Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

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Folder label: ESH to John and Kate Hildreth (parents), primarily from Kakchiel

Dates: 1914 Sep - Dec

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515063
Dear Mother,

There have been busy and exciting days because the Reference Committee has been in open session with important questions involving Waters, Baker, Kellogg, Willey, Newman, and Whittan. Whittan was thinking of asking to go home for a long while in the summer. I don’t know whether he did or not. I haven’t thought to ask and the matter has little bearing on the other problems. Miss Waters and Newman are in the Canton temple which I will speak of later. The other 3 were closely watched.

Baker is to go home in the spring. It really belongs at Chasewater for Winter Camp, but was borrowed to teach in the school because otherwise there would be only Baker to run the school and the Grammar School. He wants to go back to Chasewater as the school is too good. The winter’s work started before he goes home; also if he didn’t, he would have been out of touch with school for over a year and a half, and I feel that his classes in the school were back in class or jan. I was willing to consider it, but didn’t approve of stopping my language study. I suggested that it would be better for her to do it, on the ground that while it was desirable for her to get the language it was necessary for me. One member of the language committee in private interview was willing, with qualifications, so we got the two Academy teachers and me. Your offer of a plan to be submitted last to the Language Committee at meeting. I’d allow 2 hours for me and 6 hours for X., setting Baker free from his. This was on the understanding that I showed...
not be responsible for any language study during this time. The "language committee" prepared the program of work and the help from the final assessment.

End of Chapter 7.

Chapter 2: Waters must go home at once on the advice of four physicians. His heart is in the air and this is already at home, keeping house for his two boys and his mother, who is Mrs. Anna Scott. He had chronic bronchitis in the spring and the doctor feared improvement in the summer, so he must go at once. He will probably be all right.

His work in the theater, Sem., is teaching church history, a very difficult subject, so no one available could teach it. His going will leave the Sem. in the hands of Mr. Waters, who was intending to go home in the spring. Semahome decided to advocate closing the Sem in the air and instead of closing it at once, which would have been the normal way, he insisted it should still be kept open for this term. So they made a compromise. Bather is not to be relieved of two hours in the Academy which we take, and is to spend the available time teaching something in the Sem as a substitute. Since this gives him no more time than before for church work, the lumber of running the Sem. falls on his work at the Academy, and makes it necessary for him a work and a new line of instruction.

The fact that 2 is the least of six is undesirable features. I think no one is
satisfied with it. But it is the best that could be done without closing the Sem. I have not heard the reasons for not closing. Our town is not business.

The 29th has finally been settled. I am teaching 2:25 to 5:05. When I teach in the mornings I am at home and see that the baby is all right. In the evening I teach from 3:30 to 4:20 while I teach at the Academy 3:15 - 3:50. Each class has composition on Mon & Wed, and 2nd, 3rd has composition to do and corrected by me. My lesson plan to 3rd is year composition to do the 2nd year. To teach 3rd & 4th & 5th and 3d conversation. But the Sd class has only 3d, 4th & 5th men. Of course 4th is higher than 3d. I thought that it was perhaps more suitable for business than for the other advanced classes more readily than she would. The Academy began yesterday and I went over in the afternoon and today to get an idea of how classes went. All meet this 4:30 as the first time and Baker is going to run them while we work on.

This is not forced to last till page's return. We have to move out of the house in any event. But it is not quite as definite as might be expected. That he will return this summer we are pretty sure of. While working out this way. Mr. Linn is back in full health and Mr. Massy is to be a bachelor, or as many of them as come were to be put until Mr. Waters, if too many. One of more was to be lodged in
the hospital which is temporarily closed while 12theld in learning the language. The unmarried women are to be put into east yard which belongs to the chief. Eastern women's Board and is empty and we were to be put in the other partridge house. Normally sent Volary twice in half of that and his brothers might be in the other half. But now is home on furlough. The house is empty during this time, two empty houses at every two men. There is no foreigner available to live there and look out for the green ones. (What was the old Baker's suggestion, some thought we might go there but the plan was not approved.)

Now, Newman has gone back to Canton. Waters is to go home at once, and Mr. Blasham is to send two children that is the way things change on the field. The following are going probably in Hong Kong now. Pakington and Bage returning to Kachin, the following are returning to Kachin: Mr. Blasham's has full and second section another doctor coming to Kachin. The board should decide it wasn't wise to let them come out on account of the war, (which we fear, Prutho against) for next year, the following Kachin houses should be emptied Kachin 31st of 8. Kachin 2 of 2. Khyang 1 of 2. Khyang and both fall. Where in the Kachin stations that have had much hard in losing men etc. would have all the missionaries that they can house conveniently. As we shall have the following work ceased: Kachin's 2 hospitals 1st, San Gyu's School, 1st, kindergarten, dispensary, Wugung, dispensary.
There will be closed anyway, whereas the Hakka work will be running full blast— all of it. And yet I got pale one of our mission was talking of quitting that I might go the way of Central China. At that time I figured on a furlough in Hakka territory and thought it should be more needed here, and the issue seems to agree with that. At the very best that can come to us all, all the above mentioned institutions will be closed, and probably the two Refu- houses empty next year even if all those mentioned come back.

As for Canton. Our boys they invited Newman to teach in the Med. School which was been started there and miss Withers to be head of a school of nurses. We approved of Newman's gun and accepted Miss Withers. Of course the Board of Education decided to make the board reject our decision. The Woman's Board rejected our decision. The only thing was for Miss Withers to go. And they have taken steps to close up her work here. Our board refuse to sanction the Medical School scheme and have corresponded with us relative to Newman's return to show the whole thing is in a tangle, but it seemed best for Newman to go back to Canton, sending for her correspondence. If such courses pendence lasts a year more, he will have Canton made all learned. We don't know what the situation will be then.

Conversely we have refused to let miss Withers go and presumably the Canton people are looking for another woman. I am on orders from Rome, we have to give her the credentials to go down and tell her the job. And we all
feel this way. Our mission would expect a great deal of good from having all Newmans in Canton. But our Board refuses to sanction (I am not attempting to say that their reasons are not perfectly valid). But the women's Board is sending Miss Nithers to Canton. We simply are making a present of one of our best workers, a most excellent thing for Canton. But a very serious drain on our mission funds and we cannot figure out that her presence there would be any advantage at all to us. We might be readily contribute a teacher to University of [illegible] of [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] Prefectural School or the Provincial Medical School (Shanghai). They are a little further off but we have students there whereas we are not likely to have any nurses trained at Canton; that work is done in our own hospitals as part of the routine work and so far there never have been more than enough candidates. The trouble is that we must gather and Mrs. [illegible] on the way back from Rangoon visited Canton and our Swatow [illegible] they got filled up with a lot of big talk about facilities down there, and Swatow looks small in comparison. While our Board looks at the expense and the shortage of men here and says we can't spare one for Canton.

Of course this letter is not intended for publication. I am sorry it isn't more cheerful. But I thought I had better write about these things so that you would understand the situation. With lots of love

Ellison
Kakechic, Oct 6, 1914

Dear Mother,

This is to wish you many many happy returns of a day which I expect will be pretty close to the time you receive this letter. Father's birthday is so close now that it will happen long before this reaches you. But we couldn't get these present photos printed any sooner, so well you please hand the enclosed pictures to him with many happy returns.

We are going to try to do a little more pictures with you but the little remembrance that we expect to send tomorrow if all is well, may not reach you in the same mail as this. Many love goes to each one of you from both of us.

We had a pleasant trip to Charing on Sunday where we shall be glad to tell you of these pictures just came yesterday and I wanted to send them at once, even if I couldn't get time to write a noteworth while.

Wishes with love and good wishes from both Betty and me.

