

Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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From: Florence and William Hazen, W. B. Herrick, K.G. Hobart, Alice Huggins

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Six months gone, since our last letter! It is surely time for another! That Shalapur has not been forgotten has been proved by many letters and cards received by the mission at Christmas and New Year, as well as before. Greetings and thanks to all!

We are just now in the midst of the Bharu-Sankranti or Shalapur Feast of Tabernacles, when the merchants in town establish themselves in booths on the shore of the lake, and something like a hundred thousand people come from outside. They are camped on the banks, near our house, with carts and cattle and children, and their voices are in our ears night and day. There was a great burnt-offering on the 14th, and fireworks the next night; a great event also is the procession of four tall wooden poles through the streets to the temple, where they are "married" to the god. The Village Improvement Society took advantage of the occasion to have a cattle show. Another show organized by Mr. and Mrs. Long and held in our Christ-Seva-Hall, was of Art and Handicrafts, and it was surprising what a lot of embroideries, decorated pictures and the like were sent in by Hindu and Muslim ladies, and what a crowd of people came daily to see them.

Christmas-time brought to us all sorts of pageants and dramas, and most wonderful to us, Christmas cards sent by Hindu friends: "It looks as if the world here were coming to think more of Bethlehem! Our larger people accepted the out-standing event, a brief drama with songs composed by them, and a life-sized camel with a long neck that could turn its neck; it caused roars of laughter! For New Year's Day, there was a feast for the whole Christian community, the cost raised by subscription. Rice and mutton cooked together in huge pots and served on leaf plates fed, they said, more than 2,000!

At last, we have been able to carry out our project of living in a village at least for a fortnight. Halegama, about five miles away, was chosen as the place of our first venture, because we have visited it often: (when the mud was not too deep), and have a school there. We had to patch up old huts that have seen much adversity and have been eaten by rats and white ants. Under a spreading banyan tree with thick shade we pitched it. Beside the road, where we heard the rumble of carts going to field and market each morning and the voices of people too. It seemed as if all the six hundred people, large and small, of the village must have passed our door each morning! We had many visitors each day: school children, men and women going to work, and those seeking for help. The owner of the field came for medicines for his headache and fever. A tiny baby with sores on its cheek was brought daily to be washed and dressed. The leading people of the village came occasionally to talk.

And then we went into the village, spending some time in the school, and going about to meet people, our chief aim being acquaintance and understanding, at which we made some headway. The chief man, a Brahmin has long been our friend, and talks freely of religious subjects, agreeing with what we say, but the weight of caste and custom is too heavy for him to make outward change in his life. He counts the village clerk welcomed us into his house, but said, "We can know God. God never 'casts' anyone. If anyone has not God, let him put out the sun." We said, "Is it not a wonder that man who can study the stars can predict the very hour and moment when the sun will be darkened by an eclipse?"

A high cast woman has a five-year-old blind daughter, when we urged her to send to Bombay to our Mission school where blind children are taught to read and work. But not "I love her so, that I cannot bear to part with her!" Another woman says, "Please give me something for my arm, which has ants in it," meaning that it has "gone to sleep," as we used to say. She appears to have leprosy. Will she go to Shalapur, where a skillful doctor gives treatment by injections twice a week? We have sent other lepers there for treatment. One is a Christian man, who tried it for a while, but gave up because of the pain of the injections, and now it has grown on him so that he cannot walk so far, while his wife is afflicted, and his children seem sad too. What can we do for this family?

But what about Mahatma Gandhi? You must have heard of his fast, which so moved people that the parties agreed to give special representation to the "oppressed classes." Then he announced a fast if the doors of a certain important temple were not opened to the outcastes. This fast has been postponed but may be resumed, and meanwhile discussion over the admission of "untouchables" to temples seems hot and heavy. All the reactionary forces of Hindus are aroused, and appear to change. To us it seemed little importance whether these people are admitted to Hindu temples or not. We have always been glad to admit them to Christian churches.

