

Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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please excuse the line I didn't
notice at first that this was not here ^{Holyoke}
it is sent to you and ^{Mass.}
Direct, just received July 8, 1916

This is Saturday night 7.00 P.M., and
it is just about the first chance I have had
to sit down and write in two days. I do miss
you so much! and when I see all these lost-
China men here for the whole summer, I feel
always envious and think the mission should
have offered you the whole time. There you are in
the heat, and here I am way off and enjoying
life and coolness.

9:05 P.M. I supposed to have supper at 7:30 this evening and that is
why I am writing at 7:00.

I came home and started to undress, but remembered
just in time that Howard and his wife said that they were
coming over and so I made myself presentable again and
am writing a little.

There is so much to tell!

Well, we had a very good trip all the way from Swatow.
The barometer went down three tenths - almost 4 - and we
had a heavy wind Thursday P.M. but by that time I
could see by the boats that we were quite close to
Shanghai. At 6:00 P.M. we seemed to be approaching
land, but it was only the mouth of the river,
and it was 8:00 P.M. before we were at the dock.

As we approached, we saw a great many factories
and smelled the smoke. They seemed to be in
full swing even tho it was evening! Too bad!

Now before I write further in this, let me wish you a very very happy birthday. How I wish I were with you! And what a mockery it is for me to be any at this time!!!!!! Only trust in God makes me willing to endure it. Don't forget to look in the drawer for your birthday gift. Open one in the morning and one in evening if you get this in time and if you wish! I had so much pleasure in making one of the things. Perhaps I'll write more on a separate sheet.

To go back: ^{last night} the captain had my bed made again on deck for the state-room is hot when boat is going. I was very willing. I tucked my jewelry & keys into my Scotch bag, placed it under the pillow and evidently went to sleep.

The first thing I know I was shouting at the top of my voice, "What is it? What is it? What is it?"

And turning, I saw a Chinese girl standing ^{close} beside my bed, with ^{closed} umbrella in her two hands. It was very vivid and I was very much frightened - that I could not tell whether it happened or not - when I screamed so, she ran away and I did not see her again. I felt of my bag to see if it was safe, looked at my watch to see that it was somewhere around ten P.M. and lay there trying to find out whether I had had a nightmare, or whether someone had been on the boat, and if so why!

Well not long after, this same girl and another woman walked across the deck, and as I knew it had been true. Then I saw ~~the~~ make. When the girl appeared again, I said, "What do you want?"

Instantly the captain heard - for not very long after, he shouted out, "Quarter-master, what are these women doing on deck?"

They ran and hid I suppose, and I heard or saw nothing more of them.

But it was an awful shock - I don't know whether the woman touched me or spoke to make me so suddenly. They must have been bad, or they would not have been there at that time of night and acting as they did.

Good night dearest - it is 9:30 and I don't believe the Nasmitas are coming - I don't know and am going to bed.

Sunday noon, July 9.

Today is misty and there are a few drops now and then. Temperature below 75. I don't mind the heat the people speak of at all, and as I guess the South has got its work in on us all night.

To go back to my trip. - Friday morning early, without his breakfast, Mr. Pearson came on board - I had imagined him as dried up and about 49 or 53, but to my surprise - here was a plump and plian man in white flannels and white shoes - with a

Very nice pale. and showing no signs of age. I felt quite cloudy in my dark silk and big sun hat.

Well - he quickly said that the best thing for me to do was to get thru to the house on that same day, and that I could do arriving between 5 or 7 P.M.

Of course I acquiesced - there was nothing else to do. We hurried in rickshaws to his office, while the baggage started across the city in 3 rickshaws. He ^{hastily} opened his safe and got ^{out} \$50 - 15 in silver & 35 in bills, and then we hurried along in those comfortable rickshaws on that long ride to the station. The " " are the most comfortable I ever rode in. They have tires like bicycle tires and are wide and roomy. The roads for the most part are perfectly smooth instead of full of bumps like ours.

They have real horses in Shanghai and cable - also trolley cars. The horses are poor old plagers, but I know that you'll be glad to see them.

