

**Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers**

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SWATOW, CHINA, JANUARY, 10th 1928.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:—

Christmas has come and gone, and the letters to be answered are still waiting. Again I am going to try print, to save time.

Many of you have asked how we spend Christmas out here, and do the people have any Christmas. The heathen people do not know anything about Christmas, naturally, except as they have come in contact with us Westerners. However, in those port cities, the merchants have felt the influence of the Western custom and in many of the windows one sees collections of Christmas toys and gifts arranged with an eye to business.

Among the Christians, the season is celebrated somewhat as it is in America. During the week before Christmas the various schools and kindergartens have their special programs. At the hospital this year we had our program on Saturday afternoon. There was some singing, a short talk on the meaning of Christmas and then gifts were given to all the patients in the hospital and to the children who are brought in. These gifts were things from the white cross packages from America — soap, face cloths and towels, picture books, toys, etc. — and oranges which the hospital bought for that purpose. After the patients departed, gifts which had been prepared for the nurses and hospital staff were given out. Dr. Everham and I prepared these packages, including things which she and I had planned or prepared ourselves and some things selected from the gifts from home (White cross). For these the little novelties give a great deal of pleasure. Then we also had a few gifts for them which had been sent especially for them.

Saturday night was free from programs, fortunately, so we were at liberty to spend it as we chose. I lighted a fire in my grate, set four little tea tables, gathered up the gifts which had come in for the Baker family and myself, and spread them on the little tables, one for each Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Annie Baker and myself. Then while the phonograph softly played Christmas carols we opened our packages. It was a restful, delightful time.

Christmas morning, the single women missionaries on this compound always have breakfast together, and open their presents. Since I had opened all of mine which I could get my hands on (!) the night before, the only ones left to me were the ones which the people here had sent for me to the house where we had breakfast. However, there were enough packages there to give me a jolly time with the rest, after which we had breakfast together.

Then I dashed off to the hospital to make rounds, but being Sunday and there not being any emergency in, I was then in time to go to the Chinese church service. From Chinese church most of us foreigners went to the English service in the little community chapel down on the Bund. It was the first time we have had a service in English since Easter — our regular English service having been suspended for more than two years during the time of trouble. It surely was good to hear a sermon in English again, and it was a splendid one, too, preached by one of the missionaries of the English Presbyterian mission.

After a good dinner with the Page family, we went to the "White Gift Service" of the church, which was held out in the open. At this service people bring gifts, instead of receiving them, and these are afterwards distributed to the needy. This year there were over two hundred dollars Mex., and many bolts of cloth which is very desirable to make clothing for the poor.

There were callers in the afternoon, and then in the evening the senior nurses came in for the usual Sunday evening prayer group, and the day was over.

Following the extremely busy week before Christmas, the Monday after Christmas was a busy one at the hospital — folks had been too busy to attend to bodily ills the previous week.

Home mail came straggling in, a small one just before Christmas, but the big mail came Tuesday after Christmas.

Since I was on duty Christmas day, I had the privilege of running away on New Year's, and went to Kityang. The Roberts had the New Year's dinner on New Year's eve, having Dr. Leach of Kityang, all the Hope missionaries and the two Chinese doctors from Hope, and myself as guests.

New Year's day in the afternoon we all took a long walk out around some of the villages near Kityang. Eleanor Ruth Hobart was wearing a pretty bright red flannel dress, and the Chinese children from all the villages came out in crowds, running along for some distance to see her the better. They commented on how pretty and attractive she was, and since Eleanor understands Chinese quite well we explained that it was because of her red dress and the fact that they were not used to seeing foreign children that they were interested. Eleanor is one of the sweetest and prettiest of children. Her baby brother is a charming youngster, too.