The delegates from the Third Round Table Conference in London have returned, and are out to persuade their countrymen to accept its results. A self-governing federation of the Indian states with British India is outlined, but some safeguards seem necessary to ensure its proper working. Whether the states will accept it is one question, and whether Indian politicians will accept it, is another. It seems as if there were a chance for India to advance, if they will be reasonable.

Cordially yours,
Florence and William Haxel.

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CABLE ADDRESS, FISKBURT, BOSTON

15-25 Warren Building
 2A Park Street

Boston,

April 6, 1909.

Mr. E. C. Hildreth,

Dear Sir:-

We have a call through our Portland, Ore., Agency for a man to teach Latin in a private school, salary \$1200, work to begin next September. Would you like to have us recommend you for the place?

Yours truly,

W. B. Herrick.

Dear Sir,
 I have rec'd your att wh speaks of a call
 rec'd from your Portland Oregon Ag. to teach
 L in a priv sch. I sh'd like to be recommended
 for the place
 Very truly yours.

Robert



Dear Mrs Aldroth: -

Kenneth and I want to
thank you and Mr Aldroth
for the book that you
are giving the Mission. We
enjoyed the 'Peking Cousin'

very much, but we have
not seen the other one
that you gave. We will
look forward to reading
this one for we've heard
it recommended highly.

Eleanor Ruth enjoys
her books very much in-
deed and wants me to
thank Alice and John
for them.

Charles Warren will

enjoy his ball as soon as
he is able to sit alone
and roll it to Eleanor.

A very pretty rattle
came for baby but the
name of the giver was
withheld. By a process
of elimination and by
Velva's help, we've decided
that Miss Wetherby is re-
sponsible. We thank her
most sincerely; he is al-

ready using it for his
gums are swollen and
one tooth may be appear-
ing by Conference. His
third vaccination is just
now taking so he is not
too far from happy with one
arm and gums.

We look forward to see-
ing you all at Conference.

Love to you all.

Mamie Thronton

! Regards to your husband!

Sweeton, South China
Wed. Nov. 25, 1931.

Dear Mrs. Hildreth, -

This date is a dreadful reminder that things must be mailed home to-day if they get there this year. It is hard to realize that the year is so near gone.

Did I write to you from Kuliang telling of your friend Ruth Ward Beech's kindness to us? We lived near her and she was such a help. She told us one day that whatever she did for us was for your sake. Thank you for having such a nice friend.

I wish you were here to join with the compound (Bakers and Bonafields as guests) to-morrow evening for Thanksgiving dinner at Mrs. Worleys.

Our family is all well. We are enjoying little Sylvia. She was six months old yesterday, is so strong.

Kenneth went to Unghung last Friday returned late last eve, - very tired. He just now came in saying he was so tired that he failed in teaching his class this afternoon. I cut my one class (one pupil) this afternoon to write this home mail.

I am enclosing a little gift which I hope you will find useful.

Kenneth & I are wishing
you and your family
A merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year
Haveta

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Copy of a Letter from Rev. K. G. Hobart

Written from Ungkung, South China
November 28, 1932

Dear Friends at Home:

I am marooned for a day or more at Ungkung by a high northwest wind that prevents my return to Swatow, and so will improve the time by writing you a long delayed letter. Perhaps if I relate some incidents of a couple of recent country trips it will be of interest to you.

Two Country Trips

About three weeks ago with two of our Senior Seminary students I went to our chapel at Au-theh, on the island of Nan-ao, which lies off the coast about 40 miles northeast of Swatow. The trip was made in a freight boat some 60 feet long, with no accommodations for passengers. One reclines among the bales and boxes of freight with what comfort he can, which is nil, while the sun beats down from above and is reflected from below by the water. The vibration of the boat prevents one reading with pleasure and soon produces a woozy, headache feeling, which ere long is augmented when the harbor is left behind and the boat crosses the bar.... Once over the bar, unless it be a windy day, the going is a little more comfortable and after about four hours of plowing through the long ocean swells, we arrived at our destination.

