

**Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers**

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Dear Mother;

The weather is getting warmer and Father is planning to flit away to Haikou in 4 weeks from tomorrow (June 20) if not earlier. I am not sure when I shall go. John continues to grow, and it is constantly getting harder to call him "little boy" especially when he wears that mannish sun hat. This morning he took a long handled duffer . The bowl of which is about 1 inch inside diameter, and 1 1/2 inch long. To play in a big water jar in which there were a few tiny goldfish . To keep him interested I encouraged him to try to catch one. I guess I shall have to admit that the fish weren't very lively, but on the other hand the inside of the jar is rather dark. I would have thought it absurd to expect to catch one myself with that duffer but

John caught one. <sup>churchman or at least</sup>  
Mr. Carey's Chamberlain pastor  
at Beverly and member of the Board,  
is out here on a tour of inspection.  
Presumably he landed in South China  
3 days ago. but we haven't heard that  
he is fully dis. nor when he is to  
come up here. <sup>what they are doing</sup>

We read that the Fundamentalists  
have ignored Mrs. Montgomerie's appeal  
not to meet just before the N. B. C.  
and mess things up, referring to it  
as one of "personal suggestions", and  
they see no reason for not carrying  
out their plans. At this distance  
it looks as if all the Board's troubles  
are due to the Fundamental move-  
ment, and it is difficult to avoid  
the belief that so far as the spread of  
the Kingdom is concerned the <sup>this</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
movement is almost entirely  
detrimental. At Buffalo, they

bellet the Interchurch - or at least  
gave it the death blow. Their chief  
point of attack apparently is the  
colleges; if they succeed on this line,  
they will make it necessary to go to  
a college other than Baptist, in  
order to get a real education. In  
the meantime, while they are doing  
their best to stave the colleges, they  
are incidentally crippling the  
foreign mission enterprise.

These remarks are not intended  
for quotation. With sincere open-  
minded conservatism I have great  
sympathy. But these people who want  
to force everyone to accept their  
narrow literalistic, premillennial  
theology, and who appeal to the  
good in conservatism in order  
that they may get the offices for them-  
selves, and muzzle the teachers  
in our Baptist schools, give me

a pain. Inviting Bryan to speak  
at the Fundamental Conference is  
the very limit. The A B S  
will probably be over when you  
get this. We shall get its reports  
at Thayer's, and they will bring  
either encouragement or despair  
according as things go. It is a  
tragedy that the amount of energy  
that is being dissipated by  
the Fundamentalists can't be  
put into constructive work.

Perhaps I had better not  
have written this, but it is only  
a tiny bit of what is on my heart  
and mind these days — and  
pretty heavily.

Love to Father, A B S May  
and all

Your loving son  
Chas

Northampton

Return  
to  
Holyoke  
Friday

Dear Mother:

I don't know how long it is  
since I last wrote ~~you~~ and to the  
one who probably knows how long kind  
enough not to mention the date of my  
last letter to you - to spare my  
feelings. Anyway I'll just give  
you a line or two to see how you  
are these few weeks.

Conference began May 31, and  
I was Secretary so had to attend all  
the meetings whether I wanted to or  
not. The Reference Committee had met  
a few days before and called us over  
to tell us what our preference was as  
to residence for the year. So we told  
them we preferred Chatham and  
they voted favorably but would not  
agree to make a firm commitment or give  
any assurance beyond about a year.

But that vote was only to re-  
new the conference to Chatham  
us for a year. There was not much talk  
about any objection there, but the  
Conference did not act on the report  
of the Reference Committee till one of the  
last days of the session, then when they  
did vote to approve we knew we were  
going to hold the next thing was to meet  
with Conference going on, and just

In the house we considered that impossible. It really was. So we exercised the gift of patience and did as much plain duty with the Baker's as possible. They were to move at the same time that we did.

Conference closed Saturday Jan 9 at about one o'clock. We went home and had a hurried dinner. Packed our trunks off to the launch. Played tennis the first game in two weeks for me, and straightened up the house and our accounts. That I was but time.

Monday morning I commenced to pack books and other easy things that didn't need Lottie's help. and by noon I had numbered off 15 boxes that were ready to go - early packing was few interruptions. In the evening we arranged for the boat for Thursday

and spent all that day till 3:45 seeing our things carried aboard. In the P.M. I was at Bob's house helping him arrange things he needed help by. My things were badly scattered and hard to control. When the carriers went home to dinner so did I. and they were ready for their afternoon work before I had finished my soup. That makes now thirty they subtract their food.

It was busy work too, till 3:45. The funeral of Gen. E. P. mission my wife was at 4. and I was half an hour late. I learned then I had to go back to the house reckon with the man and was and change my clothes

Saturday J.M. Bada and I went  
up to see if I could get there about  
when the boat left. But the boat had  
not had wind and did not arrive till  
Monday A.M. My boy was with the boat  
and we insisted them to row out  
using just one row man 6 of them  
with which with sufficient help we  
could get from the house and take  
(He worked all the day, the, and  
that was a great help). Sat P.M.

Had a boy from the village  
washing floors, and all day Mon.  
and Mon. J.M. another man for an  
hour or so. In that time I got  
the floors washed in two bathrooms  
3 bedrooms sitting room (all of them  
wood floors) and a kitchen pantry  
and dining room (also carpet or tile)  
five 2 foot safes, a china cabinet  
and a medicine chest, and all the  
kitchen furniture. And all four fire  
places were cleaned up. The boat  
load of things we let out on contract  
of 20 brought up the hill, and I  
was busy helping to men employed  
and telling clerks what to put  
things. We just caught the last  
train today getting to Kaka back  
about 6:30 and we were both  
nearly out to dinner.

The next day we had to go  
to Swatara to see about some  
business. The second boat  
was called for in afternoon and

the men came with distressing prompt-  
ness for the carrying before we  
were long were near ready. We let them  
take what we could and the rest  
simply had to wait till Wed. PM. when  
we finished loading. In the meantime  
Mrs. Baker took a hurried departure  
on the noon train, and I was  
obviously the thing for her husband to  
take the evening train so I spent a  
good bit of time helping him off.  
Fortunately we had decided not to try  
to go that day and it was just as  
well. A boat No. 2 would not hold  
all our things, so we called another  
boat to be ready the next PM. and  
so our packing was practically  
done we went calling in the after-  
noon at 4.30 and went to prayer  
meeting in the eve. The next day we  
slid off all the rest of our goods  
and caught the afternoon train  
that was Thursday. Boat No. 2 was  
due the Friday PM. - No. 3 Sat. AM.  
No. 2 got in at least Friday and  
agreed with the carriers that Sat. AM.  
But before they began carrying No. 3  
appeared so we reloaded with  
boats, taking from about 9 AM to  
one or later, but got them all by the  
mid. being and all. That then  
was happy.

Hoping you are the same  
your loving son  
E. H.

Thaung July 27.

Dear Mother:

We are having a fine young typhoon, and one hardly knows what to think of it. Of course a typhoon is a swirling of air, like the water running out of the hole in the bathtub. Usually the center of the typhoon goes by at a considerable distance. As the typhoon approaches the wind blows from one direction; as it goes by the wind veers; and as it recedes the wind blows in the direction opposite to the original.

In the 1918 typhoon the preliminary gust was about 1 P.M. The typhoon itself began to blow at 4, and lasted till 8. And the farewell gust was 2 A.M. After that only rain. This typhoon was a small one but its center passed within 5 miles of Bagan.

Last year's typhoon passed right into Swatow. It likewise lasted several hours. Both 1918 & 1922 typhoons came on suddenly, in fair weather.

This year we had several days of raw wet weather shortly after 2 o'clock. Then it came on fair for a day and a half yesterday a try was set for 3 P.M. At 2:30 a heavy rain came. Then it was merely cloudy. At 6:10 heavy threatening black clouds came up, and there was a heavy

rain here at the house. 3 of us were having a walk, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile away and we didn't get more than a wee sprinkle. But the weather looked threatening so we nailed things up for a typhoon. and sure enough we had a good hard blow all last night. I was able to sleep except when Hattie wanted me to do something. e.g. ~~to~~ come up where water was falling from the roof. And after about 3 A.M. I managed to get some sleep too. As the morning wore on, it seemed as if the typhoon were passed by — only the direction of the wind hasn't changed. And here 9.15 P.M. it looks as tho it were in for another night of heavy blowing. One wouldn't mind the blow if the roof didn't leak too. And like child birth, these typhoons usually happen at night.  But unless you read thro of another "Swallow typhoon" you'll know that this is merely the usual typhoon, only more long drawn out than usual.