Since then we have settled down to routine again, but not entirely to calm, for the war rumors are rambling about rather vigorously. Soldiers are moving back and forth, and one does not know what to expect. The banditry and kidnaping goes on. Our Hope missionaries have had to come down from Hope to Kityang on account of the serious danger. The Hope pastor who had been down at Kityang with them attempted to return to Hope with his family a few days ago. His baggage was looted and he and his son kidnaped. His wife and smaller children were allowed to go on to Hope, and they have sent back the news. We are very much distressed about it, and I do not know what steps may or can be taken about it.

Meanwhile we go on with our work. We here at Kakchich have been extremely fortunate in not being interrupted very much in our work. Our location at the port is no doubt largely responsible for this. We pray that we may have wisdom and strength to make the most of the opportunity which we thus have for service.

Yours  
Edna T. Brown

Swatow, China

Jan 13, 1908

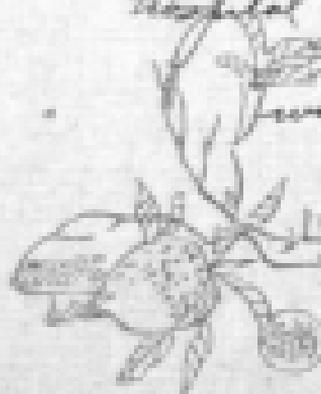
Dear Mrs. Hildreth -

There is another general letter - printed this time. It gets worse and worse:

It was good to get your note of Nov. 15th, and the picture of the Hildreth family. You certainly all look much better than when I last saw you. It is so good to hear of your improved condition.

This is a windy, raw day. I am having a sword of just now, - Margaret to have a sword of some, to. Part of it I am spending with Abbie at Prescott house - just by change and to get away from people who come hunting the doctor instead of going to the hospital.

Folks seem ordinarily well, but everyone is tired. Best of wishes and much love  
Yours,  
John



5 Rockview Avenue,  
Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Lattie, —

just a note  
to tell you how much  
I appreciated your com-  
ing way over here to see  
me last Saturday. I cer-  
tainly did enjoy having  
you, and so did Roy.

And I have been  
reading again the note  
you sent me when you  
heard about Father. Seems  
to me, Lattie, that if  
all the girls I know,  
you the most notably

have the beautiful gift  
of helping people, - both  
because you are what  
you are, and because  
you can so truly express  
the sympathy that you  
feel. You're a dear, any-  
way.

With much love,

Edna.

November 18.

October  
second

~~October~~

5 Rockview Avenue,  
Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Lattie, -

I was glad to get your letter, and especially since it was so full of good news about yourself. You certainly are fortunate to be so nicely situated. Yes, it certainly is great to be able to see so much of the girls as you can at present. And what about the school work. Is the principal as helpful as you thought he would be? I do hope

Your summer too was a good one, wasn't it. No, we have been at home all summer and are still looking forward to a cruise some other year. It didn't seem possible to arrange for it this time. Boy had a ten days' vacation though, and we certainly did enjoy being together for that long. We never, never, never, can be together long enough, it seems to me both. I often feel as if all eternity would not be long enough.

And now I can't wait a single other minute

to tell you the most beautiful and wonderful thing that is going to happen to my boy and me. I am making dear little dresses and skirts and all sorts of dainty fascinating things for the little newcomer whom we expect about the very last of November or the first of December. I wish that God I could begin to tell you how mysterious and solemn and beautiful it seems to me. And we are both so happy and glad, and can hardly wait for the time to come, except that everything isn't ready as yet. I have been meaning to write and tell you for some weeks, but have been very busy sewing and have kept putting it off. But many times I have thought of you, and seemed to feel how glad you would be. You will be glad to know, too, that I feel so very well; seem to me I never felt better in my life, and I am very sure that I never was happier. The only difference is that I get

find more easily, but  
that is to be expected.  
Boy is even more  
careful of me than usual,  
if that is possible.  
And we have been so  
interested studying about it,  
so as to know the best ways  
of doing things. There are  
some splendid books to read,  
and it's so wonderful to find  
out all about it. The sewing  
is so fascinating that it's  
hard to stop. I have the  
largest part of that done by  
now, and such dear things as  
they are. You surely

must come over and  
see them, Lattie. I wish  
I might invite you for  
over Sunday. But Roy  
would rather not have  
me have company just  
now, for fear I may  
get overtired: so I shall  
have to give that up.  
But we often go from  
here to Newark to shop  
and couldn't you take  
a run over some day?  
Either all the way by  
trolley (pretty long), or  
from Elizabeth to Plain-  
field on the Jersey Ex-  
press by train. Let me  
know ahead, and I will  
be at home.