The church at Au-theh prides itself on being an "independent church." This means that twenty years ago it ordained a pastor of its own and ceased to receive any grant-in-aid from Mission funds. That pastor remained with them about five years. Since that time they have had no ordained preacher. They have a primary school with over a hundred pupils. One of the school teachers serves as the preacher. He is an earnest young Christian but quite without training for his task as pastor of the church. This church does not cooperate in the work of either the Ling Tong Convention or the Ungkung Association yet they ask the field pastor to come to them for the communion services and for baptisms. We tried to point out that cooperation is an expression of Kingdom-mindedness and that the reality of the Christian life can be expressed in our everyday contacts. On Sunday after preaching at the morning service, I was privileged to baptize five candidates, several of them from the Christian families, the rest being the first of their family to take the step. In the afternoon,

following Sunday school, we celebrated the Lord's Supper together and welcomed the new members into the fellowship of the church. Thus slowly but surely the Kingdom is coming in different villages in China.

Before returning to Kakchieh and our school work we spent a morning in village evangelism. With the school band we went to a small village about two miles away. A crowd soon gathered around us and we delivered our messages of the God who loves all men and is eager to help them.

The second trip I made the day before yesterday to a little struggling church in Jiau-an, the country-seat across the border in Fukien Province. We walked six miles to the border where the recently built motor-road ends. There we found a bus ready and waiting and after a few minutes we were bumping luxuriously along the seven miles of rough road to Jiau-an. We found the little Christian chapel, a poor one indeed, at one end of the town. During the afternoon we called upon the members and friends of the church. They were but a handful, poor, backward and discouraged. It may be, however, that in time things will be better there. With the opening of motor roads the town is taking on new life and will be more receptive to new ideas. Already they are maintaining a free public school, an exception in China. The little chapel is rented and the members are eager to get a chapel of their own. They found a vacant lot in a desirable location on the new motor road, close to the new business section and have raised about \$150. This is but a tiny fraction of what they will need, of course, but they have made a start.

A Visit to Ungkung

We came here to Ungkung yesterday afternoon. Just before we reached the end of the motor road we passed two men....and later we learned that they were members of a bandit gang that works the hills around the border. We were doubly grateful that we had not stopped to talk with them. Only the day before seven of them had held up a group of travelers in that very area. We are eager to get back to Kakchieh as soon as the weather permits for a special three weeks' course for volunteer lay-workers in our churches. I am scheduled to teach a class in Sunday school Pedagogy and in Singing. There will be classes in Bible work and in Preaching. It is a new experiment and we hope it will prove a help to the churches.

Seminary Students Aid Churches

The Seminary students are doing good work in their week-end visitation of the churches of the field. Each Friday or Saturday two or three groups of two or more students go out to the nearby churches doing what they can to assist by pastoral visiting and evangelistic meetings. They distribute tracts and speak at the various Sunday services. They are gaining valuable experience through this practical work and at the same time get an insight into the conditions and needs of the churches.

As you read this will you not remember to pray for these churches, that spiritual power may be given them to overcome the difficulties that confront them? Remember us, too, that we may more fully exemplify the spirit of our Master, here on the other side of the world.

Faithfully yours,

KENNETH G. HOBART

3731

Received in New York: January 4, 1933
Station Address: Kakohieh, via Swatow, South China
Postage: Letters .05: Cards .03

T'ungshien, Peiping, China.

October 25, 1934.

Dear Friends:

Some of you have the idea that I write "an annual letter" and some think I write "a Christmas letter". I assure you there is nothing so definite about it. This year I thought I'd get it there before Thanksgiving so it wouldn't be lost in the Christmas rush, and besides, maybe I'd get some answers to help make Christmas gay here. My last letter was written in January, and I'll begin from there.