Yours loving son

Clebon
Dear Father -

You might be interested to see how I spent yesterday, rather a full Sunday. After breakfast there was an interval of some fifteen or twenty minutes, which I spent rather recklessly in finishing an essay of Matthew Arnold's which I started some time ago, dealing with the influence on their countries of such institutions as the French Academy. I think if I had known how the day was to go I might have chose something lighter. Then we went to Chinese service which consists of two parts, a prayer meeting and a preaching service. This lasted till about half past ten when we started back to the house, and on the way stopped to look at some fine big pine trees that are being attacked by the white ants; we found the situation so serious that we went right to work destroying the architecture of the insects, and then pouring kerosene on the place to destroy those that couldn't get away and discourage the rest from returning. By the time that was finished it was time to start for English service, and I don't like to miss that; but Lottie had decided to stay at home. So I started off. The service was Anglican, with a good sermon, followed by the communion service, and it was after one o'clock when I got home. Usually Sunday School does not begin till 2.30 but this day they had a special meeting at which Dr. Ashmore explained to the Chinese the causes of the war, and what it involved, and then there was prayer. This was at three two. And we had to hurry in order to get to it, because I had to practise the hymns for Sunday School. I only had about five minutes to practice and we were a little late at that. Then after this was the Sunday School and when I got home for tea, it was after four,
which is about the time when I quit studying for the day usually, and I can't see but what that was a busier day than weekdays usually are. This Sunday School I am not sure whether I have told about or not. They have just divided the S.S. into departments, and one of them, the Junior Boys, meets in the chapel of the theology. They couldn't find a single man or boy in the whole compound who could play the organ, and it would agree with Chinese ideas for a woman to be associated alone with so many men and boys, but it would be all right for a foreign woman, so they asked Lottie to do it. She already plays the organ mornings, and I wish she didn't, so I objected, and finally it was settled that I should do it instead. The first Sunday I had no chance to practise, and my playing was rotten; last Sunday I had the numbers of the hymns given to me in the morning, and had a few minutes to practise, and it was not much better. But I got the hymns for next week, so I can practise them, and I hope to do better.

The only other thing of interest, is that we have bought the Waters' piano. It is a Henry F. Miller, and is some ten years or so old I guess, so it has had a chance to show how it will stand the climate. It doesn't sound as nice as Mother's Steinway, but it sounds pretty good to me. We had it brought down on Saturday, by eight men. The distance is probably not over 150 yards, but it is down a flight of stairs, down a hill, around many curves, and it is really not an easy road. They lashed two poles around it, and carried it by shoulder, three men on the keyboard side five on the other; they did not set it down at all. Then when they got it here they moved Page's bookcase out of the way, went into another room and moved our trunk, and the big tinlined box that probably weighs four hundred pounds, and were well satisfied with twenty cents Nep. each, and wouldn't have needed that much if the last time he piano was moved they hadn't been treated with unnecessary
EDWIN R. SMITH, D.D.S.
CANTON,
CHINA

Kakchik, October 19, 1914.

Dear Father-

You might be interested to see how I spent yesterday, rather a full Sunday. After breakfast there was an interval of some fifteen or twenty minutes, which I spent rather recklessly in finishing an essay of Matthew Arnold's which I started some time ago, dealing with the influence on their countries of such institutions as the French Academy. I think if I had known how the day was to go I might have chose something lighter. Then we went to Chinese service which consists of two parts, a prayer meeting and a preaching service. This lasted till about half past ten when we started back to the house, and on the way stopped to look at some fine big pine trees that are being attacked by the white ants; we found the situation so serious that we went right to work destroying the architecture of the insects, and then pouring kerosene on the place to destroy those that couldn't get away and discourage the rest from returning. By the time that was finished it was time to start for English service, and I don't like to miss that; but Lottie had decided to stay at home. So I started off. The service was Anglican, with a good sermon, followed by the communion service, and it was after one o'clock when I got home. Usually Sunday School does not begin till 2.30 but this day they had a special meeting at which Dr. Ashmore explained to the Chinese the causes of the war, and what it involved, and then there was prayer. This was at two. And we had to hurry in order to get to it, because I had to practice the hymns for Sunday School. I only had about five minutes to practice and we were a little late at that. Then after this was the Sunday School and when I got home for tea, it was nearly after four,
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Dear Mother:

I am reading now some of your letters which have recently arrived, and I am pleased to come again to your account of meeting Miss Safford and what she said about our compound. M. Foster is here so her surprise that he would not come was not verified. In regard to the Matchans and the Pages, we are not yet informed. The taking off of the Minnesota was the cause of a big throng. Mr. Berman was at Miss Bally's and Mr. and Mrs. Matchan with 2 children were all coming over on her this last trip, and the Pages were expecting to come next trip. Just a few days before she was due to sail, she was apparently sold. Mr. Adler was not asleep at the switch as the Board apparently were, and he engaged passage on other boats (of course there were East & West China missionaries besides those above mentioned). By the time the Board realized the situation and wired Adler to make other arrangements it was too late — except that Adler had already made the arrangements. They then amounted to all the missionaries they could. I don't know how many they got for our China. Berman was the only one they got for us. They caught him at Butte Mont. on his way to Seattle bound to take the Minnesota and he had to buy another ticket from there to SF. The boat he came out on had about 250 1st class and 2 more missionaries. M. Foster came shortly afterwards, as soon as the Pages & Mr. S's haven't been heard from.

About Miss Bally it is a different story. Someone got a letter from her that the Board was not sending out her or anyone else. There was considerable surprise and of feeling that the Board was acting for foolishness and they promptly sent a cable gram to the Board saying, "Spare Edith Bally" no one dissenting but the Fieldvets and Baker. As it was at a time that was not very explicit let me try again.
The letter from Miss Bully was read at the prayer meeting and someone suggested a cablegram. Many voices were loudly and vigorously raised in approval. But all were discussing the question whether Miss Bully ought to be detained or not. And I quite agreed with the rest that as far as we can tell it is perfectly safe. But no one discussed what effect the cablegram would have on the Board, and I am still a little dubious on that point. However as almost every one present spoke loudly in its favor, it was so clearly the will of the majority that I didn't say anything against it. Mr. Ashmore looked up codes the next day and couldn't make anything so decided the cablegram, signed Selby Bully was the best he could do and sent it around for approval. Everyone else approved, so I merely noted on the note that I didn't approve of sending anything.

Mr. Ashmore explained to me afterwards that the Board would interpret that as meaning that as far as things at this end are concerned they need not be afraid to send her out. They will so interpret. We hear that Chai Shuma also cabled to send along their women also.

It makes one feel a little overwhelmed to be in a situation like this. Bully was merely a little dubious as to the effect the cablegram might have on the Board. All the rest were loudly and vigorously in favor of the cablegram. Lottie and I are not skilled in the use of loud argument, and have little liking for it. And the meeting in question was not a formal one with a moderator, but a very informal one where there were several anxious to speak at once and the loudest one sometimes had the best chance of getting heard. You have to use loud and forceful discourse with the Chinese because they are so hard-headed that it requires a good deal of pounding to make an idea. After one has done that kind of work ten years or so, he or she has a naturally powerful disposition, and a powerful voice. The result is apt to be overwhelming.

For instance Lottie and I were crossing
the bay with two single ladies and got to
talking about country beds. All the men
brought put their bedding in baskets. Evidently
the men then wrap it in folded paper & straw
everynight. Evidently there has
been some discussion about whether the
Chinese ever sleep in a foreigner bed or
not and these ladies believe "not". That
is under the circumstances, I brought up the
question of the necessity of locking up the bed
and they started to enlighten me. If for all
they were doing was assuring me that on country
trips there was no longer in having the bed
not locked up. But anyone a little distance
off might have imagined that they were English
ladies and I had hinted that perhaps England
was responsible for the war. We were just
on our way back from attending Shanghai
Convention where they had been in constant
discussion with Chinese for several days and
they forgot that they needn't talk so loud
to convince me.

All this has a direct bearing on my attitude
on the Central China question. Hattie and I
apparently stand alone on that. The other three
who came out at that time may or may not
agree with us, but at any rate it is as individuals
and they don't appear in the discussions to
any extent. Only one (Mr. Hill) is on the
commission now anyway. And I take it the
women don't discuss the matter much except
when they are with the men.

But I run into a discussion of it every
once in a while. And here is the situation:
Mr. Foster and Mr. Speicher have been up to
Hanyang on a commission to consider the
matter. Mr. Greenback was on another. Mr. Wason
was on the committee that went up to the final
committee last fall. And all have diligently
circulated their views. Adams is the son
of the founder of the Hanyang mission and
as such has personal and sentimental
reasons for objecting to closing the
mission and those feelings have fermented
This mission at this point I will say that Adams has been fine about it and done his best to make as little trouble as possible for anyone. Old Mr. Adams evidently was a kindred spirit to Old Dr. Blanche who put his stamp on the mission and whose son is now senior member. The fact that the East China mission is in favor of closing the Hangyang work, has an important influence, for there is no disguising the fact that all the South China missionaries who have been more than a year on the field highly disapprove of the policies and methods of the East China mission. Barman, the new recruit was a college friend of freight business. That is the situation at this end.