I was glad to hear about  
the new engagements among  
the girls. I am always glad  
to hear of any girl getting  
engaged or married. It means  
so much happiness.

We have read Barrie's  
Little White Bird, and Mat-  
ter's Wood-creeper of Symphoricarpos lately.  
I want to read George  
Lambert, for I have never  
read anything of his. The  
Little White Bird you must  
read; it's perfectly dear.

I had a long letter from  
Joan today. She expects to  
study this winter, but has  
not yet decided where.  
At present she is helping  
take care of her sick grand-  
mother.

Carol spent a few days  
with me in August. She is  
back teaching in Lancaster, Pa.  
now. Of course you know  
I minimized Saunders's quickly  
approaching marriage, don't you.  
The last letter I had from  
her was full of wedding gown  
dressmaker, etc. It is so glad for  
her - come see me, won't you - I  
shall have so much to show  
and tell you, and want to hear  
about your work, etc. too.  
Sincerely, Edna B. Buckland

*Bridgeport  
Rockport  
B.A.  
Rolyolia  
Linn  
Wilmington*

Chacchowfu, via Swatow, China,

March 1, 1916.

Mr. E. S. Butler, Boston, U.S.A.,

My dear Mr. Butler;

It is 8.10 P.M. and that means that over on the side of the world that the sun shines brightest on, you are just about beginning a busy day. How do I know it will be a busy one? oh, there are some things that one can take for granted. I have just put in one, and feel like comparing notes.

Skip the preliminaries, Breakfast and family worship with the servants; then some time put in in instructing the servants what to do to-day, for the good lady of the house is at Canton visiting the dentist and a college classmate (which visit do you think she will enjoy more?), and it keeps us busy finding enough to keep three servants busy. Then my regional teacher arrives at nine, and the day has begun.

To-day we have been working out some plans for Sunday school work. We both attended an institute on Sunday School Methods last week, and are brim full of new ideas; but the problem is how to apply them to the particular churches we have to work with - aye, there's the rub. So we put in a good stiff morning, and along toward the end of the morning along comes the preacher to take accounts. He asks if he is interfering with my study and I assure him, not at all. I like to have my teacher around at such times; sometimes he can interpret the speaker's Chinese into a different variety that I can understand; and he knows things around here so much better than I do, that he often helps avoid serious mistakes.

So the preacher goes to work; a certain painter has called for his pay, which is \$3.90 in local dollars; how much is that in Mex? they tell me \$3.65, and I never challenge it; its always nearer right than I could figure for myself; the only thing I have to watch is the

original figure. Then he has bought some books for \$3.00 in local money and he wants \$3.07 Mex to reimburse himself, and that is all easy. Then he has bought some books in Swatow for ~~2.00~~ \$2.00 Mex. and there is where the trouble comes. For at our bookstore they reckon ten cents as one-tenth of a dollar, while a dime is worth considerably less. He are getting about 1.12 in dimes for a Mexican dollar nowadays, so that the \$2.00 Mex. becomes two Mexican dollars and 92 cents in dimes.

Then the preacher collects his salary, which is sixteen Mexican dollars, and his railroad fare on a recent trip which he took for me, which is ten dimes, and his boat fare on said trip, which is 32 cash.

