

Street police station.

Undismayed, with colors flying, voices singing, instruments blaring, The Salvation Army procession moved along to jail. A hooting mob of some 2,000 people surrounded the marchers and every conceivable kind of missile was aimed at Joe and his band. As the police were also part of the procession they too came in rather unexpectedly for their share of the punishment.

At the police station the entire squad was locked in one big cell. Like Paul and Silas, they spent the night singing hymns and praising God until the authorities decided there was too much noise and withdrew the enthusiastic Joe to be confined in a separate cell. Thereupon these prisoners for Jesus' sake lay on the cold bare floor of the prison and got such rest as the circumstances permitted.

**SECRETS REVEALED ON TRIAL**

A tremendous crowd gathered at the police court the next day to witness the trial of the "Hallelujahs."

Several of the eyewitnesses for the prosecution at the trial of Lieutenant Joe Garabed and San Francisco's cadets declared themselves to be proprietors of eating-houses. But cross-examination brought out the fact that they were saloon keepers. Thus the secret of the opposition to The Salvation Army was out.

Eventually the judge decided the case in favor of the Salvationists, a sad disappointment to those who hated the Army because of its God-inspired mission, and had been the cause of all the rumpus.

**PORTLAND, ORE.**

**BLOW YOUR HORN**

Joe's next appointment was at East Portland, Ore. In this city there was an ordinance forbidding the blowing of horns. This was unfortunate for the Salvationists, for their new officer felt a horn was an absolute necessity in attracting the people's attention to preach to them the gospel message and turn the thoughts of the sinning masses Godward.

Thus it came about that the paraphernalia of seven soldiers and officers, consisting of two drums, three cornets and two tambourines, caused a great deal of trouble. The group included the now Brigadier J. Newton Parker, Mrs. Parker, Lt. W. Hayes (now a retired Commandant and a soldier at Newark 1, N.J.) and the late Lt. Colonel L. M. Simonson.

The procession had formed and the instruments had begun to do their part when the marshal hove into sight, tapped the leader on the shoulder and motioned for the march to head towards the jail.

Seeking a tune appropriate to the occasion the cornet players struck up "Never Run Away," an entirely proper selection in the circumstances, as the city marshals prefer their prisoners not to run away.

The mob acted less appropriately, however. It followed the march, yelling and hooting derision. Eggs of doubtful age and certain antiquity were thrown, and the back of the marshal's neck was at



least one target, which was hit.

Nothing if not thorough, the cornets continued their "Never Run Away" tune until the prison gates clanged after them and they were relieved of their instruments.

**FINED FOR PRAISING JESUS**

Fortunately the women of the party were released, to appear on their recognizance, for the local jail was a vermin-infested, filthy hole 25 feet by 10 feet, with but three cells containing three one-man bunks, all of which were totally unfit for any half-decent man to use.

With blocks of wood for pillows, and rolled in their great coats on the hard floor, the Salvationists managed, however, to live through the first night. Next day they were fined 20 dollars each.

"Praise the Lord!" exclaimed Joe the Turk, ever optimistic.

"Contempt of court," opined the Judge, and raised Garabed's fine to 50 dollars.

**NO MONEY, NO BAIL**

The fines were not paid and sentences were served at the rate of a day for each two dollars.

The food in the jail was of the worst kind possible. For instance, one day a chicken was served, but it was so decayed that prisoners pushed it out through the bars into the prison yard. A lost dog, in the custody of police, rushed up with great anticipation but refused to touch it.

After ten days the others were released, and Joe was left to himself. Then he got tremendously busy.

**TELL IT TO JESUS!**

Providence came to his aid, although it was in the form of a drunken companion.

He arrived in the cell, soaking wet. He had spent his last cent on drink, and was looking for a lodging. His search ended at the jail. It appeared he made good money at his trade, but usually spent it all on drink, and landed in the lock-up.

"This is a tough place to find a lodging," he stammered, looking towards Joe. But no answer was forthcoming.

