Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Folder label: ESH to John and Kate Hildreth (parents), from Chaochowfu, Tientsin, Thaiphong

Dates: 1918-1924

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Dear Mother:

The last letter I wrote you said that I might perhaps be coming for June in 1920. I do not know if you were really excited about that, but I might have written more then. But the idea was not quite certain, so I wanted to tell you the rest. I know you will be still more excited. The fact is that the (not?) is coming to America this summer and that is why I have written to let me come home now. And the reason she is coming now is because we are expecting the arrival of a little one this summer and everyone has the want to get a little ready for that occasion. I am sure, because there is no one to take charge of the food and especially of the fruit. "I will return as I get a little color" if I ever get a chance to return. In 1920-21 several members of our mission are due to have future all at once, and some others in 19-22. But if all those now on future return this fall there won't be houses left to set everyone in. We were talking about that at a committee meeting a little before conference, and the suggestion was made that Davis, the man who appears to have no house this fall, on account of the coming of the future, might be able to have one. The community would have to be open to this, but the idea was not seriously considered. Among others I heard that when I was considering I would not want to use my full term was it - one can get to be a little done in a full term anyway. But when I was telling to the above this on return of the city after committee
Affie and I feel very strongly that we have been quieted by God in all this. First the actual fact is entirely unexpected, and all our previous experience would lead us to think it is unlikely. When the question became involved so that Affie could now get a passage without being separated, and on a year's leave without knowing whether passage could be got at all, the book gave us choice of the Empress of Asia, June 61, and 3 other ships on June 19, 20, 21, one of which is the 7 enro. on which Mr. Walter. Mrs. Walter and others are going. The War Office were

[Handwritten notes and illegible text continue]
all of a sudden the same idea seemed to occur to both of us. That office should go home this spring and stay the one year in 1919 for early fall. Then we might accommodate the workers in 1920 and if all those at home return this fall, one family could live in my house and at me stay in a corner that family logically would be the Nelson. Mr. L. has charge of the farming field, but the Nemans have his house. Mrs. L. has lived alone except for her children, but they think of it as that living at Saugus now to take the company to the lake for most of his time in the fall. They could otherwise use the west door to the barn.

The question of this summer had been troubling me a good deal. The tenant fell far behind and I was afraid to stay over from my fields more than 6 weeks and it seemed entirely wrong for me to stay here in the heat. He now had written suggesting a change of estimate, and that I have been to get a tenant in another place. But our arrangements didn't fit. When this idea came to us it seemed like the solution of a very perent problem. The more I thought about it the more it seemed the only thing to do - so we wrote to Mr. Mcintire and our Nemans and 2 general store owners who knew a good deal of our case and the all understood the scheme. So did the 2 East South owners but the management and Mr. W. never came to be presented. However when we saw the reference committee a few days later, they told me to go ahead and not to look. Some members were absent and they wanted still the real meeting before final endorsing of the plan. The next meeting was on June 24th. No guts was another.
me books were all which had gone to her.

So in due time I got word from her that it was all right for them. In the meantime I had been throwing my weight about with regard to some other people. We wrote to the Teacher (you know they came out the year we left and have had two children, one 1 year and one 3 years old, and one a month or so old) for another reason. It would be impossible for us to accept their kind invitation to 1919 which we could not live in their house paying board and rent. They wrote back at once congratulating us on our prospects and hoping us to come the summer on the same terms. That letter got to us just about the time we were deciding America was the place for us... so we wrote the Teacher's home that if for any reason I couldn't get to America we should certainly be grateful for a chance to accept their invitation and if she did would they take me in and on the strength of that proceed to rent our tiny room. If the Teacher had said no I should have been badly cut down but after a long while they came saying they would be glad to have me come and must about the same time that books were all right for the plane.

We have done a good deal of thinking about what it will be like up in the country but haven't been able to think there. Any definite plans. We plan now that she should go to a maternity hospital at Montclair or Syracuse by the time we get to it. Another plan is that if you thought it wouldn't be too much for you she might go and stay...
with you until close to the time and then either have the party in our house or in a hospital at Brookline or Wellesley. It's a good deal of an ordeal to me. But if felt that as I consented to have the party you would be glad to act in my place - if you think it permitted. I know it is a great deal of an ordeal so don't want to run any risks of overtaxing yourself and am depending on you to say whether it would be of noth. It would be all right for you. It would be awfully nice for me to feel that all this was in my home and my mother was coming for her.

The Bakers are doing a lot of planning for us, and investigating etc. All the expects that when we get to St. Louis there will be a letter or advice about plans etc. from them which will demand careful consideration. If there were none I think there was a letter from you "passengers on Tiono leave 10:30 after arrival in San Francisco".

Your loving son
Elliot
Dear Mother,

It is so much to write about on this trip that it proves hopeless to write to both you and father about everything and I shall just have to ask you to share letters. I have written to father about the trip from Shanghai up here, which constitutes the first stage of the journey. I found that Frankfurt, that is, the port, is reached by express trains and walk to the other train, which it happens belongs to another company and I had to see about getting my hand baggage carried at both ends. But as my baby bag was to be carried there to Frankfurt and assured nothing but upset my attention to the making of the change, didn't go sightseeing or anything. First went again to Liverpool writing as soon as I got settled in the train, I feel that the whole trip from Shanghai has really is an stage.

That is a definite break here. By the original plan I would have to get off the train, claim and replace my baggage, go somewhere, hunt for supper, and come back at midnight to take the train which comes down from Peking, and goes on to Mukden. By the revised plan, whereby I come down here and fill two fellows off the train take them to a German consulate tomorrow so we can all get our passports issued, and then take tomorrow night's train there is still more of a break. There are two stations in a captures the one you reach first, whether coming from Shanghai or Peking is Frankfurt Central and that is where most of the churches got off. Then the train comes over 57 East, which is right at the edge of the German settlement. That is the terminus of my train from Frankfurt but of course not the Peking-Mukden line.