The 1934 spring term at Goodrich School was about like the one before it, a much smaller enrollment than we had been having. Toward the end of it, the students had only one topic of conversation. This year for the first time, junior and senior high school graduates had to pass an examination set by the government, and got, or failed to get, a diploma accordingly. Nobody could tell what it would be like. As it turned out, it was managed rather well, and not too severely. Students with two "conditions" were allowed to go on, so they had to be pretty bad to be a failure. We had only twelve graduating. About half of them got thru clear, and only one got two conditions, so they all passed after a fashion. All of our girls passed in English. Their failures were in math or science. Later a ranking of schools was published. Peiping schools were examined and counted separately, so there were only sixty-nine high schools in this province. Jefferson Academy was about eleventh, I believe, and we stood thirty-third, which isn't too good. But the large government girls' school inside the city of T'ungshien, which is our nearest rival, stood sixty-ninth! Not one of their girls passed. Altogether the Christian schools showed up very well, and there has been a lot of talk in the papers from government educators that the government schools must improve, and especially in character education, where they grant that the Christian schools have surpassed them. That seems to me an interesting comment on our mission work.

In May, the Council of our North China Congregational churches met in T'ungshien, so we were right on the spot for its difficult discussions and decisions of where to cut down our work. I was co-opted, so had to miss some of my classes and attend. I thought it was not an out-standingly good Council. There was too much control by a few Americans, and it was resented, so the spirit was not as good as I have seen at other times. It was at this Council that we got word which of the missionary staff were being dropped: eighteen, nearly a fourth of our number. And thru June and July we saw and admired the wonderful spirit some of them showed after being suddenly jerked out of the work to which they had been willing to give their lives. Ever since, the mission has been adjusting itself to the blow, some places more than others. T'ungshien lost only one, Helen Kistner, our nurse, and Valley Nelson was transferred here from Lintung to take her place. But because Tschow lost so many, Dr. and Mrs. Wilder were moved from here to help there, so I lost my next-door neighbor with whom I have worked on choir music.

During the spring term, about thirty girls prepared to teach Daily Vacation Bible School classes in their home villages during the summer. The Methodists have done this for several years, but our students have never tried. Their helpful activities in vacations have always been unorganized. In most cases, two or three girls led their class together, and a few joined with students from other schools. In all, our girls participated in 19 six-week schools with a total enrollment of over 800. They were very pleased with their success, some of them being only fifth graders and not much bigger than their students. I was especially happy that they did so well because work for women and girls is the place where we are falling down worst. When Mrs. Frazer gets back next year I am afraid she will not find much going on, although the field is certainly white to the harvest. Our Christian girls and women are willing to work, but lack leadership and supervision. And we have no woman leader either American or Chinese who is giving her full time to it. In this connection I was interested in reading yesterday a report of the Methodist station at Changli. They have four missionary families and six single women. Here we have four families and two single women. I don't

went to seek the boat, but one cannot help wondering whether our Congregational women at home have let down a little since the merger. The Methodist women have never "merged".

Summer School this year had an enrollment of about 125, teachers, preachers, and Bible women. Rowland Cross was the head, the spirit was fine, and altogether it was a great success. I didn't teach very much but seemed to keep very busy with music and odd jobs.

As soon as summer school was out, I went to Gould Cottage in Paitaiho with the idea of doing nothing but rest for three weeks. I thought I was getting very old, I felt so tired all the time. So I sat there and read three weeks, and seemed somewhat revived, and came back August 22nd in time for entrance exams. I landed here with a bad sick-headache and a bad cold, and after a week or so, when classes were beginning, the doctor discovered my various miseries included amoebic dysentery. I don't know how long I had had it. My guess is about six months during which I had been dragging around wondering why I was so tired. But of course never having had it, I didn't know that was the way it felt. So having taught two days as school opened, I went to bed while I ate carbamecene for ten days, and then later I ate violom for ten more days. It was no way to start a school year. Late in September I began to have some classes in my bedroom, and then on the stairs, and then finally I went over to school on October fifth. Now of course I am doing my full work and trying to make up time.

