

VOL. 18, No. 2, SUMMER 1998

Assemblies of God

HERITAGE



50TH

ANNIVERSARY

AMBASSADOR I

Radio operator Paul Gatts, center, recalls humorous and serious events while in the wild blue yonder with missionaries. Left, Bill Wood; right, pilot Herman Revis

Assemblies of God
HERITAGETM

SUMMER 1998 VOL. 18, NO. 2
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COMING IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER

On the 50th Anniversary of *Ambassador 1* and its worldwide flights for the Division of Foreign Missions, the crew radio operator shares the plane's purpose, a little humor, lots of danger, a few near misses, and camaraderie. A visit with old "Charlie 46" with Paul Gatts



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THE NEARLY FORGOTTEN WIRE RECORDER

Do you remember the state-of-the-art recording "hardware" from the late 1940s? Here is a reminder of that technology—rare as a five cent ice cream cone and a two cent first class postage stamp. By Wayne Warner, the "resident authority" on wire recordings.

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HERITAGE LETTER

Keeping the Past Alive

If you've read *Heritage* for any length of time, you've probably noticed that its mission is to keep our Assemblies of God and Pentecostal heritage alive. For 17 years we have attempted to publish stories and photographs that inspire, entertain, inform, and encourage. My hope is that long after the current Flower Pentecostal Heritage staff is gone and enjoying the scene from Maranatha Manor or some other retirement complex that others with equal appreciation for our history will continue to keep it alive. (Pray that when the time comes, God will send the right people along and a supportive Board of Administration who will be at least as supportive as the men with whom we have worked for the past 18 years.)

Today we fulfill the mission through this column and other features and an occasional story for outside publications, including *Charisma* and *Christian History*. And it has been my privilege to write the "Looking Back" column for the *Pentecostal Evangel* for the past 3 and a half years. Other writers and scholars depend on our collections for primary materials for their articles, books, dissertations, and videos.

They too keep our history alive. And the beat goes on.

In the not-too-distant future we hope to be on the internet with holdings that will more conveniently inspire, entertain, inform, and encourage a much greater audience--unrestricted by travel, space, and 8:00-to 4:30 hours.

That's why the General Presbytery a year ago got squarely behind the effort to raise \$1 million to relocate the Archives and build a state of the art museum and research center. That's why so many churches, districts, and individuals--including readers of *Heritage*-- saw the need and began to contribute to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.

And its still not too late to contribute to the unique cause that, unlike so many other projects, will remain in the public's eye for generations to come. Simply write or call today if you wish to give to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.

Wayne Warner is director of the Assemblies of God Archives and editor of *Heritage*. He is author of *The Woman Evangelist* (Maria B. Woodworth-Etter); *Kathryn Kuhlman: The Woman Behind the Miracles*; and compiler of two books on Smith Wigglesworth's sermons: *The Anointing of His Spirit* and *Only Believe*.



Above, General Superintendent Thomas E. Trask, left, enjoying a few moments with retired General Secretary Joseph Flower at Brother Flower's 85th birthday celebration last March.



Right, the painting of Mary Alice, "Almost Home," by Keith Hill, hanging in the editor's office. This former Assemblies of God Ambassador II has been restored and is in the American Museum at Duxford, England. (See page 19.)

If you have researched and written reports, articles, family histories, books, or a dissertation or two, you'll agree that it's hard work. Especially the writing. All of us have many ideas on features and columns to write of well-deserving people and events. But transferring words from your mind, oral histories, and special collections to the computer screen or paper is something else.

And I'll never forget the man who suggested we might run out of something to publish! We'll never run out of important stories to publish. Maybe run out of time, or inspiration, or energy, or deplete that budget line identified as 001-01-105-5701-105. But not out of something that should be told.

If you have ideas for stories, a testimony, or have photos you wish to submit, please don't wait for us to contact you. Either get on the phone (417) 862-1447, Ext. 4400; write a letter to 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802; or send us an e-mail with your suggestion: wwarner@ag.org.

Thank you for your support.



Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer

Remembering “Charlie 46”

Ambassador's Radio Operator
Reminisces on 50th Anniversary
of the Foreign Missionary Flights

By Paul Gatts

The Missionary Flights program made an important contribution to Assemblies of God foreign mission efforts after WWII. Additionally, it brought prestige, recognition, and publicity to our local churches. Large crowds gathered at airports to herald its arrival and departures, often making front page news.

John and Earlene Garlock were faculty members and friends when I attended Southeastern Bible Institute. When they heard of the need for a licensed radio operator, they tracked me down. It was summer of 1948, and I was in New Orleans waiting for a ship assignment as a merchant marine radio officer. I responded immediately to a telegram from

During the past dozen years, *Heritage* has stirred up old memories for many and introduced others to the flights of two converted World War II military planes: *Ambassador I* (a C-46 Curtiss Commander cargo plane) and *Ambassador II* (a B-17 Flying Fortress bomber). The program, like the Pony Express of the 19th century, lasted only about 3 years but was instrumental in quickly getting missionaries to and from their fields of service shortly after World War II. This fall marks the 50th anniversary of the program, and *Heritage* has asked the radio operator Paul Gatts to relate some of his first-hand experiences aboard the *Ambassadors*. In recent years Paul has served as a radio operator aboard sea-going ships. He is married to the former Ellen Walker, daughter of missionaries Alva and Mary Walker. The Gatts couple reside in Milpitas, Calif. Ellen was in Springfield last July to attend the funeral of her step-mother, Louise Jeter Walker.

Noel Perkin, Foreign Missions Secretary, and was off to an interview in Springfield.

The *Ambassador* had just completed its maiden flight to West Africa via the North Atlantic route. Herman Revis was the new pilot when I joined the crew as the radio operator.

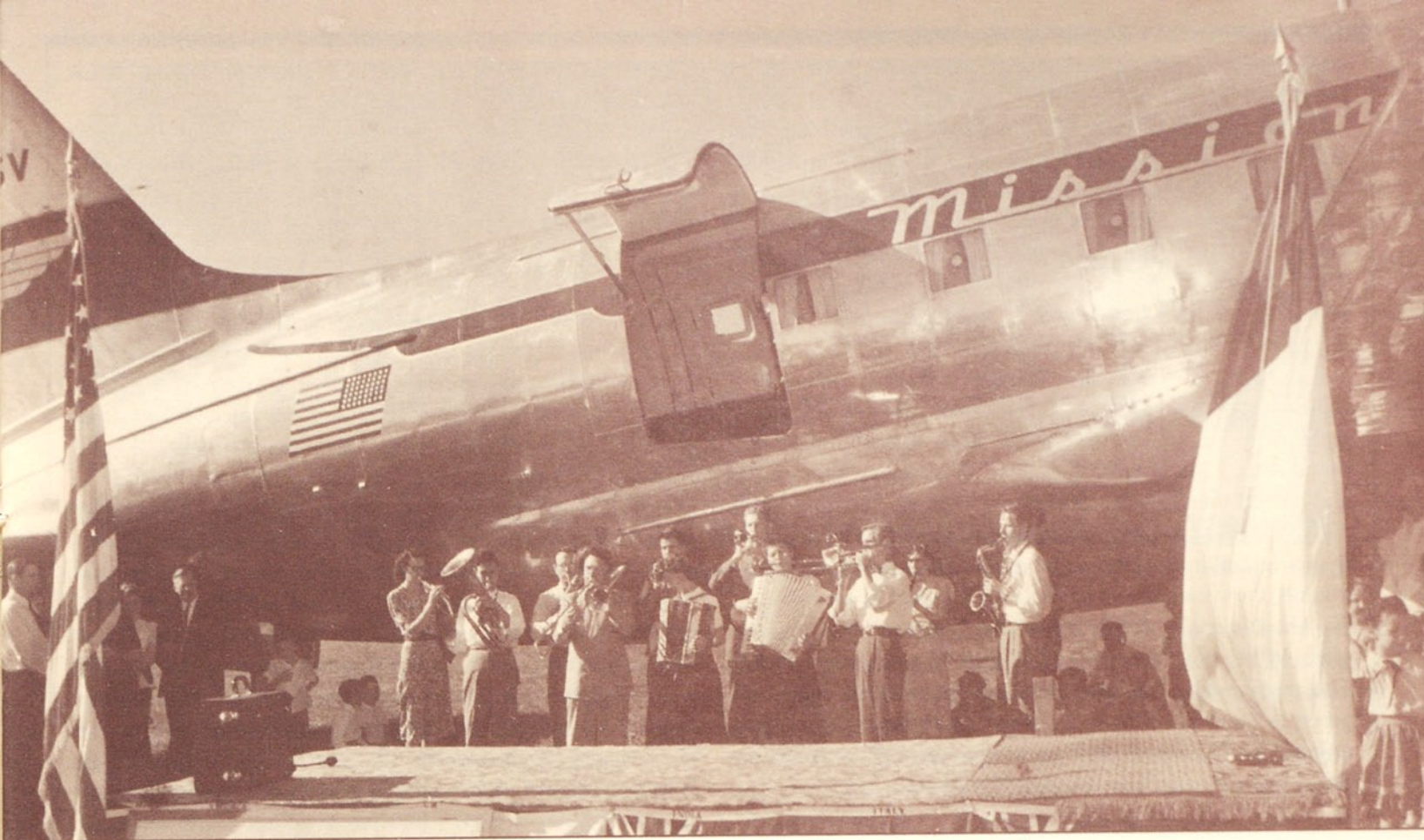
In 1948 DFM Director Noel Perkins sent this telegram to the author in New Orleans.

SEEKING RADIO MAN FOR
OUR TRANSPORT PLANE IF INTERESTED
WRITE US IMMEDIATELY
FULL PARTICULARS YOUR
QUALIFICATION AND EXPERIENCE
HAVE YOU OPERATED LORAN=

There was a lot of excitement about the next scheduled flight to West Africa. An auxiliary fuel tank was being installed in the forward part of the cabin. It would provide additional fuel so we could cross the South Atlantic Ocean directly from Brazil to West Africa. I was busy modifying radio equipment to meet Federal regulations. A telegram arrived the day before departure with a required radio station license and an official radio call sign—WHIIT.

First stop, Miami. We did not have the facilities of a large airline supporting us. Often, we used former U.S. Air Force charts, ingenuity, and what information we could obtain along the way. When we landed at Miami, I immediately set about identifying radio stations and obtaining procedures for inflight reports along our route. Pan Am Airlines had a network of radio beacons. We learned that if we took off a little before their scheduled flights, the bea-

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A band plays at the dedication of the C-46 *Ambassador I*, August 1948.

Leaving for Africa



William M. Wood, pilot, and Roy Taylor, co-pilot,
at the *Ambassador I* controls.



cons would be operational, and we could use them without paying a big fee.

The Bottomless Oil Tank Incident. Something was amiss. The lube oil tank was being topped off in Miami. Why was it taking so much oil? By the time an open pet-cock was found, oil had already drained into the baggage compartment. The mess was cleaned up with gasoline. That worked pretty good, but left the plane filled with fumes. It took a while for the fumes to dissipate, but soon we were on our way.

Across the Caribbean. I have to admit, I was a little scared when we landed at San Juan, Puerto Rico. We encountered a rain squall on our final approach that harbored some violent wind currents. It obscured the runway and tossed the plane around like a cork in the surf. The pilot struggled to keep the runway aligned and the airplane in the right altitude. He was ready to pull up; then, at the last minute, the weather cleared and we touched down safely.

The continuing flight across the Caribbean was spectacular. White beaches outlined islands like so many jewels. The surrounding shallow water changed from shades of green to the blue of the deep ocean. How peaceful cruising around fluffy clouds that decorated the sky. Soon the flight was over, and we were in Trinidad.

Both engines suddenly stopped over the South Atlantic. The plane dropped from 9-2,000 feet, and Captain Revis prepared to ditch the plane.

Skimming the Trees. We had so much cargo that the crew had to crawl over the top of it to get to the cockpit. When we took off from Trinidad, our fuel pressure gauge indicated low pressure and we couldn't gain altitude. Airport personnel said it was the closest they saw anyone come to crashing into the trees off the end of the runway. We immediately returned to the airport for tests of our fuel system.

Tropical Mud. Unfortunately, on the return to Trinidad, the plane slipped off of the taxiway into the tropical mud. We revved up both engines while pulling the plane with a big truck. It would lift up a bit, quiver, then ooze back into the gooey mud. Finally, after two days of frustration we eased out onto some planks and onto the taxiway. We unloaded a ton of cargo in Trinidad to lighten the plane before taking off again.

Chicken Feathers. How can I forget the dinner party that a young lady arranged for me at her family home. We climbed up a ladder to get to the house on stilts. Our dinner was chicken stew; and it was spectacular because there were still some feathers on the chicken. Of course, I've had

the delicacy of chicken foot soup in China since then, but it is a little startling the first time.

On to Brazil—It was a snap flying across Brazil to Belem, then on to Natal. I reported to the Brazilian Army by code and voice using my Portuguese phrase book. When Pan Am radio beacons weren't turned on, we tuned into commercial broadcast stations for radio direction finder bearings.

Across the South Atlantic—The roar of our powerful engines sent a rush of excitement, and pride as we lifted off from Natal for a direct route to Dakar, French West Africa. The cabin was not pressurized, so we leveled off at about 10,000 feet to keep our oxygen level comfortable. What a peaceful beginning to our adventures.

Deafening Silence. There is something reassuring about the steady purr of engines in a prop plane. It surrounds you and guarantees that the air is carrying you steadily on your intended path. We had been flying for several hours and enjoying the clouds and the great ocean; it was so peaceful as we settled back for our long flight.