Mrs Baker had a birthday day before yesterday — the one pleasant day we have had ~~at the moment~~. And she had all the Americans in Shanghai in for tea — or rather Mrs Worley had walk up. In honor of Mrs Baker's birthday. We had a nice time.

I got here one Saturday. Sunday 2

Spent in bed. and didn't go to the English service. It rained. Last Sunday I went. It also rained. Day after tomorrow it is my turn to preach. My sermon is practically ready. But if the weather is as bad as this, we shall have to forego till another Sunday.

I came in July 14<sup>th</sup> - and have been on two short walks <sup>with</sup> these two weeks. But as soon as the weather clears, there will be more bikes. There are enough people now. but altho one is willing to be caught and have to walk home in the rain. One hardly cares to start out when the wind is as fierce and the rain as cold as it is today.

All these things are the "less than perfect" side of Shanghai. But it is a nice place. and I want you to think of us as having a lovely summer here. I hope you are the same.

Your loving son  
Billson

Dec 7.

Dear Mother -

Confidence is in full blast and it is some blast, atleast for one who is on the Reference Committee. A laying an influential church member is attacking the missionaries, has apparently terrorized some of the missionaries and is arousing against them a tremendous anti-Foreign sentiment. Bounded with this is a salt tax that is alleged to be illegal and over which the Chinese town here are very indignant. And this indignation largely the not very justifiably centers on the Mission (It would be best not to talk about this unless I write more explicitly as publicity may not be desirable and it requires careful statement & avoid giving a wrong impression)

Also we have had an architect as our mission builder and he has taken no precautions to keep within the money available so that all our buildings are "in a hole" and have got to quit when half done unless we can get more money; our committee has trusted his judgment, not an

unreasonable amount. But more than  
(as it appears) is safe with that kind  
of a man. We are in a dreadful fix  
and so is he; but he doesn't seem  
worried about it, and we are. It is  
all the more painful because everyone  
blames the man. Again, premature  
publicity is undesirable; the  
affair may assume a better aspect.  
But at present it is thus. We spent  
all last evening in a Reference Com-  
mittee meeting on the matter and a very  
unpleasant meeting it was.

Late. There have been so many things  
that I've overlooked as I try to recall them.  
They take the form of "report of property  
committee" of which the principal feature  
is the above: "report of lay colleague  
comm" of which the principal features  
are disapproving a girl to a place of which  
I disapprove, and removing Velva Brown  
from our house - and I can't find the  
means of preventing either from seeming to  
be necessary: report of medical committee  
including the request of a doctor to be  
transferred, which raised an embarrassing  
problem, the actual solution of which is  
nearly postponed: report of educational  
and Congregational committees which don't  
say anything good on the matter of the  
strong dissatisfaction felt in some

quarters because our higher educational work seems to be emphasized more than our church work, and the policy of the schools is not satisfactory to both the mission or the churches.

I am on the Reference Committee as you know, and we have to consider all these things before they come to Conference. For instance the Property Board report had 3 or 4 hours of our attention, whereas in Conference it had perhaps 10 minutes after the reports were read. There is some satisfaction in being elected to such an important committee, and in having some share in the control of things. But it certainly is a rebuff to feel that next year someone else had got to carry that burden. The Ref. is elected, and I am not on it. Lathie was nominated, and pulled the largest vote of any defeated candidate. But she had a very strong opponent, and there was no particular reason why she should be elected but there were several why the opponent should. The list of sub-committees is not yet published so I do not know what place I may have on that. So far I have only my old stand-by job of statistician. I wouldn't feel quite natural without that. Ben Baker is on the Reference Committee, and the other members are all right.

I haven't written rec<sup>d</sup> much lately because I really had something on my mind. I didn't want to write about it till now. But if I didn't write about that my pen didn't flow freely on other subjects.

When I went to Kitzing five weeks or so ago. By Lister found me my annual physical exam. and there was something funny about my heart and lungs. They are all right now. and I don't know what was the matter then. exactly. The stethoscope showed that the heart sounds were weak, and that lungs seemed thick on that side. The blood pressure also was unusually low. But the "rales" that are a symptom of T.B. were hardly to be found - whereas the cold on my chest which I had then would naturally cause some rales even without any tuberculosis. The weakness of heart sounds might be due to their having to be heard thro' not thickness (agreeing with what the stethoscope said about lungs) or due to the fact that the heart was beating feebly. (agreeing with the low blood pressure) At any rate I climbed a mountain that afternoon with no numerical difficulty at my heart wasn't in bad shape! By gave me some anti-cold vaccine! to get that cleared out of the way. and I've also been taking cod liver oil also doing all breathing

(5)

I had the further examination today before yesterday, and by reports that the lung sounds are good and heart sounds strong - perhaps not exactly normal. But there is so little to sitler that it would not have attracted notice. So one has no need to worry about lumps at all. and  
Din

On boat crossing bay from  
Kahchid to Swatow.

Elison asked me to take this  
on and send it even tho he hadn't  
finished it, and he will write  
more later.

He seems oh so much better  
than he did a month or two ago!

I am very thankful.

We received your two good letters  
of Oct 30 & Nov 6 enclosing two  
kilbs for children a day or two  
ago. John & Alice were delighted  
with magnets & shoes.

You must remember that your  
birthday present was for two years  
Glad you liked it! Love Letter.

Please  
return to N.O.M.  
finally

Shirley  
Dorothy  
Madan Co.

Omaha. Wed. P.M.

Dear Mother:

I'm mighty sorry I haven't written you more. I intended to write every day on this trip or every other day at the very outside. and my only excuse is that the responsibility of being treasurer keeps me thoroughly busy. I could have written Sat. P.M. on the Wabash. but it was so rough that it was mighty hard work writing and I thought I could get time to write in Chicago.

When we got there we were supposed to be met by Miss Atkins of the Women's Foreign of the West. but she didn't find us for some time. Dil was also there and missed us. the only explanation is that our train must have come in a section. but a cousin of Lattie's met us. and put his best to carry us out nearly to Danston. that took up about 15 min.

discussing with him. Then we started for  
the trolley. But in the wrong direction and  
finally decided to take a taxi. That  
took 15 or 20 min to arrange. When  
we got to the hotel we had supper then  
Miss Adams arranged some business  
I put her on the trolley. fixed my  
accounts. and it was so late that I  
thought best not to phone Gil till the  
next day. But he is in bed.

The next morning I got up as  
early as convenient. got my flock  
down to breakfast and started for  
Old Park. I hoped to be able to get  
them off by 8.45 but it was 9. when  
we started. After a combination  
of bad luck and good. we got to Old  
Park about 10.15. spoke at some  
length. in church and less in S.S.  
Besides the three you know there  
was Mr. Mildred Scott, who is  
going out to Swatow to help her  
grandmother Mr. James Scott 70  
years old. who has charge of 2  
hospitals with only native  
assistant trained by herself.  
She speaks only two or three minutes.

so I had lots of leeway to fill out, since I was  
the last speaker. Lottie and I were taken  
home by the Baptist minister and after dinner  
and some telephoning we went to bed. we were  
due to leave Cal Ave station at 5:15 and we  
didn't wake up till about 5:00. By the time we got  
dressed and to the station it was 5:30 and when  
we reached the First Baptist, it was about 10  
to 6. All were to have supper with the deacons  
their wives at 5:30 and actually did sit down just  
after 6. Then we were taken upstairs and had a  
very very busy and informal reception, followed  
by a talk by Miss Bertha Anglin, secretary of the  
Woman's Mission Society. That was the P.  
meeting. At the evening service we were joined  
by Miss Gertrude Ryder from near Worcester who  
is returning to Japan. She has charge of a  
Dale dormitory something like the Y.W.C.A. hotels  
plus by Miss Selma Lagergren whose father is  
president of the Swedish school. Lem. Morgan Park  
Chicago. She is a very attractive delicate looking  
little girl. Miss Rydell is a Miss A.M. and

Miss Scott is a little snip of a girl  
full of the slickers. Well we got home  
about 10.45 and then it was bedtime.

