for the children to graduate from high school, the Crabtrees believed—after visiting several schools—that Central Bible Institute in Springfield, Missouri, would provide the best education in a setting known for its spiritual priorities. Unwittingly by choosing CBI, Clifford and Helen opened a door that led their children away from the inde-

pendent Pentecostal fellowship and to the Assemblies of God. But when their children walked through that door, it led them to worldwide ministries they would have never known had they stayed in Bangor.

For Charles and his wife Ramona, a musical ministry led to a preaching ministry with pastorates in Des Moines, Iowa, and San Jose, California. In San Jose they accepted the challenge to build the huge Bethel Church complex with its 2,500-seat auditorium.

When Clifford Crabtree, the Maine farmer's son and strict holiness

### **The children filled their lives with church activities and their music and never missed events other kids regarded as essential to a well-rounded development.**

preacher, walked into the magnificent building, he was moved beyond words.

He was proud of his son.

Perhaps too he let his memory roll back to places like Hatfield Point, Halifax, Prince Edward Island, and even during the early years at Bangor. He could have thought of some of the 2nd- and 3rd-floor halls he and the now departed Helen had used for church auditoriums during the Great Depression. Pentecostalism had come a long way in 70 years.

Now walking through Bethel Church a short time before his death, he was simply overwhelmed. Someone close by later told Charles that as his father walked and looked at the beautiful structure, tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

In Bangor 40 years ago, Clifford and Helen Crabtree probably envisioned their high school son pastoring in Maine or becoming a missionary. San Jose and Des Moines and Springfield were not in their thoughts.

What would Clifford Crabtree—the rigid independent—think of his son as the assistant general superintendent of the Assemblies of God if he were still here?

Charles thought for a moment

before answering. "He would have to be proud, and yet he would wonder about it...He would say, 'It certainly isn't for me...to sit behind a desk.'"

The man who would have been a wonderful monk, but was "one of the most consistent men that I ever knew in my life," according to his son, would be proud. Really proud.

And chances are a few more tears would flow.

#### **Notes**

1. This church is now called Glad Tidings and moved into a new building in 1976. Although the church remains independent, it is currently pastored by A. E. Shuttlesworth, an Assemblies of God minister.

2. F. Harold Bickford, *Full Gospel Newsletter*, February 1960, quoted in James E. Peters, *Prevailing Westerlies* (Shippensburg, PA: Destiny Image), 22. The book is available from Pat Pickard, RFD 3, Box 104, Bangor, ME 04401, soft cover, \$17; hard cover, \$38. Postpaid.

3. Frank Bartleman, *Azusa Street* (Plainfield, NJ: Logos, International, 1980), 109. A reprint of the 1925 *How Pentecost Came to Los Angeles—How It Was in the Beginning*.

4. Clifford A. Crabtree, memoirs quoted in James E. Peters, *Prevailing Westerlies*, 111.

5. *Ibid.*, 112. If people tapped their feet or danced, it was thought that the building would collapse.

6. *Ibid.*, 116. The Davis twins were school teachers, and they had a brother who was a state legislator. They were baptized in the Spirit under the ministry of William H. Durham, in 1910.

7. *Ibid.*

8. Interview with Charles Crabtree, December 22, 1993. While in Macon, Crabtree, Wright, and Flewelling met a man who challenged them spiritually and intellectually. J. Rufus Moseley (1870-1954) was best known as a columnist for the *Macon Telegraph* but was a Pentecostal and took time to discuss spiritual matters with them—for which they were grateful for the rest of their lives. Moseley's book *Manifest Victory* was reprinted in 1971 during the high tide of the charismatic movement. Moseley also wrote other books, including *Perfect Everything*. Of Moseley, E. Stanley Jones wrote, "He has a deeper hold on the meaning of the incarnation than anyone with whom I have come in contact."

9. Peters, 117.

10. Peters, 122-23.

11. *Ibid.*

12. Charles went to Bathurst, New Brunswick for the first time following the General Council last August where he met some Eddy cousins. The family business is now called the Eddy Group. Around Bathurst he found indications of the Eddy family: the Eddy Memorial, the Eddy Commerce Building, the Eddy Plaza, the Eddy Center, etc. He was given a box of matches called Eddy Lites as a memento.



**See the fall issue for the story of Forrest and Estelline Bridges, parents of General Treasurer James K. Bridges.**



The Archives staff is appreciative of the many people who think about us when they have access to historical materials that relate to the Assemblies of God or the Pentecostal movement.

Recently Phil and Ruth Egert wrote and enclosed a navy newspaper clipping from Virginia Beach which tells of the Aegis guided-missile destroyer Stethem which will be launched this summer. The ship is named in honor of SW2 Robert Dean Stethem, a navy diver and member of the Assemblies of God, who was murdered by terrorists while aboard TWA flight 847 in Athens, Greece, June 14, 1985.

Phil and Ruth's son Chester is an army chaplain who has served two tours of duty in Somalia.