Abruptly, our peace was shattered—Both engines stopped! It felt like the bottom fell out of our world as the plane tipped and headed for the ocean. The captain immediately trimmed the plane into a glide. The altitude dropped: 9,000, 8,000, 7,000 feet!!! ... the flight engineer was busy with fuel pumps and controls ... 6,000, 5,000, 4,000 feet!!! It seemed like pandemonium at first, but everyone was doing their job. We dropped to about 2,000 feet, and the captain prepared to ditch... Then, one engine coughed ... and slowly started. A few seconds later the second engine sputtered and wound up.

The auxiliary tanks were designed to be used first, then the fuel line switched to the wing tanks. No one had noticed a drop in fuel pressure until the auxiliary tanks were sucked dry. The pumps had to be primed before we could get gas from the wing tanks. Now, we were slowly climbing back to cruising altitude...continuing on for Dakar. We had used a lot of extra fuel climbing back to altitude. And there was growing concern about the condition of the fuel system and amount of remaining fuel. With the point-of-no-return fast approaching, our decision wouldn't wait. To the relief of everyone, the captain eased the plane around, and we headed back for Brazil.

Illegal Entry. For some reason we decided to land at Receife, which is South of Natal, Brazil. I remember the steep bank as we approached the field, and the fire engines rushing out to the field. I'm sure it was a reaction to our unexpected return and from reports of an engine failure and aborted ocean crossing. At first, the officials would not allow the passengers to disembark, because we did not have official entry papers. When they found that the passengers were likely to suffocate in the stifling cabin heat, they relented. After a short time to refresh and regroup, we were allowed to return to Natal.



Missionaries returning on the maiden flight of *Ambassador I*. The flight ended in Springfield on September 3, 1948, after making a 3-week round trip to Africa.

Detention at Natal. Solving the diplomatic crisis and obtaining new clearances was going to take several days. It was decided to send the passengers on to Africa via a British Airline plane. While the *Ambassador* was detained at Natal the crew worked on the engines and thoroughly checked out the fuel system. About six days later the crew dead-headed the plane across to Dakar, then Freetown, Sierra Leone, and finally to Roberts Field, Liberia where we caught up with the passengers.

The Cheese Incident. We were somewhere over Ivory Coast when an awful stench filled the cabin. It was traced to a stash of rotten cheese. The rear door was designed to be opened in flight for military parachute operations. An obvious solution seemed to be, just toss the cheese out the rear door. All started out well, until the thrower slipped; his legs shot past the door and were caught in the air stream. He managed to grab part of a seat. Then we formed a human chain and pulled him back in the plane. As I recall, we did get rid of the cheese.

In the Fog. We were preparing to take off from Gander, Newfoundland on our way to Paris. The airport was almost socked in with fog. Stormy conditions were forecast along our North Atlantic route to Reykjavik, Iceland. I was

**“Coming in on a wing and a prayer”
is not just a song.
It has a special meaning for those of us who
were involved with the *Ambassador* air-
planes.**

busy getting the latest weather forecast. The captain loaded the passengers and called me by radio to hurry to the plane.

We lifted off into heavy fog. The weather rapidly worsened making long range direction finder bearings unreliable. Heavy static made signals unreadable on our LORAN

navigation system. I knew we still had an opportunity to get a good position report from a Coast Guard station ship along our route. Unfortunately, the ship did not answer our radio call.

We had a “short range” 4-channel VHF radio communications system aboard. Channels A & B were converted to operate on commercial airport frequencies. Channels C & D were left on the original military frequencies. In desperation I called on channels A, B, and C, not really expecting a reply in the middle of an ocean; all I got was crackling radio noise.

When I tried channel D, there was a loud, crisp reply from a U.S. Navy patrol plane. He told me the Coast Guard station ship that I tried to contact was off on a rescue mission. Then he gave me information so I could contact a U.S. Navy to get a radar position. The radar position showed we had slowed the plane and blown considerably off course. Fortunately, we could make an emergency landing at Bluey West airport in Southern Greenland. After refuelling it was a short, pleasant, and uneventful trip to Reykjavik, Iceland; Dublin Ireland; and Paris.

The Trip to India. Our first trip to India was a major undertaking. The log books can't be found. The trip as I recall started at Springfield in mid-February, 1949. Our trip took us to LaGuardia Field, New York; then Gander, Newfoundland; across the Atlantic via the Azores to Lisbon, Portugal; across the Mediterranean to Tunis, Tunisia; then Cairo, Egypt; Sharjah, Persian Gulf States; and across the Arabian Sea to Bombay. In India we stopped at Calcutta, Putna on the Ganges, then to Ooticamond in Southern India. Our return trip took from Bombay across the Arabian Sea to Djibouti, Somaliland in Africa with stops at Kartoum, Anglo Egyptian Sudan, Kano Nigeria and Roberts Field, Liberia. Next we crossed the South Atlantic to Natal and Belem, Brazil; then Trinidad, Puerto Rico, St.

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By Gladys Behnke Triplett
as told to
Emma Claypool Moore



Thirteen *at the table*

The plainly dressed woman who rang the doorbell at our home in Newberg, Oregon, about 10:30 that morning was a stranger to me.

So weak and ill I could scarcely stand, I clung to the door for support. All I grasped was the word prayer.

I assumed she had come for help. My husband was holding evangelistic meetings in another city, but I invited her in and sank weakly to my knees beside the couch. She removed a damp scarf from her rain-bedraggled hair and laid aside her coat.

As I started to ask about her need, she said, "I did not come for prayer. The Father has sent me to minister to you, dear child. He has sent me to you because of your distress and great need. You called with all your heart, and you asked in faith."

With that she lifted me in her arms, laid me on the couch, covered me, and said, "When you cried unto him in the night, your Heavenly Father heard your prayer, Sleep now, my child, for He cares for you."

Marveling, I said, "Oh, thank you. But how did you get here?"

The late Gladys and her husband L. Otis Triplett pastored churches in several states before experiencing the unusual happening retold in "Thirteen at the Table." The article was originally published in *Live* in 1968, and the *Pentecostal Evangel* in 1972 and January 7, 1990. The Triplett's reared eight children; Loren and his wife Mildred were missionaries to Latin America, and Loren served as director of the Assemblies of God Division of Foreign Missions (1989-97). Delta, Loren's sister, and her husband James Kessler were missionaries in Africa and with the Division of Home Missions. Third generation ministers include Don Triplett, missionary to El Salvador; Marcus Triplett, pastor, Daytona Beach, Florida; and Wendy Veerkamp, working with Youth With a Mission.

"I came because of the cry of your heart in your great need."

She asked to use my bathroom to freshen up. When she returned, there was no trace of her having been in the rain. Her thick auburn hair appeared freshly combed, with braids coiled

Former DFM Director Loren Triplett was a high school freshman when this unusual experience happened in their Oregon home.

softly about her head. An indescribable glow covered her face, though it was a plain, sweet face.

This was the last I remembered. I, who had been unable to sleep for several nights, slept. Only God knew how much I needed it.

We had pastored in several states since our marriage and had only recently come to Oregon, my home state. The pastor of the Assembly of God at Newberg had asked me to help with Sunday school and youth work and house-to-house visitation. My husband was preaching in neighboring churches while waiting for a pastorate.

When he had been called for this revival, he had hesitated to leave me. My strength had not fully returned after the birth of the new baby—our eighth. I assured him we could manage, the children were good to help me.

On that Monday morning, after a sleepless night, I had fallen asleep when we should have been getting up.

The children and I hurried through breakfast and took time for morning devotions. The two oldest children, Loren, a high school freshman, and Delta, our eighth grader, usually did the dishes. But this morning, I had hurried them off to school. Delta wanted to help, but I thought she should not stay out of school. We agreed they could all pitch in after school.

When the door closed after the last child, I was exhausted. The mountain of dirty dishes, the unmade beds, a cluttered house, and a large pile of laundry overwhelmed me.

That is when the visitor came. I collapsed on the couch, hoping to rest and gain strength to bathe the two preschoolers.

Three hours later when I awoke refreshed. I looked in disbelief at my house. All the children's toys and belongings had been picked up, and the floors were clean. My 3-month-old baby, freshly bathed, was asleep in her crib. The dining table was extended to full length, spread with my best cloth, and was set with my best table service. There were places for 13—plus the high chair for our 16-month-old girl.

The appearance of the kitchen was even more astounding. The heaps of dirty dishes were gone, and the floors were clean. The active toddler was clean and sitting quietly in a chair by the table, playing with a spoon. There was a freshly baked cake, a large bowl of salad, and some other prepared food on the counter.

Even this was not the most bewildering. The basket of baby laundry and a full hamper of family laundry, plus the bedding from all the beds that had been changed on Saturday, had been washed, dried, ironed, and put away. My guest was just folding the ironing board.

I stared in disbelief. My washing machine was not capable of putting out that many loads in 3 hours. I had no dryer, and it was raining. How had she dried those clothes?

My usual three full baskets of ironing took me parts of 2 days. Often the children finished ironing after school. Yet she had done it all. I found later that each child's clothing had been folded and put in the proper drawers, and all the beds had been made.

As I expressed my thankfulness and wonder at the transformation of the house, I asked, "How could you get so much done in such a short time?"

"It is by God's enablements," she replied.

I asked where she lived, where she had spent the night. I tried to find out who she was, but her answers were strange.

Finally I asked, "Why is all this food prepared and the dining table set? We ordinarily eat in the kitchen when my husband is away, and we don't have that many in our family."

She replied, "Oh, you will be having guests soon."

I gasped. "Thirteen at the table?"

We talked in the kitchen for some time. I remember feeling awe as she ministered to me in words of faith.

As the children came from school, each looked at my guest and came over near me. I could tell they were puzzled.

"We knew it was impossible for any human to do all she had done in such a short time, so in curiosity and unbelief we questioned friends and neighbors, even the police in our town, about the stranger. No one had heard of such a person."

Several of the younger ones whispered, "Who is she, Mama? She looks funny—kind of different."

Earlier I had asked her name so I might introduce her to my family. She answered, "Just say I am a friend or a child of God who came because of your prayer."

I told the children, "This is a wonderful lady God sent to help me today. You see, Mommie prayed for help, and God sent this wonderful friend."

When my husband returned unexpectedly soon after the children came home, there were five others with him. There had been a death in the church, and the meeting had been canceled for a few days. My husband had left our car for me; so the pastor, his wife, their daughter, and another cou-

ple had driven over to bring him home. He would return later to continue the meetings.

Our visitor was just preparing to leave when Mr. Triplett came into the kitchen. I introduced her to him, as I had to the children. He said, "That's just wonderful. It's just like Jesus."

At 5 o'clock we were seated around the dinner table with our six older children, the two of us, and the five guests. There were 13 at the table. The toddler was in the high chair, and the baby was in her crib.

Our visitor vanished, and we found all the cooking utensils had been washed.

What could I have done in my weakened condition in my untidy house without the help of this amazing

visitor? I would have been embarrassed. My husband and family would have been ashamed, for we normally kept our housework done. The guests

"Everytime I speak of this experience I melt into tears at the mercy and loving-kindness of my Heavenly Father to send help in my extremity."

would not have felt at ease. What I might have prepared for them to eat, I do not know. Any woman who has been in a similar predicament can appreciate my gratitude.

We had never heard of such a visi-

tation. We knew it was impossible for any human to do all she had done in such a short time, so in curiosity and unbelief we questioned friends and neighbors, even the police in our town, about the stranger. No one had heard of such a person. No one could give us a clue to her identity. Our only explanation is that she was an angel "sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Hebrews 1:14).

Everytime I speak of this experience I melt into tears at the mercy and loving-kindness of my Heavenly Father to send help in my extremity. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgements, and his ways past finding out!" (Romans 11:33).



PHOTOS FROM OUR READERS



Subjects Take 1948 Caricatures Good-naturedly

How did Gospel Publishing House artist Charles Ramsay view Assemblies of God leaders in 1948? The caricatures displayed at the Central Bible Institute (now Central Bible College) alumni banquet that year will give you a good idea. W. I. Evans, dean of the school, responds to Ramsay's work while standing in front of his own likeness. The other four caricatures, from the left, are those of E. S. Williams, general superintendent; Wesley R. Steelberg, an assistant superintendent; Stanley H. Frodsham, editor of the *Pentecostal Evangel*; and J. Roswell Flower, general secretary. Seated on the front row are Mr. and Mrs. Emil Balliet, left; and Mrs. W. I. Evans, right. Photo courtesy of Robert Cunningham, former editor of the *Pentecostal Evangel*.



William Burton McCafferty

He Stands Tall For The Kingdom

by Glenn Gohr

William Burton "Burt" McCafferty is remembered as one of the pioneers of the Assemblies of God, having attended the first general council at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and taking an active role in the Fellowship from that point. Although he was small in stature, he stands tall in the Kingdom of God.

Many people have trouble keeping busy. Not McCafferty. He traveled extensively in evangelistic work, even during the years he taught at Southwestern Bible Institute. An itinerary which he recorded for the years 1936-1945 gives some insight to the myriad places at which he spoke and ministered.¹ He also contributed countless articles and revival reports to

early Pentecostal papers, especially the *Pentecostal Evangel*.² In addition, he was known as a poet and a song writer. He is best known for his expertise as a Bible scholar and educator.