Monday I think I got up about  
6.30 leaving L. in bed got breakfast  
and made an effort not to see Bill.  
Then I left word for L. & Miss Thomas to be  
ready when I got back about 9.30.

But Miss Thomas made a date to call for  
for breakfast and forgot to keep it at all.  
When I got back at 9.45 Lottie hadn't  
been served breakfast yet. But she was  
otherwise ready. The arrangement was that

I was to take the two heavy suitcases of  
the two (Miss Thomas's and mine), Lottie  
the little suitcase and her hand bag, and  
we were to go to Marshall Field's to  
meet Bill at 10. Then he & I would take  
the baggage & check in at the station.  
L would meet her cousin there at 11.

(Having previously done some shopping)  
and go to dinner with him. Well Miss  
Thomas delayed us so that we didn't  
reach there till 11.10 and poor Bill  
didn't know what had become of us.  
Miss Thomas reports having had every  
possible kind of mishap that morning  
and I think Lottie did too.

well. I've disposed of the  
baggage, exchanged our orders for tickets  
and about the berths, and transfer of  
Miss Ryder's baggage, got some stamped  
envelopes, and a money order for £. called  
for the mail and took the car for half  
house, arriving there 2.15. I had half-  
planned to call for £. after dinner  
● but instead phoned as soon as we got  
there, and Esther's cousin brought her  
over. She got there just after we were  
through dinner, so left at 4 and got to the  
station just at 5. As I had promised,  
I had to check the baggage for Miss  
Ryder, Scott, Lagergren and Northcott  
the latter being a trained nurse, who  
is going to South Africa. I was anxious  
to have them all there early so as to have  
plenty of time to check, and wanted all  
this because Miss Ryder had 100 lbs  
excess. But if the others had 100 lbs  
less than their allowance, the total  
amount for 4 passengers would be  
● £. I didn't have to try it with 3. I left the  
it not sufficient baggage, as it turned  
out we had 1270 lbs and were allowed  
1400 so it was pretty close.

Miss Northcott came in from  
Cleveland Mon. P.M. I had her ticket and  
money, and when she couldn't find me  
she was nearly crazy of that day. But  
I had told both Miss Perkins and Miss  
Baker that I would be there 5.  
and ~~Miss Northcott~~ didn't show up  
till 5 P.M. I got Sil and another man  
to help the women on board the car,  
and by the promise of a financial  
inducement got the baggage checked  
off. Miss Ryder wanted the two suitcases  
and there were 3 suitcases in the lot.  
so I couldn't tell by the number which  
was which. At 5:55 the suitcase  
hadn't been brought in yet so I went  
up to the train to see how things were,  
and found that 3 of my tickets were  
only orders and had to be exchanged  
for tickets. So I rushed down to the  
ticket office. I might have done  
that while I was waiting for my  
crowd of 3 had known. While they  
were working on the tickets, went  
out got the suitcases and gave the  
baggage man 50¢. When I got the

ticket the clock down stairs said 6.04 1/2  
and the clock on the stairs said 6.05. Any-  
way I found up the stairs with my 3 suitcases  
I met me at the gate and carried 1 or 2 of them  
I saw them on the train I shook hands with  
about 3 people and we were off. I think the  
gate man held the train about half a minute

well. I arranged my crowd and the suit-  
cases etc. and by that time was quieted down  
so we went to supper, which we very much  
enjoyed. Then I worked on my accounts till 11  
and they came out all right, but it was  
long after the rest of the crowd was in bed.

The next morning we got up just in time to  
get off at Omaha. A representative of the  
foreign board took us to the hotel, where we got  
breakfast. Then I went to see about Pullman  
berths. Got back just in time to go for an auto  
ride. Something happened to the auto right  
near the house of a club to which our berths  
belonged. It was damaged there and then I got  
by the fire and worked on accounts while the  
rest climbed the hills to see the view.

Then dinner and Lottie and I lay down  
to rest. In about 5 min I got a phone  
message from the pastor of the Swedish  
Chap. who wanted Miss Haggen for  
dinner and about 5 min later, a call  
from an old man and his wife. He was at  
Rechead before the days of Mr. Strong and  
is now in enforced retirement from the  
ministry. He hardly ever goes out so  
we called to express his sympathy with  
us in our work etc. and he did finally decide  
to go that evening for he was there and stayed  
tho. well they stayed about half an  
hour, and by that time Lottie was asleep  
so I worked on book keeping again till  
of supper time. we had a hurried supper  
to get to sleeping, and when we got home  
it was bed time.

This morning was devoted almost  
exclusively to getting away. I did get time  
to start this letter. Maybe 15 min! It was  
raining and we went to the station in a bus.  
we left at 11.55 had dinner on the train  
the account are straight and it's no  
3.15. I'm sorry this letter was so long  
delayed. But honestly it's the first I have  
I had had to write. Love to all the family.  
Will write more tomorrow  
E. Olson

Sharon  
finally to  
San Francisco  
1/20/50

Sunday P.M.  
on train from LA  
to San Diego

Dear Mother;

I believe the best letter except  
you was on a train on the Union  
Pacific I haven't had another chance  
to write till now, and I had to  
burn this paper off one of the girls  
in the party. We all spoke for  
1 P.M. and take the 3 P.M. train for  
San Diego where we are due to  
speak this evening see the night  
in A.M. and take the 1:00 daylight  
4:30. I was able to get Lottie  
excused from this trip so she is  
going to visit Gabe (Poodle) Nelson  
who lives in L.A. She could hardly  
decide whether to take advantage  
of the trip or not, so asked her what  
we decide for her. I'm sorry she can't  
see San Diego but the rest is worth  
while. So when we got on the  
train, I found I was the odd one.  
I was in a seat facing two men  
but I couldn't hear their talk.  
I couldn't sleep. So I went to talk  
to some of the girls and mentioned  
that I needed for some writing  
paper and she gave me this

We had a good trip on the  
C.P. Nice smooth roads. And  
the same. But when we left  
them our troubles began from  
Ogden (U.P. train) to Salt Lake

The road belongs to the Oregon Short  
Line a freighter comes only  
36 miles but they put on one  
of their engines for the run and  
before our observation car was  
really out of the station the engine  
broke on a x @. So they had to fire  
up another @ S L engine and we  
left Ogden 1 hr 15 min late.  
On the way something else happened  
and we had a good chance to study  
the workings of the flagging system  
as our flagman went black and  
flagged the train following.  
Starting us for our train as  
soon as the engine whistled that  
he had seen the flag. Any way we  
left S L @ about 3 hours late.  
and when we left the Ogden  
early P.M. we hadn't made  
as much if any. From S L @  
It is the San Pedro & P  
Salt Lake R.R. here the desert  
you know they change engines  
at division points and that is  
where the round houses are. Las  
Vegas is a division point and  
the next one is Orie about 150 miles  
further. when we were about 50  
miles from L.V. way out in  
the desert. our engine broke  
down right on a side track and  
we had to wait till the train  
behind a freight, caught up  
and borrow their engine. Having  
this train and our disabled

engine on the side track. (2)  
Well you know a freight train  
has little wheels. It is geared  
low for great strength and  
low speed. It could have hauled  
half a dozen trains like ours  
just as fast as it did ours.

Because it went faster than  
maximum speed no matter how  
light the load. It kept down  
hill. And then we did some  
good coasting. But it took  
some three hours to get to  
Opis and get another engine.

We were just 10 miles at  
3.33 and supposed we were to  
speak there, but had no definite  
instructions. As it turned out they  
had a supper for us and were  
waiting when we got there. But we  
couldn't figure on that. And as  
we found we wouldn't reach

Panama till about 6.30 or 6.45  
we decided to eat in the dining  
and I think it was a wise decision.