We appreciate their interest in the ministry we have at the Archives.

And here is a request.

Fifty years from now people will wonder what camp meetings were like in the 1990s. If you attend a camp meeting this year, kindly take a photo or two for the Archives. Be sure to identify the camp, people in the photo (if possible), and the photographer. Send to the A/G Archives, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802.

We are also interested in adding to our older camp meeting photo collection. If you have photos which you would like to donate, please use the above address. Thanks for your help in preserving our heritage.

**First Assembly, Jamestown, North Dakota:** 50th Anniversary book. **Waldo Trask:** biographical materials. **Gary McGee:** "Gathering of Latin American Pentecostals...Brazil," Jan. 1988. **Southern California District:** *Declare His Glory*, 75th Anniversary Yearbook. **Howard Davidson:** "Thos. F. Zimmerman," research paper by Kenneth J. Patrick. **Leatha Perkins Dahlgren:** E. E. Manney obituary. **Colin Whitaker:** *Another Springtime: The Life of Donald Gee*, by Richard Massey. **David Bundrick:** "The Education Problem," by Ralph M. Riggs, 1951. **Betty Chase, Evangel College Archives:** material on P. C. Nelson's association with Great Lakes Bible Institute. **Donald Dayton:** booklet, "Under the Shade of the Coconut Palms," by Ervin Shaffer.

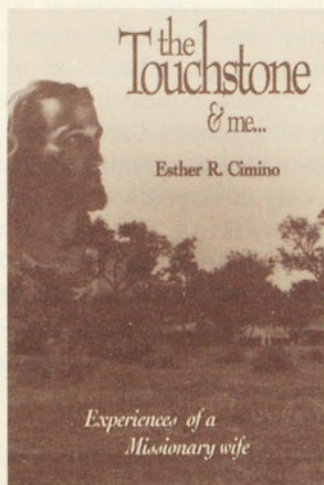
**Ellene Tapp:** "Pentecostal Power," tract, by Mrs. M.B. Woodworth-Etter. **Ruth Burke Rill:** video, "Portrait of a Pioneer" (Fred Burke). **H. C. Hartjens:** photocopies of *Herald of Truth* (Houston), August 1945, October and December 1947. **Eleanor Parry:** Hebrew, Greek, and other books from library of Rollin L. Burns. **Cyril McLellan:** 21 Revivaltime Choir albums. **Jerry R. Ramsey:** *The Same Spirit*, by donor. **I. J. Vaughan:** *Nigeria: The Origins of Apostolic Church Pentecostalism* (sent by John Yates, England). **Michael Bower:** "Smith Wigglesworth: A Master of the Age," research paper. **Albert W. Edsor:** *Set Your House in Order* (donor's book on George Jeffreys) and *The Pattern*, April 1962 (memorial issue for George Jeffreys). **Lawrence Mundt:** Aimee Semple McPherson record album, "From Milkpail to Pulpit." **Vernon Boyer:** book *Divorce and Remarriage*, and video *Partnership in Pioneering* (on Revivaltime and First A/G, Brookville, Pennsylvania.)



Former Central Bible Institute instructor Dr. Rollin L. Burns donated Greek, Hebrew, and other textbooks to the Archives. He taught at the school in the 1930s and now lives in Florida.

## Seen in Print

*The Touchstone & Me, Experiences of a Missionary Wife,*  
by Esther R. Cimino (Mrs. Ralph),  
paper, 266 pages. Copies are available from the author, 932  
Camorene, Springfield, MO 65803



Concerned about many foreign missionaries who drop out after only one term on the field and others going through difficult experiences, Esther Cimino—trying to avoid being judgmental—writes of her own long missionary service in Nigeria with her husband Ralph. "I trust and pray that sharing my experiences as a missionary wife will help some struggling

missionary wife (or pastor's wife—or any Christian woman)."

A second reason for a book of this kind is to give a graphic and honest portrayal of missions, to let people in this country know more about the ministries they are supporting.

What would make an American woman willing to return to a country that provided primitive living in many cases and one which was going through a disastrous civil war? Mrs. Cimino makes it clear from her Preface that it was because of her relationship to the Lord Jesus Christ—her Touchstone. "My contact with 'The Touchstone' would show what I was made of! It would reveal if I was genuine, authentic—if I had what it took to be a devoted follower of Christ."

For more than 30 years the author handled numerous obstacles that helped her conclude that with her Touchstone's help, she was indeed "cut out" to be a foreign missionary. Her responsibilities in Nigeria included heading the English Department at what is now the Assemblies of God Divinity School.

You'll read of her struggles and victories in this easy-to-read book, enhanced by dozens of photographs. ♣



# FROM OUR READERS

## Spreading the Word About *Heritage*

I received a subscription to *Heritage* several years ago, as a Christmas gift from my grandson. I love it and read it from cover to cover.

