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To: Dr. Franklin (report by ESH from Chaochowfu, 1925)
From: L.D. Field, Alice Fuller, Griesbach

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August 5, 1946

Rev. Ellison S. Hildreth
New England Baptist Hospital
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Ellison:

Your fine long letter of July 30 reached me this morning. I am sorry indeed that you are undergoing so much trouble and have been hospitalized. I can sympathize because I went through the same sort of experience twelve years ago.

We missed you at the dinner and certainly none of us had any idea of what was in your mind and heart at the time of the Reunion, unless, possibly, Howard Newton with whom it is fine that you could spend some time. Howard is a very brave fellow and Jane is what might be termed a "brick."

I remember that you put in an appearance at the previous Reunion on a Saturday but had to leave to carry on your church work for Sunday. A minister rarely has his own time at his command, the same as a doctor. Sometimes I wonder if the services of either are as fully appreciated as they should be.

I agree with you that as we get farther away from college days, the cleavage lines, which, in some instances were emphasized there, close up and there is no question whatsoever arising as to a man's status or position, but only that he has shared with us the many good things both tangible and intangible associated with college life.

In a few days, I shall send to you a group picture in which, unfortunately, and also in the intimate pictures taken around headquarters, your face does not appear. I am sure you will enjoy looking over the faces of the fellows in the picture, impressions of many of which are detailed quite accurately in your letter.

I had occasion to look up Bob Esty's biography today, Mrs. Phil Cook having said that he was the youngest man to meet with us so far as appearance went. I was surprised myself to find that he is 70 years old today which is logical in view of his 1897 graduation.

I hope that when this reaches you, you are well along the road to complete recovery and I send you my very best wishes not only for that but for your success in your work. I feel that it is too bad you were so self-conscious at Amherst, as I know all of the fellows would have been not only sympathetic but courteous enough not to notice the things which were emphasized in your thinking while there.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

[Dudley Field]
Dear Dr. Franklin;

The time has come for me to send you a report of my work in the country fields connected with Chaoshowfu and Swatow. I wish I could do justice to it. I am not progressively falling more in love with being away from home, but I really am growing fonder of the job. As you remember, the field that I visit is the plain in between Swatow and Chaoshowfu bounded on the east by the ocean and the jumping-off place toward Hungkung (a strip a mile or so wide between the mountains and the ocean, and on the west by a similar jumping-off place towards Kityang, (a narrow strip between the mountains and the Kityang River.) It is a compact, easily accessible field, and I have grown very fond of the churches and the people in them, especially some of the bad ones. Some of the members who are least satisfactory as factors in the evangelization of China, are very pleasant personally, and it is certainly true that if they could be more completely transformed by the power of Christ, or in the case of some, could be genuinely re-born, they would be a mighty power for good in their communities.

The thing that is constantly on my mind is the slowness with which the Chinese realize the responsibility which rests on them for evangelizing their nation. The work which Mr. Waters and a Chinese colleague are doing is of the greatest significance, and the Chinese (at least; those who use their think-tank) realize its importance; but it is not easy to get any well-trained Chinese to give himself to that work, and there is a tendency to think that although it is not too hard for a missionary of some fifty years to do, it is really too hard work for a Chinese of say half that age, especially when such a Chinese can get an easier job working for the mission. I don't know whether the Chinese get tired of hearing me talk on this line. But it is one of the onliest things I have to say to them.

In one of the chapels that I visit, there are two brothers. One of them sells Standard Oil; the other is an ex-preacher who has gone into medicine because there is more money in it. That is not a mortal sin; I am not quite clear as to whether it means that he never had a real call to the ministry, or whether having had it, he lost it. At any rate, he could, if he would, be a wonderful help to that church without hindering his medical work at all, if he would in his leisure time give his effort to pushing Christianity with half the energy which his brother gives to pushing Standard Oil, he could make things hum. But instead he gives his leisure time to running a semi-Christian school in opposition to the chapel school, and trying to entice scholars away to his school; and there is no coin small enough nowadays to
represent the average daily contribution per capita of his family to the support of the church; in fact, it rather strains the currency to represent the weekly contribution.

Yes, there is plenty of need for emphasizing the importance of the Chinese taking on the responsibility for Christianity. I wish some of those noisy leaders who fill the magazines with complaints about the domination of the missionaries, the need of indigenous control, and the like, would come around here and arouse their fellow-Christian to do it. There is no one around here who is unwilling to let the Chinese church have all the responsibility and all the control it is willing and able to take. The difficulty is to get them to assume responsibility for what it is their plain duty to do, and by that I don't mean financial responsibility exclusively; one of my preachers, a fairly level-headed one, is constantly talking to me about how the Chinese executive committee, which we have in each association to decide church matters, is really incompetent and unreliable and ought to be abolished, and the decisions made by the missionary himself, as of old. Of course, he is wrong. But I wish some of those fellows in Shanghai could talk to him.