I have told father about how "another man" met me this afternoon at 7 Central and told me that the two men whom was expecting to meet me at 7 Central were coming down from Peking in the midnight train and expecting me to join them (therefore the necessity of pushing them off!) but didn't tell her who the other man was. Bulver and Brown didn't tell her who the other man was, Bulver and Brown didn't tell her who the other man was. Bulver and Brown didn't tell her who the other man was. Bulver and Brown didn't tell her who the other man was.

I saw a man who looked as tho he were looking for someone and we fell into conversation. He felt much relieved that Bulver had given him the impression that he was ready to start at once, to be couldn't possibly be ready before dinner etc. etc. He went on to the east with me and it was half way there before it occurred to him that he wasn't
the Brown of "Brown & Silver" chart I was expecting to meet me. Not at all. He knew that Brown, and wise enough he was starting tonight with Buceri. He himself was a different Brown who hadn't got in touch with Buceri yet. But he'd come down to meet this train for the express purpose of getting into touch with him; so we finally got straightened out. But not till after making some hasty plans for the telegram to Buceri. Fortunately I had stipulated that I was to send the telegram. So it is up to me, if one is to be sent. I don't think I'll send one. I think a letter will be just as quick and far more satisfactory. There are a lot of foreigners waiting to take this train. It seems a shame to see so many Germans running around loose, and apparently happy and comfortable. The train is late and I'm tired and want to go home to bed. And they didn't come after all.

So I telegraphed them just after midnight, to get their Japanese vises in Peking, and come down the next night and go on to Mukden, and this time we made connections all right. We are just approaching Mukden now, and it's Sunday afternoon, but we hardly realize. All three of us have been standing on our heads to get ready, and we have to stop and figure what day of the week it is. Today one of the men suggested after lunch that we have a game of Rook, and I was greatly surprised when I
asked him what day of the week it was, and he realized that it must be Sunday. They two staged in bed till lunch time; I have written letters most of the time, except when I was talking with them. They are good fellows. This afternoon, we have sat in the dining car, as being more comfortable than our staterooms. It has been an interesting sight. Culver and me pounding the typewriter; Brown reading a W Churchill novel; a young Russian couple at a table, two German men and a girl of twenty or less at another, a couple of very young Russian blue-jackets part of the time, miscellaneous Chinese military men from time to time, and almost all the afternoon a party of four or five Chinese gentlemen playing draw poker with great enthusiasm.

Brown tells me that one of them lost eighty dollars during the afternoon. I don't like to travel on Sunday; but if we don't take a train that either starts or arrives on Sunday, we lose two days; and men are needed urgently up in Siberia; furthermore, these are Reitzel's orders. So we come. Reitzel is getting into Tientsin this afternoon, so he has traveled all day Sunday, himself. I think the business is urgent enough to justify it.

Good night. I am going to mail this at Mukden, for I don't think it's wise to carry it any farther away from anywhere.

Your loving son

[Signature]
Dear Mother,

You have doubtless heard from the Board that I am returning to China. I have been so busy getting ready to do it that I haven't had time to write you a good letter about it. The fact is simply that Siberian goo agreed with me so poorly that I shouldn't be a good investment for the YMCA this winter, and it is cheaper for them to send me back to China. I expect to be all right there, and be able to put in a good winter's work. And the YMCA is getting plenty of men now, so they can spare me all right.
the same day I got the cable about our son. That was a great day. Don't need to tell you how happy I was your loving son

Eleanor
Dear Mother,

I found this poem, and copied it to send to you to show how I feel about you. I have been several days in this hospital with a rather severe case of diarrhea but am getting all right now. Feel fine and have a great appetite but haven't got all my strength back yet. I will try to write you a real letter tomorrow but there is a chance to send this off right after breakfast so I'm going to have something for you even if it is only a line. I love you, and wish I were with you — only to be with you this night and if we were in US at all.

Yours loving son

Ellison
DON'T BE ALARMED

American Red Cross.

Camp Service.

Russian Island Hospital.

Vladivostok, SIBERIA.

My mother, she's so good to me

If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good. — no, sir!
Can't any boy be good as her?
She loves me when I'm glad or sad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad.

And what's the funniest thing, she says,
She loves me when she punish me —
That don't hurt — but it hurts to see
Her cryin' when I cry: an' men
We both cry an' be good again:
She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little coat an' Sunday clothes:
An' when my Pa comes home to tea
She loves him most as much as me
She laughs an' tells him all I said
An' pats me up an' pats my head:
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa.
An' love him just 'nigh much as Ma

(Put your organization at head of sheet and not on envelope.)
Dear Mother,

If this makes a quick trip it may get to you in time to wish you and Father many happy returns of June 13th. I hope the day will be a very happy one.

Something else (not much) is following this — and lots of love goes with it.

I showed John the picture of the house with me on a pony and he said "Home again." I asked him every once in a while "What did Grandma fill the map?" "Boot." "What did Grandpa H. do?" "On the knee."

"What did Aunt Emma do?" "Cooking." "What did Miss Snow do?" "Oranges." "Who took you to ride in the auto?" "Grandpa who else? Daddy."

I killed a mosquito on my hand this morning and got some blood and John said "Why? you better wash it."

I think it will be a long time before he forgets who made the cookies. When I showed him...
Your picture the other day we recognized it at once. I must hunt up a good one of father and all if he recognizes it. I think he will.

Wishing you both a most happy anniversary this year. From your loving son

Olsson

Very much love from Lotta, too!

Alfred send you sweet kisses. She is very dear.

Mrs. Haldun

1861 Westminster
Dear Mother:

I intended to write to you today, but I didn't intend to do so this morning, for there was a lot of work that I wanted to get out of the way, bright and early. But something happened. Almost as soon as I got to school, I found that instead of having to teach English the second hour, I had to teach it the first, and the time was already arrived. I had worn old clothes and shoes to go into the school, so I hastily changed to the good ones which were there all ready for me, and neglected to take my keys up off the desk. When I went out of course I locked the door which has a spring lock, and then I was out. There was nothing to do except to send a messenger over to the house for another key, and in the mean time to c o a m p out in Baker's office.