General Treasurer James K. Bridges, who was a student of McCafferty at Southwestern, says, "Brother Mac was my mentor at Bible college. He was probably the greatest impact on my life when it comes to a Bible teacher."³ Bridges remembers having him for many classes and was awed by the strong anointing in his classes and McCafferty's deep love and knowledge of the Word of God. He was strong in Old Testament, New Testament, Bible Prophecy, Systematic Theology, Homiletics, etc. "He was

such a versatile person. There was nothing he couldn't teach."⁴

W. B. McCafferty was born on November 17, 1889, at Fort Worth, Texas. He was the second child in a family of seven children born to Charles Burton and Lilly Bell (Morton) McCafferty.⁵ His grandfather, George Washington McCafferty, had moved from Washington, Indiana, to central Texas in the late 1800s. At one time the grandfather owned the famous mineral well known as "The Crazy Well" at Mineral Wells, Texas. He later co-founded the first general merchandise store at Royse City which was called The Royse-McCafferty

Company. Eventually he was elected mayor and district clerk at Rockwall, Texas.⁶

Most of the McCaffertys were short in stature. Burt McCafferty was only five feet and 4 inches tall. Both of his parents were short as was his grandmother and others of his family.

McCafferty's father worked at various times as a policeman and a railroad worker and also was skilled in carpentry. The first five years of Burt's life were spent in Fort Worth. Then followed two years living in a log cabin on a farm near Royse City in Hunt County, Texas. Because of a money panic in 1896, his parents moved back to Fort Worth, then to a farm in Johnson County, and next to Rockwall.

Around 1900, the family moved back to Fort Worth where his father took up railroading. And there McCafferty in his boyhood and teen years worked at odd jobs for a laundry, the railroads, and a wood and fuel yard in Fort Worth. In March 1909, his father passed away suddenly at the age of 44.⁷ This had a profound effect on McCafferty and his family. About a year later, in July 1910, McCafferty was miraculously saved while attending an interstate camp meeting in Fort Worth. At that meeting he was also baptized in the Holy Spirit and healed of a disease which he had had since birth.

Feeling a call to preach, he soon began evangelizing and became associated with the Apostolic Faith or Pentecostal believers in Texas. He attended a short-term Bible school directed by D. C. O. Opperman in Fort Worth in February 1912 and was ordained on August 10th of that year. His first pastor in Fort Worth, Arch P. Collins, laid hands on him in the ordination service.

Over the next couple of years he evangelized in central Texas and in Mississippi with a band of workers which included G. C. Mangum, J. B. Smith, and others. In an interview in 1956, McCafferty declared, "I recall



William B. McCafferty in his early 20s about 1911.

those early days vividly. We had no money. There were no general or district council to lend support. Large churches were nonexistent. Transportation was slow.... It took days to make some trips which today can be completed in hours."⁸

Continuing to relate about the early days, McCafferty told about one

"We wandered about the city, trying to find a place to preach. Walking on the hot sand made my co-worker wince for he had no soles in his shoes. The tin sardine can lids which he used for soles became unbearably hot."

occasion when he preached in a lumber camp, living in a boxcar just like the loggers. "Trunks served as tables, syrup cans as chairs, and a skillet and lid were used to cook our meals, which consisted largely of sorghum syrup, flour gravy, corn bread, and dry peas." He remembered sometimes having to work hard to get a meal and stay alive. At one job he picked cotton for "six bits per hundred and dinner." The dinner was the best part of the deal.⁹

His first pastorate was in Terrell, Texas. And in 1913, with the

assistance of J. B. Smith and G. C. Mangum, he established a church near Overton, Texas. While ministering at Overton, he met his future wife, Amelia Catharine Flagler, who was from nearby Arp, Texas.

In January 1914, he went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to take part in another short-term Bible school conducted by D. C. O. Opperman and to attend the first general council of the Assemblies of God (in April 1914). He was a charter member of the Assemblies of God and received official credentials with the fledgling organization in June 1914.¹⁰ From Arkansas he journeyed back to Overton, Texas, to hold some meetings, and then he traveled with C. A. Smith and Floyd Baker and their families in gospel work in what was called the "Lumber Belt" of Texas.

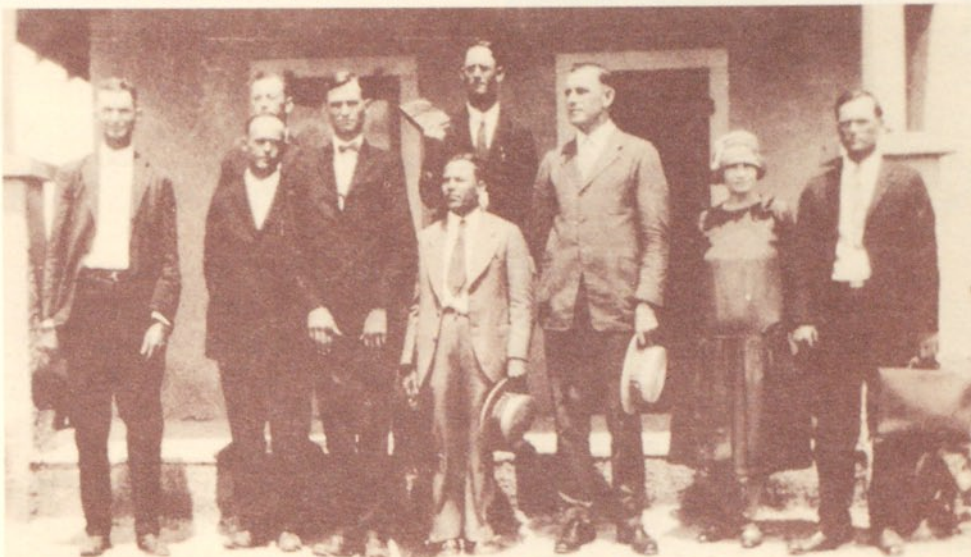
Many were saved and filled with the Spirit in these meetings, but McCafferty and his band also suffered hardship and persecution. During the absence of the pastor of a denominational church in Texas, McCafferty and a co-worker took charge of the service. When the pastor returned, he promptly evicted them, giving them no place to stay. "We wandered about the city, trying to find a place to preach. Walking on the hot sand made my co-worker wince for he had no soles in his shoes. The tin sardine can lids which he used for soles became unbearably hot."¹¹ At the time this was a source of intense laughter. What else could they do but laugh at their circumstances? In retrospect, we can sympathize with the hardships the pioneer preachers faced.

In the small town of Remlig, which no longer exists, the young preachers closed down their meeting after vandals sliced the tent ropes. Preparing to leave town, McCafferty and Smith went to the post office to change their mailing address when they were accosted by a preacher of one of the mainline denominations of the town. The preacher began name calling and accused Smith of some terrible things. Smith had made an

uncomplimentary statement in one of his messages, but it had not been directed at anyone. What he actually said was "If all the religion in that county was in a bluebird's mouth, it wouldn't choke him."¹²

At the same time, one of the preacher's friends approached McCafferty with a knife and accused him of saying that a black man was as good as a white man. McCafferty explained that what he said was that in the sight of God the black man was as good as the white man. The accuser lacked the courage to use the knife and the preacher also lacked the courage to continue arguing, so they went on.

Just then a group of men came out of the post office, one of them carrying a 24-inch pipe wrench. This was the biggest pipe wrench McCafferty had ever seen, and he began to pale at the thought of more persecution. However, this man told him not to worry. He and his friends had come to protect them, for they knew the local preacher was trying to start trouble. They were armed and ready to stop



Ministers in front of the old parsonage in Portales, New Mexico, 1926. A. C. Bates is third from the left; W. B. McCafferty is standing on his left. The couple on the right could be Mr. and Mrs. Guy Shields. Readers who can identify others are asked to write to Glenn Gohr, Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.

him if it had become necessary. Happily at last, McCafferty and Smith and the rest of their party proceeded about their business as usual.¹³

After holding meetings at Waco, the evangelistic party broke up, and McCafferty labored alone at Conroe, Brownfel, and other places.

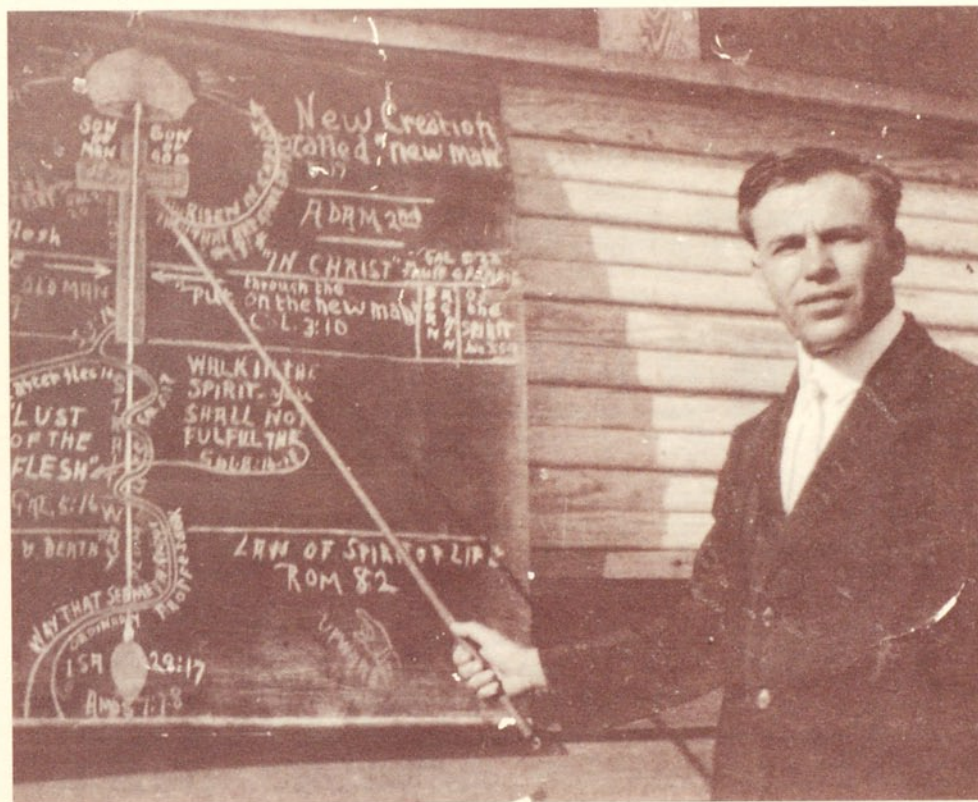
In the spring of 1915, he began suffering from a lung disorder that caused him great pain when he would try to preach. He continued to hold meetings as long as he could.

While conducting a tent meeting at Overton, Texas, he was married on August 11, 1915 to Catharine Flagler of the community, whom he had been corresponding with for several months. Evangelist Harvey Shearer officiated.¹⁴

Not long after his marriage, McCafferty had to leave the evangelistic field to recuperate from the lung disorder. But after some weeks in Fort Worth, McCafferty felt the Lord say, "Get back upon the field for service and I will heal you." Not being sure of this, he put out a fleece that if he was to go, the Lord should send him a call from someone whom he had not contacted. The next day, he received a letter stating that in Quinlan, Texas, there was a large tent already set up, and a meeting was in progress, but no preacher was available. The letter writer asked McCafferty to come and hold services. He had never been to that locality, and it was a new field for the Pentecostal movement. This was in November, 1915.

Arriving at the station, he could see the tent nearby. The people were singing, and with no time for prepara-

McCafferty with a teaching chart he was using in the 1920s.



tion, he launched into preaching, with the pain still very evident in his lungs. The next morning in prayer, he felt the Lord heal his lung as "a warm wave of power went through that afflicted lung." From that time on, he had no further pain or difficulties.¹⁵

In the spring of 1916 the McCaffertys held meetings at Trenton, Mercer, Mill Grove, and Princeton, in

"I don't care if the whole movement swallows this thing [Oneness or New Issue]. I'm not going to, because it is wrong!"

northern Missouri. They also took part in a camp meeting at Lineville, Iowa, where he was engaged to be one of the song leaders in the upcoming Maria Woodworth-Etter meeting in Sidney, Iowa. But that fall, before he could fulfill that engagement, he was elected pastor of the Assembly of God at Davis City, Iowa. Once while at Davis City, he baptized a man in sub-zero weather after cutting through 14 inches of ice. That same year he was made assistant superintendent of the old West Central District Council (Iowa and Northern Missouri).

One of his chief messages from before the time of World War I until the latter part of the 1920s was "The Trinity of God" as opposed to the Oneness teaching which began to cause controversy around the country during those years.

One time when he was preaching at Alto, Texas, and instructing the saints against the errors of the New Issue or Jesus' Name, Harvey Shearer, his friend and the camp sponsor, rushed excitedly across the grounds one morning, waving a Oneness paper and shouting, "Read this!"

The big, bold-faced type proclaimed: "E. N. BELL REBAPTIZED IN THE NAME OF JESUS!"

"Now," Shearer exclaimed, "I sup-

pose your tongue will cleave to the roof of your mouth."

"Why?" asked McCafferty.

"Well, when big men like E. N. Bell and L. C. Hall accept this teaching, little fellows like you and me had better keep quiet."

