

Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Typhoon in China

DEAR FRIENDS:

The last letter I wrote to you was about the typhoon and what it did to us as well as the way it is affecting our work. If I dwell too much on it, please forgive me, for it is the results of this great catastrophe which are affecting our work more than any other one thing.

I know you will be interested in hearing about some of the relief work which is being done. Most of the missionaries are having some part in it, but some of us, who could get away from the Compound for a time, have been going out into the area where the typhoon and tidal waves did the most damage. The most acute suffering from the typhoon was on the great Thang Hai plain. Before the typhoon, this plain was more or less densely populated by fishermen and a few farmers, who lived in groups of villages. It is very level, as hills or any elevations of any kind for a distance of about forty square miles. Because the land was level, large numbers of villages were exposed to the tidal waves. When it washed in over the plain, it carried on its course, houses and humans across the plain to the foot of the hills. Thousands of the people were caught in their houses by falling walls and buried them. Others were washed inland, in some instances 5, 7, or 9 miles; then to be thrown up on the side of a hill, or to be left floating on a raft or log. In one village we visited, on enquiring how they were saved, the two women survivors, pointed to a distant range of hills about 9 miles away, and said "We were floated over to those hills." Two days and two nights, they walked or crawled or waded back to their village only to find it in ruins; not one wall of one house standing. Of a village of over 500 inhabitants, there were two women and 60 men left!

When the wave receded, it carried out to sea, hundreds of bodies, the exact number will never be known. Of course all their household goods were washed away at the same time. The clothes worn at the time by those who were saved from drowning, were washed away with the terrible force of the water. Many of the villages are entirely deserted. All but a few toes of the men were drowned, and they have gone other places to look for work. Their fields are soaked with salt water and their houses down; boats washed away, women and children drowned, and they go away from the fearful scenes of it all.

In another place, where before the typhoon, there was a village of nearly 600 inhabitants, now there are 46 men and one woman. No children; no women; every cow, pig and chicken washed away. While we were talking with the men, one of them said with tears in his eyes, "It is so lonely now; so quiet and so lonely at night that we cannot sleep." And looking around at the remains of fallen walls which at one time had been a village; a few lonely men wandering around here and there among the ruins, we could almost appreciate what they were suffering.

As we go on shore, one hears of some wonderful experiences had by some of the survivors. A young woman in Hong Kai, one time a student of the English Presbyterian school in Swatow, is perhaps one of the strongest. When the tide was washed in, she and a young brother managed to grasp one of the big beams of the house roof. They were washed inland a mile or two, and then caught in the undertow as the water receded. They held onto the beam and were carried out across a stretch of open sea, to the village of Chih Niu on an island about 22 miles from her home. Next morning some of the villagers saw them floating a short distance from shore. They quickly got a small boat and went out and brought them in. They were practically unconscious, and were taken to the village chapel, where the presbyter wife took care of them. In a few days when the girl recovered sufficiently to talk, she related, the presbyter found out who she was and where she came from. He knew that a young man from this village was engaged to a girl from that house, but did not know she was the girl. So the presbyter sent for the young man and his mother. They came recognized the girl, and took her to their home. She was brought back to her village as soon as she could travel. She was our guide through the village the day we visited there. Such a bright and interesting girl. Her face was suffused with blushing when she informed us that she was to marry the young man in the 11th month.

In another village we visited, there were so many children we could not but comment on the fact. In most of the villages there were no children, or they were a few from 10 to 14 years of age. But there were so many in this village where all the houses had been destroyed, it seemed strange. Our guide told us, that while all the houses in the village were down; their clothes washed away, pigs, dogs, cows, goats, chickens etc. drowned, no human lives were lost. The houses had been made of mud bricks, the roofs of bundled straw tied onto wooden beams. The night of the storm, when the water came into the houses the people situated onto the roofs. The mud walls melted, but the roofs acted as rafts, and the people were safe. All around the village bundles of straw were growing. The waves washed the roofs back and forth, but they caught in the enclosure, so when daylight came, and the water was still 5 or 6 feet high, everybody was on a raft and the village in ruins. The people in this place were destitute, because they had no houses, no money to build houses, and no clothing. When we visited the village the weather was so hot, the children could manage without clothing, and most of them were without. For some few a ragged jacket was sufficient. The women had salvaged what they could from their clothing, but most of them were wearing rags and patches. Great and wonderful were some of the combinations, but they served the purpose. They were certainly glad for the clothing sent in by the Red Cross. In this village were two very old women, one 80 years old, the other 78. Both were made happy by the promise of some jacket for old days.