When I changed my clothes, I thoroly emptied my pockets on to my desk. So I have neither notebook, pen, pencil, nor knife, to say nothing of keys or money. In my little suitcase are accounts, on which heaps of work is urgently waiting to be done, and letters to write, papers to arrange, my Bible, a little hand work to do, and I don't remember what else. On the shelves, are a lot of other things. In my notebook are some accounts to add up. Somewhere around the room is something that I want to have framed, and if I could get it I could go and see the frame. But altho I can look thro the window and see the keys, the window is locked, and I am stuck.

Fortunately Baker leaves a key to his office in care of the janitor, so I can get in here. And fortunately he has a typewriter, tho as a matter of fact, there is no pen and ink available and only this rough paper. So I am writing to you earlier than I intended, tho it may not be so good a letter.

Our school has opened quite auspiciously. We have in the lower grades about as many boys as we care for; in the three upper grades, which pay the higher tuition, and in which we expect to have the more effective Christian influence, we still have nowhere enough, but that is no cause for worry. On Friday of this week, is a high heathen festival, and on Tuesday of next is another, and a lot of scholars are too busy to come till these or over. And of course, we still have to feel the effects of the superstition that a scholar must have someone choose a lucky day for him to go to school, and has to wait till the day is chosen, no matter how long after the opening of school; and the still worse superstition that if you wait till after Master to start school you will be wise. Maybe there is a pun in that for the Chinese Master is called chheng meng, which wise is chhong meng. Anyway I am not yet worried about getting w enough scholars, but I am somewhat bothered about teachers.

We had our full quota long ago, but just a few days before the opening of school, the head of the upper primary school resigned, which put us badly in the hole. I at once tried to get hold of a man from Peking, who had been available a while previously, but it was too late. It happened that a highly recommended man was available, and I tried to get hold of him, but the man who was acting for me made a mess of it, and after
I had waited till school actually opened. I got word that the man had gone and accepted another position without giving me a chance to make a proposition. Then I sent off in haste to another man who was recommended, but he was already invited. Now it rather looks as if we might have to take a non-Christian in order to get out quota full, which would be unfortunate, as we need more Christian teachers rather than less. And if we have to take a non-Christian to replace one of the best Christian teachers, it will be a decided step backward.

The whole matter makes a lot of bother anyway. Until we know whether that best teacher is to be a Christian or a non-Chris, we can't make out the schedule, for if he is a Christian, we are going to give him some Bible to teach, but if not the Bible teaching will have to be assigned to others. Because our school schedule can't be made out, Miss Boss and I can't have our permanently, and this affects Miss Boss's teaching in the girls' school, for their schedule can't be considered as finally settled, until Miss Boss's hours are settled.

In spite of it all, the school seems to be going on pretty well. Every once in a while a class has no teacher, either because is is one that should be assigned to the not yet invited teacher, or because our teacher fails to appear; but the students seem to make very little disturbance.

When the upper school dean resigned, I immediately talked to the dean of the lower primary school and asked him to be dean of both schools. He is doing this quite successfully, and really the arrangement seems to go better than last year when we
had a dean for each school.

Our Sunday School is pretty important for it is our big chance to influence the scholars. The local church practically turns over its Sunday School work, except for adults, to the schools, the boys' school and the girls' school, to run. We have four grades in the lower primary, and three in the upper, so we have to have seven classes every Sunday. To teach these, we have Baker and myself, the dean, and three other Christian teachers. If we get the odd man as a Christian, it will give just enough to go around.

Love

W. Wilson

Your Jan 3. letter has just arrived the first home mail for a long I won't delay this to answer. The seamen are on strike as I suppose we have mentioned and very few steamers are running so we get very little mail. It just in time to delay about a dozen things, books, and the like that I had ordered as well as hold up correspondence with you. I hope it gets over soon.

Feb 21, 1920
Dear Mother,

I had a great time with John when I came home from church this afternoon. Before we were fairly close to the hotel, John had to take place upstairs. Having John with me, I ate another cookie or so in fragments while giving John some exercise. One thing which I often do is to have him face me, put his head between my legs, then I take him by the waist and hoist him over my head so that he rest on my shoulders, back to back with me; then get him down any convenient way. Then I tried another way. He faced forward and I grabbed him by his knees, thrusting them away from me, and turning him upside down. I can't very well describe how I got him back right side up, but he liked it for the sudden change of position gave him a thrill. Then I put him on a long flat thing something like a couch, with cane seat. I put a pillow on it, and had him lie with his head on the pillow facing up. I took him by the ankles and pulled him through a back somersault. He liked it. And after a while, he said he could do it himself. So he would lie down and back and wriggle till he had fulled himself around to the final position at the same time turning over on his face. And he really believed he had turned a somersault. He loves this, and it's good exercise for me too. Then we went up stairs, and he wanted to be in a swing. I told him it was too high, and let it go. Of course it worked tremendously, and Alice loved it. But once John made a miscalculation,

Tientsin, 191
and got kicked in the eye. Of course he cried and I think Alice cried as hard as he did.

John loves to climb up anywhere he can get and jump down. After saying 1, 2, 3, ready set go, and then waiting quite a while after "go," before he gets really ready to go. Alice likes to be put up, and then flop off and be caught. Alice can't go upstairs again until she can do it, and she usually falls when she tries to walk down a steep place so ordinarily she stands at the top and appeals for help. She has learned to love the Victrola, and asks for it by imitating the winding motion. She can say thank you John very sweetly, for please she sometimes says please, but usually says something like hu ma ma (which by the way is a Chinese word for slippers).