But this did not deter McCafferty, who was always level-headed, and solidly grounded in the Scriptures. "I never was one to be stampeded into believing something that is not in the Bible," was his reply. "I don't care if the whole movement swallows this thing. I'm not going to, because it is wrong!" And he stood his ground.¹⁶

At another camp meeting in Trenton, Missouri, he almost succumbed to the New Issue teaching. After preaching vehemently against the doctrine, he felt strangely impelled toward it. Although he had not found a scriptural basis for the teaching, for some reason at this camp meeting it had a seductive appeal. He was tempted to get on the bandwagon, but he bowed before God for strength and direction. He was comforted by this verse which came to him: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."¹⁷

In similar fashion, when the initial physical evidence of the baptism of the Holy Spirit was questioned in a big controversy in 1918, McCafferty was there to defend the truth. F. F. Bosworth was the chief one to question this doctrine and left the Assemblies of God because of his beliefs. Bosworth felt that it was possible to have the Pentecostal baptism without the evidence of tongues, and used Charles Finney as an example. McCafferty responded at the 1918 General Council by declaring, "Finney may have spoken in tongues, when he 'literally bel- lowed out the unutterable gushings' of his heart."¹⁸

By 1917 the McCaffertys had moved on to Bridgeport, Texas; Yellville and Fort Smith, Arkansas; and other places. A daughter, Helen Dorothea, was born to the McCaffertys near Overton, Texas in 1917, but she became gravely ill with diphtheria and died in Tyler, Texas at the age of 2 years and 7 months. This was the McCaffertys' only child, and the loss of little Helen was almost more than they could bear. Fortunately, in later years, they became mom and dad to all the students at Southwestern Bible

When school dismissed for the summer, McCafferty went on the road for revival and camp meetings. This flyer advertises a 1937 meeting in Pawhuska, Oklahoma.



REVIVAL

PLACE?— The Assembly of God Church.
218 East 8th, Pawhuska, Okla.

TIME?— 8:00 P. M. Every Evening Except Saturday.

WHEN?— June 6th to June 23rd.

THE BIBLE PREACHED IN ITS FULLNESS

Evangelist W. B. McCafferty
Ft. Worth, Texas

Congregational Singing, Special Music and Songs
A Welcome Awaits You

COME and BRING A FRIEND



Evangelist W. B. McCafferty

Pastor Henry E. Sompson

School, where they were loved by all. This helped to ease the burden of losing their daughter.¹⁹

McCafferty continued to evangelize and pastored churches in Newcastle, Wichita Falls, Fort Worth, and other places in Texas. Later, in about 1925, he assisted Raymond T. Richey at a great healing meeting in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and traveled to Arcadia, Kansas; Enid, Oklahoma; and New Mexico for ministry. Wherever he traveled, he gained a reputation as an outstanding Bible teacher, and that reputation would catch the attention of P. C. Nelson, founder of Southwestern Bible School, Enid, Oklahoma.

Nelson first approached McCafferty in 1929 about joining the faculty at Enid. McCafferty looked over the school; but before he made a decision about accepting the offer, the Oklahoma District chose another man to fill the position.

Following the General Council at Wichita that year, McCafferty joined Hugh Cadwalder on a trip to Roswell, New Mexico, where they held a month-long Bible school. Afterwards McCafferty served as pastor at Roswell for 13 months.

As early as 1925, he made a reputation out of singing "I'm a Child of the King" at district councils and other

N. D. Davidson, host Arizona District superintendent, with his 1941 camp meeting speaker, W. B. McCafferty, at Camp Prescott.



places. And more than once he sang with another Texas stalwart, A. C. Bates, who was 6 feet plus. When they got together to sing, it was the "tall and the short" of it—literally, as McCafferty was only 5 feet 4 inches tall.

During the 1930s McCafferty was recognized for his popular sermon on the "Scriptural Significance of the Blue Eagle Insignia." This was during the days when the N.R.A. (National Recovery Administration) was at work during the Depression years. His famous sermon was

The *Pentecostal Evangel* published his popular prophetic sermon on the "Scriptural Significance of the Blue Eagle Insignia" during the Depression.

printed in the *Pentecostal Evangel* as well as on flyers and distributed.²⁰ Other sermon titles he preached at different times included The Coming of Christ, The Time of the Latter Rain, The Last Revival Movement, Naaman the Leper, The Power of the Potter Over the Clay, The Translation of the Church, John's Vision of the Revelation and the Time Appointed, The Last Great Judgment, The Man of Fierce Countenance, and The God of Great Things. He also preached at the 1935 General Council in Dallas and at many district camp meetings.

He became assistant pastor at Faith Tabernacle in Oklahoma City and broadcast a sermon five times a week on KGFG. Once again P. C. Nelson offered him a position at Southwestern, which he accepted. He taught at the Enid school until 1937, when he moved to Fort Worth to teach in the Shield of Faith Bible School. He went into evangelistic work for a year beginning the fall of 1941 to the spring of 1942. However, a crisis occurred during this period. On the way home from the General Council that was held in Minneapolis, the car in which he was



W. B. and Catharine McCafferty. They were married in 1915. Their only child died, but they became Mother and Dad to hundreds of students at what is now Southwestern Assemblies of God University.

riding was in a terrible accident near Independence, Kansas. Several of those in the car were injured, and McCafferty's back was broken. He was placed in a hospital at Seminole, Oklahoma and was in a cast for 7 weeks, unable to return to Fort Worth until November of that year. By January 1942 he was able to return to evangelistic work for a few months;

Catharine and Burt McCafferty at Brooksmith Assembly, Houston, Texas.



but when the Shield of Faith Bible School of Fort Worth and the Southwestern Bible Institute of Enid, Oklahoma, merged later that year, he

W. B. McCafferty taught at Southwestern Bible Institute for a total of 32 years.

returned to teaching. The next year, in 1943 the Texas District moved the school to Waxahachie.²¹

He taught at Southwestern Bible Institute for a total of 32 years. Subjects he taught there included the Old Testament, New Testament, Pauline Epistles, Messianic Prophecy, Bible Doctrine, Dispensational Truths, Systematic Theology, and Homiletics. He also wrote two volumes on the



Southwestern president, M. E. Collins, greeting McCafferty in the hospital on his 69th birthday. He never retired but died in his 73rd year on June 4, 1963.



“He was such a versatile person. There was nothing he couldn’t teach.”

—James K. Bridges

Pauline Epistles and produced two unpublished works on dispensationalism and on Messianic prophecy. And he wrote a large number of poems which were printed in the *Pentecostal Evangel* and other Christian publications. Books of his poems were also published.²²

Catharine McCafferty labored long and hard with her husband and served in many capacities at Southwestern Bible Institute (Now Southwestern Assemblies of God University) when the school was located at Enid, and later when it moved to Fort Worth and Waxahachie. She served many years as a dean and secretary of records, and later as alumni secretary.

After McCafferty was forced to retire from teaching because of his health, school officials named him dean emeritus and honored him on May 17, 1963, with “William Burton McCafferty Day.”

Joe Adams, former secretary-treasurer of the North Texas District and McCafferty’s pastor in the early 1960s, described McCafferty by saying, “In stature he was small, but in biblical

knowledge and teaching he was a giant.” Adams shared that McCafferty had once pastored the 5th and Broad Church in Wichita Falls, Texas (now First Assembly) which was his home church growing up. Also he relates that McCafferty had a great sense of humor. “Often he would intersperse his lectures with that uncanny humor that only he could produce.”²³

According to Lillie Mundt, who has been associated with Southwestern since 1945 and knew the McCaffertys intimately, in 1963 he had a heart attack and wasn’t expected to live. “He prayed that God would give him strength—his work at Southwestern was not over yet.” After praying this prayer, McCafferty claimed his healing and went back to the college. “He graded all his papers, and then went home and had another heart attack and died.” Mrs. Mundt declares that God was faithful in allowing “Brother Mac” to finish grading the papers before he died.

Mundt also says that the McCaffertys “gave their all to the college,” and she has sought to follow

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CONTEMPLATING ONE'S MEMOIRS

Share your beginnings:

1. Your natural life: discuss your roots, your ancestry and family members who either directly or indirectly influenced your life. Speak of significant events and experiences that influenced you within the family, in your schooling and in war-time if applicable.
2. Your spiritual life: how you came to know Christ, the influence of your religious experiences, the role your church played in your spiritual life and significant personalities that touched your life in a meaningful way.
3. Your married life: How, when and the circumstances under which you met your mate. How you dealt with the issue of the ministry, if that was a factor at the time of your marriage. Memorable events in parenting, grandparenting and great-grandparenting.
4. Your ministerial life: How you came to recognize your call. How you responded to the call. How you prepared for the ministry. How you began your ministry. Share meaningful experiences you encountered along the way: Times of trial and testing in which God revealed His faithfulness; Times of blessing and refreshing; Unique experiences you encountered in your various ministerial roles.

Share the gleanings:

1. How the Lord led you in your various ministry roles.
2. Knowledge gained as you emerged into specific places of leadership.
3. Great lessons (truths) you gleaned from observing the successes and failures of others.
4. Pearls of wisdom you have gleaned along the way.
5. Joys you have shared with others in the ministry: Seeing your converts called into the ministry and/or become "pillars of the church"; Seeing those you have believed in reward your confidence by proving themselves.
6. Heartaches you have borne and how the sufficiency of God's grace sustained you.

Share your retirement:

1. How you came to the decision to retire.
2. Surprises you encountered in retirement.
3. Suggestions for adjusting to retirement.
4. Suggestions as to possible roles for retirees to fill in retirement.

—William O. Vickery, Superintendent Emeritus, Northern California & Nevada District, and Honorary General Presbyter.



□ Ambassador / from page 7

Petersburg, Florida and home to Springfield, Missouri, arriving the end of March 1949.

Machine Guns. It was the *Ambassador's* first trip to Egypt. Our passengers crowded at the windows for a view of Cairo as we circled for our approach. What a welcome! As soon as we touched down, we were surrounded by machine guns, jeeps, and uniformed men! Fortunately, the military officers were very understanding of our mistaken landing at an Egyptian Air Force field; they let us take off immediately and enter the country at the commercial airport.

Yellow Fever. We had just landed in Bombay. I was in the airplane cabin, furtively trying to fill out a blank yellow fever immunization card. A Bombay health department inspector didn't take kindly to this and whisked me off to an uncomfortable quarantine area which was to be my home for several days. The evidence of a recent immunization on my arm was not sufficient proof; I wasn't released until my immunization was officially declared by proper U.S. authorities. Meanwhile the *Ambassador I* went on without a radio operator.

I was released in about six days and headed off in an Indian Overseas Airline airplane for Nagpur and Calcutta. While jockeying the plane at Calcutta, the young British pilot managed to run into a hangar and knocked off the wing tip. I spent the night at the missionary rest home and flew the next day to the Northern India city of Putna to rejoin the crew.

The Monastery. Imagine this if you will: We are somewhere in the center of a thick-walled monastery. Assemblies of God headquarters and missionary leaders are seated around a rough-hewn wooden table. Catholic priests and monks are serving the food. It has been peaceful, yet filled with hushed bells, chants, prayers, and candles throughout the days and nights. Somehow, the crew and passengers ended up as guests at the monastery in Putna,

Nobody on the *Ambassador* expected Catholic priests and monks to be serving a meal to A/G Headquarters and missionary leaders in India.

along the Ganges River. I had a great time with a young priest who became my guide to local sites and Indian religious activities along the Ganges.

Although these vignettes of daily life aboard the *Ambassador* appear to tell a story of chaos, it really was a journey of many successes. Missionaries were transported to their stations much faster and cheaper than they could

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Author Paul Gatts, second from left, with other crew members and missionary leaders and *Ambassador I*, in 1948. On the left is Noel Perkin; director of the Division of Foreign Missions; in the center is Robert Hare; on Hare's left is pilot Herman Revis, and on the right is missionary leader George Carmichael.





Missionaries deplaning in Springfield, Missouri, after flight from Africa, September 3, 1948. The first two are A. E. and Jennie Wilson; next is Florence Steidel; the woman inside the door on the left is Edna Peterson. Hidden behind a crew member on the ground are missionary leaders Noel Perkin and H. B. Garlock

Where Are the Planes Now?

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

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

After the closing of Missionary Flights, DFM sold the plane to Leeward Aviation, Ft. Wayne, Ind., who in turn sold it to the French government. The once world-recognized *Ambassador II* then became an ordinary government plane used in map making. Finally, it fell into disuse and many of its parts were stripped for other planes. Then a group in England learned of its availability and purchased it for parts of a plane they were rebuilding. But then *Ambassador II* received new life when the Imperial War Museum at Duxford Air Field, near Cambridge, began the painstaking work of restoring it to its original shape.

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

Ambassador Bibliography

The Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center can furnish a wide selection of articles and photographs of the two *Ambassador* planes from magazines and news clips during 1948-52. The bibliography below is from recent publications and more accessible to *Heritage* readers. Photocopies of the material is available for .10 cents per page, plus postage.

Assemblies of God Heritage

"Ambassador Has Been Found," spring 1993 by Wayne E. Warner.

"Archives Researchers Find Ambassador Plane," summer 1989.

"Flying Ambassadors of Goodwill," winter 1985 by Wayne E. Warner.