One of the Christians was talking with Mrs. Baker the other day, and said that there were no hearers of "catechumens" in their church, and no prospect of any. According to her the world was divided (or at least, their village was divided) into two classes: the church members and the heathen; the former were already in the church; the latter were not accessible to Christianity. It didn't seem to occur to her that the "heathen" were the raw material out of which Christians were manufactured.

And yet when I think about some of the churches that I have been familiar with at home, I don't feel that one can censure the Chinese churches too severely; they don't have a Christian environment to live in; they haven't been brought up in Christian traditions; their leaders have a painfully narrow and incomplete view of Christianity, and the followers know far less than the leaders; some of the deepest ingrained traits of the Chinese character are inconsistent with Christianity; and all together perhaps we ought instead to be glad that they are doing as well as they are. They haven't made any world-shaking achievements, but there are a few things that one can point to; one chapel has gone out of its way to a considerable extent to build a room for the Bible woman so that she can be more comfortable when she visits them; this same chapel has joined with another in calling a joint pastor, instead of each one depending on the preaching that its school-teacher can do; another has run a night school; another, which has recently finished
rebuilding its chapel which was destroyed by the typhoon, has called not only a pastor, but has had a boys' school with two teachers and a girls' school with one, has had a reading room, and is now trying to raise money to build a schoolhouse, with a room for the missionary to live in when he visits the place. Such things as these, along with a growth which is steady the slow, make it easier to avoid discouragement. The progress is slow; and some times it is sporadically retrograde; but even in the short time that I have been here I can see the improvement.

One change from which I hope much is the uniting of the Chaochowfu Association with the Swatow-Kakchieh Association. Our Chaochowfu churches have been badly isolated. The country churches have their faces toward Chaochowfu, and just beyond Chaochowfu is nothing except some hills; and their backs toward Swatow, and beyond Swatow is the world. It is narrowing, to say the least. And when they met, for association meetings, it was just the same little group of eight churches, by far the smallest association on our field. Now that, they are united with the large and open-minded and aggressive Swatow-Kakchieh Association, the one that is closest to the world that lies outside Double Island, that gets the influences of the port, that contains within its limits the largest body of trained Christian leaders in our Mission, it cannot help broadening their outlook; and an Association of 33 churches (even were they no better than the original eight, cannot help being more inspiring than an Association of eight churches. I used to belong to an Association of about eight churches in California. The union was agreed to at the Association meeting this year, and everyone seems happy over it.

The year would be far from complete without a mention of the visit to the field of Mr. Waters and his colleague. They come with prestige and enthusiasm, and work up a campaign and get the Christians to doing things that the preacher couldn't begin to start them at, nor the preacher and the missionary. And the great thing is to get them to doing, not having things done for them. We look for great results from this work, in all the fields.

It was while Mr. Waters was at one of our churches that a messenger came and wanted us to cast out a devil. Without trying to discuss just what was the matter, I will tell the story as the Chinese told it to us. Mr. A. and Mr. B. used to be good friends, but had a quarrel because Mr. B. refused to loan some money to Mr. A.
So Mr. A. either was a magician himself, or hired a magician, (I think it was the former) and sent a devil to annoy Mr. B. Mr. B went to the magistrate and accused Mr. A. of bewitching his house, and the magistrate sent men to arrest Mr. A, who thereupon ran away to foreign parts, but without first calling off his devil. According to Chinese custom, if the magistrate can't catch the man he wants, some other member of the family will do, pending the capture of the proper person. So now both families were in a pickle; Mr. B. was annoyed by the devil, Mr. A's family by the mandarin. Both sides were anxious to settle the matter up, and they could do it if only the devil could be exorcised; but, that was an insoluble problem. Finally a Christian relative suggested to get the missionary to do it for them, and both sides sent representatives to ask us to do it. We talked it over, and finally a lot of us led by Mr. Waters went over to the house, listened while Mr. B. told the story of his life, and all his symptoms (he is an invalid) and then he gathered together all his house, and we had a little service, with speaking by Mr. Waters and a Chinese, Scripture and prayer. The devil made them a brief visit that night, but Mr. Waters and a Chinese went over the next morning, and the devil hasn't been back since; that was nine months ago. A few weeks ago I baptized a perfectly splendid young fellow, a relative of one of the families; and another relative comes regularly to church, and declares himself a Christian, tho he has not yet been baptized.

