You will surely have to get someone to read this checkerboard for you. Don't try to do it yourself. Ask Marion or Nellie. I'm sorry I didn't have any more paper

Covelo, Mendocino Co., Calif.
Dec. 2, 1910.

Dear Aunt Cele,

I was writing to my pastor this morning, and it occurred to me to stick in some carbon paper, and take a copy for you. So here it is. I would like to write original letters to people I love as well as I do you, but I thought I could send this carbon copy, and an original besides, so that you would get two letters for one stamp. I hope you will not be overwhelmed thereby.

No, Covelo is not in Southern California, I am thankful to say. If it were I am afraid I might not be here, for I am fighting shy of Los Angeles. Lottie can tell you why, if you are especially intereste Maybe I have told you myself; I am not sure. It is no secret to those who live a reasonable distance from the place.

But I am afraid that I shall have to blast your lovely dream of Southern California just a trifle. They tell me that when easterners go there it takes them several months to get acclimated; that in the meantime they are not downright sick, but they are not well by any means. If you want to dream of California, dream of living in the hills that surround our lovely valley. In the winter it is rainy and foggy most of the time, down here in the valley, but up in the hills they tell me it is crisp and clear, and beautiful. One man says that there wasn't enough frost to kill his tomato and pepper plants till about five days ago. For full two weeks after I came here, which was October 15th, I used to go out bareheaded at night, and it must have been the last Sunday in October that I was driving after sundown in my shirtsleeves. I was cold, but I didn't suffer any consequences. I guess if you were here in our hills you wouldn't sigh for Lost Angel

unless you want the city people, and the excitement, and the dress. I wear a flannel shirt all the week, and never polish my shoes except on Sundays. And the trousers that I am wearing, mother thought were just about good enough to throw away. She gave away an old coat that would have been just right for here. If I stay here long though I shall just about wear out all my old clothes and shoes that are not fit to wear in the city. Won't that be fine?

Is it among the mountains of the coast range? I had to look it up on the map to find out; yes, evidently it is. Is it accessible by train? Not so that you could notice it. The best way is by train to Willits, as you figured out. There is a logging railroad on to Sherwood, and that is the way the mails come. Leave San Fran at 7.45 A.M., arrive Willits 1.30. Change to a measly little train, leaving at 2.15 get to Sherwood some time, wait till the stage starts about four oBclock, and arrive at Laytonville at 7.00, where you stay over night. Leave at 8.00 A.M. and arrive 3.00 P.M. at Covelo. Pretty soon the railroad is going to get thro to Eureka, many miles north west of here, which is the largest town in the U.S. without a railroad then the Sherwood line will be used only for logging, then also the railroad will have a station at Covelo Bridge, just below the forks of the river, twelve miles southwest of here, and we shall be almost on the map. The Sherwood stage goes every day, the Willits, twice a week. Perhaps the sherwood stage is a little more convenient for passengers, but it takes anywhere from two days to six months for any freight or express to get through the Sherwood office, so we always prefer to have things come via ######## Willits, where they are fairly prompt. The best way, howe ef, is to have things weighing less than four pounds, and then yo can send them by mail.

Covelo is pornounced Kovelo, with the accent on the first syllable.

My paper has absolutely given out, so please excuse this way of writing. The representative of the Northern California Baptist Convention sent me to Covelo. I am not able to say whether he could force me on them; or whether they merely take his recommendation, and do as they please with me when I show up. But it makes little difference in this case, for as one man said " They have to take you in Covelo". That is, their only chance of getting a decent man, is to accept one sent by the convention; otherwise they would have some superannuated old fool all the time. And if they were too particular with what the state convention sent, they might never get another chance. The state convention could not possible be induced to send anyone as poor as the average they have had; so the arrangement works well for all concerned. I have not been ordained. I am looking forward to that delight next spring. There will be

times in Round Valley then, that will remind one of the good old days, when Brother Duncan finds out some of the things that I believe, under the searching probe of an ordination council. But I am hoping to be able to get solid with the church by that time that I can let Brother Duncan rave, and pay no attention to it. Yes I preach in a church building. It isn't very elegant, and it only has one room and no carpet, but it is a real live church, and not a schoolhouse or a barn. I am hoping to do a lot of schoolhouse preaching before long, however. It isn't frontier enough to suit me sometimes, but it isn't an ordinary New England village. N.B. Buckskin chairs, and stages. My parish covers the valley and several miles into the hills in several directi My diocese extends, I am told about 100 miles Northwest, fifty miles southwest, and 100 miles southeast. I haven't been all the way to see: but I know that aside from the Presbyterian

minister in Covelo, a nice old man, and the old-blind Indian preacher up at the Reservation. the nearest preacher is at Willits, 50 miles S.W. Stage from Sherwood is Laytonville is $2.50, and a cent a pound for all baggage over 40 pounds. From Laytonville to Covelo, it is $2.50, with the same excess over 35 pounds. My trunk weighed 184 pounds. I figured it out once that it cost me exactly 10¢ a mile from San Fran to Covelo, counting hotel over night and meals. Talk about 2¢ railway bills!

