Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

Yale Divinity School Library Record Group No. 15

Finding aid for collection available at:
http://hdl.handle.net/10079/fa/divinity.015

Series: I. Correspondence

Box / folder: 3 / 37

Folder label: ESH to John and Kate Hildreth (parents)

Dates: Undated

For copyright information see: http://www.library.yale.edu/div/permissions.html

Originals of collection held at:

Yale Divinity School Library, 409 Prospect Street, New Haven, CT 06511
(divinity.library@yale.edu)

Scanning and computer output microfilm prepared by Conversion Service
Associates LLC, Shelton, CT with financial support from The Center for Christian
Studies, Shantou University, 243 Da Xue Road, Shantou, Guangdong, China
515063
Dear Mother:

The weather is getting warm and Lottie is planning to slip away to Sardine 4 weeks from tomorrow June 20 if not earlier. I am not sure when I shall go. John continues to grow and it is constantly getting harder to call him "little boy" especially when he means that mannish sun hat.

This morning he took a long handled dipper — [ ] the bowl of which is about 1 inch inside diameter and 1 1/2 inch long to play in a big water jar in which there were a few tiny goldfish —. To keep him interested I encouraged him to try to catch one. I guess I shall have to admit that the fish weren't very lively but on the other hand the inside of the jar is rather dark. I would have thought it absurd to expect to catch one myself with that dipper but
John caught one.

Mr. Carey Chamberlain, pastor at Beverly and member of the board, is out here on a tour of inspection. Presumably he landed in South China three days ago, but we haven't heard that he really did, nor whether he is to come up there.

We read that the Fundamentalists have ignored Mrs. Montgomerie's appeal not to meet just before the N. B. C., and mess things up, referring to it as one of "perverse suggestions," and they see no reason for not carrying out their plans. At this distance it looks as to all the Board's troubles were due to the Fundamental movement, and it is difficult to avoid the belief that so far as the spread of the kingdom is concerned the movement is almost entirely detrimental. At Buffalo they
killed the interchurch— or at least gave it the death blow. Their chief point of attack apparently is the college; if they succeed on this line, they will make it necessary to go to a college other than Baptist in order to get a real education. In the meantime, while they are doing their best to starve the colleges, they are incidentally crippling the foreign mission enterprise.

These remarks are not intended for quotation. With sincere open-minded conservatism I have great sympathy. But these people who want to force everyone to accept their narrow literalistic, premillennial theology, and who appeal to the good in conservatism in order that they may get the offices for themselves and muzzle the teachers in our Baptist schools, give me
a pain. Inviting Byron to speak at the Fundamental Conference is the very limit.

The PBS will probably be over when you get this. We shall get it right at Thaipong, and they will bring either encouragement or despair according as things go. It is a tragedy that the amount of energy that is being divisiveively spent by the Fundamentalists can't be put into constructive work.

Perhaps I had better not have written this, but it is only a tiny bit of what is on my heart and mind these days -- and pretty heavily.

Love to Father. A 3rd May and all

Your loving son

[Signature]
Northampton

Dear Mother:

I don't know how long it is since I last wrote, and do the who probably knows hardly being enough not to mention the date of my last letter to you—to spare my feelings. Anyway I'll just give an outline of how the time has gone the last few weeks.

Conference began Dec. 31 and I was secretary so had to attend all the meetings whether I wanted to or not. The Reference Committee had met a few days before and called me over to tell me what our preference was as to residence for this year. So we used them we preferred to teach here and they voted favorably. But we agreed to make it permanent or give only assurance beyond about a year. But that task was only to recommend the conference to resign us to. There was not much like likelihood of any objection to that. But the conference did not set on the report of the reference committee one of the last days of the session. Then when they did vote to approve we knew we were going to rebel. The next thing was to back out with the committee going on. And guess...
in the house we considered that impossible. It really was so we exercised the gift
of patience and did as much planning with the Baker's as possible. They were
to move at the same time that we did.

Conference closed Saturday 9 at about one o'clock. We went home
and had a hurried dinner. Packed our

Monday morning I commenced to pack books and other easy things

we had numbered off my boxes

that were ready to go — easy packing

and few interruptions. Finally we

arranged for the boat for Thursday

The AM

was at Baker's house helping him

arrange things he needed. His big

things were badly scattered. He

told me. When the carriers went

out to dinner so did I. They were

ready for their afternoon work before

I had finished my soup. That proves

how thoroughly they masticate their food.

It was busy work too, till 3 45. The

funeral of Ben E.P. missionary. My wife

was at 4 and I was half an hour late. Reasused then I had to go back
to the house conen with the man

and was and change my clothes.
Saturday AM Baker and I went up to see the boat before we got there about when the boat left. But the boat had not arrived and didn't arrive till July 17th. My boy was with the boat and we expected him to come. But instead we got our own meals 6 of them with those little inexpert help we could get from the house and take (He washed all the dishes, the and that was a great help).  