At Hangyang there are several factors. Ernest Burton is one of those who have strongly advocated closing the Hangyang work, and his influence with the Board has had new great weight. He is a Chicago divinity school man and the orthodox sects here mission highly disapprove of C.S. (and I take it of C.S. as well). I have a very high regard for Mr. Burton's judgment. I spent some three weeks at Hangyang. The rest of this mission believe he spent it in such a way as to earn nothing useful about the work. I don't.

Alf Huntley is now senior missionary and his wife came out on the boat with us. I am not in a position to know whether he is lazy or people there are, but I lived in fairly close contact with him for a month and have a high opinion of him personally. People here have not. And they put a large share of the "murder" in the E.C. mission on his shoulders. Assigning motives that I cannot assign. Evidently there has been feeling between Huntley and the Adams who say the way are known to have been hard people to get on with.

But the Blank Son is at Hangyang now, helping Huntley. He came out on the boat with us, and the crew on deck were next to ours all the way. We were together most of the time. I should say, and quite intimate. I do not think he is a remarkably able and efficient missionary. I do not think his judgment is
moral. I hope that they will let it go higher than the rest of the mission do. And for his personal qualities I have the highest respect.

But when he was unable to return to West China, and considered asking to be transferred here, but finally decided not to—why, badly as we need workers. I heard no expression of disappointment at his decision except from myself.

Louis Azageri Gould who has been writing home from Harriyong is an old gentleman almost ready to enter into his second childhood. He was around the hotel where we stayed at Los Angeles and everyone I heard speak about it considered him a nuisance. Of his judgment I have no respect whatever. But his clerk wrote me that he had pointed out to Gould that his efforts could produce only harm—not good—and he said he didn't care. He was going to keep on agitating anyhow.

The Judson party was at Harriyong and some of them held pronounced idea about closing the mission. Excluding Mr. Safford— and Mr. Sanders who did not join in their views the I am not sure exactly what his were— the combined judgment of the rest was that as less valuable than that of Burton. And Latimer pointed out to me that the total number of hours spent by the number of the Judson party at Harriyong, added up to a number less than that which Burton spent there.

So for the Grand Mogul all good child, I think it is sufficient to pay for his judgment that I heard him say that he would as soon send his son to Hell as to Yale and that instead he sent him to a college which gives a thoroughly first-class education.

John B. Weston University

Well from all that you can see that I am likely to differ on several points from the rest of the Mission and God. The day we landed Mrs. Bohmert told me about how the Board were going to close Beitchu China and how South China was a unit in opposition to it.
Well, I think the opposition is chiefly along the lines: 1. the Hunan work is splendid and ought to be kept up for its own sake. 2. there has been so much life put into the Hunan mission that it ought to be kept up. In regard to the first I have not the data necessary to decide. I can only weigh those who held the opposing views. The second argument when analyzed seems to me to have only the practical weight of this. "The Adams family would feel as sorry to have the foot work cease that it ought to be kept alive so that they might have the satisfaction of seeing their father's work flourish." Of course this has a large sentimental value. At these are lots of aborts, and they all want the missionaries.

3. Closing Hunan seems to involve transferring the Canadian Baptists there to some other Board. Sperber in his famous fiery article assumes that the Board were going to hang over those Chinese with or without their consent. This I consider unwarranted and unfair to assume. It is not quite clear here what the Board intends but I believe they are sincere in saying that they never assumed that they had the right to hang over Chinese Christians without their consent to anyone. However other plans are considered. Helping them to self-support, independence, handing them over for lay Baptists under some other Board, handing the Southern Baptists or the Canadian Baptists take them over. However none of these plans have any immediate prospect of being carried out. And the mission here still feels that closing the work at Hunan is involved "Handing over the Chinese Christians at Hunan to the Red Bapists." And they strongly oppose this.

One other factor. When the Mission men met at Hunan last fall, I think they included Daniels, a man from West China, one from East China. Only Hurstly & Joe Foster who were coming back from America. Hurstly and Foster took the lead because they had been with the Board. The Mission here think Hurstly wanted General China closed so that he...
might he transferred to a better place they
think Taylor had a special motive for
endearing the Board's action in closing
central china in order that at his share
of the spoils he might take one of the
men who was studying language in
preparation for Hanyang. To go out to west
china with him. I know we were with
Taylor in Southern China as well as in the
Bols I know him somewhat. I simply
do not believe that he would work to cut off
a work that ought to be happy going.
simply in order to get another man for his
school: and I don't believe the missionaries
here believe it if they analyzed their views:
it out of the question and they know it. But
what I started to tell about him was
this: In west china all the missionaries are
working to make a real union so that
there will be just one New Testament
church in all China province. They claim, and
rightly that a Baptist and a Methodist
church in that province, cut off as it is,
are more close to each other. Two a Baptist
church there and one two or three months
down the river where the nearest ones are to
be found. And if a Baptist goes to a
village where there is only a Methodist
church, and is not permitted to join he is
pretty likely to relapse into heathenism.
so they are working for an interchange of
members. Again there is the "Union," con-
sidering the fact that we sometimes attend
and occasionally preach at the English
service the E.P. holds. We have a union
prayer meeting with them once a month, and
are the considering having union medical
work with them. But there we differ stig-
ificantly. Now Joe Taylor is one of those
who were active in the meeting at Hanyang.
He didn't feel any great grief at the
prospect of Chinese Christians having to
unite with Methodists or London Mission
undenominational. But the people here
felt quite strongly about it.

On the first argument that the
Hanyang work is successful and ought to be
kept open for it own sake, I have little
knowledge. The people here have the testimony of Greenback, Foster, Speck, Waters, who have been there on commission and Adams who has lived there. And it would be an invincible task for me to reject their testimony on the strength of that of Burton of Chicago and Franklin of the Board, the Board itself and some of the East China Mission. But I have to do it. I think Speck is too strong a Baptist to be unimpressed, and much as I like Mr. Foster I don't place a very high estimate on his judgment in a matter of this kind. That would leave me the alternative of believing that the Board were well advised in deciding to discontinue the work or of believing that they were making a great mistake — on the testimony of 27 men who have been there and several others who know all about it. The testimony of Gould & Goodchild I consider an argument for the opposite side.

I must close this weighty discourse now. Let me think I have wasted too much ink on it. It is intended for 1866 Southampton only — not even for the rest of the family. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas
CARTE POSTALE

片信明政郵

17 DEC 1940

MRS. JOHN HILDEBRAND
1806 Northampton st.
Coeyman, Mass.
USA
Dear Mother:

We are going to Hong Kong tomorrow and by the letter that would naturally start for IST this week and may be delayed a little. It has been a busy time since we got back from the Chowfu. I preached at the English chapel last Sunday and of course played at 55 in 17th on Monday. We went over to Sharrow to call on the Melles-Smiths from Working who were down for the day as we supposed. But we found instead that His Majesty was very anxious for wanted officers and that M's. had 5 years in the volunteers. He had asked for something for that but I had to see about it. And we have since that he is accepted and will have in a month. The sent for his face to England and had to wait here. Dr. Whyte of the mission home on it and he was also reminded of a Physician who that makes the day seem closer. It is snowing and the Hong Kong is cold. Don't you envy me? I declare.
Kakchiah, Swatow, China, Dec. 22, 19

Dear Mother;

I was going to get out another number of the Kakchiah Weekly News last week end, but haven't been able to do so yet. It really takes more time to think out things in that form and I wasn't able to get the consecutive time necessary. In fact there were three jobs that called for immediate execution last week end, the Weekly News, copying the constitution of the Conference and writing off Lottie's account of her trip to Ungkung. They all must be done at once. And the only one that is done so far is the third, which I have succeeded in sandwiching in yesterday and to-day a little at a time.

The constitution job is one that I fell heir to during the year. Last conference took several actions that changed the Constitution and appointed a committee of three to revise in accordance with the actions. Then this year's conference will discuss and perhaps adopt the revised Const. and new copies will be printed, because the old ones are about all gone. As recording secretary I was to help them by furnishing the records of conference. But one of the members died, leaving Baker and Capen. The job could not possible be finished unless all the committee were from the same place. There was no one left here at Kakcheih but Dr. Ashmore and me, so they thought I had more leisure, and put me on the committee. Then Capen had no time for the matter, so Baker and I did the work. Now I have to copy it off to send around and give the members time to look it over.

