

REMINISCENCES OF OUR MISSION TO CHILE

1917 - 1924

William Earl Davidson

July 1961

Written for the missionaries of Chile
and for the files of the Mission

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First Days

The Davidsons had expected to go to Brazil. In their application they filled in three choices, the third being Chile.

Rev. Joseph L. Hart of the Argentine Mission had visited Chile and on his furlough in 1917 had told the Baptist Church at Murray, Kentucky, about the promising work of Bro. MacDonald and the Chilian Baptist Union. Under Boyce Taylor, pastor, a brother of W. C. Taylor, missionary to Brazil and one-time area secretary for Latin America, this church offered to pay the salary of a missionary couple to be sent to Chile.

Since this had not been a Southern Baptist field, no others volunteered for Chile, and accordingly the Davidsons were appointed as the Board's first missionaries to Chile.

Davidson graduated Th.M. from Southern Seminary, May 1917. On June 25 he and Mary Skidmore were married. She was within one semester of graduating B.S. from the University of Missouri. They were appointed in July and sailed early in September, arriving in Valparaiso late in the month. They were met there by Bro. MacDonald who was for taking them right down to Temuco. Earl was 26, Mary 24, and by the American colony in Valparaiso they were dubbed "the babes in the woods." They knew no Spanish. They studied under private tutors for eight months in Valparaiso and many more in Santiago.

After three months in Chile the newlyweds spent their first Christmas attending the Chilean Baptist Convention in Vilcún. It met almost outdoors--

in a saw-mill shed. There were probably about two hundred in attendance, nearly all rural people, the men mostly in ponchos.

It was refreshing to come into a group who loved their Lord with joy and one another with cordial embraces, twinkling eyes and warm hearts.

They held Bro. MacDonald in reverence and affection as father of the brotherhood. They called him el anciano. As is the way with language, they called young Davidson el nuevo anciano. Catching the exuberant spirit of Bro. MacDonald, the people gave the new missionaries an almost ecstatic welcome. Earl made a little talk and folks graciously pretended to understand.

The brethren had not come so far from so many places for nothing. They sang all night. At least they were singing when the new couple went to sleep and still when they awoke in the morning. Earl tried to record this in his painful new Spanish

Reunidos estamos
en Vilcún de doquier.
El culto termina.
¿Que hay de hacer?

--Anochace, hermano.
--¿Quien quiere dormir?
Dormilones no somos;
Prefiero vivir.

Un canto cantemos,
o dos o tres,
o cuator o cinco
y ¿porque no seis?

--Avanza la noche,
se acuesta Vilcún.
--No tengo sueño,
cantemos aún.

--Entre gallos y media
noche ya es.
--No te des prisa
que tarde no es.

--La luna se rinde,
y se acabó.
Despunta el alba,
Ya sale el sol.

Cantan los gallos,
Se despierta Vilcún.
--¿Que nos importa?
Cantamos aún.

On Christmas day a Christmas tree was set up with all kinds of little inexpensive gifts. Any child who would come up and recite a verse of Scripture would be given a gift from the tree. When the children were through reciting, older folks came up to recite and to receive a gift with the same expectancy as the children.

At this time there were no Baptists in Chile except in the area around Temuco with a few scattered along the central railway on south to Loncoche--none in Concepción, none in Santiago or Valparaíso. At the time there were probably about 700--a mere guess of mine. The pastors were all in the Temuco area--Wenceslao Valdivia, Abraham Chavez, José Tenorio Saez, Juan Domingo Álvarez, Polidoro Aguilera--these on salary. There were others not on salary, such as Juan Gatica, David Mancilla. In the next two or three years Alberto Schuffeneger and Manuel Valderrama and maybe another or two became pastors in the Temuco area.

In sending the Davidsons, Dr. T. B. Ray, Foreign Board secretary at the time, advised them of the delicate nature of their mission. He said the work in Chile is the work of Bro. MacDonald. He has built it up. He is father to all the Baptists there and loves them, and they him. Bro. MacDonald is a man of convictions, and is ready to stand by them whatever the cost. He has made two breaks--one with the Presbyterians in Scotland, one with the Alliance in Chile. He could do it again if he felt he had cause.

The Board had long recognized the worth of Bro. MacDonald. They had come to subsidize him and his work in a small amount. Because, however, of his independent character, they were not ready to give him the status of missionary until Bro. Davidson and Bro. Moore recommended it in 1920.

Dr. Ray advised the Davidsons not to step on Bro. MacDonald's toes. Do not work in his field, but in a new one. He has one foot in the grave. Cultivate friendliness with him and with the Baptists there. Then when he goes, the Chilean Baptists will accept you, and there will be no break in the work.

In line with this policy, the Davidsons started work in Santiago far from the Temuco field. Davidson went into the Southern field only when Bro. MacDonald invited him. He kept his hands off there, and lent a hand only when it was requested. Accordingly, during all our years in Chile and until his death there was nothing but good feelings between us. Once only, so far as I know, did I cause him pain. That was in the mission meeting in 1922 where we were met in our commodious new mission residence when I did not favor the board's building him a house in Temuco, since he owned his own farm home. The board was wiser than I and the rest, and built him the house anyway.

Bro. MacDonald wanted the Davidsons to move south when they first came to Chile. But the two saw eye to eye on policy. Both felt the importance of getting a work going in Santiago. Bro. MacDonald had long hoped for a work there, and was thrilled to have somebody at last making a beginning there. He came up to survey the field with the Davidsons. They agreed together on strategic locations for preaching centers. Bro. MacDonald came up to help in the launching of the work by preaching a number of nights. Most of all he "lent" the Davidsons one of his best pastors, Polidoro Aguilera of Vilcún.

The loan was expected to be and proved to be unusually beneficial. Experienced and dedicated national Aguilera would be of immense help to the inexperienced gringos. And Aguilera who had no education would have a year of study with Bro. Davidson.

The Davidsons and Bro. MacDonald were agreed on a short-range and on a long-range policy. At the time the frontier was full of Baptists--good people without development. The first thing to do was to start a school for the frontier Baptist girls who would be the home molders in the near future and who would be the leaders in their churches.

On-the-job training of the active pastors should be stepped up. In the rainy season when evangelizing was difficult, the pastors and more of them should spend a longer time in the pastors' winter institute in Temuco. Bro. MacDonald had been teaching a few of them alone for a few weeks each winter. Now both missionaries had them in Temuco for several weeks. As new missionaries arrived they joined the staff of the winter institute.

As the missionaries made plans they did not contemplate a co-educational school in Temuco, a thing at that time unknown in Chile. Before the Temuco school had operated for a year, however, two considerations led to the admitting of boys. Under the regimen of the school--hygienic, physical, mental, moral, religious--the girls showed remarkable all-round improvement. Even their complexions cleared up. Two women of the city were overheard to say that half of those girls would be dead before spring. For those gringo teachers made the girls keep on taking baths right on through the winter.

The other consideration was that the boys of the frontier would be benefitted no less. The need to do something for them also without delay pressed itself upon the missionaries. There was no hope of doing anything for the boys otherwise in the near future.

Accordingly, under the skeptical eyes of the educators of Chile and with some misgivings, younger boys also were enrolled. Agnes Graham, director, wrote Davidson in the States that as a matter of discretion they had built a

fence across the playground to separate the boys from the girls. With time on his hands in his sanitarium and with nothing better to do the wag wrote her some wacky ads.

Send your girls right along to Miss Graham.
In a year with a coat she'll overlay 'em
You can hardly see through
to their natural hue
And two coats will never betray 'em.
Boys too may come to our college
For injections of genuine knowledge
Securely protected
By a fence we've erected
From our girls whether grown up or doll age.

Time proved the wisdom of the co-educational venture. Miss Graham's school became the pilot co-educational school for all Chile.

Our long-range plan was that a seminary, when it came, should be located in Santiago. For nearby there would be hundreds of thousands of people among whom the student ministers could work. And men trained in the capital would have an experience making them effective workers for the capital and the big cities as well as for the provinces. But students trained in the frontier would be handicapped in the larger cities.

Hard times came, and it was years before a second institution could be financed. Accordingly, for a time all educational work centered in Temuco, except for the coaching of a few understudies by individual missionaries.

The Prophet Schulpig

When Davidson was about to begin work in Santiago, a German self-styled prophet named Schulpig came over from Argentina, deserting wife and children. He was tall, raw-boned, muscular, had a piercing eye, and a thunderous voice. He wore a beard parted in the style of the traditional Christ. He appeared to know a bit of Hebrew and Greek. He spent much time wherever folks

put him up, working over the Scriptures in German and Hebrew, digging out his discoveries. Among our simple Baptists he was a mighty expounder of his Bible mysteries. He thundered down any questioner, and had people at his mercy. He was given to announcing visions that bade him do what he wanted to do. In the absence of a missionary he would camp on a church disrupting the work of the church and eating a helpless host out of house and home. Before Davidson opened his first chapel Schulpig had a vision in which he was told of a man, Davidson, who should rent a chapel and furnish it, and Schulpig would do the preaching. When Davidson questioned him about his family and about his heretical views, he had another vision letting him know it was a mistake about Davidson. The man was somebody else. Schulpig decided that I was not a man to make friends with. He circulated that I was doing nothing but loaf around home wheeling a baby (a thing never done by a Chilean father).

While Salomón Mussiott was very new in the gospel, Schulpig came to see him, and stayed. After some days he began to pace the floor and thunder to the Lord, "I have stayed the seven days of the seven deacons. Why don't you tell me where to go now?" After hours of much violence he would quiet down and say the Lord told him to stay the four days of the four evangelists. When those four days were up, he would have another like spell, then be told he was to stay the 12 days of the 12 Apostles. Salomón was afraid next it would be the 70 days of the 70 messengers. Davidson couldn't persuade Salomón to put him out. He had Salomón intimidated. When in the Sta. Elena Chapel Davidson questioned Schulpig's mathematic discovery in the book of Jonah, the prophet began to wave the pulpit Bible at the skeptic with thundering vehemence. Davidson suspected no danger, but Salomón thought the prophet was going to knock the missionary down with the Bible. He led his missionary out of the

church and out of danger to the streetcar two blocks away. He said, "I don't know what makes my knees tremble so. He might have killed you. After that insult to you I won't let him stay with me any more."

At one frontier place Schulpig wanted to marry a farmer's daughter who was putting him up. The farmer was outraged. Schulpig tried to calm him down. "It will be for only a short time, for the Lord is coming in six months." The farmer was the more outraged at that, and sent him packing. For a year or two Schulpig went about among our churches troubling them until it became circulated among them that he was an imposter. At a convention in Temuco, in 1919 or 1920, the missionaries gave him a hearing. On the platform he knelt in prayer. Bro. MacDonald the moderator gave him five minutes. He said, "No, 20 minutes. The Lord just now told me 20." The missionaries condemned him and sent word around among the churches to be on guard against him. After that we heard little more of him. Where he disappeared to, I do not know.

Polidoro Aguilera

Polidoro Aguilera came to Santiago to help me open my first chapel the latter half of 1918. He was the tireless walking pastor of the Vilcún group of churches--or church as they themselves called it. He came on loan for a year to help me get launched in Santiago, and to study with me. He was a big man with a kindly eye and a gentle voice. He had been a saw-mill worker noted for three things. For one, he was an expert in estimating the quantity of lumber in a lot. This was a native ability, since he was uneducated and could neither read nor write. For another thing, he was a strong man of the lumber camp. He could carry more boards than anybody else. For another, he was the

fighter of the camp and could whip anybody in it. When drunk, which was often, he was in a fighting mood.

When converted, the camp bully became the gentlest of the gentle. He was especially considerate with drunken men. He could not turn them away from our chapel. Once three came in. During the prayer, when everybody kneeled, the three did. When folks rose to their seats one of the three remained on his knees snoring. An Arab visitor assumed authority among the humble listeners and said to the more sober brother, "Get him up." But he could not. The Arab called in a policeman from the street and with authority commanded him to get this fellow out of here. After the service the brother who remained asked Aguilera not to leave his brother in the police station. Aguilera took us down a couple of blocks to the local police station--the brother, the Arab, and me. The Arab confronted the office sergeant and commanded, "That drunk you brought down from our chapel, turn him loose."

The sergeant sent an officer to bring him out. The party were taking him out, but the sergeant said, He must pay the costs first--about 10 cents. But neither brother had the money, and Aguilera paid it.

At a service soon after, the brother who had been more sober came to the pulpit, took off a Catholic medal from his neck, threw it to the base of the platform, and said, "I'll never wear that again."

Aguilera's gentleness was not gullibility. Some one was delighted that a number of young fellows were attending services of his on the frontier. He knew it was more the girls than the gospel that drew and said, "Donde maduran las cerezas allá se juntan las diucas."¹ He was glad to have them come even so, and set out to capture them for Jesus.

¹Where the ripe cherries are, there are the robins.

After his conversion he taught himself to read. He knew the calendar and would figure the sound of the letters that spelled the days of the month and the days of the week. And so he learned to read his Bible--his only book.

When he came to me in Santiago, at perhaps 45 years of age, he still could not write. Besides his studies with me in the Bible, on his own he got a copy book and would laboriously work at copying. He would tell me, "Me caldea la cabeza." He was ill. I did not know. I supposed that such painful study for a vigorous outdoor man was tiring to him.

I was new to Chile and ignorant of the diseases afflicting the people. With later pastors I came to understand their diseases and saw to it that they took the treatments that could save them and their children. I had Mrs. Pacheco who had lost all of her children when she came to work in Santiago-- had her take the prenatal injections that gave her her first healthy baby. I first entered an appointment for her on the door tab of a Dr. Aldunate. When he saw the Pachecos were of the humbler level, he told me he made his own appointments and that I should take her to the free clinic at a big hospital.

Salomón's disease attacked his sciatic nerve so painfully that he came to have locked bowels and we thought he was going to die. I had no idea, until the doctor told me, what his trouble was. He had to take long series of injections at intervals for years before he finally became free of his trouble.