Ask me some time about the Presbyterian minister, and when I get so I can take a day off, I will tell you about him. Give my love to all the Family, and give Della's children an extra hug or so for me. I don't suppose Marion's would appreciate it. Don't I wish I could see you all, but I wouldn't be back in New York or Kennett Square, even for the privilege of running up to BrH20 once in a while. It's simply great out here.

Bridge
reader
Butterfield

Sept. 19, 1914

Dear Aunt Cele,

That Fashion Book was a blessing. Just the day before, Mrs. Worley had come to me asking for fashions. Mrs. Baker was to have the tailor the next day, and so I sent it immediately to her so that she could get ideas for her suit. Mrs. Smith then studied it assiduously and took six or eight sketches from it. It is not extreme, and yet I should judge that it was up-to-date, and the things in it are certainly pretty.

That really is a very useful birthday gift and comes at the very best time. I can't think of anything nicer or more apropos, and so again many thanks!

I want so often to write specially to you or Marion, or Adelle, or Mother - or each one of the others, but general letter must come first - and so there is scarcely ever time.

Mother wrote in last letter that you were suffering from indigestion. So sorry! Sorry too that you had to go home before Bob came. Did you see Cousin David?

I am anxious - greedy I guess - to hear more of the summer every day life. I can scarcely hear too much.

Heaps of love
Lottie.

Sorry you had to visit dentist so much.

How is Mother dear standing the summer! I suppose little Charlton has gone home by now, and you must miss him. Is he old enough to write me a little letter?

Thank you, Carol, for nice birthday letter. I shall save it and read on Sept. 26. Marion is making you a very pretty dress and how is the one Ruth bought for you made? Please do send me a picture some day. So glad Olive Joule could visit you. Do you like her as much as last summer?

Sorry you couldn't go with Mrs. Kendig. It certainly would have been fun!

Your bathing suit must be pretty, too.

Amherst Clarence

Kakchieh, via Swatow, China,

October 9, 1914.

Dear Ena;

I think perhaps you would be interested in a little account of a trip that Lottie and I took to Chaoyang last week-end, at the invitation of the Groesbeck's, our missionaries there. We were not able to leave till Sat. A.M., and planned to take the 10.00 launch from Swatow. We knew that sometimes these launches go a little ahead of time, so we started as soon as we could get ready after breakfast. We have to walk down the hill to the English jetty, which is about fifteen minutes' walk from here, then we take a native boat across the bay to the launch landing, which is perhaps a mile and a quarter from our side. We engaged a boat for ~~3-~~ 30¢Mex, and the boatmen started to row us leisurely across. I believe that if they had put forth as much strength as the boatmen usually do, we should have been all right. But when we were about fifty yards from the boat she started, and there we were. The next boat wasn't due to leave till noon, and it is a trip of nearly two hours to the Groesbeck's house; also we should have to sit around on that sunny pier, or walk the streets, or go to some shop and sit, for two hours. So instead we took the same sailboat in which we were, and sailed to the Chaoyang landing, where the steamer would have taken us. The fare was a dollar Mex, which was about twice what the launch would have cost us, but when you come right down to it we only paid a bit a piece of good U.S. money, for the privilege of sailing all that way in a private yacht instead of a crowded laungh. We took about half an hour longer than the launch would, but as the launch had gone a quarter of an hour ahead of time, we only got there a quarter of an hour later than we should naturally. We found the sedan chairs which the Groesbeck's had sent to meet us, and got to the G's house so promptly that they would never have known we had missed the laungh if we hadn't told them.

Coming back our experience was a little different. We found out on Sunday that Monday was a feast day, and usually the launches don't run on feast days. We asked the servants, and found that only one of the launches would run, so there would be fewer trips than usual. They said, you get down to the landing at ten o'clock and you will get to Swatow, but we don't know when. So we did. When we got to the landing, the launch was there all right, but we found it was one of those that weren't running. So we waited. About 10.30 another launch got in, and went in twenty minutes or so, with the result that we got home about12.40 instead of 11.30 as we had hoped. But no one expected us to get home at all, because they were so sure that no launches were running. The language class usually meets at our house; while we were away on Monday the teacher went to the house of the other member of the class to teach her; and Tuesday she waited quite a while for him to come, she was so sure that we had not been able to come the day before. Those launches are about the most undependable things out; our railroad runs pretty well on time; but the launches run when they get good and ready. For instances there are two lines of launches running to Kityang and each line is supposed to start its boat at 7. A.M. and at noon. I have known of the launches going at 6.15, 6.20 6.45, 11.10, and I don't have very much to do with them. You really have to be aboard three quarters of an hour before scheduled leaving time, and in you must catch the launch you ought to be there an hour ahead. What a delightful waste of time!