Then after vainly trying to sleep he told the Salvationist that he had not yet been able to find a soft part of the board he was lying on.

"Tell it to Jesus!" advised Joe.

That phrase stuck in the man's memory, and later, when sober, he had

a long conversation with the Lieutenant on things spiritual and eventually got converted.

**LET'S PAINT THE JAIL**

The thing that interested Joe was the fact that his companion was a sign painter, and that his brushes, with cans of black and red paint, had been bundled with him into the jail. An idea occurred to him and he conveyed it to his new convert.

The jail had been newly whitewashed, and the two started to paint. The sign writer designed the letters and Joe Garabed filled them in.

Thus it was that soon 13 mottoes with letters a foot high were painted on the corridor walls of the prison. They read, "Prepare to Meet Your God," "Where Will

You Spend Eternity?" "Jesus Is the Drunkard's Friend." "The Best Friend to Have Is Jesus," "Remember Mother's Prayer," etc.

The grand climax of their endeavor was to be a replica of the Stars and Stripes. Unfortunately, just as they got to the last few stripes the paint ran out. Soon after, the jailor came with breakfast.

"What does this mean?" he inquired sternly, pointing to their efforts of the early morning hours.

"Decoration Day is coming," murmured Joe meekly, if with some elation. Soon after the man went out and rounded up a number of people to show them what had happened.

**SIGNS POINT THE WAY**

Judge Lewellyn was in the fore-run of the investigating party. "What does this mean?" shouted the Judge.

"This," said Joe, "means that salvation is come to this house."

Then Joe pointed to the sign, "Are You Saved From Sin?" and calmly said, "If you were saved, Judge, you would not have put me in this place."

Then he took the magistrate to the other signs and stopped before the one that read, "Jesus Is the Drunkard's Friend."

"You're always drunk, Judge," said Joe very kindly. "Jesus Is the Friend You Need."

**JUDGE FINDS JESUS**

Judge Lewellyn was greatly taken hold of both by Joe's fervent and sincere manner as well as the slogans he and the painter had inscribed on the prison walls. The hallowed influences that started in the judge's heart that day after wards led to his conversion, as is evidenced by a letter sent to Joe the Turk by Rev. R. W. Halm, of East Portland, which reads:

"I write you today to let you know that the power of God has been wonderfully displayed in the salvation of the police

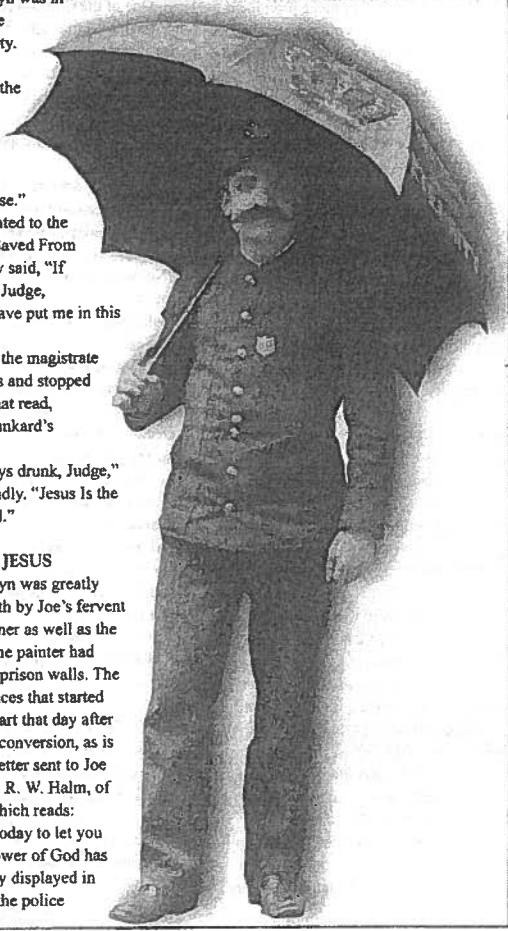
judge who sentenced Adjutant Parker, Captain Loney, and others over a year ago to East Portland city jail for marching the streets for Jesus, giving 'Joe the Turk' 15 days extra for saying, 'Praise the Lord!' in the court room. A few days since the same judge has returned from his office, but was too drunk to get up the steps into the house, and was lying prostrate when a Christian man, passing, offered to assist him, and called him 'brother.'