Not the smallest part of our work, was the dispensary work carried on in connection with the giving out of clothing. The medicine was provided by gifts from various sources. A wealthy Chinese merchant from Hong Kong sent us \$ 300, local currency. The Red Cross gave us a like sum. Several others sent gifts to be used in the different phases of the work. Every gift was gratefully received, and proved a great blessing to the many who needed the help. Every gift was divine blessing. It blessed the recipient, I know, and I am sure it blessed the one who gave the gift, it also blessed the one who had the distribution of the gift. I do wish everyone who had the privilege of giving to this special work, could have seen with me the gratitude of the poor folk who were helped by their gift. They would have been quite satisfied that the money was placed where it could do the most good.

To my mind no form of Christian service shows forth the practical side of Christianity as does the medical work. For the sick and suffering ones to come and get medicines free for which, if one is receiving in dollars and cents, costs more than most of those people can pay, makes the people realize that behind the gift is the love of our Heavenly Father, who loves them and provides for them, even though they do not always love Him in return.

We had some interesting experiences in our travels from village to village, as we went about investigating conditions and visiting the sick. The old cooks who carried our baskets of medicine each day, poor old he was and depending on his daily wage to provide food for himself, wife and family, offered to carry our baskets day by day, for much less than he could earn doing other work. The business as the terms and on the boats were glad to take us from place to place, and very often would not take any money. They said they could give their "bit" that way, often we knew at the expense of a meal for themselves. But they knew that so many, many hundreds were so much more off than they were, and they wanted the supplies to go as far as possible.

In Nam Si, the centre of one of the desolate districts, one of the wealthy korean families based as part of their lovely house while we was in that district. The chapel had been destroyed, and if it had not been for their generosity, we would have been obliged to live in a very small, crowded native house.

Almost every kind of disease was met with. Kyo diseases would probably head the list. Many people had wept themselves blind, or almost so, and measles always common, was aggravated. Then the skin diseases, too numerous to mention some of them were, were everywhere. While the bad weather lasted, dysentery reigned. Typhoid fever was common, but fortunately did not reach the epidemic stage. Malaria always was, was everywhere. Children, malnourished, and suffering from all sorts of intestinal troubles, these were some of the most common diseases. It doesn't exhaust the list by any means of course. Now since the cold weather has set in, exposure to cold is bringing on all sorts of bronchial troubles and pneumonia. Everywhere throughout this territory, people are dying from exposure. Much has been done to relieve this suffering, but still much remains to be done.

Because of the lack of assistants, it was impossible to keep an accurate account of the number of people treated, or the amount of medicine given out. When we ran out of supplies we sent back for more. Two graduate nurses, two and sometimes three little women besides myself, were in this party, and the work was sufficient to keep us all busy. They were very faithful assistants, and it would have been impossible to have accomplished anything without them. Every village we visited, we set up a little out-door dispensary and the people who could come there for the medicine. If there were any in the village too sick to come for the medicine, we visited them in their homes, and gave them the necessary medicines.

I could go on indefinitely, telling you about the interesting experiences we had, but I hope I have told you enough to make you realize that the need of this devastated area is very real. Relief work still goes on, and will need to be continued for some little time yet. Thus all of you who have helped in this work, can be assured that the help given was gratefully received, and has enabled us to do much more than we otherwise could have done. Many of the people in this region, who never knew, or if they knew, cared not about Christianity, know now that it is a Vital Living Force in this world of ours. Much of the money for relief was given by Christians, and much of the relief work has been done by Christians. Mr. Baker and Miss Sullivan have been released from their Mission work for the time being, to give their entire time to this work. Christianity has been brought before the public in a way that only the emergency of a great calamity could do it. It is equal to the emergency in a thing else could be and the people, rich and poor alike appreciate that fact. What it will mean to the future of this community, only God knows. We are praying that He will use every means available for the advancement of His Kingdom, here in this part of China.

As I look back over the days and weeks, and particularly the time just after the typhoon. I realize, that there were experiences through which I passed which never could have been endured, from our human standpoint, but it not been for the help and strength, given me in such large measure by our Father in Heaven. I feel that much of that strength has come in direct answer to the prayers of the dear friends in the home land. I do want to thank you for the help you have sent across the intervening miles to me.

Cordially, your missionary,

Fannie Northcott

Swatow 1922

Return to R.
as soon as
possible
With C.
Yours
Jen

Kakuhoh. July 12, 1925.