Well they wanted us to  
go right to the church and have  
at Panama ice cream. But every  
one of us balked. So they let us  
go to the hotel and wash up there.  
Everyone of us was about  
red hot. That was thru the  
heat it was fearfully rough  
and when we got into the net  
it was so crooked and we started  
so fast down hill that it

was soon laughing if anything,  
and one could neither hear what  
he said. I watched the scenery  
till my eyes ached. The glasses  
is very trying in fact, with  
dark glasses, then I played  
flute a while, old fog day  
was before we were up and didn't  
do any good for writing.

We were all tried to do  
our best but everyone said that  
all the rest spoke well and he  
himself on his knif was the  
only one who didn't do well.

Then we went to bed, got up  
just in time to get breakfast  
and take the train for St. and  
go to hotel in a bus. It was my  
work to see that the party was  
all comfortably fixed in good  
rooms, and then Mr. Roper & I had  
to go see about getting the  
ticket for San Diego.

Mr. Roper the Pacific  
representative of the Foreign  
Board and I looked forward to  
deleting the party into his  
hands and being free from  
responsibility. I find  
however that I am his first  
lieutenant, and while he is  
really responsible I have quite  
a bit of work to do. Just thought  
to be interesting and also to  
take up the spare time that  
might otherwise give to other work.

Well when we got our 3  
ticket and got home it was about  
1.30 so we got lunch then a D  
layover for some much needed  
rest. Guess she got more than  
I did. But neither of us got any  
more than we needed. When I took  
a bath and after supper we  
went out a few rounds and  
went to see Mrs Page whose  
husband is mission worker  
at Suva. She showed us a  
big panorama of Suva,  
the bay, and the mission  
compound. Also three annual  
conference pictures and a lot  
of interesting things.

When we got home it  
was bed time by a large  
majority. This morning we got  
up just in time to get break-  
fast dress and start out  
to speak. We got back just  
in time for us to dress hat  
dinner. Marshall the book  
and start for the 3' o'clock  
train.

Tomorrow evening we  
have a reception at the  
Rimpk Club (Bob Burdette  
& Thonghis) I hope we  
are all well 3. when we  
start for Pasadena by  
train. There we are to be  
entertained at the 'camp

and so I have some affairs  
that would expense about  
it. We speak in the evening  
and return to our hotel at 2 P.M.

Had just after dinner  
we start for Riverside and  
don't return to St. Louis more  
on Thurs we speak at  
Redlands, take a train at San  
Bernardino at 10.30 (five  
min to change) and get to  
Paco at 10.45 & 11 P.M.  
that night after speaking  
we take the electric that  
starts from Paco and  
gets to St. Louis at 11 P.M.  
and it's the first lesson.

At Pomona about the  
first person I met was the  
wife of Henry Kelly, Henry's  
son, and she brought  
along Henry's mother  
I should be Henry's  
father and the best thing  
I may well probably  
come in as a son,  
perhaps from his back  
I think too fought  
with her and here  
won't be any time  
to put at San  
diego. Pays at  
Love Ellsop

Dear Mother:

I hoped to be able to write a good note last night. But I was tired after two trips to Hancock which kept me busy practically all the time from breakfast to supper.

Here is a plan of our house that I made for you Sat. ev. It was a bit of fun to make. I took the measurements when I came up with Baker with the first load of goods so that I & Pat Swatow could plan where the big pieces of furniture were to go.

We have had a carpenter  
a painter a mason and  
two whitewashers in the  
house. That is one reason  
for my not having more  
time. The whitewashers  
are the most bother. We have  
had Kitchen party. Living  
Study sitting room & Bed  
room. Sitting room has had  
had second coat. now being  
Study has had 1 coat. Bed  
room is getting 1st coat.  
Most of our apartments stuff  
is in the two north rooms.  
Fortunately study didn't  
have ceiling load. as we  
just moved things to the  
kitchen but that was some  
bother

Do you suppose we have been  
busy? Hoping you are the same  
Your loving son  
Clason

NOT

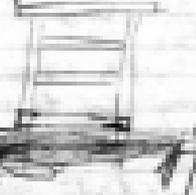
Holyoke Bridge and return to Holyoke quickly

Rockport

you have can send what she thinks best. It is agreeable to  
Dottie a big report cabin that to tell the news - which was  
uncertain - have this of wild go. Some to report back and part of  
Dear Mother: I have told them of not return to me.  
From Rockport Maine

The checker board that I have been  
making is just finished. and it has been  
lots of fun to make. Last summer at  
Thompson's hotel and I played checkers a  
good deal and always had to borrow the  
board. The other day it occurred to me  
that I would make a board myself so  
I got some wood about 1/2 or 3/4 inch  
and some 14 in square and laid out  
the checkerboard on it 1 1/2 to the square  
- that is after planing up the board  
to make it smooth enough to play on. The  
space squares I simply marked in by hand  
with a pencil ink ball pen (which as  
you know, is a brush) It is a rather  
careful job and I didn't do it as nicely  
as I would have done, but I enjoyed  
seeing how nearly straight I could  
make the edges of the squares.

The board is finished now and I  
is at the piano while I am taking the  
opportunity to write a few lines to you  
this has been quite a carpenter mill  
beginning last Saturday when I made  
some holders for window curtains,  
and some other things that I have forgotten.  
Sunday I had an idea of making a book  
rack. O. H. I guess I worked it out Sunday  
afternoon while listening to a church  
preacher teaching 55 lesson in a pretty



dry summer. Church books  
are bound in a way that makes  
them very limp and they cant  
conveniently be stood on feet  
or sides. I have been looking  
a good deal so finally made  
of pine with shelves as the

illustration shows. open front and back  
but the picture doesnt give a very good  
idea. It is about 20 in high. and  
some 14 in or 15 in wide. and perhaps  
1 1/2 in deep. It has 6 shelves. ~~that~~  
besides the space between the twist

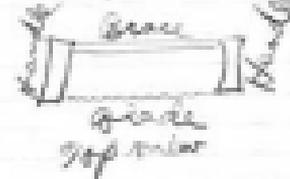
shelf and the base. and the space on top 8 places in all. each wide enough for 2 books. It stands on my desk, between the card index case and the stationary ~~and~~ rack which are bought and made of oak nicely varnished but to my prejudice by the book rack looks better than either. I can see its defects tho. It is made of pieces of boxes some of which were warped, with the result that in some places the shelves don't come in very close contact with the sides. And some of the pumps the holes had received had gone so deep that I couldn't plane down below that level. Tho the shelves are merely held up by 3 nails on each side, all of which are my nails. And it isn't varnished and it isn't going to be. but it certainly has been a comfort already to have my Chinese books right in front of me, and get out of the way.

I have had a lot of fun with my carpenter's tools, but if I hadn't as much as I know now I wouldn't have brought out so many. Chisels for instance are made very well indeed by the Chinese and they have one type which I have never seen at home. It serves as an all around tool to the carpenter. He uses it much as I would use a steel knife and I have greatly admired the thing.

I have seen carpenters do with them by making wedges 1 or 2 inch long and 1/4 square, the sharpening of which is all done with the forehead chisel. They have one with a skewed edge and another with which is bent 1/2 way (side view) so that the man can use it in corners and other difficult places. They of course they have regular framed chisels and gouges.

The Chinese planes are very good indeed. You give a Chinese the fiddle you want whatever its shape, and he will get a piece of hard wood and make a plane to fit, and it will be a good one. The handles are different from ours. But I am not at all sure but that if I were out here without tools I would buy Chinese planes. I know I would get Chinese chisels their saws are on the Yankee fiddle pattern except

that the handle is on cross-pieces and the blade is off at the side instead of



as in the Yankee fiddle. I don't think I should like the handle at that angle but I guess it's only a matter of training. The Chinese say saws differ with their than I can with mine. (??) We have our saws have the advantage is that we can saw all the way thro' a big board, and sometimes they have to do a good deal of maneuvering to do that. The ordinary carpenter uses an all-around saw, which will either cross cut or rip. It probably doesn't do it as well as our saws do this work - but the carpenter only needs one saw to carry, to sharpen - and to pay for and the best is an important item.