"The kind word and the ringing of the church bell nearby at the time so enraged him that he went into the house raving like one possessed of the devil. A short time afterward he found his way into the basement of his house to get some stove-wood, and in a miraculous manner as Saul of Tarsus there was the conscious presence of a Supernatural Being, and, like Saul, he cried out, 'Who art Thou?' The answer came, 'I am Jesus, who is ready to save you.'

"Falling on his knees, he cried for mercy. Soon after he rushed up to his wife's room and told her that he had met the Lord! This frightened his wife. She thought he had become crazy. But she was soon convinced of his sanity when he asked her to pray for him and fell on his knees asking God for Christ's sake to forgive all his sins.

"The winding up of the matter was, the Judge lost all his dignity, was gloriously saved, and in the church and everywhere he goes testifies to the saving power of Jesus. He attributes his conversion to the prayers of The Salvation Army, and says from this time

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*"Inebriation is bondage to body and to soul."*

on the Army will find in him a firm friend, and said to the writer, 'God bless Joe the Turk! I wish I could see him! Hallelujah to the Lamb forever!'

"The Judge," said Staff-Captain Garabed of today, "afterwards became an Army soldier and was glad to even carry the flag to aid the Army in proclaiming its message."

He was instrumental in protecting Joe's painted slogans in the jail for a number of years, and many people from all parts of the country visited the spot to view them. In fact it is stated that one time the local railroad company allowed stopover tickets for this purpose.

#### DRUNKARD'S DOOM

Novel methods ever had a prominent place in Joe the Turk's plan of campaign. Soon after getting out of jail in East Portland in 1890, he determined to stir interest in The Salvation Army and its message, yea, even to boiling point, so he induced a fellow officer, Captain DeLong, who was somewhat of an artist, to use his art to good purpose in some sanctified advertising.

A light skeleton of a coffin was made and covered with linen to give transparency; then there were three candles for illumination, which showed a bottle of old rye and a serpent coiled around it. There were also cards, and other implements of the devil with suggestive lettering showing the misery and ultimate death they so often brought to their victims. In large words, "The Drunkard's Doom," showed across the coffin, and in each "D" there was a representation of a jail gate to suggest bondage to body as well as to soul. This most suggestive sign had a repulsive capping with a prominent skull and crossbones painted on it.

Great excitement was caused when The Army marched down the street with their tableau sign.

The saloon keepers ran to their doors and vainly tried to laugh off the ghastly impression of their business reflected by the coffin sign, yet it seemed that the shades of the hundreds of drunkards they had led to prison, death and Hell stifled the laugh in their throats. A great impression was made. Many new people were attracted to the Army hall and glorious scenes of soul saving were witnessed.

## 1891 CHICAGO

#### SALVATION OR DAMNATION

Joe the Turk was ever ready to turn the most insignificant situation to advantage for the extension of the Kingdom of God. When in 1891 he arrived in Chicago there was painted on his baggage in gold letters, "Salvation or Damnation." Curiosity at once drew a crowd. Within a few moments of his arrival, Garabed was preaching a red-hot sermon to the people so easily intrigued by this simple though startling label.

#### FORGING AHEAD

One of the Chicago corps was housed in a little disused church. Two lassie officers were in charge. Gangs of hoodlums, who also broke practically every window in the building, continually disturbed the Army meetings. There was no police protection. Open-air services were taboo.

When Joe arrived he forthwith suggested an open-air. "I'll have to get a permit," said the captain.

"Useless motions," Joe declared. "Nevertheless, I'll come with you to see the captain of police." So away they went to the precinct police station.

