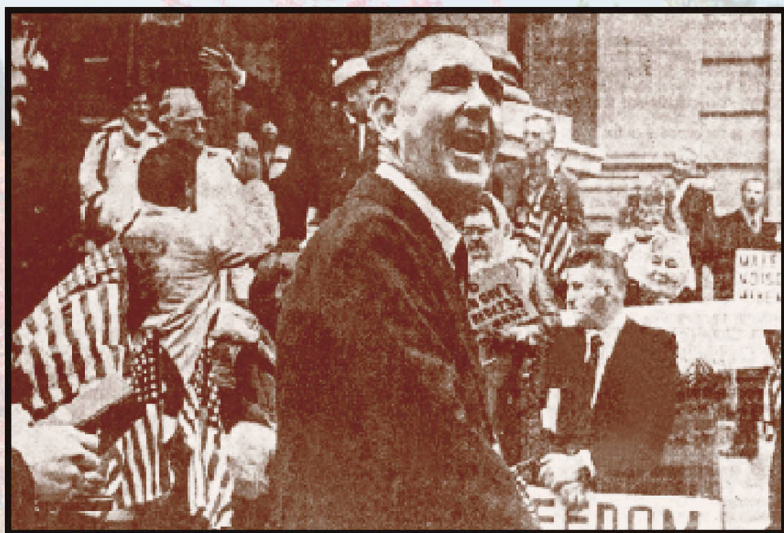


# Autobiography of W. L. King, A Radical



W. L. King  
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# **Autobiography of W. L. King a Radical**

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## FOREWORD

It is not every day you are asked to write a foreword to someone's book. I count it an honor to respond to Brother King's request. We met Brother W. L. King during our first pastorate of a small Nazarene church in the Little Laurel Valley near Richwood, West Virginia from 1949 to 1952.

Every now and then the church world is blessed with some most unusual ministers who are not the product of an assembly line of some Bible school or Bible college. Such were the likes of Peter Cartwright, John T. Hatfield, John and Bona Fleming, D. W. Fossit, David Matherly, Archie Atwell, Sr. and Walter L. King. Such men of the cloth do not prepare their sermons to be "politically correct" so as to please the ecclesiastic bodies nor to please the masses. They are not in the "ear tickling" business, neither are they trying to compete in a popularity contest. They are afraid of neither men nor devils and are ready to go to jail or to die for their faith.

As you read this autobiography of this unusual minister you will see for yourself his undying ardor and willingness to even die for his heartfelt principles. He proved himself in four years of service in the U. S. Marine Corps in the South Pacific theater during World War II. He proved himself when his strong stand as a minister of the Gospel more than once landed him in jail, and ultimately exonerated him of all charges in a court of law. Most of his critics have no such record of ever standing for God as this man has. You will enjoy reading this heart-stirring saga of an unusual life lived to the hilt for the glory of God. I, Howard McConkey, heartily recommend this book for the encouragement and spiritual uplifting of the heart and soul of each one who peruses its pages. Howard McConkey, 12/17/01



## Chapter 1

# Boyhood Days

All men are born, but very few like W. L. King, from old English stock, with a touch of Cherokee Indian via a 1790 Indian girl by the name of Anna King who married my great-great-great-grandfather, John King. So you see, the King name goes way back. It was rumored that Great-great-great-grandfather King was a horse thief and was transported from England as a common convict. I do not know of any King horse thieves in modern times, but we have our share of skeletons in the family closet, no doubt.

Mother was a Stone and her father was pure Scot: heavy set, curly hair, whiskers growing out his ears, eyebrows one continuous line from eye to eye . . . and a very successful farmer.

Dad and Mother met at an ice cream social sponsored by the one room country school at Rock Castle, West Virginia. When I was seven, they took me to a similar event at the same school. I was



W. L. King, Sr. and Ina M. (Stone) King



given fifteen cents to bid on a pie. You had to eat the pie with the girl who made it . . . it was law. I started at a nickel, thinking I might get off cheap and have a dime left over. But that red-headed Livingston boy piped up . . . “I bid a dime.” Very bravely but with some hesitation, I whispered, “Fifteen cents here.” “Sold,” the farmer auctioneer said. I was hooked. But, I did want that pie or some of it. I went to collect the pie and the little seven-year-old curly-headed girl was holding it. We went over to the stone step at the Rock Castle school entrance. I took out my old one-bladed knife and divided that cherry pie. Well, it was worth the fifteen cents, and even the girl was nice. I think she liked me . . . especially since I was a city boy. What simple lives we lived in those days.

The all day meetings with dinner on the grounds were always a summer’s great events. The preachers preached hell fire and damnation or heaven so beautiful you would want to go if they were making up a buggy load.



**My beloved mother  
Ina M. King**



**W. L. King (Dad)**

**As a young man and destined to be a combat veteran of World War I and II. A soldier in WW I and a sailor in WW II. Saw action in both wars.**

Preaching services were morning and afternoon . . . with the big out door “dinner on the ground” spread out under the beech trees. The little boys could be found around the fried chicken table or down at the end where all the pies were stacked. It seems that the women in those days would stack at least three pies on top of each other and cut all three at one time. . . . I remember my grandmother’s hickory nut cake . . . not a crumb left of that one. But Grandmother would never



**Grandma Stone**

**Grandma was married four times . . . outliving all of her husbands and never was divorced.**

take fried chicken . . . but always fried salmon cakes . . . do you know, those old farmers would clean her platter clean, long before the fried chicken was gone. Strange.

Then the farmer families got in their buggies and headed home to milk the cows and do the necessary chores. NO unnecessary Sunday work was ever done down on the farm.

One bright Sunday afternoon, Grandfather and I were sitting on the front porch . . . I remember that the sweet peas were in bloom and the honey bees were busy at work gathering the sweet nectar. Up the long road a horse and rider appeared. As he drew nearer, Grandpa said: “That’s the cattle buyer . . . he was not supposed to be here until tomorrow morning. I wonder what he wants.” He stopped his horse, climbed down, and came over to the porch. He shook hands with Grandfather and then with me. He was invited to sit in the big family rocker. “Well,” he said, “I was up to Livingston’s and bought their cattle and

since it is over 60 miles to Charleston, West Virginia, my home, I thought I would drop by and purchase yours also.” Grandfather said: “Well, I just do not do business on the Lord’s Day. Junior and I were just admiring the bees, how busy they are. Well, the bees don’t know any better than to work on Sunday, but I do. If you want my cattle you will need to come back tomorrow.” “Well, can we just discuss how much they are worth and could I look them over?” “Absolutely not. Here is my Bible, let us have a good discussion and have prayer.” If there was ever a surprised cattle buyer . . . that was one. Bright and early Monday, just after the cows were milked, the cattle buyer arrived. He had high praise for my grandfather. To this day I can remember what that check for the cattle was . . . \$1,000.01.

I can remember the 1930 election . . . Grandfather rode twenty miles one way to vote against Roosevelt . . . because he did not like the promise of Roosevelt to end prohibition.

Saturday night was always bath time. Grandma got the big tin tub from the smokehouse and filled it with hot water. . . . The bathhouse was the kitchen. Baths were taken in divine order: Grandfather first, Grandmother next, then the children in order of age. The same water was used for all . . . perhaps a little hot water added. Being the youngest, I was last and I didn’t know any better then to think that the water might be a little bit “used.” All took a bath once a week whether they needed it or not. Grandfather always shaved on Saturday night and prepared for the Lord’s Day . . . no shaving on Sunday . . . the preachers preached against it.

The only time I remember my grandparents traveling together was on a vacation from the red clay hills of southern West Virginia to the boardwalk at Atlanta City . . . to see the ocean. We stopped the first night at Hawk’s Nest on New



**Uncle George King. We went to church in such a contraption.**

River. Grandfather Stone said, "Well, we might as well go back to the farm in the morning; I have seen everything. Double hard top roads up winding mountains, big cities with gigantic factories, and more people then I have ever seen in one place . . . I have seen it all . . . we can go back to the old farm." When he did see the ocean, he said he just did not believe it was real. . . . "There just could not be that much water in the world . . . it is some kind of optical illusion," he said.

We stayed in a little motel . . . that was when they were just little white shacks in a double line . . . just room for a bed and still the quaint, outside toilet "out back."

Grandfather Stone was saying to Grandfather King and Uncle George King . . . four in the same bed . . . to save money, "I have reared two boys and five girls, the farm is paid for, there is food in the cellar, and meat in the smoke house, I have \$800.00 in the bank and a little under the mattress . . . I feel I have done very well." Grandfather Stone did not tell that he had built and paid for the old United Brethren Church which was located on Thirteen Mile Creek, near Rock Castle, West Virginia. The Kings, Stones, Casto, and the Sayres just about made up Mason County, West Virginia.

Grandfather William King . . . most called him Willy, was a different man. He was just plain lazy and quit farming when Grandma died to come to Florida in the middle 1930's. He spent his later years just fishing. He had also married a Cherokee Indian whose name was also KING. Grandma was ambitious and had the running of the farm. Many a time she threw stones at Grandpa to drive him to the cornfield to hoe the young corn.

There was NO religion on my father's side, but rather they would rather drink corn liquor, hunt coon, chase rabbits, and shoot squirrels. Grandmother made her own wine, putting it in old bottles and capping it with a piece of cloth and a corncob.

I loved Grandmother King . . . and I can remember her carrying me upstairs to the unfinished bedroom in the loft . . . and tucking me in. I liked the old farmhouse, mainly because the rooms were papered with newspapers . . . and I could go all around the rooms and read the comics. I enjoyed “Little Orphan Annie” and “Tarzan.”

My, could my grandmothers cook. . . . Grandma King had a bench for us four brothers to sit on while at the large table . . . she always had all the spoons in a “spooner” and you selected the one you wanted . . . always several choice of sizes. Of course, we boys wanted the big ones.

Grandmother Stone was very religious. After I was called to the ministry and just starting out, she had me preach at the family homecoming . . . she was proud of her preacher grandson . . . the only King I know of in our branch of the Kings that entered into the ministry. She forgave me for joining up with the holiness people, the Church of the Nazarene. She was true United Brethren.

Just a word about my favorite uncle . . . Uncle John Sayre who farmed near Point Pleasant, West Virginia all his life. Uncle John was a saved man who loved the Lord. I was sitting on the banks of Thirteen Mile Creek fishing one Sunday morning . . . fishing all night and having caught nothing. Down the hill from the far ridge, I could see a mule coming our way. Soon Uncle John arrived and stopped the mule and I could see my Aunt Kruisia riding sidewise, behind her husband. They were going to Sunday church, way up Thirteen Mile Creek. This was at



**Dad and Uncle John Sayre. Daring young mountain boys who dared.**

least three miles away, and they had already come two miles.

Uncle John lived to be 102 . . . and a week before he died he wrote me and said: “Junior (They all called me Junior since I was named af-

ter my father), ever since I was a young man, I have attended every revival within reach, went to church at least three times a week, never missed a service during revival . . . also, I have attended the funerals of all my friends. I have thirteen children, and over 435 living, direct descendants . . . many of them saved.” John Sayre was a good man.

The baptizing of converts was a highlight of the summer with folk converging on the Old Stone Mill (operated and owned by my great-uncle Jim Stone). The mill ground mostly corn. They came walking, on horseback and by buggy . . . about 100 in all. The sisters wore long dresses almost to the ground, with the ankles not showing. Many wore bonnets and most of the farmers were in bib overalls. Preacher Haught was the pastor and he was a great “prayer,” very popular and always called upon to pray when the occasion demanded it.

On this summer afternoon, a few weeks after the revival, the church gathered at the pond. The little boys excitedly tested the waters and ran here and there . . . including me. We always sang, “Shall we gather at the river” . . . I always wondered why they did not substitute “creek” and be more accurate. Preacher Haught was called upon to pray, and he was in “fine style” that day. He introduced the converts to the wonders of heaven, then skipped them through the angels as he swept the people into the presence of the Throne. Waving his arms and walking back and forth, he got too close to the edge and tumbled into the millpond. Let me tell you, that sure takes the pride out of the



**Baptism**

preacher. On Thirteen Mile Creek, Rock Castle, West Virginia some old timers still talk about the day the preacher fell in the mill pond.

In 1929, the Great Depression swept the country. Dad lost our new home and with a few hundred dollars built a slab shack on the side of a West Virginia hill near Dunbar, West Virginia. There was no work . . . nor were there any government hand-outs, or relief checks or food banks. But strange, we did not feel that we were poor . . . my greatest years as a young boy were those spent doing odd jobs for a nickel or a dime to buy my own clothes and perhaps a nickel for a movie to see Gene Autry or Tom Mix. Cowboys never kissed the girls . . . just their horses.

Remember when only the Nazarenes, Pilgrims, and Wesleyans preached against the movies and tobacco? They were the true radicals.

Most meals we sat down to were only potatoes or beans and brook water, perhaps a piece of cornbread. Yet, but when the preacher came, Mother somehow managed to catch one of those wild chickens, killed it herself, plucked it, cooked it, because the preacher was coming for dinner. Preachers were respected in those days. You guessed it, we boys usually got the backbone or the neck. We had to take that “old cold tater and wait” for our elders to finish. Is it not strange, we did not rebel, make a fuss or think we were underprivileged? *The older folk always came first . . . not the children.*

I spent much of my young boyhood on my grandfather's farm during the summers and



**W. L. King and Garnet King. My only picture as a child.**



in the small town of Dunbar, West Virginia during the school year. I was something like, “The barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan. . . .” I could not wait to go barefoot in the early spring. I swam the river and creek like a fish, hunted the hills for rabbits and squirrels,



**The old swimming hole**

fished the creeks for catfish and sunfish, played Tarzan in the foothills and cowboys and Indians up and down the alleys and generally lived the life of Tom Sawyer and “Huck” Finn.

One night I was passing the little Church of the Nazarene in Dunbar, West Virginia and heard a strange noise. Looking in the door, I could see people running up and down the aisles and shouting. I was curious, so I slipped in and crept down front. A lot of people were kneeling at a wood bench, and they were crying out with raised arms . . . faces lined with tears. One man was beating another on the back. It looked like they were in a fight. Suddenly, the man being beaten jumped up and began to leap up and down, waving his arms, crying that he was saved . . . around him were others doing the same thing.

There I was, about ten years old and in the middle of what looked like a free-for-all. But this was different from the fights down at the local pool hall. Folk were hugging . . . men with men and women the other women and girls. There was a power that even I, a small boy, recognized as coming from God. Picture it if you can: a ragged, barefoot boy dressed in short pants, needing a haircut, standing in the middle of a Holy Ghost meeting. This so impressed this lad who was many years later to be an ordained minister in that denomination.

The pastor of that church was Rev. Earl Hissom, a minister with the Nazarenes at that time.



Later, I was privileged to speak twice in the Tabernacle founded by Rev. Hissom. He had a radio broadcast on a Charleston, West Virginia radio station. I also went to Morris Harvey College with his daughter. Up to that time I was the first in our King tribe to become a college graduate with a degree. Also, I was the only one in my class not to have a suit for graduation . . . no cap and gowns in those days. I stepped forward in black pants and white shirt. When I walked into Rev. Hissom's church with wife Belisa and several of our young girls, I happened to hear his daughter say to her dad . . . "And Dad, his girls all wear long stockings, and have long hair, just like you dressed us."

The years passed . . . good years but without Sunday school, church, or revival. I was attending Stonewall Jackson Trade School . . . my twelfth year when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. On December 20, 1940, I joined the United States Marines at a young eighteen years old . . . just a few months from being seventeen.

In the next chapter, I will tell you how God talked to me during a near bombing at sea and how He took me through almost three years of battle in the Pacific. I will tell you how I rose from a lowly private to a five-striped gunnery sergeant before I was twenty-one years old . . . and how He called me to the ministry.

## Chapter 2

# My Early Family History

In the first chapter I told of my early life up to the time I entered the United States Marine Corps. In this chapter I will introduce some of the KING CLAN back to the Revolutionary War. In every war that the United States engaged in up to World War II there have been Kings fighting for their country. My own father was in both World War I and World War II—he saw active engagements in 1918 fighting against the fledgling Communist Party. He also served aboard the *U.S. Wisconsin* battleship as a Navy enlisted officer and fought off Japanese planes with a anti-aircraft gun.

Below is a picture of my father, W. L. King, and my brother Bill (Navy—gunned down in the Philippines in his PT boat), also myself, W. L. King, Jr. a five-striped gunnery sergeant who saw action in Guadalcanal and Okinawa.

I will introduce you to some family history—going back to the 1700s. The Stones, Kings, Dunhams, and Barrs were related families.

Other families: Hughes, Rhodes, Knapp, Hill, Garrison, Crow, McKown, See, Tschudi, Stover, Cossin, Bonnett, Wise, Woolwine, Lark, Wykle, Boner, Miller, Tombs, Bennett and Grimes plus many others were “kissing cousins” and gathered at one great family reunion I attended as a boy.



Our second Great-grandfather George Stone (1791-1855) and Lucinda Miller Stone (1794-1862) and their daughters Minerva, Sally, and Elizabeth are pictured in a early photograph. They lived in Greene County, Pennsylvania in October 1823 and floated down the Ohio River in a flatboat with all their belongings, two cows, two horses, and household goods. They landed near Ripley in what is now Jackson County, West Virginia where George eventually became the third sheriff of Jackson County. I do not know if George and Lucinda made the trip by themselves or if they were accompanied by other family members or friends. I am of the belief that perhaps George's brother Elias was with him because Elias made his home in Jackson County until about 1853 when he moved west and settled at Conway, Arkansas. George's father was James Stone (1764-1837) who married Barbara Garrison (1764), the daughter of Frederick (1733-1813) and Margaret Garrison. All of these were living in Greene County, Pennsylvania. George's son John Wesley (1829-1907) was my great-grandfather and his son Reuben (1869-1934) was my grandfather. The only picture I have seen of Reuben Stone is with an unidentified group. Grandfather Reuben Stone, my mother's father, was not one to spend his money on pictures.

As a young boy, I spent many summers on the old Stone farm, chasing cows, playing with old Shep, chasing ground hogs, and fishing in Thirteen Mile Creek.

I told some incidents of my grandfather in Chapter One. He always let me water the horses at dinner time (12:00 noon in those days). Old Fred was blind in one eye and always wanted to go off to the left . . . that is why he wore a blinder that permitted him to see straight ahead only.

One time I rode him to the old Stone Store . . . well, anyhow, I rode him there and walked him back . . . limping just a little. Grandfather Stone just loved to play horseshoes . . . I got to step forward three paces, to compensate for my age and size. Even then, I very seldom hit the peg. However, one evening my

Uncle Vernon, the youngest of the Stone boys, just knowing I could not come within a “country mile” of the peg, sat on the peg with his back to me and told me to “fire away.” Well, I took good aim and hit him in the back of the head and almost knocked him out . . . my, was he mad.

Well on to our outlaws and relations. . . . Having come to Fayette County, Pennsylvania via New Jersey, Alexander Allen Dunham (1788-1864) is another of my second great-grandfathers. His wife was Katherine “Kate” Crow (1801-1874), daughter of Michael Crow (about 1766-1864).

Alexander’s son Jessie (1834-1909) was my great-grandfather. He married Sarah Barr (1851-1933), daughter of John Henry Barr (1831-1891) and Mary Rayburn who died within a few years of Sarah’s birth. Jessie’s daughter Iantha (1878-1963) was my grandmother and my mother’s mother.

I can clearly remember my Great-grandmother Dunham, mainly because I had to wash the dishes for Grandmother Stone. . . . She would not let Great-grandmother do them because “she just could not see to clean them good.” When she died, I was given her cat, which I kept for many years. . . . That is all I inherited, but it was enough for a little boy.

Please note her dress. This was an everyday dress.

To this day, I am glad that I lived at a time I could know my great-grandmother.

Many of our descendants are buried in the old section of Smith Church Cemetery. There are four small tomb-



**Great-grandmother Dunham**

stones with the round tops in the front row which are the stones of John Sr. King (1794-1864), Christina Yeager King (1785-1877), Alexander King (1820-1883), and Elizabeth Jacobs King (1825-1889). Other members of the family are also buried here.

In the new section of the cemetery are family members also.

On my father's side, my second great-grandfather was John King Sr. who married Christina Yeager. Christina's grandparents were Joseph Yeager (1739-1838) and Katarina Elizabeth Becker (1760-). Joseph was born in Germany in 1738, and he and his wife are buried in Jacobs Lutheran Cemetery at Masontown, Pennsylvania. John Senior's son Alexander is my great-grandfather. He married Elizabeth Jacobs. John Sr., Christina, Alexander, and Elizabeth are buried at Smith Church in Mason County, West Virginia. Alexander's son William Alexander (1867-1949) is my grandfather, "Willy" King—I mentioned him in my first chapter. He married Ella Florence King (1867-1936). They are buried at King Family Cemetery.

Ella Florence King's mother and father were Ephraim King (1840-1915) and Susan Hughes. Ephraim was the son of William H. King (1815-1881) and Sarah Rhodes.

My father was Walter L. King (1897-1971). He married Ina M. Stone (1903-1983), the daughter of Reuben and Iantha Stone.

My father was born on a farm just upstream from the old family cemetery. On the right hand side of the road as you travel upstream, there is a spring which was famous all over the county for having excellent water. A tin cup always hung there for passers by to use. On many a hot day I personally stopped at this spring and used the tin cup. In many of my sermons I have used this as an illustration.

It was still there when I visited the spring as a teenager. The Mason/Jackson County Line passed though the farm where my father was born. Dad attended Spruce School and Horsecave School which was on a branch of Big Spruce. This is very remote country.

## THE OLD HOME PLACE

These are some facts about the Stone home place.

The Stone farm has been home to the Stones for nearly 150 years if not more than that. There are some very old graves in the cemetery which, some have said, had been deeded to the Rockcastle United Brethren Church. The land, materials, and labor was provided by both sides of my mother's family and by some of their neighbors. It is an old building with two doors. There was a door for the women and a door for the men as well as a partition down the middle of the church to keep the sexes separate inside the church. Sadly, the church building is in bad need of repair.

Because many of the persons who are buried in the Stone Cemetery laid "in state" in the farmhouse living room, there are many "true" ghost stories connected with the house. These are told by people who are and were very serious and not given to the "nonsense" of telling tales. Although they were not interested in "stories," I have heard several tell, swearing to the truth of the telling, of seeing departed members of the family moving about the place. The latest sighting was as recent as the 1980s.

As a small boy, I slept in the big featherbed upstairs. There were three bedrooms downstairs, just off the parlor. Up the narrow stairs you enter into the big front bedroom. Directly off this bedroom there are two small bedrooms; on the left you enter into another large bedroom. On the opposite wall is a door leading to the big unfurnished room. This is where I thought the ghosts came from.

After reading the Sears Roebuck catalog by lamplight and growing sleepy, I would make a headlong dash for the stairs and leap into the big bed and cover up my head. I could hear strange noises, but I would not peep. Yes, the old United Brethren had many stories concerning the dead, and I believed them, 100%. Do I today? Well, if I were back in my childhood and sleeping in the old Stone family home, I most likely would . . .

today, who knows. I do know that these ancestors of ours were very superstitious and loved God and preached the truth.

Ghosts and all, I spent many happy days at the Stone home place, and if I had my way, I would be buried in the Stone cemetery.

(Thanks to my double first cousin, Pastor O. Lester King, for much of the genealogy.)

# Okey L. King, Sr.

## MY FAVORITE UNCLE

An essay written by my double cousin, Okey Lester King

Okey Lester King Senior was born on a farm on Big Spruce Run. He said that the farm was in both Mason and Jackson Counties. When I was about fifteen, on a hot summer day in August, I visited the place with Dad and my cousin Wayne Stone. I didn't see the house, so it may have no longer been standing. Other than the huge hornets' nest that we nearly stepped on when we crossed the fence, I remember a spring that was beside the dirt road that went up the creek. Dad said, "This spring is known for miles as having the best water in Mason County. There has always been a dipper hanging here for people to drink from." Sure enough, there was a dipper hanging in the shade by the spring. We also visited the old Spruce School that day. Dad had



**Okey L. King, Sr.**

attended both this school and the Horse Cave School which was in a neighboring hollow on Horse Cave Run. Not far down Spruce Run was the Spruce Cemetery. In fact, a number of the funerals for the folks buried there were held in Spruce School.

Life at home wasn't easy for Okey and his brothers. His oldest sister, Ladora Lakotah, was the oldest child. She had married Gilbert Thornton, and had moved to Little Mill Creek



where they would raise a large family. Although my grandmother Ella Florence was a hard worker, I heard my mother say that my Grandpa Willy was, “the laziest man in Mason County.” When I was a boy I took this for face value, and saw no reason to doubt it. Now I can understand that he may have been a dreamer sort of like myself. Folks whose favorite recreation is work have a hard time understanding folks like Grandpa Willy and myself. I never really got to know Willy, so it would be unfair of me to parrot my mother’s sentiments.

I have been told that, in 1910, when my father was eleven years old he left home to go to Ohio to work on the railroad. That seems almost unreal to us today, but those were the days before child labor laws had come to amount to much. The story continues by saying that Dad contracted typhoid fever and rode the train back to Arbuckle where he walked the six miles back to the farm. Dad survived the sickness, but Harry, one of his younger brothers, also caught typhoid and died.

I do not know exactly when, but, at some point, Dad left home again and lived with his sister “Dorie.” I do know that he became a favorite with his nephews and nieces. Up until the time that Dorie and Gilbert moved to Ohio to live near one of their daughters, we would go to Aunt Dorie’s quite often. Many times Dad and I would go by ourselves. Sometimes it was to help out with chores. Other times it was just to visit and to check on them. For a description of these visits, see the “Mable Thornton Essay” which follows. I don’t know much about those years he spent with Aunt Dorie. I do



**Okey L. King with Thelma King  
and Olive Luverna**

not think that he attended school. Whether it is true or not, it is said that he only went to the third grade. But he could read well, and he could do fairly complicated math. He could always “spell me under the table.” He was self-educated.

P.S. So education was not formal in those early days, but my father, W. L. King, Sr., was self-educated as was Uncle Okey King, his brother. In the 1930s Dad took the Civil Service test for mail carrier, and in those very hard, depressed days, he won out over at least three college graduates. Dad had a sixth grade education formally, but he was more than college level by today’s standards. If a person had a sixth grade education in the early 1900s he or she could even teach school. We have fallen a long ways in our present day educational system.

## Mable Thornton

(1918)

### ONE OF MY FAVORITE COUSINS

Mable is probably my favorite cousin on my father’s side. I don’t even know if she is still living. My family would visit Aunt Dorie and Uncle Gilbert quite often, and Dad and I would visit on a regular basis by ourselves to either help them on the farm or to check on them in the winter. More than once, I rode Gilbert’s old haywagon pulled by his two very old horses, Cory and Orie. The Thorntons had an old dinner bell that Dorie or Mable would ring to bring us in from the field for dinner or supper.

When my father was young, he left his own home and lived with his sister Ladora Lakota and Gilbert because there wasn’t enough food to go around at home. He became a favorite with his nephews and nieces and especially so with Mable. Mable

adored him and, in the process, adopted me and made me one of her favorites. This was manifested though her cooking. Mable was a cook par-excellence. Winter or summer, my aunt and Mable cooked outside of the main house in a long outbuilding which had a very long homemade wooden table. Even when it was just Dad and I who visited, Mable would load that table down with food. It was real food and not the kind that people say you ought to eat today. Mashed potatoes with gravy that made your jaws ache with pleasure. Fresh green beans and corn-on-the-cob in season as well as all of the other vegetables that came from the “kitchen garden.” There would be at least three different kinds of meat, which often included game.

There are two things that Mable got me started on. One, when I was seven, was coffee, and that was black from the start. I always felt that if you put anything in coffee, then it wasn’t coffee any more. Second, she introduced me to groundhog. Mable could cook a groundhog in a way that it was better than chicken. If it were a young groundhog, there was no comaprison. When Mable knew that I was coming, she always managed to have a groundhog ready, and sometimes she had one for me to take home. You might stick your nose in the air at the thought of eating groundhog. But then, you probably don’t know any better because you haven’t had the pleasure of eating Mable’s groundhog.

The old folks made out that Mable was mentally handicapped, but I don’t believe it. I think that they wanted to keep her home so that she would be there to work. Mable did have a lot of cats. I don’t know how many she had, but she would call “kitty kitty” and they would come running from everywhere.

The Thorntons eventually moved to Ohio where Gilbert and Dorie died. After their deaths, Mable married and I heard that she was doing well.

By Okey Lester King  
My DOUBLE first cousin

## Chapter 3

# School Days and World War II

Yes, I did have a little education along the way. . . . In the early 1930s, I went to a one-room school in Roxalana Hollow. Mr. Simmons, the only teacher, taught six grades . . . with the help of a stout paddle. We were all as poor as “Job’s turkey.” We did not have running water, except when the chosen one run after it at the local spring. We all drank from the same tin cup, and none of us died. The water bucket was at the back of the little school on a bench. One cup was chained to it. We did not have a cafeteria, not even lunch buckets unless it was a gallon lard bucket. Standard fare was a cold biscuit with homemade jelly, or if the old hens laid an egg or two, Mamma would put a fried egg between the biscuit. I failed that year of school, the only grade I ever failed. I always blamed Mr. Simmons for that . . . I don’t think he liked me . . . for some reason. Maybe it was because I was so rowdy and hard to teach. We moved to Dunbar, West Virginia and I attended the Second Ward School. I did good in school, especially in history. The boy that sit in back of me was Cef Sampson. He was a rugged mountain boy who loved to chew tobacco. I think he chewed all of that sixth grade and the principal, Mr. Warner, did not catch him. Many times he was late for school or did not intend to come. Mr. Warner would send me up the street to his home. I would knock at their door



**Mother and Dad**

and Cef would come out . . . eyes sleepy, dressed in his long johns (we did not have pajamas). I would relay the message. . . . "You better get to school or the truant officer is coming to get you." Cef dropped out in the sixth grade to become a multi-millionaire in the scrap iron business. I was in partnership with him once as a boy. We hunted junk with our little red wagons and made enough to buy our clothing.

I often wonder what would have happened if I had kept up with the partnership. But Cef went his way and I went on to the seventh grade. You began high school in the seventh grade and this was a big school . . . two stories high. Classes were packed . . . maybe thirty or forty to the room. I did well in high school. Boys mostly went barefooted until snow time, but the girls wore stockings and shoes.

It was about this time that Dad and Mother got saved at the Church of God, Anderson sect. We went to Sunday school and Sunday night services during this short period. We had great revival . . . Ray Taylor was the pastor . . . Brother John Foster the Sunday school teacher for the youth.

Dad was a great hunter and liked shooting matches. Right before Thanksgiving in 1930 Dad went to a local shooting match to win some turkeys and chickens. He came home with several of each.

Of course the news got around to the preacher. We had a visit from this good man. He told Dad right out that he had sinned and that he must make restitution to the church. The church took such acts of sin seriously and demanded that he stand up before the congregation and give



**Uncle Gilbert Thornton  
and Ladora King Thornton**

an apology and ask the people as well as God for forgiveness or else he would be dismissed from the church. Dad did as commanded.

Most churches of that day would not think of gambling in any way. Now, many church people can play the state lotteries, hoping to win millions. One woman called me a few years ago and wanted me to pray that she would win the lottery, and if she won, she would share it with me and the missionaries. I did not pray one word and would not have accepted a dime. All too many folk cater to the sinners in the church for their money.

That fall Dad went rabbit hunting. It began to rain. As he stood under a hickory tree, he put his hands in his hunting coat. He had lent it out to a friend the week before. His hands touched a pack of cigarettes and matches. He took one out, lit up, and for the rest of his life he was a chain smoker.

It was the beginning of deer season. Belisa and I lived in Richwood, West Virginia where we later built a holiness church. I persuaded Dad to go to a local revival. The message was powerful, and conviction was upon the service. Tears dropped from his eyes, and his hands gripped the pew back. I pleaded with him to give his heart to Jesus . . . he said: "NO, another time. . . ." There was never another time.

The big Stonewall Jackson High School in Charleston, West Virginia had a trade school. . . . In my twelfth grade I transferred to the trade school. I learned welding, sheet metal work, and how to operate a lathe. Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on that Sunday morning. We had extra papers in those days and I hit the streets hollering "EXTRA, EXTRA, READ ALL ABOUT IT." On Monday morning at school, we were called to the assembly room to hear President Roosevelt declare war on Japan and Germany.

A week later I was on my way to Parris Island, South Carolina to become a Marine. I remember my girlfriend gave me a Christmas present. I opened it and it was a red necktie, just what

I did not need in the Marines. What rags we wore were sold to the clothes merchants. They gave me \$1.50 for mine.

The train pulled into a small town called Yamesee. About midnight we were given issues of clothing, blankets, rifle, and mess kits. It was cold in December in South Carolina, and we all rolled into our cots with all our clothing on. About 2:00 p.m. somebody roared, "Come on, get out of those bunks and line up and bring those sea bags with all your belongings." When we got outside, some half asleep, the



**W. L. King, USMC**

D. I. (Drill Instructor) strolled up and down the line. He roared again: "If anyone thinks he is tough and can lick me, step forward." I weighed about 110 . . . I did not step forward. A big hunk of a man stepped forward. "I was once a prize fighter and I can lick you," he said. They squared off and a moment later the prize fighter was on his back and not getting up. "Anyone else?" the D. I. said. No one moved.

Then he said, "We are going to make men out of you boys in twelve weeks. You are going to become fighters and afraid of no one." Then he ordered us, not back to bed, but to carry those heavy sea bags up and down the field until daylight. . . . I was able to last, but I noticed a few limping off the field, and we never saw them again. They were sent home. Truly, they soon separated the "men from the boys." . . . This was once the favorite saying of Evangelist Glenn Griffith who many times preached that "getting saved" separated the "men from the boys."



True to his word, after twelve weeks we did feel like we could lick the world. At times we hated that man . . . like the time we were made to hold the rifle out in front of our body . . . the first five who dropped their arms were given duty cleaning up the restrooms with toothbrushes. I never was among the five who failed. You see, I might not have weighed much, but I grew up in the hills, climbing trees, swimming rivers, and hunting game. Woe unto you if you were ever out of step while marching—you got a whack on the head with a stick the D. I. carried—it hurt. The Marines loved those mountain boys . . . they could shoot and they could last.

Well, I hope this is enough about my early life. I was tough and ready to go to war. Marines were dying in Guadalcanal, and we were their replacements.