On the frontier some of the pastors did not travel much during the rainy season. But nothing halted Aguilera. He walked from settlement to settlement preaching to maybe 25 different groups in a month. Mud in the roads was too deep for a horse. He could slog along through the mud in his poncho, wade the swollen creeks, carrying his clothes over his head. The Vilcún "church" was

all these scattered groups. Perhaps half the Baptists of Chile at that time were members of Aguilera's.

In Santiago those attending Aguilera's chapel--the first church--were of the humble sort. There was one sophisticated gentleman, however, a Sr. Galvez, who would come to hear Aguilera and listen reverently. He didn't come to hear me. I could not touch him with a 10-foot pole. He professed to be a theosophist. I asked about him and unlettered Aguilera. He grew ecstatic. He said, "He is a saint. My father has saw-mill camps down south. I am sometimes down there about my father's business. Aguilera worked there among the people of our lumber camps. He endured unendurable hardships to bring his blessing to these people. He is the incarnation of the divine."

When I preached in the chapel, Aguilera would always follow up by telling the people he would interpret what I had said. It amused me that he thought he could understand when they couldn't. And it also amused me that his interpreting did not deal with my subject at all. He knew that I was shooting over their heads. He did not want the people to come to preaching and go away empty. So he would preach for 15 or 20 minutes the heart of the gospel on their level.

Bro. Aguilera had a consuming desire to learn. The arrangement with Bro. MacDonald and the Vilcún church was that Aguilera was to spend only a year with me. In his studies we tried to cover in the year what we thought would be of most use to him. Often I would reserve for later the answer to a question of his. When a half of the year had gone by, and the reserved questions were growing into a mountain, he began to express fear that he might not learn everything in the year. In the last months he kept saying he wished he could have another year of study in order to learn what was left over.

During Bro. Aguilera's year with us we had no baptisms, no professions of faith. I was a gringo with little knowledge of Chilean ways. He was a frontiersman not exactly at home in the great city. In a Sunday School class of children that I tried to teach they knew when I was praying what I was going to say before I said it. The oldest, a girl of maybe 12, would mimic me and repeat ahead of me the phrases she had come to know I would use.

A few months after our beginning with Aguilera in Recoleta district Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marrs, veterans from the Mission in Mexico, transferred to Chile. They came with their experience and high hopes. They came with no savings to set up housekeeping with, and used packing boxes for dining table, buffet, bookcases and dressers. Their rooms were very bare. It was affecting to see a couple, poor for the Lord's sake, for Him plunging into a new work at their age.

A little incident about the Marrs. She had a docile little Mexican house dog that had learned to be still when smuggled into forbidden places. Going into a hotel that said, No dogs allowed, she had Chiquito covered up in a basket handbag. The hotel boy and Mr. Marrs were amused as they followed her up the stairs with the dog's tail sticking out from under the cover and wagging with assurance.

In the chapel we had no instrument to sing by until Bro. Marrs came. I had a Billhorn folding organ at home with which I would memorize the songs I led. The Aguileras sang by ear and memory, as did everybody else, for the hymnals had no music printed--only the words. While Bro. Marrs was with us, he gave a lift to our services by playing the organ.

He was so buoyant about the work that first thing he proposed that we organize the church. This we did early in 1919 with six members--the two missionary couples and the Aguileras. This was the First Baptist Church of

Santiago.

Bro. Marrs made a survey tour of Chile from Santiago to Temuco to decide upon the field next to be entered. Chillan seemed promising. But Bro. Marrs was not long for Chile. From the beginning he fought a losing fight with the climate of Chile. He would have a siege with the asthma every evening and have to sit up all night and take sedatives. After a few weeks he became incapacitated. After four months the Marrs gave up their dream of helping get the work going in a new mission field, and we reluctantly and sorrowfully saw them off for a friendlier northern climate.

Bro. Aguilera's year came to an end. About the end of 1919 he returned to Vilcún expecting that with his better preparation he could do better work and also go on studying. But it did not turn out that way. His health grew worse. He died in April, greeted we may be sure, by the Master of all good workmen, and set anew to work and to learn the truths of God.

Nestor Bunster and Abdón Pacheco

About the time Cecil Moore came to Chile a Pentecostal group in Concepción had become convinced that the Bible taught immersion. Their leader Nestor Bunster immersed himself and then the rest of the group, dipping each one three times kneeling and face forward. They learned of the Baptists and joined the Baptist Union. They still had many Pentecostal ways. It was thought wise for Bro. Moore to go to Concepción to pastor them and for Bro. Bunster to go to Santiago to work and study with Davidson. Separated, pastor and flock might be more ready to learn. Mr. Moore had worked with Mexicans in Texas. Prepared as he was to begin work, he went to Concepción at once where Juan Domingo Alvarez was his associate. This was late in 1919. Mr. Bunster

came to continue the work in Recoleta district that Bro. Aguilera had begun.

Mr. Bunster was a city man. He was a lively speaker. With his guitar and his rhythmical and spirited singing he fell in well with the people of Recoleta.

Salomón Mussiëtt lived at Fariña 420 diagonally across the street from the chapel on Fariña at 425. He had heard those Baptists for months but was not impressed. He was a peddler, an Arab comerciante. He was going to be a rich merchant like his Arab supplier. With the money for the goods he sold today he would buy a stock for tomorrow. His capital grew. He bought a cart and yoke of oxen. He was on his way to success. Driving to a nearby village with a load of goods, his cart fell off the bridge, and the swift mountain stream carried away cart, oxen and goods. He had lost all his earnings. He was back to scratch and deeply despondent.

From his home he heard the chapel singing. It drew him over.

His upset prepared him for the gospel message. It was cold water to his thirsty soul. He opened the door and the Lord came in. He was joyfully converted.

He wanted his wife to find salvation too. She was a Chilean and not as submissive as an Arab thought a wife ought to be. He had sometimes resolved to kill her, and had drunk himself drunk in order to work up the nerve to do it. But liquor only made him maudlin, and he was still putting up with his independent Berta.

The one sermon had so captured Salomón for Jesus that he was sure a sermon would do the same for her. He took her over to the chapel. As the preacher preached, he was sure the sermon was moving her as it did him. At the end of the service, he asked what she thought of it. He was much let down

when she answered, "Oh, so-so."

But it wasn't long before she was converted. Then came the first baptizing in Santiago. Bro. Bunster baptized four--Salomón and Berta Mussiott, Berta's sister Mercedes Canales (now housekeeper at the seminary), and another woman. Salomón says it was April 20, 1921. It seems to me, however, that it was 1920.

Mr. Davidson had opened a second chapel (later to become Second Church) in August of 1919. He was giving most of his time to it, leaving First Church largely to Bro. Bunster.

Bro. Moore found that Bro. Bunster's flock had some Pentecostal ways that he felt he should correct--particularly their custom of taking the bread and wine kneeling. He felt that this was too much like the Catholic way of adoring the host. But they were not easily persuaded. He tried to compromise. They would observe the supper one time kneeling, the next time seated.

Bunster in Santiago encouraged his flock in Concepción to hold out. He kept in contact with them. There were storm clouds ahead. Davidson felt he had left the Recoleta flock too little cultivated. He began to visit them one evening a week to give them a course in the life of Jesus. When he was teaching about the boy Jesus learning, Mr. Bunster exploded. He rose up and said he would not have his people taught such falsehoods. Jesus was divine. He knew everything. He did not need to learn. Davidson kept trying to cultivate the little flock of the First Church, hoping he would not be too late to save it when the break should come.

A Sr. Ravanni had become a dominating member of the Recoleta Church. He was an impressive looking fleshy man, an expansive and slick insurance salesman, unctuously pious, easily able to gull our simple people. He planned to

take over the flock when Bunster left and to take them to a new meeting place he would open. He presented himself as a faith healer. When Mr. Bunster did hurry back to Concepción to save his flock from Mr. Moore and to make his break with the mission, Davidson prayed all night that the Lord would preserve his Recoleta flock. Next morning he visited the brethren from house to house. His prayers had been answered. Not a one went off with Ravanni. He went off, but he went off by himself. All stayed by the mission.

While with me, Bro. Aguilera had been wondering whom I might get to work with me when he had gone back to Vilcún. He said, "One of our Vilcún men would make a wonderful preacher. But we can't expect him to give up his good living and to be a minister for the money I am getting." His child in the gospel that he coveted for a minister was Abdón Pacheco. And on Bunster's leaving Bro. Pacheco was ready to come. He took up the work in Recoleta in an able way.

He had only a rudimentary education, but he was too wise ever to reveal ignorance. He was cautious not to say anything unless he was sure of his ground. When uncertain, he waited and kept alert, listening and watching. His composure was his forte. Medic students of his neighborhood would try to confound him by apparent wisdom in medical jargon. He would listen. The next time other students tried the same game, he would throw in something the other boys had said. He got a reputation for knowledge among the medics. In Santiago among all his contacts he came to be respected as a solid man of good judgment.

He was never given to wordiness. There was substance in all he said.

I remember one street sermon of his in his early days in San Bernardo. There was excitement over the low-grade housing and agitation for a cut in

rents. Bro. Pacheco said, "What you need is not better housing. If you were given a new sanitary apartment, all furnished, it wouldn't be six months till your home would be like now. You would pawn all the furniture for drink. Your children would be sleeping on the floor on a pile of rags. What you need is not a change of houses but a change of ways.

"You complain about the bed bugs. If you do not change your ways, you are going to a place where the housing will be worse than here--ugly, dirty, leaky, drafty, damp, chilly, crowded. And you will have bed bugs chewing on you big as turtles."

During my years in Santiago, First Church had a succession of three rented halls and a building of our own. The first one was a block west of Recoleta Avenue about six blocks from the river at 425 Fariña--not a desirable place, but the best available. Everywhere else the landlord had turned me down. One told me, "Not for a Protestant chapel. Before I would rent for that I would rent for a coal depot or for a brothel." The landlord who rented to us, Sr. Nahum Vasquez, had had a daughter in the Methodist Santiago College, and thought well of missionaries. So here we began, wondering why the Lord had given us nothing better. But I was to learn why. It was in order to give us Salomón Mussiott, to give us Berta Mussiott, to give us Mercedes Canales. Here was where First Church was organized.

The second home of First Church was a store building on the Mapocho river front between Recoleta and Independencia. One day Sr. Vasquez came across town to my house all heated up because that fellow (Bunster) had moved out without notice and without his chance to inspect the place and assess damages, and had sent him the key by another. When he found me ready to go over to his house with him and stand for any damages, he quieted down and was appeased. Bunster had moved our meeting place to the river front, and it was still our

meeting place when he abruptly left for Concepción.

Now Abdón Pacheco came as pastor of First Church, and we soon moved to hall Number Three on Recoleta Avenue itself, a building on a street corner that had a large front room with a double door, set diagonal and facing south-east and opening to two streets. There were two or three other rooms suitable for classes. Here we continued with Bro. Pacheco as pastor until my first furlough (1922-24).

The McGavocks arrived in Santiago as new missionaries a few days after we left the country on furlough. They built a building of our own in the Bella Vista sector which continued to be the home of the First Baptist Church until after the Davidsons finally left Chile.¹

In rented hall No. 1, while the work was very new a girl who attended developed an illness. In a service she asked that we pray for her. While she remained in her seat I led in a prayer for her from the pulpit. A Pentecostal neighbor wasn't satisfied. He stepped to the front, called her to him, had her kneel, laid his hand on her head and prayed.

"Lord, I am not worthy to do this, but cleanse me, and show thy power. Heal this girl, and cast the demon out of her. Then in a vigorous command, "Demon, come out of her. Come out, I command you in Jesus' name."

Then he took her by the hand, raised her up and told her, "Now you are well, go on home."

Neither my prayer nor the brother's gave her any immediate improvement.

Once in rented hall Number Three an earth tremor came while we were in a service. By instinct the flock started to rise to leave the building. Then

¹Perhaps this was but a rented hall. Either way it was much better quarters.

someone started to sing. The rest joined in. They continued to sing during the threat. The neighbors as usual in a tremor rushed out from their homes into the street, fell on their knees to cry, "Misericordia, Señor." When they heard folks singing in the quake they came from all four directions and collected at the door to see what kind of folks these would be. Seeing the door full of spectators, one of ours stood and testified that in a quake, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Others followed suit, saying they weren't afraid in the Lord's house.

Once an old woman who attended at Chapel Number Three told me she intended to be baptized--for her rheumatism. She had heard that some had gotten well on being baptized.

At this church we had been trying for some time to get the folks to start Sunday School and other services on time instead of when the folks had drifted in in sufficient number. At one business meeting after considerable discussion they were preparing to vote to do that--mostly to please the missionary--when Bro. Juan Cándida, an illiterate but devoted Christian, swung everybody against it by quoting a proverb, "Quien apurado vive apurado muere."¹ The proverb was all authority. The people were afraid to vote to meet on time for fear they might kill themselves by hurrying.

Bro. Pacheco was baptizing a number of converts at the second baptizing in Santiago. This in a canal paralleling the Mapocho at the foot of Antonio Varas. None of the spectators had ever seen a baptizing. When one young woman was coming up out of the stream her girlfriends, feeling that this must be an event in her life, threw confetti over her. No telling how long it took to get it out of her hair.

¹Live in a hurry, die in a hurry.

It was at this baptizing that Manuel Alarcón, being led up out of the water, when Davidson on the bank offered him a hand, waved him aside, flung himself down in the water, swam downstream 40 yards and back again and then came out. A couple of years later when I knew Bro. Alarcón better, I asked him about it. He said, "It was a chilly day and I wanted to work up my circulation, so I wouldn't catch cold."

Manuel was a home piece-work tailor. He had been a faithful attendant for many months after his baptism when he broke off attending all at once. After a time in business meeting the church kept wanting to appoint a committee to see him. But Bro. Pacheco would tell them, "It won't do any good. When he gets ready he will come back on his own." After a few months he started attending as regularly as ever. He had gotten hard up and pawned his clothes. Tailor that he was, he couldn't attend meetings because he had no clothes to come in.