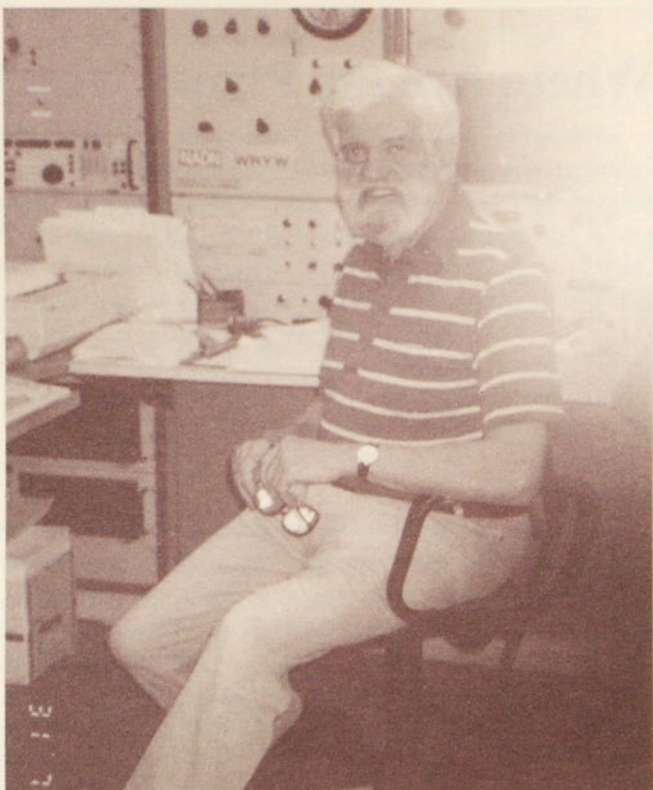
"Missionaries Not Missions," fall 1989 by David Lee.

Springfield!

"Springfield's Flying Ambassadors," June, July, August, 1990, by Wayne Warner.

Springfield (MO) News Leader

"History Proud for Church Planes," August 17, 1998, by Hank Billings.



Radio officer Paul Gatts at his radio station aboard the *President Adams*.

The author and his bride Ellen Walker in their wedding ceremony on the radio program *Bride and Groom*. Ellen's parents, Alva and Louise Jeter Walker, heard the wedding program on the radio in Cuba where they were serving as missionaries.

have been by commercial means. The *Ambassador I* attracted large crowds of spectators almost every place we landed. It was a great rallying point for special services around the world. It was a Speed-the-Light project that supporters could follow with pride as it transported our missionaries throughout the world.

Most operational problems had been solved and the *Ambassador I* was easily flying in and out of countries along our routes by the end of the first year. Still, it was decided that crossing oceans with a two-engine airplane was too risky. A four-engine converted B-17 was purchased and became the *Ambassador II*, to replace the C-46.

Meanwhile, I had been courting Ellen Walker, a lovely young lady. When I proposed, Ellen said, "You can have me, or the plane." We were married a short time later on the *Bride and Groom* radio show in Hollywood. Ellen's parents, Alva Walker (former missionary to Belgian Congo and South America) and Louise Jeter Walker (former missionary to South America), heard the wedding program on the radio in Cuba.

Ellen did relent when Noel Perkin asked me to join the crew on the last trip of the *Ambassador II* to West Africa. It was such a pleasure to fly on the B-17. It had a comfortable cabin, plush lounge in the nose, the security of four engines and other features that brought class and comfort to the flights. However, it is the experiences of the pioneer flights on the C-46 that brings back such great memories. It was a great privilege to be part of the Missionary Flights. "Coming in on a wing and a prayer" is not just a song, it has a special meaning for those of us who were involved with the *Ambassador* airplanes.



FROM OUR READERS

WW II Airmen Help Build Protestant Church on Sardinia

I am interested in obtaining copies of the *Reveille* from 1944 and 1945. The interest in these copies stems from an experience I had while stationed in Sardinia during this period. [Sardinia is an Italian island in the Mediterranean.]

I and a few other Pentecostal airmen were instrumental in helping the few Protestants on this island build the first Protestant church there. *Reveille* printed an article about this during that time frame.

Reveille was very instrumental to all the men (that I know) who were in World War II.

I am 74 years old now and have been reminiscing about this part of my life, and how God marvelously brought me through this time. I was saved and filled with the Holy Spirit in 1936 and thank my Lord for keeping me, and for His wonderful grace which has kept me through these years.

Lloyd C. Ball
San Antonio, TX

P. S. Our heritage is absolutely great.

See a Reveille issue below. Photocopies of Reveille and other publications can be ordered from the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center for .10 each, plus postage. Stories of ministry by and to servicemen in World War II have been published in past Heritage issues. Write for information.



Remembering Oscar Haymaker

The spring issue of *Heritage* brought back many memories. I am proud of my A/G heritage.

I was born into the Bartlesville church in 1928, so I was 5 years old when the cover photo of the Haymakers was taken. Brother Oscar was my first pastor until the age of 12. I have had many since, but you never forget the first one. Brother Haymaker built a church that is still

“Heritage is a priceless publication. Everything is so well done!”

strong today! His rewards will be many. I knew the Haymakers well, including their children Linnie and L.A. (or Alfred). Alfred is still serving in a Bartlesville A/G church as pastor to seniors.

The Keeners mentioned in the article were my aunt and uncle. Mrs. Keener died a couple of years ago at the age of 105. Her son, L. B. Keener served in Springfield [as a field rep for the Sunday School Department and Gospel Publishing House] for several years. The Granny Godwin in the arti-

cle was my great-grandmother and the founding member of Bartlesville First Assembly. So our roots go deep in A/G—75 to 80 years. I have one son, Jim C. King, serving as an A/G missionary-evangelist. One son is a deacon in First Assembly, McAllen, Texas.

I served our Bartlesville church as a deacon for over 20 years, also was a Regional coordinator for Maps R. V. Ministry for 7 years.

Frank O. King
McAllen, TX

P. S. I received the spring issue while visiting in Kailua-Kona, Hawaii. What a thrill when I saw the cover picture. I loved these people as a child! Keep up the good work. The *Heritage* is a priceless publication. Everything is so well done!

Yale Doctoral Student Writes

Wayne, thanks so much for making my visit last week such a pleasure. The research was productive, and the opportunity to get to know you and Grant [Wacker] was an unexpected added bonus. I commend you on the quality and professionalism of your operation; Glenn [Gohr] was especially helpful in advance of my visit, as were you and Joyce [Lee] while I was there. I appreciate the warm welcome and your interest in my project [“The Emergence of the Divine Healing Movement in American Protestantism”].

I look forward to keeping in touch. As I mentioned, I will be back in Springfield sometime in the months ahead.

Jon Baer
Hamden, Conn.



Johnnie Barnes
1927-89

“Just Call Me Johnnie”

Remembering Johnnie Barnes,
The First Royal Rangers Leader

By Rodney Davis

The name Johnnie Barnes may not evoke a heart response in most people but mention this name to a Royal Ranger and it becomes obvious to the most casual observer that this man holds a special place in the hearts of hundreds of boys and men across this nation.

Though there are fewer now, that remember this world famous man and his dream of leading a vast army of boys into the Kingdom of God; and even fewer still that had a personal encounter with him. Those that hold special memories are eager to share them with younger generations. It could be said of Johnnie Barnes “he never met a man that he didn’t like” and he probably could tell you the name of everyone he’d met.

To really get to know a person you would have to spend large amounts of time with him. One way to learn about Johnnie would be to hang out around some of the men that he called friends. This gang of guys is small but they have wonderful memories about the man that took an idea on paper and from it built a world-wide ministry. It is remarkable to note that there was no blue print to follow, no pre-arranged plan to build upon, or someone’s foot-

steps to follow after. There was a man with a vision and a rock-solid faith, that his God could do anything. To no one’s surprise, He did.

There had been other attempts to develop a boys ministry, but none had the mission to Reach, Teach, and Keep boys for Christ or used camping and the Advancement Trail to do it. Now, 36 years later, the mission remains the

“He never met a man that he didn’t like, and he probably could tell you their names.”

same. The techniques for reaching the boy have changed to keep pace with the ever changing boy but the goal is still the same—reach boys and their families with the Gospel. Hundreds surrender their lives to Christ every year and many are filled with the Holy Spirit at Pow Wows across the nation and around the world.

The name Royal Rangers and Johnnie Barnes are forever intertwined. To the “faithful,” Johnnie was and is Mr. Royal Rangers. He was the National Commander.

His title was impressive but he was unassuming. John Eller said “He was everyone’s big brother.”¹ He was a man that cared about boys and wanted them to know the same Jesus that he served. Had he had his way, we would be calling ourselves “High Adventurers.” Johnnie thought the name High Adventure truly captured the spirit of this new outreach to boys. But the men and women of the original steering committee determined that the name Royal Rangers expressed the soul of this outreach—developing an elite corps of boys and men. Not to be outdone, Johnnie named the magazine that would become the voice of the ministry, *High Adventure*.

This high adventure the Royal Rangers experienced never overshadowed the central focus of the ministry which was the boy. The boy was Johnnie’s heart beat. It was the reason for his existence. The camping emphasis, the advanced awards, uniforms and insignias, and the Frontiersmen Camping Fellowship were not an end in themselves; they were all tools to reach boys with the “good news.” Many a man around a campfire heard him say, “Men, don’t lose sight of the

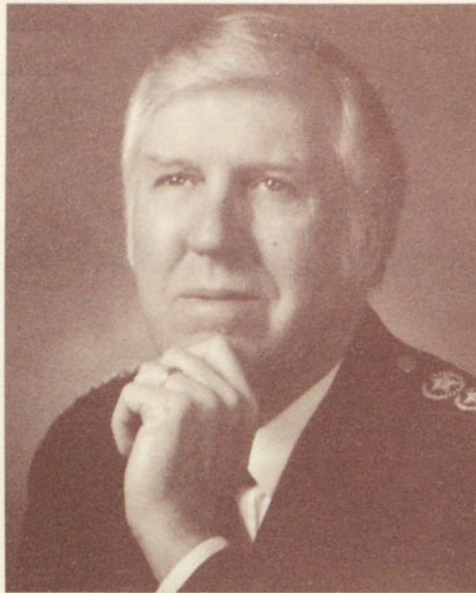
boy." Maybe that's the reason every leader was given a card with the following quote on it, "A man never stands so tall as when he stoops to help a boy." Johnnie lived his life by this motto.

At a recent National Council, which is a gathering of the district, regional and national leadership of Royal Rangers, I was able to talk with several men that were close friends of Johnnie Barnes. Talking with the "ole timers" they readily shared about their relationship with the first National Commander. When asked about their memories each one told about humorous things that were said by or happened with Johnnie Barnes.

Ellis Stutzman, former Rocky Mountain District Commander, SW Regional Coordinator, and past President of the National Royal Rangers Council, reminisced awhile about Johnnie. His first contact with the National Commander came at an early District Commanders Council meeting. He saw Johnnie having an emotional discussion with three other commanders. Being a newly appointed District Commander, he wanted a chance to talk with Commander Barnes, and gain some needed advice. He patiently waited for an opening. As Johnnie was walking away, Commander Stutzman came up and introduced himself and the Rocky Mountain district that he represented.

Johnnie's comment after the introduction was "Well, you're from the sorriest district in the nation [condition of Royal Rangers in the district] and you have a lot of work ahead of you!" Johnnie was the ultimate picture of diplomacy, but he spoke the plain truth. For years Ellis would, jokingly, remind Johnnie of the incident and he would smile and say "now that really didn't happen—I just can't believe I would have said that to you." Shortly after this incident took place, Johnnie asked the Rocky Mountain District to host the first National Camporama. Not too bad for the "sorriest district in the nation!"

Don Franklin, former National Training Coordinator, said this of the Founder of Royal Rangers, "Johnnie Barnes was a visionary man. He looked ahead to what this program could and should be." Johnnie looked at the ministry of Royal Rangers and



**He lived his life
by a captivating motto:
"A man never stands
so tall when he stoops
to help a boy."**

said this is good but it can be better. "Johnnie synthesized the best of all youth programs into Royal Rangers." That is one reason that the program has been so successful.

Don remembered an occasion where Johnnie was conducting the first National Training Trails in Southern Missouri. They had been hitting the trail really hard and the trainees had to go without bathing for several days, due to a lack of fresh water. One day Johnnie said, "Don it's time to go home, we're beginning to smell like a herd of billy goats!"

Anyone who ever served with him on staff at a National Training Camp recognized that Johnnie was a stickler for perfection when it came to

the construction of Council Fires. I have heard the stories of men that built, what appeared to be, the perfect fire only to have the National Commander kick it over and ask it to be rebuilt. The time spent at the Council Fire was critical to Johnnie. Men's hearts would be forever touched and he wanted the fire to enhance the atmosphere and not distract by not burning long enough or falling over during a moment of decision.

Ellis Stutzman was one of those men that was asked to build the fire. Knowing the National Commander had a penchant for kicking over "unacceptable" fires, Ellis and his assistant prepared well. They cut each log to precisely the same length to guarantee that the fire looked good. To be sure that it didn't fall over, they nailed the logs together. It would take an explosion to knock the fire over. When it was displayed for Johnnie, he just shook his head in disbelief. Johnnie expected and got 110% from everyone that he worked with. It was not that he was a tyrant but that there were boys who were watching their commanders and they needed a great example to follow.

After his death, the following poem was found in Johnnie's desk:

*An old man going a lone highway
Came in the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he stopped when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here.
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way,
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"
The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm which has been as naught to me*

continued on page 34

TURNING POINTS IN OUR HISTORY

Lessons to Learn From Three Events

By Ralph W. Harris

Three decisions exerted an influence on Assemblies of God history, far beyond what the decision makers could have imagined.

Beginning a National Youth Conference

Since I was closely associated with Dorothy Morris for over 20 years, I know the story well.

She and her friend Zella Lindsey, members of the editorial staff at Headquarters in the 1930s, attended a Baptist youth retreat in North Carolina and enjoyed it very much. As they journeyed home they talked about how valuable something similar would be for Assemblies of God youth.