Alice has developed a taste for literature. 27 began with some ancient copies of Christian endeavor Manuals, and next of the lessons which I had decided were not worth keeping any longer as I had never looked at them for so the years, and their contents while of some value, didn't seem valuable enough to justify the labor of indexing. Alice was delighted, and, for a while she used to carry one around near everywhere. Then she became bored.
to a book of Scotch placards that had to be rejected from our book case for no account of bookworm infection, and she loves a look at that. Another great favorite is the "Object" flasker. In general we have assigned more to John and Kate Wood's to place, and they have had to be rebound once already and show signs of needing it again within the year. John is especially fond of mine, and takes a very much greater interest in it. At present chiefly loves a certain reader given to us by Mr. Eldridge of Rockport, which contains a story of a gingerbread boy who ran away and was chased by various animals all of whom said, "Stop, gingerbread boy!" To me, it is chiefly a reminder of the day when you made a gingerbread boy for me and a gingerbread girl for John, and I think I enjoyed it as much as he did. If not more. To place it in a story with a nice picture which causes her to say "Take boy" you know I carry my pegging on a fasten on my trousers belt. John was very anxious for a bunch of keepers and got some old ones and put them on a key ring and now he wears them pinned on his belt and is very proud of them.

Mar 12, 1922

[Signature]
Dearest Mother:

I think the last letter to you was a week ago, telling how Lottie and I had been hindered in getting away, and delayed two days by the flood. And I mentioned that she had actually got away. I don't know yet how much it cost us, for Lottie hasn't told me how much she had to pay the boatman for waiting those two days, but it can't be over a dollar, and is likely to be quite a little less. The extra cost at this end was just about five dollars, that is, a little over 2/50 U.S. Where I was afraid that we should be badly hit was on harvest prices from Wukingfu to Thaicyong. If they are planting or harvesting at the time, we have to pay a heavy excess to get the men. Well Lottie was late enough to strike the harvest time, and had to pay the excess, but if the flood had not come she would have been late anyway, for in order to get ahead of them she should have gone a week earlier when so many other women did. But she had her own personal reasons why that week wouldn't suit. Failure to have the ability to start the previous week merely cost us somewhere between five and ten dollars U.S. money. And the trouble is that no one is particularly the better off for it, and I think we need the money, in this particular case, worse than the Chinese who got it.

Well I have been to Kachhieh twice since then, on a lot of errands; to see the Academy Commencement; to see the boys who are going to run a Daily Vacation Bible School (saw them on two trips); to see the faculty of the Kachhieh Girls' School; to learn whether the Academy is going to work the 6-3-3 plan; to get inoculated for plague, and buy some medicine; to borrow $300 from a Chinese bank, in order to pay off the teachers before they go home for the summer, hoping to be able to pay the money back before the end of July. If I succeed it won't cost me much for
interest. If I don't, it will probably cost me at the rate of $1 one percent per month. But I guess I can pay off most of it anyway, out of the money I expect to have coming in during July.

Te Academy seems resolved to apply the 6:33 system, and I am afraid that it will make difficult my problem of co-ordinating our course with theirs; but co-ordinating with the Girls' school is the sticker. Mrs. Baker ran a half-hearted grammar school, that is fifth grade and upward, last year, but this year there was prospect of very few pupils, and as the provincial educational authorities have pronounced in favor of coeducation, we decided to put those girls right into the boys' school, and let them go to it. And it wasn't until the very opening of school that I learned that the girls curriculum calls for four year up of grammar after the four years of primary, whereas the boys course calls for three years grammar school only. Why the f difference? Largelt because the girls' school gives so very much more Bible than the Boys' schools do. As the girls' school periods are not the same as those in the boys' school, to get a common denominator you have to count how many periods a week each gives. Thw girls' school gives 300 per week, and in eight years that makes 2400. We give 90 a week, and in seven years that makes 630. 2400 minus 630 is 1770 which is the difference between the amount of them they spend and the amount of time that we spend in formal curriculum Bible study. As there are only 1530 minutes a week in our boys' schedule, it is easy to see that if the girls' school are going to give all that extra Bible, they have got to take an extra year to do it, and cut down on the other features of the curriculum too, somewhat, unless they can sped up the girls to learn faster than the boys do/

I don't think I had better start a discussion of the merits of the case. But I will only mention that all them men endorse the boys'
school curriculum as the only one practicable under present conditions, and all the women are keen not to say inflexible, in their support of the girls' school curriculum. But there has been enough discussion of the subject so that one can easily rub a sensitive spot. And my plan to co-ordinate with the girls' school enough to get our diploma recognized as an entrance certificate, is, to say the least, not an easy one. The Boys' academy without hesitation admits any graduate of a Mission grammar school: if he flunks out after six months, that is to the discredit of the school. But all the mission grammar school in the country follow the same program, and so far as possible approximate the standards of the grammar school right there at Kakchieh which is closely co-ordinated with the Academy. To co-ordinate with the Girls' school, however, so that our graduates can enter their Academ grade, is some job. The girls school holds out this hope; that they will examine our graduates for a couple of years or so, and if we are making good in the training of them, they will then take our diploma as an entrance certificate so far as the courses are identical or approximately so. But that leaves the Bible still for our girl graduates to be examined in.

And how I can crowd in an extra year's instruction in the Bible, plus about the equivalent of one half day a week for another year, I have not yet figured out. I must admit that the more I study it, the harder the problem looks. Fortunately I don't have to have a solution for a month or so.
Dear Mother,

Conference is over and we are back at home. In fact I am already off on a Sunday day trip to Cape Foul Bay probably the last country trip I shall make in the Cape field for quite a while. The Museum spent no end of time in considering the question and finally voted to send Lewis to Switzerland and send Mrs. Swatow to fall in the Speaker's return in the fall so to make it clearer. Here is a brief resume of Swatow history.