Bro. Pacheco continued as pastor of First Church until after my first furlough. At that time (1922) it had been about four years since the first preaching hall was opened in the Recoleta area, about three years since the First Church was organized with two missionary couples and the Aguileras, about two years since the first four were baptized. The church now numbered about 40, I believe, besides those who had belonged to the Sta. Elena branch and who by this time had organized as the Second Church.

Santa Elena

After eight months of language study in Valparaíso, as we were going over to Santiago, Mr. Turner of the YMCA, a Lutheran, told me that the interdenominational Committee on Comity would locate me. This was chiefly a Methodist-

Presbyterian agreement. I told him I would welcome and study their suggestions in deciding on location and that I was not going to trespass on anybody or any mission work, that in locating I would make a careful study, take into account existing work, and use my best judgment. He had a short fuse and became explosively unhappy. After a few years in Chile, missionaries of one denomination would complain to me about the failure of the other to practice comity and wish that they were as considerate of their work as we Baptists were.

Bro. MacDonald and I chose two spots for our first working areas--areas untouched by others. One was the Recoleta district, the other the streetcar center at Vicuña McKenna and Diez de Julio--an intersection for Ñuñoa, Avenida Matta and Diez de Julio lines.

In April 1919 the work had been going in Recoleta for about six months. I began to try to find a second hall as near that streetcar junction as possible. I arranged for Bro. MacDonald to come up in July and help open services there. But I found nothing for rent in all the area either in April, May, June or July. Bro. MacDonald had his trip for nothing.

Could it be the Lord was telling us, Not here? We still felt that the Lord was pointing us to this location, and kept praying and hunting.

At one wide-spreading one-story building I asked about a for-rent sign. The maid said, "I will call my master. He came to the door--a monk all smiles, with the thought of renting to a rich, green gringo. For fun, when he asked, For what purpose do you want it? I said, For a Protestant mission hall. He didn't say a word. He dropped the smile, and backed up, crossing himself to protect himself from the devil at his door.

In August at renting time I had not walked a block from the intersection when I saw a for-rent sign. The place was a room about 28 feet square--large, roomy and airy, with a large double door facing on a quiet side street, only the second or third door from the busy Diez de Julio and a short block from Vicuña McKenna. Fifty yards in one direction a place would be noisy. Fifty yards in the other it would have been too secluded. The building and the spot were ideal. However, in view of many failures, I couldn't believe it was for us. I had learned not to waste time, so I came to the point at once. "You will not want to rent to me when you know what I want it for." The landlady's eye flashed at me quizzically. "Why, what did you want it for?"

She thought to herself, Is this another tavern-keeper? She had turned down several who wanted her to put out her renter and who had offered three times what she was asking me.

"What I want it for is to preach the gospel in."

Her fear turned to joy, and she beamed, "Praise the Lord! Why not? I am a Christian. How often have I prayed that the Lord would allow me to have preaching in my home!"

She had been converted 20 years before through the witness of Don José Torregrosa, a Spanish Baptist. There was no Baptist work in Santiago at the time, and she joined the Methodists, as Mr. Torregrosa had done. She asked to be immersed, but her Methodist pastors kept putting it off. She had won her husband and six children one by one as they grew old enough, and all found a home in the Methodist church. But now for two years and with poor health she had not been able to attend there.

Mr. Davidson fitted up the room with white wallpaper and good lights, a vestibule, and simple benches of his designing, benches of various sizes for

the various ages. It was the best lighted and most cheerful place in the neighborhood, the most pleasant place the neighbors in their dingy surroundings could find to spend an evening in. Passers-by stopped to see what was going on, and many were waiting for the opening day.

One old lady said, "Set me down--Luisa Vergara viuda." I wrote her name in my notebook. She said, "Did you get it down--the viuda?"

Boys thought it would be a place of entertainment. Some said they were neighbors and asked if they could get in free. They wanted tickets. So I wrote them out free passes.

From the first the hall was filled. Mrs. Villanueva, for she was the landlady, was my Lydia. To her neighbors she talked of the chapel and of the gospel. She taught a class of children. I taught the adults. I preached, and she prayed. And how her heart went into her prayers! And how in her prayers she lifted us up and carried us along! She was a mother to our people. People in trouble had her come to their homes. Children and young people came to her with their problems. Her home upstairs above the mission hall with an open door where the people came to talk things over with her. It was a resort for inquirers. Many of our later members were persons she had won. Many had been children in her Sunday School class.

It did me good the way Mrs. Villanueva prayed for "our missionary" that the Lord would "give him patience with us. For we must try his patience--the kind of people we are. And help him to understand us. Don't let him get discouraged with us." What she really felt was needed was that the Lord would give the people patience with their difficult missionary and help them to understand him.

Although we were associated for only five years, Mrs. Villanueva was through the 35 years till her death my life-long friend. Occasionally through the years she would write me in the States telling how things were going with her and hers.

When Salomón Mussiott was converted, his religion was such a treasure that he became an evangelist peddler. Along with his wares he carried gospels and tracts. He spent more time talking religion with his clients than in sales talk. Some of them, particularly in Bella Vista, threw out their household images. A number of our new baptisms were of his converts.

About six months after his conversion and about six months also after I had opened Sta. Elena Hall, I felt that the Lord thought to make a preacher out of Salomón. I asked him one day to speak for us in Sta. Elena. But he wouldn't think of it. "Well," I told him, "we will just have no meeting that night, for I can't be there." So he agreed to try. Afterward he told me that the devil tried to keep him from going to the chapel at preaching time, and he almost backed out. But when he realized it was the devil, he wrenched himself free and went to the chapel.

The folks gave a good report of his preaching. Soon I asked him to pinch hit for me again, and soon again. After a half dozen such times I told him, "You take the pulpit there regularly, and "keep on preaching for me till I tell you to stop." And so he became the preacher at Sta. Elena Hall.

You should have heard Mrs. Villanueva's prayers. "Thank you, Lord, for giving us a preacher that we can understand, one that knows us and preaches to us on our level, one that knows how to bring the gospel home to our hearts!"

Were my toes stepped on? Not at all. I knew she was right. I thanked the Lord as she did that He had given us such a flaming evangelist. I was

amazed that with so little experience and so little training Salomón preached so movingly. He was intense. He preached with feeling. He was often on the mountain tops. When he was in the right frame, he preached with power. But sometimes he was in the valleys. He was always either up or down. One year, 1924 or 1926, he was to preach the Chilean Convention sermon. He let his hour come and let the president introduce him. He came to the speaker's stand and said, "I can't preach. I am not right with the Lord. I haven't prayed for four months." And he sat down, the picture of dejection.

Salomón frequently felt aggrieved at one or another of his fellow workers. I imagine it was something of the sort on his conscience that made him feel out of fellowship with the Lord and so disqualified for preaching.

Before Second Church was organized the flock there was a branch of the First Church. For communion all would meet in a sunrise service at the First Church. One Sunday morning Bro. Pacheco had conducted the service to the point where the elements were to be served. Then Salomón rose and said, "I can't take communion. I have something in my heart against Bro. Pacheco."

Bro. Pacheco said pleasantly, "Come here, Bro. Salomón," and took him into a side room. After three minutes they came back smiling arm in arm, and went on with the service.

An Arab, Salomón was not accustomed to women assuming an equality. He was an inexperienced new Christian, Mrs. Villanueva a mature one. She saw his well-meant indiscretions and like Aquila and Priscilla with Apollos she could often offer him wise counsel. The way people deferred to her wisdom was a perennial sore spot with him. The two often caused each other tears. Still they were a great team. Together they laid the foundations of a wonderful church.

Santa Elena kept having conversions and baptisms until in 1921, two years after the hall was opened and about a year after Salomón became the preacher, it was organized as the Second Church with 15 members.

During my few years in Santiago I worked more directly with Second Church than any other, and was more intimate with the people there. Let me record some of the lighter incidents of those years when the work was primitive, things that would hardly happen today.

In one conventillo where I was giving out tracts with invitations to our services one poor woman at her wash tub asked, "Are you one of those preachers that preaches hell? I don't want any of that. This is hell enough." I said, "We preach to help you out of this hell and to help you keep from a worse one to come."

On a holiday I gave an invitation to two men sitting in their patio among the bamboos and vines at a table with a bottle of chicha, half intoxicated. They insisted that I drink with them, and were going to be ugly if I didn't. I said, "I can't drink chicha, but I'll drink a glass of water with you." They got me a glass of water and I toasted them. They hah-hah-ed maudlinly "I'll drink water with you" until I was out of hearing.

Our church group often went street-preaching to invite folks to the chapel for the service to follow. Salomón would play on his cornet and draw the folks. The folks would sing a song or two. Three or four would give brief testimonies or appeals. And then they would lead all who would to the chapel. At one such meeting a broken old woman, half intoxicated, said to me, "They tell me you cure folks of drinking by prayer. Pray for my son. He drinks up all his wages, and we don't have anything left to live on." She didn't think of being cured herself, nor of either one of them coming to the chapel. The son could be cured sight-unseen without his knowledge.

One young man had been quite a constant attendant for many months, then broke off. I called on him. He could not stand it to sit in service and see Imperatriz. She spurned his attentions and was more interested in another young man. I said, "But you were coming for the love of the Lord."

"No, for love of Imperatriz."

I said, "For love of the Lord and of Imperatriz."

He said, "I don't know. It might have been a little bit for love of the Lord. But it was practically all for love of Imperatriz."

An evangelical service was quite a new thing to most of our attendants. One could never count on what the visitors thought they should do there. During service one came in, saw a large primary Sunday School picture hanging on a standard at one side of the pulpit. He watched a moment to size up the situation. Then he walked forward genuflecting, crossed himself and genuflected deeply before the picture, then backed away reverently and took a seat.

One poor fellow with his head all bandaged up came in with his hat on and kept trying to get the attention of the preacher. Finally he broke in, "I am not irreverent. I got my head hurt in a fight and have to keep my hat on to keep from catching cold."

Mr. Ravanni tried to intrude here. Two women after service told him of ailments. He professed to have the gift of healing. It was said that in Rancagua he had proved it by bringing a sick cat to church, anointing it, and praying for it. It cured the cat. And, they said, its kittens are alive today! I told these women, "Nobody has a monopoly on God's ear. He will hear you just as much as He will Mr. Ravanni. You must pray yourself, pray humbly for the Lord's healing, and ask your friends to pray for you."

We were having services at Santa Elena the first year or two on Sunday morning and evening and two evenings a week. The evenings in the church were the most pleasant ones in their week. They begged that they might have preaching more nights in the week.

The people who acted as treasurers had no good way to take care of the money in their simple homes. And it was easy to use some of it temporarily and not be able to pay it back. Pedro Sanchez was one of the more stable and more able members of the church, but quite a new Christian. In an election of officers, they nominated him for treasurer. He wouldn't have it. He said he couldn't trust himself. Later in the session they nominated him for church clerk. He said, "This is more like. I can do that."

One of our members, Mrs. Erminia de (Eleodoro) Contreras, had absented herself from the church for many weeks. I went to see her and urged her to come back. She said she wouldn't come back because of what Pastor Salomón had said. I said, "Forget it, and let's go on working together for the Lord."

She said, "I am not going to forget it. I have what he said all written down in a notebook so I won't forget."

I said, "Bring the notebook and let's burn it up."

She said, "No, I have it locked up in the trunk for safe keeping, and it's going to stay there."

Irene Flores was a sweet little Christian of maybe 14 years whose home was a home of privation. Her father, a paper-hanger, attended some, but he was often drunk, and when drunk was a terror in the home. In a testimony meeting Irene stood and said simply, "Pray for my father. The Lord saved me, and I want Him to save my father too."

One boy about 14 thought he should testify like the rest. He said, "When examination time came in school, I hadn't cracked a book. But I prayed that the Lord would help me by, and He did. I passed the examination."

In prayer meeting Juan Cándida, a very dark-complexioned illiterate, a simple man who loved the Lord, once prayed, "Lord, cure my disposition. I have a terrible disposition. That spell I had yesterday! Caramba! That was terrible! Lord, cure my disposition (genio)."

After the church in Santa Elena was organized, I tried to leave the affairs of the church to the members. It was their school of democracy. It was the one place in the world where they had a voice and where everyone counted for one. Accordingly, their business meetings were lively. Whatever the business, it took them a long time to work it out. They learned to have a special night for business meeting--to begin and devote the entire evening to it. For instance, when I built the vestibule, I put in frosted window panes about 12 by 14 inches. One of these had got broken. They debated whether to replace it or not. Everybody expressed himself on the subject. When they had voted to do it, they went through the same process deciding whether to put in frosted glass or to put in plain glass and paint it. It took about an hour and a half to finish the business of the window pane.

Once I asked Eliodoro Contreras, "Why do you talk in business meeting on every item that comes up?" He asked in surprise, "Isn't every member supposed to?"

Second Church solved the problem of starting on time. They organized a boys' club called Los Despertadores.¹ On Sunday mornings they went around from home to home to let folks know what time it was.

¹The Awakeners or The Alarm Clocks.

Second Church always had quite a celebration at Christmas--with tree, songs, recitations and gifts. Some merchants used to help out. One was a Scotch friend of Bro. MacDonald's, Mr. Sutherland, owner of La Casa Inglesa. Others were the McKays of the McKay Galleta Company. I took Salomón and Pachechodown to the McKay office, and when one of the McKays came in, a giant about six feet six, my diminutive Chilean companions almost whistled, and long talked about what galletas could do for a man.

One Christmas, when Chilean leaders were promoting a thrift and savings movement, it was proposed in Santa Elena that the church give each child not something to eat but a savings deposit book with a credit of say 50 centavos (10 cents United States at the time). One member, Communist-infected, opposed it heatedly. He said it would be teaching their children to be capitalists and make them despise their very parents. He said many of them did not have a shirt to their backs, and that a shirt would be more suitable. When the people kept on favoring it, he grew more violent. To relieve the tension, I said, "If we can't give them a shirt, maybe we could give them a solapa. From then on they gave little force to his mouthings. Time had run on till it was 11:00 in the night. I went home and left it to them. Next day I learned that he had kept on opposing more and more noisily, and that the church had put him out for insubordination.