I learned a lot about sick people, and about how much energy it takes to do some ordinary things like sitting up to the table, or walking across the floor, or talking Chinese five minutes with someone. For days I revelled in things I seldom allow myself to eat, such as porridge, and buttered toast, and potatoes and candy. But amoebic dysentery is not a decent disease like smallpox, for instance, which not only definitely begins and ends, but also gives the sufferer a nice long immunity. Amoeba aren't even as amenable to argument as germs. They are unreasonable little creatures which come themselves over other peoples' property regardless of "No Trespassing" signs, and are able to roll up into a cyst and defer their activities. One had better not count on being really thru with them. Unhappy thought!

So I have done a lot of light reading and have nearly exhausted the supply in T'ungshien. If I have another snack, I'll send out an S.O.S. for reading matter. I like a good mixture of about two good love stories and then a detective or adventure story. I have enjoyed the radio too. We don't try to get any station but XOMO in Peiping, but they give quite a lot of good music.

So far in this letter I have failed to answer any of the questions you have asked. Perhaps I'd better report briefly on some of the topics you want to know about.

The kindergartens, which I said would have to close when the last cut came, was taken over by some local Christian mothers who have kept it going so far. I am not sure how much longer they can swing it, and I am afraid truth requires me to say that it isn't much of a kindergarten.

Our new primary school plant, where we built the first-grade building, has made no further progress. I don't know whether we shall be able to add the second-grade building next spring or not.

The "cottage system" of dormitories is working beautifully. Thanks to five hundred dollars from Mr. Lund, and a gift from the Washburn Y.W.C.A. and income from towel sales, last year we bought a residence for \$2000 Chinese money. These sixteen or seventeen girls keep house under the direction of one of the teachers. They have saved money and had good food too. So last spring two court-yards of the school dormitories were put on the same basis. We have these successful "families". These are firmly established, and I think there is no doubt that we shall add others as fast as we can.

The T'ungchow Boys' Glee Club is taking a vacation on account of my illness. But the church choir is going strong. Most of the choir boys this year are from the glee club. And I was pleased that one of them joined the church on the last communion Sunday.

This fall Goodrich School enrollment is very much better: 110 in the high school and over two hundred in the grade school. I am glad to report that most of the new girls are from our own little country churches. I am glad for this proof that our country preachers and Bible women are doing better work than for several years past. It also means that we have been able to grow without adding to the percentage of non-Christians. There are 66 church members in the high school, and 22 in the grades.

Jefferson Academy is taking in large numbers of new boys. They talk now of increasing their enrollment to 800.

A request has come for a Goodrich School calendar such as Don Fessler made last year for Jefferson Academy. But he is making another one this year, so we shall wait till next year.

We have had a number of delightful visitors both last spring and this fall. We got an inspiration from Mr. Brewer Eddy's recent visit, and we hope that Dr. Goodsell will come in the spring, when we celebrate the 75th anniversary of the founding of the North China Mission.

People keep asking me about Manchuria. It has not been front page news for some time, except as connected with the Russian-Japanese quarrel. It continues to be a sore spot, but the Chinese around here seem to be hopeless about it. The drug trade also gets only a little publicity, but it is flourishing under Japanese patronage in a most horrible way. It is a very difficult thing to handle because it is carried on by Koreans, who, being Japanese, are not subject to Chinese control. I hope the Eddy brothers will do some talking about it when they get to the U.S.A.

In June we said good-bye to seven of our number. Besides Helen Kintner, Helen Campbell was going home from the American School, and the Martins on furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway of the American School left for work in Ningpo, and Ted Hodswalker who had been teaching at Jefferson, went to Canton.

This fall we welcomed to the American School Mr. and Mrs. Harold Robinson who have been in Tachow, and Miss Mary Ryland from Richmond Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kinsey of Duane joined the Jefferson Academy faculty. The Plaster family got back from furlough. Valley Nelson came from Lintsing. She is now my housemate. The nicest new member of the compound is John Stuart, a darling baby born late in June. He belongs to Dr. Hugh and Olga Robinson.

The stamps this time are the one-cent ones from the "martyr set" which came out last year.

Since I shall not be sending you a Christmas letter this year, I'll just tell you now that I hope the holiday season will be a very happy one for each of you, and usher in a better year in 1935.

Yours very sincerely,

Alice Margaret Huggins.