I spent thirty months in the Pacific and saw action on two occasions. Exactly four years after enlisting, the war was won and I was on my way home . . . not knowing what the future held or the many battles ahead. I hope to write of the many spiritual battles we faced in the years to come. We were ready for whatever the future held . . . not knowing the many spiritual battles that I would be involved in over forty-eight years of gospel work.



**W. L. King and Don Jones prior to going to combat in the Pacific Islands**





**Gunnery Sergeant, W. L. King, 1944**

## Chapter 4

# Winning My Wife and Finding God

The war was behind me, and at the age of twenty-one, I was looking to the future. Also, I was looking at the girls. I was never shy, but I was a good boy and respected the opposite sex. I was living in a day of morality. The schools were relatively safe. No smoking was allowed on the grounds, and the paddle was still in use. If a girl was in the family way, she was expelled. To lie and lay out of school was an occasion to call out the truant officer.

I was only paddled once in my long years of schooling. It was a hot day in May. At noon recess, several of us boys headed for Kanawha River and a swim. The water was cold, but none dared to be the last in. With wet hair, we headed back for school. I don't believe one of us had stopped by the house for a meal. During the Depression, we just did not eat much. But back to the paddling. I sat about halfway back among 30 or 35 fellow prisoners. The subject was boring . . . taught by a Miss Amick. Why not "go on strike"? I thought. So I got out my little ruler and an index card. I wrote in large letters, ON STRIKE! waving it around so all could see. But Miss Amick noticed the disturbance and said, "Walter, what are you doing?" I was caught. In those days you went to the principal's office for your spankings. Once there, I was made to wait. Many came by and noted my shame. The principal finally took mercy on me . . . got out the big paddle and gave me three powerful blows, back where it did the most good. I was made to sit . . . where it was hard to sit so that all passing by could view the culprit.

High school was behind me. Four years of duty in the U. S. Marines were finished and a big future was before me.

I was home by Christmas of 1945 when a depression set in . . . those who have never experienced depression have not missed anything. Several days of this continued. Finally Ray Barnett stopped to talk to me. He said, "Would you like a date tonight?" I agreed to this "blind date," not knowing that I was to meet the sweetest, most beautiful girl in West Virginia or the world for that matter. Her name was Belisa Merrel McClung, a double Irish girl (both sides of the family Irish . . . McClung and O'Dell), straight from the Blue Ridge Mountains and from a log cabin built by her father.

As far as I was concerned, it was love at first sight. But I had to convince her. So, I planned a campaign much more complicated than any that I had developed during my Marine Corps days. We dated every night but Mondays. On that night I called by phone and talked for hours.



**My wife, Belisa, December 1944,  
before I proposed.**



**Gladys and Harley D. McClung  
Parents of Belisa King**



**Gladys McClung**  
**Mother of Belisa King**

On the third date, after kissing her, I said, “You are going to be my wife.” This amazed her. She did not know what to say. Finally, she just told me. “I do not go with sinner boys.” You see, she had attended church and Sunday school at the Saxmon School on Big Laurel Creek most of her life. She did not drink or smoke or curse. She was a little, saved girl, and I wanted her for my mate for life.

“Well,” I said, “I can fix that. Don’t expect me Sunday night. I have business to at-

tend to.” Come Sunday night I drove to the Church of God (Anderson) in West Charleston, West Virginia, walked in early, and sat about halfway down. There were large congregations in those days. Soon several hundred folk sat all around me. The congregation began to sing strange songs . . . “Amazing Grace,” “The Old Rugged Cross,” and several others. Some ladies began to sing a special song . . . they said it was a special song. This was not what I was waiting for. Finally, the preacher approached the thing they called the pulpit, opened a big Bible, and took a text. What was the text? Well, I don’t know, for this was not what I came for. He preached what they called the sermon. What was the sermon about? I don’t know. You see, this was not what I came for.

I had heard some say there would be an altar at which you could become a Christian. I looked around. There was NO altar: just a railing around the platform. I could sense that the preacher was about to “wrap” his talk up. He started to pray. I



**Sister Belisa M. (McClung) King**  
**My future wife while in high school, 1946**

thought, “He is closing the meeting. I must do something if I am going to ‘get saved.’” I jumped to my feet. Suddenly all eyes were upon me. I blurted out, “I WANT TO GET SAVED.” This so startled the preacher that he just sat down. After moments of quietness, a man, who I later learned was a deacon, came up to me and said, “Son, do you want to be saved?” I said, “YES, that is why I am here. The girl that I want to marry said she would not go with me

unless I got saved.” The Deacon said: “Do you know what being dsaved is?” “NO,” I said, “but whatever it is, I want it.” He led me to the railing. Suddenly, I was surrounded by several men who laid hands on me and prayed. Someone poked a Bible in front of my face and pointed at a scripture, Acts 16:31: “*And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.*” Suddenly a voice spoke to me. “Do you believe the Bible?” “Yes,” I said. Then the voice said, “You are saved.” The voice was the voice of a man, and I was deceived. Later, I realized this.

I walked out of that church as if I were walking on air. Once outside, I opened up my Camels and lit up, and got in the car. Going back to Dunbar, West Virginia a hitch-hiker was thumbing a ride . . . I thought, time to put salvation to the test. I braked to a stop and the man got in. I began to witness to my salvation! I was feeling good.

Calling my beautiful girl, I told her the news, I WAS SAVED. She agreed to continue dating. I was doing some fast talking, and the few kisses urged me forward.

One Saturday I went to the barber shop, got a new haircut with all the fancy hair dressing, and went to the jewelry store and bought a \$200.00 diamond. (Later I will tell you what happened to that diamond.) I went home to await the night of my big day. Mother wanted to know where all the strange smells were coming from, and looking at my slicked down hair, she sent me to the bathroom to wash it out. I am glad I did, for I smelled up the whole house, and what would my beautiful girl think?

Night finally came. I drove my 1935 Club Coupe up to the door and out she came, more beautiful than ever. I drove to the top of a mountain overlooking Charleston, West Virginia and parked the car. After a few kisses, I proposed to the only girl that was ever to be in my life.



**Belisa M. and W. L. King  
Wedding day, June 20, 1945**



**The Honeymoon Car  
A 1935 Pontiac Club Coupe**

“SHE SAID YES.” Now, I was not in a holiness meeting and knew nothing about church shouting; however, I opened the car door and whooped and hollered all up and down that mountain. I had won my beautiful girl . . . all 100 pounds of her. Her tiny feet wore a size 3½ shoe.



**Left to right: W. L. King, Franklin King, Mother Ina, Bill King, and Ray King. Taken on our wedding day, 57 years ago. Only one brother is living, and that is young Franklin.**

On June 20, 1945 we were married in the Baptist church. I had a scare there. All the people were waiting. The two o'clock hour arrived. NO PREACHER. I ran down to the parsonage and knocked on the door. The preacher came to the door. I told him we were waiting. He said, “I forgot.” Now how could he forget that . . . the most important day in my life! I sighed a note of relief . . . the preacher was hurrying out the door with me right behind him.

You talk about crying at a wedding . . . that whole group of women were boo-hooing and weeping and crying. You could hardly hear the preacher. But when the time came for me to say “I DO,” I did. I said, “I DO.” Well, fifty-two years have passed and she is still the sweet heart of my dreams and still as lovely as on that first day I saw her, my blind date.

Well, I started to college, the first one in the King line to go to college. I was dreaming of being a chemist . . . but for some reason, I took a minor in theology . . . not knowing that I would forsake the



**Saxton, West Virginia around 1915**



first and accept the ministry. I did receive a B.S. in chemistry and later entered the course of study with The Church of the Nazarene . . . the equivalent of a college education in those days.

In order to survive in the college endeavor, I worked nights. Later, I became chief chemist for the Tioga Coal Corporation and drove 100 miles each way to continue my education. There came the great day of graduation. In the late 1940s, we were poor. I mean poor, poor. I did not own a suit, and everyone was expected to have a suit. I had a pair of brown trousers and borrowed a checkered coat. I did not receive a car for graduation, not even a gift. Wait a minute, I did receive one gift. On February 22, 1949 God gave us a baby girl . . . long, black hair and beautiful, just like her mother. There is a story here.

We were to drive one hundred miles to a hospital where Belisa once worked. Early on the morning of February 22, wife turned to me and said she was ready to go. I was so excited, while she calmly went to the bathroom, and took a bath, and got ready. I was using the watch counting the minutes between contractions. Suddenly, I thought I would drive up to her mother's



**Sister Belisa (McClung) King and Father and Mother Harley McClung lived in the house in the foreground.**

**My wife's aunt, Iva Collins, lived in the house at the far end.**

**Note the Big Laurel Creek at right. I caught many trout here in the 1950s.**

for some advice . . . up rocky Big Laurel Road. I went . . . knocked on the cabin door. Gladys, Belisa's mother, the mother of eight all at home, came out with an oil lamp. Excitedly, I told her Belisa was ready to go to the hospital. . . . She said: "Is that all.?" and went back to bed. Well, I thought she would at least be a little



excited. Back I went. Belisa was still getting ready. Finally, she was ready, and out we went driving up to the hospital in the middle of the night. The night nurse was not even excited. I was the only one, but I was excited enough for everybody. I went to the torture room; that is the waiting room where all expectant fathers were confined. No family parties in the delivery room as there are today. Along about 9:00 a.m. the doctor came out and said, "You have a fine girl; call her Martha as she was born on Washington's birthday." We called her Judy Ann. Washington didn't care.

Along about this time, I really got saved in the front seat of a Studebaker car. I was smoking a cigar . . . blowing smoke all over the baby and wife. Jesus began to talk with me. I believe it was through the influence of a local Nazarene minister by the name of Rufus Welch. He was praying for me. Suddenly, I said, "Jesus, save me and I will serve You." He did. I rolled down the window and threw the cigar . . . half-smoked, out into the snow. I went home and had a bonfire of the rest of them, plus worldly clothing, bathing suits, shorts, etc. I also threw in some of wife's things as she was also seeking.

It did not take long for the news to spread. W. L. King got religion. Strange, all of a sudden my old buddies did not come around anymore. Those I fished with did not invite me to their all-night fishing trips. I suppose I was to blame. I talked religion all the time . . . trying to give them the light.



One Sunday morning I looked out the window to the Little Laurel Creek Road. **Church at Saxman, West Virginia. This is the church where I, W. L. King, was saved in 1950. Rev William T. Shannon, known as the one-legged preacher, was the evangelist. Saxman, West Virginia is no more. The church was set on fire in the 1990s.**

Passing slowly up the road in a rainstorm were a short man and a chubby lady. The little man had on a raincoat and hat and four buckle Arctic boots . . . the lady was dressed similarly. Sunday night, here they came . . . the man with a satchel walking with the woman. Next Wednesday night, here they came. Sunday



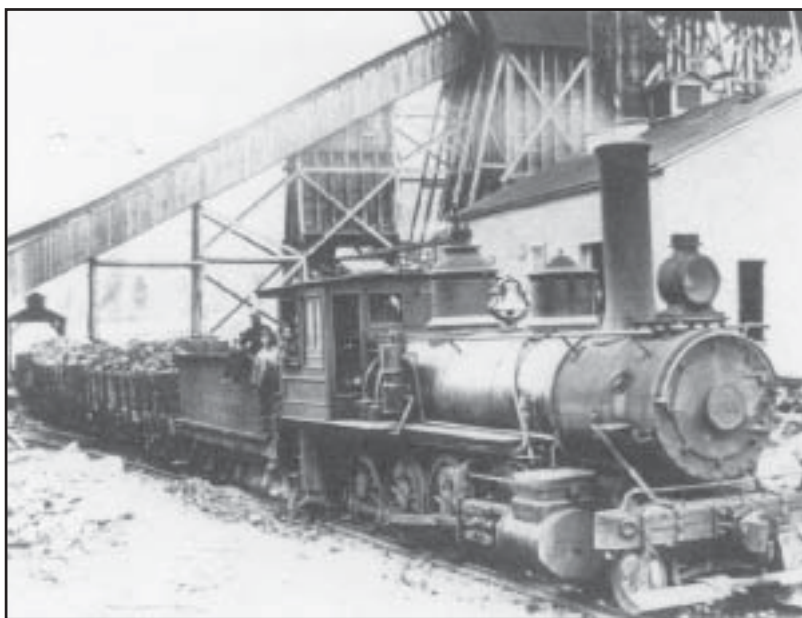
**Loading coke from the coke ovens around 1935**



**Coal tippie at Saxman, West Virginia in the late 1890s**

night, here they came again. Just who were this strange couple? I found out they were living at the old boarding house on Riverside Drive. I made a point of meeting him and Nola.

Belisa and I were attending church at Saxman, on Big Laurel. Our services were in the afternoon and night. One day I invited Brother McConkey to preach on Sunday evening. Now remember, wife and I were new converts and all out for God. We had never heard any preaching on Bible standards. Well, Sunday night arrived. I picked up the McConkeys and off we went to the little church by the creek. Brother Howard took his text, left it, and wandered all around till he got to the jewelry and lowered the boom. Most of us were ring wearers. We sat there in amaze-



**Coal locomotive, early 1900s. Saxman mines, Saxman. West Virginia.**

**Today the only evidence that there ever were a coal town at Saxman, West Virginia is one lone home. All the rest is gone, including the church where I was saved and the schoolhouse where my wife, Belisa, attended school in the two-room schoolhouse, walking over two miles to school in her early school days.**

ment as he, in a kind manner, gave us the light. Well, I was doing the driving, and the devil slipped up to me and suggested that I leave the preacher to walk home. Well, I did not do it, and not long after at my chemical lab, I took my rings off, the college ring and the wedding ring, and laid them on the floor. I got down and prayed for a sign. The FIRE fell. I had never shouted before in my life, but the spiritual blessings took over and I took off round the tables. Yes, I had the WITNESS.

After forty-nine years the McConkeys and the Kings are and were inseparable. In the next chapter, I will dwell on the many experiences that we had pastoring the two Church of the Nazarene churches. I will speak of some of the evangelists that we imported to the mountain people and of coal miners and lumberjacks who were saved.



**My Early Days**



**Judy Ann King,  
our oldest daughter**

## Chapter 5

# **My First Revival With Brother McConkey**

One of the strangest revivals I have ever attended happened when I was less than a year old in the Lord. It took place in the Levesy, West Virginia Church of the Nazarene in 1950. The pastor of the church was Rev. Rufus Welch. Another preacher, Arnet Hughes, had been converted. Brother Hughes was operating a beer joint near the head waters of Elk River when he wandered onto the Church of the Nazarene Camp Meeting at Summerville, West Virginia. Shortly after his conversion, he began to seek holiness. He seemed to have a hard time, but nevertheless, he stuck with the job, traveling from revival to revival and camp to camp. When Hughes was in the congregation, you had at least one seeker. As months went by, he became known as a perpetual seeker. Regardless, he kept at the job until one night he struck fire. From then on there was no holding him back . . . he was a flaming fire.

Somewhere along the line, he got hold of a book put out by a Pentecostal preacher. It advocated real revival via fasting, guaranteed to work every time. He brought the book to Pastor Rufus Welch who also read it. Brothers Welch and Hughes began to pray for a real revival in the little Nazarene Church. Then they proposed a revival and an extended fast.

A date was set. Now, I was just months old in the Lord, and knew little of fasting. The revival started with two preachers and myself and a good-sized congregation. I preached every time I got the chance . . . more exhorting than preaching. The

congregation was asked to join in the fast in order to see real revival. I held up my hand to fast three days . . . Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. This was not much, for Brothers Welch and Hughes had been fasting for ten days . . . with just a little water. After about two weeks of revival, a strange thing began to happen. Folks just quit coming . . . no one but the three preachers and family was left. Some did not leave in a very good spirit, and they never did come back to the church. Strangers ceased to attend. The community turned against the church. I had been driving over forty miles to the meeting. My job was to teach the young people in Sunday school. Now there were no young people.

On the last Sunday of the called revival, after the two preachers had fasted a total of twenty days, the revival closed with NO converts, NO Sunday school, and NO church . . . just a building. I was not wise enough to know what happened, but I did get the impression that revivals do not happen by reading a book on *How To Have Revivals*.

Shortly after this disaster, Brother McConkey and I began to pray about a tent meetings in Richwood, West Virginia. We were on fire for a tent meeting and souls. We had been preaching down at the lumber mill, at the coal mines, and attending revivals and prayer meetings wherever they were held. We attended the Sunday afternoon prayer meeting held in Richwood . . . getting to testify to Baptists, Methodists, etc. . . . most of whom knew nothing about holiness, smoked cigarettes, and lived a “sinning religion.” There were sure some hot meetings when the “cigarette suckers” would take offense, get mad, and “blow their stacks” at those two holiness preachers.

At this time we had a chance to conduct a revival at Handle Factory Hollow . . . way up at the top of a mountain, overlooking the South Fork of Cherry River. Someone had cleaned up a “chicken coop” for a church. It was about 10 feet by 20 feet and about six feet high. A pulpit and a row of chairs completed the furniture. No music. However, a “Warm Morning” coal stove with two buckets



stood in the middle . . . a little porch on the side. Now, Brother McConkey had little trouble standing upright; however I, being a one-fourth inch over six feet, had to stoop or turn my head.

There was a very able song leader, and as the little crowd sang, it rang down the mountainside. Brother McConkey and I took turns preaching and both produced “amens” and “glories” and shouting.

At that time I had the use of a jeep. Wife and I and the baby would crowd in the front, and in the two back seats, I had Sisters Grandma Foster and Grandma Grimms . . . Sister Foster, a large woman of about seventy, and Sister Grimms, a slight person and BLIND.

As we would start up the Long Handle Factory Hollow, one of them would start singing.

“There’s honey in the rock, my brother, there’s honey in the rock for you. . . .” Grandma Foster would start shouting and jumping up and down on the back seat . . . pretty soon Grandma Grimms would join in, and before long that jeep would be rocking from side to side . . . and we would arrive at the “chicken coop” church in a blaze of glory. One night the power of God came down upon that meeting in a wonderful way. Most of the church reacted as the waves of glory flooded that place where once chickens roosted. Brother McConkey took ahold of two coal buckets and began slinging them round and round . . . coal going everywhere. He finally made the door, and out on the little front porch the power became stronger, and yelling like a rampaging Indian, he threw coal down the mountainside.

Come Saturday night, all was ready, and we waited for the song leader. He never showed up so Brother McConkey led the singing. We had a fine service, and the Lord helped me to preach. As we left the church and were driving down the Hollow road, singing and rejoicing, we noticed several men walking up the road. As we drew closer, we all saw our song leader, and he was carrying a big Kewpie doll and a big teddy bear. We knew there



was a traveling carnival set up in Richwood. Our song leader, after all his testifying and shouting, had forsaken the revival and had gone to the “carnevil.” Come Sunday night, he came to church early, only to find Brother McConkey at the rostrum ready to start the song service. He sat on the back seat, a sinner and a candidate for the altar.

After much prayer, Brother McConkey and I called our District Superintendent, Dr. Oney. Brother Oney lived in the big Nazarene parsonage in Charleston, West Virginia. When I called, he said, “Brother King, we have a gospel tent stored over in Oak Hill, West Virginia. Saturday, you and Brother McConkey haul it over to your place for the meeting.” The next Saturday we drove the seventy miles (one way). After much searching, we found the preacher’s home, and he took us out to a shed. This was a West Virginia shed . . . just a lean-to with open sides. When we picked the wet tent up . . . it tore wherever you took hold. Well, we loaded it up . . . on my brand new 1950 brown Dodge car. We tied the top down and lashed the poles, etc. on the side—not too bad. When we unloaded it and tried to repair it by sewing . . . it just was no use. It was a total loss.

On the next Monday, I called Dr. Oney and told him what happened. He said, “Boys, we have a brand new, three pole gospel tent in my garage. Come down to Charleston next Saturday and pick it up.” The next Saturday we took my brand new brown 1950 Dodge car 100 miles in the opposite direction. After much searching, we ended up in the most prestigious part of town.

Now remember, Brother McConkey was living in a two-room shack with no insulation in walls or ceiling . . . no paint on the walls . . . but with running water . . . that is, you ran after it when the water pail was empty. No central heat . . . only a Warm Morning coal stove. I could never understand why they called it a Warm Morning . . . it was never warm in the morning when snow was a foot deep outside. Belisa and I and daughter Judy Ann were living in a rented one-room with a little kitchen.

Now we got to see how the other half of the holiness movement lived. Before us was a four or five-bedroom, two-story brick house . . . water, electric, and gas, with a double garage and two cars. This same man came to our poor mountain church and preached “sacrifice” when pastor, wife, and congregation were doing nothing else but sacrifice. I remember one time the district asked for canned food to send to the poor, starving heathen. Pastor, wife, and baby, along with the congregation, were all sacrificing . . . most did not have a can of food in their kitchen.

Howard peeked into the huge deep freeze that was next to the gospel tent. It was filled with steaks, pork, wild quail, turkey, deer, and frozen vegetables. Both of us had not had meat in a week. I remembered the scripture . . . “What is that to thee? follow thou me.”

Well, we gathered up the brand new tent . . . and placed it on top of my new car . . . which I had financed and owed. The three large poles were hoisted up and lashed in place.

The side curtains were piled on top . . . the stakes and side rails were put in the trunk—the pulpit was about to be pushed in the back seat but when we opened the back door, we found that the car roof had caved in. We looked around the garage and found a 2 x 4 stick of lumber, and on the wall was a saw. We measured the distance from the car floor to where the roof was supposed to be and cut the 2 x 4. I laid on my back and with my feet pushed the roof back into place while Brother McConkey jammed the 2 x 4 in place. It worked very well. We had prayer and left for Richwood, West Virginia with our tent.

The next Saturday turned out to be hot, but we took the tent to the vacant lot and stretched it out on the grounds. Now came the three big long tent poles. Now came the hard work. There was NO “King, McConkey and Company,” just King and McConkey to put the tent up. No one passed by to offer a hand . . . all were busy doing their thing, and come to think of it, King and McConkey were doing their thing . . . laboring for Jesus.

McConkey grabbed a pole and I another, and we crawled under the tent to the center and poked the pike on the pole through the iron ring. I backed out and got the third pole and did likewise. Now we were ready to hoist the tent into place. Both of us got on the first pole and with much effort got it upright . . . while I held on, he grabbed the large hammer and the guide ropes and put them in place. Remember, it was about ninety degrees and hot. We went to the number three pole and got it up and then the number two pole. Now we had the three poles up and the tent dripping down the poles. We went around the tent, stretching it and pounding in stakes. As we got the last stake in place, we remembered the sides. We got these out and hung them. We went to the mill for a load of sawdust (free) and a bunch of slabs. A slab is the first cut on a log . . . bark on one side and flat on the other. These cost just a few dollars. They made fine seats when placed on a couple of "cinder blocks." (Cinder blocks were concrete blocks made of coal cinders.)

After putting all this together, lastly, we hung the lights. But where were we to get the power? Of course, Brother McConkey and I did not have any money . . . talk about faith. So far the meeting had cost us only a few dollars for gas (gas was twenty-five cents a gallon) and a few dollars for the slabs. In those days we did not stop for hamburgers and fries . . . we did not have money for restaurants, and we had not stopped for food. Forced fasting.

The folk next door living in a small shack had an electric line running to the back of their house. They had been looking out the window at our progress. I asked them if we could hook up to a plug for electric. They said, "Sure, use all you want."

### **WE WERE READY FOR THE TENT MEETING.**

Come Sunday night, the McConkeys and the Kings gathered at the tent for the very first meeting. We waited till 7:30 p.m. but no one else came. There were just the five of us . . .

one a baby. I led the singing and Brother McConkey was to preach . . . the ladies to amen and shout encouragement. We had no more than started singing when a powerful rain storm came up, shorted the extension cord, and plunged us into darkness. Brother McConkey ran out and turned one of the car lights into the tent. We continued the service, giving the devil a hard time, when he thought to discourage these two missionary preachers laboring for God in a city that did not have one holiness church. We went home rejoicing and to our regular jobs. On Monday night we gathered at the tent and had a good season of prayer. Lo and behold, five additional people attended the services, and we did shout and carry on to their bewilderment. But the word spread. We had NO advertising, no cards printed, no radio spots, but just word of mouth . . . which in the end is the best advertising you can get.

Brother Howard and I were novices, I, more than he. The second night Brother McConkey got his school notes out (a graduate of God's Bible School) on holiness. For an hour and a half he bombarded us with doctrine, how to get it, what it does, etc. I would exhort without notes . . . not knowing what notes were . . . nor Firstlys, Secondlys, or Thirdlys. Whatever came to mind came out . . . but sometimes God did bless this.

Well, Brother Howard and I conferred, and we thought it best to get someone in who knew what he was doing in conducting a tent meeting. Shouting and singing were not enough.

We called upon the caretaker at the Church of the Nazarene Camp Grounds. He was about seventy-five years old with a good wife. He was known as "Ole Brother Acton." He said he would come if we picked him up each evening and brought him home. This was a distance of about fifty miles round trip. Brother Acton ALWAYS preached on holiness. He said folk would come to the altar if you preached on entire sanctification. He carried his Bible in his hand, spread out, and walked the aisles. He would look you in the eye as he preached.

The people on Little Laurel Creek loved him, and soon the people from Richwood began to flock in . . . Methodists, Baptist, Presbyterians, and all other kinds of sinners. The altars were lined night after night. Dozens were saved and many sanctified. A good number were healed. There was not a dry service for over four weeks. Brother McConkey led the singing, and I led the shouting. Amens were plentiful. Testimonies were filled with fire by young converts as well as the older ones. Grandma Foster and Grandma Grimes had front row seats. No one complained about the slab seats, but all were expectant, not knowing what would happen next. We did not count the numbers at the altar, but later I figured there must have been over a hundred.

Brother McConkey and I were there every night and worked all day at secular jobs. We did not seem to tire . . . we had the strength provided by our God.

I really believe that this was the beginning of many other tent meetings, and a revival spirit flowed across that part of West Virginia. Many were called to the ministry and died preaching the gospel.

On the last Sunday night Dr. Oney, the District Superintendent, attended the services. At its conclusion, he formed the Church of the Nazarene of Richwood, West Virginia with 21 charter members and not a one from another holiness church. We began meeting in an old rented building in a factory ruins. Sometimes we would have over a hundred in attendance.

Brother McConkey was pastoring the Church of the Nazarene up Little Laurel Creek and I the new church about a mile away . . . in Richwood.

In the next chapter, I will relate some of the revivals Howard and I had and also some experiences in preaching the gospel in the mountains of West Virginia. We called some of God's best evangelists, and they extended the revival efforts in Nicolas County.

## Chapter 6

# Old-Fashioned Evangelists and Revivals

While writing this chapter, I learned of the death of one of the first holiness evangelists to come to the mountains of West Virginia to preach the old-fashioned, rugged gospel. This was Evangelist Edward Shelmelia, a rugged Pilgrim Holiness evangelist.

The first night of the revival, someone said, “Well, there is at least another preacher like Pastor Howard McConkey.”

Truly, Brother Shelmelia was a man of God and an evangelist who preached the whole Bible and the Bible standard, regardless of who “got hit.” He noted that some of these mountain women did not wear hose or stockings and had men’s shoes on their feet. Also, there were a few wedding rings here and there. Now this preacher was in a dilemma. He had always preached that this was wrong, and here in this wild mountain land were those who were guilty. Perhaps the devil inched up to him and said, “You know, Ed, these folk are ignorant and have not had the light. Just preach on LOVE and get them saved first, and then you can preach these truths—that women just do not wear men’s attire, rings, and bobbed hair.” Well, he did not take the easy way out . . . the next night he gave them the light . . . and years later, most of these dear folk walked in that LIGHT. Even today, there are some in “them thar hills” who still remember Evangelist Edward Shelmelia.

Shortly after this revival, the Little Laurel Nazarene Church had another revival . . . the Ed Shelmelia revival. I, as a young preacher, was getting my feet down and learning what the early holiness people stood for and believed. I was learning truths

that have “stayed” with me to this day. I have never departed from my early teaching nor forsaken what the early Nazarenes preached.

The next evangelist was Sister Vera Simms from Ohio. Upon meeting her, Belisa and I were impressed with her long hair. The length of her hair just about touched the floor. She wore it in braids and piles on top of her head. She was not a quiet preacher; she was very enthusiastic in her preaching. The mountain folk loved her and begged to have her return.

I remember the last night of that revival. Remember, the church was up Little Laurel Creek and the road was rugged and rocky . . . a hard passage by large trucks. It was raining hard, and it looked like no one could walk through that storm. However, these people were not softies, but rather hard, weather-beaten mountaineers. **THE CHURCH WAS FULL.** Sister Vera preached the rugged truths, as did most Nazarene preachers in those days. At the close of the service, they bundled Sister Simms up and handed her to those in the truck cab, and thus she rode safely to her lodging and left the next morning. That was almost fifty years ago, and I remember it as if it were yesterday.

A few months later she returned to the new Church of the Nazarene that Brother McConkey and I organized after the five-week tent meeting. As I mentioned earlier, we were meeting in a factory ruins and were crowded out. The new Richwood Church of the Nazarene was being constructed. Sister Vera Simms stayed in our home for ten days. What a meeting! God came and saved souls. The Sunday school was growing. The last Sunday we had almost broken the record of 101. During the Sunday school class, Sister Simms jumped to her feet . . . crying, “We must surpass the record!” (The Sunday school secretary had just posted the attendance on the board.) “Let us all go out to the surrounding houses and bring someone into this church.” Out we went, and when we returned, we had surpassed all previous records. Well, this was one woman preacher that

had the fire and was a God-called preacher.

I have not heard from this good woman to this day. I do not know if she is living or dead. One thing I do know: that if she is living, she would never have changed as so many in the Church of the Nazarene have.

Thousands of preachers knew Evangelist H. B. Huffman. They say he “gunned” for backslidden, unsanctified preachers.

H. B. Huffman came to Richwood. This is what he taught. He expressed entire sanctification as a “death route.” He said it this way.

“You told them to take it by faith, and it is faith. You can’t get anywhere without faith. You can’t get started without faith. You can put your head against that steel post and beat it till you are blind, and you can’t get anywhere without faith. But I want to tell you, when you pay the full price, your faith, like a thermostat on the wall, will drop into position and you’ll know you’ve got the Holy Ghost. Praise the Lord.”

Hundreds of preachers went the “death route” under the preaching of H. B. Huffman. It was a sure thing, you either loved Brother Huffman or you hated him.

H. B. Huffman preached two revivals in Richwood, West Virginia: the first one at the Little Laurel Church of the Nazarene, and, one at the downtown (Ha!) Church of the Nazarene. As a young preacher and new to the Holiness Movement, I was totally ignorant of what the church taught. So one Sunday afternoon I attended the dedication service at the Leviasy Church of the Nazarene. District Superintendent Oney preached on holiness, and at its conclusion, he began the dedication ceremony. I



**H. B. Huffman**



arose and said I needed that experience. Wasn't I brave or ignorant to interrupt this high official? Well, they all gathered around me and I began to "cry out." Looks like I was making some progress and the Spirit was rising. Wanting to hasten this along, some of the brethren came to me and began to talk and they talked the Spirit away. Soon, one said . . . "Just take it by faith". . . and I did try to. At their exhortations to "claim the blessing," I arose and the dedication continued. The Spirit had long since departed, grieved.

H. B. Huffman had a ten-day meeting at Brother McConkey's church which I attended. The Sunday school superintendent and local preacher bragged that he had no confidence in those claiming to be sanctified . . . said he got it all at once. About halfway through the meeting and with H. B. Huffman preaching "death route" holiness, Bill Godfrey, the Sunday school superintendent, "blew up" and stomped out of the church, slamming the door. As I have seen it so often, he was back the next night and sat on the back bench, his wife and large family on the second bench, close to the front. He did not go forward to lead the singing as always. Next night the same . . . about halfway through the preaching, he ran to the altar and began bawling like a calf after its mother. He liked to tore the mourners' bench out . . . no more preaching but lots of prayer for this "I got it all at once" former Sunday school superintendent. After about an hour, Doc Huffman (as he was known) put his arm around the man and said, "Bill, you are not in earnest YET. Go home and pray all night. If you are not through by morning, call the mill and tell them you are seeking holiness (entire sanctification via the death route) and can't come to work today." Bill did just this. He came to the next service. He came to the altar and still no FIRE. "Bill," Doc Huffman said, "go home and pray some more." So off with his wife and big family went Bill. He began the all-night prayer meeting by himself. He decided to go to the coal shed so as not to disturb the family.

Praying in earnest among the coal lumps, he began to feel the Spirit moving. Before long the “witness” came. He began to throw coal into the air and shouted . . . “I’ve got it, I’ve got it.” And he did have the blessing. He went to the house and told his wife . . . dripping with coal dust. Never again did he testify that he “got it all at once.”

In December of 1951 Brother and Sister Huffman came to my church. I had told him how I got the blessing. He just smiled. Two days into the revival, I knew he was “gunning for me” . . . and I resented it. He turned the pressure up, as only H. B. Huffman could. The fourth night I hit the altar and prayed and prayed. As always he said, “Brother King, go home and pray all night” I did, plus fasted and prayed the next day, back to the altar that night . . . same advice. “Go home and pray.” I continued all that day, fasting and praying. Come Sunday morning of the revival, I got down behind the piano and began to pray. . . . Brother and Sister, I GOT THE “WITNESS.” Some of those critical church members that failed to “pray through” talked around that it was really a scandal that their pastor went to the altar and got sanctified. One thing that holiness will do for a person, it blinds you and delivers you from the criticism of faultfinders.

About six months later . . . we always had at least two revival meetings a year . . . we had another revival. We were in the new church building but it was not yet finished . . . no ceiling or floors . . . just the rough sub-flooring. Brother Huffman had recommend Evangelist E. E. Michael, and we wrote and engaged him for this mountain village.

He sent me a picture so I would recognize him at the little bus station (actually a restaurant). It was of a rather tall man with a full head of black hair. On the day he was to arrive, I was in the bus stop and had ordered a soft drink. Looking around, I did not see him. I asked if the bus had arrived. It had. The only person I saw was one with a bald head who was sort of looking at me. I sat down again and after about fifteen minutes the bald-

headed man went out and looked up and down the road. He came back in and sat down. After a while, he walked over and asked if I knew the pastor of the Church of the Nazarene. Was I flabbergasted? “Why yes, I know him.” Well, Brother Michael said, “He is rather an older man.” I was about twenty-two at the time . . . I just gave him a big hug and a mountain handshake and said, “I am guilty; I am the pastor.” Well, we had us a time, banging each other on the back and rejoicing that we had finally been introduced.