And I go to work to add it up	Mexican \$	dimes	cash
<del>Painting</del>	9	15	
First set of books	3		70 ( 7¢)
Second set of books	2	90	25
Salary	16		
Train		100	
Boat			32
	30	2.08	124 ( 12¢)

So I get the thirt Mexican dollars and the twenty-dimes and the nickel and then find that I haven't any cash, so I have to take back the nickel and give him two dimes to equal .05 plus .125 which ought to be .175, but it isn't because a dime is only nominally worth a hundred cash; actually is only worth about 92 cash. So that gives the preacher something to figure on while I make the entries in my account books, and he finally gives me back thirteen cash. I figure he only ought to have given me twelve so he cheated himself one cash. But I can assure you I didn't figure it out at the time; I did it just now as I am writing this letter, just for curiosity to find out whether he cheated himself or me. If it takes 1050 cash to make a Mexican dollar I guess the loss of one, won't make his loss any sleep to-night. Anyway, by this time it is 12.15 and my lesson should have closed at twelve, so the preacher leaves, taking a couple of letters to be mailed, and the ~~teacher~~ teacher leaves, and the dinner-bell rings, and I go to the dining-room to wish that the sunshine of the house would come back from far-away Canton, but it's too early to begin counting the days, even.



may, this  
year with  
the letter from  
the caption?

Tax Chk, May 16, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Aldeth,

It was very  
sweet of you to write and  
tell me I had just  
found out in your row  
and the still greater  
joy to come to hear  
how you in your heart  
of heaven had waited until

the dear little one can have  
a still better birthright  
than he might have had  
a year ago. And  
surely a man or woman  
will have a greater strength  
of soul if he know  
that he was planned  
for and wanted for and  
not merely a sort of  
pulse! Sweet blessings

and few pains to your  
through these special words  
of part-nership with God  
in helping to form a  
lot of eternity for Him!  
Our joys deepen every day  
in our little ones - and  
more they are ~~my~~ <sup>our</sup>  
for living - I am so  
wonderful - ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> -  
While I am answering  
to your note - I'll ask

you to tell me if you  
still wish to send to  
San Jose? Mrs. Page and  
Mrs. Kirby are both short  
of present supplies as well  
as for their young and are  
anxious to send as soon as  
possible. So I am planning  
to make out my list and  
be ready to send as soon  
as we hear from you.  
The last times we sent

8:30 am

July 17, 1924.

Dear Old Boss!

Happy birthday  
 to you! I am sitting between  
 Betty Packer and Wabelle Callen  
 at this Sun Day Council meeting  
 which is preparation for the  
 Annual Convention which opens  
 its sessions this evening. We  
 prayed for your great blessing  
 at our table this morning and  
 you are very much in our  
 thoughts. At our council table  
 is that Ku, Si Chin, Lee, Eng Hong  
 Sing and you who has just said  
 my prayer. To continue the names:  
 Sun Eke Tai, Lewis, Tang,  
 Kuen Him, Ernest Johnson, Kim Ek Tak, Costa  
 Su, Phouse, Si Zui, Tang Him Huen  
 Sun Heok, etc., Ki Phok Lam and  
 the three above mentioned. I told them  
 I was greeting you and they all  
 smiled big smiles of love and  
 wanted their warm greetings  
 added.

For a whole  
 week the Presbyterians and Baptists  
 streets have met together in Kakeish

Everything has been lovely. There now  
seems to be a deep determination  
to cooperate for the Kingdom  
in a really loyal spirit.  
You have always led me  
forward to this day. So I  
know you will be most  
satisfied with this news of promise.  
The Academy Summer  
School has over a hundred  
attending. That indicates our  
fall term is to open with large  
registration. Coeducation is working  
excellently.

Wife and I have a  
vacation gift from a friend  
so we are going to Boguie P.R.  
We leave on Saturday. I do  
hope your Vermont home  
is in a cool spot.

To birthday love we  
add warm greetings  
to the and the children.

Love  
Dorothy Capen

9:40 am.  
P.S. The Council is still sitting. Don't you think  
I make a faithful member?

I meant that  
Randall said  
this tho! it  
did get mislaid  
He is seldom  
wrote to anyone!

CO. BOND  
MADE IN U.S.A.