Dear Hildvath, Yes, I went to Kazing, and came back
mining a fountain pen, a Phi Beta Kappa bag pulled
forcibly from the chain, and my boy's umbrella. Mrs. Giff
lost a suit case with a lot of new purchases for
various people. It is not a good time for foreigners to
travel.

Thank you for all you have written about safety at
Thaingong. I suppose you heard very quickly of the
harrowing experiences of the Washington missionaries, and
would write something different now. I wonder if the
Consul has ordered you down.

We have had a three-days typhoon, the centre of
which must have been nearer to you than to me. Please
let me know the damage. Mr. Copin's west veranda
is badly shattered, and our gardens are a sight!

The Convention seems to have passed without a serious
break. The young fellows started in for an independent
Chinese Church, but, when it came to the financial
aspects of the case, settled back to a cordial 50-50 basis.
I find that nothing today is on a 15-85 basis ^{at all}! The
letter from you and your wife, dated the 15th, has
just arrived. As you don't mention the typhoon, it must not have
hit you very hard; or did you wife get her date wrong?

We were told that the ladies at Washington barely escaped
with their lives, were pursued to Kitzang, fled from Dr. Fisher's
house in a little boat, were picked up by the launch and
brought to Swatow. It is thought the wife wanted Miss
Stanley for ransom. (We don't plan to go up under present conditions.)
You'd better stay as long as your family stay. Regards to all, A. H. Page.

Respectfully I have made no habit to answer it for

Dear Sir - Your letter of July 30 was received at Brooklyn at 8:00 AM Aug. 1. I ~~very~~ ^{very} call for an answer for of course a mere formal apology could not possibly make amends for such treatment. Nevertheless I am going to point out one or two features of interest in the case.

In the first place you evidently overlook the principle of common business honesty that when a man engages another man to do a certain work, he has no right to engage another man for the same work without cancelling the first engagement, and even then he is responsible for the "damages". To be sure, a mere verbal agreement, not made in the presence of some witnesses, has little value, except as the word of honor of the two parties gives it value. You, having my promise that I would not fail you, and leaving the man with whom you were dealing, well perfectly safe. I, knowing the man with whom I had to deal, expected to be stung, and I was not disappointed.

Your words "the church secured the services of" remind me strongly of "the woman tempted me, and I did eat." That is to say, they are a contemptible occasion. Either you had no authority to engage me in the first place, or else it was with your co-operation that the other man was engaged.

You speak of the fact of a letter addressed to the church, and another to you

I just from your letter. Your communication addressed to the offices of my church and a letter of mine came forwarded here yesterday. I have been away for a while. I will not comment on "yesterday" and the date on the envelope Greenville July 30 5 P.M. They speak for themselves. But I will mention the letter I wrote two weeks before, which you did not try to explain away because of course you could not.

Give excuse that you had forgotten my Long Island address. if it be the true one. credits me with not enough intelligence to have a forwarding address of Union Sem. I say "if it be the true one" because obviously it is not. In a case like this a poor excuse is worse than none at all. for it reveals what it was intended to conceal.

You thank me for my consideration; you may well do so. I wish to thank you for the kind and thoughtful evidence of your affection to me. Needless to say, this marks the termination of a relation of nominal friendliness that I have been maintaining with increasing diffy for a long time now. I am now on our feelings. if any will be on a business basis only. And I trust there will not be any. Truly yours
(I mailed this to Pet on Sat AM. I have another copy as you will not return it. Please comment extremely, however)

45 2
55 2

Comment

Reford, N. H.
August 4, 1909.

Dear Mother.

You sent the postal at just the right time, for when Joe & I arrived home from the lumber lot that was the first thing I got hold of, yet but I was angry that I could not jump into that water, I would have felt like a over man.

Irene has gone to Wolfboro, & I will try & remember about the cement, as soon as she comes back.

We have been the lazy people since haying & I have not done a blessed thing until today, it takes hold of a fellow to loaf & than work. You never seemed that way, always on the go, I guess I would be on the bum if I did that way.

Joe & I took a long ride yesterday looking at several lumber lots but found none that pleased us.

that was satisfactory. But the ride was
great something that I think you would
have liked, roads shady, with great
green hills all around, with a few ponds
thrown in to make comfort. I don't say
much about the country here after selling
all of that salt water, I wish we had it here.

I expect to go to Boston Monday if every
thing is agreeable, which it has not been, and
I am looking forward, as I have not seen
the town for several months.