The officer on desk duty declared the captain was not in. He saw a chance to presume to be flirtatious with the lassie Salvationist. But Joe spied the captain in an adjoining room and again asked to see him to get the necessary permit.

"No," was still the monotonic reprisal.

So Garabed pitched into the man behind the desk in a warm verbal tilt. "All right," he declared with emphasis. "We've done our part. We've come to you like ladies and gentlemen, now you'll come for us."

And with that parting shot the Salvationists went to hold their open-air service.

#### SANCTIFIED AUDACITY

Joe's sanctified audacity worked. The police did not interfere with their proclamation of the gospel.

But the corps was on the outskirts of the city and few people were attracted. Joe could not be satisfied, so moved to Chicago 3, which was situated on a main thoroughfare, for the weekend campaign.

The young Turk rallied the Salvationist forces for a great open-air meeting. "If the police ask for your permit," he insisted, "refer them to me."

The meeting was still young when a cop did ask the corps officer to show the written sanction for the gathering. He was referred to Garabed, who, however, kept playing his cornet as if there were no such thing as a policeman in sight.

"Does he understand English?" asked the arm of the law.

For answer, Joe had the soldiers present march single file around the cop, singing, "Oh, Yes, There's Salvation for You!"

The policeman gave in, dumfounded and embarrassed. He did not trouble The Army further.

Surely Joe was as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove in dodging an awkward situation.

At the Chicago 9 corps about this time there was active police opposition to Army work. When any special meeting was announced they would break up the gathering by coming to the hall and hauling the Salvationists in uniform off to the hoosegow.

They were kept in jail until the morning, and then the jailor would say, "Do you fellows want to go home now? All right, go ahead."

Having broken up the meeting the police were apparently satisfied. These methods were repeated time and time again.

#### REQUESTING A TRIAL

When Joe Garabed was the "special," on one occasion at No. 9 he was offering the opening prayer at his first meeting when the police dragged him from his knees to prison. Eight others were taken with him.

The following morning there was the usual procedure. "Want to go home?"

"Yes," said Joe, "but I want to know when my trial is coming up."

"Trial? We don't give any one a trial here."

"Well," Joe answered, "I'll have a trial or know the reason why."

The police were nonplussed. Here was a new specimen. They hardly knew what to do about it. But finally Captain Garabed

was told he had better go.

"You'll hear from me again," was the parting shot of the irrepressible one, fired long range at the police captain. And the said captain did hear.

Joe immediately interviewed all the local editors and a crusade was started through the papers.

A certain Mr. Pope, a very prominent lawyer, was consulted. He demanded that police persecution cease or the matter would be taken to the highest courts. The chief of police saw imminent danger. "Save me," he said to Joe. "There's hope for the whosoever," was the characteristic reply.

#### ENTRAPMENT

Here was provided the opportunity to detail the entire system of persecution. It showed that when any special meeting was scheduled at the No. 9 hall that cops from distant beats had been in the habit of leaving their posts and hastening to the Army to break up the gathering.

A trap was set for the offenders. Ten policemen were caught and tried, receiving a sixty-day suspension and a fine of \$60 for neglect of duty and failing to protect the public.

That spelled finis to the persecution. Next day the mayor ordered that there should be no more unwarranted arrests. Moreover, police were detailed to march with the Army processions and to guard the doors of Army halls.

What a victory for Salvationist daring!

#### HIT BY A WAGON

But though police opposition ceased there were other persecuting elements. On one occasion so great were the crowds attracted by the message of Joe and his Salvationist cohorts that the neighboring saloon was nigh emptied of its patrons.

The saloon keeper was furious and

*"Oh, Yes, There's  
Salvation for You!"*



later while driving his horse and buggy down the main street he plunged it into the midst of the Army open-air. Joe the Turk was playing his cornet and failed to see what was happening. The result was that he was knocked down and the buggy passed entirely over one side of his body, barely missing his head. His left leg was badly injured and he was hors de combat for some time.

The saloon keeper, however, was later arrested, fined 50 dollars and his position in the town was made so unbearable by some of his former customers that he was compelled to close the saloon and move out of the city.