This Brother Michael was what we call “a fire brand,” and the mountain people loved his preaching. Like all holiness preachers he preached the full gospel . . . especially on the sins of eating in the church, church socials, worldly dress, wearing of gold, men wearing shorts, and women wearing men’s attire. I don’t think he missed anything . . . yes, he was “death” on the subject of movies, plays, and church entertainment of all kinds. He had even written a poem, and at one time I could recite it by heart. It went something like this:

Come and jine, the preacher calleth, Come and jine,  
You can have your ice cream socials just any time, etc.

I thought, here is another one just like Howard McConkey and H. B. Huffman.

During this revival the local movie hall was advertising MIDNIGHT MOVIES and had posters nailed up on telephone poles all over town. These showed mostly half-naked women, and the emphasis of the movie was all about sex and that it revealed all. I asked Brother Michael if he would go with me to take pictures and we would just close this devil nest down. He was a little reluctant to go . . . but he did. It was drizzling rain. But around 11:30 p.m. we were at the show house. Standing across from the movie house, we watched the people line up, pay the price and enter in—expecting a sexual thrill. “Well,

Brother Michael, let's go," I said. "Now, Brother King, I will stand here and watch you go," he said. Well, I did. I took pictures of the posters on the poles and of the pictures on the front of the movie house . . . close up. I turned the camera on those who were going in. Well, I began to see why Brother Michael decided to stay on the other side of the street. The manager came out and wanted to know what was going on. I told him he was conducting illegal business and I was gathering evidence for the next city board meeting. He got incensed and jumped up and down and ordered me off the sidewalk. I said: "The sidewalk belongs to me as well as you."

The revival closed on Sunday night in a blaze of glory. Many do not know anything about old-time shouting and demonstration in the Spirit. Howard McConkey was running down one aisle, and I another, and guess where Bro. E. E. Michael was. Give up? HE WAS IN THE RAFTERS, SWINGING BACK AND FORTH, YELLING AS HARD AS HE COULD.

On Monday morning Brother McConkey and I went to the movie house. While Bro. McConkey drove the car, I ripped down the poster on the two main streets. On Monday evening Brother McConkey and I went to the City Hall Meeting and sat on the bench reserved for those who had business with the council. After the little business they had, they looked at us and asked if they could help us. I stood and walked over to the table. My knees were wobbly. (Since then, I have stood before judges, juries, The Knights of Columbus, sheriffs, bail bonds men . . . without a shaking knee.) I handed them the packet of pictures and said we wanted the movie house shut down . . . or at least the naked pictures and the midnight sex movie stopped. I had an idea that some of these men had watched the show. However, one of the council men had a book in his hand. It was open. He said: "These preachers are right. We have an ordinance on our books that it is illegal to show sex pictures in this town." While we did not get the movie house shut down, they ceased the midnight sex movies.

Praise God.

The next day was the publishing date for the weekly *News Leader* edited by Bronson McClung, a distant relative of my wife. He had run a full half page of our encounter with the movie man, telling of our gathering evidence and standing before the Council and defending decency in our town. He also asked this question: “Where was our ministerial society—where were the Methodist minister and the Baptist minister and the Presbyterian minister?” He also asked: “Where were the churches of our town? Why did they let these two holiness ministers face the town council alone?”

The next day the *Charleston Gazette* ran an editorial. This is the leading newspaper in that state. They quoted the *News Leader* almost word for word. They asked why the ministers of Nicolas County did not protest these nude picture shows. The editor commended Bro. McConkey and myself for standing where others fail in their duty to stand.

I CAN STILL SEE IN MY MIND’S EYE BROTHER E. E. MICHAEL STANDING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET.

Shortly after this revival, Brother McConkey, Nola, Belisa, and I made plans to go to Bluefield, West Virginia for the Preachers’ Meeting. Belisa and I had little resource and no money coming in. While praying about what to do, we remembered the wedding rings and engagement diamond that we had taken off, after receiving light from Brother McConkey’s preaching. We took them to the jewelry store and they gave us \$20.00, a small fortune in those days.

Bluefield, West Virginia here we come. General Superintendent Hugh Benner was the speaker. My, but he fired up us preacher boys. He made us feel we could lick our weight in wild cats and defeat any plans of the devil. We took our meals in the Five and Dime Store and stayed in the Salvation Army barracks.

On the way home, we stopped at a restaurant at Hinton, West Virginia. I went back to the rest room to wash my hands.

Lo and behold, there was a man there drinking whiskey from the bottle. I remembered Brother Benner's message on soul winning. God must have sent me here, I thought. I said, "Friend, I can introduce you to One who can save you from drinking whiskey." He was astounded, so I continued, "What would your mother think if she could see you right now?" He began to cry and he said, "My mother is a good Christian woman and she is praying for me. She goes up to the Peyton Tabernacle and Harry Peyton is praying for me also." "Well, let's make your Mother and her Pastor Harry happy. Pour the rest of that whiskey down that sink." I stood amazed as he did just that. So encouraged and made bold, I said, "Get down on your knees." He did. I began to pray and he to slobber. I encouraged him to cry out and pray but it seems the "skies were brass." I said, "You stay right there on your knees; I will be right back." I hurried out to our table and quickly told Brother McConkey that I had a man who had just poured a quart of whiskey down the sink and was now down on his knees praying for salvation. "Come and help me." He asked no questions and both of us hurried back to the rest room. Some were already giving us strange glances. When we opened the rest room door he was still on his knees, lips working. Well, with reinforcement, we were able to send up a volume of prayer and the old drunk was making progress, tears steaming from his face. About that time someone began banging on the door, wanting to know what was going on. I slipped over and opened the door a crack . . . and said, "We are praying a man through and he is just about there." I closed the door and continued bombarding heaven. The drunk was really praying now, and joy was appearing on his face. The banging on the door continued. Someone said, "Go get the police." Before the police got there, we had the drunk prayed through and he was dead sober. With our arms around him we opened the door and beheld a bunch of people staring in amazement. No doubt, some recognized the town drunk, sober and in his right mind. We

went to the door with him and his last words were: "I am going home and tell my mother, and then I am going to see Harry and tell him I am coming to church." Harry Peyton was the uncle of Juddie Peyton.

After our lunch and on our way out, my wife Belisa told the waitress, "They are preachers!" The waitress said, "I expected it."

Some of the evangelists who conduct revivals for us were The Rushing Family and Brother William T. Shannon. Brother Shannon had only one leg . . . a peg leg on the other. He was an old-fashioned Pilgrim Holiness preacher. He preached hell fire and damnation, but just as swiftly turned your attention to heaven's glories and transported you by imagination to the portals of glory and led you down the golden streets to mansions of precious stones and on to the very throne of God.

The Rushing Family were great holiness workers. Their singing was in the mountain style, singing favorites like: "I'll Fly Away," "White Winged Angel" and "The Old Time Religion" with its numerous verses. Another was, "I'll Meet You in the Morning." Of course, the all-time favorites were "Honey in the Rock" and "Rock of Ages." In these meeting it was not uncommon to have hundreds in attendance and dozens finding the Lord and praying for holiness. Sometimes the devil's crowd would attend and do harm to the cars and church bus . . . letting the air out of the tires was a common prank. Once, the County Deputy Sheriff sat on the back seat, enjoying the preaching, shouting, and singing while protecting the meeting.

## Chapter 7

### **Pastoring in Nicholas County, West Virginia**

A few month after I was saved and received the “call to preach,” I was given a local license to preach the gospel. I did not need this “piece of paper,” for I was preaching anyway.

In those days we had lots of tent meetings, prayer meetings and ten-day or extended revivals. It was common that on the last night of the revival if there were any still seeking, the evangelist, with the approval of the pastor, would announce that the revival would go on . . . at least to Wednesday night (prayer meeting night). Sometimes, when the spirit was high, the revival would be extended for weeks.

I felt God speaking to me to pastor my own church. At camp meeting time each new candidate for preaching license had to meet the Board. With trembling and some fear of being rejected, I entered the room filled with the solemn faces of men who had for years preached the gospel around the world. I stood there . . . asking God to help this poor mountain boy to give the right answers. One distinguished pastor said: “Brother King, how do you know you have the call to preach?” It was an innocent enough question. I thought and I thought. What would I answer? I had never had a flame of fire fall from heaven striking me, nor did I ever hear a heavenly voice from above roar out, “Preach the gospel, W. L. King.” I had never had a dream or vision in the wee hours of the night showing me in the pulpit with hundreds or even thousands being swayed under my powerful preaching . . . not even a few bowing at a humble mourners’ bench. Nor had I a vision of any kind to indicate that I was to preach the gospel. I thought of the testimonies of great men



that I had read about and how they had been called. None fit my case.

I had recently read of a young man that was in my position. When asked this same question by the elders he had replied. "Well, now, brethren, I am a farmer boy. I work on the farm and I prepare the fields for planting the grain to feed our cattle and hogs. Just a few weeks ago I was walking through the fields of waving corn and it seemed that on the leaves of the corn I could see the words, P. C. As I pondered upon this miracle . . . it came to me . . . I must surely preach the gospel." A wise old minister arose from his seat and said, "Son, that might mean you are to PLOW CORN." I saw my hopes of pastoring a church and preaching the gospel vanish. I had no great experience to tell these learned men. Satan spoke to me, "You are making a fool of yourself. Turn and walk out." I did NOT. Grimly, I opened my mouth. Nothing came out. I tried again and said, "I believe that if I do not preach the gospel of Jesus Christ I will be lost." Every one of these preachers had a "possum eating grin" on his face. They all arose and shook my hand and welcomed me into their midst. I had said the right thing. No doubt this Board had heard some mighty "tall" tales in their days of sitting in that room.

Well, encouraged by that experience, I went to the District Superintendent and asked if there was a church available. At that time in 1950 there were around ninety-two churches on the West Virginia District of The Church of the Nazarene. Every one had a pastor and a waiting list for any that came available. Dr. Oney looked me up and down and then with a twinkle in his eye said, "Brother King, go out and start a new church."

With the help of God and Brother Howard McConkey, we did just that. Little did Belisa and I know what hardships this would entail. Judy was the baby, and wife and I were young. We were missionaries in the rugged mountains of Nicholas County, West Virginia. In order to have more time and opportu-

nity to preach to the mountain people we followed the admonition of Dr. H. B. Huffman. Brother McConkey and I had quit (not resigned) our jobs and went out on “faith.” I am sure the modern “boy preacher” just out of Bible college (not Bible school) knows what this means. We had no fine parsonages, no refrigerators or freezers, no free telephone, no warm clothes, no electric or gas heat, no nothing except what was prayed in. Many times when preaching the gospel to needy people and shaking hands at the church door or camp meeting tent, we would feel something in our hands as the handshake was concluded. A piece of money was there. We would think, “What was it . . . how much?” Often it was a dollar . . . soiled and dirty from some coffee can located on the top shelf of a lonely cabin . . . but once, it was a hundred dollar bill, a fortune in those days. It has been years since I have had a gospel money handshake, but in those days, it was a way God answered prayer.

During our last winter in the mountains we experienced one of the coldest of winters . . . the snow was over fifty-two inches deep that year . . . and we were snowed in. It was the winter that H. B. Huffman and his wife held us a revival . . . right before Christmas. The parsonage was a two room “shack.” There was no insulation in the walls . . . in fact there were no walls . . . just boards nailed on the outside of rough 2 x 4’s. We had that Warm Morning stove I spoke about in another chapter. The fire was burning brightly. I arose thinking I would go



**In the early 1930s Belisa’s father Harley built this log cabin in the heartlands of the mountains of West Virginia. Sister Belisa was only nine years old. At one time eleven brothers and sisters and Father and Mother McClung lived here.**

outside and get some wood. Dressed, I went into the other room. There was H. B. Huffman with a piece of wood in his hand feeding a roaring fire. He had stayed up all night feeding that beast of a stove. It was nice and warm.

In January of 1950, Belisa and I and baby Judy were still battling the cold of that winter, wading snow, sometimes to our hips, to get to church, open the door, start the fire, and sometimes be the only one there.

One morning I went to the coal pile, raked back the snow and found . . . NO COAL. Going back to the cabin, I told my wife that we needed to pray for some coal. In that cold place, with water freezing in the makeshift sink, we prayed and prayed. Remember we were on faith. Before H. B. Huffman left the revival, he had told Dr. Oney, the District Superintendent, that the pastor and wife were in desperate needs . . . no food or fuel. Oney said: "Well, they are on hardscrabble, God will provide."

We went to bed with all the blankets and our clothing on. We were warm enough but dared not get up. Morning came. I went out to the front yard to see if God had answered prayer. There before my eyes was a big truckload of coal. Well, we had a shouting spell. That morning a neighbor who had slaughtered a hog brought us a piece of pork. We had a head of cabbage and added the meat. I remember H. B. Huffman telling me during that revival that he needed meat . . . meat. Well, we had none. It looked like the way Brother Huffman was preaching we would have no congregation left to supply any meat.

Along about spring of that year, I received a letter from Brother and Sister Howard McConkey. It said, *Acts:16:9*: "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us." Brother McConkey was starting a Nazarene Church in Imperial, Pennsylvania. After much prayer, Belisa and I knew that this was the will of God. I was to leave the mountains of West Virginia with much sadness. But then, we

were returning to the land of our forefathers . . . for the Kings had been among the first settlers in western Pennsylvania . . . being well know in Green County as fearless men who braved the frontiers of our fair land.

I was to help Brother McConkey in starting FIRST CHURCH in Imperial, Pennsylvania.

Well, we did not have any money for the move . . . not even enough for gas for the old Hudson. We put our bedroom suite up for sale and got \$80.00. We thought we could live forever on that great amount. We were soon to be proved wrong.

The car was packed . . . not too much, for we had little. But we did have a washing machine. I carried it to the trunk of the car and dumped it in. It stuck out, so I tied the door to the top of it so it would not fall out. Judy was still in diapers, the cotton cloth ones . . . Pampers had not been invented yet. My, that does date me, eh?

No bands were playing, no crowds were cheering, no great farewell party, just a few mountain people and a few tears as we backed out into the rocky road and left behind us the memories of our young ministry. We were leaving behind us fond memories and some converts . . . and even a preacher or two, who under our ministry had found God.

Even in those hills today, you will find a few that still remember that skinny preacher and short BROTHERS KING AND McCONKEY. Some still today will say to each other, "Do you member when those two strange preachers were here in the early 1950s . . . that King and McConkey? They were a odd pair."



**Howard and Nola McConkey and sons Samuel and Paul. The boys were born in Pennsylvania. We met the McConkeys in West Virginia, and all of our lives as ministers, we have been together.**

Lord willing, I will tell how God helped us and how “kangaroo meat” from Australia kept us from going hungry . . . and also how two new Churches of the Nazarene were started . . . also about the great revival with Sister Lillian Wilson and singers Ethel Johnson



**Rev. and Mrs. Marshall Allison**

and Mable Martin. Brother Allison has made the City. For many, many years he was President of the West Virginia Training School at Point Pleasant, West Virginia. He was also principal and teacher at the same school. Brother and Sister Marshall Allison were always great supporters of God’s Thirty Acres where he was known as the Watermelon Man. They came to our camp for many years and brought watermelons.

Many times Brother Marshall would write me and say, “Brother King, you may not be in *Who’s Who in the USA*, but you are in *Who’s Who* in Point Pleasant, West Virginia.”

Many thought that Brother Marshall was a minister and even called him for revivals. He wrote for *The Voice of the Nazarene* for many years.

Needed: some more Marshall Allisons. Sister Allison is still living at Point Pleasant. Bless her.

**Front row:**

**David Ray  
Jamie Denise  
Sister Belisa King  
W. L. King  
James Daniel**

**Back row:**

**Ina June  
Lynn Jean  
Karen Ruth  
Judy Ann**



## Chapter 8

### First Pastorate in Pennsylvania

We still had about \$70.00 when we pulled into Coraopolis, Pennsylvania. Brother McConkey and Nola had a one-room apartment rented for us . . . bathroom down the hall. But it did have a bathroom, NOT a path and tall little building out back . . . way back. Actually it had a small kitchen with a great big chair . . . and a small bedroom. Little Judy slept in this big chair, and we had a full-size bed with plenty of heat . . . a change from the big Warm Morning coal stove . . . which had the grate burned out. . . . I blamed Brother H. B. Huffman for burning the grates out with . . . his big fires during the revival meeting.

Wife and I were introduced to the Coraopolis Church of the Nazarene, and meeting the pastor, Brother James Ritchey, and visiting the camp meeting at Clinton, Pennsylvania, I found that both the church and the camp meeting were top notch and as spiritual as any in the nation. In fact, they were all known as radicals. Clinton Camp was founded by Dad King and with the help of several sons, especially Paul King and King, both preachers and both on “the old line.” Dad King called only the best and the most radical. Revival fires flowed from its altars, and many a preacher found his calling there.

I remember one man, especially . . . a former gentleman beautician, Brother Don Hughes, finding peace and pardon at the altar at Clinton and I believe under the ministry of Glenn Griffith. Brother Hughes still pastors at this writing for the God’s Missionary Church up in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

The first meeting I attended at Clinton Camp had as called workers, Evangelist Mason Lee and Evangelist R. G. Flexon. I

cannot recall the singers. Glenn Griffith was the platform manager. Brother Flexon preached every message on holiness and especially stressed the need of the carnal heart. I believe that more young preachers as well as others were sanctified under the ministry of R. G. Flexon than of any evangelist that I ever knew.

The services were noted for the shouting, running the aisles and benches, and various other types of demonstrations . . . also the intensity of the personal testimonies that rang true and intense. Folk from all over the United States came to this camp to enjoy, view, and receive spiritual help. Many large families attended . . . and what a sight to see perhaps a dozen or more families taking up an entire bench. I remember one man in particular, a Brother Kurtz who had a large family all plainly dressed. He always carried a large Bible. Then I can see Brother Sam West, founder of the Reformed Free Methodist Church, lead his large family up to the platform . . . sitting on the right side. When Brother Griffith asked if there were any church leaders to stand and call out their affiliations, Brother West called out loud and clear, "THE REFORMED FREE METHODIST CHURCH." This did not go down well with some of the old-line Free Methodists who went down with the compromise a few years later.

All were welcomed to the dining hall . . . no matter how large the family. Prices were small, and full-time pastors and evangelists were lodged and fed free of any cost, and of course there were always three big meals a day. Clinton Camp's day began early . . . 6:00 a.m. prayer and the late hour prayer band were always loud with the groans of the saints.

Many times the campers were awakened by the camp bell ringing . . . around 1:00 p.m. or 2:00 p.m. . . . the saints marching up and down the campgrounds after long hours praying folk through at the altar . . . hundreds of folk would be marching, with the camp singers and evangelists leading the way. Lights would go on all over the camp, and folk would come running to see and feel the manifestations of the power of the Holy Ghost.

I can still see Evangelist Glenn Griffith, along with the other workers, shouting along with the multitudes.

Talk about crowds . . . the tabernacle was always filled, and on Sundays and week nights they stood three and four deep around the tabernacle.

To an old mountain boy not long saved, this was “manna” from heaven. It rooted and grounded me in the value of spiritual services with loud demonstrations . . . there was so much Holy Ghost Fire that “False Fire” didn’t have a chance. As much as I enjoyed my early days in Pennsylvania, I now had to turn my thoughts to making a living. My \$70.00 was fast disappearing . . . even though we were able to purchase meat from a truck that visited the area each day . . . selling what they said was “hamburger” for ten cents a pound. I was wary that this was not beef but rather kangaroo meat from Australia. At any rate, this kept us from going hungry many a day. It tasted wonderful. Try it sometime.

After about ten days, Belisa and I were desperate for a job . . . any job. I would get up early and make the rounds. I was a trained chemist (B.S. in Chemistry), but I had ceased to look for such a good job. One morning I traveled north along the Ohio River when it began to rain . . . and then the sun was shining. I was praying, “Lord give me a job!” I needed a miracle. Jobs were few and far between in the early 1950s.

It had just stopped raining. As the sun began to shine a “rainbow” appeared in the sky, and the end of it hovered over a large pile of coal. The coal was being used by a electric power station, Duquesne Power Company. I turned in the entrance and a guard stepped out of a little building. He asked what I wanted . . . I said, “A job.” “Well,” he said, you need to go to our main office in downtown Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a few miles away.” I was hot upon a job, that I knew. Walking into that impressive office, and to the main desk, I enquired about employment. She said, yes, I could see the head of the depart-



ment dealing with coal testing. . . . Soon, I was in his office. He looked over my records dealing with my degree in Chemistry and the two places that I had been employed in Charleston, West Virginia.

Yes, they had a vacancy, and yes, I could start on Monday . . . AT DOUBLE ANY SALARY THAT I HAD EVER EARNED. I had to restrain myself from shouting, GLORY . . . GLORY. I almost ran to my old car and roared down the road (keeping the speed limit) to the little apartment and my good wife and baby. I came running in shouting, "I have a job. I have a job." We were saved from eating any more kangaroo meat. The Pittsburgh District of The Church of the Nazarene did not have any openings for young pastors like King and McConkey. We were told, "If you want a church, go and start one." Brother McConkey chose the little town of Imperial, Pennsylvania near Clinton Camp. I had my eye on Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, not far from Imperial. Some of the members of the Church of the Nazarene in Coraopolis, Pennsylvania along with Brother McConkey rented an old restaurant and made a nice little church, which, by the way, is still operating today.

Brother Harold Frodge, a Nazarene evangelist, was the evangelist. A recent letter (1999) from Brother Frodge reads as follows:

Dear Brother King:

Reading chapter seven of your Autobiography concerning Imperial, Pennsylvania stirred memories. It was then that I met you and Brother Howard McConkey for the first time. We were all so young then.

My record books shows that I was there as evangelist in July 1953. The church gave out 812 invitations to the revival and 141 attended the services. The Lord gave us twenty-four at the altar and I received an offering of \$131.00. Praise the Lord.

Sister Frodge, the Little Flower of the Mountains, went to be with Jesus June 26, 1999. I press on toward the City.

On Saturdays, I would scour the town of Aliquippa for a building and for souls. Brother Jim Fike, a husky steel worker with German background, had found Jesus in the old Nazarene Church, that was located at that time on the second floor, above a bar. Later he was filled with the Holy Ghost and remained a staunch “holiness man” until he went to heaven. Brother Fike was my “right hand man” as well as my “left hand man,” and we spent several years winning souls and preaching the old time gospel. Later, we were joined by Brother Melvin and his wife and daughter, and within six months we had a good number attending meetings in this old “store front.”

We needed a revival, so we begin to pray for good Christian workers. Brother Fike and Sister Delia, his wife, said: “Do you know Sister Lillian Setters? Do you know those singers, Sister Mabel Martin and Sister Ethel Schar?” I had heard of Sister Setters at Clinton Camp. She had been the Young People’s Preacher almost from the time she was converted



**Sister Lillian (Setters) Wilson**

as a young girl. She was “fire on wheels”—Holy Ghost Fire. She preached with the anointing while dozens and sometimes hundreds filled the youth tabernacle. The Young People’s Meeting was conducted right before the main 7:30 p.m. services. Many times a “human tide” of young people would charge out of the Youth Tabernacle and point themselves toward the Main Tabernacle. They would come, singing and shouting, crowding the aisles, the platform, and the pews until the fire caught and the whole tabernacle would be a blaze of glory.

Sister Setter preached to crowds of 200 to 300 in the youth services.

I wrote to Sister Setters and Sister Ethel Scharr, and they wrote back and said they could come. We prayed for revival and souls . . . and God answered our prayers. It was a blessing to have these mighty warriors of the cross in our home. One morning Sister Ethel was in the back yard and walking over to an old dumping grounds, she found some wild pumpkin vines with hundreds of blossoms. She went to the kitchen and found a bucket and picked about a hundred of these blossoms. She cleaned them and put them in the refrigerator. The next morning she made an egg batter, dipping in the blossoms and deep-frying them unto a golden brown. When I see pumpkin blossoms I think of Sister Ethel . . . that was forty years ago. Well, we had revival . . . they sang, they shouted as Sister Mabel and Sister Ethel played their instruments and shouted along with the rest of us. The church was packed out night after night, and many found the Lord. For years Sister Mabel Martin wrote to me and greatly supported *The Voice of the Nazarene*. Of course, Sister Ethel Scharr later become Sister Ethel Johnson and preached at our camp meetings many times . . . over the years.



Sister Ethel (Scharr) Johnson

After this revival, Brother McConkey and I started *The Voice of the Nazarene paper*. Almost at once, we “got into trouble.” We also “went on the radio” . . . and really got into trouble—with the hierarchy of the Church of the Nazarene. Brother McConkey wrote an article entitled, “WHY I DID NOT GIVE TEN DOLLARS TO BUY A BUSH (EVERGREEN) FOR THE SEMINARY.” In 1953, the Nazarenes opened up their first seminary. They sent letters to all the ministers to send \$10.00 to buy a tree to landscape the grounds.

Bro. McConkey gave the various reasons why he would not give. At the District Conference shortly after the article ap-

peared one of the “big pastors” was reading his report. At the conclusion he looked toward King and McConkey and said, “I want this crowd to know that I gave my \$10.00 for a tree for the seminary” . . . all eyes were turned on the two culprits who refused to GIVE.

At the last night of the District Conference, I think it was 11:00 p.m., I was called before the BOARD . . . these mighty men questioned me for over an hour. One white-haired preacher said, “It is no use to question them further, the Wesleyan Methodists and the Pilgrim Holiness people have gotten to them, and that Clinton Camp bunch has ruined them.” You see, in those days the Pilgrim Holiness and the Wesleyan Methodist Churches were so radical that at the preachers’ meetings, the young Nazarene preachers were warned NOT to associate with them in any way.

Well, we were in the “come out” period, and Brother McConkey and I were banging away via the radio and printed page.

Spencer Johnson, whose father-in-law was the General Treasurer of the Church of the Nazarene, had the run of the headquarters building in Kansas City. He was walking down the hall one day when he noticed a group of preachers and officials gathered in a conference room listening to something sitting on a table. It was a recorder. Guess who they were listening to. You are right, they were listening to King and McConkey . . . we got to preach to the highest officials in Nazareneism.

Brother Johnson told me this story and also his experience in trying to become a good doctor. He signed up for the seminary to get his doctor’s degree. In one class an atheist teacher was teaching that there was NO God and holiness was a farce. . . . Brother Spencer Johnson arose from his seat, walked out the door and down the hall to the back door, letting himself out to return NO more.

Well I had better stop . . . coming up . . . the battles had just begun.



## Chapter 9

# Joining . . . and Leaving . . . the Bible Missionary Church

Revival fires were falling upon the little Nazarene Church at Aliquippa, Pennsylvania. Every Saturday found us scouring the city for converts.

Walking by an old white farmhouse which was located just off McMinn Street, I felt the leadings of Jesus to knock on the back door. A voice said, "Come in." I did. Sitting at a small breakfast table was an old man . . . I would say in the middle 80s. He invited me to sit down, which I did. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am a preacher . . . a Nazarene preacher, and I pastor the little church across the way . . . in a store front." "Why are you here?" "To tell you about Jesus. Are you saved?" He replied: "I was baptized as an infant in the old Methodist Church and later I was 'confirmed' and joined the Church."

Well, I did not "jump on him" and tell him he was not saved, but rather began to talk religion to him. I did not want to overstay my welcome, so I asked him if I could have prayer and he agreed. I did NOT pray the Lord to save him, but rather I "lifted up Jesus" and I felt the Holy Ghost come into that farm kitchen.

I left and said I would be back. Little did I know about this man. Making inquiries, I found that I had been talking to JOHN NEWELL, a multi-millionaire and owner of a great part of the city of Newell, West Virginia and owner of the toll bridge over the Ohio River.

I never got that man into the little store front church. However, at least two or three times a month and while I was preach-

ing the Sunday morning sermon, he would knock on the front door, and seeing him beckon me through the window pane, I would excuse myself, telling the congregation that someone was at the door. I would open the door and invite him in. He declined but handed me an envelope. He said: "This is some money for your church." It was never a large amount, but I felt it was given in love.

My Sunday school superintendent was Brother Jim Fike. I took Brother Jim with me on my next visit to see Mr. Newell. Mr. Newell just fell in love with Jim Fike. From then on Jim became the unofficial chauffeur of Mr. Newell. He drove him to his big housing project located above the city of Newell, also to the bank and shopping or just about anywhere and everywhere. Mr. Newell did not drive.

One day while I was visiting this man, he said, "I understand you want to build a church." I said, "Yes, we do." "I have a large lot down at the end of McMinn Street that would do well, and I will let you have it for \$5,000.00. You can pay \$30.00 a month and NO interest."

Well, we did not build the Church of the Nazarene in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania because soon after this, we withdrew from this church. Today that property is worth two million dollars. It is located adjacent to a large shopping mall. Brother John Newell is gone these forty years. The little white farmhouse has vanished and is replaced by the mall. But memories still linger of the time I prayed for a millionaire Methodist man who, with hat in hand, would knock at my church door and hand me an envelope of money for our church.

Brother McConkey and I would exchange pulpits . . . and visit each other's churches and revivals. I was to pick Brother Howard and Sister Nola up and take them to our church to preach on a Wednesday prayer meeting. I walked in and Nola said he was in the bedroom and I was to go in and see him. There he lay, covered with a big patchwork quilt . . . clear up to his neck.

I thought he must have taken some kind of bug and was sick. I prayed for him and as it was getting late, I turned to go. HE JUMPED OUT OF BED, FULLY CLOTHED AND READY TO GO. Was I surprised and glad, for I had not prepared a message and would have had to “wing it.”

That was over fifty years ago, almost. I still remember his text for that sermon that night. It was, “*But as one was felling a beam, the ax head fell into the water: and he cried, and said, Alas, master! for it was borrowed*” (II Kings 6:5 KJV).

I had borrowed a hammer from Brother McConkey. We were working on the Store Front Church and needed to remodel some Sunday school rooms. In pulling a nail from a board, the handle of the hammer broke. I returned it broken . . . offering to pay for it. Evidently, this gave Brother Howard an idea for a sermon . . . as it has been over the years. His sermon that night was: “Alas, master! for it was borrowed.” He would come up with sermon titles in just such strange ways.

The Jones family was the largest family in the Imperial Church of the Nazarene, and Mother Jones ran the family . . . teaching her children to seek the lost. One Sunday morning two of the Jones children were walking around outside the church when they spied an old hobo sitting on the curb. They invited him to Sunday school and church. He accepted. It seems that the piano player was absent that morning and Brother McConkey would sing without music. One of the little Jones boys piped up . . . “Our guest we invited to church can play.” Brother Howard said all right . . . even though a bum, he seemed a clean one. Howard started out on “The Old Rugged Cross”: “*On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffer. . .*” Strange noises were coming from the piano. What did it sound like? Finally it dawned on the preacher. THE BUM WAS PLAYING “CHOP STICKS,” THE ONLY SONG HE KNEW. Needless to say, the man was invited to sit again on the front seat where he was content.



Soon after these incidents, Brother McConkey and I sent our ELDERS' CREDENTIALS to Brother Glenn Giffith and took credentials in the newly-formed BIBLE MISSIONARY UNION, later to be changed to BIBLE MISSIONARY CHURCH. Brother Spencer Johnson made the motion, as I remember, to change the name, for he said, "Jesus died for the Church, not the Union."

The first General Conference was held in Denver, Colorado. The church was large, and able to seat 1500 people.

I want to give my impressions of the first two conferences which launched the Bible Missionary Church. I do NOT want to whitewash and cover up facts.

The new come-out church, the first in the Conservative Holiness Movement, was founded by Brother Glenn Griffith. The article NINETEEN REASONS I AM LEAVING THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE as well as the article by Spencer Johnson, TWENTY-ONE REASONS I AM LEAVING THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE, may be found on our God's Acres Digital Library in their entire, original format. Both of these articles were given to *The Voice of the Nazarene* in their original form to be printed in *The Voice of the Nazarene* in the early 1950s.

The first conference was the largest in the history of holiness movement. It drew interest from around the world. Joseph Pitts was a early member . . . originally with the Church of the Nazarene's missionary division. He wrote a strong article condemning the worldliness of Nazarene missionaries on foreign fields. Thousands of church ministers and laymen were entranced by this new movement.

I flew into Denver, Colorado a day early and shared an apartment with Brother and Sister H. B. Huffman. Folk were driving in, flying in, bussing in, and walking in from all over the nation. They jammed the church to overflowing. Evangelist H. B. Huffman preached the first evening service. His subject was the Old Red Heifer, taken from Genesis 15:7-13 KJV.

*“And he said unto him, I am the LORD that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees, to give thee this land to inherit it.*

*“And he said, Lord GOD, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?*

*“And he said unto him, Take me an heifer of three years old, and a she goat of three years old, and a ram of three years old, and a turtledove, and a young pigeon.*

*“And he took unto him all these, and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another: but the birds divided he not.*

*“And when the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away.*

*“And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and, lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him.*

*“And he said unto Abram, Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years.”*

Brother H. B. Huffman was at his best that night, preaching like a bishop. His sermon title was THE RED HEIFER. His subject was CARNALITY. Folk shouted, ran the aisles, jumped benches, skipped, and jumped. At times the entire aisles were jammed. Brother Don Jones of the Coraopolis Church of the Nazarene jumped into the aisles and ran full tilt through the crowded shouters . . . around the church and back down the central aisle. Halfway down, he gave a great shout AND HIS TEETH FELL OUT. As they fell he bent down and grabbed them, shoved them back in, and went on his way rejoicing.

During that first conference, the power and the glory fell time after time. Many preached encouraging messages filled with fire and glory. Sin was defined and denounced, and Jesus was worshipped. At the height of one night service, the front doors of the church slammed open but no one could be seen. Soon, however, a form could be seen crawling on hands and knees down the central aisle. Sobs and cries came from this

man. The church became quiet. It was apparent that here was a spiritual sight never seen before. The closer he came to the front, the more heart-rending were his cries. He crawled to the platform and as Glenn Griffith stood aside, he clawed his way to his feet, using the pulpit. His first words were, "I am a Church of the Nazarene preacher from Florida. God told me to come. I did not want to. However, Jesus spoke to me and said: 'You must go to that conference in Denver. You must humble yourself and crawl on your hands and knees before that great body of old-fashioned holiness people. You must confess your unwillingness to come and ask forgiveness and join with that holiness group.' " By this time the entire congregation were in pandemonium: shouts and cries from every side, tears and laughter, and much demonstration of every kind. This was sort of a Pentecost.