It takes me about a month to get acquainted
with any one, when I see them every day here
I have to decide, on going or heading off. So
you see when I want to know more
about a person they up & leave. I guess I
must of decided not to stay & traded this
time, that is if everybody was agreeable
so perhaps in time we may know each
other better.

You certainly have a great family, a
chance for every one to keep busy. I
remember ours was about the same ages
ago, & I believe I will never forget how
we enjoyed our selves. There was our
mother & father, Mary, Miss Aunt, Joe
Abbe & I also one or two more working
on the place, every body worked. They
were taken away in eight years, and is
something we will never forget. So if you
get lonesome any time just take up your
pen & write all you can. That is the only
way I can do.

When do you go to Eden Ridge? Our
summer is fast disappearing, so I suppose
you are thinking about all those exciting
classes, well I think it would be great
fun to have a class at my surgery they

trying to find questions to keep their
teachers busy answering, when they
couldn't ask a question. We always
did that when the lessons were too deep. That
is what I always said "Bluff if possible
if not, study some" but get through anyway.
I didn't always do that, so I have changed
it now. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead"
that does first rate.

You must be tired of reading
two letters so I guess I will quit.
Hoping you are enjoying yourself
I am.

Sincerely,

T. C. Foley.

Dear Mother

You certainly out did yourself when you sent that lovely postal, it called to mind, beautiful memories, that were stored away, several years back. I just love the sea, with its rocks & their tight clinging shells, & the dull ocean roar. There could not anything suit me better than to run over those rocks with you.

You speak of the "Brerwood Boy" by slipping also the light that failed. It's haven't the form, but the letter. I have sent & did as you wanted. You ask what I think of it, it's hard to tell although it gave the impression of two souls lost to each other at inopportune moments in life, that is to say that when both were well & strong, that the one wanted the other, thought it surely was impossible at that time, & was not fully matured to understand his own feelings & after he became blind, that he could not possibly take her & have his feelings

when he wanted his love. Which he knew that she
could not give to a blind man, after seeing
him in that condition. Then he seemed to
want to take something that his soul cried out
against & did the only thing horrible, when
brought to his senses, by going straight & the
only call left that would let him be happy. This
is something that I shall think more of & would
like to express as I can see it, but it is something
I could never do. It really has taken hold of me
more than any book I ever read. Some things
I like & some I do not probably because I have
more of a selfish disposition. Please give me
your honest opinion of what I have said,
also what you think of the book.

I will try & get the other one you speak of.

Sincerely yours,
T. C. Bailey



POST CARD



Joseph Robert Perley
September, 1915

Age 5 years 8 months.



Dear Mother

You see by A. P.
that the paper has been
revised. That the way I do
when I am out, & sometimes
when I want something
different. This is one of the
times when I have one
& not the other.

Your letter arrived just
before I took the train
Monday morning, & my
plans were fixed so could

that I have known her since 1901. I feared
she would not see me since all my
crazy doings, & I certainly was on pins
& needles so if you possibly can please
to give me

for I & Irene are out driving today
so here is another hint I will have to
wait before, telling the name of that
cement, unless she comes before I am
done writing this.

I just went out to the beach Monday
evening & take a look at the ocean, your
portals & your frober there were so
delightful, that I was honestly driven
out to get one look. Every thing is
the same or sounds the same as it
did years ago, & there was only one
trouble & that was the length of the step.

I think that I remember of your
being in Walsford, some time ago.
When you took the trip did you go
through Portsmouth or by the way of
Dover. I went the former way for the
first time I remember & it was just
great. You either had salt marshes

not change very easily. I
am very sorry that I will
not have gone to Rockport
for it must be a delightful
place to spend vacations.

It was very kind of you
to ask me to come & I appreciate
your thoughtfulness. I also
wish you would please
for give me for not answering
your invitation before. I
was just dying to go to
Holliston & as a dear friend
of mine at least she is
dear to me. & I was so
unwary that I just let
everything go. I will say



is the loveliest view of the
world all the way to Portsmouth.
After that was the grand old
country all the way to
Orsdelore. If you go again
you just remember this
is if you want this way
in it great.

We are still loading
lumber, but hope to finish
shipping if we can get the
other. Business seems to be
slack, & the firm will
not take all my car ship
a great to ship a week.
Thanking you once more

for your kind offer to show
me all of those fine places in
Rockport, which I know must
be delightful.

I am

Sincerely yours

T. C. Peck