**MACOMB, ILL.**

**CORRUPT POLITICIANS**

Such happenings developed the heroic in a daring personality, which, no matter what the opposition or persecution, could not easily be quenched.

There was the occasion, for instance, of certain visits to Macomb, Ill., when Captain Ivings (afterwards Major) was in charge with Lieutenant Stevenson. When Captain Joe Garabed arrived at the station there was no drumbeat of welcome, no hallelujah demonstration, because the mayor had forbidden local Salvationists to beat the drum in the open-air. The corps officers had a 14-day jail sentence hanging over their heads on that account. Garabed saw the situation as a challenge. "Who is the mayor?" he asked. "I must see him."

**DESPERADO**

The mayor proved to be a desperado who years before, in the days of local option when the town had declared itself dry, had invaded it with a band of his Texas henchmen. The invaders, all heavily armed, easily captured control of the place and soon had the whole town under their thumb.

The mayor opened a big saloon and ran it himself. He managed to retain power by the simple expedient of not allowing elections and resisting by brute force every attempt to oust him.

This caused Joe the Turk to sagely declare to his comrades, "If we're going to establish The Salvation Army in this city there's going to be some fighting."

There was. Throughout Saturday and Sunday an intensive open-air campaign was carried out without interference.

True, the mayor watched the

proceedings at one time from his window and looked fiercely at Garabed. But Garabed looked back at the mayor just as fiercely. The latter heard that Joe was in Macomb only for the weekend, so decided not to interfere.

**WESTERN SHOWDOWN**

On Monday morning the visiting captain was packing up to move on to his next engagement when both Ivings and Stevenson begged of him to interview the mayor on their behalf. Both of these officers were under farewell orders, and due to proceed to Sedalia, Mo., but dared not leave town because of their jail sentence.

There was 20 minutes before the train's departure, so Joe went to interview the mayor.

But when the mayor saw who was arriving at the courthouse, he left by a side door and commenced to run across the square. Joe spotted the move and ran after him. The two runners soon drew many followers. It must have been a curious sight: a saint chasing a devil.

They had not gone far when the crowd blocked the mayor's path and he perforce had to face the pursuing Salvationist.

Joe explained his case. The mayor hedged. "You've got to do something with these men," Garabed demanded. "Either imprison them or release them from their sentence."

So the mayor marched Ivings and Stevenson to the lockup to begin their sentence.

Joe the Turk, therefore, wired to the next city, "I've got a big job here. Unable to come." And forthwith took charge of the Macomb corps.

**GUN SLINGING MAYOR**

That night the entire local Salvationist forces had orders from their new captain to proceed to the jail and cheer up their commanding officers with song and testimony.

They did as they were told, but their actions so infuriated the mayor that he rushed toward the group and savagely hit the sergeant major, who, by the way, had been the town's worst drunkard. Still not satisfied, His Honor shot at him.

"I'll at least see that there is one less Salvationist in this town," he declared. But the gun refused to go off and the life of the sergeant major was thereby saved.

Joe heard about the fracas and was soon on the spot. When he arrived he found the mayor examining the gun and cursing loudly because the weapon had not achieved the desired purpose. Garabed was full of righteous indignation and placed his fist dangerously near the mayor's nose and said it was lucky for him the gun had not gone off.

**OUSTING THE ENEMY**

The new Army captain thereupon started a great campaign all over town to aid the imprisoned officers and to oust the mayor.

The entire city was stirred and a great parade was staged for the day when Ivings and Stevenson were to be released. Various organizations of the city and their bands promised to participate.

Joe the Turk went to the three local papers and got things hot by writing a column each day over his own signature

denouncing the conditions of the day. The great parade and rally were to be held in a local park where a big platform decorated with lanterns and flares had been erected.

The wily mayor, hoping to upset arrangements for the demonstration, released the Salvationists before their entire sentence had expired. But Joe went on with the proceedings just the same. He kept the great parade marching around the city hall then finally marched to the park.