But instead of doing that I spent the week end clearing up. During a busy spell a while before My carpenter shop had got into a deplorable shape and the study was not much better. I couldn't work with any peace of mind in such surroundings, and I knew they must be fixed up before Conf. so Friday I told Dr. Mildred to take the teacher, and I spent all Friday and Saturday, except when I was helping Lottie about her afternoon tea or the
piano tuner, in fixing things. When I got thro with the carpenter shop, things looked different. I have ten baskets (lange) with good wavers, and six kengs (open baskets) filled with different kinds of brown paper, waterproof paper, etc. which ordinarily I have no need of, and which were formerly much in the way. I had previously run ropes thro between the beams and the tiles, to hoist up some of them, but the ropes always stuck, and there were other troubles. So I got the step ladder, and then made rope loops from the beams at intervals, so that I could run the hoisting ropes thro these loops. When I got thro, the ten lange, six kengs and my typo-writer box, were all safely out of the way, the room was swept and lumber stacked up more neatly, the two or three lang with things that I wanted to be able to get at, were in convenient places, and all looked as nice as could be. Then I got busy on some boxes of books that are in there, weeded out some stuff that was no good, rearranged the rest in a better system and cleared out the loose ends, and the shop was done. Later I got busy on some papers that have accumulated in the study. The root of the matter was some little clippings of a few lines that I had not been able to clasif I took a notebook and copied these in as I came # # to them; they may have to be fixed differently later, but they are not causing any bother now, and I have already had more bother handling the clippings that I had in copying them. Then I got busy on the papers that had accumulated around them, and classified them off, throwing away anything that refused to be classified. I had a wire tray for matters that needed immediate attention, and when bedtime came on Saturday the tray was full, but I had gone thro the lot, and the study was in almost perfect order and I felt happy.

Of course I hadn't spent all Friday and Saturday doing these things. I helped Lottie somewhat with her tea party on Friday afternoon. That afternoon also the piano tuner was here, and a carpenter to fix the shutters, and the latter required a good deal of attention. When we came home from tea the tuner needd some more and two women called to see him, too, and
took some more of our attention. We usually have supper about 6.30, but it was after 7.30 before we could begin, and we had at least two sets of callers during supper. When we got thro it was bedtime. Saturday morning we had some more time with the tuner, and a caller or so. Lottie and Mrs. Worley and I were going to Swatow, but finally I stayed at home to look out for things there, the tuner, the carpenter, etc, and it took most of my time till dinner time. I waited from twelve till one-thirty before I had my dinner, but Lottie didn't get back till 2.30. They had decided that they had better finish up the work while they were there, and it wasn't willing to finish promptly.

The piano tuner was a success, and so was the tea party. I guess I'll put an item about them in the next Weekly News which I hope will be issued soon. Our teacher is not going to come today, and I hope to get the Const worked off. Then maybe Lottie and I can do some work on the book-keeping, work which we have been trying for over a week to get time to do.

For Christmas we are going to have a co-operative dinner. One of the families, the one which lives alone, three days from anyone is going to be down for Christmas, but the prospect is that they will be a day late, so our Christmas dinner is arranged for the 26th. That may make it possible for Mrs. Ashmore to get back from Hong Kong in time, bringing the new recruit, and possibly bringing with her some ladies for Rangoon who may not be able to get a steamer for some days. But none of that is certain.

So if we don't have any Christmas dinner to arrange for, we may be able this year to attend both the Chinese and the English services.

The English Presbyterians have just received two new ladies, besides a family and a lady returning from furlough. Curiously the family is the parents of the lady whose husband is going to the war, and he and she are going to leave for England on the next transport.

Must close now, with much love, and wishes for a happy New Year,
Dear Mother:

I am going to look over some of your letters and see if anything needs to be answered. But what may pass of it would be polite for me to say that the "Christian World" and "Evangelist", published at Bala, have not yet appeared at Calcutta.

I have sent much enjoyment reading the literary Digests and Hindu. and have passed them on to the English Presbyterians who were doubtless glad to get a done American view of the subject.

I do you were helping the set of people and besides, were perhaps drumming the mission together when you sent these papers.

A recent letter written on one side of the sheet is much easier to read than letters written on both sides of thin paper so that the writing shows through. I hadn't realized how much difference it made.

I mustn't forget to say that we just had word that Miss Bully is to arrive in a few weeks now, and the Women's Board workers are tickled to pieces.

You must have had a fine time on your last trip. You certainly had a nice crowd.

I was interested to hear that Mr. Blaney is to marry again. I don't know the lady. I can't very much blame a missionary who has once had a wife for feeling that he can't live without one. All my wishes.

I have a good time for the clippings she sent me. And thank yourself too. I doubt if I could have understood the news without the young lady's illuminating comments.

I am glad the change of doctors did so much good for father. What will he be in the future?
Father had an exciting time getting back from Boston. You must have had your excitement. Too, finding a judge. Is Miss Ryan still in the office, and is Kelly still studying law?

I wish I could have seen Kate and imagine it would keep me busy holding Catherine on my lap as I need to.

Have you got a pastor yet? Am not sure who and if so, where and how to attend church and if so where and how to attend church.

This account of coming out in cap and gown was certainly interesting. Are you going to have a full length speech out of it in cap and gown. Well then be careful of your gown. I may want it myself later.

I'm glad you people were interested in my few feeble remarks about pentateuch. Which I should have made them more definite. There are people who know all about it but no one of them was at Shoyang where I could connect them. If you have any inquiries which I don't suppose I'll learn more you might write me. J. H. Water. She of the Board.

Are you going to the Camp Valley conference? I should be interested to hear about it if she did.

I was interested to see that Mme. Hening was to be married. She should have known the man in sorry. Her son of it is loss of $75.

I don't suppose she will get it again if they are considering O. Franklin as pastor at Park Rembke. Suppose Mr. Keyer must have left. Whither you haven't told me whether Sam Wonders was as nice as he used to be. And I don't remember you telling whether Abana's health was improved. And what he was doing, if anything. By the way, Mr. Foster certainly has it made for India. He knew him at Walkerville. And he is...
that after the Baptists ladies practically supported Dana. The academy as well as college, for him to go back to those hallowed halls (or something to that effect) and by means of B. learning virtue to try to win the Baptist students of Waterville over to Whigism as well as some other things. I leave you to judge if these arguments would be improved by some salt and less pepper or not. I also mentioned also that Dana was quite a venerable man when he entered the academy.

I wonder if Dr. Foster talked to you about Central China. If he did, should be glad to know what he said, and whether you found it convincing.

I was very glad to see the pictures of Mount Holyoke. Some day I hope to have the honor of climbing it.

It is time to close so good-bye.

I tried to figure where all the schools were that are named on this clipping. I have had lots of fun guessing at it. How many did I guess right, and where are the rest if it isn't too much bother to write.

Your loving son

[Signature]
Dear Mother;

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Well, Lewis wrote to us to come, and never said a word about being disappointed. We found out why, later on. It seems that our first letter never reached him till. Well, let me try it a different way. 1. we sent word we were coming, and the letter failed to arrive. 2. having failed to telegraph we wrote another letter, offering to come in two weeks, and Lewis said to do so. 3. letter No. 1 arrived in the morning of the day we were due, and bothered Lewis a lot because it spoke of different plans, which we didn't understand. 4. we arrived a little later, and figured what was the matter the first letter. I sent it to Mr. Ashmore, asking his steersman to take it to the book-store, to be handed to the Ungkung preacher to be delivered to Lewis. That is the way we send messages out here when we can, and it is ordinarily considered more prompt and reliable than the mail. But it missed connections this time. The letter was carried to an island on the way to Ungkung, and delivered by messenger two weeks later.

Well, when we finally left for Ungkung, it meant getting up about five in the morning, and leaving the house just after six. When we got to the jetty we had hard work to arouse any boatman, but after ten minutes or so we succeeded in embarking for the launch, which was due to leave at 7, but didn't go till 7.45. We got on board at about 6.40, and sometimes she takes a notion to leave earlier than that, so we were relieved to get aboard. We put our canvas chairs out on the deck and prepared to keep as warm as we could, for the wind was strong and cold; also I prepared to put up as good a fight as I could, for I knew that outside the bay the waves would be fine and big; and Lottie has always maintained that if one were only determined, he would not be seasick. But she says that I put up as good a fight as any man could, not only up to the first defeat, but also afterwards, for the defeats were several in number. Also she says what I couldn't know, how deathly pale I looked just before Jonah came up, and how the color came back right afterward. I don't know anything about that. I was trying to memorize radicals by number, reciting in a sing-song way, and Lottie says it was very funny to hear. It must have been. I hope I shall never be assigned to the Ungkung field. If I am I think I shall do my traveling by land.