Sunday morning I went with Dr. Groesbeck to a neighboring village, where he has been working up a Sunday School. The teachers are students in the Chaoyang boys' school, which is under his charge. He told me that they never make any hesitation in asking the non-Christian boys to do Christian work. Sunday school teaching, distribution of tracts, and the like, are done by all the students, and there is never any doubt whether that is a Christian school or not; the students never object, either. My observation would indicate that the Christian work indicated was somewhat different

from what we mean by that term at home;forinstance, we would hardly expect a non-Christian to make a good Sunday School teacher, but I couldn't see that in this Chinese Sunday School it made much difference. The scholars, in the first place, do not know how how to read a word; they are given a book with some simple literature, of which they are to memorize a selected part. This particular part was a form of grace before meals. The teacher recites one line at atime, and the scholar repeats it looking at the book. When he has his lesson, it means that looking at the book he can recite the whole piece from memory. Probably you have seen some American children who could do that, but couldn't read beginning at the middle of a sentence. Well, about this time, most of the other boys have learned their pieces. So they the teacher begins to explain what it all means. For instance one line was"to sia thien pe" which means "much gratitude heavenly father", or "many thanks (to) heaven(ly) father". But the word to might mean a knife altogether, or as some pronounce it, it might mean short, to lie down, to prostrate one's self, a mud floor of a house, to invert, or the left; sia might mean heretical, the musk deer, aslant, a local god, to spurt out; those are all given in my dictionary, which is by no means complete; and there are many words which never get into any dictionary, because there is no character which represents them; some of these may have the above sounds. Now when I hear anyone say, "to sia thien pe" I know instantly what is meant because that is a familiar Christian phrase; as a matter of fact I had always heard it "tsoi sia thien pe" or tsoi sia thi^{n} pe", but immediately on hearing the other form one instinctively knows that tsoi is in this case replaced by to, which is a more literary way of pronouncing the character; and I am no more in doubt what the phrase means than I am confused between deerskin and dear sir; Not so, however with these Chinese boys, who do not know how to read, and are not familiar with the Christian vocabulary. The majority of them memorized the whole piece without having any idea what it was all about. Then the teacher explained to them what it meant, and they

realized that to sia was equivalent to the tsoi sia that they had been sayin all their lives for thank you, and thien was the sky, and pe was father, and after that they could get busy and memorize the fact that those four characters had those meanings. There is where the method that the foreigners use differs from the good old Chinese method. Since learning Chinese characters is so largely an act of the memory, with so small a mixture of intelligence as a necessary ingredient, we had to have them do some memorizing, and this seems to be the most conveneint way; have them memoerize a little, and then explain it. But the Chinese way is this; a village organizes a school, invites a teacher, and all goes smoothly for a while; they take some classic, not too short, and the teacher reads phrases aloud for the scholars to listen ~~at~~ to and commit to memorize. When they have memorized the whole book, then he begins at the beginning anf commences to tell them what it is all about; previously it is to them a succession of sounds, which means as much to them as my old phrase synthetic unity of apperception would man if I taught Linden to say it. Of course my phrase really has no meaning; but then many of the phrases in classic have a meaning so deep that they are beyond the comprehension of the kiddo, probably. Then here is another feature of the school system. If the teacher happens to be dishonest he will wait till the scholars have memorized the book, and demand an increase of salary before he will go on and interpret. The only remedy would be to invite another teacher who probably wouldn't be willing to interpret what another man had been teaching, and would insist on starting in again with the memorizing of another classic. So rather than have their children lose the benefit of their work of memorizing, the villagers will let themselves be robbed by the teacher, and he will then go on and explain. It seems to me that our system has one or two advantages over this.

Dear Aunt Fan:
would you be interested in reading this copy. Sorry I havent time to write a personal letter to go with it! Am sending a few stamps. One doesn't accumulate them very fast. Republican stamps of course are common. Imperial less. Imperial with the characters meaning republic are being gobbled up being now out of print and I never saw any other Sin yat sen stamps.
Sorry! Ellison

Mrs. Hildreth might like to see.

Aug 15. - 15

Dear Aunt Cele & Mother,

I am very well as usual - Nothing to write now. Doctor Mildred used stethescope the other day and found heart beat high 180 or 190 which indicates ((with no certainty or reliability)) a girl. She found position of child all fine - head at left and down of course. largest part of body to right.

On talking over cablegram and finding that cost is about 2.50 Mexican a word. that is a little over $1. gold a word we wonder if it is worth while to send word unless in case something goes wrong. The entire cost would be about 5 or 6 dollars gold I suppose, and you will know everything is perfect unless we cable

or the Hildreths

So we have decided – unless you write immediately and urgently we will not cable. We may send letter to California and have night letter telegraphed from there however. if you like the idea. Ellen says that Dr. Rider is not in San Francisco now and so that will not do.

If we cable it will be this form. which will have to go to Board at Boston on account of code. and then telegraphed to you.

Tavoy Boston

Perhaps we can print date

~~Glenville~~

---- Hildreth.

Translated = A.B.F.M. Boston

~~Nov 21 1915~~

---------- Hildreth.

Our code is as follows:-

1 Boy = a boy child & mother both doing well
2 Girl = " girl " " " "
3 Twins = twins " " " "
4. failure = child dead mother all right
5 tragedy = death of mother & child
6 orphan = mother dead child all right

Dear Aunt Ale,

Thank you very much for your nice letter of May 8 - and the very pretty anniversary card sent May 13. It came in time and was much appreciated. Now we are hoping to hear that you may come out to see us for the winter!!!