I left my letter with Mr. Beaman - but did not have time to see about your watch or the watch balls. I told him about Mrs. James's book and he said that he would try to get it. Please let me know immediately when it comes - and if

By any chance there is a mistake, you write a full note to Mr. James explaining to him that Mrs. James asked me to get the book for July 13. and that I couldn't. You might substitute one of our small volumes "Across the Plains" or something like that, but Mrs. James said - not to get "Travel with a Donkey" or "~~Across the Plains~~": - "Virginibus Puerisque."

I hear a baby crying. It brings my hearting home I hear them, and it seems so if my arms would break for wanting to hold them all.

Mr. Beaman paid all rickshaw fares, and said he would charge those and the stamps to our accounts.

At the train he bought me, he said - a second class ticket - but it said 1st class, and cost \$4.50; as Mrs. Baker said the fare was 2.50 I imagine a mistake was made. At any rate 2nd class was crowded and so they put me into first. It seems now that a launch is running between Wangchow and the foot of the mountain and Mr. Beaman's plan was to have me take this launch (fare 5.00 $\frac{1}{2}$) which would have me arrive at

mountain about 6:00. Then he was to telegraph
Yus and have him meet me at the foot of
the mountain



Before we arrived at Hangchow we had to get
off train at Kongenchiao, walk across track &
take another small train for 15 minute ride.

Coolies took baggage from one train to other without expense
at terminus - coolies took baggage to launch &
launch agent paid them ^(each) each, which was one
double dime! Strange arithmetic.

On the launch, it began to rain very heavily,
but we were well protected. It seemed a rather
long ride from 2:00 until 6:30 P.M. and we
were all ready to ~~get out~~ ^{get out}. I had happened to
meet on the ^{train} ~~way~~ Mr. E. T. Ring and wife (the man
had been here before), and Mrs. Stork and three
children (Russian) ^(including 2 big ones). The children were three girls
9, 7, and 3 1/2 respectively, but the youngest
one was the most spoiled child I have
seen for a long time. If she cried for any-
thing they give it to her to avoid a scene.
The mother struck lightly at the children
several times and one could easily see

that the trouble began in her lack of discipline.

I had rather light rations that day.

There was time only for a hearty partial cup of coffee and a small piece of unbuttered toast before I left the boat. On the train things looked so untidy that I ordered only sandwiches and tea and an extra sandwich for the ~~snack~~ ^{snack}. I bought a little basket of plums and got cheated into paying .20 instead of the proper price .05 (5). Then when I had eaten one, or two, I remembered they were uncrushed - so I took some hot Chinese tea that was there and crushed them in that - but if I had happened to think of cholera instead of dysentery I think I should have gone without all. At the Rest House I had only the sandwich, a biscuit, and a cup of hot tea. Bless Mrs. Peng's heart! and her English husband! We could not do without his tea. ~~But~~ I forgot to un-

Mr. King had been to the mountain before, but none of the others -

pack my sweater and must have been too tired to think straight, for I let them keep my baggage with bedding in it until the next day; - and so we came up the mountain in the wet darkness, those three tired little kiddies and their tired foreign mother (whose little one year old boy had died only a week ago, I learned from the children!!) It rained just enough to dampen us - and as it grew colder I pulled my thin nightie from my bag, glad of that sheer lawn even. My trip jith hat kept some of the cool wind off too.

I rather enjoyed the trip up - it was so strange. A good stone path made it fairly easy for the men to see with their little paper lanterns with candles inside - and the light on the wet tree leaves, the thousands of fireflies, the rushing of swift mountain streams and the comfortable chair all made for enjoyment. The small moon was out for a little while at first. It was ages before we reached the houses.

and then it seemed ages more before we got to the right house. All the houses (being made of stone) looked imposing and big compared to their young. (cross by territory to)

We finally reached a big house at 11:30 or nearer 12:00 midnight, and I reached the room cold and stiff as a board. The house seemed uninhabited and I had no bedding!!!

To my great relief Mrs. Smart soon appeared in bath robe, and when I asked for blankets - I begged for one - but O, good man, returned with a big mattress and steamer rug and frail little Mrs. Smart followed with sheets and pillow and a warm nightgown. She is a deer!!! Well I guess I was

pretty tired for their kindness quite overwhelmed - me and the first thing when I was trembling all over and crying like a baby well - a pretty to-do! - They got me some hot soup and bread and butter and it did taste good! As soon as I touched the bed, I was

could sleep and rested solidly till morning when I was much refreshed. Every body seems to think it is some feat to come up the mountain by night, and as I guess there was some reason for feeling exhausted.