A Chinese saw mill consist of 2 things, a big saw and a tree. The saw has its blade at right angle to the frame and the pieces are far enough away so that when they saw a thick board there is room for it between the blade and the frame. The rest is great - and



guiding the saw straight. We remove the board, put the tree in a frame (which I forget to mention that)

lines for the cuts and go to work. It must be some work for the saws are so coarse that they cut a swath an eighth of an inch or more wide which wastes strength as well as time. We enjoyed watching them last year at their big cut down a little cut it up and make it into palings for our beautiful fence all in the same day.

The hammers they use are a fright. We get so used to having one hammer for carpentry another for cobbling - another for blacksmithing, another for tacks, a mallet, etc. that I at least feel very uncomfortable using the wrong kind of hammer. But the carpenter who worked for us used a tiny mechanism ball pein hammer for everything and seemed entirely happy. Evidently he was used to it. One that I know uses a hammer which looks to me like a blacksmiths smoother, which isn't a hammer at all. It's an iron head on a handle held in place by the assistant while the smith ~~put~~ hits it with a hammer to smooth out the piece of iron on which it is placed. I should consider it absolutely impossible as a hammer. But he did little work with it than I can do with my best hammer.

But where we have the advantage over them is in our brace and bits. They have a handle with a spirited iron



which is made to revolve by turning back and forth a bamboo stick from which a string runs around the handle. The handle is built so that the ~~at~~ upper part is held still in the hand while the lower part revolves as the bamboo is run back and forth and in this way the point

forces its way into the wood more or less  
effectively. Less, I should say, for when the  
hole has been made there the board sometimes  
leaves a narrow space in the middle, and  
the man has to run his tool up and down until  
it reaches freely in any depth of the hole.

Then the hachon writes at various times  
as I was able to get a opportunity. It is being  
finished as yet on the Shazong board waiting  
for it to start. The other side of the page was written  
when I wanted to write something out the rest of the page.

We needed at last a housemate from  
which ~~some~~ belongs to Mr. Matus. He left to go  
with Mr. Sprock and we are going to have it  
at last, so someone had to go get it. I could  
send a servant but finally decided to have  
to try myself. I wanted to come down and  
see some Kachugh friends, and this seemed  
a good opportunity.

I suppose by this time you have heard  
Rebecca's letter ~~about~~ about her  
expectations for this fall. She is certainly  
pleased over the prospect, and so am I.  
Of course I shall need to be extra careful  
now. I am glad we have our Thaingy room  
so we need not worry about ~~that~~ the question  
of where to go. The Mr. & Mrs. Lashans are in the  
same fix except that their date is expected  
in August - and they haven't yet succeeded  
in finding a place to go. I took dinner with  
them, and felt like offering them my room  
at Thaingy - only we need it about as  
badly do they do. Thaingy is wonderful full of,  
but so it was last year - and yet we got the  
At Kachug they have just yet succeeded in  
getting a room. Kachug is the hill being  
I know. I hope they can manage to go  
nowhere.

will I meet close with and be  
Ellison

Dear Mother!

I have been very much interested in a lot of things you have written about lately - (that night at unusual conditions either) One of them is the fire alarm business. For the letter I have just been reading the mayor said that the alarm bell he had tried to touch that he would hit before than on a stack of bricks, and a New York lawyer had written to him about it. That is a good place to say "continued in our next" We'll be glad to see what the next letter says.

I was interested in the picture that Fanny had of James Prescott. In your file was a thing that looks as if it might be a picture of J.P. in cap & gown. Wonder if such a thing has ever been.

Little says to tell F that she got an opinion the case of our teachers who was acquainted with Miss Beach. She got Miss & then an agency (Pratt Home) and I got mine. I and I think it was Pratt, Co. I tried to join Mrs. May Young-Fulton who is very highly spoken of by some, but she said that she couldn't recommend anyone who definitely was going to quit in a few years, and she couldn't get her report.

Will you please send the enclosed to Mrs. Helen F. of the Gold Spring Harbor N.Y. and to Mrs. Alice P. after no product



17. Mr. Teacher of Chao-yang see Pa.
18. Mr. ~~Teacher~~ <sup>of</sup> Kit-yang with whom I had my first trip
19. Mr. Specker, new with the China Bapt. Int. Soc. at Canton
20. Mr. Whitman of Hops (weather dealer)
21. Mr. Waters (his wife was in the States then)
22. Mr. Bakeman of East China
23. Mr. Adkins of Shaochowfu who mentions with his sister 10
24. 31 Mr. & Mrs. Bonfield of Shanghai see other dialect, 3 days from the nearest ~~English speaking~~ person who speaks any European language
25. Mr. Baker who belongs in the Foreign Office work at Shaochowfu but has had to teach in that Academy here to fill a gap in the staff. see 6
26. Mr. Kemp of Shaochowfu, just ordered home by superstitious neighbors from thinking too much alone. Wife in States with a sick child
27. Mrs. Lewis Worley & wife, I in Rock. P. S. when I was. At home on account of Mr. Worley's illness. Brother-in-law to of
28. Mrs. Franklin see 5
29. Mr. Edith Bacon of Kit-yang whom I saw Northcott has just to be sent
30. Mr. Bonfield see of



classmate, what sort of a man Singiser was. He wished he had worked harder for Whitaker. Still Singiser may be just the man. The ~~idea~~ is a compound chiefly of Eurasian, proud, and quick to resent even the slightest appearance of a slight. But it's quite reasonable to suppose that they would be the kind who would worship the "great man" and that Singiser would be able to make them think he was great enough to deserve their worship. I hope so for the good of the work. The fact that Haggard himself picked out Singiser leads me to think it may be true. But I wouldn't want Singiser for my pastor. As often happens I'm such a sucker. Mrs. Singiser is a very nice woman. And seems to like her husband at his own rate. I wish some of the ones who posed with me in my respectability at Detroit. They seemed awfully young to me. But I think they're all right. He went to Rangoon Baptist Coll. to teach. Miss Thomas went to the Philippines to teach in Java Industrial school. She was the smiling of my "basin" on the way to Calif. Mr. George told me he'd just had just two years out there, but I haven't heard of her going home yet. so I guess she's still there. I suppose you know that in the middle generation of "Scott's" is Mrs. Water. I showed you much like to see your book. Some of the pictures I got made out from your description. Hope to send you some more some day.

I was interested in what you told me about the Stewart boys. I suppose they were "lost & gone forever" for good. I don't know the Edwin one. (By the way I thought his name was Guilford or is that a different boy)

H.B. Marion's ~~of~~ discussing Miss  
Glatty's statement that girls to write  
were wanted to be like as the other girls  
did - interested as very much. I am  
inclined to think that what you said  
about every girl trying to write some  
outlandish thing ~~to~~ be different from  
others, means that all ~~most~~ other girls  
write things that are "outlandish" and  
"different". I read an article on this  
subject which ~~was~~ of a girl (or boy  
I'm not sure which). The ~~author~~ of a  
noted author, who said: "Father, I wish  
you wouldn't write books. None of the  
other girls (or boys) have fathers that  
~~don't~~ write books."

I has just come and tried to  
drag me off out door. It's 6.15 P.M. and  
she says I have sat at the desk long  
enough. But I think I'd rather stay here and  
write to you a little longer. So we decided  
that she would go and inspect the  
garden, while I took advantage of the  
remaining daylight and then this  
evening we would play games or some  
thing like that.

I was interested in H's proposals.  
As I understand she is "out" at South now.  
Does she keep on her work of planning  
children for adoption. Did that need to  
be a remunerative occupation or not?  
Has she been living on her salary as  
"reader" or did she have other sources  
of income? What made her old  
typewriter, and what is the new? Did  
she ever have a course in typewriting, or  
was she self-taught? Is she going to  
be a stenographer or is she going  
to typewrite at ~~as~~ much a page, or  
what? What does Marion like for  
a living? Don't answer ~~these~~  
questions if they are unimportant but  
what you told about H's plans  
aroused my curiosity along these lines

I must have had knowledge of receiving  
the golf picture of father but I  
do not know. In spite of the  
question we had it framed and  
let it sit on the wall in a con-  
spicuous position. It was remarkably  
good indeed.  
Mrs. Colby's letter from Barton  
gave a rough outline of the road  
from the home where she stayed  
to the dentist's office. She suggested  
that I send it to you, but unfortunately  
it got overlooked. So I apologized  
and send along a picture just to  
show how hard to find the road  
would be. She wanted to walk  
to save a fare hire, but with the  
road so hard to find, and not  
knowing the dialect so that she  
couldn't inquire the way, she decided  
it was safer to take the car.