I wonder if I answered all your questions. No, I was not overwhelmed with twenty-five letters and had a grand feast!!! I guess I have answered everything else. &

We are anxious to find out political conditions in America. It seems good to have Gov. Hughes nominated and Teddy decline with thanks!

The cook has just come with a letter from Holyoke and the Manuscript from Father. Mail is so nice!

Hope Uncle George is stronger.

The sermon Jennie spoke of hasn't appeared yet. We are sending two Conference reports home under separate cover.

Very much love to you,

Lottie.

June 26 - 1916.

Chao Chi-wo fu

Swatow China
May 29. 1917

Dear Aunt Belle:

You doubtless learned by the telegram that our hopes failed again. You will be glad to know that it was much easier on Lottie. It was an hour more or less from the onset of severe pains till it was all over. As soon as the doctor (Dr Leach of Kakchieh)

Well. let me start again. There was a discharge yesterday morning. So they sent a messenger to Kityang on the noon launch for Mr Scott who has charge of the case. Dr. Leach assisting; they sent a special delivery letter to me, which I failed to get. Also a telegram "come evening train" which I got early enough so that I could have caught the noon train but I decided to take the evening train as directed. Setting the house somewhat and packing up my baggage. Because they said, evening train. I decided it probably was some other affair. So was not excited. I got to Kakchieh at 7.15 and found Lottie had been having sporadic pains but Dr Leach thought that labor would not commence till 7 next AM. at supper we discussed the two physician question. 1. write a note to the community doctor and ask him if (supposing he were called during the night) would he be able and willing to come? 2. If not should we ask an English Presbyterian doctor to come and stay at Kakchieh for call in case of need? or should we take chances and not expect labor to come till tomorrow. But when we were just through supper there came a hurry-up message from Lottie who was having frequent and severe pains. Dr Leach sent for the two Chinese nurses and the community doctor. and got her hands sterile. We got water etc ready and got Lottie on to the temporary bed they they sent me off to get some instruments failed. and before I got back the baby was born — girl. As soon as the doctor saw the baby she knew there was no hope but they worked quite a while over it. The nurses

got here in time for that and the community doctor got there after Lottie was transferred to the permanent bed and cleaned up — to pronounce all well. Dr Scott got here the next noon.

Of course with such a short time, Lottie got thru in much better shape than before. She had a tiny tear on the outside, not made by the head, but due to the fact that when the shoulders came out each hand was alongside its shoulder. They gave her a whiff of chloroform and took 2 stitches, the one would have done. I suppose you remember how long she had to use the catheter before; this time not at all. The other time she ached all over, and was very restless. This time she is comfortable and is glad to be still. There is a great deal to be thankful for; not the least that this all happened three weeks before the expected date, so that we shall be able to escape to Maiyong two weeks sooner than we estimated.

I must stop now. You will be glad to know Lottie is doing so well. Please tell all the BrbO folks and give them our love. I am writing to Rockp but this letter is not the same as this.

Lovingly
O Elson

P.S. The cord was not around the neck, and the physicians can give no cause for failure

The baby is named Charlotte Lanett

Bridgman
Trafford

Thaiyong - via Swatow
July 22, 1917.

Dear Ones,

Another rainy Sunday. You see, a second typhoon followed on the skirts of the first one and we have had an unusually rainy, windy time.

This week - in fact on Friday, your letters coming after the receipt of the cablegram reached us - the long looked-for balm which comforts, even tho it often brings the tears back. It was so good to hear from you all. It was also good to know that the cable reached you; owing to the war we could not use code, and I was afraid that the one word "still-born" especially as it was combined with a mission message might not reach you correctly. It seemed better to cable this time, altho I should have delayed a few days longer, had there been no mission cable going. You will realize by later letters that the birth took place on Monday, May 28, and not June 4 as you all naturally thought. Letters will have reached you all the sooner, I hope. We did hate to give you this crushing blow, for we knew how much you hoped for us. It just seems to turn things upside down - and I feel like somebody outside myself - a stranger who has come to look back upon the person who lived there up to May 28 - It is not that I rebel, I would not dare; - not as a question of fear, but because I know how little I know. A letter from Dr. White gave me the message which I probably have already written you - the dear God would have given us our babies if he could have - but he couldn't - The "couldn't" was not caused by lack of ability, but because some great law which applied to all mankind interfered. So altho I am half dazed, and altho I can't help sometimes grieving, I know that there is no lack of love in what has happened. I only wish I were younger and that doctors had advanced even farther than they have already done, so that there could be well-grounded hope.

Thank you all, for writing me so soon - and so lovingly. Every word is treasured - I shall read them all as I answer you and yet again I hope. I am glad they came at a time when I was busy getting ready for guests, and I had to give them less time than I wanted.

I did manage to read all the ones from our dearest, nearest - and saved the rest until evening, when I read until nearly ten. We had about twenty letters I think. Ellison was here to read with me, too.

Now the family is going to gather here to sing a few hymns, and so Good by for a while.

July 24 1917.

All the people from this side of the valley gathered on our porch and sang for quite a while, in fact until a shower came. Such rainy days as we have had. Really there have been only four sunny days since we came eighteen days ago! My program is equal to make one a hundred - Arise - dress - have breakfast, Chinese prayers, talk with cook after inspecting food on hand, mend or sew or write. (I am just making a little dress for Dee Millie James). P.M. rest - read a little - have tea, sew or knit or call or have guests for tea. Supper and prepare to go to bed soon after. Just now I am writing after supper, but I have not done much evenings.