The next evening an offering was to be taken to help finance this fledgling church group. Thousands of dollars were given and much of it at great sacrifice. Young and old alike pledged or gave outright. A sense of the presence of God came upon the people. Suddenly those same church doors crashed open, and standing in the portals was H. B. Huffman crying and bending over an enormous bag that he could hardly lift. He gathered it in his arms and staggered down the aisles. He looked like he would fall at any time. No one moved to help him. Finally, he made it to the podium and hoisted the bag on top . . . crying all the time. We finally understood that the bag contained fifty-cent pieces that he had been saving for several years to buy a car. He was giving it all to the church. What a outbreak of shouts, and the glory of God fell.

I could write pages and pages and never finish telling of the sweet fellowship, harmony, love, devotion, and holiness of this great meeting. It would seem that the serpent could never penetrate the oneness and unity of this first gathering of those who would be dubbed THE COMEOUTERS.

Many were expecting Rev. Joe Hoffman, Editor of the God's Missionary Church publication and close friend of Glenn Griffith. Many expected him to take the position of Editor in Chief of the Bible Missionary publication. Joseph Hoffman did not show up. Brother Victor Glenn was there and preached a great missionary message . . . even though he had the flu.

I also attended the second Conference of the Bible Missionary Union. There seemed to be a different atmosphere, an atmosphere of uncertainty. There was also a spirit of distrust and disunity.

I cannot remember any unusual services. We were all awaiting the decision of adopting or not adopting the divorce and remarriage evil into the Bible Missionary Union. Early the second day there was a great commotion at the door . . . it opened and in flowed most of the Church of the Nazarene pastors and lay people from the Louisiana District of the Church of the Nazarene, led by District Superintendent Elbert Dodd. They were welcomed, and soon the voting of leaders took place. Glenn Giffith was elected on the first ballot. Elbert Dodd was then presented to the assembled Elders and Delegates, and Glenn Griffith presented his desire that he be placed in office as a second General Superintendent. The vote was taken. Many opposed, mainly knowing that Superintendent Dodd was a believer in the LOOPHOLE for divorced and remarried couples.

The next day the question of the divorce situation was to be presented and voted upon. Roberts' Rules of Order was to be used. There were fiery speeches made from both sides. The UNITY OF THE SPIRIT was cast aside and you could actually feel the disunity sweep the church.

I was sitting on the front row of seats directly in front of the podium. I could see Superintendent Glenn Griffith's perplexed face. It was one of anguish and indecision. The question was presented to the delegates by Spencer Johnson. The form in which it was made confused a lot of people. It seemed that to

vote YES was to mean you did not want the loophole and to vote NO was a vote to adopt divorce and remarriage into the laws of the church.

I was sitting next to C. E. Morgan from Michigan. He turned to me and said, "There goes the church."

Many, many could not live with this. Brother Morgan's prophecy proved more than true. Brother Griffith took the platform to make a statement. He said: "I believe we can live with this and work with each other and love one another as we labor for Him." (Not his exact words but close enough. Ed. Note.)

A few years later Brother Glenn Griffith resigned from the church he organized and again stepped out under the stars to start anew, founding the Wesleyan Holiness Association of Churches, which continues to this day. I would estimate that the Bible Missionary Union lost about forty percent of their total membership and to this day has not recovered. They have not lived down the stigma of being a divorce church.

Well, Brother Morgan and I and a host of others returned our credentials, and many went their independent way. Many are now gone on to heaven, but a few of us like W. L. King and Howard McConkey still live the memories of those days long gone when the hopes and dreams of a great UNION of churches would grace this land. Instead we now have many small bodies of church groups that have little UNION, little power, and the glory is passing us by.

I took much persecution during this period, and I trust that those still living today will not cut Brother King off for telling the truth in this late hour.

When Brother Glenn Griffith left the Bible Missionary Church, he wrote a little booklet that he sent to me in its original form, called UNTIL DEATH DO US PART. It is also on our God's Acres Digital Library.

Brother McConkey sent me a letter he received from William M. Tidwell dated October 5, 1957. He expresses his

opinion of our leaving the Bible Missionary Union. I wanted to use part of it.

Dear Bro. McConkey,

I really wanted to get a little time with you at Denver (BMU Conference) but you know how it was. I think I saw the statement to which you refer relative to Brother King's paper. The issue I wanted you to see was the one that had the article in it on divorce that surely put Brother King in a bad light. That may have been the one you saw. Poor Brother King—it is desperately sad. I did my best to help him. Worked on his subscription matter for him. Sent him about every dollar I could. Denied myself of real needs to send him money. WELL, WE CAN ONLY LEAVE HIM IN THE HANDS OF THE LORD. (Emphasis mine.)

William M. Tidwell

When it comes to good doctrine and standards, one must be wary of those who will try to buy him. We must not become hirelings. We cannot sell out for a mess of pottage. I have appreciated every cent given to this work of God, but I cannot be bought.

I have a great body of friends in all different groups. Never in the long years of service for Jesus, have I ever “fought with” the Bible Missionary Church. I left them in honor, and over the more than forty years have maintained a good relationship with them . . . sometimes to my hurt. Nor do I intend to harm them now at this late date in my life. I only want to set the record straight and point out where errors were made and the great consequences of those actions. What might have been IF.

I am sure that if a different plan for the divorced and remarried had been formatted at the First Conference, it would have changed the entire situation we have today, and perhaps we would have had but ONE Conservative Holiness Church.

In the coming chapters of my autobiography, I will pull no punches but tell it as it was. Remember, this old man will soon be going home, as have so many. I can hardly wait the day.



## Chapter 10

# God's Thirty Acres . . . and Washington County Jail

Our publication, *The Voice of the Nazarene*, was first published at Richwood, West Virginia while I was pastoring the Church of the Nazarene. The first issue was printed on a mimeograph machine in February, 1953. I have the original copy. The first article was titled, HOLINESS, TODAY'S NEED. The text used was Hebrews 12:14. I told this story. "A young preacher who was in revival at our church, told this: 'I needed to make a restitution to Morris Harvey College. While a guard at this school, I stole candy bars. H. B. Huffman was preaching at my church. He got on the restitution doctrine. Feeling led to make this restitution, I drove many hours to make it. I was invited into the office of Doctor Blackwell. This was one of the hardest things I had ever done. With tears I told this college president how God had saved me and called me to the ministry. I told him that as a guard, I had been a thief myself . . . that I had stolen lots of candy bars. Tears appeared on this president's face. At the end of my confession, he said: "Son, I am a Methodist. I can remember when my church preached restitution. It has been many a year since I have heard anyone demand restitution upon salvation. You are forgiven." ' "

In our day, restitution is a forgotten, important part of our doctrine. It is rarely advocated by the popular preacher.

February 20-22, 1953 we were in revival with Rev. Arnet Hughs. Brother Hughs was a former bar keeper who had a bar back of Elkins, West Virginia. Upon conversion he closed the bar and started the First Church of the Nazarene in this mountain valley in the building where the bar was located.



Brother Hughs had a difficult time seeking entire sanctification. He fasted, prayed, and attended camps and tent meetings seeking holiness. Folk began to label him as a “chronic” seeker, but he persisted till the fire fell. Brother Hughs became a great prayer warrior and was noted for his many days of fasting.

The revival with Brother Hughs was a highlight, and even though the snows fell until very deep, we fired up the old stove and people came, shouted, testified, and glorified God. We were noted as the “noiseyrenes” by the community. Many came to this meeting just to enjoy the demonstrations, listen to the singing, and enjoy the “hard” preaching.

We had a dear sister by the name of Minnie Coakley who was a member of our church. She was somewhat of a poet. She penned these words:

There is a spot to me more dear,  
Than nature vale or mountain,  
A spot from which affections tears,  
Spring grateful from its fountain.

'Tis not where kindred souls abound,  
Though that is almost heaven,  
But where I first my Saviour found,  
And felt my sins forgiven.

And when I rise with wings to soar,  
Up to my home in heaven,  
Down will I cast my eyes once more,  
Where I was first forgiven.

How about the days of Jesus,  
When He walked this earth below,  
How He told the blessed story,  
One He knew would never grow old.

How if we our hearts would open,  
And would let Him enter in,  
All our sins would be forgiven,  
He, the Christ, would dwell therein.

We are in our 47th year of publishing *The Voice of the Nazarene*. In all those years we have never missed printing a copy each month (later bi-monthly), nor were we ever late with an issue. God has helped us over the years to be faithful. We purchased God's Thirty Acres and began building. While putting up the first tabernacle with the help of an old-fashioned Kentucky preacher, Brother Curtis Roach, we decided to have a tent meeting in Venetia, Pennsylvania . . . where I had purchased a cheap lot. Brother Roach drove back to Albany, Kentucky in a very old Packard and got his tent and loudspeaker system. He loaded it all upon the top of the old Packard. . . . He pulled into the lot I owned and threw it all upon a cinder pile.

We took out the big loudspeaker system and laid it aside. It was a beautiful Saturday morning when the two of us began



**Early camp meeting scene at God's Thirty Acres about 1962**

to put the tent up. We secured some homemade seats and built a homemade pulpit. We rolled in a battered piano.

We did not have any power for the speakers or the lights. With hat in hand, we went next door and asked if we could borrow some of their electric. They were agreeable. WE WERE ALL SET UP. Brother Roach and I were to take turns preaching. Brother and Sister John Parsons were the singers. Now all we needed was a crowd.

Might I digress here and speak about my good Brother Roach from Albany, Kentucky. When he showed up on God's Acres Campground to help put up the tabernacle, he was truly the typical mountaineer. His age was ninety-two. His head was bald, he had no teeth . . . not even the "store boughten" ones. He had a hearty laugh, a kind nature, and loved children. His preaching was rugged and to the point. He hated tobacco and let everyone know he did. He called smokers and chewers "sinners." At ninety-two he could lay blocks all day, mixing his own cement. He was a stickler when it came to block laying. We had another brother who was helping with the block laying. This brother was putting pebbles in the seams to level the blocks. Brother Roach caught him. He fired the man on the spot. No one was going to ruin his building. The "fired brother" got mad and headed back to Ohio.

I told Bro. Roach that before the meeting was over, we would both be in jail. He said: "No, I do not think so. I have held meetings all over Kentucky and never got in jail . . . in fact, I preach on the courthouse steps every Saturday." "Well, we are in Pennsylvania now, and they will not take kindly to open air preaching."

The first Saturday night we started in, more listening from their porches than in the tent. We had a record play with the P.A. system. Before each service we would serenade the community with gospel songs. During the song service, we would invite those on their porches to sing along with us. Also, Sister

Mary Parsons would sing all the great camp meeting favorites. Notes and money would be delivered to the tent to sing favorite songs. We were doing very well down through the week. However, a few grouches and gospel fighters began to complain.

In one message I brought out the evils of drinks and the sin of “sucking cigarettes.” We hit the adultery sin and preached on everything we thought was sin . . . fair going, television, movies, card playing, ungodly attire, etc. Sometimes it was very quiet. Even though there were two Methodist churches and two Presbyterian churches in the neighborhood, none preached holiness—not even salvation. Brother Roach was a “rip roaring” preacher that got right down to where people were living. The gospel fighters were hopping mad and declared they would shut us down. They went to the Sheriff’s office and filed complaints and everything was planned and set up for the second Saturday night.

On this Saturday Brother Roach and I laid blocks all day on the parsonage at God’s Thirty Acres. About 6:00 p.m. we went to the tent and set up the songs we were going to use and talked to the people who had driven in for the meeting. We started as usual. Songs from the record player . . . going out via large loudspeakers. Congregational singing and then the prayer. I asked Brother Parsons to step behind the platform and lead in prayer. Well, we “hillbillies” believed in everyone praying and praying loud. Even though Brother John was leading the prayer, the others drowned him out . . . prayer rang up and down the valley . . . we prayed for the drunks, we prayed for the community, we prayed for every sinner and for those who were lost. We prayed for the people who were lost in the churches, we prayed for the local pastors, that they would preach the truth. After about thirty minutes of praying, I believe we had the attention of the whole community. The gospel fighters were out, shaking their fists and making ungodly remarks. But there were those who were with us and sent notes of encouragement and offerings.

I was to preach that Saturday night. I had prayed and searched long for a sermon that would be fitting. Jesus led me to the following scripture. *“And as they departed, Jesus began to say unto the multitudes concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?” (Matthew 11:7 KJV).*

I started the sermon by stating that John the Baptist was a rugged preacher who told the truth regardless of whom it hit. He called Herod an adulterer and rebuked him for taking his brother’s wife as his own. *“For John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother’s wife” (Mark 6:18 KJV).*

For this he was to lose his head during an ungodly orgy when he displeased Herod and called him to task for his sins.

*“And when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee.*

*“And he sware unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom.*

*“And she went forth, and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist.*

*“And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist.*

*“And the king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath’s sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her.*

*“And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought: and he went and beheaded him in the prison,*

*“And brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel. and the damsel gave it to her mother. And when his disciples heard of it, they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb” (Mark 6:22-29 KJV).*

John the Baptist called the ungodly church world a “generation of vipers.”

*“Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judaea, and all the region round about Jordan,*

*“And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.*

*“But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?*

*“Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance” (Matthew 3:5-8 KJV).*

I was getting a good start on my sermon. God was helping me. I felt the unction and the power. I had the attention of the crowd. There were noises from the outside of the tent. Than I began to get personal. I told how the Washington County sheriff was the owner and operator of the brothels in Cannonsburg and surrounding towns . . . how he was guilty of other crimes. I poured down judgments upon those ungodly communities and told of the murder of one man in a Finleyville saloon. All of a sudden the sheriff and police were in the aisles before the pulpit. I poured on the truth. They were in a rage . . . demanded that I cease and that I was under arrest. I rebuked them in the Name of Jesus. I reminded them that they were in a church. I reminded them that they were treading on church property and that God might strike them dead. I asked if they had a search warrant. They did not. Finally they retreated. I thundered out the Scripture, “What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?” Jesus continued to fill my mouth with gospel truths. We were under attack by the forces of evil who would suppress the whole gospel. The congregation was with us all the way . . . amens and shouts filled the air and the air waves via the P.A. system. The community was stirred. Never had they witnessed such Holy Ghost Power. Lightning was flashing and the thunder roared so it seemed. ALL OF A SUDDEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AND THE P.A. SYSTEM CEASED

ITS ROAR; ALL WAS QUIET. They had shut off our power. Finally some of the brethren ran out of the tent, turning the cars toward the tent with their headlights on. Brother Roach and Brother Parsons connected the P.A. system to car batteries. We were back in business. After a few notes of music from Sister Parsons, I continued the sermon. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" I told how hell would be filled with the bodies of sinners who would continue the "white slave trade" of prostitution and drunkenness. A double curse would be upon those who professed upholding the law while they were lawbreakers themselves. Finally I came to the end. A invitation number by Sister Parsons . . . a prayer for the community and mercy for those who had invaded out church.

In a few minutes they were all over us. They read our Miranda Rights, put the cuffs on, and led us toward the door. Suddenly there was a roar. Turning, I saw my wife Belisa charging toward the police. "You cannot do this to my husband. Let him go. If you take him you must take me also." Several of the congregation cried out . . . "If he is guilty, than we all are guilty—take us also." Now this left the police with a dilemma of what to do. Finally they rushed us to the police cars, police rotating lights everywhere. Crowds gathered around watching as Brother Roach and I were led off to the Justice of Police office.

By now it was midnight and it was Sunday morning. One of the deputies turned the clock hands back one hour so they could legally try us on Saturday night, as it is illegal to have a trial on Sunday in Pennsylvania. The Justice of the Peace was a Knights of Columbus member. They had already read us the Miranda Rights so the Justice remanded us to the Washington County Jail. A bail bondsman was there to take our money for bond, BUT WE HAD NO MONEY and at that point in time, I would have refused to post bond. About 1:00 a.m. we arrived at the jail. They took my Bible and locked it up. The next thing I knew the cell door slammed and we were locked up like two

criminals. With no Bible to read, we got down on our knees and were pouring prayer and praise to heaven right through the jail house ceiling. Suddenly, someone began to pound on the jail bars. It was the jailer. He was angry and shouted if we did not quiet down, he would take us to the dungeon . . . down in the cellar. We tapered off our prayers, climbed onto the hard plank serving as a bed, and were soon fast asleep. What would you have done??? or have you ever been in jail for preaching the gospel?

The next morning I found that every inmate in that jail was innocent and wanted to know if we could help them. Breakfast was served and it was not very good. I gave part of mine away to one of the prisoners . . . then I did realize I was also a prisoner. Belisa called my good friend Jim Fike at the Coraopolis, Pennsylvania Church of the Nazarene. Along about 4:00 p.m. he had rounded up some cash and made bond for Brother Roach and me, just in time to make it to the tent for the next service. No one bothered us, but a trial date was set for Tuesday evening at 7:30 p.m.

On that evening a great crowd gathered. Reporters from all the radio and television stations. Reporters from magazines around that part of the state. We made front page news in the Pittsburgh papers. **MINISTERS THROWN INTO JAIL** . . . read the headlines.

On Wednesday, the trial date, a great crowd had gathered. We had hired Attorney George Steganga to defend us. By this time, the Washington County law people were having second thoughts about invading our church without a search warrant and illegally conducting a trial on Sunday and throwing two gospel ministers into jail.

They sent a delegation to Brother Roach and me. They begged our forgiving, admitting they had over-reacted and that it would never happen again. They said they would wipe the slate clean and we would have NO record. They agreed that we could continue the tent meeting and could use our Public Ad-



dress system without ever being harassed again. They knew we had them in a hard place, and they wanted NO part of these two gospel preachers. After much prayer, we felt that we had won our case with the help of Jesus. We asked, what would we think that Jesus would do in such a case? I believe He would have been forgiving. This proved the correct course, and our reputation among our neighbors was good and they were with us.

The opposition political party called and offered to make me their county chaplain and to let me offer prayer at their rallies. We declined but thanked them very much.

What happened to the sheriff? He was later arrested and convicted and sent to prison on the very charges that I had revealed in my message. *“What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?”*

A larger and more serious battle was to occur several years later . . . but that is another story later in my autobiography.



Left to right, front row: David Ray, James Daniel, Sister Belisa King, Jamie Denise. Back row: Lynn Jean, Karen Ruth, W. L. King, and Ina June. (Judy Ann was in Bible school at Hobe Sound.)

## Chapter 11

### Establishing God's Thirty Acres

I never pastored a church that I did not organize myself. Two churches, both operating today in the Church of the Nazarene Movement, were organized. I have already mentioned the church at Richwood, West Virginia. The next church was located at Aliquippa, Pennsylvania. I have already mentioned this church. The third church was located at Finleyville, Pennsylvania in an old store front.

Holiness preachers of the past used old stores, bars, barns, and houses as churches until better quarters could be built. I once heard Dr. Oney, District Superintendent of the West Virginia District, say from a pulpit: "A Holy Ghost called preacher needs two things in order to spread the gospel: first, a King James Bible; and second, a set of carpenter's tools." I have found this so in my own ministry.

We remodeled the store front in Finleyville, moved in seats, a pulpit and old piano, and secured good song books. Next, we called a revival. Two preachers came. One was Elwood Lucas and the other was the Robert Walker Family. Robert Walker founded the Rescue Mission at Fort Myers which is now headed by his son-in-law, George Schaffer. The singers were The Singing Paiges. The Ralph McClarren Family attended from as far away as the State of Michigan. Also helping was Brother Curtis Roach from Kentucky. John and Mary Parsons also helped in the singing . . . Bro. John always had a great testimony. Brother and Sister Wilfrid Hallam also helped, as well as his daughter in-law, Sister Peggy Hallam.

My, what a meeting: quite loud with much singing, praising the Lord, and testimony. Halfway through the meeting, Brother and Sister Marshall Jessup dropped by. It was a good meeting, and it led to the founding of The Little Red Brick Church located on God's Thirty Acres. Such meetings were common forty or fifty years ago. Might I mention, most holiness preachers did not receive a salary but were on pure faith. They did not have a lot to live on, but, my friends, what power they had with God, and these early preachers literally dotted this land with holiness churches and campgrounds. These holiness preachers were not afraid to preach the whole truth from God's Word and cry out against sin. Sometimes the town folk would become so under conviction that they would literally attack the store front churches, and some were even burned to the ground.

Brother Howard McConkey and I were attending the Pleasant District holiness camp meeting near Morgantown, West Virginia. Glen Griffith and Spencer Johnson were preaching the camp. Three young ladies from Point Pleasant were doing the singing. Howard and I were discussing the camp and one of us said, "Why don't we start a camp in Pennsylvania?" Well, I gathered some of the brethren and we discussed this. Brother Hallam and I started looking and found thirty acres of farmland on Hamtom Road not far from Washington, Pennsylvania.

We started in a tent for the first meeting. Bro. Willard Jones lent us his gospel tent . . . not a very large one. Brother Elwood Lucas brought his larger tent. After much primitive effort, we were ready. Some of the men who attended slept in the gospel tent, and the ladies slept in the tent brought by Willard Jones. The farmers living next door furnished food and lodging for the evangelists. We had night services only.

All went well until old Sister Jackson, a member of Brother Charles Smith's church, came to stay all night. Sister Jackson was black. Sister Jackson was a powerful testifier and could set a meeting on fire. But where to find Sister Jackson a bed? I

suggested the ladies' tent, but many of those attending were horrified at the thought of sleeping in a tent with a black saint. We ended up taking her to our home and giving her our bed. She was reluctant to do this . . . but we convinced her it was our wish. She was a great asset to our camp meetings. Several years later, Sister Jackson was so sought after that all the big camps were inviting her to attend and she received good attention. But I never forgot, she came to our camp first and some did not want her.

I have been asked what was the greatest camp meeting ever held at God's Thirty Acres. Well, it was the camp meeting of 1963. Brother Howard McConkey and Brother Clarence Hausman were the workers . . . Bill and Anna Stelpstra were the singers. Two of the evangelists had cancelled that year, and Brother McConkey and Brother Hausman were called at the last minute.

Now, we could never have found a better team than this little Scotsman and the Pennsylvania Dutch preacher. From the beginning the power of God fell upon the services. Anointed preaching poured from the pulpit. The singers preached through song, and what singing. Folk ran the aisles, jumped benches, ran out into the trees, around the tabernacle.

About the fourth day, God began to convict the teenagers and row upon row flowed to the altar . . . no sooner had they prayed through, than they spread out seeking those who were not saved. Every carload of people with teenagers hardly had time to park before they were inundated with saved young people seeking their conversion.

A service would hardly start before the altar would be lined. No preaching for about five days . . . the teenagers took over. They preached, testified, shouted, ran, cried, laughed, skipped, jumped, and gave fiery testimonies to God's saving grace. Brother McConkey and Brother Hausman were in their midst, praying, shouting, and exhorting.

Missionary Day approached. Should we “change the order” of the meetings and expect it to continue after Missionary Day? This missionary came in the evening before and experienced this greatest of all revivals . . . just like Pentecost. Many teens, later to attend Bible School at Hobe Sound, were among the converted. Some are in the ministry to this day . . . a few were called to the mission field. The missionary said, “What about the missionary services tomorrow?” “Well,” I said, “Brother, we will see what God’s will is. I will NOT touch this revival with human hands.” He retorted, “Rev. King, this is wild-fire and it is not of God. I am God’s man, and I expect to have the pulpit.” I prayed as well as other of the brethren.

Morning came. During the breakfast hour, the young people were up early . . . testifying and singing in the dining hall. The Holy Ghost was walking those grounds. Morning service started; I think it was Andrew Perry’s boy, Dave, who was later killed in an automobile accident shortly before he was to go to Bible school at Hobe Sound, stood to his feet and began to exhort. Before long the platform was swarming with young people singing and shouting and exhorting the older folk to plow into the altar and get saved. By this time some more of the teens had prayed through and had received the Holy Ghost in much power. Now the real excitement had begun. Afternoon service. The missionary was on the platform with his sermon ready; others of the group were ready for their part. The song service began and then, BANG, it was Nick Fair, who had professed a call to the ministry and was to attend Hobe Sound Bible School, was on his feet, waving his arms and shouting. A group of young men ran into the aisle, blessed half to death. They marched out one door into the back door and out the front door. At the side of the tabernacle was a small hill. Before long we could see them via the side windows. On reaching the top of the hill, they began to roll down the hill, whooping and hollering. I guess you would call them HOLY ROLLERS. Well, the supposed speaker

took his Bible, notes, and party and drove off of the camp grounds, never to return. This surely stamped us as radical. I have never been in another meeting where they actually rolled. At the bottom of the hill, they marched back into the tabernacle where they found another altar call in progress. I sometimes think that that missionary should have hit the altar.

Finally Brothers Hausman and McConkey got in a few sermons . . . but hardly. But this spirit continued until the end of the meeting. Someone had placed a large box on the altar, and folk began to fill it up with all kinds of junk . . . cigarettes, lipsticks, powder and paint, worldly dress, gold jewelry, rings, gold watches, even a swim suit. During one service, Brother Andrew Perry came in the front door of the tabernacle waving a pair of pants. He held them up. It was pair of “peg leg” pants which were in style at that time. Brother Perry said he never did like them and felt they should be burned.

On Saturday we had the bonfire. Brother Curtis Roach found a sledge hammer. “What for, Brother Roach?” I asked. “Well, I am going to bust up those gold watches and rings so that nobody will ever wear them again.” We sang and shouted and burned and smashed. Later, some got rid of their TVs at the city dump. After this camp meeting, I received a letter from a nationally known leader who complained that we were just a bunch of legalists and that the watches should have been sold and used for missions. (The gold had been given to be destroyed.) The last Sunday, with many, many converts, the meeting started quietly, but soon it burst out again. By this time, word had spread, and many came just to see the shouting and the glory.

As I stated, many of these converts went on to Bible schools, and later preached the gospel worldwide.

We live in an age today where the holiness churches have cooled off. Not even many shouts and few amens are heard. But some of us have seen the power and the glory of former days.

I remember so many incidents that happened at God's Thirty Acres. One in particular stands out in my memory. Brother Ray Hemrick, an evangelist from North Carolina, was one of the workers in the early years. He was a great preacher and a soul winner for God, also a very sacrificing man. He was sitting on the front seat of the old tabernacle on a homemade bench of logs. He raised one of those long legs above his head and swung it around, shouting, "I am getting blessed." The leg came down and both of them took a leap into the aisle . . . then up about two or three feet and shot out of the tabernacle and around to the other door . . . whooping like an Indian on the war path. Some new folk who had just arrived took one look and joined in the shouting. By this time the whole congregation was "at it." As in most times, along toward the end, the Spirit of God began to work on the sinners and the altar began to line. Shouts became exhortations, and soon many of the exhorters were busy with their duties of talking and praying with those sinners who were not at the altar.

We had exhorters in those days. In fact, I was issued an exhorters' license by Pastor Rufus Welch. When I first met Brother Welch, I thought he was one of the "big shots" in the Church of the Nazarene . . . perhaps even a District or General Superintendent. I found out later that he held only a minister's license and was not ordained. My dear readers, this man had more power with God and had more preachers "called" under his ministry than any other man on the West Virginia District. He was a great sermonizer. I asked him one day where he got his sermons. He said, "Brother King, from God and from reading Bible story books for children." He continued, "If a child can understand my preaching, than surely adults can also." Old and young alike found spiritual help in his messages. So much for "deep preachers" who can't be understood.

I hope in the next chapter to begin our experiences with the Roman Catholics and the Knights of Columbus who sought to put me in prison for criminal libel.

## Chapter 12

### Flashback . . . Fighting Roman Catholicism

My thinking as I write this autobiography slips back and forth. . . . I want to go back to 1956 and the founding of the first Bible Missionary Union (later changed to Church).

This event was very important because one man, District Superintendent Glenn Griffith, was the first to step out of the established Holiness Movement. He stepped out, as he said, “under the stars” to begin a movement that was later to be known as the Conservative Holiness Movement.

I was on the front seat of that historical moment, being an editor of *The Voice of the Nazarene*, a publication used by the Bible Missionary Union in the beginning to spread the word far and wide. I took notes . . . below is a true copy of those notes made by a young man (W L. King) who was thrilled by the events that was happening before his very eyes.

#### **The Bible Missionary Church Conference Notes, 1955**

W. L. King

The first General Conference of the Bible Missionary Church convened Sunday morning, September 2, 1956 at Denver, Colorado. The opening message was brought by Glenn Griffith. From the very first God put His seal of approval upon this remnant of old-fashioned holiness folk who came from many holiness denominations.

On September 8, 1955, a large crowd gathered under a large tent near Nampa, Idaho. These folk knew that something had to be done to preserve the rich heritage of “old-fashioned scriptural holiness” as they knew it in the beginning of the holiness movement: thus the Bible Missionary Church came into exist-



ence through those holiness people who desired to continue in the old-fashioned lines of faith, fellowship, and personal holiness from which present day holiness churches have so largely departed. The Bible Missionary Church is Arminian in doctrine. We detest modernism and warn against formality. We believe that the same truth, the same kind of singing and praying by the same kind of Christians will bring the same kind of results as the early holiness folk experienced.

On Sunday night the service opened amid the shouts of folk from nineteen states, India, Cuba, and Guatemala. Evangelist H. B. Huffman preached on the subject: HOW CAN I KNOW I AM SANCTIFIED?

He preached with fire and fervor, and at the conclusion several dozen people lined the altar and prayed for forgiveness of sin or to be sanctified wholly. It seemed that the folk could be heard a country mile.

The first business session opened at 9:00 a.m. September 3. Glenn Griffith opened with prayer and then preached on the subject: Contending for the Faith. God came and blessed, and the power of the Holy Ghost was everywhere. Brother Spencer Johnson was appointed Temporary Secretary. The business meeting was interspersed with shouts and testimonies and spontaneous demonstration of the Spirit.

Monday afternoon session opened amid waves of glory as many rose to quote from the Bible. Missionaries Miss Kennedy and Miss Keith were sent greetings from the Conference. Many delegations were introduced.

The great highlight of the evening came when the former District Superintendent of the Louisiana District Church of the Nazarene arrived with his delegation. A rising ovation was given them. Tuesday afternoon the Louisiana delegation was received into fellowship of the Church. They were immediately integrated into the various committees. Brother Dodd was appointed as Chairman of the Policy Committee.

Monday night the evangelistic service was one continuous manifestation of the Holy Ghost. Evangelist E. E. Michael of Alabama preached on the subject: The Old Man. Many were at the altar seeking the blessing, and the groans of those *dying out* could be heard all over the place.

The Tuesday morning message was brought by Mrs. Irene Hanley of East Saint Louis, Illinois. The service climaxed with a spontaneous altar service before the morning business session. Sister Hanley was not afraid to preach the entire truth. "Worldly dress," says Mrs. Hanley, "is a sign of hidden *carnality*. Toeless shoes, curled hair (beauty shop treatment), hat feathers, hair 'rats,' gold of all kind (including gold-rimmed glasses), transparent clothing that you can see the flesh or undergarment through, etc., are some of the things that professing holiness folk try to hold on to when carnality is on board," said Mrs. Hanley. Tuesday night's message was brought by Brother Elbert Dodd. He did not disappoint the convention but preached with great unction.

On Wednesday morning Brothers Glenn Griffith and Elbert Dodd were elected as General Moderators, Glenn Griffith to serve west of the Mississippi and Elbert Dodd to serve east of the Mississippi. Both Griffith and Dodd received an overwhelming majority of the votes cast. A love offering of \$2,100 was taken to move the General Moderators and to get them started in their prospective fields.

Wednesday night Victor Glenn of Bedford, Indiana spoke and represented the North African Missions. He delivered a great and inspiring message. At the close about thirty-five young people came forward to offer themselves for the mission fields. Thursday the Conference elected the following to the General Board: Elders J. E. Cook, L. P. Roberts, E. E. Michael, A. L. Turner, H. B. Huffman. Laymen Tracy Knapp, J. C. Gomilla, C. C. Henley, Henry McClure, Earnest Mullins, Melvin Shiery. L. P. Roberts was elected Treasurer and A. L. Crane Secretary.

Evangelist Spencer Johnson would continue as editor of the *Missionary Revivalist*. These are some of God's best, and the editor of this paper can put his approval upon them all.

The different reports of the committees were given and adopted with unanimous approval of the Conference. The Special and General Rules of the Church were read and were also given unanimous approval by the Conference. These rules are strong, as they should be, and will be enforced.

An incomplete record of statistics are: Licensed ministers present seven, Lay delegates present twenty-nine, Elders present sixty-nine. There were twenty-nine churches on record as being organized with many more waiting to be organized. Some were going back to bring their church into this group. There were visitors from nineteen states and from as far away as India.

Thursday night Brother Griffith spoke again on the subject: Give Me This Mountain. An offering was taken for World Missions (Home and Overseas). The amount was \$10,473. A great altar service followed the offering. The last night the editor was privileged to hear Sister Irene Hanley preach again. She told how she was sanctified. It was a great message on death-route holiness and was climaxed by many finding the blessing in its fullness. The Holy Ghost will still sanctify that one who is willing to pay the price. Praise God.

Many said that they had not witnessed anything like this Conference in many years. This historic event will long live in the memories of those who attended.

END OF NOTES



**Spencer Johnson**

The second conference was quite different. After much debate and confusion, the delegates voted to place the LOOPHOLE in the divorce question, thereby permitting membership to those who were divorced for the reason of fornication by the other mate.

I was there when Brother Glenn Griffith arose to address his men on this question. He said as well as I remember: “Boys, we can live with this issue (adultery question). For the sake of harmony and unity we can preach as we always did against this terrible sin, and those on the other side can preach as they feel led.”

A good number of the preachers returned their credentials, including Brother King and McConkey. I would be guilty if I did not tell the truth in this matter.

Brother Glenn Griffith and others gave some of us a “hard time” because of this action. However, a few years later, Brother Griffith and a number of the brethren, including Brother Howard McConkey, met in a field and drafted a manual for a group to be called The Wesleyan Holiness Association of Churches. Brother McConkey was the Secretary and has the notes of this meeting.