I was interested in the way they  
furnished the boy who jumped out of  
the window to escape. He must  
have enjoyed the party. I was glad  
to see the school songs. Really young  
poet.

An old letter says Willard is  
expecting an addition to his family in  
August. I suppose that means the  
coming baby. Please let me know  
when it happens.

Lovingly  
Lillian

Dear Mother:-

These letters have been in the envelope waiting to be sent to you for quite a while but unfortunately they got overlooked.

Lothe is back and looking fine she was badly delayed by boats. Her steamer from Shinwang tao, near Peitaiha was to have sailed Sept 24. and it didnt leave till Oct 1 (I think) In the meantime she was the only foreigner left in P T H except a couple of old ladies (missionaries, I think) who live there all the time. And she had 10 her cook & boy go. and was doing the cooking herself. helped by the amah, and a local man. and was in danger of running short of food. But she wasnt worried about this. for we had agreed that it was the right thing to do, and we were going to trust God to make it come out right. On her side. she and the children just revelled in the coolness which called for winter under clothing sweaters etc. and put a stop to sea bathing. On this side. it isnt quite clear whether it would

have been better for her to come  
earlier or not on some considera-  
tions; but on the great question  
of the weather it is clear. While she  
was enjoying the cool and getting  
strongly to it, we were having an  
unusually hot autumn.

I am on the way to the country  
for a week's trip

Much love



dinner all waiting for us. Finally on Wed. about 4. P.M. (after a rest  
at <sup>the R.F.</sup> ~~these houses~~) we arrived at our home on the hill, and walked thro the  
bare but very familiar rooms, glad to be at our place again, and to have  
room to spread out, and a bath-tub big enuf to wash comfortably in, and  
a bed without any ridges; and a piano! It all seemed good, and altho we  
had to live from Wednesday to Saturday without the services of our cook,  
we have managed to have enuf to eat, and to get very well settled.

That is Lottie's story. Mine differs from it in a few slight  
particulars, due chiefly to my different point of view, as being on foot  
instead of in a chair. When we ordered chairs for Lottie and Mrs. James,  
who made the trip with us, it was cool and I was feeling fine, and was  
sure I wouldn't need a chair; so I might as well have nearly \$2.50 by  
going afoot. But after a cold rainy week-end, it came on bright and  
hot on Monday, and by dinner time I was so tired that I wished mighty  
well that I had a chair; but it was too late to order it then. So I  
walked, and had the sun beat on me in a way that I don't think I have  
ever felt before. Usually I am hot, and my clothes, being very wet  
are cool; but on that trip it was the clothes, heated by the sun, that  
were warmer than I was, and unfortunately my ~~small~~ umbrella wasn't big  
enuf to shade the whole of my body. However there were no distressing  
results, and the longer I went the better I felt, because altho I was  
probably getting progressively tired, the sun was getting progressively  
western, and the air progressively cool. And when I had been in the  
river and changed my clothes I felt better. One feature that helped me  
was this. The chairmen walked faster than I could conveniently, but  
after the first stop I kept ahead of them, to their disgust, thus holding

then down to a pace which was easier on me, and also easier on Lottie. At one time when the trail was broad they tried to get past me, but I walked a little faster (just a little) and walked to one side a little bit (without paying any attention ~~to~~ to them) and got ahead of them again. They laughed generously, instead of getting mad, for which I was glad.

On the trip for the boat to Chaochowfu, I was again affct, for the same reason. It doesn't sound like much to say six miles on the level. But before I got thro wrangling with the carriers I was nicely tired; and the carrers walk just a little faster than I care to on a hot day. And my shoes ( the last pair that could be worn) had got into such shape that I practically had my heels resting on a row or nails unless I walked with extreme care. I didn't damage my feet; but it doesn't make the trip any easier to have to be so careful of you gait, especially on a rough road.

I am glad that Lottie is able to report beautiful fields and orange groves

A man on foot has to watch his steps and doesn't have a great deal of leisure to enjoy the scenery. *I was glad to know that a new pair of shoes had just come from home was waiting for me at my destination*

Mrs. James only wanted her men to carry to her house, but mine, who were in the majority, had to be forced to carry some five minutes farther, to the bank of the river, where the stuff was to be put on the boat. It was a nice job forcing them to do so, but it could be done. But also, when we got there the river was low, and its bank was a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet away across the burning sands, and my carriers all struck and demanded extra pay. But to stop and argue how much extra would be abad method. So I just ordered them to carry down to the boat, and went off leaving them sitting on their burdens; when they called for me to come back I called for them to come along; and as it was obvious that they couldn't afford to lose their pay for carrying six miles, on a mere question of a hundred yards, and as I evidently didn't intend to pay them unless they carried to the boat(which was waiting) nor to come back and argue, presently they all shouldered their burdens and came along

and altho I had a big head start, every man passed me before I got to the boat. You see, they were all barefoot, and they wanted to get off that hot sand and cool their feet in the river. The first man had his clothes off and he was in the river, long before the tail man had arrived, and they were all in a bunch (18 men) As they passed me they called attention to the warmth of the sand, and invited me to take off my shoes and see how warm it was; but I didn't need to, I could feel it thro my shoes; and while I stood there seeing about the loading of the stuff I took pains to stand on the moist sand close to the edge; it was much nicer. Oh, I mustn't forget about the water. I had a canteen full when we left the boat, but I drank it all up in less than an hour, so I tied it on a burden, that is tied the canteen, till we got to the Presbyterian compound and then I gave it to my coolie and told him to get it filled with water and join me on the bank. He came on the run, and I called to him not to hurry, but when he arrived I found he was barefoot, too and was gunning for comfort. He was glad to reach the bank and so was I, and the water didn't last very long.

This was a new route that we took, because it would be so much easier on Lottie. The original plan was to take the boat from Wukingf to Kityang, take launch to Swatow, send our baggage up the river by boat, while we went over to Kakshieh and did what errands and business was necessary, perhaps two or three days; then take the train to Chaochowfu. The plan we followed was to stay in the boat past Kityang and take a creek that goes across country toward Chaochowfu, leaving only six miles by land. ~~It is a little more expensive~~ Then the Swatow errands will be done on a special trip after Lottie is rested a little and gets the house in order. We figure it is a little more expensive this way, but that it is much easier on Lottie, and on Mrs. James, which means the same thing. Of course the two women went on in chairs as soon as we had made our bargains with

*the carrier Good bye with lots of love & kisses*

2nd yr

In a letter to Mr. Towner a little while ago I told some things about moving up here, and mentioned the piano, but didn't have any time to tell about it, so I am going to tell you now how it got up here.