Geo had not received the telegram. He received it Saturday or Sunday I have forgotten which.

The room is very nice. Everything came safely. Mrs. Smart kept me for breakfast, and Mr. Smart entertained with darky stories. They are lovely people.

The nurse in the house (Miss Pittman) took me over to see Geo and father in the morning, and then to the McKenzies. Dr. McKenzie far from being an imposing old gentleman, looks like the McKenzies - small, wiry and jolly all the time. Mrs. McKenzie is a Southerner from Tennessee. They have a son of 17 who returned from America on Friday, one daughter of seven, who

looks much as Carol did at that age,
and one dear little baby "Elizabeth Stanwood,"
just three months old.

Dr. McK. is related to Jones of Peabody
and Salem as well as to McKingies of
Gloucester, and so he may be related to
me too. #

So many people want to see drawn
work that it will be well for me to have
the sale soon.

I called on Mrs. Brooks Black
yesterday. She is near us - but rather
nervous - and has her hands full
with her five children.

I have met a number of others. The
Wilsons who came out with us have
a six months old baby.

The beds are very nice and there
is a great big bureau - made on plan
of chiffonier - something like our bureau
at home. The men wear broad suits
a good deal, so don't forget your gray

suit and please bring all
your shirts, collars, and neckties.

I am afraid you will not need your
new yellow suits if you bring the two
Shaki suits, but perhaps you had
better bring one.

Men and women go in bathing
together. There are to be 7 tennis
courts - three all ready for use now.

We had lovely ice-cream yesterday,
and fresh corn, and cucumbers with
vinegar & oil. I have also been enjoying road matters.

The number of our house is 268.
You had better make note of anything in the
letter that refers to this trip and then will
you send it immediately to Aunt Cele
at Bridgewater, ^{Mass} as I very plainly see
that I should not begin to duplicate this
material in a letter home. So family please
forgive the personal things - with heaps of love
Lottie.

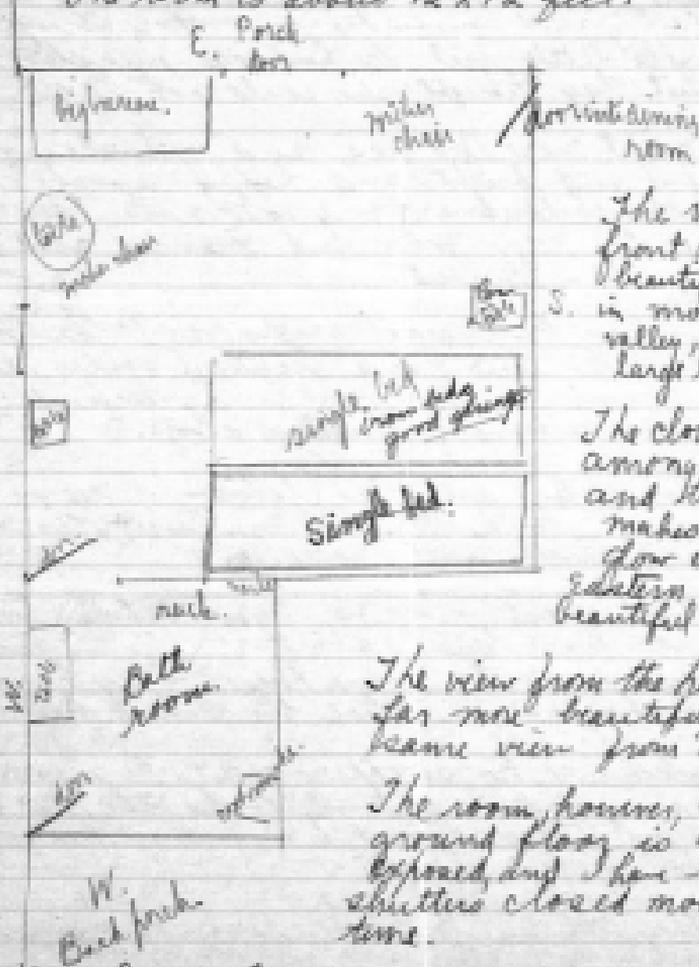
Notice Please send home. ^{to send Call} obedience ^{another} ^{from} Patrick ^{utility} Mohanna. China
 Tuesday July 11 - 1928. Candi's birthday

Dearest, (3:00 AM)
 just think, I let all day yesterday go by without writing.