What would have been IF all the brethren meeting in Denver had been of one mind and united under the truth? The great truth is that marriage is UNTIL DEATH DO US PART . . . this was the name of the booklet written by Brother Glenn Griffith.

Of late, a preacher “out west” is pushing a book in defense of divorce. My, what a great danger this is . . . defending divorce, when the churches in the USA should be fighting this evil with every resource that we have. Such a man will face the judgment . . . and what a judgment.

Well, enough of the battles of the 1950s. I could have written more, but this gives a picture of the mistakes made in the beginnings of the “come out movement.”

This brings us to the battles of the early 1960s and the elections of that year when, for the first time, a Roman Catholic ran for the presidency and won.

John was one of the sons of Joseph Kennedy. And who was Joseph Kennedy? He was the man who made his fortune in boot leg whiskey. Prior to the Repeal of Prohibition, this man had inside information from the Roosevelt people . . . who were responsible for the repeal of prohibition. He bought up huge stores of liquor in England and other places. Just as soon as Roosevelt repealed prohibition, Joseph Kennedy shipped shipload after shipload of “rot gut” into the USA. The Kennedy clan was responsible for the death of millions of men and women who became drunks and faced early burial, some in the potter’s graveyard . . . filling unnamed graves.

The Kennedy clan has and is using that liquor money to fill public office all the way to the White House.

In 1960, I borrowed \$1,700.00 to buy my first printing press. I was printing thousands of gospel tracts.

At this time I also began a new publication called *The Catholic Challenger*. The West Family at Apollo, Pennsylvania printed this for us. It was a tabloid size paper, printed on coated stock. Thousands and thousands of copies were printed each month.

I met Brother Harold Schmul on the grounds of Clinton Camp. He said to me, “Brother King, if you had not started such a paper, I had it in mind to do so.”

Brother Harvey Springer, Editor of *The Western Voice*, sent me a copy of THE OATH OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS. Brother Springer had printed hundreds of thousands of copies of this oath and was arrested and tried for criminal libel. He forced the Knights of Columbus to back down because he had strong Baptist backing.

After much prayer, I decided to print a few on my old (new) press. I think the first run was for 10,000. Altogether I believe I printed about 500,000 copies . . . sending out fifty to a hundred packets each day . . . sometimes in the thousands. One day, I heard on the radio that I was to be arrested the next day . . . wife and my children piled all the copies of the Oath in our car

and headed east to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania to a friend's house. Here, we filled all remaining orders and headed home to "face the entire wrath" of the Knights of Columbus. They came to my home with the warrant for my arrest. Wife and I and the children were praying. I thought they were about to knock down the door when I opened up. They rushed in with papers in their hands and guns at their belt. First they read me my Miranda Rights . . . then put me under arrest.

They took me all the way across Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and tried me for "criminal libel" . . . this in a Justice of the Peace Court. My bond was \$700.00, 10% of \$7,000.00, which I paid to a bondsman. This was a lot of money in those days.

### **EDITORIAL WRITTEN BY W. L. KING IN 1960.**

Dear Christian Friends:

On August 3, 1960 the KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, a multi-million-dollar Roman Catholic organization, charged *THE VOICE OF THE NAZARENE*, a small Protestant church, with CRIMINAL LIBEL.

WE ARE NOT GUILTY. What we have printed can be historically proven correct and has already been proven by others. Many churches and secular papers have printed and still are printing the so-called Oath of the Knights of Columbus. Dr. Bob Shuler (Methodist minister of California), Dr. Harry Springer (Baptist minister of Colorado), and Dr. Joseph Zacchello (converted priest from Pennsylvania), have printed this Oath in their publications. Dr. Bob Shuler proved twice in the court that this Oath was historically correct. The Knights of Columbus brought charges against him twice in the Al Smith campaign.

Even though many have printed this Oath, the K. of C. are persecuting only *THE VOICE OF THE NAZARENE*. Why is this? THEY THINK THAT BECAUSE WE ARE SMALL, THEY CAN MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF US. But remember,

friend, if the Catholic Church can secure a judgment against us,  
YOU MAY BE NEXT TO FEEL THE STING OF ROME.

With access to the treasury house at Rome, Italy, this organization has been able to hire the best of lawyers, investigators, agents, etc. They were able to file charges in Allegheny County, a predominate R. C. area. They were able to reach District Attorney Boyle, a Roman Catholic. With a jury trial, most of those sitting on the panel will be R. C. Many of the judges are Catholic. WILL WE GET A FAIR TRIAL UNDER THESE CONDITIONS?

We have secured the services of Mr. George Stiganda, Washington, Pennsylvania, and the law firm of Berger and Berger of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. We have been informed that a sum of \$2,500 to \$5,000 must be in reserve to defend ourselves in court. John Paul Jones once said, "I have not yet begun to fight." His ship was aflame, but he boarded the vessel of the enemy and won the day for the U.S.A. WITH GOD'S HELP, WE CAN DO THE SAME.

In His service,  
W. L. King.

P.S. On September 16th or later an Injunction Hearing will be held to determine if we can continue printing this tract. Please pray for us. If we cannot print more you will find it in the Congregational Record for February 15th, 1913, Washington, D. C. The main trial should be held in the fall months. Pray much. . . . Register to vote and know whom to vote for.

This happened over forty years ago, and many have forgotten that the Roman Catholic Church is still the arch-enemy of the true Protestant Church.

Roman Catholic Church rule is accomplished by fear, ignorance, and compromise. Their methods of making converts are even more cunning than those of the Communists.

Few men have had the will to stand against pagan Romanism. Not many publications dare to unveil their false

doctrines or to point out that it is a “devil religion” and should be put in the same class as Buddhism, Shintoism, Mormonism, and all other false cults.

**THERE IS A UNIVERSAL CHURCH.** It is the one that Jesus died for. It is without spot or wrinkle. Its headquarters is not at the Vatican in Rome, but is located in the heart of every born again person. This Church is being made up now. Every time another person is saved a new member is added. This Church will be presented to Christ as His Bride on that Day.

On October 31, 1517 Martin Luther nailed his Ninety-five Theses to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg. This was the beginning of the REFORMATION. Since that day many have been put to death because they dared to stand against rich, influential, demon-possessed, pagan Romanism. Even today Roman Catholic pressure is brought to bear on those who dare to stand for God.

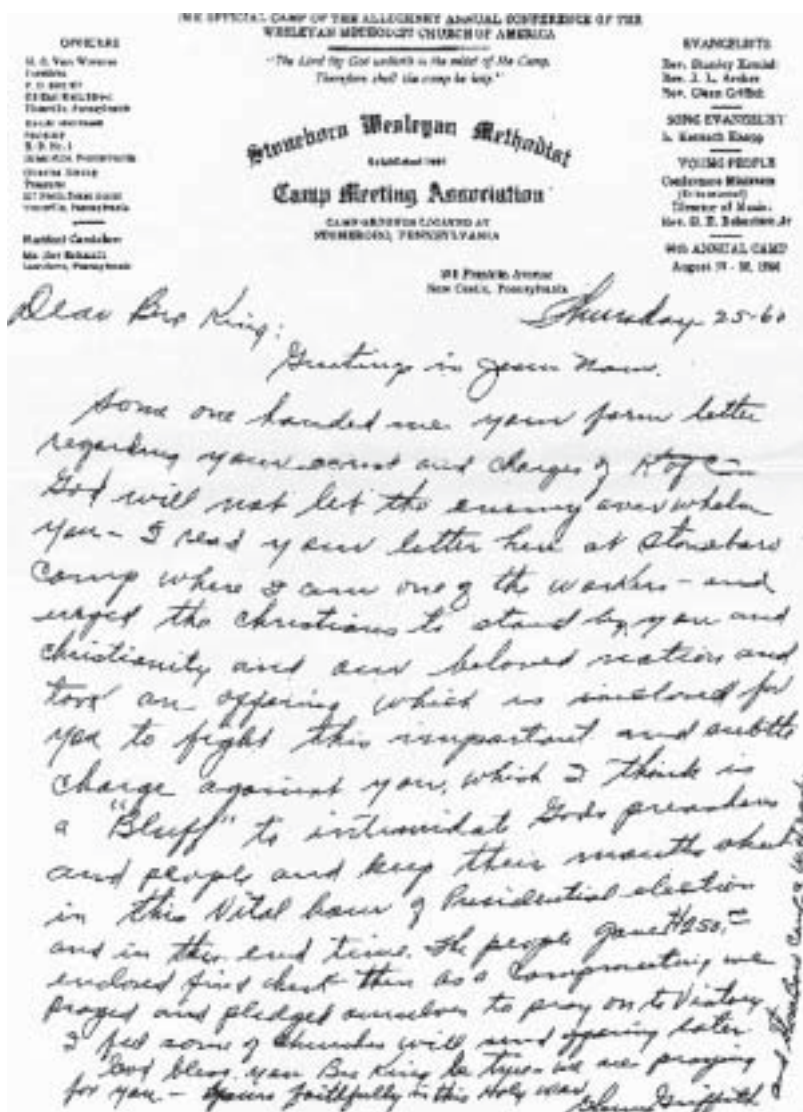
In Colombia, South America Christian families are thrown into prison for reading their Bibles. Catholic nuns may teach in our public schools in their religious habits. The Knights of Columbus erected a twenty-foot crucifix in a public park in Indiana. Roman Catholic nuns encourage Catholic school children to sell lottery tickets in direct defiance of state law.

Just recently in a bid to bring the Protestant churches back into the “FOLD,” the Pope has said forgiveness for all the murders and tortures committed by the Roman Church. Over the years and up to and including World War II, the so-called Roman Church has slain millions of people, and ALL in the name of Christ.

Pope John admits to these atrocities. But he said nothing about the murder and rape committed by the Knights of Columbus or the rape and murder in Protestant Ireland or the murders of thousands of Greek Orthodox Greeks in World War II. A great host of folk across America rallied to our defense. Brother Glenn Griffith was one who was not afraid to stand with us. I



received the following letter from Stoneboro Camp. I have cherished it across the years.



Other church leaders stood with us. However, most folk were scared to death of even being seen in our presence. Many

wrote to say they were with us, but they had families to think of and they could not afford to be identified with this cause.

Sad as it might seem, there were even Protestants who actually voted for John Kennedy and bragged about it.

On election night on November 11, 1960, we saw this election “stolen” by the democratic machine in Chicago, Illinois. Kennedy was NOT elected legally, but powers in high office used illegal means to put a representative of Rome in our highest office.

John Kennedy and his brother Robert were of the same caliber as our recent President, Mr. Bill Clinton. They were all adulterers.

At Camp Gilead a few years ago, an evangelist apologized for saying something about the President, saying it was wrong to do so. I make NO apologies for speaking out against those who would defile the sacred office of the President. Neither did our Lord Jesus spare the leaders of His day.

NEXT CHAPTER . . . THE TRIAL TO SEND ME TO PRISON.



## Chapter 13

# Victory Over the Knights of Columbus

November 5, 1962 was a dark day in the history of the Protestant Church. It was a day that our freedom to publish the gospel was challenged. It was a day that the very Constitution was “put in doubt.” Yet many, many Protestant Holiness churches and people refused to stand against the forces of Rome.

Men like Brother Glenn Griffith, Wesleyan Holiness; and Brother George Failing, Editor of *The Wesleyan Methodist* publication stood with us, as did a great many men and women all across the U.S.A. I do not have room to mention everyone, but I did want to mention those who attended the four-day trial and testified as to our true character. These men were: Howard McConkey, Homer Gross, Wilfred Hallam, Nelson Douglas (Camp President of Clinton Camp), Paul Treese, James Fike, Robert Young, Mrs. Peter Gulla, Fred Jessup (brother of Marshall Jessup), Ray West (Superintendent of the Reformed Free Methodists), Huey Gillespie (long time radio preacher and church leader), and others.

One sister from the Missionary Alliance Church was present. I was standing in the courthouse hallway when the Supreme Knight, Luke Hart, walked by. He was the highest officer in The Knights of Columbus. This lady stopped him. I was close enough to hear her words. “Mr. Luke Hart,” she said, “I am warning you, you must cease your efforts to put Brother W. L. King in prison or to cause him harm. If you do not, you will be dead of a heart attack within six months.” This man laughed and walked away. WITHIN SIX MONTHS

HE WAS DEAD. Coincidence? I think not. (Luke Hart was the Supreme Knight . . . highest office in the Knights of Columbus.)

Another friend, Brother Homer Gross, an officer in the Americans United for State and Church, tried to warn him also. Standing in the stairway with a drop of three floors, he warned Mr. Hart that he would just put him up and throw him over . . . but I stopped this as I just could not use violent methods.

At the conclusion of the trial when I was freed of all charges, Mr. Hart approached me and said, "Mr. W. L. King, I don't know how you got away from us, but you are the first man in the history of The Knights of Columbus to win against us."

The last day of the trial, my entire family of girls and one boy were in the court room. Each girl dressed in her plain, long dress and white stockings with her hair put up in braids, and our oldest boy looked like a little preacher. They certainly drew the attention of the court and the jury.

In late 1960 I received letters from the Greek Orthodox Church along with a complete account of the mass slaughter of Christian people by the Roman Catholic Church during World War II. The Pope at that time planned to take over all Protestant churches in Europe.

Andrea Artukovic was one of the war criminals. After the war he escaped to Rome and was given a passport to Ireland. From there he was given refuge by the Kennedy clan and settled in California. Becoming rich, but the protection of the Kennedys ceasing, he was arrested and sent back to Yugoslavia to be tried as a war criminal. He was convicted.

It was the meeting with the Judge in chambers by our lawyers that shocked the Judge. Immediately, they dismissed me from the witness stand. They wanted no more of W. L. King.

**DREW PEARSON EXPOSES WAR CRIMINAL  
ANDREA ARTUKOVIC.  
(KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS MAN)**

Drew Pearson writes: "War criminal Andrea Artukovic, the Himmler of Yugoslavia, has been officially charged with the murder of 60,000 Jews and 600,000 Serbs during the Nazi occupation of Yugoslavia. Artukovic is now living near Long Beach, California, enjoying the protection of American laws, even though the Supreme Court of the U.S.A. ruled him eligible for deportation. Artukovic also has had friendly protectors in the United States, especially Rep. James B. Utt, the extreme right-wing Republican from Santa Ana, California, also from the Kennedy clan . . . strange bedfellows."

**MASONIC ORDER RIPS VATICAN  
RESPONSIBILITY IN MASS MURDERS . . . NEW AGE.**

THE NEW AGE, official organ of the Supreme Council, thirty-three degree Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, places the blame of 1,000,000 mass murders squarely on the Roman Catholic Church. THE NEW AGE states: "It was the motive of the Vatican to Romanize the whole Balkan Peninsula, and that of Germany and Austria-Hungary to subjugate it for territorial aggrandizement and thus open the way to the Near East and India. . . . Encouraged by Hitler, Stepinac, the Archbishop in Yugoslavia, permitted, if he did not encourage, his bishops, priests, and fanatical followers to massacre in the most brutal manner some 1,000,000 Serbians, Jews, and others, while forcing some 240,000 Serbs in Croatia to embrace the Roman Catholic faith on pain of death. In the total struggle 1,700,000 men, women, and children perished."

**ARTICLE PUBLISHED BY THE WESLEYAN  
METHODIST PUBLICATION IN DECEMBER, 1962**

Brother James Huffman and Brother George E. Failing in the December, 1962 issue of *The Wesleyan Methodist* publication

wrote the following article. The article was taken from newspapers and *The Catholic Challenger* as well as from *The Voice of the Nazarene*.

### **Protestants Win Major Victory**

AMERICAN PROTESTANTS have won an important victory over the Knights of Columbus (fraternal order of Roman Catholic men). Rev. W. L. King, outspoken crusader against Roman Catholicism from Finleyville, Pennsylvania, was vindicated recently in a precedent-setting court battle with the Knights. He was acquitted of criminal libel by the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania Circuit Court. Mr. King's struggle began two and a half years ago—during the 1960 election campaign.

At that time he published (along with several other organizations) an alleged Knights of Columbus oath. The document, which supposedly bound members to wipe out Protestantism, had first been circulated in 1912, and has been revived in key election years since then. The 1960 Kennedy-Nixon "Religious Issue" added significance to its publication.

Circulation that year became widespread enough that the Democratic Party issued a pamphlet denying the oath's authenticity. They called it "fraud" and "bogus." "A scattering of clergymen have recently quoted it in sermons," stated the Democratic memorandum, "and it has been printed in newsletters of . . . churches in Ralnelle, West Virginia; Phoenix, Arizona; Greensboro, North Carolina; and Knoxville, Tennessee."

But why all the furor? The alleged oath made serious charges against the Knights of Columbus. It showed them pledging themselves to wage war against heretics, Protestants, and Masons. K of C'ers were sworn to wipe out all groups and governments not submissive to the Church of Rome. The oath went so far as to charge Knights with the responsibility of voting for any Catholic who runs for office against a Protestant—regardless of party affiliations.

As the oath became widely circulated and the issue grew, the Knights of Columbus themselves entered the picture. On August 3, 1960, they wrote Mr. King, demanding that he apologize for publishing the oath. Further, they demanded that he stop printing it and forward all available copies to Mr. Harold Lamboley, K of C Supreme Advocate, who would destroy them.

In reply, W. L. King, editor of *The Voice of the Nazarene*, refused to apologize or stop publication. He offered, however, to make amends if the Knights of Columbus would provide him a certified copy of the oath, attested as genuine, proving the alleged document false. Continued correspondence on the issue produced no such oath.

Instead King was arrested on the charge of criminal libel, and a lengthy court procedure began. The trial was scheduled, rescheduled, then rescheduled again. Finally, it was set for October 8, 1962.

From the outset, Defendant King's chances of legal victory seemed dim, and on the first day the judge denied his lawyer's request for a twenty-four-hour delay. He then ruled that King should pay all personal court expenses for the Knights of Columbus. This amount was to include air transportation, meals, hotel, travel allowance—a total which, according to King, could “run into hundreds of dollars.” “We were completely taken by surprise,” he commented.

Judge Circone next ruled that the case would be continued on November 5, 1962. The delay proved beneficial. By November, Christians across the U.S. had begun to rally to King's support—in both prayers and finances. At the same time Protestants and Other Americans United (POAU) set up friendly surveillance of the court battle.

Sensing a change in atmosphere, the K of C's became wary, and offered to drop the case if King would but print a retraction. However, W. L. King remained adamant. He refused to allow dismissal of the case unless the Knights would apologize for



prosecuting him and “having him placed under bond and threat of jail.”

So the case continued.

Top leaders, including Supreme Knight Luke Hart himself, appeared in the little courtroom. During the trial, Knight of Columbus H. J. Lamboley could not state when the K of C oath had first been printed. He was asked to divulge the contents of the official Knights’ oath. Four “degrees” of the obligations were presented to the court, *but Lamboley stated that the secrets and ceremonies were kept in a safe in New York City*. He remarked that all Knights of Columbus members are sworn to secrecy on this.

Following repeated questioning, which failed to prove the “alleged” oath false, the judge requested that both attorneys meet in his chambers. There, he suggested again that W. L. King retract, and allow the case to be dropped. Again King refused.

Back in court, further testimony revealed that Lamboley had made no attempt to secure copies of the certified oath as King had requested.

*The Voice of the Nazarene* periodical was given a clear mailing record by the Elizabeth, Pennsylvania postmaster.

During the defense’s presentation which followed, King took the witness stand. His personal character was upheld under questioning. He contended that the oath had been printed in the public interest, due to the church-state issue so prevalent during the 1960 election campaign. He stated further that he had searched dutifully for the source and authenticity of the alleged oath, and had offered to retract the document if the Knights of Columbus would prove it invalid.

King noted that he had stopped printing the controversial oath immediately upon receiving the court’s injunction to do so.

Eleven individuals testified as character witnesses for the defendant, and all gave him an excellent reference.

The defense then rested its case, and at noon, November 7, the jury left the courtroom. They deliberated for six hours, and at 6 p.m. they returned with a verdict: "Not guilty." The same jury, however, under a special Pennsylvania law, recommended that King pay the cost of the litigants (K of C) in the trial.

King has refused to pay, declaring, "*We shall take the battle to the Supreme Court.*"

*The Pittsburgh Mt. Gazette* sided with him in a recent editorial, contending, "Pennsylvania is in a rare, if not unique, class of jurisdiction in allowing an innocent party to be punished." So there remains a battle over payment of court costs. Yet King is triumphant.

He says, "This case is not only a victorious one, but is also the first of its kind in the courts of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

Protestants rejoice with him that a precedent has been set in the courts of Pennsylvania—as well as in the courts of America! A citizen can be assured of a fair trial in American courts despite strong ecclesiastical pressure.

JAMES HUFFMAN,

Marion, Indiana Wesleyan Church

*Almost a year later, I was in the Red, White, and Blue Veterans store. The store had a loudspeaker system playing music and giving the news.*

*Suddenly my name was mentioned. The U.S. Supreme Court had ruled in our favor . . . WE HAD WON AGAIN IN THE HIGHEST COURT OF THE LAND. THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS WAS COMPLETELY DEFEATED.*

### ***THE U. S. SUPREME COURT RULES ON THE "SCOTCH VERDICT"***

The Knights of Columbus, after failing to jail us for criminal libel, tried to bankrupt *The Voice of the Nazarene* by using a

unique law that allowed the Pennsylvania courts to charge costs of both parties to the innocent defendant.

The U.S. Supreme Court ruled this unconstitutional . . . thus giving us complete victory over The Knights of Columbus. Thanks be to God and a host of praying friends, we were freed to continue the work of God at God's Thirty Acres.

The courts of Pennsylvania are losing millions of dollars each year through the loss of judgments against innocent victims.

Neither the Knights of Columbus nor the Roman Catholic Church has ever addressed the murder of over a million people . . . men, women, and children in the Greek Orthodox Church.

As a young Church of the Nazarene minister taking their Course of Study, we were required to read the book FOXE'S BOOK OF CHRISTIAN MARTYRS. It is NOT required today, and very few of our young ministers have ever read this book.

We were taught by the Church that the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church was to be the Antichrist . . . even Doctor Godbey taught this . . . as did a great many of the Holiness Movement . . . as even did Brother Glenn Griffith.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church was opposed to Romanism . . . violently opposed. I thank all our friends for their prayers and help during those days of troubles.

With these years behind us, we continue the life story of W. L. King and his family.

Next chapter . . . remarkable incidents in over forty years of camp meetings. Read about men like Nicholas Fair, Howard McConkey, J. C. Wallace, Willard Jones, Andrew Perry, Ed Kramer, John Archer, Harold Wills, J. M. Sullivan and others.

## Chapter 14

# A Memorable Thanksgiving Meeting

In the last chapter, we wrote a brief history of our battles with the Knights of Columbus. We have volumes of proof in our files, including pictures which I would NOT publish in this autobiography. They are too vivid and picture the deaths caused by wars. Many of our American people have never experienced the horrors of wars. It is sad that the powerful Roman Catholic Church chose World War II to make her move for world domination. The Roman Church failed and for the last fifty years has tried to hide the sins of their church with a cloak of respectability.

Rome does not like defeat, and I was wary of the Knights of Columbus for years. Over the years from 1960 to 1976, we experienced many incidents and visits by State Police over minor things . . . this was basically a probing by the Roman Church and was a form of harassment. We kept our peace and continued camp meetings, winning souls and calling some of the best evangelists in the holiness movement.

It was not until July 4, 1979 that we were raided by the courts and served a summons to appear before the courts. This was a direct attempt by the Knights of Columbus to punish W. L. King and *The Voice of the Nazarene* . . . getting even for their drastic loss of face in the past. . . . Of course, it is not time for this story . . . it comes later.

Many years we had Thanksgiving meetings . . . and my, what times of great blessings. I want to tell about one such meeting in particular. . . . I call it the year we had the blizzard. Many of the saints had gathered for this meeting . . . and we expected a great time. The Wednesday before Thanksgiving, the weather was

beautiful . . . it was a great fall day as the saints began to arrive from different parts of the county. I remember the J. C. Wallace family from North Carolina, the J. C. Enock family from Muncie, Indiana, the Nicholas Fair family and son Nick from Buffalo, New York, the Andrew Perry family and son David from Indiana, the Carl Williams and son Ackley from Indiana, the Howard McConkey family, many of the Hallam family, the Clarence Hausman family (daughter Faith and two boys), and others that do not come to mind.

Brother Ackley Williams and I traveled the country preaching together. He played the guitar and sang. He was good at singing and a fine preacher. I enjoyed his company over many miles of travel in the U.S.A. as well as Canada. Brother Hausman and Brother McConkey preached one of the greatest camps ever at God's Acres.

For the Thanksgiving meeting my wife Belisa and Judy cooked up a great dinner and a huge turkey. Wife baked piles of pumpkin bread. Late Sunday night Brother Enock got up to enjoy another hunk, but it was all gone.

Brother J. C. Wallace preached one of the meetings. It was said that he either had a masterpiece or a complete flop. This time he preached on the great women of the Bible and defended the honor of womanhood. What a message. He soared into the heavens and came back with flaming swords amid the shouts of the saints. Now Sister Wilfrid Hallam never shouted much, but this time she was on her feet, waving the big hat she always wore . . . rather, she always wore a hat . . . being a personal conviction. This sight was one that I would have liked to have had a picture of. Many would not believe it . . . Sister Hallam shouting. Peggy Hallam, her daughter-in-law and mother to the Hallam men, was always with Sister Wilfrid Hallam. Well, Brother Wallace, if you are reading this little book, may I say that I have appreciated you and your ministry over the years. You are a good preacher, and the years of our association were a joy to me. I do remember the time you and I were downtown in Wilmington, North Carolina. We passed an evil place . . . an adult book store. I turned to you and

said, "I believe I will open the door and shout, 'Glory, Jesus saves.' " He said, "You would not do that?" "Just watch me." I opened the door and there, standing just a few feet away, was the owner of this den of sin. I looked him in the eye and shouted, "GLORY! Jesus is the only One that can save from the terrible sins committed here." I backed out and shut the door. I am sure this man was shaken up. Well, Brother Wallace and I went on our way rejoicing. Brother Wallace has a great love for music . . . classical music by great artists like Mozart. He asked Bro. Jim Ellis if he would like to go to a concert, as he had two tickets. Brother Jim, just kidding him, or was he kidding, said, "Well, I see a movie theater down the street; I'll just stop in there for a movie." Of course Brother Ellis would not go to a movie . . . but Brother Wallace just said . . . "It is not the same; when I go to the music hall and hear the great artists, it is just like heaven to me." Well, Brother J. C. Wallace would rather die than commit sin . . . I know that. Brother Wallace's middle name was "Councillor," and he felt he had a divine right and was "called of God" to be a "Counselor" to the holiness leaders of his day . . . and he certainly fulfilled that calling. His letters of advice to Brother Harold Schmul and others are still spoken of to this day. Well, perhaps Brother Wallace gave advice that should have been heeded by certain leaders . . . does not God call men to special tasks? We certainly tend to think such God-called men are not needed. Did not God have such men in His holy Word?

Well, Brother and Sister Wallace were with us on that Thanksgiving day. Of course the Jim Ellis family were present. Brother and Sister Ellis were with us for years. I traveled thousands of miles with Brother Jim. He was always good company and a godly man. His wife, Donna, was saved from a life of sin . . . she told me one time about how she and Jim had gone dancing before they were saved . . . can you imagine Brother and Sister Jim Ellis dancing? Sister Ellis cooked in our camps for many years and lived on the campgrounds for much of

that time. Sister Ellis' grandfather had a mission in Ohio. Grandfather Snyder was a great man and loved God. All the funds of his church were put in an iron box. When it was full, church or school was given a great offering. God's Bible School as well as *The Voice of the Nazarene* received funds when needed. I was at Grandfather Baughey's church one time and he gave me this story. The then president of \_\_\_\_\_ School was at Brother Baughey's church. He was bragging about how he had to stop at Brother Snyder's mission and collect the funds of this iron box. I later heard the rest of the story. The good President did stop, prayed with Brother Snyder, waited, and prayed again. There were no indications that he was going to the mission to look in the iron box. After a while, he left, disappointed. Brother Snyder was very knowing, spiritually. He knew what the man was after. He did not feel led to give. I had the honor to preach the funeral of Brother Snyder, who was a minister of *The Voice of the Nazarene*.

One night in a meeting in Brother Bailey's church in Michigan I arose early one night for prayer . . . there was Brother Jim, praying for hours.

Brother Arthur Griffith and his mother were at the Thanksgiving meeting. He wrote recently.

"Brother King, I remember the Thanksgiving revival of 1970. I have a service on cassette tape of the meetings. We had good services. Brother Enoch took off his coat and slung it over his shoulder and started singing 'I feel like traveling on.' "

Brother Elwood Lucas was at the Thanksgiving meeting . . . there was never a preacher like Elwood Lucas. Folk liked him. He is gone on home now . . . along with his Brother Paul Lucas. Their father, Brother B. H. Lucas, has a book on our *Voice of the Nazarene* Digital Holiness Library CD, called "*My Life Story as a Mountain Boy and Preacher.*" He lived at Garden City, Michigan where he had a tabernacle.

Brother Andrew Perry was an old farmer preacher and had a tabernacle at Shirley, Indiana . . . where we held many conventions

and had great times in the Lord. I remember one convention attended by Brother and Sister Hallam along with McWreath who owned the dairy in Washington, Pennsylvania. The speaker was a man from New York. He had attended one of our meetings and seemed to shout a lot and act spiritual. Brother Perry liked a lot of action from his preachers. The first night the tabernacle was filled . . . one of the brothers got blessed and had a spell . . . the rest of the church took off, and the meeting looked like there would not be any preaching that night. However, a calm took over and the preacher mounted the platform, looked the big congregation over, and took his text . . . “Thou shall not.” A spell fell over the crowd . . . it seemed eerie. I knew something was coming. He said: “Concerning the women, they shall not look like old grannies. They need to keep their hair well trimmed. And they should not wear those old, long black dresses, but something more becoming holiness.” It was true that several women felt the need to wear black as a conviction and had always done so. And about 99% percent of the women present would not think of trimming their hair.

I knew we were in trouble. The evangelist than started on another line. “Some of you women smell; you need to buy you some ‘Evening in Paris’ and take a bath.” Now, remember, we are in farm country and farmers just did not jump in the zinc tub every night. Nor did most of them even have bathrooms . . . but still used the little “house out back.” In fact, some would not dream of bringing these facilities into the home. Well, now I knew we were in trouble. A few of those old farmers were “chomping” at the bits.

Now came the last point. The evangelist took a great gulp and said, “Some of you have thrown the playing cards out and deny your family the pleasure of a game or two.” At this statement, the whole congregation arose and started toward the front of the church. The evangelist, spying a back door, headed that way and disappeared. Brother Perry found him in his room. He told him to start packing; he would take him to the bus the next morning. Be careful whom you call for a meeting. I learned



later that this man had run off with the church piano player, leaving his wife. The next morning was Brother Wilfrid Hallam's turn to preach. He slipped up to me and said, "Brother King, I am going to pour some Holy Ghost oil upon these troubled waters." He did, and folk began to testify and shout again. They were happy.

Well, back to the Thanksgiving meeting. We were still in the old tabernacle. There was straw upon the floor. We had a rug down the aisle. Brother Clarence Hausman was preaching. Brother J. C. Enoch got blessed, grabbed the carpet runner, and began to shake it. Of course, dust went everywhere. Two well-dressed ladies were present, and when he came near them . . . they took their little hankies and put them to their noses. You had to be brave to enjoy or endure some of these old-fashioned holiness meetings. You never knew what was to happen next. Marching around the tabernacle was a common occurrence. Brother Hausman was a great preacher. I looked at his notes one time. They were all illustrated with little drawings. He could hold the attention of the crowd. Oh, where, oh, where did our Holy Ghost filled preachers go?

Sunday afternoon came . . . the bright spring weather disappeared. Storm clouds begin to form . . . the evening service began amid snow flurries. By closing time, the roads had a foot of snow. Most stayed the night. By morning the snow ceased but left about twenty-four inches of snow. Now came the job of getting everyone back on the road. With a tractor and manpower we finally waved goodbye to the last camper. BUT WHAT A MEETING.

I was talking to my boy Danny today. . . . I asked him if he remembered the big Thanksgiving snow. . . . He said, "How could I forget it? I do remember." Many that were there that Thanksgiving are now in heaven . . . where the snow never blows.

In the next chapter, I will relate our flying years and missionary work in Haiti and the many tours we made. How Belisa and I almost died after a trip to Brazil. Also, the inboard fire over the mountains of Haiti with Brother Shankweller, the Flying Missionary.

## Chapter 15

# Getting My Wings

It happened like this. I received a telephone call from Brother Wilson Douglas. He was at Washington, Pennsylvania airport and wanted to see me. I jumped into my truck and headed for the airport.

There he was with his brand new Sky Hawk airplane. I had just turned fifty years old and life was passing. I decided then and there to learn to fly like the birds. Of course, men from the very beginning had long wanted to imitate the flight of birds, but they did not until two men by the name of Orville and Wilbur Wright made it possible.

My Grandfather Stone, way back in the 1920s and early 1930s, said, every time a plane passed over his remote southern West Virginia farm, "It is just not possible; it is surely of the devil and it is the power of magic and it will come to no good." My grandfather did not believe in cars, airplanes, or mechanical farm machinery. He said that nothing would replace the horse and buggy and continued to his death to farm only with horses.

My, those were the simple days, and I believe it would have been much better if we had just stuck with the horse and the simple days of yesteryear . . . where men were the head of the household and women had their place in the home. In the 1920s women would not dare to try to take the man's place in the shop, office, or factory. A man who could not support his large family and wife just was not a man and was not much respected.

But here was that home-grown mountain boy looking at this airplane and wanting to fly. There were problems. I just could not stand heights. Just to stand on a high place, even on

the roof of a house, made me shake and draw back from the edge. Looking out over Hawk's Nest made me want to draw back to safety. But here I was, wanting to fly like the hawks and going against all that my grandfather believed. My, if he knew I was even thinking about flying, he would be "turning in his grave" . . . saying, "NO! NO!"

Well, I talked to Brother Douglas about it . . . telling him I was now fifty years old and felt like I should do something different with my life. I SHOULD FLY. "Well first," he said, "go to the airplane doctor and see if you are physically able to pass the test." Brother Douglas stepped into his high-winged airplane, wheeled around in a half circle, and made for the end of the runway, with his microphone to his mouth . . . he continued to the end of the runway, wheeled around smartly, and waved to me as he passed by . . . lifting the wheels from the concrete and sweeping away in the "wild blue yonder."