When they presented their idea to General Superintendent Ernest S. Williams, he asked, "Do you think as many as 50 people would attend?"

"Oh, sure," they replied enthusiastically.

He told them to go ahead, little knowing how great an impact that decision would have.

The first National Youth Conference (with 350 in attendance) convened in 1940 and was continued each year till 1946, climaxing with the Reveille Reunion, held for returned servicemen from World War II. Attendance increased steadily, reaching a high of 650 in 1944, and requiring two divisions in 1945, one for teenagers, and the other for older Christ's Ambassadors, as they were then known.

One effect of the national meeting was that districts began having similar meetings, which developed into the youth camps held in most districts today.

Another development was even more remarkable. To encourage attendance the Conference Committee offered free room and board to district youth leaders, and many came. They held meetings with each other to exchange ideas and also had sessions with national leaders.

Out of these meetings came a request for a national office for the Christ's Ambassadors, and a 1941 General Council decision authorized that development.

By the time another General Council convened in 1943, such an office had been established. From it have come Speed-the-Light, Ambassadors in Mission, the Fine Arts



Above, the planning committee for the first National Youth Conference, which was held in Springfield, Missouri, in 1940. From the left are Adele Flower (now Dalton), Alice White, Marcus Gaston, Dorothy Morris, and Zella Lindsey.



Right, General Superintendent Ernest S. Williams gave his blessing to the National Youth Conference in 1940 and Speed-the-Light in 1943.

Festivals at General Council time, ministry to college youth, the Bible Quiz program, work with servicemen, and many other activities. Preceding the very effective MAPS program was a Vocational Volunteers program, encouraging young people to secure jobs in overseas companies and assist missionaries.

Beginning of Speed-the-Light

This story has often been told, but one feature should be stressed: the swift decision, sometimes called "the quickest gestation period for an idea in Assemblies of God history."

I shall never forget that day, in March 1943, when as national youth director I walked over to Brother Williams'



Ralph Harris and Dorothy Morris looking over Zella Lindsey's shoulders at the new Junior Sunday school materials in 1955.

office (no intercoms in those days) and asked to talk with him.

His first reaction, I learned later, was negative as he thought, "The Bible surely is correct when it says, 'Your young men shall see visions.' Jesus didn't use a motorcycle, and Paul didn't fly a plane."

E. S. Williams was basically very conservative. He could well have said (kindly, of course), "Brother Harris, you've been here only about a month. Maybe this could happen sometime, but don't you think you should take more time to become familiar with your new job so you can lay a solid foundation."

If he had responded that way, I would certainly have backed off.

However, though E. S. Williams was conservative, he was also in touch with God. And while still speaking God spoke to his heart, saying, "Jesus and Paul might not have used those vehicles, but they would have if they had been available."

The rest is history. We talked with Noel Perkin, Missionary Secretary, about the plan. He said, "I think it will work, let's try it." And Speed-the-Light was born!



Ralph Harris, 86, has been a pastor, national youth director, editor of Church School Literature (Gospel Publishing House), and was creator of the Speed-the-Light missionary plan. He and his wife Estelle live in Springfield, Missouri, where they recently observed their 60th wedding anniversary. Here he visits with *Heritage* editor Wayne Warner.

If, as some say, a missionary properly equipped can do the work of ten, then this program has contributed much to the vigorous advance of Assemblies of God missions.

And it resulted from the decision to have a National Youth Conference.

A Future General Superintendent is Elected

The Milwaukee 1953 General Council was in session. Wesley R. Steelberg, elected general superintendent in 1949, had died in 1952. Gayle Lewis had filled the rest of Steelberg's term, and now Ralph M. Riggs had been elected to fill that post.

Another item of business was to elect four assistants. Three had been chosen. Finally, the fourth, Dwight McLaughlin, superintendent of the Northwest District, was elected. Then, to the utter surprise of those present, the newly-elected official asked for the mike.

"Brethren," he said, "I must tell you I cannot accept this position. You will have to find someone else."

Who was then elected to that position? Thomas F. Zimmerman, then pastor in Cleveland, Ohio.

If McLaughlin had not refused to serve, Zimmerman would have remained a pastor. Instead, six years later he became general superintendent. He served in that office 26 years, longer than any other man, and with great distinction.

When Dwight McLaughlin declined election as an assistant general superintendent in 1953, the General Council elected this Cleveland pastor, Thomas F. Zimmerman. Six years later the General Council elected Zimmerman as superintendent, a position he kept until 1985.



At first glance, these far-reaching decisions seem to be only curious twists of fate, but influencing each was one who had chosen this Movement to bring glory to Him. Those who participated were only players in the drama of Redemption. God chose them for their role.

There's a lesson for us in these events. We should carefully and prayerfully consider every decision. Who knows, it may have implications for Eternity.



THE NEARLY FORGOTTEN MAGNETIC WIRE RECORDER

State of-the-art technology of late 1940s

by Wayne Warner

People who recorded voices and music in the late 1940s were generally limited to machines like the Wire Way wire recorder in the accompanying photos. This machine is a forerunner of the tape recorder—which is shown transferring a sermon to a cassette tape. It is almost a lost art because these machines haven't been used since the 1950s when reel-to-reel tape recorders came on the scene and all but buried the novel but short-lived wire machine. Today wire recorders are seldom seen even in antique stores and museums.

By the late 1960s cassettes—because of their ease in operation—all but replaced the reel-to-reel tape.

As you look at the wire recorder pictured here, note the fine wire running from the right spool—through a groove in the recording and playback head in the center—into the takeup spool on the left. You will notice too that the takeup spool serves as a 78 rpm record turntable. Wire recorder designers matched the speed of the old 78 rpm records which were in use in the late 1940s. The wire traveled at the speed of 2 feet per second. Thus the 7,350-foot stainless steel wire, stored on this 2 3/4" spool, would play a minimum of an hour.

You will also note that to keep the wire wound and rewound in even layers, the head was designed to rise and fall with the same principle used on a sewing machine bobbin. To keep the wire neatly wound, the head goes up and down hundreds of times during the course of the recording, playback, and

rewinding, running from the spool on the right to the one on the left—and vice versa.

Wire recorders could put voice and music on the fine wire—just like the tape recorder does on magnetic tape. If a reel-to-reel (and some cassettes) tape breaks, you can get out the Scotch tape and repair it. But what happens if the wire breaks? Simply tie a square knot and go on. At 2 feet per second, the loss of recorded music or voice is minimal.

What happens if the wire tangles? Good question and an experience that frustrated many a wire recording veteran. It was almost impossible to untangle the wire, so the best thing to do was

to clip out the mess with a pair of scissors, throw it away, tie a knot, and go back to work or pleasure.

The late J. Roswell Flower (1888-1970), long-time general secretary, owned the wire recorder shown on this page. It was manufactured by Wire Recording Corporation of America, Brooklyn, New York. The Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center has transferred several wire recordings to the more convenient cassette recordings. Evangelist Anna B. Lock's life story, which was recorded in a revival meeting about 1950—is being transferred below.

If you plan to visit the new Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center museum

Inset, Evangelist Anna B. Lock. Here her life story, "From the Underworld to the Upperworld," is being transferred from a wire recording to a cassette tape. (See *Heritage* story, summer 1994.)





Wire recorder owned by J. Roswell Flower now in Heritage Center.



J. Roswell Flower dictating for his secretary during his long tenure as general secretary.

after it is opened after Christmas, be sure to look for the extremely rare Sears Silvertone console, a 1948 combination AM-FM, shortwave radio; record changer; wire recorder. You will find the radio in the *Revivaltime* exhibit.

Did you use a wire recorder? If so, write to *Heritage* and tell us about your memories of this nearly forgotten technology.

Do you or someone you know have spools of recorded wire? Maybe there are church services, sermons, dedications, interviews, or music on those cans of wire that have been stored for 50 years in the closet, basement, or attic. Write or call the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center because a possibility exists that the recordings are valuable to our history and should be transferred to cassette.



PHOTOS FROM OUR READERS

California. Some *Heritage* readers in California are certain to remember this group at the Bellflower Full Gospel Tabernacle, Volunteers for Christ, organized, trained, and directed by Bonetta (Watts) Rabe (front row, right), who donated the photo to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. Mrs. Rabe, who now is retired in Norwalk, California, directed these young people for about 4 years in the late 1930s and early 1940s. Mrs. Rabe wrote, "There were always 100 members and adherents in the group (most were active members). Many of them went on to attend Bible colleges and then became missionaries, pastors, evangelists, ministers' wives, and lay workers." Clifford Andrews was pastor of the Bellflower church.

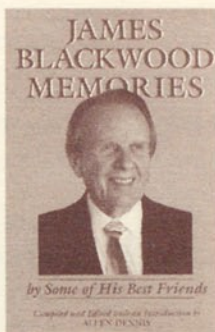


Seen In Print

As a service to our readers, this column highlights books with Pentecostal and related themes and which are often not widely promoted by other means. Because some of the titles listed here are privately published or by publishers not well known, orders must be placed with the author or publisher unless otherwise noted. (Orders should not be sent to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.)

James Blackwood Memories, By Some of His Best Friends, Compiled by Allen Dennis. Published by Quail Ridge Press, Brandon, Miss., 1997. Available from bookstores or from James Blackwood, 4411 Sequoia Road, Memphis TN 38117 \$19.95 postpaid.

For 63 years the name James Blackwood has been synonymous with Southern gospel music. He is considered by many the most noted gospel singer of all time. A long-time member of First Assembly, Memphis, Tenn., Blackwood's life is chronicled in this book by 52 friends from Senator John Ashcroft to Dennis Zimmerman.



These include names well known by *Heritage* readers, including Senator Ashcroft, Dan Betzer, Phil Enloe, John McDuff, Duane Nicholson, Brad White, and a host of singers seen on the popular Gaither videos.

Allen Dennis, a lifelong fan of Southern gospel music, is professor of history and chair of the Department of History at Delta State University. In



The Blackwood Brothers Quartet singing at the Evangelism Convention, December 1955. From the left, James Blackwood, Bill Shaw, Cecil Blackwood, and J. D. Sumner. A tragic plane crash in 1954 took the lives of two members of the quartet, R. W. Blackwood and Bill Lyles.

addition to the 52 brief chapters, Dennis has added a closing chapter by Blackwood, four appendices—including a complete chronology of the personnel of The Blackwood Brothers during James' tenure with the group (1934-81). The book contains more than 70 photographs.

With permission of the publisher,

Heritage has selected Dan Betzer's contribution to the book which recalls the time in the early 1940s that the Blackwood Brothers ate dinner at the Betzer home when Dan was a boy. Betzer is pastor of First Assembly, Fort Myers, Florida, former speaker on *Revivaltime*, and can currently be heard on the *By Line* radio program.

The Blackwoods and Mother Betzer's Chicken

My friendship with the legendary James Blackwood goes back to the mid-1940's. My family lived in Sioux City, Iowa, home of the stockyards along the Mississippi River. My father was a barber who loved music—especially The Blackwood Brothers. My dad had two heroes in life at the time: the Apostle Paul and James Blackwood. The Blackwood Brothers quartet was headquartered at that time in Shenandoah, Iowa, about 175 miles south of Sioux City. Anytime the group gave a concert within a hundred miles or so of our home, the Betzer family was present, usually on the front row.

At the time of my story, the quartet consisted of Cat Freeman (brother of Vestal Goodman), tenor; James Blackwood, lead; R.W. Blackwood, baritone; Bill Lyles, bass; and Hilton Griswold at the piano. The Blackwoods were coming to give a concert in Sioux City, and my dad contacted them to ask if they would be our guests for dinner just before the concert. To our delight, they agreed to come.

We were not well-to-do, and our home was tiny. However, mom and dad were determined to give the quartet the royal treatment. Mom called in some of my relatives and cooked all

day to prepare something unusual. It was a concoction that featured chicken. It was very good, as I recall, but it looked strange; almost exotic.

Early that afternoon, in their live broadcast from KMA in Shenandoah, James promoted the concert that night in Sioux City and informed the listeners that the quartet was coming to our home for dinner. As was their custom, the quartet would croon into the microphone "Hm m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m," indicating that their hunger would be at its zenith. How thrilled we were to hear on the radio that the world's greatest quartet would be our guests that very day. And throughout the afternoon, the aroma of that chicken concoction filled the house.

At the appointed time, The Blackwoods' big Chrysler pulled in front of our home, and Dad welcomed the famous singers into the living room. I can still remember Hilton sitting down at our old upright piano, playing some tune in that inimitable Griswold style.

Mom had set the table so that I could sit between James and R.W. Wow! That was some thrill to a little boy's heart! The food was placed on the table, Dad said grace, and we began



Dan Betzer recalls the Blackwood Brothers Quartet eating chicken dinner at his boyhood home in Iowa.

"Well...it was chicken, I guess."—James Blackwood reflecting on Mrs. Betzer's dinner.

to eat. There were vegetables, breads, mashed potatoes, salad, and that strange chicken dish.

I watched R.W. tear into it, with those trademark eyebrows rising, as he tried to figure out what he was eating. Mom had put everything she had into that chicken, trying to stretch it as far as possible.

The quartet was very kind, saying all the right words and making Mom feel that she was an early version of Julia Child. They sang a little song for us, thanked everyone, and left for the concert. Oh, the feeling in our home!

The Blackwood Brothers had been there! We quickly cleaned up the dishes and made our way to the concert. It was wonderful, as always, with R.W. fanning Hilton's hands as he played something fast, with Bill Lyles feigning terror as he had to sing a tenor part, with Cat Freeman hitting notes so high that I don't think they are even on a piano, and with James leading the way with his classy remarks. After the concert, we bought the records we didn't already have and drove home in silence. It was a day we would never forget!