The Davidsons came back to Sta. Elena after a two-year furlough. As they sat together on the right side of the aisle, an usher tapped Mary on the shoulder and said she was on the wrong side, and would she move over. I moved over the aisle with her. I soon learned that in our absence the church had voted to seat the sexes separately--the men on the right and the women on the left. The church had come of age. Now they could tell their missionaries, their founders, where to sit.

As a building site for Second Church I bought a conventillo in Argomodo. In a niche in a central place the conventillo had an image of a saint--the protecting saint of the conventillo. It proved to be some years before we could build there. We did not molest the tenants, but let them stay on, image and all. People kept joking me about our Baptist idol. But I said, "What good will it do to get the idol out of the conventillo if we do not get it out of their hearts?" In course of time it disappeared of itself--nobody knew how.

Honorie Espinoza

Early in the school year of 1922 a group of university freshmen from the provinces were passing the Santa Elena Chapel and were arrested by a preacher (Salomón) that could be heard a block away. Amused by such a style of speaking they passed by more than the one evening. One of them was Honorio Espinoza of Cauquenes. He was impressed amusingly by the courtesy of a foreign gentleman (Mr. Davidson) at the door, who welcomed him in. The preacher's message touched home. He had come from a home of godly parents, people of integrity. They had come under the influence of Adventist missionaries, I believe, and had some evangelical enlightenment. Before long Honorio was an inquirer and night after night was seeking light from Salomón, from Mrs. Villanueva and from Mr. Davidson.

Before many days Honorio came to Mr. Davidson's home with his problem. Should he be baptized or not? His father had warned him that if he did he would renounce him. A few more days, and he came back, his decision made, and soon after was baptized.

Then came a letter from his father saying that Honorio was no longer his son. Honorio wrote his father, expressing his regard for him and his gratitude that he had such a father, his desire to be an obedient son. In this one question, however, he must follow his conscience. He would always be his filial and dutiful son. The father answered with appreciation of the manliness of the boy. He wished him well in the new course he had taken. He urged him not to disappoint the missionaries who had befriended him. Honorio would still be his son. But he himself could not approve the Baptist faith, and he could not finance Honorio as a Baptist.

As Honorio gave a good account of himself in his new course, the father grew proud of him. This showed most at Honorio's wedding which came in three or four years, with the father present and beaming. Others know better than I that as the years passed Mr. Espinoza accepted the faith of his son and became a deacon and iron pillar in the Baptist church of his town.

A university student, now on his own, Honorio set out to find work. After a few days of hunting, his room and board paid up for only two more days, he came dispirited to the missionary. All employers turned him down because of his youth. The missionary said, "Time will remedy that." Hurt by the missionary's facetiousness and seeming lack of concern, the boy said, "Don't make jokes. This is serious." The missionary was untroubled because he meant to see the boy through. When Honorio had reached the end of his resources with nothing in sight, the Davidsons invited him to live with them, to continue his studies in the university, and to work in the churches by way of compensating for his support. This arrangement continued about six months--till the Davidsons left Chile. The McGavocks arrived a few days after the Davidsons left, moved into the missionary residence in place of the Davidsons and had Honorio live with them the two years the Davidsons were on furlough.

Honorio's gringo friends gave him plenty of embarrassment. He confided later that when he was with the missionary downtown and the missionary was carrying a package he had bought, he was always afraid some friends would see him.

Once the Davidsons had him invite three of his friends for supper. Supposing it a nine-course dinner, the guest only nibbled at the food served, and said, "No more, thank you." Honorio, perplexed, urged, "Eat, eat; I'll tell you why later."

In the coaching classes the student ministers were given to ribbing one another. One subject they twitted Honorio about was his living with gringos. Sometimes they would laugh at something he did or said as being gringo. The missionaries felt that the most suitable training for Honorio was for him to complete his law course and to study with the other young ministers in the missionary's coaching classes.

In the university Honorio became the butt of teachers and students. Religion was a supersitition beneath the educated man. And the evangelicals did not have the one saving feature of the Catholics--social standing--but were the scum of society, and fanatics at that!

Honorio stood alone enduring their jests and giving a manly witness like Paul among the sophisticated Athenians. Within a few weeks after his baptism he asked for the chapel for an evening just for himself and his university guests. He would invite them and give them his witness for Christ.

In time he came to be highly regarded by many of the educated. Before I left Chile nearly five years after his conversion, visitors at his preaching were students, labor leaders and national deputies.

His education in law proved to give him prestige and the respect of serious-minded civic leaders.

Honorio worked at first as a layman in Sta. Elena along with Salomón and Mrs. Villanueva, especially with the young people, particularly the Sociedad de Jóvenes. Later he came to work as associate pastor of the Recoleta church with Luther Moya as pastor, and then as pastor there himself. It was here that he came to know the Brandos and that he found Luz, and that he developed first as a gifted preacher, and that persons of standing began to go to hear him and to consult him.

I believe Luz was only 15 when she and Honorio were married. When he proposed to marry, Luther Moya joked him about robbing the cradle.

But living as a student in the homes of missionaries for three years and then in boarding houses after the Davidsons returned to Chile, Honorio had had enough of the single life. And the Brandons of his church were a sterling family, and Luz a charming and a choice companion.

Once when newly wed, Luz was visiting at the Davidsons. When Mrs. Davidson came out onto the front porch, Luz suddenly stopped the porch swing and said, "I forgot I was married. A married woman isn't supposed to swing like a girl, is she?"

When Honorio began to show rare promise as a young minister, Davidson's seminary mate and friend, Norfleet Gardner of North Carolina, offered to finance Honorio in Louisville seminary. But the missionary felt that that would tend to de-Chileanize him and create a barrier between him and his people. The best education for him in his immature years was in Chile, and the most suitable in Chile at the time was in the University School of Law.

After a few years the Chilean Baptist Seminary was to become a reality. Honorio was promising as a key man in the school. Just at that time Mr. Gardner raised the question whether Honorio was not mature enough only to profit from such a period of study in the States. Mr. Davidson agreed, and Mr. Gardner renewed his offer.

This was just at the time that Dr. Maddry felt the time had come to establish the seminary in Santiago and that Honorio was the man to be trained to head it. How things were conspiring together!

In the seminary Honorio won the regard and love of students and teachers, both as a serious student and as a choice personality. His class made him their president. Once the class wanted President Sampey's permission for something he did not favor. Honorio went to him with their request. Dr. Sampey granted it, but said, "I am doing this not for the class, but for Honorio Espinoza."

While the Espinozas were at Louisville, the children made themselves one with their schoolmates--so much so that when their parents spoke to them in Spanish before others, they were embarrassed and would say, "I don't understand. Speak English."

The story of Honorio Espinoza is the story of a youth who gave up everything for Christ, like Moses--father, home, status, living, associates. It cost him. He paid a big price. But as with Joseph, the story of Honorio Espinoza is the story of how God was with a faithful youth. It is the story of what God chose to do with a man who put himself in God's hand.

Francisco Lobos and Samuel Alvarez

The third location where we started work in Santiago was on Francisco Lobos near the Quinta Normal and the Grotto of Lourdes. To reach it from my home in Providencia I took three streetcars, including a horse-drawn one that ran from near the Alameda station out past the Quinta.

The Alliance had a hall there but were giving it up as a hard place and were offering the building for sale. We bought it. While we were putting it in order, among other things putting in some adobe partitions, a laborer came into the room I was using as construction office. He asked, "Are you the father?" "No," I said. He looked puzzled. "They told me you were." It dawned on me that he meant the minister. So I asked, "Yes, what did you want to tell me?" He said, "I wanted to make confession." I said, "Don't make it to me, but to God. Kneel on this bale of straw and tell the Lord about it." This he did and prayed with all freedom and spontaneity.

Samuel Alvarez, brother of Juan Domingo Alvarez, a layman, came up from the South to join our group of preacher students. He lived in the Francisco Lobos building in the living quarters provided, a widower along with his little daughter. He was used to country ways and was a man of gentle manners.

One Sunday evening in his first months, when I visited his chapel at preaching time, I found the building dark and him gone to bed. It had been raining, and he supposed that nobody would come, just as out in the country. By and by he came to the door and unlocked it. I told him I would light up while he got dressed. Then we sang on the chapel steps and drew the attention of people up and down the street to the number of maybe 15. We took them inside and had a service as usual. The other boys of the coaching class never

got over teasing "Samuelito"¹ (he was a diminutive little fellow) about the missionary catching him in bed and having to get him up for preaching service.

For lights in this building we had carbide lamps. One hung by the pulpit stand. One night as he was preaching the lamp blew up. The preacher was unhurt, and went on through the service as though nothing had happened. And the people sat through the service in the same way.

Francisco Lobos proved to be an unresponsive location under the shadow of the Grotto and of the Catholic church of Lourdes. We made no headway there so long as I was in Chile.

Our Preacher Students

From the first I gave top priority to developing the preacher boys. I met with them at my house and we had a two-hour session of a morning. None of them but Honorio had had more than a few years of elementary education. First there was Polidoro Aguilera alone for a year, then Nestor Bunster alone for several months. Then came Abdón Pacheco alone for six months. Then Salomón Mussiott began to preach, and we had two. Then Samuel Alvarez came up from the South and Honorio began to work with us.

We had four studying and preaching when my first furlough came. The boys were so much more effective preaching than I that I had them acting as the regular preachers in the preaching halls. They could take my suggestions for a sermon and do far better with it than I. The fact is, I never was much of a preacher, whether in English or Spanish. Teaching was my calling. Once when I preached in Sta. Elena, Grace McCoy liked it if the people didn't get much

¹Sammy or little Sam.

of it. She thought it had more meat than heat, while with the preacher boys it was the other way round. She said, "Why don't you do more preaching?"

We had one course going in Old Testament and one in New Testament. All our teaching of theology, of preaching, of evangelism, of general knowledge was introduced into the Bible study as an exposition of the Bible itself. In the same way we gave the boys sermon suggestions and illustrations growing out of the Bible study.

In our sessions the boys were always reporting their pastoral experiences and problems and discussing them. They were not solving their problems alone but as a group. Their study of pastoring grew out of their daily experience rather than having it handed out to them in an outlined course.

At the same time I made the rounds visiting their meetings and went with first one then another of them as he went about among his people.

That was a rather haphazard way of operating a mission station, but until our first furlough Mrs. Davidson and I were alone as the missionaries of the new Santiago field, except that Agnes Graham was with us during her year of language study. Under the circumstances this seemed to us to be the best method. It was in this informal school that Pacheco and Salomón and Honorio made their beginnings in the ministry. Thank God for these noble servants of His.

Some amusing incidents of life among our students are not to their discredit, for we are all human.

One afternoon about tea time I was waiting downtown for a streetcar home-- a Providencia car, Line Number 11. Nestor Bunster saw me standing there. Thinking it a good chance for a visit to a cafe, he came up and said, "Toma V. las once?" Misunderstanding, I said, "Sí, y aquí viene." I jumped onto the

streetcar and left him standing there balked.

Once Salomón as spokesman for the group was telling how hard it was to make ends meet. He said he couldn't even buy a new handkerchief. He says I didn't say anything, but that next session the first thing I did on coming before the class was to unfold a handkerchief and blow my nose. The handkerchief had a big hole in it. He took that for my answer. He was immensely amused by the slyness of it. Enough to say, Salomón had good eyes, and that I had never thought of such a thing.

In one of his reading books Samuelito came upon the expression vice versa. He asked me what it meant. After I had tried to explain, he said, "For instance, if somebody says to me, 'You are a liar,' I can tell him, 'Vice versa.'" I thought he had not only grasped the meaning, but had mastered the use of the expression. Wasn't I a good teacher!

Honorio was much impressed by my explanation of God's creature falling into sin. I explained, man He made in His own image, creative like Him. God made him a subcreator, man himself the actor in the things of his devising. Honorio would say to me, "He is a brain. He did what no theologian ever did before, he reconciled God's sovereignty and man's freedom."

Agnes Graham

Agnes Graham on coming to Chile already had a knowledge of Spanish, for she had studied it in the University of Texas. Having been active for several years in teaching and in Christian work with children back home, and being intense in her dedication to missionary work, she wanted to be at it soon after arrival. She soon proposed a playground play-and-story hour in a public park. I arranged it for her, but did not go with her. When she reached home, she was worn and dejected. She lamented, "Why didn't you tell me I couldn't

do it! Those little rascals pretended not to understand a word I said." And so she resigned herself to her year of language study just like the rest of us who had no knowledge of Spanish before coming.

Agnes lived in our home for several months in which we came to appreciate and love her dearly--a noble woman of rocklike convictions, devoted above all to her adopted people. One thing that would always raise her blood pressure was for one to say anything derogatory of the Chilean people, even in a joke.

She was not lazy, and did not like lazy people. She began to show that she thought Mary, my wife, was not putting herself into the work. But when she and I had a talk and she learned that since the birth of our first daughter, Mary had been anemic and that now she was ill in the early months of a new pregnancy, she apologized with tears, and could not do enough to show herself considerateness and tenderness.

In order to learn Spanish faster Agnes left our home and spent the last half of her year of language study in a Chilean home.

One of us was telling Agnes one day that Dorothy, eighteen months old, would cry violently with fright when we laid her on the bed in the guest room. She explained, "Oh, I know why. Once she and I were lying on that bed when the spring frame came loose at the foot and fell to the floor."

Agnes opened the girls' school in Temuco in the fall of 1921 in a rented residence. Meanwhile she was preparing for that opening and also was working out the plans for the new building of our own. Mr. Gellona of Santiago was the architect and we often had planning sessions together. Agnes as well as Nellie had lived at the House Beautiful, the Woman's Missionary Union Training School, and the new building was to be like it. The second floor, however, was to be the auditorium, and a fireplace in the first-floor parlor, arranged

as in the House Beautiful, would go up right through the auditorium. With her dream of the House Beautiful she kept forgetting this and coming back to her fireplace in the parlor, and was reminded of the trouble with it so often that it became a sore point.