I told wife, Belisa, that I believed I had prayed through on the situation and that I needed to fly airplanes. Did she jump up and down and have a fit? No, she said all right, not realizing that she would become a better pilot than I.

The next day I visited the doctor and he said yes, I could fly if I knew how. In those days, flying lessons were very cheap and good planes even cheaper. Down to the airfield I went and told the man I wanted to fly. "Well, do you know how?" "No," I said. "Well, it will cost you \$15.00 for your first introductory flight." I was ready and willing. Oh, was I dumb. If I had just known what was before me.

He showed me how to do the flight check-up from a list which I was to memorize. Soon we were going down the runway, just like Brother Douglas did. I might have cried out, "Hey, Brother Douglas, I am flying." But was I? I seem to remember I had a death grip on the sides of the airplane and was actually holding it up in the air by my arms. The pilot said, "Mr. King, let go of the plane; it does not need your help to stay in the air.

Now, you put your hands on the ‘stick’ in front of you and fly the plane.” ME, fly the plane. . . . This is the end. Very nervously, I took hold of the stick . . . he explained that pushing it to the left made the plane turn to the left, the same when you pushed it to the right. Push forward and you go down; pull back and you go up. Seems very simple, does it not? I pushed forward and before you knew it, it was going straight down . . . hurriedly I pulled all the way back. That was the wrong thing to do. . . . The instructor grabbed the stick and shouted, “DO YOU WANT TO KILL US?” Well, he let me try again. “Turn to the left,” he said. I swept the stick all the way to the left. WRONG THING TO DO. I thought the instructor was going to throw me out of the plane. “Just a little,” he said. Well, finally he landed and I staggered out; maybe I kissed the ground. I am not sure.

“Now,” the instructor said, “do you still want to fly?” Trembling, I was able to sputter, “Yes.” So the “die was cast.” I had lots of problems. I was still afraid of heights, and instead of flying the plane, I would hold on. The instructor would holler at me. “I will teach you to fly or die in the attempt.” I was afraid that he might.

Now usually, a person can learn to fly in seventeen hours average and take his first solo flight . . . that is by himself . . . no instructor. Well, I passed the seventeen-hour mark and was still trying to learn. I passed the thirty-hour mark of flying and still I scared the instructor half to death, especially when I was making a landing. More than one instructor grabbed the stick when he thought I was going to ram right into the ground. . . . I passed the forty-hour mark and then the fifty hours of trying. I was still afraid, but determined to learn how to fly. When I was approaching my 70th hour of flight instructions, one brave, or was he brave, instructor took me up and said, “KING, DO YOU KNOW HOW YOU LEARN TO SWIM? They just throw you in and you swim or drown. You are going to land this plane by yourself, and I am going to get out and you are going to take off

by yourself. To get down, you will need to land by YOURSELF.” I was trembling in my boots . . . shoes. I made a three-hop landing. The instructor jumped out and I was told to take off.

There are heroes and heroes, and I was the hero of the day. I swung around, just like Brother Douglas. I taxied to the end of the runway and swept down the runway, just like Brother Douglas. I rotated the stick backward, just like Brother Douglas. And sure enough that little 1940 Cherokee lifted off the ground . . . with me still in the plane. I flew around for a while, all on my own. The trick was getting this plane down. I flew down the side of the runway, made a ninety-degree turn and then another ninety-degree turn, lining up with the runway. Very gently I pushed the stick forward and the plane started down, just like a bird landing. But I was not a bird, and a bird can land at a much steeper angle than a plane. Just before I hit the ground, I pulled up and made a great landing.

Now, I knew I had quite a crowd out there to watch me die. He is too steep. He will never make it. They were holding their breath, and when I made that great landing, they all let out their breath and breathed again.

This was to be my method of landing all the years of flying. I scared people half to death, but I believe God taught me how to land an airplane and He never failed to bring me safely down, but a few times it had to be God that did it . . . for it was not W. L. King.

Not long afterward I passed my flight test and could be turned loose and fly the general public. It was always strange to me when folk who had never flown would ask me to give them a ride. They would put their lives in my hands, and climb in for the flight of their lives. If you got them back to the ground, they would think you were the greatest pilot alive.

To be a pilot you needed a plane, so I shopped around and found an old Cherokee 140. My, did I love that little plane. One day, I thought I would take Brother Wilfrid Hallam for a ride.

He went to the airport with me, inspected the little plane, sat in the pilot's seat, and climbed out. "Would you like to take a ride, Brother Hallam?" He said, "Yes, on one condition." "What is that, Dear Brother?" "Well, as long as I can keep one foot on the ground, I will go with you." Well, Brother Hallam was smart. Sometimes I was afraid to go with myself.

I flew into Beaver, Pennsylvania and called Brother and Sister Howard McConkey. They came to the airport and I invited them for a airplane ride. I was piloting and wife Belisa was co-piloting. Nola and Howard climbed in the back. We were buckled up and headed for the main runway. I ran the engine up to full throttle and eased out onto the runway. Reaching the take-off speed of fifty-nine m.p.h., I started to lift off. I heard Sister Nola stir and say, "I think I will get out," and grab for the door handle. By that time I was about ten feet off the ground. It was too late to get out. Well, she settled back into the seat and enjoyed the ride. A few years later, Sister Nola and Sister Jim Fike went with my tour to Haiti, and both of them were a great blessing on the mission field.

Over the years I flew many missionary trips to Mexico, Haiti, and the Islands . . . including the Bahamas. But the one that stands out in my mind is the first trip to Mexico. Brother Jim Ellis and Brother Thurman Brink flew with me. We left the airport near Akron, Ohio on a cloudy, rainy day. I was going to stop in Cincinnati, Ohio for gas. I saw a small airport near the downtown area. As I swooped in I noticed the runway was X'ed out . . . meaning it was closed. Well, I was committed and landed. No gas. We turned around and took off right through downtown Cincinnati and headed for Kentucky . . . the Cherokee 180 that I was flying had instruments, but they were not much good. So we flew IFR. No, not on instruments, but IFR—I FLY ROADS. We were following the major highways as well as instruments. We got on the wrong road. Just about then the cloud cover began to lower. To be legal I had to fly below the clouds. We got lower

and lower until we were down to about 200 feet and could see the color of the chickens in the back yards of the farms. It seemed that at times we were down to about 100. Jim and Thurman did a lot of praying on that trip. At the time I told Brother Jim Ellis that I thought that I would just quit flying the plane and join them in prayer and let God fly the plane. They did not think this was a good idea and exhorted me to keep flying. But I said, "If God is flying this thing because of your prayers, I do not need to worry flying it in this stormy weather."

After about two hours of flying along the ground, we came to a large city with skyscrapers. The airport was on the other side. The clouds were flying around halfway up the buildings, and the tops could not be seen. We turned back east and soon came to a drag strip where auto races were held. I noticed an airplane sitting at one end. Well, evidently that plane had landed; so could I. The trouble was that telephone poles with lights were strung down the drag strip . . . a distance of about 100 feet between them.

As I turned down on final to land, those telephone poles seemed quite narrow, and the closer I got the narrower they got. But with a steady hand, a prayer on my lips, and Jim and Thurman praying, we touched down, dodged some steel barrels and made a great landing.

We were on our way to Mexico. We climbed over the fence found a motel, and had a good night's rest. We had breakfast the next morning early and went back to the plane. We made our check-up and backed up as far as we could and with full power took off down the middle of those telephone poles, swept off the ground and into the air, over the fence, and set a course for the great state of Louisiana. Still lots of clouds and rain.

As we approached Lake Charles, Louisiana, home of Paul Pumpelly who pastored the Bible Missionary Church, we hit rain and low clouds. Tuning in the Lake Charles airport frequency, we heard another voice on there in another plane . . .



**The Cherokee 6 used in the Gospel work in the 1980s**

a woman's voice. She also was lost in the fog. "Where am I?" she cried. Well, we had problems of our own, and I never knew if she made it or not. Soon, I made contract with the Lake Charles airport and was given a course to follow. As we approached the airport, the fog lifted long enough to see the runway just ahead.

We landed and called Paul Pumpelly, who was not at home but his wife directed us to some of the Bible Missionary Church folk who picked us up . . . and fixed us a nice lunch. I cannot remember their names, but they were wonderful people. The weather was still stormy so we decided to go the rest of the way to Mexico by bus, a 16-hour ride.

Brother Bob Phillips was a missionary under *The Voice of the Nazarene*. The next day we headed into Mexico to preach the gospel and give out the gospel. We nearly froze to death on a mountain top sleeping out in the open.

After four days we returned to the Texas border. Brother J. C. Wallace was at Brother Phillips' and we rode with him back to Lake Charles. Along about daylight, heading across the Texas wildlands, a longhorn cow jumped out into the road. Brother Wallace clipped it with his left front fender, knocking the cow for a loop. It jumped up, and to our amazement, took off through the badlands as fast as it could go, leaving Brother Wallace with a banged-up fender and bumper. Using a large hammer, we banged it back enough to continue.



It was a happy group of preachers traveling through Texas and into Louisiana. Little did we know that bad news awaited us at the airport.

We pulled into the Lake Charles airport about 2:00 p.m. A telegram awaited Brother Jim Ellis. His father had died, and we were to get home as soon as possible. I was to preach the funeral. We cranked the old Cherokee up and headed north into bad weather. Getting up to about the middle of Kentucky, we encountered strong winds and had to land. The plane was going up and down like an elevator. Brother Thurman and Brother Ellis were praying, and I was flying and praying. Well, we made a good landing under the circumstances. Early the next morning we headed on into Akron and home.

The funeral was the next day, and it was packed out. I remember several folk testified concerning the goodness of God and gave good reports concerning Brother Jim's father. He was a good man. One thing stood out in my mind. It seems that one relative slipped a quart of whiskey into the coffin. I had heard of this happening at other funerals, but this was my first experience. I am sure that Brother Jim's father did not drink any of it.

Sister Ellis, Jim's mother, was a wonderful lady and a good cook. She had a great experience in her salvation, witnessing and testifying to the goodness of Jesus. Brother Thurman Brink died a short time ago. I always liked Brother Thurman Brink. They always visited us in Florida.

Belisa decided to earn her pilot's license. She had NO problem whatsoever. She soloed at fifteen hours . . . which took me seventy hours. She could land a plane better than anyone I ever knew. While flying into Haiti, she landed in a rainstorm at the Port au Prince airfield . . . Raymond Shreve who was with us said it was one of the greatest landings ever.

## **Chapter 16**

### **Adventures in the Air**

Over many years I flew several types of airplanes, starting with the Piper 140. In flying planes the pilot has a desire for more power . . . faster speed and longer range. So I piloted planes from the Cherokee 140 to the much faster and powerful Cherokee 260.

With the Cherokee 260 I was able to make many trips to Haiti and the Bahamas and other islands in the Caribbean. I did take several trips to mission stations with Brother Wilson Douglas. We had planned a trip to Brazil with Brother Raymond Shreve who navigated our first trip to Haiti. Belisa and I will never forget that experience.

We landed at night in a rainstorm and did not know just where we were. Brother Shreve spoke Spanish but not Haitian. We secured a taxi but were unable to direct him. After about three hours we were convinced that he was running up a huge bill taking us nowhere. Finally, he took us to a run-down hotel. On the way out of the office I noted he was putting money in his pocket. Of course, we were paying more for the room and the taxi driver was pocketing a part of the price of the rooms. We paid for two rooms . . . one for Belisa and me and one for Brother Shreve and Brother Douglas.

The next morning there was the same taxi driver, and this time he took us to where we wanted to go. It seems he knew all along where Missionary Bob Nunley's children's home was located.

We were glad to see Brother Bob Nunley, who was always glad to see us. We had some meetings in Port au Prince and a meeting that night at the children's home. Brother Douglas and Brother Raymond Shreve decided to sit up and talk the night through. Brother Nunley found a room for us. It looked clean enough and so we jumped in and had a restless night.

Seems like there was someone else in the bed with us, or rather a lot of someone elses. Little did we realize that the night visitors were almost invisible little critters called scabies. Now scabies are strange bedfellows; they behave very well all during the day, but at night, when you are nice and comfortable and WARM, they come wandering out of your skin to begin their meal . . . after all, they need to live and must eat. We carried these little bedfellows all the way back to God's Thirty Acres . . . where we saw a doctor. He gave us a prescription and said it would either cure us at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Scabies and children or make the condition worse. Well, it cured Sister Belisa and left me at the mercy of my friends or enemies, I guess.

Some time later, I was slated to take a truckload of medical supplies into Mexico. Brother Wayne Buttermore went with me to help. The trip was great during the day, but when I met my friends at night, I scratched and scratched. Not that the scratching harmed the little fellows . . . I think they rather enjoyed it.

I told Brother Bob Phillips, the missionary we were visiting, about my condition. He said, "I know just the doctor for you. He does not charge those who help us." We drove down to the Mexican border, down a back alley, to a little hovel of a place. This was the doctor's office. He examined me as I told him how I was infested and where. He smiled and said, "You are a brave man to harbor such a family . . . but I will send them packing." He gave me a little tube of something (do not write and ask me what, in case you have such a family living on you). I used it a few times, and lo and behold, these fellows packed up and left. It may have been the smell, as I had several who held their noses when coming near me. I was glad to be rid of my Haitian friends. Moral: Be careful where you sleep when in a foreign land.

Well, back to Haiti. We had a nice visit with our Haitian missionaries and their people. Quite a few prayed through during our services.

We dropped Brother Raymond Shreve off in Miami. As we had planned to fly our own plane to Brazil, but Brother Shreve could not go and Brother Douglas and I felt we had not the knowledge to fly the Cherokee 6 there, we decided to fly commercial . . . total cost for two was \$1200.00. So we parked our plane at Miami International and headed south for meetings in Brazil. We landed in Manaus and were met by our friend, Brother Howard Beveridge.

The first thing you notice in Brazil is the heat . . . as we stepped off the plane a blast of hot air hit us . . . like stepping from an air-conditioned room into a blast furnace. But then, we were headed for a convention and meetings far up the Maipie River at Brother Tom West's mission station and then back to the mouth of the Amazon River for another week of meetings.

The pastor was a Baptist and belonged to the Masons. I did not know this at the time. In one service, I mentioned that Christians did NOT ride the old "Goat" . . . meaning joining up with the Masons. Well, he got angry and sat on the back seat for the rest of the meeting. However all of his family "hit the altar" and were saved. Praise God for this victory.

Finally, after a month on mission fields, it was time to head for home and more adventures. On landing at Miami International Airfield, wife Belisa was so glad to get back to America that she said, "Thank God for the ole U.S.A. . . . the best country in the world. . . . I feel like getting down on my knees and thanking God."

The Cherokee 6 was waiting for us. We loaded up and with Brother Douglas co-piloting headed on a course of 300 degrees toward the great state of Illinois and the city of Springfield where Brother Douglas has a church and camp grounds . . . a great work for old-fashioned holiness. We made a great landing at Springfield and stayed the night with Brother and Sister Douglas . . . very gracious people.

The next morning was cloudy and rainy; however, we headed for the airport where Brother Douglas filled up our plane

with gas . . . over \$100.00 worth. Looking at the sky, we saw a hole in the clouds. Saying goodbye to Brother Douglas, we swung a 90-degree turn to the end of the long runway, made our check-up, roared the engines to full force, pulled back on the gas, called the tower, and were granted permission to take off . . . on the runway we did a 90-degree turn, pushed the gas to the maximum and roared down the runway, waved goodbye to Brother Douglas as we passed him by, rotated the steering back, and swept into the air . . . heading for that hole in the sky. Well, the hole disappeared, so, not being instrument rated, I went down to about 1000 feet, under the clouds. Suddenly the clouds begin to rise and I followed them up, up. Soon I was at 10,000 feet and rising. There appeared a hole, which I flew through . . . now I was on top of the clouds. I noticed, however, that the cloud cover was still rising, and in order to stay clear of the clouds, I began to fly higher and higher. Soon I was at 12,000 feet. At this point, to go any higher we needed to have oxygen and a pressurized cabin . . . Belisa and I had neither. The clouds rose higher and higher. I was now bumping my wheels right on top of the clouds, and occasionally a misty cloud would sweep over us. I had reached 15,000 feet and knew we were in trouble. I remembered that the ceiling for my Cherokee 6 was 17,000 feet with oxygen needed. I tried reaching the Columbus, Ohio tower and turned my TRANSPONDER to 7777, the emergency frequency. Meanwhile, I had gained another 1,000 feet and was now at 16,000.

Belisa looked at me and said, "Honey, you look strange . . . just like you were drunk." Well, I was not getting enough oxygen and I was sort of "slap happy," not even realizing our danger. But good instructors had drilled into our minds just what to do. With my transponder on 7777 and contact with Columbus Tower established, I was in good hands. The tower folk began to take over the plane, telling me what to do . . . STAY OUT OF THE CLOUDS, hold on . . . listen to us. I heard them calling other planes . . . trying to locate a "hole in the sky." Finally, I heard a

voice from a commercial plane say, “There is a big break in the clouds down near Cincinnati, Ohio.” Columbus Tower began feeding me a new heading . . . but now I was at 17,000 feet and knowing I could rise no more. Just then, Columbus Tower came on the radio and said, “You will begin to approach a break in the clouds in a few moments.” In that few moments, I flew out into a clear hole in the sky. It looked like a very small hole to me. Columbus came back on the radio. “Do you see it?” “Yes,” I cried. “Well, go down through it.” “ROGER,” I cried. I was having little pain. Lack of oxygen makes you happy, carefree, and dangerous. I began to circle and drop down through that hole. I COULD SEE THE GROUND . . . 17,000 feet below. At about 16,000 feet Columbus Control came back on the radio. “How are you doing?” I said, “If you leave me alone I will make it just fine.” “Contact us when you are clear.” “Roger,” I said. I had never used that word before in flying. Soon, I was down to 5,000 feet and clear of the clouds. I called Columbus Tower and reported in and asked for a heading to the nearest airport in Cincinnati. I landed, and we got a motel room and slept over.

The next morning was clear and bright. We climbed into the Cherokee 6 and headed 90 degrees to Washington, Pennsylvania, arriving home about noon after about six weeks . . . thanking God for delivering us out of many dangers.

If my Grandfather Stone could only have been with us, but then, he would have taken a pitchfork after me for even suggesting it . . . and if he could have known we were 17,000 feet in the air in a little plane, he would have given us all over to the devil.

At that time in the 1970s many of us “braver”—is that the word I should use or should I say “foolish”—holiness preachers were flying planes . . . including Brother Wilson Douglas, Brother Bruce Hawthorn and his father George, Brother Tom Shankweller, and many others . . . including several of the Newton boys. Hobe Sound used many flyers in their mission activities.

I might mention my adventures with Brother Tom Shankweller. I was wanting to get some experience in flying over the seas. Brother Shankweller said he would help me and we would take a trip to Haiti in my Cherokee 6. While at the IHC Convention in the 1970s I met a preacher friend; I will not give his name. He heard me talking about the trip and said he would like to go also.

It was arranged that I would preach at his church on Sunday and we would go from there. At that time he was pastoring one of the churches under Brother D. P. Denton. I flew in on Saturday and preached Sunday, two times. Monday morning was fine and clear. He kissed his wife and we headed for the airport. We loaded the plane with his two suitcases and my one: plenty of room. I strapped the preacher in and powered up and headed to the take-off runway, talking on the mike and getting permission to take off. I noticed the preacher was holding on for dear life and we had not even gotten to the runway. On command from the tower, I moved out onto the runway and with brakes set, did a run up of the engine. Now this makes a lot of noise. I looked at the preacher again; he had a death grip on the plane. After a prayer, I roared down the runway, swept into the air, and began to climb. I looked at the preacher and he was still hanging on and trying to lift the plane . . . also, he did not look so good in the face.

After leveling off, I looked again. He was in a bad way. I said: "Brother \_\_\_\_\_, are you all right?" He said, "Get me down" . . . and he looked longingly at the fields rushing by. I realized that this was one preacher that would rather risk death on the highways via car than fly over them safely in the air.

At the next little town was a airport. I made a great landing and headed for the ramp. Before I got there the preacher was ready to jump out, which he did. Gathering his two suitcases he headed for the lobby, and the last I EVER saw of him, he was running toward a bus stop.

It was well that he departed, for what happened later in the trip would have put him in his grave through fear.

It was raining the next day. I called Brother Shankweller and he and his wife drove up to Georgia and flew the plane, IFR—through the clouds and rain into Summerfield, Florida. Brother Shankweller and I took off the next day for Haiti. I received a lot of instructions on the way down.

We flew just east of Cuba and Castro, but still as we passed by our transponder was lit up like a Christmas tree. Castro's boys were tracking us as we headed south then west to Port au Prince. I made a great landing on the rough runway of the Port au Prince airport.

The plane was grossly overloaded with supplies for different missionaries. Brother Bustin, oldest son of G. T. Bustin, backed up his large truck and took about half of the plane load for his mission station. The next day we visited around with the different missionaries, lunched at one of the mission stations, and had a meeting with the native Haitians with a number of them at the altar.

A Haitian service is ACTION, ACTION: singing, playing of drums and tambourine, or just hand clapping. My, how they like to testify and sing. The song services might last one or two hours. They love preaching. Even with an interpreter, the congregation takes part in the preaching. There is never a barren altar in a Haitian meeting nor a dull moment.

The next morning we arrived early at the airport and loaded up the Cherokee 6. Sister Loraine Whitehead's boy David was coming home, and also a missionary from Pennsylvania was flying back with us. I saw her coming across the ramp carrying a very large SEA BAG . . . the kind used by sailors. When I lifted it, I could hardly get it off the ground. Brother Shankweller ran to give me a lift. We shoved it into the forward compartment. We had a time getting the door closed.

Loaded down with all the baggage and two passengers, I headed down the runway at full speed. At 57 m.p.h. I rotated and off we took. Now Port au Prince is surrounded by high mountains . . . very high mountains to the east. We were clearing



their tops by about 1,000 feet when Brother Shankweller said he smelled smoke. Soon the cabin was filling up with smoke. Brother Tom said, “Do a ‘one eighty’ back to the airport.” I turned sharply and begin to glide down that big mountain, trailing smoke and the cabin filling up. I did a short landing, applying the brakes, and we all piled out. That missionary woman came out like a mountain goat, right over the luggage and the suitcases.

The smoke seemed to be coming from the luggage compartment. We opened the door and flames shot out. The missionary lady’s “sea bag” was on fire. We pulled it out and the whole top half was burning. . . . It seemed that when we pushed that “sea bag” into the compartment, that a light switch was turned on and the baggage light was burning. This built up enough heat to set the “sea bag” on fire.

Brother Shankweller grabbed a pair of pliers from this lady’s “sea bag” and soon repaired the wiring. We left most of the “sea bag” on the ground, hurried everybody back into the plane, and took off up the mountain at full speed BEFORE ANYONE FROM THE PORT AU PRINCE TOWER KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING. If we had not gotten out when we did, we could have been stranded for a month because of the incident. Looking back, we could see a car pull up and look at the remains of the poor missionary’s “sea bag.” Well, we made the rest of the trip without any trouble. We put Bro. Shankweller off at Summerfield, Florida and with Sister Whitehead’s boy, David, headed for Hobe Sound Camp. The next morning I headed back north to Washington, Pennsylvania. However, I came back up the western mountain range and up the Ohio River Valley and on to Washington, Pennsylvania.

I was beginning to think that flying was just TOO exciting. In the next chapter I will give a brief account of how I dropped a plane about forty feet to the ground and lived to tell about it. Then, I want to relate how once again enemies tried to put me in jail for preaching the gospel.

## Chapter 17

# Ministering in Haiti . . . Flying Without Instruments

For quite a few years we conducted tours to Haiti where we held mass meetings on the streets of Port au Prince and towns all up and down the Island of Haiti. Many folk went with us to help pass out gospel tracts and Gospels of John.

Brother and Sister A. W. Paige were our co-workers, preachers, and singers. The people of Haiti loved them, and although they could not understand the words of the many songs they sang, they could understand the spirit in which they were sung.

At one place just west of Port au Prince was a gigantic farmers' market. Brother Gordon Bailey and family were with us that year. His boys were just teenagers. I understand that at least one of these boys is in the ministry and is a District Superintendent in the Bible Missionary Church. We were able to rent an old truck that did not have a mirror on the side. This is very much needed in Haitian driving. We found the mirror under the front seat, so Brother Bailey drove with one hand and held the mirror with the other.

At this market we found a hat seller who had hats spread all over a large plot of ground. We gave him a few dollars to rent his space. He quickly gathered up about one hundred of his hats and moved them to another area. So, we were ready for a meeting with a very large space. I remember Brother Arthur Jennings, a former pastor of the old *Voice of the Nazarene* Church in Marion, Indiana . . . at the time that Brother Ackley Williams and father were pastor and board members. Brother Jennings preached at that farm market meeting. Brother Jennings had a

great message and a good interpreter . . . not counting but there were about 200 people who came forward for prayer. And my, what volumes of prayer went up.

Before long, that entire farmers' market became one great big revival service. Vegetable booths were neglected, the fish market closed down, the hat business was forgotten . . . just Haitian folk milling about and shouting as Brother and Sister Paige prayed and sang to the glory of God.

Brother and Sister Bailey were our camp meeting workers at both God's Acres and God's Thirty Acres. I think I remember that the Baileys have a daughter also.

I think that Brother and Sister J. C. Enock from Muncie, Indiana were with us in this tour. My, they were a blessing . . . talk about singing and shouting, the Enocks were God's own and very unique in their singing. Bro. Enock would carry a burden for souls, and many times I could hear his groans as he interceded for these poor Haitian people.



**Sister A. W. Paige, Sister Gordon Bailey, and Brother J. C. Enock**

In another meeting in Port au Prince we stopped over eight lanes of traffic. . . . Perhaps I mentioned this in another chapter.

I do remember going over the mountains to another large city north or west of Port au Prince. The roads were very narrow and winding; in fact, you could look over the edge and see the remains of large trucks where dozens of people died going over the mountains.

Now Brother Gordon Bailey was driving with one hand on the loose mirror and one hand on the wheel and the other hand shifting gears. Well, I made a mistake. No, Brother Bailey only had two hands. But it seemed like he had that third hand as he drove that mountain road. At times, we saw large trucks loaded with bananas, coconuts, lumber, charcoal, and a human cargo of about fifty people sitting or clinging on top and the sides of a careening five-ton truck. I do believe I could reach out and touch them as they flew past. But Brother Bailey, with a keen eye and a steady hand, kept us from slipping over the mountain. Sometimes I awaken at night and I am dreaming of that ride.

I suppose in the years I worked in Haiti with the Paiges and others, we were never molested by the native Haitian. They appreciated the people from America who only wanted to help. I always carried a bundle of American dollar bills to give out to the people.

At one place, where poverty was so prevalent, I gave dollars to all the children . . . babies and all. Of course, the climate is mild in this land and babies were never clothed. Diapers were unheard of and could not be afforded . . . they did not even have PAMPERS which it seems is partly responsible for the pollution of the U.S.A. If I were younger, I would start a “back to the old cotton diaper” movement in America.

I had sold the Cherokee 6 airplane and purchased a smaller plane from Brother Gordon Bailey. Now, this plane was too heavy for the small motor, meaning that to land, you had to

always do so with power. With the Cherokee 6, you could pull all power off and glide into a landing. Remember this?

Brother Danny Luttrell, a very personable young preacher, was saved at our God's Thirty Acres Camp meeting back in the early 1970s. He was a true HIPPIE who came to camp with his mother. One night while in his cabin he could hear the voice of our evangelist Brother Poe. He wandered down to the tabernacle, and under deep conviction he came to the altar and was gloriously saved. The next day Brother Poe, who could cut hair and butcher a goat or pig, had Brother Danny Luttrell on a chair and was cutting his long locks of hair off. My, what a difference this made. Brother Danny began to take a college course in Biblical Theology and became a very good preacher lad. He was later the evangelist several times at our camp meetings.

### **Camp Meeting at God's Acres, Florida, 1995**



**Left to right—front row: Bro. Raymond Beadle, Sis. Childs, Sis. Wilbur Hoskins, Sis. Raymond Beadle, Bro. Howard McConkey, Bro. Wilfrid Moutoux. Back row: Bro. W. L. King, Bro. Charles Childs, Bro. William Francis, Bro. Wilbur Hoskins, and Bro. Larry Warren.**

I loaned Brother Danny our airplane, and he used it to take other young preachers to different places to pass out gospel tracts. Mostly, at places where large crowds would gather as in state fairs, etc. . . .

However, right before I loaned him the plane, I decided to take it to the plane repair shop for better radio equipment. I picked the plane up at Allegheny Airport one evening. The guidance instruments needed replaced. I had NO instruments, so I went IFR (I follow roads). I took the wrong road, but however, going east. There I located a small county airport, landed, and enquired the directions to the airport. A young man said, "I'll go with you and show you the way." We had another plane following to bring him back home.

By this time it was growing dark, and by the time we reached our destination, it was pitch dark.

Landing at night never bothered me.

As I reached down to turn on the cockpit light, the lights would not come on . . . the switch was dead. We looked for other switches. There was not one to be found.

Here I was, flying an airplane in which I could not see the air speed or the elevation . . . how far from the ground. In effect, I must fly a plane with NO instruments, just what I could see of the runway lights.

At this time I offered to let my friend fly us in as he had said that he had instrument training. He declined. I called the tower and told them my problem and that I was coming in. While lining up with the correct runway, I could see lights flashing and fire trucks coming toward the airport. I did not connect them with my situation.

I was at about one hundred feet and descending to about twenty feet. I pulled all power off as I always did with the Cherokee 6. In a moment we were falling about thirty feet in a deadly stall. There was no time to think . . . it was dark as midnight. I felt the plane hit the runway. It tilted, for a wheel had

broken off. Sparks were flying everywhere, they said. Now usually when you lose a wheel, on landing the plane will cartwheel and destruct . . . killing all in the plane. At the last airport I had filled up on gas, so I had full tanks which would explode on contact. The right wheel had broken off, and I had only a metal strut and the good wheel. I did have enough sense to put in full right rudder and turn the control to full right to counteract the drag on the right strut.

Somehow, with the help of God and prayer, AND I WAS PRAYING, I was able to keep that airplane on a straight course down that runway. The FAA in looking over the scene could NOT understand why that plane did not cartwheel and kill us both. BUT I KNEW THE REASON. GOD WAS NOT FINISHED WITH W. L. KING, EDITOR. I had many more spiritual battles to fight. When I first hit the ground, the other fellow had the door open, ready to jump ship and leave me behind. When I got the plane to a standstill, he jumped out and “kissed the ground.” I do not think that we had a chance. The plane suffered some damage, including a broken windshield. Insurance covered most of the damage, and I had a better plane for Danny to use.

In a few minutes here came the fire trucks, the wreckers, and the ambulances—all not needed. My wife and mother were to meet me and take me home. They saw the fire trucks and the ambulances and wondered who had wrecked . . . not realizing it was me.

It was about time to wind up my flying years before I did get killed and no one would ever read our *Voice of the Nazarene* again. What a loss, I thought.

Our last battle with the Knights of Columbus was about to begin. One day, I was working in my garage when a man in police uniform drove up our driveway and stepped out. He was carrying some papers: papers for my arrest. He took me to the local Justice of the Peace and charged me with making too much noise in our camp meeting.

The camp meeting was in its third day, with three meetings a day. We had eight-inch speakers in several places so folk could hear on the outside of the tabernacle. But then, we did make much noise. I remember the singers from God's Bible School were there for several days, and they could make much sound with their brass instruments. The meeting turned into glorious pandemonium with folk shouting up and down the aisles and running around the tabernacle . . . outside. My, how our people would sing, most at the top of their voices. The preaching was great; Brother Raymond Rice was the evangelist. Brother Howard McConkey was there and led the singing and took his liberty in the shouting. But in the next chapter, I will, Lord willing, give a complete account of the meeting and the three-day court trial which we won . . . thereby securing the right to have pandemonium services with lots of noise for the holiness churches around the land. This was a landmark case . . . our second legal victory which affected churches all around the country.



**James Daniel King**





## Chapter 18

# Harassment by the Government

Encounters! Encounters! Encounters! Over the years there have been so many of them. Some come from high places and some from low, but they have all been met and God gave us victory.

During the great Come Out Movement of the 1950s and in the midst of a campaign to organize a Church of the Nazarene in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, Brother Howard McConkey and I faced high officials on the General as well as the District levels.

We had just completed one of the early issues of *The Voice of the Nazarene*, which had been printed by Brother Henry Shilling's press at Transylvania Bible School. At that time I was still working as a chemist at Duquesne Light Company. On arriving home wife said that we had had company. It seemed that District Superintendent Heinline had paid us an investigative visit and had carried off copies of that issue. It was the issue that contains the article by Howard McConkey entitled, WHY I WILL NOT GIVE THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE SEMINARY AN OFFERING OF \$10.00 TO PAY FOR A EVERGREEN SHRUB TO DECORATE THE GROUNDS OF THE SEMINARY! A very long title, but a strong message.

We felt that the Church of the Nazarene did not need a seminary. Shortly after that article I wrote one entitled GOD CALLS PREACHERS, MAN MAKES THEM INFIDELS IN SEMINARIES. This article was used in several church publications, including the United Brethren break-off group refusing to unite with the United Methodist Church.

This was followed by two articles. One was on DRESSING LITTLE GIRLS and the other was WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT TV. Both of these articles were used by Editor Bronson McClung, founder of the *News Leader* and *The West Virginia Hill Billy*. Both of these papers had nation-wide distribution.

As a result of our publication, *The Voice of the Nazarene*, Brother McConkey and I were called before the District Board of The Church of the Nazarene, Pennsylvania District. We were warned that we were treading on dangerous ground in attacking church leaders. They forbade us to continue publishing, but of course, we did not.

At the annual Camp Meeting and District Assembly, we were informed we were to meet with the General Board. During the Assembly, we were attacked from the platform by the “big” preachers. One of the big city preachers concluded his report by saying, “AND I SENT MY \$10.00 TO THE SEMINARY FOR A TREE. He looked right at Brother McConkey and me. We both sat there with big grins on our faces. The people roared with laughter. We did not get up and tromp out. . . . We had the victory, and glory was on our souls. One of the preachers on the district was writing for our publication . . . but that was his last article. This preacher turned back on his God-given convictions to please the denomination, later backslid, and lost his son to the Communist Party. What a price to pay to be loyal to denominationalism. Loyalty to God and



**W. L. King displays the three disorderly conduct citations received during a prayer service at his church**

His Word must always come first. Glenn Griffith always emphasized this truth.