The next morning, we tuned in to KMA for The Blackwood Brothers' first radio show of the day. We wondered, "Would they mention being at our house the night before?" Yes, they did! They actually spoke our name on the radio! And R.W. said how much he enjoyed the dinner. Then he said to James, "I never ate anything like Mrs. Betzer fixed last night. What do you think it was?" After a short silence, James responded, "Well...it was chicken, I guess."

In later years, every time Mom fixed that particular dish, we would laugh and say, "Here comes the chicken-I-guess."
—Dan Betzer

Strategy of the Spirit, J. Philip Hogan and the Growth of the Assemblies of God Worldwide 1960-1990, by Everett A. Wilson. Published by Regnum Books, International, 1997. Available from Latin America ChildCare Ministry, 17951 Cowan, Suite 101, Irvine, Calif., 92614. \$19.95 plus \$3.00 postage and handling.

This welcome addition to the study of missions describes the phenomenal global impact of the Assemblies of God foreign missions program, which still, today, has received remarkably little recognition even in missionary circles. At the same time the study provides an account of the influence J. Philip Hogan exercised on the direc-

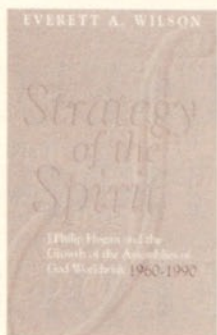


J. Philip Hogan

"An inspiring account of how the Holy Spirit superintends the work of world evangelism."

tion of the Division of Foreign Missions during his tenure as director over the crucial 30-year period when the movement grew from a small number of nondescript congregations to a global association of indigenous national churches.

The distinct emphases of Hogan's pneumatological missiology with the establishment of an independent local church as its goal and Spirit-filled, dedicated missionaries as key in the process, is described in its practical outworking on the mission fields. This



challenging personal biography and testimony is also an inspiring account of how the Holy Spirit superintends the work of world evangelization.—*from the book cover.*

J. Philip Hogan retired in 1990 as director of the Assemblies of God Division of Foreign Missions, but has remained active in his missions interest. Everett A. Wilson is president of Bethany College, Scotts Valley, California. He has published and spoken extensively on Latin American Pentecostalism.

***Excesses That Hinder Revival*, by Lawrence R. Larson. Published by the author in 1998. Available from the author: 1118 Zarsky Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas 78412-3360. \$3, postpaid; quantity prices available.**



Emphasizing that all liberties have limits, former missionary to Fiji, Lawrence R. Larson, is drawing a bead on several practices that in his opinion hinder revival in churches. "In 'desperation' for revival, one excess after another is promoted," Larson writes. "The original thought behind many of these plans and programs may be pure and scriptural, but soon excesses develop because of wanting bigger and

greater things for God."

Larson claims mature Christians become ashamed to bring visitors to their church because of what he labels as unscriptural excesses.

Heritage is selecting excerpts from several of the 22 topics Larson believes hinder revival. Reader comments are invited on the author's admittedly controversial points.

"After one has confessed his sins to a pastor, and had prayer together before the Lord, or before a church board, he is to be forgiven. We have no right to lay 'penance' upon him. If some discipline is required, to prove the sincerity of the repentance, other measures may be used, but not keeping a believer from the Lord's Table."—*Using Holy Communion as a Means of Discipline*

"Anything can happen when the Holy Spirit touches people, including their being 'slain in the Spirit,' but to make this a regular part of every service is terribly damaging to the cause of Christ....Week after week this continues, because somebody is promoting it."—*Excessive "Slain in the Spirit"*

"There is no New Testament precedent or example of dance being used in worship. Even a stronger point is that there is no 'command' to use dance in the New Testament."—*Dancing in the Spirit*

"I know of many fine Christians who finally moved to another church, because their leadership...turned a deaf ear to their pleas to control excessive noise levels. They were thought to be trouble makers. They are not! They are common sense believers."—*Excessive Noise Level in Worship*

"Joy and laughter are not the same thing....[some] think this 'holy laughter' is helping them in some spiritual way, as they forget their troubles in laughing. It's about the same as forgetting your troubles by getting drunk, or taking drugs to knock you out. It's at best a temporary 'fix', as shallow a spiritual experience as is on record."—*Holy Laughter*

"How disgusting for someone to tell me that they have a 'word from the Lord for me.' Did God ring my doorbell first and find me not home? So He had to speak to another believer who was to bring God's message?"—*Personal Prophecies*

"For a man of God to tell anyone to 'confess' that they have something before they have it is to teach that person to lie to God and others who hear them."—*Positive "Confession" Excesses*

"God does not hear our worship any better while we are standing than when we are sitting....they were sitting when the Holy Spirit fell on the Day of Pentecost."—*Neglecting Hymns Is Wrong*

***Lady Preacher, Can a Submissive Wife and Mother Be an Ordained Minister?* by Helen Elliott Correll (Mrs. Sydney). Published by Rhymeo Ink. \$15 postpaid. Available from author at P. O. Box 12182, Roanoke, VA 24023.**

A reader of this book jokingly told the author that she had begun to believe in reincarnation: "There is no way you could have experienced all those things in one lifetime."

But Helen Elliott Correll can line up many people who'll vouch that she indeed has preached in all 50 states;



has traveled around the world, visiting many countries; co-pastored Christian Tabernacle in Dayton, Ohio, with her husband the late Sydney Correll; conducted *Wings Over Dayton* radio program for nearly 25 years; reared seven children; and with her husband found-

ed United World Mission.

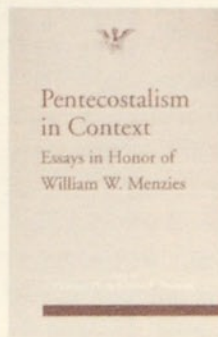
As a teenager in April 1925, Helen was a member of the first graduating class of Aimee Semple McPherson's LIFE Bible Institute in Los Angeles. Two months later she married another teenager, Sydney Correll. In this book Helen relates the high points of their ministry around the world together—a ministry together until Sydney's death in 1991. Helen is the last surviving member of that 1925 class.

Helen Correll has blessed the Christian church with this God-honoring autobiography of 328 pages and 50 photographs. There is pain, challenge, victory, humor—and sorrow when death took their missionary doctor son Sydney in Africa. Through it all, Helen Correll says, "To God be the glory for the things He hath done."

Pentecostalism in Context, Essays in Honor of William W. Menzies, Wonsuk Ma and Robert P. Menzies, editors (Sheffield, England: Sheffield Academic Press), 1997, 373 pages. Book can be ordered from Ted Terry, 19216 SE 46th Place, Issaquah, WA 98027.

Pentecostalism in Context is a collection of essays produced by Pentecostal scholars from North America, Europe, and Asia. The essays, produced in their various geographical and cultural contexts, reflect the rich diversity that characterizes the Pentecostal movement. Biblical, theological and missiological issues relevant to the Pentecostal movement are treated. The book thus represents a valuable resource for those seeking to understand better the key intellectual currents within this dynamic and influential movement. The essays are offered in honor of William Menzies, a leading Pentecostal scholar and the Chancellor of Asia Pacific Theological Seminary (Baguio City, Philippines).—from the cover

William W. Menzies, Ph.D., is author of *Anointed to Serve: The Story of the Assemblies of God*, *Allies in Prayer*, *Bible Doctrines: A Pentecostal*



Perspective, and *Understanding the Times of Christ*. He has also written numerous magazine and journal articles. Currently he is researching for a new history of the Assemblies of God.

Contributors to this book are Simon Chan, Gordon Fee, Peter D. Hocken, Stanley M. Horton, Walter C. Kaiser, Jr., Li Yue Hong, Julie Ma, Wonsuk Ma, Gary B. McGee, Glen Menzies, Robert P. Menzies, Cecil M. Robeck, Jr., Russell P. Spittler, Roger Stronstad, Benjamin Sun, Del Tarr, Cornelis van der Laan, Miroslav Volf, and Xu Quin Sun.

1995-97 In Memoriam Books Still Available

The *In Memoriam* pictorial with photographs of ministers who died during the 1995-97 biennial, are available from the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. Arranged by districts, the 36 page book was distributed at the memorial service during the Indianapolis General Council last August.

Copies are available at \$3 postpaid. Requests should be sent to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802

WANTED: Nebraska Testimonies

Elisabeth James Lemp is documenting the miracles and other acts of God in Nebraska for an upcoming history on the District. If you can help, send articles, personal testimonies, photographs, etc. to Elisabeth at Route 4, Box 54, Columbus, NE 68601.

MUSEUM ITEMS NEEDED

The Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center (formerly Assemblies of God Archives) is in need of several items in good shape for the museum. Anyone wishing to donate items listed below, or know of someone who would consider making a donation, should call Director Wayne Warner at (417) 862-2781, Ext. 4400, or send e-mail to warner@ag.org:

1. Upright piano for storefront chapel. Center will have it tuned.
2. Turn-of-the-century coal or wood-burning stove for chapel.
3. Pulpit for chapel.
4. Musical instruments (will be on display only) for museum. Preferably instruments used in A/G churches:
 - trombone
 - guitar
 - banjo
 - flute or clarinet
 - trumpet or cornet

The museum, after some unexpected delays, should be opened in January.

Remembering Marie Juergensen and Other Missionaries

While reading the Pentecost Sunday issue of the *Pentecostal Evangel*, I read about the Juergensen family, missionaries to Japan. My husband George and I met Marie Juergensen in Tokyo in 1948 and 1949 while my husband was part of the occupation army. We met other missionaries, including B. T. and Ruth Bard, and their GI son Sam; and Arthur Chestnut.

These Missionaries were heroes in our eyes, and it was a thrill to have known them. We had one son, Richard, when we arrived in Japan. And then Ronald was born while we were in Japan.

Sam Bard is the GI at the foot of the ship stairway; his parents B. T. and Ruth Bard are above him. An unidentified missionary is standing directly above. Courtesy of Bonita Tucker



Carl and Frederike Juergensen and their daughters, Agnes and Marie, in 1938, on the 25th anniversary of their arrival in Japan.

My mother was saved and received the Holy Spirit 68 years ago when I was 4 years old. This was in an Assemblies of God church in California. My father was saved in a California Foursquare Church 2 or 3 years later. He later pastored in Illinois and Kansas. He worked as a welder and raised eight children who grew up loving the Lord. He died in 1970.

George is 77 years old and is a licensed Assemblies of God minister

and a retired journeyman electrician. He now is in a nursing home because of Alzheimer's. (Please remember us in prayer.) Our granddaughter Janell is a student at Southwestern University, Waxahachie, Texas.

I take pride in being a longtime member of the Assemblies of God.

Bonita (Mrs. George) Tucker
Parsons, Kansas

C. M. Ward's Ministry Touches this Chaplain

Thank you [Joyce Lee] very much for the material you sent to me regarding the ministry/homegoing of our beloved C. M. Ward [July 1996].

C. M. Ward was a beloved friend of mine from the first time I heard him preach on *Revivaltime*. I met him personally first while I was an army chaplain at Ft. Lewis, Wash., and C. M. was holding services near the base. I invited him to preach at special services on the base and he accepted. Again, while I was in Nuremburg, Germany, about 1978, I arranged for Chapel Support

Funds to bring C. M. to Germany for a week of special services at the base community chapel. After I left active duty with the army and was pastoring a Congregational Church just outside of Boston, C. M. came again to be a pulpit guest. We were close—mostly because of a kindred attitude toward fellowship among the denominations, and Dr. Ward did love the military milieu.

I (we) have lost the immediate presence of an admirable friend. The world has now been deprived of the personal touch of a mighty preacher of the gospel. Heaven has welcomed

"back home" one of its faithful traveling sons. I eagerly anticipate greeting him again...there.

May our Lord continue to use and bless your very significant ministries there at the Heritage Center. God has used you to bless me.

Robert S. Hess
Chaplain (COL) U. S. Army, Ret.
Walpole, New Hampshire



Robert S. Hess

□ **McCafferty / from page 16**

their example. She is known as a prayer warrior, and she has done a lot to help students and others she is in contact with. "Those two people relied on God. What they poured into me, I'm trying to pour into others."²⁴

William B. McCafferty died on June 4, 1963 at Waxahachie. Funeral services were conducted at University Assembly of God in Waxahachie, with Carl Stewart, Joe Adams, and Klaude Kendrick officiating. Burial was at Mason Cemetery at Arp, Texas.²⁵

Regarded as one of the founding fathers of the Assemblies of God and a pillar of the church, he was active in many capacities: as an evangelist, camp meeting speaker, pastor, Bible school instructor, song writer and poet. He served as a presbyter in three states, New Mexico, Arkansas, and Texas. In 1916 he was assistant superintendent for the Southern Iowa and Northern Missouri District. He taught in Bethel Bible Institute at Dallas in 1925; the Des Moines (Iowa) Bible Institute in 1927; and at Southwestern Bible Institute when it was located at Enid,



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Oklahoma, Fort Worth, and Waxahachie, Texas. He was associated with Southwestern for 32 years.²⁶

Although he was a small man in height, he will always stand tall in the Kingdom to those who knew him.