11:30 P.M. and so the time goes. I imagine the spare hours this summer will not be along.

Saturday, the first day I was here I waked early, got up at 6:00, and was largely unsharped by breakfast time.

The room is about 12 x 12 feet.



The view from the front porch is beautiful. It takes in mountains and valley, river, and large lake.

The cloudy nestle in among the mountains and the haze makes the sunset glow very in this eastern sky very beautiful indeed.

The view from the house is far more beautiful than the beam view from Thaiyong.

The room, however, being on the ground floor is a little more exposed, and I have to keep shutters closed most of the time.

By this house are Mr. and Mrs. Smart and three children - Methodists from Soochow

From Mrs. Smart has had a very hard year.

On the first place - she had a specific, floating

kidney, inflamed uterine, tons, and other complications. Couldn't walk any distance without fainting. Physicians declared she must be operated on. So her mother from Japan came to visit her. On her way back to Japan the mother died suddenly of heart disease.

Mrs. Smart has operated on for five different things - first one operation - then six weeks later, another. She collapsed, had a chill and was expected to die for two days. But she pulled thro', only to have the children come down immediately with measles and then whooping cough. The little girl who had the measles was so ill, that they thought she could not live!

What a mighty man of a year, and yet she is just so cheerful and bright and happy as any can be and the children are very well now. They are dear too, two boys John and Francis, and a little $3\frac{1}{2}$ yr. old - Elizabeth.

I don't believe Mrs. Smart weighs over 90 lbs. She is very small - but has a beautiful voice. They all love music. Mrs. Smart is very dextr. She plays guitar and sings Southern songs.

In the house, too, are Miss Pittman, a nurse of our mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Smart, the only old married couple in the mission.

Took that first morning, Miss Pittman took me over to meet Gus and Esther, who are fixing with the Hyblerts in the Embassy house. They had the same house room that the Seabers had last year.

Mr. Hyblert is a big strapping giant. He was once a lumberman, and he certainly looks the part as to physique. Mrs. Hyblert is also large, but very refined looking and clever.

Then they took me to the McKenzies. I guess I have written you of them.

After lunch - Tues.

When I went over for lunch, they asked me if I had received a letter, and so I flew back to the house to intercept the postman.

It was so good to hear, dear, and to know that you reached home safely, and were getting something to eat. I want to sit and night write now, but I am saying to myself - "you must take a nap!" and so I'll make myself do what I know you would want me to - even tho' I am not much inclined to just now. I must love I am sending to you, dear husband.

4:50 P.M.

Up again and all dressed for tennis. Effie was coming out for me and took my over to introduce me to some poor players. - but a sudden shower came up, and I don't know whether she will come or not.

The rest of Saturday After I spent cleaning out the bureau and putting things away as well as putting on table covers and making things look as neat and attractive as possible.

In the afternoon my Bed King, Napoleon, and the Gladstone came up, so that I was pretty busy unpacking those and arranging things.

Oh, by the way, Shanghai seemed fairly cool to me, altho' Mr. Bowman thought it warm.

I have not worn my pill hat once yet, and have been out several times without a hat!!!!!!

The meal hours at the Mc Kenzie are very eclectic - Breakfast 8:00 A.M. Dinner 12:30 Supper 7:30. But dinner and supper are likely to be late - perhaps partly because the cook has been sick. We have had ice cream twice. The meals have not been remarkably good, and one day no meat altho' they rosebitten themselves enough for another meal. - So that reminds you of anything? - We are warned that we shall not always have dessert!!!

On Sunday as usual went to S.S. and Geo's father called. I got up, rest, write - Church at 5:00.

You will laugh when you see the hymns they sing - a little cheap red covered hymn book without music - 1200 hymns, solid, and

Bridgewater
Rockford
Holzjoh

anthems - but as for solos & anthems
you are 32 - and you could scarcely tell them
from hymns. And the hymns! - The chorale hymnal
in use might be superior in some ways!!!

We were invited to sing Sunday night last. The
McKenzies had invited Gas and I then, and did
not sit down, & departed 8:30 or later, and so we
did not get there!!!