I was saved in First Assembly of God, Farmington, Missouri, in February 1949. My seven children, two grandsons that I raised have grown up in the church. Eight other grandchildren who live here have been raised in the church.

Our church celebrated its 50th anniversary last year. We have had only two pastors. J. W. Allen built the church and pastored 25 1/2 years. Pastor Hugh Cerutti and his family came to the church in 1969 and have now celebrated their 25th year. We

love our pastors and treat them well. Mrs. J. W. Allen is 81 and still attends the church.

God bless your magazine. It has surely been a blessing to me. I want to give a gift subscription to my sister Nina Kennon on her birthday.

Mrs. Virginia Johnson  
Farmington, Missouri

## Correction on Trask Story

*Virginia Pennington, Fargo, North Dakota, wrote a letter to General Superintendent Thomas E. Trask in response to the article "Waldo and Bea Trask" (Spring 1994). It is being excerpted here.*

Today I received my copy of *Heritage*. When I saw there was an article about your parents, I was very

interested.

However, there is a mistake in the article, and I am probably the only one who caught it. Your parents' landlady in Fargo was Tilda Davidson (Mrs. B.H.), not Mrs. Jacobson. They lived at 805 3rd Street, north. Mrs. Davidson was a very special friend of mine. In fact, I led her to the altar when she accepted the Lord.

Mrs. Davidson told us many times about your parents living in one of her apartments. She also told how she witnessed to them. She has been with the Lord for several years.

Virginia Pennington  
Fargo, North Dakota

**MISSIONARY PIONEERS.** Missionaries and mission leaders posed for this group photo on the steps of Chicago's Stone Church at the 1919 General Council. Those identified are Harold Hansen (China), third from right, front row; Alice and Stanley Frodsham, second and third from left, top row; Jacob J. Mueller (India), in front of Alice Frodsham; J. Roswell

Flower, top row, far right; Charles and Rachel Doney (Egypt), fourth and fifth from right, second row; D. W. Kerr, behind Doney; Harry Bowley (Africa), on Kerr's left; the first A/G black missionaries (Liberia) are Isaac (in front of Flower) and Martha Neeley (on Stanley Frodsham's left). Can you help the Archives identify others?





1445 Boonville Avenue  
 Springfield, Missouri 65802-1894



## Camp Meetings

Summer means camp meetings, and this issue will feature graphic reminders of earlier periods from different sections of the country. The Potomac District grounds above was taken in the late 1930s or 1940s. The poster on the right promoted a 1915 meeting in Oklahoma. Below, choir members and other participants in a Kansas City, Kansas, tent meeting under the ministry of Pastor Henry Hoar, seated, fourth from right. The sign defends the Pentecostal experience by calling attention to Peter's acceptance of Cornelius' household when they were baptized in the Spirit. The same experience was happening in 1922, the Kansas City Pentecostals argued.

SEE MORE CAMP MEETING  
 PHOTOGRAPHS ON 16-17.

Third Annual Encampment  
 OF <sup>1915</sup>  
**PENECOSTAL SAINTS**  
 For Oklahoma and Nearby States

---

WILL BE HELD AT  
**SHAWNEE, OKLA.**  
 JULY 9th 18th INCLUSIVE

---

ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE THINGS OF  
 GOD ARE URGED TO ATTEND.

THE OBJECT OF THE MEETING IS THAT SINNERS  
 MAY BE SAVED, BELIEVERS BAPTIZED WITH THE HOLY  
 SPIRIT, THE SICK HEALED, AND THAT A DEEPER SPIRIT-  
 UALITY MAY PREVAIL AMONG THE SAINTS EVEWHERE.  
 A CLOSER FELLOWSHIP AND BETTER UNDERSTANDING  
 BE REALIZED AMONG ALL THE PREACHERS AND WORK-  
 ERS FROM THE DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.  
 THAT WITH ONE HEART AND ONE SOUL WE MAY GLORIFY  
 GOD, LOOKING FOR THE GLORIOUS APPEARING OF OUR  
 SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST, AMEN.

COME EXPECTING GREAT THINGS FROM THE LORD  
 AND PRAY UNTIL YOUR EXPECTATIONS ARE REALIZED,  
 FOR "HE IS ABLE TO DO EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY  
 ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK OR THINK."

E. N. BELL, EDITOR OF THE "WEEKLY EVANGEL"  
 AND ELDER FRED LOHMAN OF MALVERN, ARK., AND  
 MANY OTHER SPIRIT FILLED PREACHERS AND WORKERS  
 ARE EXPECTED.

"ALL THINGS IN COMMON" IS THE PLAN FOR THE  
 MEETING. EXPENCES WILL BE MET BY FREE WILL OF-  
 FERINGS. BRING YOUR OWN BEDDING AND TOILET AR-  
 TICLES AND A LIBERAL OFFERING UNTO THE LORD.  
 UPON ARRIVAL IN THE CITY GO DIRECT TO CON-  
 VENTION HALL.

**W. T. GASTON**