There has always been a chapel in Swatow. Controlled by the same missionary in Kapsehia some 4 years ago Mr. Speaker was in Canton working for the Publication Society and decided he would prefer to live in Swatow the mission agreed and he moved into about the time I came to U.S. He was to continue his Publication work and he wanted also some churches to practise his evangelistic ability on. After many readjustments he had the Swatow churches and some 10 country churches while I was at home the Swatow church burned down.
Mr. Spicher is a man of Jewish not to say Jewish and a lot of us are absolutely convinced that he is really in German Jewish. Any man he has the aggressiveness of the Jew in getting things. And he is a wonderful man to get specifics. So by these means and others he pressed all the money in eight and considerably more and built a reinforced concrete building of 4 stories, roof garden, the highest and the most wonderful building in Swatow. It really was a great achievement. This is known as the Swatow Institutional Church and is one of the 3 most conspicuous pieces of work that our mission is doing. (Swatow, Koray, Academies being the other two)

Mr. Lewis came out last fall and was asked to take the S.W. work and let Mr. Spicher go on. Mr. S. had been very sick with typhoid and should have gone home earlier. But he hung on till Lewis arrived. Then turned over the accounts and the ‘thesis’ he had written describing the work of the Institute and left the next
day for America. He left the finances in pretty poor condition; he would have had difficulty in financing the work if he had stayed — and when he went home the stream of specific stopped. A large part of his constituency evidently consists of German Baptist churches who do no mission work of their own but give specifics to missionaries of our Board who are German — a plan very desirable for the German personally, but far from being the best way to advance the kingdom of God. So Lewis had his troubles with the finances, but he managed to solve them pretty well, and I understand that the work is on a firm foundation now. Speicher also left the spiritual side of the work in poor condition. It is not fair to censure him for that; it seems to have been pretty much unavoidable. But anyway, Lewis has pretty well cleared that up too. Your foresight feels that unless he is to be there
But permanently he has made his con-
tribution to the Work. If it were to be
his work permanently he would change
a lot of things. But if he is to try to follow
Mr. Schlich's policies, he feels that he
can't do much that make time, and that
someone else could do that.

Now Lewis's real field is Unyungip.
also he hasn't recited there a great
deal of the time since 1919. And it
is a most flourishing field. Partly
to conditions and largely to the Good
work that Lewis has done in it. At
present he feels that there is a wonderful
opportunity there and he is anxious to
go and seize it. So as early as last
September he began agitating to be
released from Sw. in order to go to Unyungip.
The September meeting of the R.P.G. didn't
feel able to decide the question and so
referred it to conference. Thereby giving
the over two months of uncertainty, but
also giving lots of time for everyone to
think it over.

I will postpone telling about the
opportunity at Unyungip, but everyone
was convinced that it was as represented,
but serious question was felt as to
whether Mr. Lewis ought to live there. It
is 80 miles away, and the only fast way
of getting there is by a launch which goes
every other day--unless it doesn't go
which is often the case, and is a very
rough voyage. In case of sickness
this makes a serious problem. For
instance, a child has high fever.
During the night. The launch goes at daylight tomorrow. If you are going to send for the doctor to come up from Swatow, you can send in the morning, and get the doctor up by the next afternoon, if all goes well. But if you don't send in the morning you have to wait till 2 days later. This consideration is somewhat offset by the fact that Mrs. Lewis is a pretty good home physician, and a wonderful doctor, also by the fact that nowadays there is a fairly good Chinese doctor at Fengkung. Whereas in the days of the first Mrs. Lewis there was none. The first Mrs. X. died in 1927 of tuberculosis contracted at Fengkung. But one can hardly blame that on the lack of a doctor—there are too many complicating factors to make it safe to lay the blame anywhere. However, the fact that it is this Mrs. Lewis and not the former one is felt to be a second objection. She came out only a month or so ago to be married. She does not understand mission field conditions particularly Fengkung. She is a temperamental woman as one physician put it, and it is
not at all certain what will be the effect on her of any further isolation. Algorithm #3 is that if the transfer is made this work is given over from S. to Lewis in 1921, Lewis to me in 1922, and back to S. in 1923, greatly damaging the continuity of the work. Also no one would pretend that I am as well qualified as Lewis, who is one of our best missionaries, and came out about 1903. Further it would presumably be a detriment to the Shaveshawn work for me to be removed. And there were other considerations less interesting or less easily understandable.

On the other hand the Longkung opportunity was admitted to be unique and Lewis felt it to be urgent for him to go at once; he was anxious to go, and there was no one else in sight who would be willing able to go.

The Conference certainly gave the matter full consideration, and after several sessions, it was finally referred...
to the Reference Committee. This committee was necessarily haste. I don't know how much of the committee time was spent on it, but finally Wed. 6:30 PM they called us in to talk it over. This was just 1 week minus 5 hours service day off. opened. Lewis was on the committee, also Baker, to represent Bex. and Mrs. Esther & Miss Northcott to represent the objectives to having Mrs. X. live at Way King. Lethe and I talked it all over. Lethe agreed in disappearing of Mrs. X at Way King. But if the Lewis' were to go to " we all felt that the best and only thing was for us to come to Swallow. So the Reft voted 1: to send the Lewis' to Way King. (2 neg votes) 2 to send us to Sw. (unanimous) and 2 & 8. 0 left at 4:25. She went home and I went to a tea reception given by the Sw. YWCA man's wife & a distinguished guest, at which were a lot of Sw. non-missionary people whom I was glad to meet. Most of our mission were there
and we left about 6:30 (I couldn't get away any earlier) and with much difficulty got aboard for Kakemeh. I got home at 7:12, and so naturally didn't get to 7:30 session on time. But I got there at 7:30 and the opening hymn was being sung. We adjourned about 9:30, and I had to attend a meeting of the new Reference Committee after that. Quite a full day.

During the past year I have been chairman of the Language Committee. A position that is the thought I never would reach; and also one of the Trustees of the Academy & Seminary, a position the extent of whose authority responsibility has not yet been determined. The smooch job is as follows. When I was studying, the smooch was definitely composed of "old-timers" and it was a progressive, therefore out of harmony with the Committee's policies. Now, we have a lot of language students who have been to Monckin's Law School, and others who have been infected by them with scorn of all the old regime. But the old regime was not
all bad and the ranking people if they came down here to investigate, would certainly approve part of it. These recalcitrant language students just arbitrarily apply to some things down here the condemnation that is justly due to corresponding things up north. Not yet knowing enough to see that the things down here are different and so ought not to be condemned. Now as far as they put me on the job to sit on the list during the period of transition. The mission realizes that the old curriculum must be largely replaced by one modeled after ranking and they gave our committee a mandate to do so. But as we don't have the resources of ranking, we can't do it exactly. And with what we have, we have to carry on during adjustment, find out what is the best course, and the proper amounts, and try to make our students believe in the course so that they may work heartily at it. Now I am known to believe
in the ranking methods. and also to feel that there is some good in the old. So as I look at it, I was put on to conserve the old, and at the same time make the student feel that the committee was progressive and therefore worthy of their confidence. That sort of a mediating job is not especially satisfactory. And I have felt that this year, the job of chairman should be given to Gridt, who was a year at Rankin and had a splendid record there and here, as a long student. Such people as Mr. Ashmore wanted to insist on my being again chairman, and I really think that by putting Gridt in as chairman we are running counter to instructions of conference; but they are not formal instructions, and Mr. Ashmore told me that he wouldn't make a fuss, so I got the corn to elect Gridt.