I rather be busy and accomplish something. I do not feel that I do anything worth while.

Wednesday AM. July 25. Pouring again! Will it never stop!

Ellison had a very nice birthday last week. Have I written you about it? (Of course it rained.) -

In the early morning came a note from the house where Mrs. James likes pur potting to be from Dee Millie and just full of kisses. Then two presents were found outside the door - one a nice glass of jam from Mrs. Goodrich, and some stick candy from the children.

About 11:00 we went down to Mrs. James's between showers and sewed and talked and had dinner. Then Mrs. James made me rest - altho I wanted to talk to her. and it was nearly tea time before I was fully awake and up again. At tea we both had a surprise, for in came Mrs. Goodrich and the two children. We had a birthday cake all decorated with Chinese characters - and I planned to have a box of Brownies to present him then. We played "Up Jenkins" and sang songs. When we came home, the Page children presented ~~to~~ him with some fudge: and then I gave him a heavy hand made brass paper cutter to match

his set. So the day ended - a very happy one for us all. Oh, I forgot - we had a really New England dinner with Mrs. Grosbeck - at last she tried to have it NE - Clamchowder (from tinned clams), potato and beet salad, doughnuts and coffee. jam - etc. I can't remember all -

We were to have had our concert etc - on Saturday, but on account of very high wind and rain we had it on Monday instead. I have enclosed a poor program
The very best thing was the Acrostic.

B - Babes in the wood -
R. Sir Walter Raleigh throwing down his coat for Queen E -
U. Ulysses passing the sirens
C. Cinderella
E. Lesson in Euclid.

Each scene was really beautiful, altho they had to use the funniest things to make up - For instance for the big comb in Queen Elizabeth's hair, they used a hand mirror. For the curling plume on the hat of the knight, they used a beautiful long fern. For Cinderella's slipper they used a huge native grass slipper with a big bow of ribbon on it. It was a whole entertainment in itself to see these scenes. Then finally there was a scene representing Bruce and the spider, the spider making his web by means of strings pulled first one way and then the other.

Did Aunt Cele write between May 3 and May 31 - I did not receive any letter dated between those days and it looks as if I had lost one! o/o - Miserable old Postal service!

It is interesting to think of yours being with Mr. Grosbeck - and now we are in the same house with Mrs. G. and the children. She has malaria to-day and I must soon go in and sit with her - for a while.

Dear all
But not letters from home
lately, of course

I appreciate all the lovely letters that have come and wish I could answer them better.

I'll say Good-by - now with much love, but I may add more later
Lottie.

Dear Aunt Lucile: July 25

In a sermon I preached at Rockport just before I came to China I told of a Baptist church which split on the missionary question. and I remember you were quite moved by one phrase "no one joined on the anti-missionary side" or something to that effect. and wondered if it could be quite true. So I hunted up my source, and now after long delay I am writing to tell you about it. Please forgive the delay. I have found the clipping lots of times when I couldn't get time to write to you, and I have written you lots of times when I couldn't find the clipping. Even now, when I put the clipping away in a certain place specially to write to you about it. I have had quite a hunt. It is a most elusive clipping. ☺

"The B ryan Station Baptist church. five miles northeast of Lexington Ky. divided on the question of missions. and became 2 congregations. one missionary and the other anti-missionary. They agreed to divide the house and the time: the missionary element took the north side and two Sundays in the month. and the antis took the south side of the house and two Sundays. things went on very well. the missionary side growing stronger. and the antis growing weaker till the house needed a new roof and other repairs. The missionaries endeavored to get their anti brethren to join them in repairing the house, but the antis were growing constantly fewer in number. and would not join in the repairs, till at last the missionary branch covered and repaired one said of the house; and thus it stood for years with a good tin roof on one side. and an old leaky shingled roof on the other. Finally. as the antis had grown so few as hardly to meet at all. the missionaries. in sheer self-defense, to save the house. covered the other side of the roof. and otherwise improved the house. Now the antis are all gone; the last member

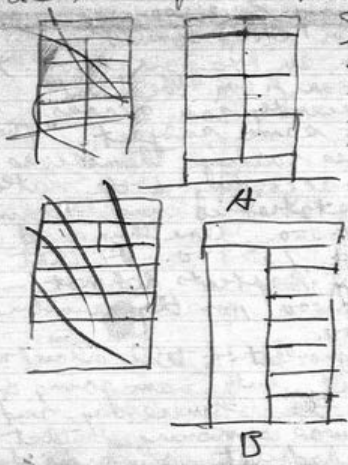
a grand niece of the great Dudley, passed away last spring, while the missionaries have a good active congregation." I omit the comment. On reading the article carefully, I see that to say no one joined the anti side of the church is perhaps an exaggeration. as the article doesn't specifically make that statement. Quoting from memory is notoriously unreliable. I and I was quoting from memory in that sermon. and giving the impression it had made on me. So I apologize to you for my carelessness. and hope no great harm was done. The remark may have been an exaggeration. I believe it was not far from the truth.