The crowd hooted and howled for definite action against the mayor and his corrupt politicians.

His Honor, seeing the commotion and fearing for his life, cleared out of town, leaving everything. Next day the chief of police left also.

**RESTORING ORDER**

Joe thereupon declared himself mayor of Macomb, and appointed Ivings as his chief of police. They closed the big saloon amid scenes of great rejoicing. For five or six weeks there was the unusual situation of Salvation Army officers running the city. Finally they discovered someone whom they thought would make a good mayor.

They interviewed the good gentleman, and he agreed to their suggestion.

Another great rally was thereupon announced and proceeded in typical Salvation Army style. Joe announced the name of one of the town's editors to the assembled multitude, a well-known and respected personality, as a suitable candidate for the position of first citizen of Macomb, and his suggestion was received with great cheering, the motion being carried unanimously.

For a number of years afterwards Garabed used to carry a sign around on his campaigns lettered, "Joe the Turk, ex-Mayor of Macomb."

**WAUKEGAN, ILL.**

**DANGEROUS OPPOSITION**

It was to be expected that a man who dared for God as did Joe the Turk would frequently be a target of dangerous opposition, but God marvelously protected him.

In Waukegan, Ill., for instance, he went home one night after the meeting to his billet that was situated on the outskirts of the town. He had just arrived at the house and there was no suspicion of an enemy hidden in the darkness, until suddenly a pistol barked five times and the bullets whizzed uncomfortably near his head.

Fortunately, they all missed their target. It was later proved some ruffians had planned that night to get rid of the zealous Salvationist crusader once and for all.

**GREEN BAY, WIS.**

**HALTED HANGING**

"You're just the man I'm looking for," declared a certain divisional commander, as he ran into Joe Garabed in Chicago one day. "Come with me at once to Green Bay, Wis. I need your help. The toughs there are going to hang Stevenson, the corps officer."

So the pair rushed to Green Bay.

When they arrived there they found the town in a state of tremendous excitement. They were preparing to hang Lt. Stevenson at the big bridge, and thousands of people lined both sides of the culvert to see the hanging.

Joe took in the urgency of the situation at a glance. With fierce mien and admirable courage he rushed toward the bridge shouting to the crowd, "Open up, in the name of the Lord!"

In a manner almost miraculous the crowd fell back like a wave.

Joe rushed up to the Lieutenant, freed him, pulled him through the crowd and put him on a train to get him out of town. The crowd, mesmerized by such audacity, or heroism, hardly raised a voice in protest or a finger in opposition.

Some time later when General William Booth, the founder of The Salvation Army, was conducting a campaign in Milwaukee, the Governor of the State, introducing the General, said, "General, you have in your organization one of the most courageous men I have ever met. I refer to Joe the Turk." He then related the stirring epic of the attempted hanging at Green Bay.

Years later while traveling in Montana, Garabed came to Helena for a series of meetings. During the course of the first meeting a big man, a prominent real estate man of the district, arose from his seat and begged permission to say a few words. Then pointing to Joe, he said, "That's the man who saved my life." He was none other than Stevenson of Green Bay.

Staff-Captain Garabed of today rejoices in the eloquent testimony of a great crowd of people scattered throughout the United States, who affectionately pay their tribute when they point to Joe the Turk and say, "This is the man who led me to Jesus Christ and life abundant."

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### THE LEGEND LIVES ON

#### SALVATION ARMY HERO

Staff-Captain Joseph Garabed retired from active service in 1925 after nearly 38 years as a Salvation Army officer - years crammed with adventure, persecution, Christian daring and methods extraordinary that souls might be won for the Christ.