After she opened school in Temuco, the plans incomplete, since Nelie was still a language student, she had to send her up from Temuco to most of the planning sessions in Santiago. Her first years in Chile were busy ones, and so were all of her years.

First Furlough and After

Until our first furlough in 1922 Mary and I were the only workers in Santiago, except that Agnes Graham had done her language study there and began to help as she could. At that time we had work going in First Church on Recoleta with Pacheco as pastor, in Second on Sta. Elena with Salomón as pastor and with Honorio and Mrs. Villanueva as lay workers, and in Francisco Lobos hall with Samuel Álvarez as preacher. First and Second had perhaps twenty-five members each--I don't know.

During the two years of our furlough the work had grown under the direction of the McGavocks who had arrived in Chile a few days after we sailed for home. Bro. McGavock had put up a building for First Church in the Bella Vista area. There had come to be about forty members in each of the two churches. Because of illness Samuel Álvarez had had to give up the work in Santiago, and Bro. McGavock had inducted Manuel Alarcón of First Church as preacher in Francisco Lobos. On our return to Santiago Bro. McGavock went on to Talca to begin work there, and left the Santiago field again to the Davidsons along with new missionaries who had arrived and were doing their language study in Santiago.

From furlough the Davidsons brought back a gospel tent given by Mary's home church in Chillicothe, Missouri. For this tent Earl made knockdown benches enough to fill it. The tent was used all over Santiago and other parts of Chile. For a time it was left set up in the Independencia area for a mission Sunday School and preaching center.

One night of an evangelistic meeting a hearer got up before the invitation was given, left the tent, got into a fight down the street and was killed. This had the effect of a warning to listeners for the rest of the meeting.

MacDonald Disaffection

While it was possible for the Davidsons to work clear of Bro. MacDonald's field, the developing work called for later-coming missionaries to work in the South--the Harts in Temuco, the Moores in Concepción. All the field still looked to Bro. MacDonald as their patriarch, and he continued as informal general supervisor of all the work of the South. New missionaries wanted a definite assignment. Bro. MacDonald had no thought of dividing his field.

On the death of Mother MacDonald in January 1923, the missionaries talked him into taking a furlough in the States. During his absence they divided the field and assigned one part to him. On his return when he found himself so limited, he was unhappy about it. His furlough came during mine, and he returned to Chile about a year before I did. I found the ferment of discontent had spread as an underground movement among the older pastors. A break in the mission threatened. Bro. MacDonald, however, came in time to accept the reorganization of the work, and still he had plenty to do. The pastors soon forgot the issue. But a greater desire for a greater voice in

mission affairs became the new and greater issue. This was growing when I left Chile in 1926, and I understand soon became acute. How a few years later it came to a happy solution others know better than I.

Janet MacDonald

To Mother MacDonald I would give the highest tribute as a selfless saint who endured past endurance and kept sweet. I have tried to do this in my English translation of Elizabeth Condell Pacheco's life of her grandfather--W. D. T. MacDonald, Apostle of the Chilean Frontier, published by the Foreign Mission Board. I have supplemented Elizabeth's record with incidents Bro. and Mrs. MacDonald used to relate to me and which I wrote down at the time in my MacDonald notebook. They were joint relators. Each one would break in on the other to insert a choice detail. Whenever I was in their home they loved to tell me these stories out of their full lives. When I was as full as I could hold I would retreat to write down their stories before I could forget them.

If the greatest is the one who is servant of all, then Mother MacDonald was the greatest woman I ever knew.

She was the ever-ready hostess for Chilean Baptists passing or coming to her home. Many a time when such guests arrived she filled her beds with them and herself slept on the floor. It made no difference who came to her home--whether a poor country man in poncho and alpergatas or cultured gentleman--she gave him an unquestioning and solicitous welcome and hospitality.

Once I took Mr. Gellona, the architect of the Temuco School building, from Santiago to Temuco to her home. He was a large tall gentleman, a perfect stranger to her, at least a foot taller than she. In motherly tones, she welcomed us in, patting us both gently on the back, "Come in, my boys." When we left her house, Mr. Gellona said, "Who is this sweet and wonderful lady?"

My first winter in Chile when I went down to Temuco to teach in the Pastors' Winter Institute, she was suffering from the cold concrete floor of her kitchen where she spent most of her time. It was keeping her ill with colds and arthritis, but she was uncomplaining. Flooring lumber was cheap in that lumbering region in those days. So with mission money I laid wood floor down over her concrete. Her expression of pleasure and gratitude still humbles me.

In those days Robert Burns was one of my pleasures. I used to read him to Mother MacDonald since she was always Scotch. She always registered delight saying, "How weel he poots the words together!"

Once in muddy season I hiked about fifteen miles to the east of Temuco with a Chilean companion to hold a service in a settlement. Out there our nearly Indian hostess cleaned my shoes, dried them and oiled them, cleaned my muddy clothes, dried and pressed them while I wore a pair of her husband's big trousers. Back in Temuco and all mudded up again, Mother MacDonald couldn't bear to see me clean my shoes. She felt as uncomfortable seeing me do it as I would have seeing her do it--queenly highland Janet MacDonald, mother of twelve, veteran of a life of privation, hardship, and lowly loving service--Janet MacDonald wanting to clean my shoes.

Once we missionaries gave her a deep hurt. The Board had built a fine mission residence for us Davidsons and another in Temuco for the Harts. Bro. MacDonald wanted the Mission to build him a house in Temuco. Since, however, he had a house out on the farm, in our Mission meeting, the Mission voted not to recommend it--this with Bro. and Mrs. MacDonald in the meeting. She said nothing, but wilted in disappointment, hurt by the hard hearts of those she had thought her friends. Bro. MacDonald appealed at once to the Board at

Richmond, and they gave him a house. I can never recall this incident and the look on Mother MacDonald's face without being humbled. I am not sure but that this was the last time I saw her, for our furlough came soon, and she died while we were on furlough. How grateful I am that the Board vetoed our action and partly repaired the damage we had done.

Language Students

Four new missionaries had come to Chile late in our furlough, besides the McGavocks who had come at the beginning of our furlough and who went on to Talca on our return to Santiago. The four were Luther and Esther Moyer, Grace McCoy and Anne Laseter. Soon after our return to Santiago came three new ones, the last new missionaries Chile was to get for 13 years--Wynne Q and Berta Lou Maer and Marjorie Spence. My daughters called the couple Uncle Wind and Aunt Blow.

In spite of the trials in learning a language and in learning to live in a strange country with strange ways, the new missionaries had some happy times together.

Once they planned an evening dinner for all the Baptist missionaries of the station. Most of them were living with the Maers in a communal residence, on or near Avenida España, past the Center from our home in Providencia. The Davidsons were eating their supper at home when Uncle Wind came upon them:

"Aren't you coming to dinner? Didn't you get the letter?"

We got up from the table and went across town with him arriving about two hours late. The letter of invitation was found in Wynne Q's overcoat pocket. And did he catch it!

The dinner was what they called a nut party. Place cards were nuts of various sorts for various kinds of nuts--Cracked Nut, Bad Nut, Empty Nut, Hard Nut, etc. The hostess asked Luther, "Will you ask Grace?" The explosion of amusement put asking grace out of the question.

In those days all four of the Davidsons were sick at one time with the violent "flu" of those postwar years. The new missionaries organized to take care of the sick family. One would come of a morning one day, another the next day, get breakfast for them, and they never knew who it was until he appeared with it at their bedside. He would take care of the sick family all day and leave at night, and another come next day. In our helplessness we were deeply touched by their Christian love of the live kind that James talks about.

At one time Luther Moye fell ill of the epidemic of typhus that was taking the people off like flies. Luther had a burning fever, and his life was despaired of. How the Chilean people prayed for him. Mrs. Villanueva prayed, "Lord, spare Bro. Moye. If one must die, take one of mine and spare him." Her husband died soon after, and her children, not understanding the ways of God, could not forgive her for, as they thought, praying their father into the grave.

Luther Moye

Luther and Esther were about to finish seminary at Louisville when the Davidsons, their first year of furlough, were also at Louisville. So the older missionaries made the acquaintance of Luther and Esther and Sally-Bet before seeing them off to Chile.

When they had completed their language study, Luther and Esther began taking a part with Davidson in teaching the preacher boys, each one having a class period with them.

Luther was eager to become pastor of a church. So we opened a work in San Bernardo in 1925 with Abdón Pacheco taking charge, and in his place Luther became pastor of First Church with Honorio as his associate. Luther and Esther and Honorio went to work there together, and the church grew and developed with them.

Luther was eager to put into practice what he had learned under Dr. Dobbins about church administration. He posted on the church wall a member record chart, checking the members on church attendance, Sunday School attendance, offerings, tithing, etc. Luther was a delightful outgoing personality, highly simpático. So there was no open protest. Before many months had gone by, however, he found pastoring not too pleasant, and was ready to be relieved of pastoring a church, in order to do general mission work.

When the new housing and rental decrees were new, Luther went to church one morning and found two members in a violent altercation. A member who was a renter of Mr. Brando's had had their rental building inspected. The inspector had posted a notice on the door--"Sub-standard housing--50% reduction in rent." Luther came home, the heart gone out of him. His church had exploded, and that would be the end of it! When he went back to church that evening prepared for the worst, he was amazed--and relieved and overjoyed--to see the two men engaged in friendly conversation. His church was saved. He had seen something new in the power of the gospel.

When Luther had little more than a year in the Spanish language, he was having a big time with the good Chileans at the annual Baptist convention that

met at Christmas time. On Christmas Eve he was enjoying the fellowship so exhuberantly that he mounted the platform, and boomed, "Quiero para cada uno de Vds. tener un pavo para la Navidad." Luther was elated by the ovation he received--until he learned how they had understood him.

When Honorio was just beginning to preach, he did like the rest of us did, drew heavily on great printed sermons. He preached them with telling effect. A series of meetings was going on in one city with various preachers. And Baptists gathered from far and near. One night Honorio was going to preach on "Prepare to meet thy God." When he came to the pulpit, he thumbed through the pulpit Bible but couldn't locate his text anywhere, so had to give it embarrassedly by memory. This, very much to the delight of the uneducated preachers.

Luther used to tease Honorio, "Who is going to preach tonight--Truitt or Chapman, or Scarborough?" At this series of meetings one missionary's sermon was on "Who do men say that I am?" The next day Luther arrived and that night preached on "Who do men say that I am?" He questioned the same list of persons in the Bible and out for their answers that the other missionary had questioned, and then asked as he did, "But who do you say that I am?" Honorio wondered who borrowed the sermon from whom, and nobody after that teased him about preaching other men's sermons.

When General Pershing made his visit to Chile and received tremendous acclaim in Santiago, he took a trip privately by rail and unannounced to the South. Luther was in Temuco at the time, and early on Sunday morning just happened to be at the railway station when General Pershing stepped off as a stranger for the moments of the train stop. Luther spoke to the general, who asked him what he was doing there. "I am a Baptist missionary." Pershing

asked another American there the same question. "I am an Adventist missionary." The general asked, "Do you two fellows fight?" Luther said, "No, I never laid eyes on this fellow before." The train whistled, and the general left them as abruptly as he had appeared.

Joe Hart at the Albergue

At the close of World War I, the world was stocked up on nitrate, and hard times came suddenly to Chile. Unemployed refugees from the North poured into Santiago and albergues were set up. I went with Bro. Joe Hart to one of these refugee camps where he tried to preach in the open. An interrupter wanted to say something. Bro. Hart said, "Don't be disturbing. We have permission to speak from the government." This angered everybody. "The government! What kind of a government have we got! Look what they do to us!" We were nearly mobbed. Bro. Hart could say no more, and we were glad to make our getaway.

Grace McCoy

We remember pleasantly our days as fellow missionaries with Grace McCoy. There was an extra bond of understanding between us as fellow Missourians. She was a woman from the Missouri Ozarks where the people like to be let alone. Even her Ozark neighbors thought she disliked their obtruding into her activities. So she was a woman who needed to work alone. In the language study days of Luther and the new women missionaries, he had like a father planned for them the handling of their finances. To Grace that was intruding--she could take care of her own.

Grace chose not to work in the Temuco school, but to work in the churches of Santiago. She began by working with the women and children of the Santa Elena Church. She hoped for suitable accommodations, materials, and equipment, but these were never forthcoming. Hard times had just come upon the board. No more expansion, but rather retrenchment. She did her work under this discouraging handicap. It gave her reason not to be happy, for while we saw how fine a work she was doing, how the children she worked with were responding, she saw so much more that could be done.

Her solitary nature led her to take things seriously. Once Luther was preaching in Santa Elena with her and me in the audience. He used the text, "O man of God, there is death in the pot."¹ He would describe some sinful activity, paint some questionable social scene, then solemnly quote his text. This he did time after time through the sermon. He pronounced muerte, however, as muerta. What he meant by his solemn refrain, "O varón de Dios, la muerte en la olla," his hearers could only guess at. They were not familiar with his Bible story nor with that Alabama kind of preaching. On each repetition of the refrain Grace would duck her head under her broad-brimmed hat and turn deep red. Once she caught my eye, and blushed deeper still. After we got away, she said, "Wasn't it awful!" It was not funny to her, but she did have a sense of humor. She told on herself the story of her streetcar ride.

Once she was riding on a crowded streetcar hanging on a strap. The car lurched, the strap broke, and she landed in the lap of a Chilean half her size, for she was a big-framed Amazon. With courtesy, for "Excuse me," she said, "Con su permiso." The little man with yet greater courtesy was accommodating, "Como no, pues, señorita; siga V., no más."

¹O, man of God, there is a dead woman in the pot.

Grace made the Mission meeting of 1926 at Talca a memorable one. There were new missionaries now working. The work was being redistributed among them. There were other issues too, in which all did not see eye to eye. They spoke their differences frankly.