By the way I recently ran across another article on the same subject. "The Hardshells. sometimes calling themselves 'Primitive Baptists', according to the latest and most reliable statistics. number in the United States. 34. 000. One hundred years ago they claimed 75. 000. If that time the missionary Baptists did not number exceeding 75. 000. Now they number at least 5. 000. 000."

I the was too modest to tell about my share in the concert, but I am going to "see great gall" as the Chinese say. and tell about it. It was announced that Katharine Groesbeck had lost both arms driving an automobile in France, and she appeared in a kimono, with empty sleeves; and that I had had a bicycle accident while on a preaching trip, and had to have one arm amputated. but see now. (one well-known native carpenter) had made a wooden arm for me." I had a bandage around my arm from the elbow down. stiffened by a ruler to keep the wrist and hand stiff. Katharine recited Barbara Frietchie. and I made the gestures with my automatic arm. which has to be moved into place by the other one. and stays there till it is removed; and occasionally it gets

out of order and refuses to work. and I have to take out a screw driver to adjust it. Barbara & Pitchie adapts itself well to gestures. eg. up. sweep. flap. stars. wave. etc.

Rain and carpentry are the words nowadays. I try to get some desk work done but I have to supervise the carpenters. and it usually ends in my doing the same kind of work myself. One morning I remade the wardrobe in Mrs Groebeck's room.



It was P.D. A. & with wide spaces between shelves (so wide as to be wasteful. but no place to hang things A little work a few nails and less than 10¢ worth of wood fixed it up like B. with a shelf for hats at the top a row of shelves at the right. plenty for enough apart. hang clothes at the left then I put on a hook to fasten shut one of its doors. and the pin in button on that one to keep the other shut. Formerly the only way to keep them shut was to stick some folded paper between the two doors. and shove them to.

It is time to stop now. Lottie has told you about getting the home letters and I won't try to repeat. We appreciated them. Lots of love

Allison

Sunday Aft. April 10, 1920.

Dearest Nehnie,

A nice comfortable day – Ellison away for a week to take Mr. Stafford around to see our Hakka mission stations. As E has never been to Kaying, he was happy over the opportunity. Alice is asleep (on the porch) at Home Hope. I have told the coolie to come tell me if he hears her cry. John and I have come over to the Bakers where John is happy with Howard & Bessie for a little while. Howard and Bessie have been coloring birds.

I am going to try to have a pencil and pad handy at meal times at least and write down his remarks – no matter what they are – so that you can get that much acquainted with him.

His days seem never the same. One day he sleeps well & the next not. Some days he eats well and others not. The other night the nurse took him up to get ready for bed as he had not slept during the day and I wanted to get him into bed as soon as possible. When I came he was in her lap apparently undressed; in her hand was his blue and white striped woolen waist. She said, "I took this off. Was that all right?"

I laughed and looked under his nightie. All the rest of his clothes were on! – Poor girl! She was brought up among a people who were not sufficiently well-to-do – to have bedding warm enough so that they could take off their clothing. It is the custom of all the people in this region to wear their clothes to bed, but some people wear older clothes than they wear in daytime to bed – Less embarrassment in case accident drives them out in a hurry!

A second night, lately I sent her up to prepare him for bed & I found him undressed with his nightie on, but his shirt and waist were put on outside the nightie & she held his drawers

in her hand ready to put them on if I should say the word. She is careful of him and has brains and is very helpful and kind. She cannot manage him, of course! It takes such a long time for the daily washing and ironing, however, that I am thinking of searching out another woman to come for washing and ironing, so that she can sew all her spare time. She has done quite a lot of sewing already – three native mosquito nets, draperies for living room, all the mending and a suit for John, and part of a dress for Alice – beside endless odd jobs!

I am sorry I have not written before, but felt that you would understand that I am simply unable up to now. I have hardly known what to do at times – but have expected that things would be better when I got more used to the Chinese nurse and life here, and when I got things somewhat settled. We are not settled yet entirely but from all appearances, except in our big bed room where a big table is covered with boxes of things & things, you would think that we were. It is about time now to do up woolens. We are having a few very comfortable days now with temperature either below or about 70 – and I am thankful for every one.

Sister is awake now sitting in her carriage. John is still with Howard & Bessie. Howard is writing on blackboard & John likes that. He has been entranced with a box of paints of Howard's.

If you don't mind, I am really glad you did not get any position as Mother's Helper. It is so lovely for Mother to have you with her, and I do not think you need worry a particle. We shall try to see that you need not. Please, if you can and wish to, keep me in touch with your financial situation so that you need not worry. I hate to have Mother alone. I hope you can both get out bird hunting this spring and flower hunting. Hope to read your letters and see more time for only two of me

Your sunshade came from Japan. Yes, I can get one if I want.
Cushion is hand made cloth and hand embroidery - Philippine - filled
with true cotton from the Philippines. Philippinoes - used to make this material
for their trousseau - but do so no longer because ~~too much work~~

Which finish did you order with your pictures? They were 10.
12. 8/15. 8/18. a dozen as I remember

Mother o Fallen have the three pieces. Have they not? They should have.