Finally however we got into the lee of a big island, and then it was warm and calm and we ate our lunch and felt better. We were to get off at one of the way stations and take chairs which Lewis had sent to meet us, while the launch went on and discharged its passengers into a small boat which then had to make a trip of two or three hours up the river. But I was inclined to wish that we were there, when we failed to find our chairs waiting for us, because I had found out by inquiry just how hard it was to make any arrangements at that place. But the chapel people found the chairs for us, and we got under way, only to find that one of the chair poles broke before we were out of the village. I heard it crack before any of the chairman
did, and watched it carefully, knowing that if it broke all at once I was likely to have quite a fall, and that Miss Wither had hurt her elbow badly that way? But it broke gradually and the chairmen had the chairs way down to the ground when the pole finally buckled, so I only had to put out one hand to land on gently. Then of course we had a crowd to watch us while the chairmen went for new poles. But we finally got away.

But supposing that we hadn't been able to find the chairs. There are four alternatives. Send men to the chair shop an hour or so away to call chairs; if they come back in a few hours without chairs, there you are in the middle of the afternoon still some ten miles from Unkung and a civilized bed. We were *** alone, because the boy had gone along with the baggage, and all we had was hand bags. A Chinese bed, consists of some boards covered with straw matting, *** condition of matting not specified. Second, to go to the chair shop and hope to get chairs from there on, which is a little better than the first. Third, walk to Unkung, which wouldn't scare me at home, but a ten mile walk out here is different. Fourth, hire a boat, and travel till dark. And if that storm hadn't made us decide to give up our first attempt, we should have got off at this way-station expecting to find chairs sent by Lewis; not finding them, because our letter hadn't reached Lewis, we should have had to choose. And when we got to Unkung, we should have found that no-one was expecting us, and maybe Lewis was off in the country. I'm glad we waited till the second day.

Coming back it was different. We had to get up at about the same time, but we walked down to where the lighter takes passengers for the launch, and there waited about an hour before it started. Then we traveled down thro the shallow water for an hour. It certainly was shallow. The boat was of the lightest possible draught, but they made some of the passengers get out and walk along the bank, and they kept a gang of men working ahead of the boat with a scraper digging out passages thro sand-bars. And often the men who were poling the boat had to get and lift and tug to get her across. When we reached deep water we transferred to a junk and sailed for two hours to where the steamer stops for Unkung. Usually that is the terminus, but this boat had gone on up the coast. So instead of climbing aboard, we waited nearly an hour and a half before the steamer appeared. When she did appear she was bigger and better than the one we took going up. We set out chairs just aft the deck house, leaning back against it. The waves were not very bad, so that I hardly felt uncomfortable, the sea was bright and blue, and we had a fine trip back. And before we landed Mrs. Worley's cook called across from another boat that we were invited there for supper.

And that was the beginning of a round of excitement. That was Tuesday. The piano tuner had been here, and he came back presently, and Lottie was bargaining with him till she had to go to supper. But she made her bargain all right, and he took the action of the piano over to Swatow to be fixed up. Then there was the supper and evening. Wednesday evening was prayer meeting. Thursday afternoon Lottie had to go to women's prayer meeting, and I had to work with Baker on the revision of the constitution of our conference Friday afternoon Lottie had agreed to serve tea on the lawn. She was busy all the morning and most of the afternoon getting ready. In the afternoon the piano tuner came back, and the carpenter came to fix the doors and window. Why couldn't they have come in the morning, when I could have had plenty of attention to give to them? As it was I could hardly help Lottie any with her final preparations. After the tea we came back to the tuner, and so did other people. Between tuner, callers, and notes, we didn't get thru supper till about eight-thirty. Saturday, Lottie, Mrs. Worley and I were to go to Swatow shopping. But the tuner and the carpenter came back again, Dr. Newman called, and I forgot what else, so I decided to stay and look out for the house. Lottie didn't get back for dinner till about two thirty,
and I didn't wait as long as that, but I waited till I got good and hungry, and Lottie admits that she was hungry too.

I don't just remember about Sunday, but Monday McGlashan's freight came and I went over to help him put it thro. He had twenty-five boxes, and Dr. Ashmore asked me to bring along boxes for four other people, twelve boxes in all, so that we had 37 to handle. Getting them thro the customs, and even loading them on the boat, we find it as easy to handle a large quantity as a small one; getting them carried up the hill, it is different. Well, we went over, and got the freight thro the customs all right. McGlashan had a lot of second-hand freight with his, and we expected trouble about it. There is no duty on it, but they were likely to insist on having it opened at the examination sheds. I guess I'd better explain. When we buy goods from place like Montgomery Ward & Co., the firm sends along an invoice, which means a list of the contents of those boxes, with value. The customs office looks at that list, takes it as the value of the goods, and estimates the duty on that basis. I think this way they get the value accurately, and save the bother of opening the boxes and guessing at the value. It is nicer for us, too. But we were afraid they would not take McGlashan's word that these boxes contained second-hand goods. They did, however, and we finally got the whole lot loaded into lighters. McGlashan and I both kept tabs of the boxes with different results. When we got thro he thought 24 and 25 were missing, and I knew they were O.K. I thought 8 was missing and perhaps 13, but he said they were on. Ultimately of course, we found that all had been loaded on. Usually they put the boxes on the lighter by hand, and it is easy to keep tab; but these boxes were down in the hold; they were brought up by derrick four or so at a load, most of them with the numbers inside. When put on the lighter one had to keep in mind which box is as the are separated, and get them all turned over, so as to see the numbers.

But that was easy compared with getting them up the hill. Some of the carriers were lazy to death. A carry is supposed to be at least a hundred pounds, and one box that didn't quite weigh three hundred pounds, they wanted to put six men on. The Chinese that were supposed to be helping me in the arrangements didn't make much effort to guard our interests, and so I had to stay on the job all the afternoon, to see that the carries were somewhere near reasonable. Some day I hope to be able to make a better job of it than I did. A good many carries were pretty light, but I went as near to an absolute strike as I felt competent to.

Fortunately when the boats were ready to land the tide was too low; it was just after twelve, so we landed in a small boat and had dinner, and then went back to superintend to carrying, which lasted till five thirty.

Monday evening Lottie and I worked on accounts, and that was the only evening we had till Saturday; Tuesday, making candy for Xmas; Wed. prayer meeting; Thursday, No. Monday, plans for Xmas, Tu. acts, Wed. pr. meet, Th. candy, Fr. a crowd here to sing. On Wednesday morning three ladies bound for Foochow appeared; one was a college friend of Lottie's and her brothers were classmates of mine; we kept them till Thursday afternoon; Thursday morning was somewhat taken up by preparations to go to welcome Miss Culley, but her boat didn't get in till Friday, so I had to dress in a hurry Christmas morning to go out with the crowd to meet her. Got home about eight, and had to get breakfast, and open stockings, and get to chapel at nine. English service at 10.30, but we had callers and couldn't go. After dinner Lottie was invited to go to several celebrations and I wasn't so I went up and played caramels with the McGlashan's. Saturday, we had our big dinner, postponed from Thursday so that the Bousfields might be there, because they were expected to be a day late for Xmas, and they live three days from anyone. It's too bad, but for some reason they haven't arrived yet (Mon. A.M.) However, we had a splendid dinner, and of course it took most of the morning to prepare it and most of the afternoon to eat and digest it. Turkey and plum puddin' with good sauce about like the kind you make,
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But that was easy compared with getting them up the hill. Some of the carriers were lazy to death. A carry is supposed to be at least a hundred pounds, and one box that didn't quite weigh three hundred pounds, they wanted to; put six men on. The Chinese that were supposed to be helping me in the arrangements didn't make much effort to guard our interests, and so I had to stay on the job all the afternoon, to see that the carriers were somewhere near reasonable. Some day I hope to be able to make a better job of it than I did. A good many carries were pretty light, but I went as near to an absolute strike as I felt competent to.

Fortunately when the boats were ready to land the tide was too low; it was just after twelve, so we landed in a small boat and had dinner, and then went back to superintendent to carrying, which lasted till five thirty.