Sincerely yours,

B. Fieldeth
Holyoke Mass
1272 Walnut St
March 27th

1926

Dear Lottie & Ellison

Another birthday and another party due my dear little Chinese Children over sea. I often think of them and wish I could see them. I pray for them and in years to come these little parties may be the means of good results. We don't all work in the same way and the Children appeal to me. I know that things said and done to me when I was young have influenced me for good—

I had a delightful Birthday. Mr. & Mrs. Sycamore I called. Brought me a
I also had a lovely basket filled with fruit, jelly, nuts, and a lovely Easter lily with seven blooms - a spring bouquet, a bunch of pink and a rose bush covered with red roses and 50 carrots. I don't know why everybody is so good to me - your sister and mother are home again and they were just as glad to see us as we were to see them.

Fanny is very good helping out, and is very much appreciated. By the way she has a new blue dress that just takes my eye. I hope you are all well. Wish you could attend our Thursday night meetings. I wonder if my dear little Alice would like to learn the following piece:

Mother 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. You mother I am six years old this morning. I never was over 50 before as I'm going to do today. I can cook your breakfast now, I think, and if father will let me try I know I can fry the blessing to our father up in the sky. This dress has got to be fixed some way, it chokes me around the waist, and my shoes pinch me worse than they used to. You needn't bring warm water now, for I can wash just as well in cold. I had to haven it when I was five, but not when I'm six years old. Where is the fire that I used to be and the fire that I am to day? Does God keep them all for the children - and when the birthdays are all used up is that what makes us die? Oh yes, I'm most a lady now. I expect the marry girls all do, and live in some other (ones)
house. What will you & papa think of that? Don't you guess You'll wish your child was back against, just six years old to-day?

I enclose five dollars for my little ones over there. I hope John & Alice attend. John must be quite a big boy now. I know that both of you are working hard and I pray God to bless your every effort. Tell me if the children had a good time at their party so that I want them all to grow up into good men & women.

Lovingly, Mrs. Alice Fuller
Chao-yang. July 2.

Dear Mrs. Hildreth,

Many thanks for the money — which reached me Friday.

We did indeed have a splendid time, the best vacation I ever had in my life. I enjoyed it every hour until the children left, 36 hrs. before we did. After that I couldn’t get away too quickly — Shanghai had lost all flavor. They are at Yenching, Peking. Having a perfectly perpendicular time with some school friends. and won’t be home for another week.

Well, I’ve finished school at last — 5:30 this — and glad I am for it’s too hot to go to the gym & school, especially inside the City. I’ve been busy enough, getting unpacked & washing & putting away. Dirt the bedding, I’m feelin’, to if yesterday, and have done a good deal of reading & sewing, so them the Children
do come I'll have time to play.

A week ago yesterday and the trustee meeting! The only action taken was to vote an increase of $100 to three teachers in the farmers school $75 in the girls school, $2 a month each. It didn't really seem to be so imperative as I'd been led to believe. But I'm glad it's over. I came home in a sailboat and didn't get here till 12:20. Had to walk the last 2 miles with no lantern, and confess I was scared though the cow was with me. But it was a lovely, starry night, and pleasant in the boat only the long.

This Sunday one of the big boys in the city school called for me to go and visit at the house across the canal from the launch landing. I don't know whether you remember it. We've talked for years about going there, and he had made arrangements. I said they were looking for me. So off I went.
on Sunday of my own accord, but
it was a good Sunday’s work, as
it turned out, and I was glad
I went. Had a splendid chance
to talk to the men, and they were
all so friendly and human. The
lady of the Red Cross S bombs & the
wealthy Nestle family — her
father has Jardin’s Composture. All
that’s the first home we entered
as a result of the city school, but
it won’t be the last. That’s what
I’m after, you know. When the
weather gets cooler I hope to do a
lot of visiting, though Zachary
found 5:45 to 5:30 doesn’t leave
much time! Didn’t get home
home till after 5 — went at 11 — was
dead tired.

I hope the little folks are well
happy, and that you are all en-
joying life. Smlle the time my
H+this get here. Mr. Horst +
Edwin are coming Reds. Mr. +
planning a great Picnic July 15 — Mr.
Mr. Schmid, & the 4 girls next door will
be. Suppose. They’d to come over this
week.

With love,
Clara N. Goodebeck.