Well, to go back, my theme is I want to continue this the year that is just beginning; and I am again on
I was also elected on the Reference Comm. which is the real executive Comm. of the Mission, and when Dong is not in session, has all the powers of Dong. I have never been on before, and it really means a good deal, but I guess I had better not try to explain all the various reasons why it does. Also I was elected vice-president, a position which I once held a few years ago; it is not a place of great power. In fact the president's power is not very great, consisting largely in the appointment of a few offices; his work consists of keeping Dong orderly, and expediting business. A clever chairman is a great asset. In East China they re-elect the same chairman year after year. He keeps things moving and keeps folks in a good humor. We have no such outstandingly good chairman; I am only just about the average. I was also re-elected Statistician; it is our policy to "" as long as he stays
on the field. In this term as Trustee of the School, also looks over for the present year. That is about all now that is important now.

Dec. 21, I found this in E's desk, and he says for me to send it on. He wants me to write how very much I appreciate Fannie's generous check for $25.00. It was very good of her. And we thank you, too, for the extra $5.00. It isn't difficult to find use for money as we had a deficit of $500.00 in the school last year and that, together with the typhoon relief, gives plenty of opportunity not to mention personal needs. Ed has just ordered a very nice wool machine to keep him warm in winter, and he and all the boys will have to have better clothes living in Swatow than they have here. But we'll get along all right. It is so much less welcome to have a little rum in the bank to call on for relief or emergencies.

He has been at Ching-Lee to marry a girl whom he baptized not long ago. Now he is consulting with Mr. Baker and on Monday he starts on a voyage again for twenty-four hours at least.

My clothes were very little damaged. I lost them not yet delivered and rather disappointed in receiving a half dozen nice linen napkins, and a few more valuable pieces. Thank you for the renewed subscriptions.

In doing for the magazine, send letters to Swatow after this so that you need not bother to change your address. I will order all mail to Swatow.
Aug. 8. Some shoes, rubber cap, x.

These shoes have been such a comfort this winter, and they fit so nicely and look so trim.

May 3, draft for 25.

July 19. Mrs. Waller's draft for 500 x.

Sept 21. Underwear, collars, ruffle, etc. paper x.

Oct 7. J. underwear x.

Nov 23. Draft for 25 x.

Mr. I. — not at home.

Much love to all. We'll write again as soon as possible. I think I want to see and to see often, especially, "What would Grandpa and Grandma do with this girl?" This, as he sees the children doing or saying cute things.

I expect to be in Boston by end of January.

Dorothy

Love you.

[Signature]

[Handwritten note: "I hope you enjoyed the stamps.

[Signature: "Mr. L."

[Handwritten note: "Enjoy the stamps.

[Signature: "Mr. L."
Dear Mother,

I am down at Swatow now. To learn about the work. The work is considerably more complicated than at Beifu where I had merely the responsibility for the school, and occasionally made a country trip, but the trips were under BAKE's supervision, not my own responsibility. Here we have Boy's School, Girls School, Night School, Commercial School, Kindergarten, Dispensary, besides the regular services. Model Sunday School, prison preaching and I don't know what else, and a dozen more or less of churches other than the National church. I don't even know the full list.

The staff. has a Cabinet which meets every day if not often, and has charge of the work with
or under the missionary. I must learn who the Cabinet members are, and why they are on the Cabinet while other folks on the payroll are not on the Cabinet. I must learn what each worker does and be able to help plan the various forms of work.

I shall need to get acquainted with all the teachers in the various schools. I shall need to get acquainted also with the church members in the hope of being able to enlist them more in the good work that we are trying to do.

Furthermore, it is necessary to get acquainted with all the influential people in Swatow, and all the official and semi-official organizations, for the work is closely associated with such people. And it is necessary to know community conditions, in order to know what
forms of work can be undertaken to
advantage.

The Sunday School, and the
methods of keeping it up to snuff are
a special problem; the evening
lectures and entertainments are
another, complicated by the fact that
street noises are so bad that it is
hard for a speaker to make himself
heard; and the country churches
are another, which I shall prob-
ably leave largely to the Chinese
ordained man who has been doing
the work of visiting them for a year
or more.

Conference adjourned. We late. On Thursday morning I had
some mission business to do and
then Lottie and I went to Shaway, taking
the children, amah & cookie. Took
the children to the barbershop, while
Lottie and the others went about their
business. Ever since we left U.S.A. the children's hair has been growing strange to say. And I have cut it off at the edges, but have not made the hairs the same length, so now those on top were long and those lower down were short, giving an effect something like the football player hair that was in the picture years ago. So now I had the barber cut the hairs all the same length, and I hope the heads will be more comfortable. After that I put the kids in a smokehouse to sit around while waiting for the cook. When she appeared we sent the children home with her, and I and my went for lunch in a Chinese hotel and found it surprising good after that we separated for the
respective errands and met at 4. at Lewis’ to look over the house together. But as a matter of fact, I didn’t have time before I got there, and so I went and measured the house. Then we went home getting there in time for supper. In the evening I had to visit every house on the compound, but was so long at the next to the last house, that I didn’t get to the last one & quit at 10-

After we had a language committee examination, then got packed up and sent the cook ahead with the cook ahead with the baggage while we took dinner with the Germans, which was a great help to us in getting away comfortably after dinner, and it was possible for the cook to make an easy and deliberate trip. The baggage went with him, and it was five loads of about 100 lb. each; didn’t when we went after
Dinner we had my little bag, Lotties bag, a basket containing things the children would need on the trip. My overcoat and John's, a broom & umbrellas, a camera, and perhaps other thing that I have forgotten divided up among Kettie, amal, coopie & me. Also John carried his Teddy Bear (from Mrs. Rollingswood) which he loves very much, and which helps him go to sleep every night.