It is a historic piano. It was given to Mrs. Waters when she came out here I think, and I don't know how long that was, but she was out here for several years before she was married, and she has a boy about twelve years old at home with her in Morgan Park, Ill, right now, so you see the piano has been in China some time. We are glad of that, because the climate of China is hard on pianos and such things. It is very hot and damp here in the spring and summer, and the glue comes loose, and the iron and wires rust, and the wood swarms and cracks, and the cockroaches (which everybody has, and think nothing more of them than California people do of fleas) eat the felts and other things, and altogether to bring out a piano is a risky proposition. But this piano has been out here long enough to get toughened and acclimated, and has had its insides doctored several times, so that it has just about settled down to a good steady mode of activity. It doesn't sound as nice as the Steinway grands that one sometimes hears at home, but it sounds pretty good to us, and it was considerably cheaper than a Steinway. When Mrs. Waters went home she put the piano in the home of her niece Dr. Mildred Scott, and at the same time offered it for sale. We didn't decide to buy it for some time, and when we did we felt bad at taking it away from them, and especially at taking it away from Kakchich, for it was the only ~~good~~ piano in the seven houses there. But we are glad to learn that ~~Dr.~~ Dr. Scott has since bought a new piano, so that now both Kakchich and Chao-chowfu have one. *only it cost a rupee.*

When the piano was moved to Dr. Scott's house, they simply called a man to take the contract. He furnished the poles and ropes, and managed the job, and I think he charged ~~\$1.00~~ \$1.60, or maybe it was \$2. So when

I had the piano moved to our house, I let the same man have the contract. But when we were moving up here, I thought I could save money by being my own contractor. So I told the men who were carrying other things that I wanted that carried too. First we had a debate about how many men it would need, so I told them to rig it up, and see if six men could carry it; if not, then we would use eight; I knew eight men had carried it before. So they got interested in the question of fixing it up. I had four heavy ropes, big enough to go around the piano. They had one big bamboo pole, and for 10¢ Mex, I rented a wooden pole. They put one in front of the legs under the keyboard, the other in the middle of the back of the piano, ~~and~~ put the ropes under the piano and tied them firmly around each pole and then over the piano. Of course Mrs. Hildreth and I had previously covered the piano to prevent scratching. The six men couldn't carry the piano, as I expected, so I willingly told eight men to take hold, <sup>two at each end of each pole</sup> and said that I would give them 10¢ Mex. each for that load, which was <sup>twice</sup> what they were getting for other loads, and equal to a third of a day's wages, so they were glad of the chance. And that meant that it cost me 90¢ Mex to get the piano carried about half a mile down a road that is steep and crooked and not very wide, and loaded on the boat. Could one do that at home? But just to show how prices are going up in China. When the piano was carried up the hill for the first time, they say that the men were around it so thick that it looked like ants carrying a caterpillar; and I think Mrs. Waters told me that the total cost of taking the piano from the boat up to her parlor was 16¢ Mex. (And we had paid \$1.60 Mex. to the contractor for taking it 200 yds

We hadn't given much anxious thought to the question of getting the piano down to the boat, because that kind of work has been done before at Kakchich, and the road is fairly good. But up here it is different. ~~From~~ landing from the boat the carriers had to walk on planks till they reached the bank, and then scramble along the side of the bank, which was slippery with mud till they reached the place to climb up into the road, which was likewise steep and rough and slippery. From the road, a path leads up the

hill to the house. It is very steep in places, is only about a foot wide in places, and portions of it are covered with stones and broken pottery, thrown there by the Chinese for some reason that I don't know. We had some bargaining with the men, and they wanted a dollar for the job, but finally it was agreed that they were to use as many men as they needed, at the regular rate of 4¢ per~~man~~ man for the trip up the hill. So every man who was working took his share of the job. Can you imagine how twenty men could get hold of one piano. Of course most of the way, they couldn't possibly do it on a path a foot wide. But when we came to the bad places, there were plenty of men all ready to go to help at the place where help was needed most, and that is just what we wanted in the interest of safety. In due time after after some sweating and a great deal of loud talking the piano was finally put in the house. You ought to hear the Chinese working at a job like that. Some man will get excited and commence to shout out his way of how the work ought to be done. If all approve, they do it so, but if not, they they begin and argument, in which it usually looks to me as if the question was settled on the basis of who has the best lungs and uses them most vigorously. The head man in the cases that I have seen, seems to say comparatively little, but some rattle-headed fellow, whose tongue is loose, does most of the talking. Naturally, I don't say much. I don't know Chinese well enough to yell it, and they won't keep quiet long enough to hear what I want to say in an ordinary tone, and they might not understand it anyway.

Well, that brings the piano to the ground floor, so we will pay off the men and let them go. There is too much else to do to-day, for it is Saturday about one o'clock, and the carriers have just brought up the hill two boat-loads of stuff, about half of it ours, the rest belonging to the Baker's nearly two hundred carries in all, beside the piano, which was the last thing unloaded and brought up to the house.

The next step is to get the piano up stairs. Our houses in South China are so damp that the ground floor can't be used for living rooms, so the piano has to be put on the second story. Our house in Kakchich was a

genuine bungalow. The "ground floor" was about four feet in height, under the rest of the house, and was not used for anything. The floor on which we lived was on the same level as the path which leads to the house, so it was very easy to carry the piano in. But putting the piano on the second story was a different matter. Pulleys are not common in Chaochowfu, and we doubted if the roof beams were strong enough anyway to use a pulley. I happened to think that the contractor who was fixing the house might have had experience so I offered him the job. We finally agreed for two dollars Max. So he laid two logs slanting against the upstairs verandah floor, to keep the piano from catching under that floor as they lifted. He built a framework on each side for men to stand on to pull on ropes, he took out the baluster and ~~##~~ replaced it afterwards, called the men and paid them off, listened to my instructions and amendments to their plans, and saw that they were carried out, all for about ninety cents good U.S. money! They ran a rope from each end of the piano over the roof men, and set men to pull on those; they had other men on the scaffolds pulling, and maybe men on the verandah, I forget, because I was giving my chief attention to how the men were handling the piano down below. When all was ready, the men on the ground put their shoulders to the task, those on the verandah lifted, and it went up about six feet, and there paused, because the men on the ground couldn't lift any higher. So then they got boards and shoved some more, and finally it got up on the verandah. And then you ought to have heard the shout of triumph. The Chinese were pleased to death to think that they had accomplished the task, and went off saying all kinds of nice farewell greetings.

The piano is now in its place of honor in our sitting room. Won't some of you come out and visit us, and see whether it looks as if it were worth all the bother of getting it here. We not only expect to have a great deal of pleasure out of it ourselves, but also to use it in getting in touch with the scholar class over in the city. We had one who called yesterday, and was much pleased to hear what the foreign piano was like. Hoping you will do the same,



Chaochowfu, January 31, 1915.

Mr. To Kwa It,

Kakohieh,

My dear Mr. To;

I understood thro Mr. Baker that your friend was to come and teach Chinese to me, beginning at about the first of February. It is now the end of January, and I have neither seen nor heard from you or him. Will you please let me know at once whether he is going to come and teach me, and if so when I may expect him. If he is not to come, I must make preparations at once to get someone else.

Hoping that your family is well, and that your work is progressing satisfactorily, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

*ES Herdeth*

*not sent*

Veranda

Storeroom

Carpenter Shop

Pantry

W.C.

Stove

Barbecue / Adkins

Mixing Room

Stairs

W.C.

Stair

Deck

Stairs

Stairs

Veranda

Veranda

Garage

Window

Veranda

Veranda

TO THE MISSIONARIES OF THE  
AMERICAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

An extended editorial recently appeared in THE NEW EAST, a paper published by Baptist missionaries in China at the China Baptist Publication Society in Canton, which discussed at some length the action of the Board of Managers with regard to plans for the work in Central China. Inasmuch as this editorial has been circulated rather widely on the mission field, and has been copied in some of our denominational papers at home, it seemed wise that a statement should be made calling attention to some rather serious misinterpretations or misrepresentations of the action of the Board. This statement has been published by THE WORD AND WAY but it seemed desirable to send a copy of the article to each missionary of the Society, in order that evident misunderstandings might be corrected and that the true attitude of the Board might be made clear. A copy of the article is enclosed herewith. Attached to this article is the full text of the action taken by the Board.

It may be well to state that since the article was prepared additional letters have been received from missionaries in Central China concurring most heartily in the judgment of the Board that, unless the work of the mission could be strengthened and maintained on substantially the basis recommended by the fraternal delegates who accompanied Dr. Franklin on his visit to China, it would be better to discontinue work and withdraw from that field. These letters, moreover, urge very strongly that whatever action is taken be taken promptly in the interest of the work itself.

With warmest regards,

Fraternally yours,

George B. Huntington

Assistant Secretary.

Enc.