I got as far as here when I was taking care of John this AM when cook
came to take accounts. He had hardly started when Mr Willis Minister &
Sister Beth & the nurse came to spend the day. My Nurse was washing &
ironing all day. I did not try to put John to sleep - Could'nt & have
had a wild day from 3 - to 6. when John was so tired that he cried & screamed
at everything.
did I mention I am enclosing check for wool for John's bands which I said
would furnish.

You ask about sweater for Alice - I think a three year old sweater
would be best - probably for next winter. John will still be able to wear his
light & dark blue (next winter I think - (I think is way by morning & then but nights too light.) He has grown an inch taller
in six weeks since we came. That is too fast isn't it. For three
days he has been constipated & suffering from hemorrhoids I should judge
by the way he has cried. Poor laddie!

I must go to bed - I am very tired for sleep -

Very much love Lottie
& all the others

Alice now has only that big sweater shirt & blue
(that you knitted her) for deep winter
The rest are all too small with frequent
washings. I can't always wash myself
& hence more shrinking!

"Dear Rahmie" says John.

Hope Mother & you will
take any emphasis or interest
or extracts of letters to
Mission Class.

Voile dress - markdown. Cebu
Oct. 20, 1921

Dear Aunt Cele,

Have I thanked you adequately for Alice's lovely Gertrude and for the beautiful sash you sent me and the Vogue? All have arrived safely and all but the Vogue have been much admired! You surely ought not to do so many things for us.

How did I make it possible to get a Vacuum cleaner? Please explain that puzzle.

Was so glad to hear of Jennie's position at W. L. Mrs. H's letter telling of it had not then arrived, and I was anxious to hear.

Shall be anxious to hear whether Uncle George has to go thru another operation or not.

You did not have much chance to miss Old Stevie, I see. Glad you didn't. So you are making a sweater for Alice! That is dear of you (as always) and I am sure she will appreciate it in the cold winter days!

Please tell Mother that everyone loves the voile dress, and it washed beautifully to-day.

How about Bear Skin Neck property?

How did you enjoy Charlton?

I shall be interested to hear of John's wedding - etc.

The calendar was wonderful. I can't bear to destroy altho it is absolute foolishness to try to save paper in this land of bookworms, silver fish, cockroaches or mildew. The lock case down stairs is infected, too bad!

John has just cried out. I must go to bed.

With love,
Lottie.

Please return to E. & M.

Chaochowfu via Swatow
March 6, 1922.

Dear Nannie,

This is not a very good time to begin a letter, but I may get a few minutes, and so will start again the letter that I wrote the other evening. Can it be as long ago as Feb 27? It hardly seems possible. But with the nurse away, time flies very fast. John is playing with Bessie in the next room. Alice is sitting (on chamber) in the bathroom, looking at one of the nicely illustrated readers that Mr Eldredge gave us. She every once in a while, says a few words in Chinese. She and John talk in Chinese almost exclusively. I love to hear them. John is not so correct in his tones as she is.

March 7- Something interfered with this letter yesterday and I am glad that it did, for another letter came to me which will help me in my suggestions in this letter.

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I could write reams, but it would be confused and incoherent, I fear, so I will boil it down a little and you may read between the lines.

2. I have been distressed to think that you felt you must work !!! I don't blame you for thinking so, for I would myself, but I honor you all-the more. However, I am ashamed that it took your actually getting out on a case - to start me in to any action. I have been distressed that for a long time I had nothing definite to offer you in the way of aid; altho I was always ready for an emergency which might happen, but I was so far away that I feared that I might not learn quickly enough, and this, I fear, has been the case. (after an interval with John (reading writing) or Dan Alice (dressing the from her hat)

Now, in brief, what I want to say -

(now that Alice, John and I are happily settled in the sand pile) is this:-

I want you please to give up the idea of trying to take any more work, unless perchance something extremely easy and pleasant should thrust itself on you, and you should really want it

I want you to use the money you have without fear, and I will begin to earn a sum which shall be for your exclusive

use when your money has dwindled so that you do not care to use it further.

Now this means that I urge you to go to your dear little room at Rockport (or if you prefer, the other one at Hingham or Stoneham) and use your money without fear for your food, clothing, gifts, travel etc. and I think that I can without any difficulty have sufficient for you when this is gone.

I had already written you and had a fairly reasonable surety the other night, but since then a letter has come from Mother B which makes my plan practically certain, and which seems like a direct help from our dear Father in Heaven.

My plan is this:- to sell drawn work in America and put the profits in the bank for you (stop to make a sand pie for John) (I.)

There! It is no use, I was up every two minutes, and so I have called the boy to watch the children for twenty minutes or so, while I write one or two connected (Hope) sentences.

The letter which came from Mother B was something like this:-

She had sent me at two different times some ~~twenty~~ ten dollars to invest in drawn work for her. When my last parcel arrived, and she saw how eager every one was to have some, the idea came to her that she would sell it for me and give me the profit to use as I wished. Of course I could ~~not allow her~~ She sold it with no trouble and made $18.00 clear profit!!! Then she thought "why not sell more?" as several people wanted more things; and so she wrote to me, fearing that it would be too much trouble for me Yo - but suggesting that if I was able to do it and cared to, she would gladly sell for me. At once she sent not only the $18.00 to the Board for me but $70.00 more to pay for more goods to come. In case I cared to try.