Monday, yesterday - I was busy with laundry &
dressed myself. I then looked over all of Miss Sims, but
not the rest.

Mrs. Smart took me over to see the tennis
about 7:10.

In the evening Mrs. Mabie had a party to
celebrate the 10th anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. Bateman.
Everyone carried stowed things and some wrote
clever poetry. It was very funny! Mr. Bateman
looks like an elephant! It is too funny to
see him play tennis.

Brooks, Clark & Mrs. Clark were there, but
Brooks has been sick - I suppose it was
dysentery again. Too bad!

They called for refreshments and called in China
but I was scared out of business and begged off!
Dr. McKenzie & his son & young Mr. Mills told
stories and everybody gazed & ate ice-cream
& cake, and candy, and punch! Singing too!
The party began at 8:45 Shanghai hours!!

all
in
one
house
{ Mrs. Goddard has had nervous prostration, her
children now have whooping cough. Her sister-
in-law has one little boy - a beautiful child about
8 - and a baby of about 6 months. This baby
caught whooping cough and there was danger that
it should die yesterday and to-day. Everybody is
so worried and so sad. For Mrs. Jones has lost
one or two children - it seems terrible!

The women of our mission are just grand!
They are young, good looking, and I apparently
very brainy! (But I'll leave you to find
more about them when you come)

My afford has no children and probably never
will have.
Very much love - Lattie.

Thaivong
July 11/1923.

Dearest,

We were disappointed again yesterday not to receive mail, and to hear the bad news that soldiers are all around, and that Khaw Takong to has been victorious, and Ang Tse Lin's men have fled. The boats do not dare leave the King Ju, and I don't know when the folk will get up. We are expecting so many this week!

Mildred and the children and I went up to the Giedts' yesterday for a little tea party - and a game of croquet which was left incomplete.

Because Mrs Mackenzie called.
Mr Fenn is still quite sick
I think, but Mr Mackenzie is up
and around.

I am enclosing a letter
to Dr. Thomas and check.
I thought you were going to make
it out before I left, but since
you didn't, this seemed the simplest
solution.

It is rather a hopeless task,
this writing letters, for we don't know
whether things are going to get this
or not. I haven't had anything
since your postal of July 4. altho
I suppose that some things are
on the way. I do want home
mail and some newspapers.

Mildred thinks you do not

write me so often as Newton writes Reg.  11/8.

Children are playing happily.

John said yesterday,

"Why are there nuts in doughnuts?"

And to-day I overheard him and Alice talking:-

"I have a mamma, Her name is Eon Chink. She takes care of the baby. She laid it herself without anybody helping her."

Now Kenneth and Alice are together in their room, and John is here feeding an imaginary pig!

Much love to you. I do so want to

hear how you are getting on - Lottie.

2/2

Please bring Associated
Mission Treasurers Account
Book - bring one when you come
and Personal Tang Sang to check
book

Evening I hear that Dr. Wright is going
down to-morrow, and so I'll try to
send this letter and a little tin box of
rolled almonds and chocolate brownies,
for you and Douglas to celebrate on.
Save the tin. It may serve for your
bunch of raisins ^{too} when you come.

We all went in bathing this After-
noon, and had a very early supper.
Phyllis and William happened in while
we were eating!

We sent down our chairs to-day
for the dechus. Mary lent me
her chair poles. Please don't
forget mine if you can arrange
to bring them.

Please tell me about military
situation. We are looking for you

July 21, 22, or 23
I cry much love from each
of us, Lottie.

[FINE]
GERMAN ALLIANCE
INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Dear Daddy

I hope you will have
a good time at Vermont. And
we will have a good time
when we get there.

Love John.

Rockport, Nov. 1, 1928.

Dearest, we were glad to get your postal.
What a big day you must have put in!
I am sorry you were cold in the P.M. when
going.
I hope you will be warm enough on the trip
to Cabot.

We thought of you last night.
Yesterday, I went with the birds to the
"Bird Sanctuary" in the morning. In the
P.M. I sprinkled clothes, picked up
apples, had a caller (Mrs. Allen). I also
mended some in eve.

John and Alice were delighted with
Grandma Mildred's little Halloween
figures. Grandma R. gave them Hallow-
e'en horns and I got out the
l lanterns which they had lost year,
then they went bobbed for apples
and had a delightful time.

We all send much love,
Lettie.