In giving reports, the big preachers always marched to the pulpit with a handful of notes. They bragged and bragged about what THEY HAD DONE . . . dry, dry, dry. But here comes a little old preacher or a fiery young man from a small church located in the mountains. He has no notes in his hand, but when he reaches the platform he lets out a WHOOP AND A HOLLER. PRAISE GOD. Within a minute he has the whole crowd responding and shouting—AMEN. What happened? This poor old preacher had the power and the glory. This is not taught in a SEMINARY . . . but rather learned at the feet of Jesus, serving in a poor place among people who love God—just like the Apostle Paul on the back side of the desert.

These big, fancy, big city preachers come marching in with their fashion-proud wife who is wearing the latest of styles from Hollywood and Paris—of course, there is a pretty little bunch of flowers on her lapel.

When I was ordained in The Church of the Nazarene, we candidates were told we need to wear dark suits and black shoes. Well, that presented a problem to this preacher. I did not have any suit, let alone a dark black or blue one; in fact, I did not own a suit. Black shoes, well, I had only what the other mountain boys wore, heavy leather work shoes. I finally found a suitable outfit: a pair of brown pants, a white shirt, a leather jacket, and brogans for my feet. Well, among the more than a hundred candidates, I did stick out like a “sore thumb,” and everybody wondered who that fellow was. When I marched up to get my Elders orders, some sort of sneered and no doubt thought that that man would not go far in their church.

So many have forgotten that the holiness church people in those days were poor, and yes, many were ignorant, but they, through sacrifice, prayers, and self-denial, founded and built

churches all across this land. Their watchword was HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD, and they taught SWEET, RADICAL, DEATH ROUTE HOLINESS. It is a shame, many of the churches founded by these sacrificing preachers who sometimes slept out under the stars in order to preach and build holiness churches have been “taken over” by the big preachers from the seminaries.

In the early 1960s John Kennedy appeared upon the scene: the first Catholic to run successfully for the Presidency. We were in the front of the battle.

One morning two men appeared at our door. One was from the Postal Department in Washington, D.C.; the other was the local postmaster who was also the local Methodist preacher. He flashed his badge and asked to see W. L. King. Wife asked him into our little humble home . . . a concrete block house with a used tin roof. Not much, but it was home to seven little Kings . . . only four at that time: Judy and Karen, Lynn Jean and Ina. I was in my printing shop and office . . . a back part of the house. They explained that we were publishing literature condemning a presidential candidate . . . and that it must cease, OR ELSE. I asked what the OR ELSE was . . . he said prison.

“I am ready to go,” I said. “RIGHT NOW.” Well this floored them. I asked what the charges were. They had NO charges, just that I was causing too much trouble. Finally, the big Washington man admitted that what we were printing was legal and that we were covered by the Constitution. They left and wife and I had a shouting spell. Just think, he had come



Sister Jim Ellis Praying at Rally

all the way from Washington, D.C. to tell me what we were writing and publishing was legal.

A few months later, I noticed that I was getting NO mail. Not a letter. I thought it strange that no one would write us for over five weeks.

I did know that many gave us a plenty of room. One well-known preacher meeting me at Hobe Sound Camp said, "Brother King, we are backing you, but you know I must think of my position in our organization; here is a dollar." Well, I stood there with that dollar in my limp hand . . . wondering and wondering.

About six weeks later I went to the post office expecting NO mail. They brought out a large box with over 100 letters in it. Brother Nelson Douglas was standing by me talking. Brother Douglas was the camp president of Clinton Camp . . . I said, "Brother Douglas, I don't usually get this much mail in a day." Later, Brother Douglas gave me the entire mailing list of Clinton Camp to send *The Voice of the Nazarene* to.

It seemed that the Postal Department had put a hold on my mail and they were reading every one of my letters. NO WONDER FOLK WERE AFRAID OF BROTHER KING.

Not long after Mr. Kennedy took office, after stealing the election in Chicago, the city of hoods and murderers, we again had a knock at our door . . . same house, same wife, for Belisa has stood with me through thick and thin now for over 55 years. He flashed a badge. THIS TIME IT WAS THE FBI. He asked to come in. I took him to my office.

The first thing he said was, "I have not come to arrest you. I am just investigating you and your activities." Well, this made me feel a little better. At the time I was printing a little book by the name of ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER, by Bramwell Booth: a great book.

The FBI man said, "We investigate everyone that might be a threat to the president. HAVE YOU ANY GUNS?" Well, I told him I was just too poor to own a gun, and if I did have the

money for one, I would buy some more paper to print holiness books and tracts. During those days we were printing on almost anything we could find . . . even sometimes ironing the wrinkles out of the paper with an iron. “Well,” he said, “let me see some of the things you are printing.” I just happened to have finished a run of a tract, printed in green ink with a picture of a fake dollar bill. He looked at this and said: “Well, I don’t think you could pass this off as real.” So, I escaped charges of counterfeiting.

The FBI agent was there for about two hours. Belisa was praying, with all the girls around her. Well, he finally left . . . without me.

I was to be investigated by the FBI on two occasions . . . mostly, I think this harassment came because of the brother of John Kennedy, Jack Kennedy, who was the Attorney General at that time. Through it all, God kept us in perfect peace, but it is always a shock to have the FBI stand at your front door and want entrance.

We built a church and held camp meetings on God’s Thirty Acres for over thirty years: some of the greatest meetings I have ever been in.

I traveled far and wide holding revivals, and during these ten-day meetings, we evangelists generally received about \$50.00 per meeting . . . and we did not resort to the three-day revivals that are so prevalent today.

With the above as a background, I now relate the greatest of all our experiences with the law of the land.

It began this way: I was standing just outside my office when a police car came up the hill to my home. I wondered what the police wanted with me. I did not have long to wait. With his gun swinging at his hip and a large club in his belt, he was a formidable sight. He had a large paper in his hand.

His first words were, “You are under arrest,” and he continued, “You must come with me.” I was not permitted to

tell my wife. I got a free ride in a nice police car . . . he might as well have pulled the cord on the siren, for all the neighbors could see that W. L. King was under arrest. Arriving at the police station, I was hustled inside to face the local judge. HE READ ME MY MIRANDA RIGHTS, just as they do with all the murderers and thieves.

I asked to make one call. I called Brother Harold McClelland, a local holiness pastor, who came to my rescue. With him he had Jay Smalley. Well, we were about evenly matched now.

Finally the charges were read: disturbing the peace of the community, disorderly conduct, as well as using PA systems in violation of township ordinances. Later, Dr. Oliver Hormel, my personal attorney, discovered that there was NO such ordinance concerning the use of PA systems. I posted bond and was remanded to court.

What made this case strange was the very fact that I was served this warrant on the FOURTH OF JULY. The winning of this case was a great victory for churches all across the U.S.A., because it proved that church people could shout, play instruments, run the aisles, jump, hop, and skip all over the church and make what the world calls noise but that the holy church world calls joyful noise and rejoicing in the Spirit. In the next chapter, I will relate the REST OF THE STORY. . . . I will relate how Sister Grace Wolford and Sister Aldwardt sang the glory down . . . how Brother Raymond Rice preached the gospel that went all around the world by news broadcasts on radio and television. I will tell you how, when the judge asked Brother Howard McConkey what was meant by shouting in the Spirit, Brother McConkey actually had a shouting spell while he was in the witness chair right beside the judge. This was God's way of impressing the judge as well as the great crowd that gathered to hear this historic case.





**Jamie Denise King**

## Chapter 19

### Were We Too Noisy?

The Fourth of July is the greatest of all national holidays in the Land of the Free and the Brave. Dad served in World War I and fought the Communists in Serbia in 1918 and 1919. He was awarded for valor in action. For many years he was faithful in helping to bury fellow soldiers who died in that conflict.

When World War II appeared on the horizon, he convinced me to retire from my job as paper boy that Sunday morning

when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. A short time later he sent his second son, William Willy King, off to the Navy. Not content in these actions, he also enlisted in the Navy and saw



**Dad during World War I**

much action aboard the *USS Wisconsin* battleship in the Pacific. Dad would never tell anyone about these bloody battles or of the hundreds of sailors who were killed.

When “Old Glory” passed by, he stood tall and straight. The Fourth of July had a special meaning to my father, W. L. King, and my brother Bill and myself. Dad and Bill and even my dear mother are gone at this writing, May 30, 2001. Of the family, only my “kid” brother, F. D. R. King, remains.

It is another Fourth of July and the year is 1979. The Voice of the Nazarene Camp Meeting is in full swing. A lawman with his gun swinging at his hip and his “billy club” visible, hanging from his belt, made a formidable sight standing in our driveway.

My first thought was for my dear wife, who has stood with me through many spiritual battles, and also for my seven children. “You must come with me,” I am told, “NOW.” I was not sure what the charges were. He did say, “You are charged with ‘criminal mischief.’ ” I later learned that the fine would be \$5,000.00 and two to three years in prison.

We were taken to the Justice of the Peace in Finleyville, Pennsylvania and faced Magistrate Joseph Reichel alone. The time period was from July 1st to the 8th and we were to be charged \$532.00 per day for each day of the camp meeting. The camp meeting started on Thursday, July 2 through ten days. July 4 was on Saturday.

At issue was the purported use of three small six-inch speakers on the OUTSIDE OF THE TABERNACLE. The real issue was the loud singing, praying, and shouting, and the use of brass musical instruments and accordions, banjos, guitars, etc.

God’s Bible School quartet was there for the weekend . . . AND THEY MADE MUCH JOYFUL PLAYING AND SINGING . . . along with the shouts of the saints. Some got so blessed that they would run outside, shout up a spell, and



take a turn or two around the tabernacle before coming back into the meeting. You take about 150 shouting saints and you did not need a six-inch speaker to create quite a disturbance. However, the nearest home was a quarter of mile away, but some said the shouting was heard over three miles away.

In this same general area where I live today, May, 2001, there is a race track five miles away. We can hear their music in our home at times. Nothing is ever said about the noise created by the devil and his crowd. In Finleyville in 1979 the Roman Catholic Church operated a fair and a bingo operation outside . . . with loudspeakers. The noise could be heard all over town and miles away. No one ever complained about this. However, when it comes to spiritual shouting and gospel music in those days as well as today, the law would sweep down upon a congregation of over 150, threatening the minister with fines of over \$5,000.00 and years in jail.

The meetings lasted to way past midnight, many nights. The campers just could not leave for bed, but testified, preached, wept, shouted, sang, and just in general “minded God.”

Well what would a holiness people do in this case? Give in to Satan, disappear into the woodwork, quit praying and singing, throw your musical instruments away, get in your cars, drive out into the “wild blue yonder,” and surrender to Satan’s forces? NO! We organized a “PRAYER IN.” About twenty-five car loads of “shouting and praying saints” descended upon Finleyville, Pennsylvania. We gathered in a nearby gravel parking lot. With those with instruments in line at the front and shouting saints behind we started toward the magistrate’s office about a block away. Some wanted me to hide in the back, but what general leads his people from the rear? I took my place at the front and led a triumphant group of saints through town to the door of the magistrate’s office. A officer of the law stood there to prevent us from entering the small office. Gathering around the front door,

we sang gospel songs, such as “Amazing Grace,” “The Old Rugged Cross,” “There Shall Be Showers of Blessings,” and several other good, rousing songs. Then, we all went to our knees and prayed for Magistrate Reichel. We prayed that he would let God’s people go. What a mighty volume of prayer . . . standing on the outer ring were news reporters from all the major networks, TV stations, and news services from around the country.

A few days later, the MOCK TRIAL took place. Same scenario. The car-cade gathered at the camp. Drove to Finleyville, singing and playing instruments. Gathered at the gravel parking lot. Marched to the very door of the magistrate’s office. We sang and prayed for the poor judge and the people of the town. With a mighty blast of brass instruments and raised voices in testimony and prayer, finally a small group was permitted into the office with our God-provided attorney, Oliver Hormel. As I entered the office, I shouted to our saints, “KEEP SINGING AND PRAYING,” which they did. Despite our singing, praying, and fervor, and our conviction that we were right, we were found guilty and fined \$532.00 for every day of the past camp meetings and the same amount for every day we continued.



Just think, that in the U.S.A. several hundred people are worshipping their God. A constable bearing three citations arrives at our camp meeting church just as we're organizing our annual services to thank God for America's religious freedom.

## NEWS ITEM FROM THE PITTSBURGH PRESS

### **PRAISING THE LORD BRINGS PENALTIES**

Praising the Lord is perfectly acceptable in Nottingham Township near Finleyville (Washington County) so long as it's done quietly. That's what the Rev. W. L. King found out when he was fined for disorderly conduct.

A constable bearing three citations arrived at King's church just as he and 500 visiting members of the Nazarene Association of Independent Churches were organizing a service to thank God for America's religious freedom. The papers said the congregation was too loud and bothered the neighbors. The Rev. Mr. King's church is a cement-block structure with stained glass windows. The twenty-year-old building sits in about the center of 30 acres of church property.

The Rev. Mr. King and about forty followers prayed in front of the office of the district magistrate who issued the citations. "They went by my door and sang and read prayers," said Joseph Racal, the magistrate. "I'm not disturbed by it." The fine for each offense is \$326 including costs. "Sometimes when the congregation has a sweeping feeling of emotion, it can get, well, lively," said the Rev. Mr. King. "It's old-time religion, that's all. We don't think of it as noise, anyhow." After the citations were issued, the minister and his flock went ahead with their celebration of religious freedom over the Fourth of July week.

Prayer meetings include professions of individuals' faith, shouts of "amen," dancing, singing, embracing of "brothers with brothers and sisters with sisters," and sharing of one another's accounts of faith.

The problem, according to the magistrate, stems from outdoor loudspeakers. The minister said the voice-amplifying equipment is used to summon people to the start of services. He added that the outdoor system is no louder than an indoor system.

Prayer meetings are conducted three times a year, always in the summer. The service at which the citations were presented was part of a ten-day gathering with participants coming from seven states, some from as far as Florida.

“We were here before most of these other people,” said the Rev. Mr. King, referring to the residents of the ranch-style homes that have sprung up in this rural county since the church was built.

“Maybe they feel we’re an eyesore and want to throw us out,” he said, “but we feel it’s our God-given and constitutional right to conduct religious service here.”

The Prayer-ins got a little hectic at times. I remember that Brother J. C. Wallace was getting blessed, waving his arms and putting it all into the Prayer-in. He brought his arm back backward and poked a newsman in the nose, blood going everywhere. Well, they got that settled.

In October we had the regular fall camp meeting. We expected no trouble, for we were waiting for our trial in the big court at Washington, Pennsylvania. At the beginning of this meeting I was arrested again and hauled off to the Justice of the Peace. This incident was also reported far and wide. Radical preacher arrested again, threatened with jail. The account is well given in the newspaper report below.

**By BECKY ANDREWS, Staff Writer  
NOTTINGHAM TWP**

Rev. Walter L. King was arrested Monday on a charge of being a public nuisance in connection with the use of loudspeakers at God’s Thirty Acres. Constable Richard N.

Terbeek served the warrant on Rev. King at the campgrounds early last evening. Rev. King is the leader of the Nazarene group that holds camp meetings Memorial Day, Independence Day, and Labor Day weekends. "About 5 p.m., they came to the church office with an order for my arrest," King said. "Here comes the constable. The children (at the church-run Christian day school) were quite perturbed about getting another visit from the police. I was taken to the Peters Township Police Department where I was read the Miranda Act. They told me I was a public nuisance and said that I could get two to five years in jail."

The warrant said the charge was filed on information supplied by nine persons (Four of our neighbors had dropped charges.) who live near the meeting grounds. The warrant also pinpointed the time of the disturbance as Aug. 31 between 8 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. and Sept. 3 between 10 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. The Rev. King called the charges lies, saying services were NOT being held during those times. "We had NO meetings Aug. 31 until 7:30 p.m."

"On Sept. 3, the system was on so low you could only hear it on the grounds, and we have witnesses to that."

Rev. King, arraigned before Finleyville Magistrate Joseph Reichel and released on his own recognizance, said the public nuisance charge is "nothing more than police harassment."

"It has ceased being a complaint by neighbors but an organized effort to harass us, the church, and the Christian day school," Rev. King said.

He charged that a number of husbands and wives are among the nine complainants, including two township supervisors. He also said that the public nuisance charge is the latest in the township's fight to get the group to leave the township.

Rev. King said, "We are in a Class 1, residential area of new homes. They don't want to be bothered with a church organization such as ours in their playhouse."



“They don’t want a campground like ours in the area. They don’t want to hear gospel music even if it isn’t over a loudspeaker.”

The hearing on the public nuisance charge that carries a fine up to \$5,000 and a two-to-five-year prison term is set for Oct. 11, 1979.

Rev. King called the latest charge “more serious” than the seven counts of disorderly conduct levied in July against Rev. King for noise from use of loudspeakers during meetings during the Independence Day weekend. Rev. King’s appeal of the \$532 fine will be heard in Washington County Court before Judge John Bell Nov. 8. Rev. King said his appeal is based on abridgement of freedom of religion. He said he would also appeal an adverse outcome of the public nuisance hearing.

“I don’t want to go to jail,” he said.

End of news article . . .

In these terrible days of persecution, Sister Grace Wolford and Sister Naomi Aldwardt were a great blessing. They marched, played, prayed, and shouted at all the marches. These are great people.

In the next chapter I hope to go into the main trial where Judge Bell found us completely innocent and free to use our speakers and to shout and pray as loud as we wanted. Others who stood by us through it all were Brother



and Sister Jim Ellis, The Singing Herod Family, The J. C. Wallace Family, The Brink Family, The Grewell Family, The Howard McConkey Family, and many, many of our friends and ministers. I hope to conclude the story of how the judge ruled that loudspeakers used by churches were legal and to deny their use was to deny the constitutional rights of free speech.



Preachers and singers at God's Thirty Acres

## Chapter 20

### Victory at God's Thirty Acres

The world cannot understand spiritual things, and so it was with the General Manager of KDKA, the oldest and largest radio and television station in the nation. On August 6 and 7, 1979, they ran the following editorial seven times on the KDKA Television and seven times on KDKA Radio. This station covers most of the eastern half of the U.S.A. . . . from Maine to Florida and westward toward the central U.S.A.

They were obligated to grant *The Voice of the Nazarene* and W. L. King equal time. I arrived at the station alone, to face some of the worst infidels in the land. I was introduced to the crew, the directors, and even the man who dared to condemn this religious CAMP MEETING in very harsh language . . . putting us to ridicule as being some sort of cult leader leading people to destruction.

I would never pay a dime for television time, but Jesus made the way for this little holiness preacher to speak to millions of folk without any cost whatsoever. There I was, staring at that big TV lens . . . it seemed to grow bigger and bigger as they counted down the time. My throat was dry, I could use a drink of water . . . but the time was near and there was no time to think about water. What was I going to say . . . words flashed through my mind and were cast aside. Now it was two seconds, one second, and time to say something. I opened my mouth and closed it, and then all of a sudden words begin to pour from my mouth. . . . I stared straight at the millions of people. They could see me, but I could not see them. But in my mind's eye, they were there . . . the largest crowd that I had ever preached to.

After the sermon was preached, I was handed a copy of what I had said. Here it is—

### **THE OLD TIME RELIGION**

NOTE—Statement made eight times on KDKA TV and Radio on August 6 and 7.

In 1799 the old-time shouting Methodists conducted their first camp meeting at Cane Ridge, Kentucky. Folk drove from afar via horse and wagon and conducted camp meeting for several weeks out in the open air. They were a noisy people—they shouted, prayed by groups, and sang so that it is said they could be heard for miles—all without a P. A. system.

The VOICE OF THE NAZARENE ASSOCIATION OF INDEPENDENT CHURCHES continues this tradition in our camp meetings. And in 1979 we have been judged guilty of CRIMINAL DISORDERLY CONDUCT. Yes, this is a CRIMINAL CHARGE—AND WILL BE APPEALED to the Court of Common Pleas in Washington, Pennsylvania.

It seems strange to us that the magistrate, the constable, nor any of the fourteen complainants have ever visited the camp tabernacle, have never observed our services, nor even seen the three small stereo type speakers of which they complain. They have never checked the sound level with the speakers off and then on. They do NOT know that the sound volume comes from these speakers or if the sound comes from the tabernacle.

We contend that it is not the three speakers, for the one mike that is used is located on the platform and does not pick up the singing, praying, and shouting from the floor.

The three small speakers are used so that mothers with children, those in their campers or rooms, and those who visit in cars, not wanting to get out, can enjoy the singing and preaching.

The magistrate, the constable, and the 14 complainants have judged 1,000 godly law-abiding Christians GUILTY OF

CRIMINAL DISORDERLY CONDUCT without making any investigation as to the source of the singing, praying, and preaching except from a distance of 1/4 mile. Is this justice?

*The Voice of the Nazarene, Inc.*

At the conclusion of this short statement, a deathly silence settled over the room. I was let out of my cage, shook hands all around, and left. I felt that I had invaded the very “gates of hell.” It was good to get out into the clean air again.

The news that a preacher had been arrested on the Fourth of July for preaching the gospel spread like wildfire across the nation and even the world. Calls begin to come in from around the country to appear on talk shows . . . from Alaska to Florida.

A call came from another television group called REAL PEOPLE. I guess they considered us REAL ENOUGH. They informed us they would be at camp meeting the next day. “Was that all right?” they asked. I told them that everybody was welcome to our meetings just as long as they listened in and did not disturb the meeting.

Before long almost every TV and radio station had poured into the meeting, until it seemed there were more cameras and reporters than campers. REAL PEOPLE came roaring down the hill to the camp tabernacle and poured out of two large vans . . . equipment strapped to the top of the vans.

It was time for service. It was announced from the P. A. system, as usual. The small tabernacle was packed. Those with brass instruments were on the platform . . . including the quartet from God’s Bible School. Raymond Rice was the evangelist. Right before the service, Brother Rice said, “Brother King, I feel led to preach on how I was saved from a drunkard’s life.” I said, “Great, Brother Rice . . . this is just what this crowd needs.”

Brother Raymond Rice and Sister Grace Wolford were the called evangelists. Brother W. L. Tremain was the Bible teacher, and The Wolford-Aldwardt Trio were the called singers.

Sister Grace led the singing and she called out, "Let's sing 'There Is Power in the Blood.' " A great volume of sweet music lifted toward the heavens. Soon, someone was shouting, "AMEN." Another sister let out a shout that startled that crowd of worldly reporters. The REAL PEOPLE television people stared with open eyes. Surely they had never realized what a camp meeting was all about. Before long Brother Walker Hendley was running up and down the aisles a whooping and a hollering. Folk were weeping, shouting, and waving their arms. A full-fledged holiness meeting was unfolding before this worldly crowd. Soon, one of the visitors made his way to the old-fashioned altar and began to cry out for mercy.

In those days, we just let the seekers pray, and sometimes, even the preacher would take the pulpit and preach while an altar was full of seekers. It was the case in this instance.

As soon as there was a lull in the shouting and testimonies, Brother Raymond Rice took the pulpit and read his scripture: *"Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God"* (Gal. 5:21 KJV).

Well, you can imagine how the faces of the more than 20 newspaper and television people looked. At any rate, there was a scramble for the TV cameras.

By this time Brother Rice was in full swing, as the gospel poured out of his lips as if some unseen power was back of him, and in fact, Jesus had His finger right between Brother Rice's shoulders . . . until it was not Brother Rice preaching but the power of the Holy Ghost directing his lips to speak the words needed for this unusual occasion.

For the next five years this camp meeting service was run and rerun on television shows all across the world, and millions heard this man proclaim the gospel and how Jesus had saved him from a devil's hell and a drunkard's life.

Many folk would not gather into the tabernacle, but evenings during the camp they came and gathered on the hillside to watch the services. Many times the activities of the meetings spilled out of the tabernacle as the entire congregation would form a line and move in and out of the tabernacle. One time I remember, they marched around the church eight times . . . with the band playing and the congregation singing with flags waving. Some of the greatest meetings I have ever been in have been at God's Thirty Acres . . . oh, the many, many people . . . young people who were saved at this camp altar.

Now comes the trial on November 8-9, 1979. A Holiness Rally had been called for the morning of November 8 at the Courthouse. The crowd filled the large area around the Washington, Pennsylvania Courthouse. Flag were flying everywhere, held in the hands of youth and adults who had come to encourage the saints to victory. Rev. Wilson Douglas was to speak to the people and he did. My, what a scene—holy songs were sung . . . many brought instruments and made a great, loud,



**King Cleared of Criminal Charges**



jolly, holy noise unto the Lord. Traffic was stopped and backed up. Police were everywhere. TV camera crews were busy as were reporters from most major newspapers.

On the previous page is a picture taken of W. L. King and crowd . . . see Brother Wilson Douglas preaching . . . right behind my big ear. I will never forget this Holiness Rally, and neither will anyone else who was present.

The Court convened at 9:00 a.m. with all the seats taken. Judge John H. Bell was presiding. No one knew this, but my wife was a very close friend of Sister William Tarr. Sister Tarr's younger sister was engaged to Judge Bell. I do not believe this influenced his judgment, but it did not hurt us.

Our good attorney who was doing our trial PRO BRONCO (for free) was a great lawyer. His mother wanted him to become a preacher so he became a lawyer-preacher. He spoke at God's Acres several times and loved to eat our camp cooking.

The stage was set and we had many witnesses . . . including members of the press who testified in our behalf. The most effective witness was Brother Howard McConkey. The lawyer was questioning him about the order of service and about the shouting and demonstrations. Judge Bell leaned over and asked Brother McConkey to describe just how the saints demonstrated. "Well, Honorable Judge, the person demonstrating must be in the Spirit." "What do you mean, in the Spirit?" asked Judge Bell.



**Sister W. L. Tremain**  
(sang and played at the rallies)

Just about that time the Spirit touched Brother Howard McConkey and he began to shout and jump about in that small confined space. The attorney stepped back, shocked—perhaps fearful. The judge picked up his gavel. The spectators gaped. Brother McConkey was putting on a full-fledged demonstration, and in the Spirit, of a person being blessed of the Lord. IT WAS THE REAL THING.

The judge brought down his gavel and roared . . . “ORDER IN THE COURT.” Brother McConkey, quite winded, sat down. The judge commented, “I did not mean to give us a full-fledged demonstration, Rev. McConkey.”

WELL, WE WON; WITH THE HELP OF JESUS WE WON ON ALL SEVEN COUNTS.

## **THE NEWSPAPER STORY**

OCTOBER 10, 1979

BY JOHN STEVENS

STAFF WRITER, PITTSBURG PRESS

Judge John F. Bell ruled Friday there was no criminal intent on the part of the Rev. W. L. King and his followers to cause a public disturbance by broadcasting services over loudspeakers, and accordingly, Bell found King not guilty on all counts of disorderly conduct. After reviewing the law and the testimony during the two-day trial, Bell concluded there was no criminal violation of disorderly conduct.

King and his parishioners were charged with seven counts of disorderly conduct in connection with services last July during camp meetings at God's Thirty Acres in Nottingham Township. The issue before the court was factual, not a constitutional case of freedom of worship, and Bell determined there was a loud, boisterous noise emanating from the three loudspeakers, but that the content of the noise was an amplification of religious services.

“The noises were legitimate. They had to do with religious singing and rejoicing, and the church was expressing their beliefs through legitimate means,” Bell said.

King, obviously pleased with the decision, said, “We can continue to serve the Lord and see that the drunks are well again. We never did this with any intent and the decision proves what we have said, that the courts are fair and defendants can receive a fair trial.”

King, clutching a small, red Bible, testified during the hearing that the speakers, which are mounted in a tree and on poles near the tabernacle, are an integral part of the worship services. He explained the speakers are used to extend the services to the camping areas where the sick, handicapped, drunk, and drug-addicted people congregate. “These are the ones who cannot get inside the tabernacle for one reason or another,” King explained.

“These are old-fashioned, second-blessing, holiness services, and we never intended these services to cause anyone a hardship,” he said. King said if the church wanted to broadcast services so as to convert the entire area, he would have purchased more and larger speakers.

“We follow the command from the Bible, ‘Make a joyful noise unto the Lord,’ and it isn’t the speakers those people are hearing, it is the saints of God,” King said.

The charges against King stemmed from the services conducted on July 4, 1979, but this was not the first time King had a run-in with the law.

In 1960, King and his followers held tent meetings in Venetia, and during these meetings he was arrested for disorderly conduct—“We spent twenty-four hours in the Washington County Jail for preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ,” King said. The charges were eventually dropped by the magistrate. (Actually, the Justice of the Peace got “cold feet” when the many newspaper reporters descended upon the scene and our attorney

made his appearance. Just two months later the sheriff who arrested us was charged with bootlegging and was into prostitution. This was related in full in another chapter.)

Also testifying was the Rev. Howard McConkey, of Beaver, who has participated in the camp meetings. He said the congregation is encouraged to take part in the service and that the noise emanating from the services probably would be considered “loud” to those who are not used to this type of worship.

He explained that during a part of the service, people come forth to give testimony to the Lord and they want to tell somebody about it. “Some laugh, some weep, and others jump up and down like I do,” he said.

Editor’s Note: Brother McConkey was a blessing.



**Lynn Jean King**



**Tim and Leanna Reed  
Grandchildren**

## Chapter 21

# Charismatic Inroads

In Revelation 2:12-17 we read an account of Pergamos. Pergamos was a wealthy, fashionable city of temples, with a medical center dedicated to Aesculapius, the god of healing. It boasted a great library, second only to that in Alexandria. It was devoted to emperor worship, and Caesar was its god. But there were some faithful Christians there, and one of them called Antipas had suffered martyrdom for his faith.

Pergamos was such a wicked city that our Lord called it the place “where Satan’s seat is.” Pergamos was not only the place where Satan dwelt, but our Lord said to the church there, “*I know where thou dwellest.*” God had His pinch of salt (a remnant) in all that diabolical corruption.

The beginning of compromise in the New Testament church age was found at Pergamos. It was permitted and not dealt with. It proved to be very costly. The time period covered approximately 312-606. During that time was the beginning of a sad and deadly decline that brought about what we call the Dark Ages. Beginning in the 1990s the church world had its own age of “Pergamos.” The holiness church went into their own “dark ages.” Sister Betty West recently wrote an article called INTO THE DARKNESS. She very aptly describes the darkness that the churches chose to enter into beginning in the middle 1980s and intensifying through the 1990s . . . until you would not recognize the Conservative (so-called) Holiness Movement, so drastic was the change.

In the revivals of the 1950s many adopted the term Sweet Radical Holiness. But so many were NOT sweet or radical. But

in the late 1980s some began to call themselves Conservative . . . like in politics. *The Historic Dictionary of the of the Holiness Movement*, by William Kostlevy, The Scarecrow Press, 2001 contains the following description of Sweet Radical Holiness and what happened to that concept.

### SWEET RADICAL HOLINESS

“A term embraced by the mid 20th century proponents of strict adherence to traditional holiness behavioral standards. It appears that Church of the Nazarene radicals, many of whom became members of the Bible Missionary Church, used the term *sweet radical* more than their radical counterparts in other denominations, such as the Wesleyan Methodist Church and Pilgrim Holiness Church. However, the term was widespread among the radical constituents of most holiness fellowships during the 1950s and 1960s. It has been criticized as an oxymoron; however, its usage signifies an attempt by radicals such as H. Robb French to maintain a balance between love and holiness, mercy and judgment, and charity and austerity.

“As the radical come-out groups associated with the Inter-Church Holiness Convention (IHC) matured, most of them abandoned self-identification as sweet radicals in favor of the less socially stigmatizing term *conservative*, so that they became known as the Conservative Holiness Movement. Dissidents from the IHC, particularly those associated with the *Voice of the Nazarene* (see W. L. King), have continued to embrace the term



W. L. and Belisa King

*sweet radical holiness*, leading even further to its disuse by other, more moderate holiness people. In addition, the use of the word *radical* to mean ‘anti-establishment’ in conjunction with the cultural changes of the 1960s undoubtedly cast the term into disfavor among many holiness people. However, the primary reason for the abandonment of the term appears to be an ironic change within the inner logic of the radical movement. Its replacement with the term *conservative* has coincided with (and may itself serve as a subtle indication of) the quest for upward social mobility among the radical, or conservative, holiness people, a quest that was the central object of many early radical protests.”

In the early 1990s two historic conventions occurred: the first one at Wilmore, Kentucky at Asbury Seminary in April; and the second one at Indianapolis, Indiana in October of 1990. Both gatherings involved holiness groups as well as Roman Catholics and Pentecostal leaders. The Conservative Holiness Movement, so-called, were involved.

The future of the Holiness Movement was at stake. I began to search all the papers and found NO signs in any publication that anyone was concerned. In fact, I found evidence that at least one large convention group was actually encouraging the Conference on the Doctrine of Holiness to be conducted at Wilmore, Kentucky on the grounds of Asbury Bible Seminary.

Invited groups and speakers were men and women from The Church of the Nazarene, The Wesleyan Church, The Free Methodist Church, The Methodist Church, The Roman Catholic Church, The Church of God, Cleveland, Tennessee. Attending as observers were men from the Interchurch Holiness Convention (IHC), Hobe Sound Bible College, and God’s Bible School. The list is longer . . . but this will suffice.

In all my research I could NOT find one word of opposition ANYWHERE. Well, I received a letter from a dear holiness



lady who wrote, "Brother King, you should attend the Wilmore Conference and then tell us what really happened, who was there, and what was said." A day or two later, out of a clear blue sky, I received a letter from an old friend, Melvin Dieter. Enclosed was Reporter's Credentials for the Asbury Conference of 1990. This was from God, an answer to the dear sister's prayers.

While at a camp meeting in Ohio shortly afterward, I met an evangelist who is presently busy in camp meeting work. He came up to me and said, "W. L. King, I would never have gone to either of these conventions." Of course this man has NEVER been in jail for Jesus, nor laid his neck on the chopping block for his stand against sin or for principles. He was not very kind. Because no one else would "rush in where angels fear to tread," W. L. King and good wife Belisa ended up at Asbury and Indianapolis among the most high Doctors of Religion who were to solve all the problems concerning the Wesleyan Holiness, founded in part by John Wesley. (The Charismatic Pentecostals speaking at Asbury claimed that John Wesley spoke in tongues.) Just think, W. L. King, a mountain preacher from the hills of West Virginia, was roaming among this so very elite group of intellectuals from the largest church denominations in the world. Carl McIntyre was a personal friend. He was one who was NOT afraid to face lions in their own dens.