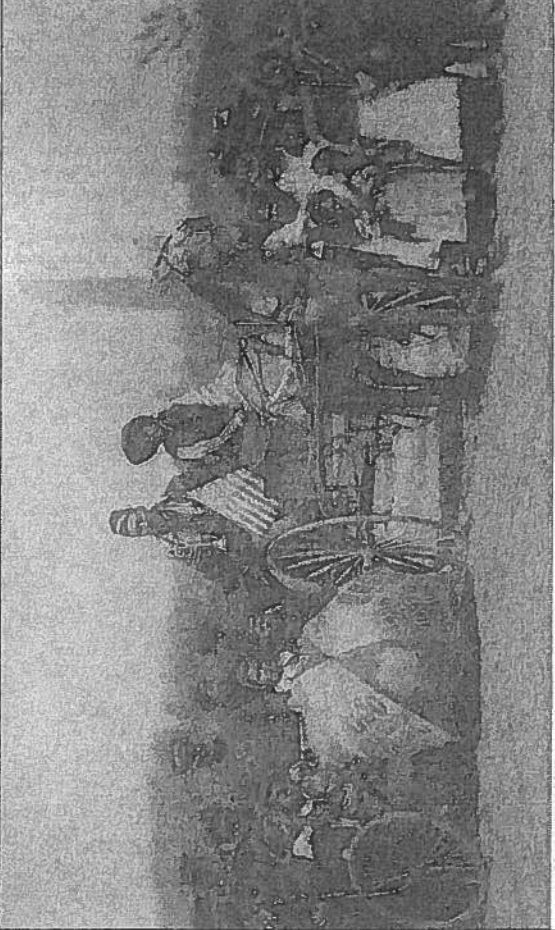
Joe traveled the length and breadth of America and pioneered Salvation Army work, which lives today. Thousands were won to Jesus by his ministry.

He did and dared for Christ, and rarely was there a situation too dangerous or a task too forbidding to quench his zeal or dim the lamp of his courage.

He recounted his past with a merry twinkle in his eyes and a contented smile telling of difficult situations well met.

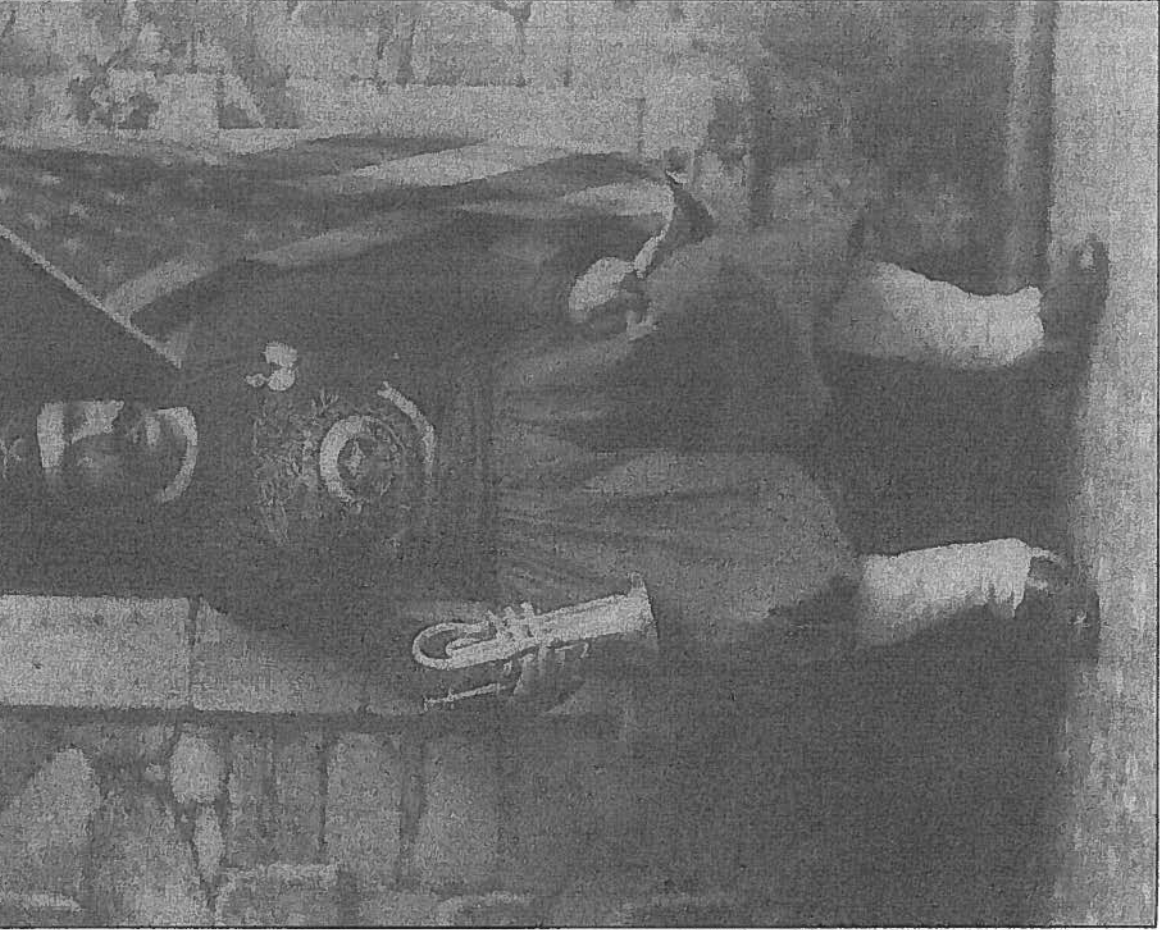
Joe was promoted to Glory in his New York hotel room in 1937.