NOTES

1. William Burton McCafferty, "Places Served Within the Last Ten Years," 1945 (unpublished itinerary for the years 1936-1945).
2. McCafferty prepared a partial listing of his published articles up through 1945, which is now located in the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.
3. James K. Bridges, telephone interview, July 10, 1998.
4. Ibid.
5. H. E. Calvert, "Life of William Burton McCafferty," August 7, 1952 (unpublished manuscript), p. [1].
6. William B. McCafferty, letter to Mrs. Dwight Risley, November 25, 1933.
7. Ibid.
8. "Veterans, Violence, Victories," *C.A. Herald*, November 1956, p. 12.
9. Ibid. The "six bits" amounted to \$.75 per hundred pounds.
10. William B. McCafferty, certificate of ordination.
11. "Veterans, Violence, Victories," p. 12.
12. Calvert, p. [5].
13. Ibid., p. [6].
14. S. L. Wise, "Report of Overton Camp-Meeting," *Word and Witness*, September 1915, p. 2.
15. Burt McCafferty, "Healed Obeying God in Service," *Weekly Evangel*, April 15, 1916, p. 14; W. B. McCafferty, "Instantly Healed by the Power of God," *Pentecostal Evangel*, November 9, 1929, p. 17.
16. Carl Brumback, *Suddenly From Heaven: A History of the Assemblies of God* (Springfield, MO: Gospel Publishing House, 1961), pp. 196-197.
17. Ibid., p. 199.
18. Ibid., p. 222.
19. Lillie B. Mundt, telephone interview, July 10, 1998; Calvert, p. [8]. In 1981 *Heritage* editor Wayne Warner asked Mrs. McCafferty about children while conducting a taped interview: "She stopped our interview and wiped away the tears as she was reminded of her daughter's death, more than 60 years earlier."
20. William B. McCafferty, "Scriptural Significance of the Blue Eagle Insignia," *Pentecostal Evangel*, September 2, 1933, p. 2.
21. Calvert, p. [12].
22. W. B. McCafferty, *Streams in the South* (Enid, OK: the author, 1934) and William Burton McCafferty, *Christian Poems* (Waxahachie, TX: Southwestern Bible Institute, 19??) are two of his books of poetry.
23. Joe Adams, telephone interview, July 10, 1998.
24. Mundt interview, July 10, 1998.
25. "McCafferty Services Arranged," *Waxahachie Daily Light*, June 5, 1963; "Burt McCafferty With Christ," *Pentecostal Evangel*, July 7, 1963, p. 27.
26. Ibid.

□ **Barnes / from page 24**

To that fair-haired youth might a pitfall be,
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for
him."

—UNKNOWN

Johnnie Barnes built bridges to the men that served with him and for the boys that followed after him.

When asked, "What do you think Commander Barnes would think of the Royal Rangers ministry today?" the emphatic reply is, "We have perpetuated the legacy of Johnnie Barnes by finding thousands of boys and leading them into the Kingdom of God." He would be proud.

We have multiplied ourselves quite well. Royal Rangers are in at least 63 countries around the world. We are making inroads into the urban centers of our nation. We are going places and reaching boys that some have said were beyond hope. All made possible by a man who had an impossible dream that allowed the God of the impossible to use him.

1. John Eller, "The Legend of Johnnie Barnes," *High Adventure*, Winter 1989-90, p. 8.



Rodney Davis serves on the National Royal Rangers Staff as a Special Assistant to the Public Relations Coordinator and Editor of *High Adventure* magazine. He earned his doctorate in Religious Education with an emphasis in Curriculum Design from Emmanuel Baptist University. He is vice-principal of Willamette Christian School (Willamette Christian Center), Eugene, Oregon.



ARCHIVES ACTIVITIES

Readers wishing to assist the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center in its collection and preservation of historical materials should use address below. Materials needed include magazines, missionary newsletters and prayer reminders, correspondence, artifacts, minutes, diaries, photographs, films, books, etc. Address: 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802. Phone (417) 862-1447, Ex. 4403; E-Mail: archives@ag.org

AGTS book exchange: Several titles on Pentecostalism; Several Dan Betzer/Revivaltime booklets. **Purchased from AGTS:** *The White Wing Messenger* (Church of God of Prophecy, Cleveland, TN), 1934-1954. **Jerry L. Barton:** Dispensational chart and book, *God's Dealings With Man in the Plan of the Ages* by John Fletcher Brodie; other books and notebooks from the Treasury Support Department. **Bill Bates:** News clip: *The Chronicle* (Centralia/Chehalis, WA) re. revival at 1st A/G. **Jim Bishop:** Typed transcript of his grandfather W. F. Garvin's diary. **Edith Blumhofer:** News clippings (*Victoria Daily Colonist*, Sept. 1901); *In Memoriam* (John Alexander Dowie); Photo of Zion fire. **Paughnee Bornert:** Photo directories, Central Assembly, Springfield, MO, 1966-67; 1971; 1978; 1983.

Helen Braxton: 50th Anniversary button, General Headquarters Staff. **Marshall Bruner:** Scrapbook on Royal Rangers. **Tim Cantrell:** Photo of children's revival at Central Assembly (Springfield, MO), January 1926; Daily Vacation Bible School certificates. **Adele Dalton:** Misc. historical materials from the files of her Mother, Alice Reynolds Flower. **Frank DeMarco:** Photographs relating to the Italian District. **Phil DiMusto:** booklet: *Branch Church Evangelism* / Victor Trimmer. **Gary Flokstra:** Miscellaneous books and pamphlets **Joseph R. Flower:** Cassette

tape of Frederick Eide speaking; memorial items of Frederick Eide. **Verna Flower:** Photographs; cassettes of Paul Lowenberg, John Wright Follette, and others. **Anton Frantes:** Photos of the Stone Church (Chicago) and Philip Wittich. **Glenn Gohr:** Bill Britton materials. **David C. Hammerle:** Photos of Maranatha Park Bible school and two cassettes. **Larry Haight:** Box of books/pamphlets on Pentecostalism/charismatic movement.

Ralph Harris: "Daughters in dialogue," at the 60th wedding reception for Ralph & Estelle Harris, Apr. 11, 1998. **Ruth Kent:** Cassette tapes from Fa-Ho-Lo Park Camp Meeting, 1977; cassettes from 1990 Michigan District Council; issues of *The Pentecostal Minister*. **Geir Lie:** "E. W. Kenyon: Cult Founder or Evangelical Minister?", an English translation of his master's thesis originally submitted to the Norwegian Lutheran School of Theology. **John Lindell:** Cassette of sermon, "How to Move From Stressed to Blessed." **Talmadge McNabb:** Interview of H.L. Chesser with W.F. Bryant and David Lemons of the Church of God (Cleveland, TN). Mentions M.M. Pinson and H.G. Rodgers. **Ada Patton:** Song book: *Heavenly Glory Songs* / by Louise Nankivell. Rev. ed., 1943. **Pentecostal Evangel:** Editorial and biographical files from the 1960s and earlier. **Vernon Pettenger:** Photos of Bethel Bible Institute (Newark, NJ). **Gregory Rakes:** Early issues of *Word and Work*, *Latter Rain Evangel*, *Weekly Evangel*, and newspaper articles. **Don Ramsey:** films of All Tribes Bible School, AIBI, and AIBC. **Frank Reynolds:** Taped interview of his life and ministry done by Wayne Warner. **Arthelene Rippy:** Video of C. M. Ward interviewed by Arthelene Rippy. **Darrin Rodgers:** Periodicals: *Fellowship Today* (Fellowship of Christian Assemblies), 1998 Ja-My; *White Wing Messenger*

(Church of God of Prophecy), June 13, 1998; Dissertation: "History of the Fellowship of Christian Assemblies / by Warren L. Heckman (Master of Church Ministries, Olivet Nazarene Univ., 1994).

Jane Shoults: Tambourine of her grandmother, Anna B. Lock, and wire recording of Anna B. Lock's life story. **DFM:** *Remembering Nigeria: An autobiography* / Everett L. Phillips. **Don Smeeton:** Materials from Calvary Temple (Naperville, IL); Ed.D dissertation: "A survey and analysis of four major United States based evangelical missionary organizations' educational enterprises in Africa" / Betta Mengistu, Northern Illinois University, 1979; Class notes "Pentecostal Truths," CBC 1967; Manual: *Cross Cultural Communicators* / Jerry Falley, North Central Bible College, 1987; *Assemblies of God and its position on contemporary issues* (A/G of Nigeria). **Victor M. Smith:** Photograph of some ministers in North Texas in 1935. **Rick Stout:** Photos of Tamaha (OK) Assembly of God. **Alvin Sprecher:** Several German language books relating to the Assemblies of God. **Jim Teuber:** Issues of *Full Gospel Business Men's VOICE* (17 issues from 1960s; 1 from 1974). **Wayne Warner:** Photographs of William Branham's tombstone.

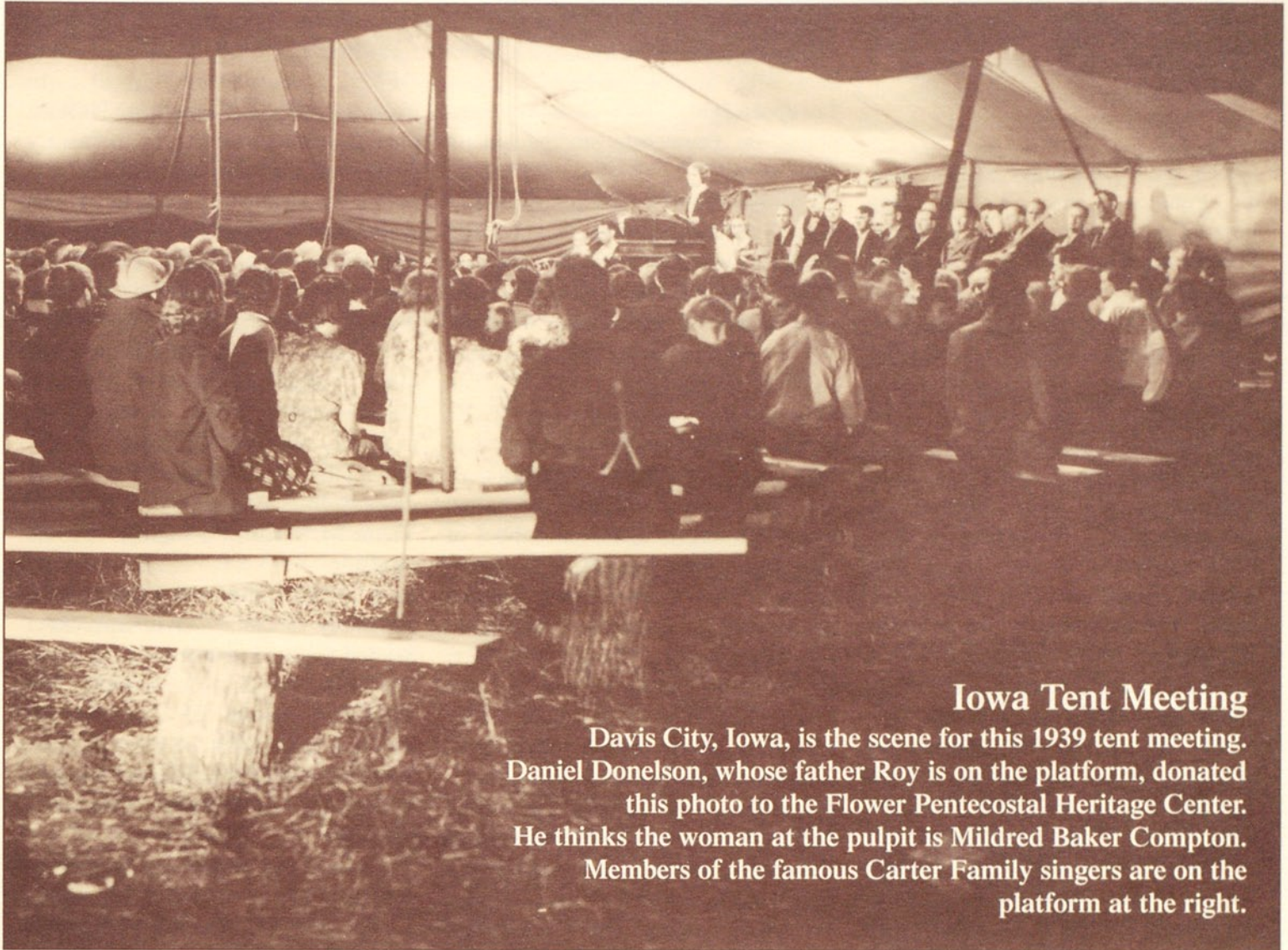
Earnestine Wells: photograph of former pastors of First Assembly, Akron, Ohio. **Lucille Williams:** Books by Myer Pearlman, Ralph M. Riggs, Frank M. Boyd, Lilian B. Yeomans, Stanley H. Frodsham, E. S. Williams, A.G. Ward and a few others; Song Books: *Hallelujah Songs* / Benson Pentecostal Mission Pub. Co., Nashville, TN; *Songs of Pentecostal Fellowship; Revival Flame* / Bosworth Campaign Special 3rd ed.; *Songs of Praise* / GPH, 1935; *Boys and Girls Sing and Remember; Revivaltime Songs*—26th Gen. Council, Sept. 1-6, 1955, Okla. City.

Assemblies of God

HERITAGE

1445 Boonville Avenue

Springfield, Missouri 65802-1894



Iowa Tent Meeting

Davis City, Iowa, is the scene for this 1939 tent meeting. Daniel Donelson, whose father Roy is on the platform, donated this photo to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. He thinks the woman at the pulpit is Mildred Baker Compton. Members of the famous Carter Family singers are on the platform at the right.