Isn't she a wonder! She has a wonderful business head also and I could thoroly trust her business ability which would be a great comfort. If she could make $18.00 on that small amount which cost less than $8.00 Mex - (not to mention duty) - I know that she can make a go of it - It will also give her something as a hobby and an opportunity to supply herself with nice things - (which I am sure she does not think of).

She has probably one of the best fields for selling in the U.S. and has wealthy friends and relatives. I am taken with the idea altho I do not want to burden her, and shall leave her absolutely free. also I shall offer her a share of profits.

Now, dear Aunt Cele, please don't object. If Mother B. doesn't do it, or isn't well enough to, (I do certainly believe that God led her to suggest it.) I shall ask some one else to. The money is going to be earned for you, and you need not worry any more.

This will give me more satisfaction than anything I could do. ~~That I have felt the~~ I have actually suffered, from not being able to do for you what I wished, and now here is a comfortable pleasant way so far as I am concerned.

Now not only Mother B. can do this, but if you wish to have a small amount of drawn work on lace in hand in Rochport, I can easily get you some too, so that you can have a hand in it, if

you rich. It will not be too much for me at this end, provided ~~all goes well~~ no emergency such as might happen even in America should arise.

I do not think that you will try to dissuade me. I do hope that you will rest on this assurance and feel free and happy and unworried. You are such a blessing to us all - and so wonderful. Don't think that your self depreciation ever finds an echo in any of our hearts. Mark always pass it over, like Marion's extravagant self depreciation. ~~It~~ This feeling comes when folks are tired and not up to their best.

I shall appreciate it so much, too, if you can be with Mother and Daddy, a great deal for I cannot be, you see - and you will be taking my place in a way.

Now my best best love to you. I must run to the children.

Do not work a day longer. I am so happy to write this - and with God's help you can rely upon it.

Please for my better knowledge write me, if you are willing, your expenses for the past year. so that I can have a little guide to go by. ~~How much~~ Not detailed - just a summary.

I must write home letters, but think I will wait until evening when it is quiet. Ellsworth likes me to have a little game of cards with him these evenings when I am all day with the children and that takes a half hour or so, so there isn't much time left to write in.

I'll go and mend sox and look at my beloved kiddies.

Yours ever,

Lottie

Love to all.

P. S. Yes, a little coat sweater for Alice would be nice next winter. I think brown would be nice - What do you think? Let Rutto give you my money for the wool, please. And don't make it unless you feel just like it. She is a little bit tall for her age I think - She is already up to John's chin - She has red cheeks most of the time and is as bonnie as she is sweet. She reminds me of Rutto when she was a baby as of Marion's baby pictures a little.

L.

Chao Chow fu
June 21, 1922.

Dear Nannie,

I am supposed to be on my way to Wu King fu to-day, but altho the sun has come out beautifully, the river is still so high that we can't get a boat that dares to take us across. So everything practically is packed up, and we wait the falling of this river. Our boat waits for us on a river (6 miles away) which is not flooded. It seems hard to understand that this river could be so very high, and that one not at all flooded.

I am glad we had to wait over yesterday, for in this way I got a nice bunch of home mail yesterday including x letters from you, and Charlie Benson, and Holyoke, and a

welcome postal from mother, written May 18. 11
also a letter from C. B. B. jr.

Now the uncertainty of starting is unpleasant, but otherwise I am glad to be here.

I am so glad that you have given up your work at Miss Sprague's. It certainly is foolish to think that you ought to keep on at work that is harder than any you have ever done. Goodness knows what it must have been! It used to make me so cross to read about shaking rugs, and making bread and cake, and doing a washing - ! Why it was unbelievable that anyone (even yourself) could expect you to do such things.

We all admire your pluck, but I especially feel sad that you felt you must - but I can understand - too exactly how you felt, and I hope that you will not feel that way again - and never have to go through that night mare again. Dear Nannie, I wish we had you with us, and then you would not have to lift your fingers (figuratively speaking) unless you wanted to.

I must run and prepare Alice's milk. Good by for now -

Later - We have had quite a shower since I stopped writing, and we have all had dinner - a nice fresh river fish, onions, potatoes, and soft custard w sponge cakes. Alice is asleep. John scorns sleep and is out playing with water.

I am afraid it will be very hot for you to go to anyone the last two weeks in August - and especially if you are not by the sea. I worry when you take these cases.

Do not fear that I shall overdo the little business I do for the drawn work is no tax, but on the other hand a pleasure. It means a trip to Swatow once in a while, change which I always need - and it is like having a hobby to amuse one.

I am sending a little filet lace, and hope that one of the pieces will be what you want. If it is not, I think I put a piece of rose design in Ings's parcel.

Your other letters I have packed. Hope I have answered important things.

I was glad to see letters from Ruth, Mary, and Esther. I did not realize that Mary was graduating. I must send her something.

Now very much love to you and Mother & Dalley and all the others. Take good care of yourself for our sakes - Lottie.