Monday evening Lottie and I worked on accounts, and that was the only time we had till Saturday; Tuesday, making candy for Xmas; Wed. prayer meeting; Thursday, No. Monday, plans for Xmas, Tu. accots, Wed. pr. meet, Th. candy, Fr. a crowd here to sing. On Wednesday morning three ladies bound for Foochow appeared; one was a college friend of Lottie's and her brother's was classmate of mine; we kept them till Thursday afternoon; Thursday morning was somewhat taken up by preparations to go to welcome Miss Culley, but her boat didn't get in till Friday, so I had to dress in a hurry Christmas morning to go out with the crowd to meet her. Got home about eight, and had to get breakfast, and open stockings, and get to chapel at nine. English service at 10.30, but we had callers and couldn't go. After dinner Lottie was invited to go to several celebrations and I wasn't so I went up and played carroms with the McGlashan's. Saturday, we had our big dinner, postponed from Thursday so that the Bousfields might be there, because they were expected to be a day late for Xmas, and they live three days from anyone. It's too bad, but for some reason they haven't arrived yet (Mon. A.M.) However, we had a splendid dinner, and of course it took most of the morning to prepare it and most of the afternoon to eat and digest it. Turkey and plum pudding with good sauce about like the kind you make,
Dear Mother:

I want to thank you for that beautiful bed spread that came a few days before Xmas. I thought it wouldn't be delivered before Xmas morning, and it surely is a beauty. It kept me warm that night too—simply splendid for that.

Thank you also for the draft that you say is on the way. It hasn't arrived yet, but I doubtless will come conveniently. Of course the package was returned. There is no 20 at Rakebehbeh. But to write Rakebehbeh Swatow is like writing Elmwood Holyoke. So the is curious to know what was in that package and who should be glad if you would tell us.

Of course we had a fine Christmas. A busy one as the enclosure will hint.

I have spent the whole day just in writing to you, reading the mail that came in, and being interrupted. It's almost nine o'clock now. With you all a Merry Xmas.

Affectionately,

Edison
Dear Mother:

I want to tell you about the trip that I took this last week end with Dr. J. M. Foster. We left here at eleven on Friday and went by steamer to Swatow in a small boat and took the launch for Kityang. It goes by the name of Launch kere, but it is really quite a sizeable steamboat, at least some feet long! It is sixty miles to Kityang, and the trip takes from three to five hours. The launch costs the enormous sum of 20 cents, Mexican, or one American dime. Two of the ladies from the station here were going up to Kityang to visit Dr. Edythe Bacon who is there alone in charge of the Women's Hospital. I say alone because, although Dr. Foster is supposed to be in residence there, he is away visiting the stations on the field practically all the time, and Mrs. Foster is in the States with the children, who are in school.

At present, Dr. Foster is at Swatow, taking the work of teaching in the Theological Seminary which Dr. Ashmore regularly does, while Dr. Ashmore is in Burma representing this mission at the Judson Centennial, so that Dr. Bacon is alone a great deal of the time. Miss Northcott, who came out with us, is expected to go to Kityang to help her, being a trained nurse, and she was one of the ladies who went up with us. We had a four-course lunch together, and then Dr. Foster taking pains not to forget to say grace beforehand, because that is one of the great marks that distinguish between a Christian and a heathen! Then Dr. Foster and I went around selling some of the literature that the Chinese Baptist Publication Society is getting.

That was one of the most interesting experiences that I have had for a long time! He had a big calendar, printed in Chinese on a sheet of paper about the size of the picture rolls that they have in Sunday School at home; in the middle was a picture of some Chinese Pheasants (not pheasants) that was to attract the eye of the Chinese to the cathedral with the dates printed on it, according to the old Chinese plan, and according to the European plan, side by side; that was for a talking point, to sell the calendar; the rest of the calendar was filled with Bible pictures and teaching. Then he had a little sheet with a colored picture, and some Christian teaching on it, and some pamphlets. He kept up a constant stream of Chi kai si (This one is), which prefaced not only the much reiterated description of the literature, but also the much vaunted low prices, varied occasionally by "long tsong, ji tsap si" (everything two tens four) meaning that the whole could be had for the small sum of twenty-four cash, or two and four-tenths cents. I simply stood by and held the surplus supply, and took it all in. He sold twenty sets, which means a good deal of satisfaction of gospel teaching, and I noticed that those who had invested went right to work getting their money's worth of literature. One of the pamphlets was written by a Chinaman telling of his conversion and he has had letters from two hundred, telling how they were converted by the reading of the pamphlet. It is a good thing to scatter that kind of seed.

We got to Kityang about four o'clock, and Dr. Foster was full of business, seeing people from the school, the churches, and everywhere. We took dinner with Dr. Bacon, and had a most enjoyable time. The chief dish was roast goose. Doesn't that sound expensive. It happens, however, that the wild geese live here all winter, and this goose was a present from some Chinese who had been smart enough to catch one. At about ten o'clock that night we got into a native boat and started up the river on the incoming tide. I wish you could see the boat. Externally it is modeled exactly on the lines of a duck, so that it goes smoothly through the water, and like the old Mississippi River steamers, will almost sail on a heavy breeze. It is rough and unpainted, but it is built for service. Over the middle of the boat is a round canopy of woven bamboo straw, on bamboo frames. Under that the boy had spread our mattresses and bed clothing, side by side, crosswise of the boat, and we went to sleep while the boatmen rowed along! A thin mattress on a piece of matting, on some boards is not the softest thing in the world but we put in a good night's rest. When I work up in the morning the boat was tied up by the bank in a sheltered place; evidently the boatmen had gone along to the head of tide water, and then tied up and gone to bed. Presently they began to put forth strength
as the Chinese say, the boat began to move, and we began to notice a change in the weather. Under the lee of the bank it was beautifully sheltered; when we went out into the stream we noticed that a sharp north wind had sprung up, and the longer we went the more we noticed it! When the boatmen tied up to eat their breakfast, we took advantage of the lull to get up and dress, and put on everything in the way of clothes that we could find. I had a heavy oilskin slicker and a heavy suit under it, and there is very seldom enough wind to pierce thru this slicker, but there was on Saturday, and final I went to bed until breakfast time, and so did Dr. Foster. After breakfast we went to bed again till lunch, and after lunch we went to bed again till we got to Mountain Lake village our destination. That is spelled suan ou and the little n is a hint that the first syllable is pronounced thru the nose. Perhaps the English of it would be swah or, and the Chines of it is conversation and sleeping, and we made

When we arrived at Mountain Lake the pastor was down at the river bank to meet us, but I mustn’t forget to tell about the boat journey. At first the boatmen rowed standing up, one at the bow, the other at the stern, pushing forward on a long oar, and the one at the stern holding the rudder with his left hand; that was while we were going with the tide. But when we started out the next morning, we had to go up river against the current, and they poled the boat. Just off of our little cabin there was deep space about ten feet long, and each man would go to the forward end, stick his pole in the mud and walk pushing as he went. If the pushing was hard, they walked together and as they walked forward again, the boat lost a little; if easy pushing they did it alternately, and kept her moving all the time. Occasionally it was so shallow that this would not work and the man in the bow would step overboard and pull the boat along till the going got better that is part of his work, as much as steering is part of the other's. To one used to boats with keels and rough hard mud this seems very strange, but Chinese boats are made so that they can slide easily, and this mud that we have here is so soft and slippery, that if the boat gets on a sand bar they think nothing of it they simply pull her off. This morning I watched three men with poles work a boat thirty or forty feet long over the mud a hundred feet or so, and they seemed to have very little difficulty.

Well, as I said, the pastor was there to meet us, and we started up toward the chapel leaving all the baggage for the "boy" to look out for and see that it was brought up. When we got part way there we were met by a cavalcade of boys led by a Chinese teacher. Obviously they had come down to meet us, and after we had passed them, they turned and escorted us all the way back to the chapel. I found that the church has a school with over a hundred boys in it, and most of them are direct from heathen homes. They gathered at the sound of a whistle blown by the principal, and sang half a dozen Christian hymns for our entertainment. I won’t say that they sang them well, but that I could recognize the tune was remarkable. They have no musical instrument to go by; nothing except the tune a sung for them by the leader whose voice was probably no one too true and his ear none too keen to catch the exact tune, and the lusty way in which the high voices of the small boys ring out, is enough to drown any attempts anyone may make to get them on the key. Nothing but a cornet will really hold the Chinese on the tune, and I wish I knew how to play one. These same heathen boys gave us another exhibition Sunday morning, when they sat from about 9:45 to 1:30m with just a fifteen minute recess. And they wriggled mighty little too; less than adults would have done, in the tates.