Finally during a last session Grace rose, and with her mountaineer conscience paced up and down the aisle.

"I am ashamed of you. I didn't know missionaries were like that. It shatters my dreams. And what hurts me worst is that I am getting this way myself."

Alone she went out of the hall and to her room in our hotel. Time came to catch the train. She was still holed up. At last I went to her room and knocked on the door. She had her things packed and was sitting on the bed, facing the door. She said, "Come in." She had her head down, her eyes covered by the broad brim of her hat. She said,

"Are you ashamed of me?"

I said, "No, I am proud of you. It needed to be said."

I said, "Come on, and face them, head up. You'll have to sometime, and the sooner the easier."

And so she faced them at the station, and we took our train for Santiago.

With the worsening of the finances of the Board, with retrenchment rather than expansion, Grace saw no hope of equipment. She felt that fewer missionaries with needed equipment would do better than many without it. So with this and other things to depress, when the Davidsons set out for the States about six weeks after the Talca meeting, Grace went with them.

Santiago gave her an affectionate farewell. Each organization in the church gave her a gift and a few words of good wishes. Most touching of all

was that of her Sunbeams. Their spokesman, one of their number, came forward to her, spoke a few words of love and presented her with their gift, a single long-stemmed white flower.

All in all, her experiences in Chile were not pleasant to remember. She chose to forget Chile as a bad dream. She told us she would write us one letter after she got home, and that after that we would never hear from her. Years went by with no contact, no news of her, except for an exchange of letters shortly before her death.

It Happened to Me

After telling on other folks, I must tell on myself.

Mary and I had been married only three months when we arrived in Chile. I used to stop at the open door of a little old shoemaker near our home. One day he asked,

"Es Vd. casado?" (Are you married?)

I had been papering a room that day and answered, "Si; un poco." (Yes, a little.)

He chuckled and said, "Yo mucho; luego celebramos nuestras bodas de oro." (Me, much, soon we have our golden wedding.)

I had confused his question with "Esta Vd. cansado?" (Are you tired?) But he had thought it was just a new way of saying in Spanish that I was a newlywed.

On first arriving in Chile fleas found us. We did not suppose them a subject for polite conversation, and being newly wed, we were slow in venturing to speak of them even to each other. When the flesh demanded relief, I mustered up the courage to try to find out what to do about them. I went to an English retail grocer, got him off to himself, and whispered,

"What do you do for fleas?"

He whispered back, "We don't have fleas."

I asked, "What could one who has them do for them?"

He said, "Just put a piece of flypaper under the bed with a piece of raw meat on it. The fleas will come for the meat and be caught. Just in no time all the fleas in the room will be stuck on your flypaper."

I bought flypaper and flea meat of him, and hopefully did as instructed. Would you believe it--I never caught a flea.

In the course of time Mary and I came to learn that fleas were common on polite people and also in their conversation.

Our Spanish teachers were any neighbors we had a chance to talk with. Our milkman taught us to greet him at the door with,

"Como está Vd., caballero?" He took huge delight in my always addressing him with this courteous title.

At a grocery trying to buy raisins and not knowing their name, I asked for uvas secas. The grocer said, "We don't have uvas secas." I spied a cluster dried on their stems and pointed to them. He said, "Those are not uvas secas, they are pasas."

About fleas, I invented one joke that went over big with Chilean people. I would say, "My, how fleas have grown in strength through the centuries: When they were fixing the units of length, they used the length of the king's foot as one unit and called it a 'foot.' They used the length of a flea's jump for one and called it a 'pulgada.' Now a flea's jump, that is, the pulgada of the flea of today is many times the pulgada of the flea de entonces."

Mary never could master the word for beets. Every new maid came in a day or two to know that by cosas rojas she meant betarragas.

Once at a fruit stand I wanted to buy a pineapple. The grocer looked puzzled, but courteously did not laugh. Only after it dawned on me that I had asked not for a piña, but for a niña and I laughed at myself did he join in with me in a hearty laugh.

During our first weeks in Chile I visited an orphanage where the mother was a Scotch lady of our acquaintance. I had the children teaching me the names of the flowers and vegetables in their garden. The visit of a stranger more helpless than themselves led them to flock about me like the children after the Pied Piper. When I was trying to leave, I thought their hearty childish compliment a peculiar one. I thought they were telling me I was no onion. I thought they were saying, "No cebolla," but later it came to me that they had been saying, "No se vaya."

We had more than Spanish speech to learn. During our first days Mary and I saw up the street a couple of deaf mutes talking in sign language--so we thought. But as we drew near we heard them talking as they gesticulated. We soon came to learn that the people all talked with profuse and varied gestures. We learned to gesture fluently too whenever we spoke Spanish. We found it is not uniquely Jewish to talk with the hands but a trait of Latin peoples.

Gestures specially interesting to me were screwing up the nut beside the eye, beckoning one to come with the hand pointing down, making a fine point with thumb and forefinger. I still say "I don't know" by spreading my hands palms up and shrugging my shoulders.

We used some Spanish courtesies so long in Chile that we still use them by second nature--like giving a man one is walking with the building side of the sidewalk. For a long time after coming back to the States I couldn't get over tipping my hat to men. Once in the first weeks of my return I must have made Dr. W. O. Carver think I had gone crazy by taking off my hat when I met him in the street and holding it awkwardly. For years after my return to the States wherever I spoke somebody was sure to ask me what was my nationality.

We had to learn not only Spanish but also British English. The English residents of Valparaíso made themselves friendly, but not altogether intelligible at first. When an English boy on a hike with me said, "It is ra wthah hawt to die," I thought I had missed some words, but thought I had caught enough to guess that he was saying, "Father shot a hawk today." So I asked, "How big was it?"

We came to be more Chilean day by day. One Sunday morning I reported at the preaching hall in Recoleta before there was a First Church that the Chileans had broken into our home the night before. The people expressed deep sympathy and concern. But when I told them her name was Dorothy, they broke into a rainbow of pleasure.

For a national holiday celebrating some important happening, every house was ordered to show a flag or be fined. I bought one, but when I got off the streetcar it had disappeared. I was hailed into ward police court along with a hall full of Chileans. When I told the judge that I had bought a flag to put out but that it was stolen, he called the room to attention, and in a loud voice, addressed them,

"You Chileans ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You are such no-good citizens that you won't put out a flag on your Independence Day. Here this

foreigner buys a flag, and some no-good Chilean steals it. We are sorry, Mr. Davidson, that our people have treated a good guest of our country so shamefully. And I apologize."

When we built the missionary residence on Román Diaz on a vacant lot, an open trench acequia ran across our back yard about fifteen feet inside our line. On our lot was a branch to a big huerto behind us. Here on their two days of the week the folks of the huerto had the right to come and divert the water into their branch for a few hours. They did this by moving a sack of dirt or two. We asked that the acequia be shunted off our property for a short length so that the diverting point would be on them. But we found the line was fixed by survey and could not be changed. So we tiled it, covered it up, making a concrete sump for the diversion, and covering it with a cover of two-inch-thick boards. The worker who would come to divert the water would have to go into our chicken yard where the sump was. He would leave the sump uncovered and the chicken-yard gate open, and the chickens would get out. I asked him several times to leave things as he found them. But he paid no heed. I think they were doing it on purpose, because I had made it so much more difficult for their man. Before I built, the lot was bare and open, and he could go right in. Now he had to wait at the front fence gate to be let in besides all the extra work it took to uncover, work his pole down in the sump, open and close, and latch the chicken yard gate. So I refused to let him in. In no time his boss was over at my gate telling me I would have to let him in. I told him I couldn't let his man in anymore because of his ways, that when they wanted water, he could come himself or send somebody else. I was haled into water court. The judge was going to impose the fine. When I explained my case, he told me I would have to give their man admission, that

the acequia and diversion point were public property, and nobody had a right to keep out those entitled to water. He told the plaintiff, however, that if his man left my gate open any more he would get a fine and he would have to send somebody else. Well, I learned that water rights are a solid fact and strictly regulated by law.

One of our maids had rather poor health. She was happy with us, liked us, and we her. Once she asked for a day off to go to the Grotto to see if the water wouldn't cure her. At the end of the day she came back beaming, walking on air. She had drunk often through the day, and had brought home a bottle of the healing water. She had prayed to the Virgin of the Grotto for health, and she had prayed to her that she would bless Mary and me and our work in the mission.

Another maid of ours who had not lived too good a life evidently had a troubling conscience. At night the demons kept trying to get her. She would stuff strips of cloth around her window and around her door, and stuff the key hole to keep them out. She knew they were trying to get to her for she could hear them over her ceiling. She would wake up more tired than when she went to bed. Later I went to the attic to see my bushel of popcorn that I had grown. The rats had carried it across her room jumping from joist to joist and piled it up in a far corner of the attic.

To a washwoman who came to our house to do the washing in the rainy season whenever it was raining, I would ask her, "Emilia, do you think it will rain?" She would look at me for a fool and say, "It is raining." Only after I had tried out our American joke on her many times did she come to accept it as a bit of pleasantry of mine. Of course she did not know that there were others beside me that said the same.

Another maid of ours with suitor troubles said of one that he was chinchoso. I asked, "Really does he have chinchas?" "No, of course not." "But didn't you say he was chinchoso?" "Yes, but that doesn't have anything to do with chinchas." Well, don't laugh, we say something is lousy, when we don't mean it nor think of it.

I was in court again, this time as plaintiff.

I had bought the conventillo in Argomedo occupied by tenants. I left them there.

María Mussiett, Salomón's sister, married to a humble Arab, a soap-maker, was one of the tenants and my rent collector. She was of a beautiful character and a sweet Christian, but had not joined the church. Once I asked if she did not want to take her public stand for Christ. She had six or seven small children, and life was crowded as she tried to work in her small dingy quarters.

"Oh," she said, "not yet. I would disgrace my Lord if I professed to be a Christian. For sometimes I lose my patience with one or another of my children."

I prayed, "Lord, make me lovely like her, and make me hunger for righteousness as she does." For if such a saintly character was not worthy of the name of Christ, much less was I.

Among the tenants in the conventillo were two ruffians who terrorized the rest. Others asked me to put them out. Tenants could not be evicted without a court order given for cause. I went to court--rent court. The clerk professed to enter my case on the docket. On the day named the clerk put me off because the chief judge was not in town. He appointed me a new date ten days ahead. That time the accused was ill, and his case had to wait. A third time

a defendant's grandfather's funeral called for another postponement. Next time one of the judges was ill. All in all I had thirteen postponements without notice running through a period of about six months. I knew that my case would never come up unless I greased the clerk's palm. But instead of its making me impatient, it made me curious to see just what would happen. After three or four such puttings-off it grew more and more amusing to me. The clerk seemed unhappy that I kept in a good humor.

This was a court under a temporary revolutionary junta in the mid twenties. About six months after I started my process both junta and court were thrown out. And about that time my troublesome tenants left my conventillo of their own accord--but without paying any rent during all that time.

In building the missionary residence on Román Diaz, time came for observing la fiesta de la primera tijeral.¹ My foreman, a good Christian, a Presbyterian, told me that unless I treated the workmen with a celebration I would have endless trouble during the rest of the construction. It was customary for the builder to serve the workers a keg of liquor on the premises and maybe tortillas or empanadas and for them to spend the day in a drunken revelry. On his suggestion I gave them a paid holiday instead and sent them home satisfied.

Cecil Moore says I must tell about my watch dog. A vendor passing the house offered him for sale--a little ball of fur, size of a coconut. He said he was a Great Dane. But he developed into a nondescript heavy sheep-type dog with no more tail than a rabbit--born that way. But he was a good watch dog. He would lie in hiding behind our front wall, and when one was passing, and just at our front gate, charge the gate with all his weight and a fierce

¹Feast of the first rafter.

bark, and scare the daylights out of the passer-by. He was a good watch dog. Once when we were away, with Bingo on guard, our washing was all stolen off the line. Another time he let somebody steal his collar. As was to be predicted, Bingo died of poison.

Nicholás Gutierrez of Second Church gave us another dog. We named him Nick. Honorio said he would sure never give me a dog.

Leaving Chile

We took a furlough after five years--before one was due on account of the poor health of Mary and the children. She had been anemic from the time of Dorothy's birth in 1919, and still more weakly after Virginia's birth in 1921. The girls wouldn't eat, were skeletons, and developed rickets. In the States I attended Louisville for graduate work, majoring in Church History, that I might understand the Catholic church and work more intelligently with Catholics. In mid-winter the doctors found that I had tuberculosis, which they diagnosed as acute miliary (popularly known as galloping consumption). I went to a sanitarium in Asheville, not knowing that the doctors gave me little chance of recovery. To their surprise, after two months I began to improve rapidly. Our Chilean Baptist friends were praying mightily for me. Within six months I was allowed to become an outpatient in town, and could have my family living with me in Asheville. I began home study on my graduate courses. By May of the following year I was dismissed from Asheville as an arrested case.

At Louisville I took the Th.D. examination and was passed magna cum laude. By September--after two years of furlough--all of us seemed well enough to return to Chile.

We went to work again in Santiago. Luther and Honorio pastored the First Church now meeting in a building in Bella Vista. I believe Bro. McGavock had built this during our furlough, but I may be mistaken. It may have been a rented building.

Salomón was pastor in Sta. Elena. Mrs. Villanueva was active there. Grace McCoy worked mostly in Sta. Elena. Abdón Pacheco moved to San Bernardo where he had been making visits, and soon had a group of believers ready to form a church. Bro. McGavock had made Manuel Alarcón preacher at Francisco Lobos. The tent Sunday School out Independencia was conducted, I believe, by First Church, Luther Moye and Honorio. I worked specially with Santa Elena, also with San Bernardo, and Francisco Lobos. All of us had a hand in coaching the pastors.

Within two years of our return to Chile, the Davidsons decided to return permanently to the States. Mary had grown weak again. As things were we could no longer finance a maid. I still had to limit my activities. Home-keeping and marketing consumed so much of my time and energy that I felt I was giving too little to the work to be an efficient missionary.