The United Churches  
of South Royalton,  
Vermont

E. Stacy Hildreth, Minister

*Ex letter home*

*Samuel Barnes' cottage*

to rain when we got to the house, and she ran right in; her mother-in-law came to the verandah and asked if I didn't want to come into the house for a minute. But I said I guessed I would wait in the car. It proved to be a very long minute, and I decided that they were going to wait in the house until the rain was over, which was a very sensible thing for them to do. And then I remembered that the roof of my study leaks when it rains; and it was really raining. So I drove back home, and on the way saw two or three of the hottest lightning flashes that I remember, and also about as thick rain as any, except that day on the way to Beloit. When I got into the study, I found that the roof was leaking in four places, which are supposed to have been mended, but not too successfully. Fortunately the water hadn't done a great deal of damage; but it always does some, and even if books or papers can be used after they have been wet, it isn't pleasant to use them. Our honorable electricity always goes off in a time like that, so I had to poke around with a flashlight. John had come home and borrowed my rain coat, and the house flashlight,

and all the candles that he could find, so that the choir rehearsal could continue. But fortunately I had the flashlight from the car; and I have a wool/raincoat which will do as a substitute for the rubber one, so I got on all right. When the storm was over, I went up and got the two women. But the evening was about over then.

As I said, Saturday was hot and busy. I was afraid that I would need to get things from the house, from time to time, so I parked over by the high school, instead of way up the river; and so it proved. Another advantage of being there is that I can stay till called for dinner, instead of having to estimate when dinner will be ready, and sometimes estimating incorrectly. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sarvis, who used to be at University of ~~Banking~~, and lived near us at Peitaiho, and Lottie grew quite friendly with them, are at a summer school over near Middlebury, and Lottie had invited them to come for the week-end. But they telegraphed that they would come for the afternoon. We didn't know how many would come, or how soon. So right after dinner, we began to hustle around to get ready for them. Lottie and Alice cleared up the dishes, and fixed up the house, <sup>which had been cleaned thrusly on Friday</sup> John and I went out doors and cleared away the branches that he had just pruned off the lilac, and a lot more similar vegetation refuse that he had recently made, and loaded it into the Hup trunk, or tied it to drag, and then we took a lot of wastebasket material and other rubbish, and carried it all over to the dump. Then I got dressed and ready to receive company if they came early; sat in the Hup under the tree, waiting. Also studying on my sermon. But I didn't have long to wait, and study. They came just about as everybody was dressed and ready. Mr and Mrs. S, and her sister, Miss Taylor, a teacher in Council Bluffs H.S., and also another teacher in the same school; four in all. Alice made some lemonade, they inspected the dining room, and the view down toward the river; sat and talked a while, and decided to accept Lottie's invitation to supper. While Lottie and Alice were getting things ready, I went with them up to the cottage with the view (folks were out) and on to the Mormon monument, where some sort of a gathering was going on, for there were a lot of young folks playing volley ball, etc; and I saw four cars, from Maine, Mass., Conn, and Idaho. Nice supper, and they went soon after. The

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I did not succeed in doing anything to my study, so just left the door of that shut while they were here.

The United Churches  
of South Royalton,  
Vermont

E. Story Hildreth, Minister

Alice, of course, went to the band concert Saturday evening. Dorothy Russell called on Lottie; John did something or other, artistic; and I worked on the sermon; also got up rather early Sunday morning to continue. For some reason, I found it necessary to change the plan of the sermon, Saturday evening, and that called for a lot of re-thinking, and re-waiting. I wished I had a few more hours to put on it before church. But I was fairly well prepared when sermon time came. We had an unusual experience that morning; a party of five, who wanted to attend Sunday School, but didn't have time to wait for church. Mr. Eaton, who is now teaching the class, had a very interesting lesson.

In the afternoon it was again hot and lifeless. When I came home I found Alice was away, John was starting a canvas, oil painting, trying to recollect a scene that he had seen a few days before, and asking for suggestions as to how to make things look right. It was very interesting, figuring out how to make bank less steep, and how to fill in a hole beyond a road, which looked about fifty feet deep, so that it would come up to the proper level, and how to put in a culvert so as to drain the brook across the road into the river this side of the road. In the meantime, I worked on my sermon record, and brought it up to date before supper.

After supper, I went up to Tunbridge Fair Grounds to the last of the Intercommunity Services. The Governor of Vermont was the speaker. I had never really met him personally, but I got there just about the time that he did, and I acted as host, more or less. Really the local minister ought to have had that honor, but he was running around with his head cut off, arranging things about music, etc., which it seemed to me ought to have been done long before, and he didn't have much time to talk to the governor; I had plenty of time. And I greatly admire the governor, so I stuck around pretty close. He made a good speech about the Youth Problem. I read the scriptures. The "Harmony Singers" who dress up in old-fashioned costumes and sing at Tunbridge Fair, and also give concerts at various times and places during the year, were on the platform and lead the

singing. We were all on a platform alongside the judges' stand, and the audience sat in the grand stand across the race track. I have been told that the governor and I could be heard; I hope that the other speakers could too. ~~###~~ There were a lot over 200, someone said 300, but I don't know.

When it was all over, I was one of those who escorted the governor to his car; partly as a matter of courtesy, partly because I like to be with him; and partly because I wanted to thank his secretary for her co-operation. Just as they were about to start, I noticed the governor's niece, who lives up on Roylton Hill, and her mother, the governor's sister. So he got out to go over and speak with them, and I stayed and talked with the secretary and her father and mother, till the governor brought his relatives over to meet the secretary. They didn't have to be introduced to me, of course.

I didn't feel so very tired last night. But this morning I just didn't really wake up till nearly ten; had a light breakfast, and pattered around clearing up the office, till dinner time. After dinner I didn't have ambition enough to shave and dress, so I cleared up the office some more, to the extent that I got the carpenter bench pretty clear, but there were quite a few things piled on the desk. And then a thunderstorm came, and a lot of leaky places, and I had to hustle to clear things up. And after supper, it rained hard again, and the same leaks, only it leaked worse on the desk than before. So I got discouraged about using that study any more, and moved my most important things out on to the dining room table, where I have a cosy little office all set up, just the things and books that I need, and nothing else. Here's hoping that no one comes, so that we have to use this table for dinner, at least till after we come back from Rockport. I don't think I will try to use the study again till the roof has been really repaired; of course when winter comes, the roof won't leak; but unless they put some storm windows on, the room will be too windy and cold to use in the winter. I haven't quite figured out what to do. But I guess the first thing is to try to get the church to repair the roof.

Here's looking forward to seeing you next week. Lots of love,

*Could be sent to Geneva*

Dear Father;

We had quite a little excitement today, when Marion Lane Hale phoned from White River Jct. that she and her mother were there and would be here as soon as the train came along, which was less than an hour. I had been putting on storm windows, and was just about thru. Lottie was washing the dinner dishes. I finished my job, then washed the car windows, Lottie hustled around and fixed the house a little and her hair a little, and I don't know what else, and we were over at the depot just a few minutes before the train came in. They looked fine, and didn't seem so awfully tired. I was about to start for the hills visiting, and after some tea and a few cookies, they decided to go along with me. I went around that big square where I took you to see if my radiator would boil. It did not boil today. We went into call on a Mrs. Wetherbee, who lives up there on the Hill, and she was quite interested in comparing family notes; but she doesn't know very much about the Wetherbee family. She said ~~she~~ her husband would be up soon, and he would be very much interested to compare notes. She is a very nice lady, and I am glad I was able to take them in there. I made a few other calls, while they sat in the car and looked at the foliage, which is glorious now; just about at its best.

Last night I went out to preach at one of the school houses, and had a nice time. Alice and her friend went along; also a lady who used to live in that region, and has a son and a daughter, married, living there. Neither came to the meeting, but her daughter-in-law was there. Also the school teacher who boards with this lady went along.

We had Rally Day yesterday, and it went pretty well. I had to come home and write some more C.E. letters, (I can't remember what they were just now) and catch the 8.00 mail. I had leeway enough so that I was able to go to the depot, look up train schedules, write a letter to a cousin of Mrs. Lane who wants to come and board with someone here while Mrs. Lane is here, and get THAT into the mail too, but that was the only leeway that I had that day, and that was filled.

Thursday and Friday are the State C.E. Convention at Johnson. I expect to enjoy it tremendously, and to be tremendously relieved when it is over, and the new president is on the job, and I can lay down the feeling of responsibility, and take up instead the feeling that our \$480 debt is paid. It is almost

~~paid now and I expect that by the time of the budget we can announce~~

it is entirely paid