Presently the entertainment was over, and some old men came up and talked to Dr. Foster, one of them used to be Mrs. Water's teacher. He is over seventy, but he is as spry as a man of fifty-five. And he used to be a confirmed drunkard and opium smoker at that. Then we went out for a walk thru the fields and had a little difficulty in getting back in the dark, but we got home all right, and then sat around and talked and wondered at least I did) why the "boy" didn’t come and announce supper. But after I was good and cold and hungry I found out the reason; the Chinese had been preparing a feast for us. I wish you could see a Chinese feast. Dr. Foster and I sat down by a square table, with two Chinese at each side but one, where sat the man who poured the tea, and as he was a busy individual, he needed more room than the rest of us,
First, Dr. Foster asked the blessing. Then
the chief guest, or host, who sat opposite me picked up a pair of chop sticks and
adjusted them for use, and we all followed suit. Then he said "Chhia" pronounced in
that same nasal manner, which means invite, of please, and we all tried to see what we could
get out of the dish. I had been initiated to the mysteries of chop sticks once before,
and got on pretty well, but those chop sticks were square at the upper end, to keep them
from turning in your grasp; these were rounded, and when I got hold of a morsel, would
turn just enough to let it get away; so that it took me two or three courses to get so
that I was reasonably sure of getting something at every try. It really isn't difficult
to eat with chop sticks; the food is all cut and in the right shape to be easy to grasp,
and when you know how to take hold of the chop sticks it is pretty easy. To eat peas
or even salad with a fork is a much more difficult feat.

Well we all took one morsel and ate it, and then laid down the chop sticks and talked
at least the rest of them did. Then the tea man filled our cups, the host said Chhia again
and we drank the tea, and talked more. The cup was without a handle, and
a little bigger than an individual communion cup. In fact at the communion service the
next day they used exactly the same kind of cup, and it really more appropriate than
our American individual cup, the like of which never was used for real drinking, but
is only an arbitrary symbol. Well any way, then we were invited to take another morsel
with the chopsticks, laid them down and talked, had the cups refilled, then "Chhia"
again and drank the tea, and so on indefinitely. A Chinese feast is emphatically a
course dinner. I suppose we ate six or eight mouthfuls of each course except one,
which chews like India rubber and tastes like dead fish. Fortunately if you get a bone
or gristle or anything that you don't like, you simply throw it on the floor, which is
of tile, and isn't injured by the process, and usually that means a feast for the dogs.

That's one of the things that remind me of Bible customs. If your tea
gets too strong, or full of leaves, or anything, you throw it out on the floor, too.
But that one dish was the only one that I didn't like, altho all of them
were different from anything that I had ever tasted, even in a chowsuey restaurant.
One of the dishes was fish cooked with ginger. Another was something like sweet pota-
toes cooked in brown sugar, only the flavor was entirely different. One contained
beef and onionsm two or three had chicken, and all were copiously outfitted with gravy.
Part of the etiquette consisted in eating gravy with a porcelain spoon that is flat on
the bottom so that it will stay firm when you set it down. There were about eight
courses, ending with rice. By the time they had reached the rice, I had eaten a good
supper, altho afternoon tea had been omitted, and I only ate a few mouthfuls. But the
chimnens each ate a good bowlful of rice, with samples of the last course for dressing
and some went back for more. Then we adjourned to the pastor's room where we drank tea
and talked for some time, and then we turned in.

Sleeping in a chapel is a regular part of a missionary's routine. If the chapel
is clean and well ventilated, and free from smells, as this was, it is very pleasant
we had cots, consisting of canvas stretched between poles, resting on "saw horses",
A small but efficient mattress is laid on the canvas, and the bed is made up, and wove
and you are fenced in with mosquito netting, for obvious reasons.
I spread my blanket over the bedclothes as an additional protection against the wind,
and the next thing that I knew was Dr. Foster calling me to get up. You can imagine
that I was glad to find the sun shining, and no wind blowing.

Skipping over the intermediate details, in due time the second service was begun
and I was the preacher. It is quite an experience to preach thru an interruptor,
my biggest difficulty was not to lose my trend of thought in listening for familiar
words and trying to figure out how he was putting my sentences. Almost always the
interpreter has to go around Robin Hood's barn in order to be able to express the
thought in Chinese at all, and when the Judson party was here, one of the men in
and address gave several sentences that simply could not be expressed in Chinese
at all. #immer.
Dear Mother;

The other day we had an incident that is somewhat typical of the joys of practising medicine in China. A woman came to the house about 6.45 saying to our servants that a child had fallen into the water and was fast about to die. The boy came and told us in Haklo, asking Dr. Mildred Scott to go. If we had thought we would have asked right then when it happened, and saved some distress and difficulty, because our servants are bilingual. But we didn’t think till later. So we started off, and the village turned out to be about three quarters of a mile away. I only had to walk fast most of the time, and it was easy to keep up, but Dr. Mildred wasn’t in good training, and she went on a dog trot, so that she puffed most alarmingly, and part of the time I walked ahead of her on purpose to keep her from going too fast; on these narrow paths thro the rice fields, there isn’t room to pass very well. We had to cross the river once, and there was no bridge, so I carried her across, which was no trouble. When we got to the village, the women relatives were making a dreadful noise lamenting. We took the child, a boy of about four or five, and I held him up by the heels, while she made artificial respiration. We kept this up, varying the position for some twenty minutes, before asking when the accident had occurred. In the meantime I had found that one of the women #2 still had her wits and by trying a few haklo phrases for "be quiet" I found one that they could understand, and this woman succeeded in getting the crowd comparatively quiet. Then we asked what time the accident occurred and after a while found that it was a little after four, so that it was nearly three hours previous. It took a long time to make sure of this, because I had only the barest smattering of Hakka, and they the barest smattering, if anything at all, of Haklo. But we finally agreed on a few phrases that we could communicate with, and then got the facts. In the meantime there was no indication of a heart beat, and the boys lips were all black. Parts of his body were warm, where his mother had been holding him close, but therest was cold. We kept up the work.
a while longer, and then resigned. Then the father wanted us to come in and sit down, and have a cup of tea, but I told him it was supper time (I knew that phrase), so we bade them farewell. Now why didn't they come for the doctor right away, when it might have done some good, instead of waiting till it was practically hopeless? Well that is the Chinese of it; the real genuine, heathen Chinese will exhaust every possibility before they appeal to the foreign doctor, and then of course it is much harder for him, than if they called him in early. When we quit working, we got out as quickly as possible; not knowing Hakka, there wasn't anything we could do except make polite gestures, and say good-bye, in Hakka which is near enough to be understood.

We have been having quite a time with our bridge. Of course there is a river running thro this valley. When the weather is fair, it only runs a nice gentle little stream, but when it rains in the hills up above, the river rises rapidly. The other day I was going across to go up on the hill with Dr. Lesher, so I took off my shoes and stockings and waded across; the water was just above my knees. Presently Dr. Mildred wanted to go across to go calling, so I told her I would carry her across, and I waded back; the water was then almost up to my hips. We talked a while, and she decided not to go, so I started back, and found then that the water had begun to flow so swifly that I couldn't hold my footing on the stones of the bottom in my bare feet, so I had to have Lesher throw my shoes across to me. Of course these mountain streams go down when it stops raining, about as rapidly as they rise, and later that afternoon I helped some girls who had been calling on the other side, to cross back. Also I saw where a man and a woman came along with a burden. He carried across his burden and laid it down, then went back and took hers took her hand and led her across. The burden held him down to the bottom, and he could hold her from being carried away. The water wasn't too deep, but it was too swift for her light weight. Three boys who had been herding cows came along. The cows didn't mind the extra
water, but the boys did. So a man came along, and took hold of them by the
wrists, two wrists in one hand, one on the other, and led them across.

Well in such times as this, our bridge doesn't work. It is simply
three or four long planks fastened together side by side. #/#/#/#/#
they used to have a bridge with piers, close to this house, and several
of these wood sections, but the piers are gone now. So one of these, which
had been kept over at the chapel for some reason, was put across a narrow
place in the river under the direction of one of the E.P. missionaries. It
is about 100 yards below our house about 40 yards from the house where two
young ladies of the E.P. missionaries are living. They looked out for the bridge
for a while until the fact came to light that the bridge belonged to this
house, so we have been looking out for it since. At first, every time the
river rose, the bridge would float away, and then the ladies' servants would
catch it and lead it back. But one day we decided to hitch the bridge by
a rope to a tree stump near by. The next time the river rose, it just broke
the rope and soon we saw the bridge way down the line. We sent our boys
after it, and they went about a mile, but couldn't find it. I don't know
what happened to it, unless someone fished it out of the river and carried
it away. Anyway, it was up to us to get a new bridge, so when the weather
cleared, I had my servants carry down another section that was at this house,
and then we drove a stake into the ground, and wired the bridge to it. That
brings it at a place where the strain will be less, and we hope we shan't
lose this one, but when I think the river is going to be high, I think I
shall have the bridge moved on to higher ground.