After we returned to the States it was found that my tuberculosis was still active. I continued to be treated for cervical tuberculosis for four or five years. Mary continued to suffer from hypertension and angina. It never came to seem advisable for us to return to Chile.

We had gone to Chile both times with the hope of being life-time missionaries there.

We still follow with interest the work of our people in Chile. I read La Voz Bautista, the letters of missionaries, and all other sources of news.

I travel a prayer trail through Chile from South to North dotted with about 150 of the missionaries, Chilean pastors and workers from Juan Prado and Elisabeth in Aysen to Nehemias Vegas in Iquique. I used to make this trail daily in my prayers. But so many brothers in Christ have planted themselves on my world missionary trail that now I get around usually in two or three days. Meeting them as they welcome me at their stations is the greatest pleasure I have.

I specially recall two incidents as we were leaving Chile. A number of our Baptist friends gathered at our home to wish us godspeed. One after another gave a loving tribute. Abdón Pacheco said, "When I first saw Bro. Davidson, I didn't like him. He was a Yanqui and I was a Chilean. But not now. I have come to love him as a brother. He is no longer a Yanqui, and I no longer a Chilean. We are both Christians." He reminded us of Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the image whose various parts represented the succession of world powers until the boulder rolled down the mountain, displaced them all, and grew into a mountain that filled the earth--the kingdom of God displacing the kingdoms of the earth.

The other incident occurred at San Bernardo, where the Christians were very new. My last meeting with them, after dismissal, they began to sing "Shall We Gather at the River" and surged forward about me. One speaking for them said,

"Probably we will never see you again in this life. But we will meet together about the throne of God--you who have brought us the gospel, we who have received it, and the Christian people in North America who have sent you. Blessings on you and them."

So it shall be.

Meanwhile in prayer we are already bound with gold chains about the feet of our Savior--those redeemed out of every nation and tongue. Thanks to God for our world-wide fellowship.

We are happy over the wonderful growth of the work in the thirty-five years since we left Chile--happy for the new missionaries, for the new Christians, for the new churches, for the multiplied national workers and laymen. We are happy over the development of the churches, over the better training and ability of our pastors and members, over the fine growth of the work for youth--through the Seminary, through the College, through the Vacation Bible Schools, through the program for GAs and RAs and students, through the youth camps, and the many training courses. We are happy for the choirs and their evangelistic trips, for the summer student missionaries, for the women's work.

We are glad we have the kind of missionaries we do.

And we are glad that for a few brief years we could have a hand in the foundation years.

The Lord's blessing has been upon you. And it will continue to be.

REMINISCENCES

William E. Davidson, Th.D.

March 1985

My father, Franklin Pearce Davidson, and his only brother, Robert Lee Davidson, were both Baptist preachers and, as such, greatly influenced my life. My father would end breakfast by reading a chapter from the Bible and leading us in a family prayer. When he was away, my mother would do this. He was away every weekend at one of his four once-a-month churches. My grandparents across the pasture, leaving their buggy at home, came by for us eight in their farm wagon, and took us to church every Sunday. We had Sunday School every Sunday, and preaching once a month, and a "protracted meeting" (revival) every fall, which we attended every night. We frequently heard about the frightening judgment day. When I was 8, I had in mind to respond to the invitation, but mother had me wait a few years. When I was 12 she told me, "Earl, I'm afraid that if you are not saved now, you never will be." I stayed out of school to attend the morning meeting, attended by no children, but by a small number of adults. Every night I dreamed about the judgment day, and was frightened because I was not prepared for it. I wanted to do something to earn forgiveness, but nothing I did relieved me.

I read a small book out of father's library, Spurgeon's All of Grace, and learned that there was nothing I could do to be saved, that Jesus on the cross had suffered my punishment and won my forgiveness, and that I'd be saved by accepting his forgiveness. Driving to church one morning, when I got out of the wagon to open the lane gate, the peace of forgiveness came over me. After morning service I was sitting alone on the church porch step when my grandmother came and sat by me and asked, "How is it, Earl?" And I said, "The Lord has saved me." She stood and said to all the scattered people, "Earl has been saved," and they all came to me to express their happiness.

In my father's library I found a number of missionary books--among them the lives of Adoniram Judson and Ann Haseltine Judson. My father was mission-minded, and named two of his seven children for missionaries--Goerge Boardman Davidson and Ruth Haseltine Davidson. My Uncle Robert, with whom I lived to attend High School in Kansas City, pastor of our church, attended the organizing meeting of the Baptist World Alliance in London in 1905 when I was 14, and became more vocal about missions. My father and my uncle had a great influence on me for missions, in my early years.

One Sunday evening when I was 13, the oldest male at home, I was driving our spring-wagon to church with mother on the back seat between the two youngest children. We were driving slow to enjoy nature and a number of (horse-drawn) vehicles were now in line behind us. To cross a river, the level road rose sharply about 8 feet to the bridge floor whose end was exposed. The horses broke from their walking into a trot to get up this rise, and when the wheels struck the bridge floor, the back seat tumbled backwards, and my mother's neck was broken. (The back seat latch had not been fastened.) Men carried mother about 300 yards to the home of a church member,

Charley Haydon, where she lay paralyzed in bed. My oldest brother met my father at the train depot, and brought him to the Haydons on Monday. Mother lingered until Tuesday. Father saw that she was slipping and had all of us children bid her good-bye. The oldest asked, "Mother, is there anything you want me to do?" "Yes," she said, "be a good boy." She said the same thing to each of us.

Then father sat by her bed-side as she grew more faint. He asked, "Wife, do you see the City yet?" "No, not yet." After a bit she said, "Oh, I see it now. They've come." "What do you see?" "I see Jesus." A bit more and she exclaimed, "Joy! Joy! Joy!" and closed her lips and eyes for a last time.

Our school was a one-room teacher school, and I had taken all the courses and had heard the five readers read many times from the recitation bench. My Uncle had me come to Kansas City to live with him and attend High School, Manual Training High. In my second year in my Plane Geometry class I presented my proof of the Pythagorean theorem. It proved to be a new one, and I was recognized for it in the mathematical world. Before long William Jennings Bryan visited Kansas City and spoke in Convention Hall. I kept waiting for him to mention your notable student, but he never once said a word about me!

My father sold his farm soon after I graduated from High School, and became pastor of the Chillicothe church. Soon I entered William Jewell, where my father and his brother attended more than thirty years before. When I finished my freshman year I received the freshman scholarship as being the top student in the freshman class. It covered one's tuition for the year, but as the son of a preacher I was already given my tuition free.

I was a member of the Student Mission Volunteer Band. So was my class-mate Frank Connelly who was later to go to China. We visited a number of

nearby churches, giving in each a missionary program. In one home where we were hosted, Frank got in bed first, but jumped out, shouting, "There's a cat in the bed." It was winter and our hostess had put a hot water bottle in the bed.

In my last year at Jewell I felt called to preach. After my first sermon and the dismissal in an area church, folks were coming up to wish me well. One elderly woman told me that was the best sermon she'd ever heard. I was flattered, but a man near told me, "That is a good old woman--she's stone deaf, and deflated me."

Near the end of the school year, the Director of Missions for the state of South Dakota speaking in chapel said they were needing a pastor for two churches 20 miles apart. I talked with him, and the week school closed I headed for my churches in South Dakota. For a month I traveled between them on the once-daily train, then bought a western pony. He was gentle, and when I went to sleep on him he'd circle back toward home, but we'd always eventually make it.

One January zero Monday morning I had to ride the 20 miles against the South Dakota wind. On the ride more than once my pony wheeled and hunched still with his tail to the wind. One of the boys at the away-from-home church town told me, "That broncho of yours sure does buck. . None of the boys can stay on him." I found they'd been getting him out of the friend's barn and having fun and spills.

In an evangelistic meeting in that town during the invitation the first night a donkey brayed in the next block. I pronounced the benediction and told them to come back tomorrow night. During the next day a neighbor saw him moved to a far part of town. We had a larger attendance that night, and responses to the invitation.

In this town I'd drive to, a young man my age was the son of the leading couple in the church, who was reputed to be an infidel. After my first sermon there I went to the back of the church and met the young folks one after another. He was a homesteader out three miles. I told him, "I'll be coming out to see you." This grabbed him, and he asked, "When?" "Next time I come down." On my next time over after the evening service I surprised him by not forgetting, and we walked together out to his homestead cabin. I had just finished a course in astronomy, and I told him about this constellation and that. He'd sing out, "It may be so for all I know... go tell that story to someone else; no yarns like that go here." He was a finicky housekeeper and had his house in order, fancier than most women. For deviltry I spilt something on his floor and purposely messed up his house. We tussled, and finally one of us was holding the other up-side-down. When we went to bed together very much friends at last we grew quiet, and he said, "They call me an atheist, but I'm not an atheist. It's that I just don't know whether Jesus is a Savior." I told him to read the Gospel of John, and promise himself to see what Jesus says about himself, and to take him at his word, and do what he says to do, and you'll find out. The next Sunday I was there, he was skittish, and after the sermon said, "You sure did foam at the mouth today." In the middle of the week he phoned me, "Come over, my sister-in-law is sick." I found he was taking me to a prayer meeting he had called at a neighbor's house. We were praying around the room, and I wondered if he'd pray. When his turn came I wondered if any of us had prayed. He prayed so earnestly and so naturally. When we went to his home he was all fun, but at bed time he had us kneel by the bed, and he laid his arm over my shoulder and said, "I have found Him." Soon he was baptized. Another night during an evangelistic

meeting, while I and the evangelist were still busy with people at the church, he and other boys went to my room and stacked it, left the bed, frame and all, upside down. A card I had tacked to the wall, "Home Sweet Home," I didn't see for some days, then saw it sticking to the ceiling. He was the closest friend I had in South Dakota. When I was leaving for Missouri, he wouldn't come to see me, couldn't bear to. He was lost on losing me.

I pastored the two churches in South Dakota for a school year, then left to go home at Chillicothe on my way to Louisville seminary. In Chillicothe at a church party a young woman, Mary Skidmore, and I went from group to group around the social hall entertaining them. I found that Mary was the girl for me, and spent most of my week seeing her and seeing her off to the University of Missouri. On my way to Louisville I went by way of Columbia, and had walks through the woods with her, then off to Louisville.

Mary made an unusually good cooky that she called "rocks." She'd send me boxes of her "rocks" at the seminary, and I'd have in dorm mates to help eat the "rocks." One of the men was angry at me for making fun of them. He didn't know that that was their name. He didn't have the nerve to rebuke me, and was years finding out that was their name.

After a visit to her school town you can guess what had happened by what I wrote in my note book:

Who are those children on yon bridge
That sit there now this half an hour?
Two lovers those two children are
Whose love began a year ago,
These are those children on yon bridge
that sit there now this half an hour.

Mary and I carried on quite a correspondence until the postmen knew her address, and would deliver a letter to her with no street address. By Christmas time I had proposed to her, and Glory! was accepted. I spent my second summer vacation working on a friend's farm near Chillicothe and saw her often.

I spent the three years of residence for the Th.M. degree, taking no pastorate, but making some money taking notes on the teachers' lectures, mimeographing and making them into books, and selling them. I acted as an occasional secretary for one teacher or another. For a time I taught a gym class, posting wacky ads on the bulletin board, like one cartoon of a preacher saying, "Wonders why folks sleep on him. Take gym." One of my seminary mates was Bertha Smith. Others were Frank Connelly, and Norfleet Gardner of Virginia.

When I graduated in 1917 Mary had completed but three years of her A.B. course. We married on June 25 and 9 days later on July 3 were appointed in Richmond, the board's first missionaries appointed for Chile. (We were the board's only applicants.) Bertha Smith, my seminary mate, was appointed at the same board meeting for China. She is three years older than I--now 96. At 70, 26 years ago, she was told, "Go home and tell." She leads 4- or 5-day prayer retreats with intervals of a few days. And she does a lot of speaking at each one. She is still going strong as ever.

When we were appointed there was no Missionary Training Center, no orientation, no language school, no planes. Mary and I were 21 days reaching Chile by steamer. On the way I started to grow a moustache, and my bride went on a kissing strike, and I shaved it off.

Bro. MacDonald was a Scotch Baptist preacher, an invited immigrant who had homesteaded in the pioneer homestead area down south, and had developed a number of Baptist churches in the area, which he had organized into the Chile Baptist Convention in 1908, 9 years before our arrival, with no board to back him. The board was just now adopting him and his churches. Not to step on his toes, we stayed out of his area, except when he invited us.

After our year of language study Mary and I started the Baptist work in Santiago with the help of a rural pastor that Bro. MacDonald lent us for a year and later others. I soon found that we had better preaching if I coached a Chilean and he preached. So, soon I had a preachers' class with them pastoring the churches. In my 9 years in Chile I helped develop two churches in Santiago (First and Second), and First in suburban San Bernardo. After 48 years away, when I revisited Chile in 1974 they had just constituted in the area church number 28. The missionaries and Chilean Baptists are eager and effective workers.

In the first baptizing in Santiago, 3 of the 4 baptized were Salomón Mussiott and his wife Berta, a Chilean, and her sister, converted in the First Church. Salomón, a Palestinian immigrant, a street vender carrying his pack of supplies for women, he now spent more time witnessing of what was happening to him than in sales talk, and had his customers making profession of faith and destroying their images and idols.

When Salomón was about 6 months a Christian, I asked him to preach in my place on Thursday night at Second Church. Oh, he couldn't do it. "Well," I said, "we'll just call off the meeting that night, for I can't be there." (I could, but I wanted to induct him, for I knew the Lord would have him be a preacher, and we'd get him started.) "In that case I'll lead the meeting that

night, for I can't preach." He later told me that the devil tried to keep him from going, and almost did, but when he realized that it was satan, he went on and led the meeting. Next day the church people were saying that now we had a preacher that could preach, and were enthusiastic about it. I had him preach in my place every two or three weeks. Soon the church was constituted, and they called Salomón as pastor. He became our outstanding preacher, much in demand as an evangelist.