We got away very promptly after lunch, and had a good trip, so that when we got to Swallow we had time to stop and let the photographer snap the children in the dayshow, using my camera, to see whether he could get better results than I can. Then we went to the station arriving just in time to see that the carriers got the baggage thru the gate to the point opposite where the baggage car would be, just a few minutes before the train arrived. I planned it thus. I would get on
the train to reserve a section for us. (As a matter of fact the train wasn't crowded and we had 2 sections of 6 seats each for our party of 4 Americans and 3 Chinese.) Then Lotte and the amah were to get on with the children, and hold the place; the cookie was to pass the small things thru the window, and I would receive them and the cook was to supervise the loading of heavy baggage into the baggage car. The only difficulty was having so many different articles to keep track of. My list was 32 pieces. I wonder how many I can remember. 1. my clothes. 2. servant clothes. 3. own bedding & servant beds. 4. 8. 9 our suitcases 10. servant suitcase. 11. servant food. 12. our food. 13. typewriter. 14. my papers. 15. bag. 16. books. 17. 18. packages from US 19. camera. 20. umbrellas. 21. cane. 22. overcoat. 23. basket. 24. trunk. 25. oven.

That is all I can remember now. The underlined ones are comparatively small things.
that could easily be overlooked. I checked the list before getting on train, and after, before we left. Before we left, when the carriers got to the boat, and when the stuff got to the house, and it is gratifying that they all got home safely.

I would prefer not to have so many pieces.

When I ran away from Rockport to Holyoke with John, he was very good. He was just old enough to stand on the seat and look out the window and be interested. This trip it was about the same except that he sat on the floor or leaned on the seat, and was much interested in all he saw. Alice was good too. Some animal crackers that I had bought were of great help, as also they had been at certain difficult situations during conference. When we got in the city, I am about 2 children got in chairs, and went direct to the river. I helped get the baggage on to the carriers and past the native customs free of inspection. A formality that merely means identifying the stuff.
as mine) and then I went ahead to the chapel to tell them that I actually was going to Swanton and then joined the party. I guess we got home before 6, and I was practically unpacked and settled before bed time but of course I couldn't get settled so easily as that.

Saturday I went into the city to talk things over with the teachers and went home about 4 p.m. because I was tired and it was threatening to rain. Result, I had to have one of the teachers come over for supper Sun. eve. and talk over a lot of things that I might have talked Sat. p.m. if I hadn't been tired. This conference appears to have been especially exhausting to everybody. Conference is always tiring, and this may not have been so much worse than usual. Maybe I felt it worse because I had more responsibility than usual. Anyway, I was tired. But I didn't get to bed as early as I would like Sat. eve. for I had to
cast up my accounts. Sunday I went to 
Papatoa Rapids. A boat trip down the river 
1 3/4 hours, morning service, communion, and 
a walk of 6 miles home. The weather was 
quite cool, and a heavy mist with wind, 
practically a rain, made me want to keep 
going, and I made it in 1 3/4 hours. Which is 
the quickest I have ever done it I think. 
The last mile I was quite aware that some 
thing was wrong with my right heel. It 
seemed to be a nail, and was very uncom-
fortable when I got home. But now 40 hours 
later the heel is all right.

Mon. 1st. I went to school. Then came 
down to aquarium on the 4:00 train. Now 
I had better tell about Conference. I went 
down on Monday on the evening — but I 
shall have to let that wait till tomorrow 
or delay this letter — and it has been too long 
delayed anyway.

Your loving son
Eliason
Work at Smaller Speicher's Funds
Dear Mother:

This has been a most unusually wet summer, even for Thaiyong. I had hardly realized how unusual it was, tho I fully understood how wet it was! But when I heard the other commenting on how unusual, then I realized! As I had been expressing it to myself, "There are two days' interval between typhoons!" These typhoons are not wicked ones like the one last summer. They are merely rainy and windy spells - altho one of them did do a little damage to roofs here. But if you have four days when it is too wet to go out except in bathing suits, and then two days of showery weather, and one and a half of fair weather before the next storm, it really feels as tho the weather man was working overtime!

In spite of this we managed to get in a few trips! John was crazy for me to take him to diamond hill to get some diamonds, and we started off with a centzen and a bucket, both of which he carried! Presently he was willing for me to take the centzen, but he stuck to the bucket! We wouldn't find the diamond hill, but we wandered up a beautiful brook and both of us took off our clothes to bathe. We had a lovely time; but John kept it up longer than I did, and he got rather more sunburned than I expected; nothing very serious! He certainly did look cute weding around in the brook, dipping up water with his bucket and pouring it around and finding where two rocks were close together, so he could sit on one and use the other for a table! He becomes very fond of that "little brook" and several times I have taken him, or both of them, over there, to put on bathing suits and play, mostly wading, while I sit and read. It is much more exciting, because more rare to go over there with me, then to go down to the nearer place where they bathe in the big river under the smaw's supervision! And it is more fun for me to take them there, then to stay around the house and try to read while they play somewhat more noisily and less happily.

Another day all of us went to the diamond hill, and just as soon as we got there it started to rain. We had only one umbrella, and we all got under it for a few minutes! If there had been two, we might have tried to sit it out, but under the circumstances, it seemed prudent to retreat, and we got home before the rain became very heavy. Another day John and I went to a little hill near by, and gathered some flowers for Lottie! These are about all the places that John and I have gone to! Lottie hasn't been to many as she is tied rather closely to the house! But beside the diamond hill she and I went once to the foot of the Elephant Hill for tea with all the Americans, leaving the children at home! and also one day over to the canyon where our spring water is brought from.