Thousands call "Joe the Turk" their spiritual father.



# JOE THE TURK

# THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOE THE TURK



## ILLEGAL ARRESTS

### Opinion of the Supreme Court, Madison, Wisconsin

Madison, Wis., April 11, 1893,  
Joseph Garabed, or Joe the Turk,  
1123 W. Ninth Avenue, Denver, Col.

Dear Sir: The Supreme Court met this morning and decided that the ordinance under which you were arrested in Portage was absolutely void, so that your arrest has had the result of determining that they cannot prevent The Army from parading in the street, as long as it did so in a reasonable way. I send you herewith a copy of a portion of the opinion filed in the Supreme Court.

Very sincerely yours,

F. W. HALL.

No. of case, 84th Wis. 585.

[COPY]

"The ordinance resembles more nearly the means and instrumentalities frequently resorted to in practising against and upon persons, societies and organizations—a petty tyranny—the result of prejudice,

bigotry and intolerance, than any fair and legitimate provision in the exercise of the police power of the State to protect the public peace and safety. It is entirely un-American and in conflict with the principles of our institutions and all modern ideas of civil liberty.

"The people do not hold rights as important and as well settled as the right to assemble and have public parades and processions with music and banners and shoutings and songs in support of any laudable or lawful cause, subject to the power of any public officer to contradict or prevail therein. 'Our government is, a government of laws and not of men,' and these principles, well established by the Courts of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, have become part of the supreme law of the land, so that no official body or lawful authority can deny to any person the equal protection of the laws. It is plain that the ordinance in question is illegal and void."

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## A STRANGE CONVERSION

JUDGE LLEWELLYN, OF PORTLAND, ORE.

I write you to-day to let you know that the power of God has been wonderfully displayed in the salvation of the police judge who sentenced Adjutant Parker, Captain Loney and others over a year ago to East Portland city jail for marching the streets for Jesus, giving "Joe the Turk" fifteen days extra for saying "Praise the Lord!" in the courtroom. A few days since this same judge had returned home from his office, but was too drunk to get up the steps into the house and was lying prostrate when a Christian man passing offered to assist him, and called him brother.

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The winding up of the matter was, the judge lost all his dignity, was gloriously saved, and in the church and everywhere he goes testifies to the saving power of Jesus. He attributes his conviction to the prayers of The Salvation Army, and says from this time on The Army will find in him a firm friend, and said to the writer, "God bless Joe the Turk! I wish I could see him!" Hallelujah to the Lamb forever!

Rev. R. W. Helm, East Portland, Ore.