I expect that such a time will come soon. Apparently we are having, or
are going to have a typhoon. Yesterday the north wind blew hard all day
long. In the evening we had the most lurid threatening colors in the sky,
and the wind blew viciously all the night that I knew anything about it.
They say that you ordinarily get three days' warning before a typhoon,
and I have never been in one before, so we don't know whether it is going
to be
to blow any harder or not. I would just as soon it wouldn't. Last night at Lottie's desire both windows were closed to windward, and you have to know Lottie to know how much that means. We had plenty of ventilation, tho', thro' the cracks and broken panes. The wind shook down dirt from the inside of the roof, all over everything, and made enough noise to disturb my slumbers somewhat, and I guess I slept a good deal more than the three women of the house did. To-day it is rainy, and I expect the river to rise; Mrs. Giffin said it rained in the night, and the river was roaring, but the bridge was still in place this morning, so I guess it wasn't bad.

Later. The bridge didn't go out that time, but we had a big storm later, in which the river rose so that it was within a foot of the banks, and I went down at 2 A.M in a terribly keen rain to see if I could do anything to save the bridge from being washed away. It was tied to a stake in the ground, but the stake was several feet under water. If I could have reached the bridge, I could have tied it to the bushes on the bank, but it was way out in the water, which was coming down furiously; so I went back, and had rather a bad time getting back to the house. I never expected to see the bridge again, but in the morning it was still in place, for the stake had held.

Dear Mother, Lottie did the same thing to this letter as to the last i.e. took one copy to send to someone else and happened to get the original that I wrote for you, instead of a carbon. That explains why the other sides of this letter were written for you.

Everything is lovely today. The sun shines bright, as it did yesterday also. We are glad that it has been fair each Sunday, even the last week it rained from Monday night till Saturday and the week before we had three days of rain.

The messenger is going soon. As I can't write more as I hoped to. Yours of love to all the family.

E. L. 

[Signature]
Alice F. asks:
I don't think I have written any about Japan and its almost ancient history now, but I'll tell what I remember. The night before we reached Yokohama was the captain's dinner. He wasn't there—she never is, because on approaching port he has to be on the bridge—but there had a fine time. The dining room was decorated with all flags, various tissue paper decorations and a whole raft of decorations such as we have at Xmas. Made very gay decorated curves in my elegant illustration being tissue paper that opens like a fan. So the whole can be reused up again. If that isn't a definite enough description—well it was for anyway. Inside the house we are approaching Matsumoto where we are due tomorrow. Today is the day to celebrate the emperor's birthday and similar preparations are being made for dinner to-night. The emperor was born in August, but it is not then and several cent in session, so they changed his birthday to Oct. 31.

Well at the captain's dinner we had a fine feed. From oysters and turkey down. Almost place was a bon. boy who burned the place of the owner, even if the owner got a one else to pile it off for her. But became a beautiful tissue paper lamp and I think every one put his in hers on including fat red Bob. Take the "sawanor duchess" (widow of a wealthy butcher) and myself to name a few of those to whom the papers were least becoming. Then there were long coils of paper to be thrown, and then piles thousands, occasionally one or two times. They would collect a large handful of such papers (all loose, of course) and throw them at some friend. One man took red shoe laces, etc. and made a beautiful bouquet which he sent to a friend. A girl made a doll out of some of the paper and I didn't get a good view of that. Altogether we had a fine time of it.
The next morning we had to be at 6:30 for medical inspection, but all it amounted to was that they led us into the dining room and kept us there til 8:30. First class passengers were in and the count was full, then released us.

At Kobe and Nagasaki they got us up in the morning in time for the medical inspection but none was held. That matter rests in the discretion of the medical officer of the port. They favor Japanese lines when they can. The Pacific Nile being an American line isn't able to get such favors for its passengers. Which leads me to say that we have a very much better time than if we had come by the Pacific Mail, as was at first intended. American shipping laws are intended to secure a living wage and decent living conditions for American seamen, which they do with moderate success where they apply.

Only American ships can trade between American ports: they are subject to American law, so expenses are high, and freights are less, and their competition thins the railroads less than might otherwise be. But in trade with other nations which the laws of the nation under which the ships are registered apply, they don't insist on such wages or such living conditions, so expenses are lower and the American ship can't compete that is what they mean by saying that our flag is being driven off the road.

If an American wants a vessel under the American flag he must buy her in America, and the looks more than a foreign built ship. Then he must go to more expense for operation. A neighbor can buy a foreign built ship and fly her under foreign flag cheaper to ship and cheaper to operate; and this is only disadvantage is that he can't trade between American ports. They tell me that if the Pacific Mail didn't break the law by employing Oriental crews it couldn't aim at all. Apparently the officials think it better to sap them to put the line out of business. That really is protecting the
American shipowner, rather than the American seaman. They this Japanese line on which we are travelling gets a large subsidy from the government. The Pacific Mail doesn't, and has to practice various economies to do it. Of course the faster you go the more coal per mile it takes. If we get late for any reason, they agree here and make it up, so we were always on time. The Pacific Mail has to be economical with its coal. Their ship Siberia was 57 days in more weather, and couldn't afford the code necessary to maintain speed or to make up lost time. This company can be generous in lots of ways, and still make a handsome profit. The Pacific Mail is not much of a paying proposition. The current gossip is that it is going to sell out to the North German Lloyd, this year or next. In that case they can go practically anywhere on the North Pacific. They are subsidized, of course.

This is another feature. Saturday afternoon we passed off the U.S. Army Transport Pogan. We got to Honolulu about daylight Monday. She got there about sunset Monday. The U.S. is the only nation I know of that maintains transports. They are expensive in time of peace, slow in time of war. The subsidy that this line receive is an condition that in time of war the ships may be drafted for transports. They thus have good passenger service in peace and good transport in war. It seems to me that the demand for a subsidy is not entirely a good; grab at the loot of the shipbuilding trust, as some of the papers so constantly say.

Well, we went back to Yokohama. We saw Fushimi from the bay and that is a little amusement. We met some folks in Tokyo that afternoon who had been there six weeks and were very much excited because that day they had finally seen it
Later in the day, in fact, than we did. The next day when we left Yokohama it was hidden in the mist as usual, but all the afternoon as we went around the island toward Kobe it was visible. The mountain was really a beautiful mountain, it is a volcano, of course, and that's why it's sacred. All the other mountains are just heaps of earth, but Mt. Hiei definitely has the volcano shape that you see represented in all the Japanese pictures.

They do have some mountains in Japan all right. The country just stands on end. Only 1/4 of the land is under cultivation and yet they work every inch possible. The rest is too steep or too rocky. They terrace the earth and build it in place where it can't be steep. Japan has something like the area of Switzerland, and I think it has about 50 or 60 millions—something like the density of population of England. But it doesn't begin to have the fertile land that England does, and of course England doesn't pretend to live by agriculture and Japan does largely.

One of the first things we saw was a man in a sampan (natives boat) sculling around by the side of the steamer, pushing up in the net things that went through abreast. He would pull up a space, then seize the handle of his net, pull the things out and stuff them on some more things were dropped by. We saw him pick up ten or twenty nuts, parrots, boxes, fruit, tin cans, all kinds of such things. It is a cheap way to make a living. The people have to do something of the coal or cigarette. She didn't mention that their pay is 20 sen per day, which amounts to 40 cents American. The missionary from West Phin - that skilled labor there is cheaper than unskilled in Japan for 7 or 8 per day he can hire a carpenter who can make a joint almost invisible.
Dear Mother,

I'm very glad to get your letter of Oct 6. the first since we left that state. I was too glad of Jannie to have any harm. I hope it didn't meet you. I suppose it didn't. You certainly had some bargains at that auction.

If the combination suit means a union suit, you might send it out when you are sending some other stuff. (Handly by mail however) if it's the right size. I sweated 100 £ or Welton Bros. but I can wear them a little smaller.

I am enclosing a list. I thought I had already sent you a copy of it and if I did please disregard this. But this is the first that you have received. I should like to send a copy to each of these. and the next to me.

I wish you all a Merry Xmas. I have felt a little lousy about the subject of present all summer but I have gone over the ground several times and each time we came to the conclusion that we had arranged for every one. If you observe anyone that hasn't received from us. And you are surprised over it please let me know. In my next letter I feel I should send you a complete list of the present I intended to give.

I feel more ambitious now. It's Saturday and there are no classes but I spent the whole morning studying Chinese by myself. And I'm going to play tennis with you this afternoon.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
A sheet of scrap paper on which shows a little how it work