I have been on three major trips, that is trips which normally are all day trips. One was to the Canyon, and I was the only American (not an unusual condition). We walked to the head of the canyon, then down stream to a certain waterfall, were most of them bathed, and then we had lunch. After lunch we some rested peacefully, but the more adventurous ones wanted to go to a certain beautiful and inaccessible waterfall! As it was difficult climbing and there were not enough enough men to go around, I put aside my inclinations and went along! But before we got there some of the women dropped out, at a time when it did not seem as tho I very well could, so that after all I was an extra man! We went down a very steep incline into the waterfall pool. From there we were supposed to go up the bed of the stream, which is an exciting job. But just as we got down there, it started to rain! And when the rain comes, we don't know what the river is going to do, so the only safe thing was to climb back the way we came! We had a nice tea an hour or so later! Fortunately the rain held up for us to get to the tea place and eat tea, but just then it came down and rained hard all the way home. If it had been earlier, I fear we should have had no tea.
Another day we went to the flume, which means a walk of some three or four miles in the thills. Then we cross a ford and go down the river to the top of the flume, where there is bathing and lunch. After lunch we go back, up around the top of a hill and then slide down a steep and slippery gully with a brook in it, till we get to the top of the bottom of the waterfall. More bathing, then a very steep climb, and a mile back to the place where the servants have tea ready. At this trip Carman and Miss Winn were the only other Americans. Some others who might perhaps have gone, had just come up to Thaiyong, and were not toughened up for long hikes! I came back from this trip feeling fine, although from the canyon I came back pretty tired.

Last Saturday I went on one other major trip, but I made it a small one because I only went part way, and came back as soon as lunch was over. That was because the tea at the Elephant was arranged for that afternoon, and I had planned to go with Lottie before the morning trip was arranged. We simply went down the Thaiyong river a certain distance, and stopped for lunch at a usual place. We had barely got there when it started to rain, and I was among those who had rashly taken a cane instead of an umbrella. But by getting under some rocks we kept fairly dry and the rain didn't last long.

The minor trips are short ones that start about ten o'clock and get home for lunch, or start at three o'clock or after tea, and get home by dark. There have been several of these, and I think in only one was there any other American. It seems funny to think of the British being more enterprising, to get up such things. But a lot of our Americans are either not feeling well, or else are older folks, or else are isolated! Whereas the British all live close together and are largely young and homogeneous. And as we live just on the edge of their neighborhood, they have been nice enough to ask me to go along.

The other chief recreation is Badminton, which is a sort of tennis played with shuttlecocks. It has been going on since 1917, and every year there has been a tournament, and in no year has the tournament been played to a finish. It is always played on the plan of having everyone play everyone else. This year that required 29 games. You can get off about 2 or 3 games per afternoon, and there are not enough pleasant days with no hope to run off the whole tournament before folks leave. It is the 15th. Three men have gone already and another is going in 3 days more.

I must close this to catch the mail. More rainy days. I have got 3 badminton games off.

Yours lovingly,

[Signature]
Dear Mother,

I am at the office after waiting while they nail on a rubber heel to replace one that fell off asleep in the dark one was lost when I last wrote. You were going to Kiganga, they have had a pretty bad time. A boy has been sick ever since. The boy's 3rd baby was only a few days old and the mid was critically ill. The sick baby is not in serious, but they were brought in on his home to the hospital and all the boys are all there. They were brought in for a baby, brown to come and consult. The baby died after a while and his father was going to take the body down for the funeral, but the previous Sunday in resting he had caught cold and had either a touch on a chest (I'm not sure which) of pneumonia and appendicitis which had been threatening for some time. So that instead of going to the funeral he stayed at Kigangan to be operated on and I guess it is a pretty serious case. Mrs. Allen Leach was with them. She had a hospital and foreign doctor. She needed a foreign nurse. There was certainly no lack of resources. From Kigangan I went to Pian that which in English would be pronounced Pian (ok, the way we would pronounce those syllables would sound if you like. Nov. 7th, aren't any line (should)}
I went to Phain Thai with Mr. Waters my first winter, and enjoyed the stay there. Since then I haven't made a formal visit. I've called on a short time there on 2 or more memorable occasions.

Mr. Waters is away all the time on agricultural campaigns and this important church man was communion. I may be behind on my communion schedule. But just as far behind as he is, and I'm steadily catching up while he isn't. So at his request I agreed to go take communion service for him.

It made a very early hour for me. I have 2 churches 6 (or 7) and 9 (or more) miles away from Phain Thai. That's pretty inaccessible. My best way is to visit them would be to seize the opportunity at the day trips from Phain Thai. A day trip doesn't give very much time, but it gives you what was present just then.

So I got up at about 5.15 to make 5.45 to catch the launch which got me to Phian Thai at 6.20 and by 7 to 7.40 was at the chapel eating breakfast in which I had put myself. The new winner who had proved to be_leaky; on the way to city and someone had stolen my pump. So I landed with the baggage and let the boy go to Sw to buy a pump. From instead of riding my 6 or 7 miles I left the soft-footed horse at home, and hopped it. I find a mountain for good measure to take some geographical observations.
Next day didn't walk so far, but was not astray. In AM the preacher and I visited these villages where there are no getting home just in time for lunch. In PM we had exam of candidates. Then walked a place of prayer and a chapel, and got home after dark (at one past exactly at dark) sat I had the pump and rode my bike but about 6 miles of the journey the road was so bad I had to walk.

Sunday AM for meeting, preaching service (I preached 45 min) 2 baptism - up at lunch. After lunch a walk that went Sunday School communion and then we walked some 3 miles back. Preaching in open air at 2 places home at dark.

Mon AM, I sent the day home main Swaton with the baggage while went spoil and investigate the route of which I had heard for nearly 20 years and we been over parts of it. And I couldn't get it straight. Created 3 chapels a lot of business and accomplished a lot of business and got home to just a little over a week from the time I left her. Found she had made good progress in setting the house settled and the children were well and happy.
in fact so happy that they excercise the next month I rather wanted me out but a long nap after lunch made things all right.

It's a little early to send Xmas greetings, but maybe not so early after all. I wish you all a very joyful day and all that goes with it.

Your lovingly,

[Signature]