As we drove on the grounds, I just stared at the great accumulation of wealth: multi-million-dollar churches, multi-million-dollar buildings, recreation halls (I checked one of these out and found college students playing Keely Pool . . . this is a pool hall game of gambling). Belisa pointed out that the college girls wore nothing but men's attire and the boys looked like hippies. We stopped by one building and I got out to look around. A large poster was posted nearby. It seemed that the most popular group of rock and roll gospel singers were to give a show that weekend. Beside that poster was another one proclaiming a meeting of Charismatic Pentecostals for three

days . . . AT ASBURY! Looking a little closer, I read: “All couples are requested to meet by the swimming pool in swim suits for Bible reading and prayer. All will enjoy a good swim before retiring.”

I began to wonder and wonder, is this a place for W. L. King and wife? Then I remembered the little old holiness lady and her letter . . . “Brother King, go and report back to your readers.” I said, “Belisa, Honey, I just do not want to stay on the grounds . . . let us get a motel room downtown.” We did.

Belisa and I attended every meeting . . . three or four a day. We listened and said nothing. When the Roman Catholic priest spoke of the UNITY in the great Charismatic Movement that was bringing Christians??? together . . . Protestants and Catholics working hand in hand to advance the Kingdom of God, I almost got out my puke bag, for I was feeling a little queasy in the stomach region. It got even worse when the President of the Bible college of the Church of God, Cleveland, Tennessee began to speak. He said, “There is a warm breeze blowing across the church world in our day. Who would ever have dreamed that a Pentecostal preacher would be permitted to speak from the platform of the largest seminary in America?” He continued, “Many of the holiness people have joined us in this Charismatic Movement for church unity. Today, we meet with over 26 church leaders representing over 17 major church groups. The Holiness Churches and Pentecostals have a common heritage, and one time, we were together. It can be so again.” Well, I took out my “puke bag” again.

I held my peace. I did not jump up and dispute the issues. God would open the way for W. L. King before it was all over.

Here and there I spied Conservative Holiness preachers from the Bible Schools and the IHC. Only one approached me. He said: “W. L. King, what are you doing here?” I said, “Well, I am a reporter,” and flashed my card. I have never seen a man turn and run so fast.

Near the end there was a question and answer period. Two preachers got up and praised this great Conference on Wesleyan Holiness. I did not think they would ever sit down. W. L. King was all ready to jump up. My knees were knocking, and I was shaking all over. If it were from my fright or the power of God upon me . . . I know not. But I was ready. They were going to know that W. L. King was there. . . . “Just who is this man?” some asked afterward.

The man sat down and up I popped before several others who were just rising. I started: “I am W. L. King, Editor of *The Voice of the Nazarene*. I am an expert on old time holiness preachers, for I have worked and labored with so many of them. The early holiness preachers would be appalled by the riches and grandeur of this place. They would have been shocked by this pulpit being used by Pentecostal preachers and Roman Catholic priests. These men sacrificed and sometimes starved to carry the holiness message all across these mountains, hills, valleys, and plains. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Texas to Canada they preached holiness, entire sanctification, wherever they found a few people. These preachers built their own churches with their own hands. All could read the ‘Good Book’ and handle a hammer and a saw.

“They had POWER with God. Thousands and thousands were saved and sanctified wholly. These early holiness preachers did not have ‘gold and silver,’ but they had ‘POWER AND GLORY.’ I have been here listening to a dozen or more preachers from many church groups, and NOT ONE TIME have I heard anyone give an invitation to seek God, or even for that matter to seek holiness of heart. Not one altar call has been given. Of course the Roman bishop in our midst does NOT teach either doctrine . . . yet they have been included in the Asbury attempt to use the doctrine of Wesleyan Holiness to unify those who do not even believe in the New Birth or Entire Sanctification.” (I said a lot more.) I SAT DOWN. It was still, STILL. That broke

up the little PLAYHOUSE. Some good Doctor prayed and most headed for the doors.

W. L. King and Belisa got in our old car and headed back toward Florida and our computer to make our report as I promised to the “little old lady” who prayed that I should make a report.

Well, I received many letters, one from Asbury, condemning our little speech and report.

In November of the same year the Indianapolis 1990 Charismatic Conference was the largest such meeting in the U.S.A. to date. Again, we were praying about attending. I wrote for press credentials and they were granted. Belisa and I headed west to gather evidence and observe just who were there for another REPORT.

As we entered the first session, what did we see? Right in the middle of the Conference area where the booths were set up was, GUESS WHO, Asbury Theological Seminary booth. Do you mean to say, Brother King, that Asbury Seminary was taking part in the largest Charismatic gathering ever held? Yes, I do. I saw it with my own eyes. I walked up to the Asbury booth and spoke to a young man. I said, “Are you from Asbury?” “Yes,” he said. “Do you approve of the Charismatic Movement?” “Yes,” he said. Then, he began to tell me that by the year 2000 A.D., the Charismatic Movement would embrace all denominations into the World Church. He said that the holiness movement would be a part of this great movement.

The evening service was a Hollywood type extravaganza. Belisa and I observed and wrote the following:

A woman, wearing turquoise culottes, shakes a tambourine and twirls slowly up and down an aisle on the floor of the Hoosier Dome. In the stands, over 40,000 worshipers raise their hands heavenward as they sing and sway in time to the music. The music increases in tempo. A jungle beat is introduced. The

worshipers twist and turn faster and faster as strange utterances sweep over the hall. Suddenly, 5,000 teenagers swarm onto the floor dancing and gyrating to the music . . . the lights flicker as it scans the hall. A strange tight feeling grips your chest and swirls through your head. You are in the presence of a strangeness that defies explanation.

The worldly dress only increases the heathenish nature of the scene before us. Women and girls in shorts or men's tight attire and men in strange clothing or shorts enhance the immoral movements observed by the eye. The 40,000 men and women all making the same movements, the same dance steps, the same expressions is indeed foreign to the worship and evangelistic services of that great movement called WESLEYAN HOLINESS based upon the Word of God as found in the King James Bible.

And you say, Brother King, that ASBURY SEMINARY WAS WORKING HAND IN GLOVE WITH THESE CHARISMATICS? Yes sirree . . . THEY WERE.

Victor Synan, chairman of Indianapolis, 2000 stated on page 83 of his book, "EVANGELIZATION": "Historically, the Pentecostal/Charismatic renewal has clear roots in the HOLINESS MOVEMENT. The first churches officially to approve the baptism of the Holy Spirit accompanied by *speaking in tongues* were holiness churches that were in evidence before 1900." Synan is WRONG. It was at the Azusa Street revival of 1906 that the so-called *third work of grace* was introduced. Men such as Phineas Brezee and H. T. Roberts rejected this unbiblical doctrine. Brezee, of the Church of the Nazarene, was strong in his opposition to the so-called baptism of the Holy Ghost and contended that the Holy Spirit was as given as witness at the time of entire sanctification.

I could continue, but I believe that the above gives outline of these two Conferences to unite the churches . . . from The Methodist Church to the latest of the groups forming and reforming today.

Now, more than a year after the year 2000 A.D., the church world is deeper and deeper into the apostasy.

Now just who do you think you are, W. L. King? Look into the book, *The Historic Dictionary of the Holiness Movement*, by William Kostlevy, The Scarecrow Press, 2001.

### **KING, WALTER LEE**

“Dunbar, West Virginia, 12 October 1923. Church of the Nazarene (CN) minister and radical holiness leader and editor. King was converted in 1950 and began pastoring in the CN the same year. He followed Glenn Griffith out of the CN into the Bible Missionary Union in 1955. However, in 1956, he left this group to form the Voice of the Nazarene Association of Independent Churches, which now has approximately twenty ministers. He has also served as superintendent of God’s Acres Camp Meeting, first located in Eighty-Four, Pennsylvania and later in Sun City Center, Florida. King’s most significant contribution to the radical conservative holiness cause has been as an editor. In 1950, he began publishing *the Voice of the Nazarene*, which had a circulation of about 8,000 in 2001. This periodical gained and has retained a reputation for being among the most radical instruments of conservative holiness propaganda. King, who has been editor since the paper’s inception, has persisted in aggressive assaults against liberalism both within and outside the holiness movement.

“King’s urgent warnings against apostasy, often couched in vitriolic language, have been frequently oriented against the Roman Catholic Church, the National Council of Churches, the charismatic movement, and such ecumenical endeavors as Promise Keepers. These disputations have sometimes led to the courtroom. For example, many holiness people applauded King’s 1962 victory in a libel suit brought by the Roman Catholic Knights of Columbus.

“Some of King’s most intense criticism has been reserved for those within the holiness movement whom he has viewed as guilty of compromise with the world, especially those who have violated traditional holiness taboos. King has thus unreservedly declared himself a ‘Sweet Radical Holiness’ adherent, condemning culture-accommodating holiness people.”



**Youngest Brother Franklin and W. L. King**

## Chapter 22

# Move to Florida

In the life of every minister there comes a time in a long pastorate when God says it is time to move on. After more than thirty-two years pastoring the Little Red Brick Church and conducting camp meetings at God's Thirty Acres and publishing and printing papers, books, tracts, and cassette tapes, I felt the tap of God's finger on my shoulder.

I was fifty-five years old and Belisa was fifty-four years old and the mother of seven children. They were all in their late teens or older, and most of them were scattered all over the country busy with the life each of them desired. At the time, Brother and Sister Wilbur Tremain were living on the campgrounds at God's Thirty Acres.

One thing about starting camp meeting building stands out. It is usually a very lonely job. When we had purchased the thirty acres, back in the early 1960s, it was just raw acreage and had to be developed. Now, don't you think that donated help is plentiful and that people fall all over themselves to give a hand or two. I remember, we were clearing land. I put out a call to all the preachers and friends that we would have a few work days. I got up, bright and early, and got our tools out for land clearing plus some things for lunch. By 8:00 a.m. I was down in the woods hacking at brush. I keep looking up the hill for some signs of motions, perhaps a car or truck. I strained my head by turning toward the dirt road, in order to hear a car motor. About noon, just worn out, dealing with the ax and saw, I finally realized that it was a work party of one person.



Over the years we had some very faithful helpers. One man, Brother Osgood, came from Oregon and spent many years with us, helping. Brother and Sister Jim Ellis were with us for many years and later came from Florida to work with me shoulder to shoulder to build God's Acres in Sun City Center, Florida. Brother Calvin from Cincinnati, Ohio spent many years working with me. Many others helped us finance the work at God's Thirty Acres and later, God's Acres.

I might mention that Brother and Sister Fred High and Sister High's mother helped us greatly in financing the campgrounds in Florida. I might mention Brother and Sister Wilfrid Hallam, Brother and Sister Wilbur Tremain, and Brother and Sister Wilfrid Moutoux who spent years as the Bible teachers. All of them were great persons. Many, many more helped in various ways to build the two great campgrounds with their financial means. Some still live today from that era who are helping us to continue by their financial means to spread gospel literature around the world. I remember with fond thoughts the thousands and thousands of those I corresponded with and who made possible the man called W. L. King, a radical, to continue and continue and continue. Many thought this man would be gone long ago, done in by some of his many enemies. I do want to say here that even to those who tried to destroy us, I never wrote mean letters or failed to greet them when we met on the road.



**Brother and Sister Fred High**

Well, we did it. WE MINDED GOD. I had two old trucks at that time. One truck was hitched to an office trailer and filled

with all our office equipment. The other truck pulled an old thirty-foot trailer loaded down with our clothing, dishes, small furniture, and tools. Wife Belisa drove the trailer (fifth wheel) and I drove the office trailer. With some of our friends gathered around who waved and waved, we headed south to Florida and a new work, not knowing what was before us.

We made a safe trip even though we had to go up over the big bridge from St. Petersburg to Bradenton, Florida. It looked like the bridge just went up and up. (Later the bridge was toppled over by a tugboat and many lost their lives.) We made it. My, but I have a great wife. She would dare anything and would follow me to the ends of the earth if I asked her to. I found I had sugar diabetes and could not fly, so she learned to fly that we might continue our missionary work.

Well, we pulled into Brother Wilbur Tremain's place in Bradenton.

We began to pray about what our ministry was to be. It was raining. We prayed, it rained. We prayed, it rained. Finally it quit, like it always does, and we were able to get our truck out of the mud. We headed up Route 301 out of Bradenton, toward Sun City Center. We noticed a sign: Lots for Sale. We turned in



**W. L. King at God's Acres in Florida**

and went to the office. I learned that they had a commercial campground for sale. The first time we looked at the place, God said, “This is it.” A deal was made, and one evening we pulled our two old trucks and two trailers in what was to be known as God’s Acres. The place was run down and brush was everywhere on the more than seventeen acres. Well, my boy Danny and I started to work and we worked and worked, and it seemed that the more we did, the more there was to do.

We always attended the Hobe Sound Camp Meeting, and many times were invited to the platform to lead in prayer.

It was at Hobe Sound that I met Brother and Sister Wilfrid Moutoux and invited them to come to God’s Acres and teach the Bible studies. They agreed to come, and over the years of the 1980s-1990s they came each year. Also, Brother Moutoux began writing for *The Voice of the Nazarene*. He also wrote for many other papers, including *God’s Revivalist*, being one of their staff writers.

He received a letter from President Bence Miller of God’s Bible School stating that he could not write for *The Voice of the Nazarene* and *God’s Revivalist*, both. He had to cease writing for *The Voice of the Nazarene*. I am glad that he chose to write for us and he is doing so to this day (2001). Brother and Sister Moutoux remained my friends and associates through all of our battles of 1980–2001. He was a friend that stuck “closer than a brother.”

The last time Brother Moutoux and I attended the camp at Hobe Sound, the evangelists were Brother Paul West and Brother Millard Downing. Brother Paul West was preaching “up a storm” and was hitting the sin of owning a television. Evangelist D. W. Fossit stormed up the aisle, preaching away. He arrived at the podium, set Brother West aside gently, and said, “Brother West, I have the rest of this message.” Brother West willingly took a back seat and begin to amen the good Brother Fossit. I believe Brother Fossit was from the Allegheny Conference. Well, Brother Fossit did have the message. I remember he said, “You

folk sitting out there with your ‘little possum grins,’ you think you have folk fooled, but you have your TV hid around the house somewhere. Your little possum grins gives you away.” This good man had preached many times from the Hobe Sound pulpit. The TV crowd condemned this



**Brother and Sister Wilson Douglas**

good man to hell, but those who were spiritual were on their feet shouting and running up and down the aisle. I believe this was the time that Brother Wilson Douglas “ran the pews” from one end to the other of that large tabernacle.

Brother Paul West came to me shortly afterward and said, “Brother Fossit was really in the Spirit and had the message.” Also, this good brother said, “This will be the last time that I will be called to Hobe Sound.” Later that day Brother Millard Downing and I were talking. He said, “Brother King, this will be my last trip to Hobe Sound. They will not call me again.” This insight was true. They were not. That year while Sister Irene Hanley was preaching she said, “I came here as a young, worldly girl. I was a seeker after holiness and wanted to be sanctified. I noted the dress of the women and the men. You were dressed modestly and reflected holiness. **YOU HAVE CHANGED.** You are not the same crowd that Brother H. Robb French introduced me to, or I have known down over the years.” For many years Sister Hanley had the platform and preached. She was on the old line. The words of these three people reflected the change in the “Sweet Radical Holiness Movement” when they as a whole adopted the name “Conservative Holiness.”

From then till this day, the term “radical” has been “taboo” in the Come Out Movement of the 1950s.

I remember about this time, the early 1980s, that some of the leaders composed an article that they thought would put W. L. King out of the Lord’s business of publishing the gospel and publishing *The Voice of the Nazarene* as well as conducting camp meetings. This warning was printed in many of the church publications as well as in the big convention paper and the big missionary work at Summerfield, Florida. Well, I always said that if God be with you, nothing that others do can harm you, but rather, it will help you. This was the case. Our publication grew and grew until it was larger than all the other conservative holiness publications combined. In fact, the publishing of this article condemning us did not hinder many of the leading evangelists from coming to God’s Acres. The big convention leaders helped us greatly in their condemnation of Brother King. Most of my old enemies are gone, and I feel that some of them made a “safe landing” on heaven’s shores. Others, I rest in the hands of Jesus and the Judgment. Brother King is still around, banging away.

I have noticed that many preach much about asking forgiveness for harming others with false reports. I have had very few ever come and ask forgiveness. My old friend, Brother Tom Rimmel, was one who did, after I almost died of diabetes in a motel room alone after being stabbed in the back by those purporting to be my friends. These were men who had eaten at my table and slept in my beds. They waylaid me in a camp in Ohio: a camp that I had been personally invited to attend, so that I could be set up. In the lonely hours of that night, I felt all had forsaken me. But that morning, Brother Howard McConkey, along with Tom Rimmel and Bill McCoy, appeared with prayer and food. At times on that night, I felt like Daniel in the lions’ den, but experienced deliverance by the hand of God.

Many, many others have experienced this rejection by false brethren. I remember in history how Brutus and his friends stabbed Julius Caesar to death. These back stabbers were the purported friends of Caesar. Caesar turned to Brutus and said, "Thou too Brutus." I remember a good friend, Brother Paul West, who was rejected by his many friends in order that a more liberal man might be appointed General Superintendent. This man, they thought, would fit in better with the liberal change in the new Conservative Holiness Movement.

I felt God had a mission for W. L. King and *The Voice of the Nazarene*. That mission was to defend the doctrines and standards of "sweet radical holiness." You did not need to seek far for examples of rejection of the Old Paths. I joined the REMNANT.

It was H. Robb French who said, "God will always have a remnant." It was Glenn Griffith who proclaimed that there would be a day when the "Come Out Movement" of the 1950s would backslide, but would continue in a new and strange path that would slide downward and back to the same old backslidden condition that the old line holiness churches chose to follow. This happened in the late 1980s and the 1990s. All across the so-called Conservative Holiness Movement there arose men who proclaimed the original, radical, holiness message: that a remnant would continue to exist but that most ministers and lay people would cave in, and would have a form of holiness, but NO power. I believe that most honest-hearted people will agree with the statements of these men. A new center for radical holiness appeared under the leadership of Brother Millard Downing and like men. They brought in men like Brother Archie Atwell and others who were NOT afraid of the term RADICAL HOLINESS. Many evangelists were canceled who were going along with the liberalization and were members of organizations that had chosen the new term, Conservative.

*The Voice of the Nazarene* publication exposed sin in high places: never gossip, as many charged, but rather with truth and solid evidence that proved without a shadow of doubt that what I wrote was true. There were so many battles that I just cannot take the time and space to write of all of them.

I busted wide open the holiness drug business within the Holiness Movement. In this time period, many, many preachers and lay persons sought riches by means of “herbs” sales from church pulpits. I am not opposed to herbs like potatoes, carrots, onions, etc., but rather that which made false claims of healing.

A good preacher friend from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania got hooked on Jason Winters’ Tea. Mr. Winters did not own the vast company that made this, but rather his wife posed as a front.

Mr. Winters claimed that by using his tea, anybody could be cured of cancer. Many people dying of cancer consumed gallons and gallons of this tea. I have in my files the statement of Mr. Winters that this tea was more potent when doses were took by the twelve signs of the zodiac. Of course this takes in the business of witchcraft. This is a false teaching of astrology. Included in the teachings of Mr. Winters were cult teachings by Edward Cayced and John Christopher, noted psychics. The New Age teachings were involved with the Jason Winters Tea. Can you imagine that this business was being peddled from holiness pulpits all across the land? On page two of *The Guardian Angel*, No. 15, November, 1984 appears a picture of the associate pastor of the big holiness church in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He said, “If you took Jason Winters’ Tea your blood would be purified and you would be holy and sanctified.” Just how far can we get from gospel truth?

Jason Winters threatened to sue me, as did Jimmy Swaggart. In fact, so many holiness preachers threatened to sue me that I lost count and told each one to “get in line.” Why did they threaten? BECAUSE WE WERE DRYING UP THEIR MONEY SUPPLY.

The good brother pastor in Philadelphia finally realized the truth and sent us a check for \$100.00 before he passed away via his cancer. This was a good man deceived, but he found out before it was too late.

I could hardly believe the hundreds of letters I received from holiness preachers who were into the quack quack herb fraud. I do NOT oppose the proper use of any vegetable, root, vine, fruit, and any and all edible foods. But can you believe FROG SCUM from a lake in Oregon? This fraudulent bit of debris is called Blue-green Manna. A letter from a preacher in Pennsylvania said: "A lady from Pennsylvania, seventy-three years old, was scheduled for a bypass operation because of valve blockage, and after taking Blue-green Manna several months, was cured. A doctor examined her and said she had the circulation and blood pressure of a forty-year-old." This was not saying much, for many die of heart trouble in their forties.

Another quack quack who threatened to sue me was ORION. This was a combination of many herbs run by a company located at Hobe Sound, Florida. Many of the personnel of Hobe Sound Bible School, including the school president, were involved. Students were used to fill bottles and orders. The only problem was that ORION was involved in wholistic and New Age ideas and methods. Through the efforts of Sister Cathy Burns and *The Voice of the Nazarene*, these quack quacks went out of business, leaving the Hobe Sound on-campus store with thousands of dollars' worth of their worthless pills. One of their slogans was BACK TO EDEN. Well, you know what happened in the Garden of Eden, do you not? If you took more than a fraction of those items listed in their catalogs, you would be stuffed full of junk.

You can well imagine the flack we received from around the world. Well, Sister Burns kept writing. One article attributed to her able pen was the exposure of Reflexology, which I



called “toe pullers.” Many, many holiness preachers went around the country rubbing and pressing the feet of men and women. I was abhorred at the thought of men preachers on their knees, no, not praying, but rubbing the feet of those sick in their congregations. Can you imagine holiness preachers doing this? Well, I knew a few missionary men doing just this. At our God’s Acres camp I found a prominent holiness evangelist in a back room rubbing a woman’s foot; the husband was waiting for his treatment. Well, I sent them all down the road.

Now, I can see some saying, “No wonder W. L. King is called a radical.” Well, you read some of the books on our *Voice of the Nazarene* Digital Holiness CD, and you will find many of the old-time evangelists that preached it stronger and straighter than most of us do today.

I used what little influence I had while on the General Board of the IHC. How did you get in that exalted position, Brother King?

The General Secretary was talking to Brother Nick Fair and was saying that he had all the General Leaders on the IHC Board (Interchurch Holiness Convention). Brother Fair said, “Brother W. L. King is not on it.” A few months later I was invited to become a member at the last IHC meeting at Huntington, West Virginia. Brother Spencer Johnson was a member at that time. I remember Brother Johnson saying, “Wait a minute.” When we got to the top of the stairs, he opened his billfold and gave me a \$20.00 bill for *The Voice of the Nazarene*.

I took my stand on several very important issues, one being the “flea market” at the IH Conventions. A man by the name of Thurman McCoy had a health center booth set up, selling quack quack pills, lotions, powders, and assorted repelling looking things. He was just one of many. Above his booth was a large fifteen-foot banner. It looked like one of those you would see at a carnival or fair, only this one was more weird. This

banner overlooked the Convention platform and could be seen from much of the Convention auditorium. As I was gaping at it, along came the Conference President of the New York Pilgrim Church. I believe it was Brother Andrew Whitney. "Brother King, what is THAT?" "Well, Brother Whitney, that is what we are exchanging our 'anointing oil' for. I don't like it either." "You wait here," he said. A few minutes later here came two men with a big ladder. They climbed up and took the big sign down.

Well, that caused a commotion. The "I don't want our Convention turned into a flea market" and "those who approved of the flea market" were at odds. And who do you think got blamed? Of course, that RADICAL KING.

Not long after Brother Leonard Sankey wrote me and said that all flea market stuff was now banned. Brother Sankey later become the General Secretary after Brother Harold Schmul went on home to Glory.

But while Brother Schmul was still living, he used others to work up a scheme to rid the IHC of W. L. King. It was whispered around that he causes too much trouble. A liberal preacher by the name of Young was named to do the job. I was walking to the meeting room and just walking through a door, when I heard the voice of the General Secretary. "Has anyone seen W. L. King? Be sure he gets to this meeting." I had been set up and I could see some were confused, especially my old friend, D. P. Denton. Others had a smile of triumph upon their faces. Their revenge was sweet. They had gotten rid of the troublemaker. Someone was heard to say, "We do not need any radicals around here."

We had many other battles while in the twenty-two years in camp meeting work in Florida. But this book is getting too big already, and I am trying to find somewhere to stop. So much has happened in our more than fifty years of preaching and writing, I cannot get it all in.

I had been slowing down for several years. Drastic pains in my chest would sometimes cause me to cry out. I was taking pills for the pain. The last camp meeting had just closed. Some of my closest brothers had turned against us and joined with some of our enemies. I had just put much effort in getting the camp ready and doing the many things needed for camp. I had picked up quite a few campers at the airport over forty miles away in city traffic, and now the camp meeting was closed.

On Tuesday I went to the library. I got out of the car and fell to the ground. I staggered into the library and passed out. I awoke with some lady putting a coat over me and another putting a jacket under my head. In the background I heard a siren approaching at high speed. They rushed in and began to work with me while others rolled me on a stretcher, putting blood or something from a needle in my arm, with someone carrying me and the bottle.

For the first time in my life I was taking a ride in an ambulance. While on the emergency couch, they found that I had had a stroke or heart attack. The doctor came and said, "You had a heart attack, but we cannot do anything for you at this time." Later, I learned that my HMO in Florida was refusing BYPASS SURGERY for older people. It cost too much and we just did not have that long to live and it would not be worth it.

Things were happening fast now. After twenty-one years in camp meeting work and publishing the gospel in Florida, I felt led to pray about the future. At a called meeting of *The Voice of the Nazarene*, it was decided that none felt led to take over the camp. It was agreed 100% to sell the camp to a good holiness group and use the funds for a trust to publish gospel literature. At this time I did not know if I would ever be able to do much.

The grounds were sold to The Florida District of God's Missionary Church, which, I understand, is separate from their

general church. This was done. A good man was left in charge, using many of the same people as we had used.

My boy Danny came from Florida and helped us move back. Of course after twenty-two years we had much more junk than when we came down. We had an auction to sell most of it, but still had several trucks full. Danny drove one truck and I drove the same fifth wheel that my wife had driven down. The trailer was over thirty years old.

We arrived in Washington, Pennsylvania and the movers unpacked. I was rushed to the doctor who put me in the hospital for a triple bypass surgery. The operation went great and I told my folk to go home and get a good night's rest. My, was this a mistake! Little did I know that I almost killed myself that night.

I do appreciate all the prayers of my friends, some of whom have undergone bypasses of their own. I might say that I am a "baby" when it comes to operations. I did resign myself to undergo all the probes, shots, blood withdrawals, intravenous transfusions, drugs, tubes into my lungs and stomach, being stuck every hour on the hour, awakened to be given sleeping pills, and the discomfort of all the other things that doctors stay up nights "dreaming up" to torment the poor patient.

This being my first major operation, I was not quite sure of what to expect. If I could have envisioned all that it entailed, I would have probably fled the state of Pennsylvania for Alaska or some other far-flung place.

They did not tell me that they would use a "hack saw" to cut into my chest or that they would bend and break ribs in order to expose my heart, nor that they would expose my heart and disconnect it with a "bypass" while they cut arteries from my legs to replace the veins that were damaged.

A look at my chest reminds me of the old Frankenstein movies I saw as a young boy, where they brought a dead man back to life using spare body parts, but then, I will not be exposing my chest to the public by the wearing of swimsuits

or sunbathing. As a good friend of mine, now gone to heaven, Brother John Homner, advocated: "If you want to go swimming, go in your private bathroom, draw a large tub of pure water, and relax and swim all you want. If you want a tan, just get a nice sun lamp, plug it in, and tan all you want." In other words, stay off the public beaches, where the world shows their nakedness.

I went to the operating room, like a "lamb led to the slaughter," not knowing what to expect. I was drugged and rendered unconscious, but my mind was still active. Now, different folk react to this situation in different ways, and of course I had to be "different."

I remembered nothing of the operation, save lights blinking, strange voices, weird sounds, strange feelings, and an overpowering sense of being restrained. I remember the tube being removed from my throat and my being placed on a bed with more strange lights and sound.

For some reason, I felt that I was a captive of strange people and that I must escape, and that night I did. I pulled out the restraints, the tubes, the drips, and the line to my hand. I climbed out of the hospital bed, just minutes after the lights were out. I just had to get out of that place for they were out to kill me. I ran down the wide hall with about fifteen nurses, orderlies, doctors, helpers, etc. after me. What a sight that must have been. I ducked into a room, ran into the bathroom, and locked the door. They began banging on the door and ordering me out. One man said they were going to shoot tear gas in on me. A moment later there was a loud bang, and at the bottom of the door lights flashed in. I was under attack. Pulling the shower curtains down on the floor, I covered the wide strip at the bottom of the door. There was another explosion, then another. I heard someone call out, "Call the fire department." By that time there was a large crowd gathered in the room and hall. I kept the lock locked

even though they tried to force it. I truly believed that I was under attack by enemy forces. Of course it was the strange drugs they use in our day that have the power to alter the thinking of the mind. What happened was NOT a dream. This actually happened.

Well, the fire department came, with helmets, axes, hoses, hammers, sledges, power blowers, and all the slick dress of the well-dressed fireman. They just blew the door down with some kind of compressed air. There I stood, in that little gown that covers nothing. The parade began, back to my room.

This time they taped my wrists and put a guard on me. About an hour later, I had worked the ties off my wrist, undone all the doctor's fine work, climbed out of the bed with my wrist bleeding, and grabbed the stand that holds the drip solution. A big black nurse came into the room, and as I advanced upon her she began to scream and scream. You would have thought I was killing her. Well, maybe I was, her being my captor. Well, they captured me again, and this time, they really tied me down. During the hours of the night I dreamed that I was a prisoner for life and would never get free. But morning finally came and I felt the hands of that big, black, kind nurse untying me. I thanked God that I was liberated.

I become the talk of the hospital. Folk came from different floors to see what I looked like: a man who had the strength to defy a large hospital force. Right after this excitement they placed a guard over me for the next two days.

That day I made apologies to doctors, nurses, orderlies, and other hospital personnel. By the time I was released, I had made friends with all the personnel. When I left many came to wish me well and said good\bye. My, what a great bunch of people.

Within three weeks I could drive. It has been almost two years now, and I am putting in full time in the office and doing the whole job of producing *The Voice of the Nazarene*.

As of November 20, 2001 I am feeling well and thinking perhaps I can make it to 101 (if Jesus tarries), as did my Uncle John Sayre.

All of my seven children took turns taking care of their old dad. They came from all over the country. We love all our children and pray for their salvation.

I feel Jesus has many more years for me to serve Him as editor of *The Voice of the Nazarene*. I want to “stand in the gap” and help “make up the hedge” in these last days.

I desire your prayers and support for this most important ministry.

I will close this little book with the words of General McArthur—a little changed.

OLD PREACHERS NEVER DIE, THEY JUST FADE AWAY.



**Tanna**

## Chapter 23

# Going Home—Back to West Virginia

At the age of 78 and 79 (almost) Sister Belisa and I are going home, back to the mountains of West Virginia, where we started our ministry over 52 years ago. Many of the saints mentioned in the early part of our book have gone on before us to heaven.

My wife's youngest brother has now grown up and is pastoring a fine church in Craigsville, West Virginia, a little mountain town sitting on top of the Blue Ridge Range. While

not a large church, it is the best of over 12 churches in this small town. Brother Harley D. McClung is a fine and an able preacher.

Why move in your old age? Well, I remember reading about the elephants: when they approach the end of their life span, they travel many miles to be near their family graveyard. Well, I feel the urge as do these elephants, to be near my long-gone loved ones and to be buried beside my mother and my kin. Strange? Well, what is so strange about this? Don't many folk purchase their grave sites long before they need them?



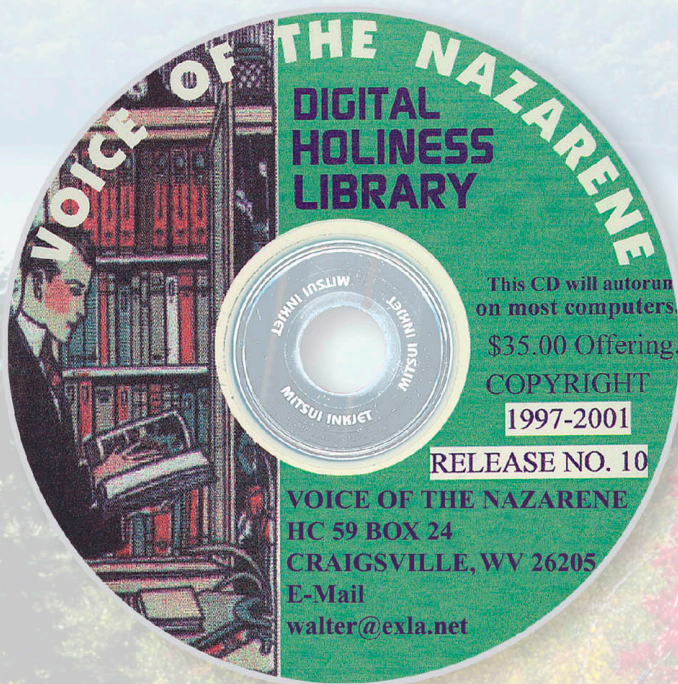
**W. L. King and Wife**



I AM NOT RETIRING. PREACHERS DON'T RETIRE; THEY ARE CALLED FOR LIFE. We will continue as Editor of *The Voice of the Nazarene*. Our CDs work in covering the world, and now, our web page is sending out more books and gospel literature than we have ever before sent out in our entire life. Thousands of books have been added, and these are being read, printed, and distributed to every country in the world.

I as well as Belisa covet your prayers and help in our LATTER DAYS MINISTRY of Brother and Sister King.

We plan to be buried in the Stone Family Graveyard, not far from Ripley, West Virginia. When I make it, please stop by for a chat.



**This CD is available for an offering of just \$35.00 to help us spread the gospel.**

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