He and Berta had ten children, all Baptist leaders. One, Luiz, is pastor of the largest Baptist church in Chile. Another, Salomón II, a music professor in the University of Chile, has become a music staffer in the El Paso Publishing House, editor of a new Spanish music magazine and teacher of music by correspondence. One is an R & TV soloist who sings only Christian songs. The ten recently conducted the funeral of their widowed mother Berta--Luiz preaching the sermon, the soloist singing a solo, and the ten standing around the casket singing a farewell hymn. Salomón I, Chile's most popular Baptist evangelist, preached in meetings in Chile and Argentina, finally in one in Mendoza, Argentina, where a son was minister of music, and died of a stroke in the midst of a sermon.

Honorio Espinoza, a freshman in the University of Chile, from a distant province, with other provincial freshmen, was exploring the night life of the capital city when they passed our Second Baptist Church and heard Salomón I preaching--so loud that they could hear him a block away. This was not the Chilean style of public speaking, and they came back night after night to see how far away they could hear him. Honorio and a buddy were standing outside the church door when a Yankee usher (me) invited them in with such courtesy that they couldn't resist. For the next few meetings Honorio, captivated by

Salomón's preaching, was consulting him, and me, and Mrs. Villanueva, the church's landlady who lived upstairs, about accepting the Savior. He told me that he wanted to be baptized, but his father, of another faith, told him that if he did that he would be his son no more, and that he would quit financing him. He wanted me to tell him what to do, but I told him it was up to him to make the decision. In a few days he told me he had decided to be baptized. I told him to write his father a courteous letter about it. He wrote his father, thanking him for all he'd done for him, and saying he wanted to obey him in all things, but in this he must obey the Lord. His father answered, thanking him for his courteous and filial letter, and saying he'd always be his son, but that he couldn't finance him in school as one of another faith. He hunted for a job, but finding he was only 17, nobody'd hire him. Mary and I took him into our home to live with us, and had the mission pay him a living allowance. He was to be minister of youth in our Second church. His father told him not to disappoint us, and came to be proud of his doing so well with us Baptists that when he was married in about two years, he attended beaming. In a few years the father became a Baptist, founder and leader of the Baptist church in his city. All the father's family in time became Baptists, proud of Honorio. Honorio's teachers and fellow students ridiculed him at first for his religion but came to regard him highly, and some to attend his preaching.

As long as I was in Chile I taught a preachers' class for Salomón I and Honorio and other converts who were becoming preachers. We had not begun a seminary in Chile yet. I consider this the most important work I did in Chile and what counted for most.

Honorio continued his law studies in the University of Chile until he was admitted to the bar. We thought this was for him the best education available. And it would be years before we thought he could go to seminary in the States and not be Yankeeized and out of rapport with his fellow Chileans. When he became mature and past this danger, my seminary mate Norfleet Gardner had him attend Louisville seminary, and financed him (with his wife and two children) for the 3 years of the Th.M. course. Honorio was highly regarded by his teachers and fellow students and become president of his senior class.

When Honorio graduated from Louisville seminary the Chile Baptist Convention was ready to start the Chile Baptist Seminary and had Honorio become its president. This he remained the rest of his life, and was an outstanding Baptist leader in all South America. He was often president of the Chile Baptist Convention. In 1955 he attended the Baptist World Alliance Congress in London in its 50th anniversary. He was made a vice president.

Men like Salomón and Honorio, my children in the Christian life and in the ministry, give me joy, and I thank the Lord for using me to help them along.

I came home twice with T.B. and had it altogether for nine years. It revealed itself first during my first furlough after I had nearly done the residence work for the Th.D. Then I went to the T.B. Sanitarium in Asheville, N.C., where my doctor later told me that at first he gave me three months to live, in view of my extensive involvement and high fever. But Chilean Baptists and a good number of Southern Baptists were praying for me, and after a 2-year furlough I was thought to be "cured," and went back to Chile. But I didn't have the strength to do the work of a missionary, and after 2 years I resigned and came back to the States, where I was found to still have T.B.

From its first onset till all symptoms disappeared I had T.B. for 9 years. Since those 9 years in my 30's I haven't had a trace of it. I grew stronger and stronger for 15 years. Since that I have had better than normal health.

I spent my first furlough studying for the Th.D. degree. Early in my second semester my work at the seminary was cut short with the onset of T.B. At the Sanitarium there were no drugs for it as there are now--only rest and fresh air on a sleeping porch and eating well to restore my weight. I spent my time writing wacky ads to my Chile fellow missionaries.

Context:

Agnes Graham, director of the Baptist Girls' School, wrote that the girls were--of all things--obliged to bathe in the winter, and were being taught to use cosmetics, and that they were turning lighter in complexion. The mission's proposed educational program was--first, a girls' school to train the Baptist young women who'd be the mothers and would be training the next generation of Christians; then a boys' school. There seemed to be no prospect of getting a boys' school soon. Coeducation above the kindergarten was unknown in Chile. Trying it would be a bold unique venture. Cornelia Brower was director of the kindergarten and earliest grades. Injections were given for everything. In every block there would be a woman who gave injections. Agnes wrote that they were admitting boys and had built a fence across the playground.

Samples:

Send your girls right along to Miss Graham--

In a year with a coat she'll o'erlay 'm

You can hardly see through

To their natural hue,

And two coats will never betray 'm.

Send all your tots to Miss Brower,

With the kiddies she sure is a power--

Ragweed and cattail

She makes over wholesale

Into something like lilies in flower.

Boys too may come to our college

For injections of genuine knowledge

Securely protected

By a fence we've erected

From our girls whether grown up or doll age.

Agnes never did mention the ads I had sent them, but strangely they remained my friends.

And in the Sanitarium I kept studying the seminary courses I had left unfinished. When I was released from the Sanitarium I visited the seminary and took my Th.D. orals, and surprised myself by being given a magna cum laude. But I went back to Chile without writing my dissertation, and never got around to it till the spring of 1928 when I was teaching in LaGrange, and

the seminary wrote me that the time limit was that spring. I plunged in and wrote it. While I had been delayed a Scotch scholar had published a book on my subject, "The History of the Idea of Penance." And I limited my subject to "The Early History of the Idea of Penance," and used as my period the Old and New Testaments and church history up to the Council of Nicaea in 325. I finished it before the deadline and was given a magna cum laude.

When I came back from Chile I spent a semester at the University of Missouri, then a Jewell mate, a member of the church at Gilliam, Mo., got the church to call me. A brother of a recent pastor headed an opposition group. Not knowing this, and supposing that my call was unanimous, I accepted. After a time in a deacons' meeting I asked why the church was not doing better. This ex-pastor's brother said, "I told 'm when they were considering you that the church would never do well with you as pastor. In the summer I attended State Baptist Summer Conference at Arcadia, our camp grounds before we had a Windermere. There I taught a class in Bible, and was co-staff member with Paul Weber, a Jewell mate and State Baptist leader. The first week in September I received a phone call from Dr. John Crouch, president of LaGrange College at LaGrange still, saying the Bible teacher had just died, and asking if I could come at once to head the Bible Department, that Paul Weber had suggested it. I accepted, and on Sunday offered my resignation. Monday morning the opposing deacon visited me. We sat on my front porch with him weeping but neither of us saying anything.

And soon I was in LaGrange, working under Pres. Crouch, who with the desperate opposition of the city businessmen, was arranging to move the college to Hannibal. Hannibal Chamber of Commerce was inviting us. A delegation of LaGrange businessmen wanted me to join them as president of a new

college (really the existing one). But I told them I'd continue to teach under Dr. Crouch and go with him and the college to Hannibal. The college did not operate that year 1928-29. I spent part of the interim as a substitute teacher at Emerson High School and part on the trail of nearby high school seniors and graduates to enlist them in the opening of the new college. Graduates of the last 2 to 3 years who had not been able to go away to college now joined the crowd enrolling in the new Hannibal-LaGrange College.

Builders spent the year putting up the first three buildings, the administration building and two dormitories. Dr. Crouch had in mind to make the Scripture verse over the front door of the administration building "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," but when I suggested another text from the same book of Proverbs, "The Lord giveth wisdom," that pleased him more. It would fit in the space better, and its meaning was simpler.

I was made registrar and Bible Department teacher, and as such served until 1941. The Depression soon struck with large outstanding loans. The college was in danger of foreclosure and couldn't pay the teachers their full salaries. I was being paid \$100 a month. With low enrollment, there was room, and I moved my family of wife and two daughters into the girls' dormitory and was paid room and board for us and \$25 a month. Many students paid their tuition with work. Unbelievably the college did survive and has come upon better days.

In the late 30's some non-supportive preachers visited Baptist associations of Northeast Missouri, telling them I didn't believe the Bible and urging them to vote to have the trustees to dismiss me.

I had prepared a summary of Baptist beliefs in A Catechism of Bible Doctrine in Spanish for the Chile mission to use in training preachers and

others. I translated it into English to use in my Bible classes. The Sunday School Board adopted it as the best presentation of Southern Baptist beliefs in existence and has been publishing it in edition after edition the last 50 years and putting it on sale at Baptist meetings wherever they were offering books for sale. So state Baptist leaders knew that my detractors had no case against me. However, they did make it impossible for me to get a pastorate. I was about to be employed in an eastern Baptist college, but the interim administrator of the college was one of the group of my detractors and gave an unfavorable answer to an inquiry and kept them from employing me.

When a new president came to the college in 1941, he dismissed all the old faculty and brought in as his new staff his acquaintances from his state. So I had to enter a secular profession.

And soon I was in LaGrange, teaching Bible in the college, and pastoring the once-a-month church my late predecessor had pastored, Dover church near Louisiana, Mo.

At Dover I called on a middle-age brother and sister, neither of whom had ever married. She sent me out in a field of timothy in full head to see her brother. They were both members. As I approached him, a rooster took fright and went squawking, running and flying over the timothy to the house. The man laughed and asked, "How did that rooster know you were a preacher?"

The church janitor never belonged to the church, nor did his sister. They were considered unbelieving outsiders. He invited me to have a meal with them. She was half-witted, and our church women had nothing to do with her. When we sat down to the table, she began to eat. Her brother laid his hand tenderly on hers, and said gently, "Wait, sister, until the pastor gives thanks." Soon after, he made profession of faith and was baptized, and the

ice was broken. He was not an unbeliever. What was holding him back was the thought that the church folks snubbed his sister and him. Now he became in spirit one of them and one of their best members.

When the college had operated at Hannibal a little while I resigned at Dover, so I'd have more time with my students and never had a church while I taught at the college--in fact never again. Fact is, I've always been a teacher, not a preacher.

I enjoyed my years with my students at H.L.G. I have through the years been getting letters from some of them--among them a girl student of a non-church family. The Bible was something new to her. She loved it and delighted in the Bible classes. She studied the lessons more than most of the ministerial students and made better grades than they on the pop quizzes on the lessons.

I am happy that the college survived its hard years and that now it has come upon a new day with our able and Christian new president, now become a senior college with an expanding faculty of strong Christian personalities with high-quality education and the largest enrollment ever with more generous donors and a much larger income. I have great expectations.

I appreciate that the college has seen fit to give me its Distinguished Service Award. I am surprised and elated and say, Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!

A delegation from the Palmyra School Board came over to my office and asked me to be their English teacher. The summer after my one year in Palmyra High School officials of the Hannibal International Shoe Company that was helping make shoes for the Army in war time came over to Palmyra seeking to recruit teachers for the summer vacation and employed me as a draftsman and rubber processing machine designer. They kept me on for 25 years as a

designer of machines for their changing methods of rubber processing. When they closed down and dismissed the workers, they kept two of us on for a year--the manager and me--to help sell the machines, for I had the blueprints and could explain them to would-be buyers.

My loving wife suffered from a heart ailment all her married years. She was a wonderful mother to our two daughters. She had poor health all our years in Chile. After we came back to the States her angina grew worse and at Thanksgiving time in 1966 she had a stroke, not talking in her last days. One day she had something important to tell me and had me come and sit by her bedside. With difficulty and with a sense of the importance of her thought she said brokenly, "Soon...we will say...only what the Lord...wants us to say...and do...only what the Lord wants us to do." She breathed her last the next day, Nov. 23.

My widowed daughter, Mrs. Virginia Fischer, insists she is my caretaker. I no longer drive a car nor have a car or a driver's license--she is a cautious driver--my considerate chauffeur and drives me where I want to go. She is my laundress and I wear clean clothes. She is my cook and I eat what good food! An RN she is my solicitous nurse and I keep well. We two keep house together and take care of each other.

When the satellites first began to be tried out in the States, NASA headquarters had some volunteer reporting groups. Our TV programmer formed one in Hannibal. They were to report to NASA center when and how the satellites passed Hannibal. In Jewell I had studied astronomy and through the years had kept up my observation of the planets. The center would send us their information about a moving satellite which we would use in our calculations. The leader had me calculate the orbit of each satellite coming our way

and to tell the staffers just when to watch for one and in what direction.

They called me the group's astronomer.

I'm glad that I have had good health, that at 93 1/2 years I have much better health than is usual for my age, that I do my daily mile jog and my daily 20 minutes of fitness exercise with the same ease as when I started them 25 years ago and gave up vigorous physical activity.

I'm glad the Lord still has something for me to do and that he gives me this health to equip me to do it.

As his missionary assignment to me I write to about 450 missionary friends for their birthdays and pray daily for them. In every letter to one I enclose a hand-lettered card of one of my choice Scripture passages, of which I say, like David, "I rejoice at thy word like one who finds great spoil" (Psalm 118. 162). In the last dozen years I have sent them over 4,000 of my Scripture cards. This assignment from the Lord takes most of my day.

I'm glad the Lord has given me this health to equip me for my assignment. I'm glad that I can work at my desk all day and my eyes not tire nor my writing hand.

I'm glad that I can have this contact with my missionary friends.