8 P.M. I had a boy from the village washing floors, and all dirty Mon. and Mon. As another man for an hour or so in that time I got the floors washed in two bathrooms, 3 bedrooms sitting room (all of these wood floors) and in kitchen pantry and dining room (stone cement or tile). Also a food safe - a china closet and a medicine chest, and all the kitchen furniture. And all five piece washes were cleaned up. The boat Road of things we let out on contract to be brought up the hill and I was busy helping the man employed and telling carriers where to put the race things. We just caught the race train town getting to Kake with about 6:30 and we were both invited out to dinner. The next day we had to go to Swetos to ask about some business. The second boat was called for in it afternoon and
the men came with distressing promptness for the carrying before we were any where near ready. We let them take what we could and the rest simply had to wait the next A.M. when we finished loading. In the meantime Mrs. Baker took a hurried departure on the noon train, and it was obvious the thing for her husband to take the afternoon train so I spent a good bit of time helping him off. Fortunately we had decided not to try to go that day and it was just as well for boat No. 2 wouldn't hold water for boat No. 2 would not hold water for boat No. 2 we called another on all our things, so we called another on the next A.M. and went to be ready by the next A.M. and once packing was practically done we went calling in the community at 4:30 and went to prayer meeting in the next A.M. of all the rest of our goods and caught the afternoon train. That was Thursday. Boat No. 2 was due the Friday A.M. No. 3 sat P.M. No. 3 got in at Black Friday and we agreed with the carriers of Saturday. But before they began carrying No. 3 appeared so we unloaded both boats, taking from about 8:45 to one or later, but got them all up the hill and all. Great things was happening and you are the same thing. First letter.
Thanyong July 27

Dear Mother,

We are having a fine young typhoon, and one hardly knows what to think of it. Of course a typhoon is a swirling of air, like the water running out of the hole in the bathtub. Usually the center of the typhoon goes by at a considerable distance. As the typhoon approaches the wind blows from one direction; as it goes by the wind veers; and as it recedes the wind blows in the direction opposite to the original.

In the 1918 typhoon the preliminary gust was about 1 P.M. The typhoon itself began to blow at 4. and lasted till 8. And the farewell gust was 2 A.M. after that only rain. This typhoon was a small one but its center passed within 5 miles of Belf. Last year's typhoon passed right through Swatow. It likewise lasted several hours.

Both 1918 and 1922 typhoons came on suddenly, in fair weather. This year we have several days of raw wet weather shortly after I got here. Then it came on fair for a day and a half. Yesterday a typh was set for 3 P.M. At 2:30 a heavy rain came. Then it was merely cloudy. At 6:10 heavy threatening black clouds came up, and there was a heavy...
Rain here at the house. 8 of us were having a walk, about 1/2 mile away, and we didn't get more than a wee splinkle. But the weather looked threatening so we nailed things up for a typhoon and we were able to sleep except when Mims wanted me to do something. I covered up where water was falling about 10 p.m. and after about 3 A.M. I managed to get some sleep too. By the morning I was 8 A.M. it seemed as if the typhoon were passed by — and the direction of the wind hasn't changed. And here 9:15 p.m. it looks as tho' if we were in for another might of heavy blowing. One wouldn't mind the howl of the roof didn't leak too. And like childbirth these typhoons usually happen at night. But unless you read ads. of another "snowtyphoon" you'll know that this is merely the usual typhoon, only more long drawn out than usual.

Ms Baker had a birthday day before yesterday — the one pleasant day we have had for a week. And she had all the Americans in Thailand in for tea — or rather Ms Worley had meals for us. In honor of Ms Baker's birthday. We had a nice time. I got here one Saturday. Sunday 1
Spent in bed and didn't go to the English service. It rained. Last Sunday I went. It also rained. Day after tomorrow it is my turn to preach. My sermon is practically ready. But if the weather is as bad as this, we shall have to postpone till another Sunday.

I came up July 14th and have been on two short walking trips these two weeks. But as soon as the weather clears, there will be more hikes. There are enough people now. But if the one is willing to be caught and have to walk home in the rain, one hardly cares to start out when the wind is as fierce and the rain as cold as it is today.

All these things are the "less than perfect" side of Phailong. But it is a nice place and I want you to think of us as having a lovely summer here. I hope you are the same.

John Lennon
Ellison
Dec 7

Dear Mother,

Conference is in full blast and it is some blast, at least for one who is on the Reference Committee. At keeping an influential church member is attacking the missionaries, has apparently terrorized some of the missionaries and is arousing against them a tremendous anti-Foreign sentiment. Connected with this is a salt tax that is alleged to be illegal, and over which the Chinese town here are very indignant. And their indignation largely the not very justifiably centers on the Mission (it would be best not to talk about the unless I write more explicitly as publicity may not be desirable, and it requires careful statement to avoid giving a wrong impression). Also we have had an architect as our mission builder and he has taken no precautions to keep within the money available so that all our buildings are "in a hole" and have got to quit when half done unless we can get more money; our committee has trusted his judgment not an
unreasonable amount... but more than (as it appears) is safe with that kind of a man. We are in a dreadful fix and so is he; but he doesn't seem worried about it, and we are. It is all the more painful because everyone likes the man. Again premature publicity is undesirable; the affair may assume a better aspect but at present it is this. We spent all last evening in a Reference Committee meeting on the matter and a very unpleasant meeting it was.

Later, there have been so many things that I feel bewildered as I try to recall them. They take the form of "Report of property committee" of which the principal feature is the above: "Report of advertising committee" of which the principal features are designing a girls' to a place of which I disapprove; and removing Newton Brown from our house... and I can't find the means of severing either from removing to be necessary: report of medical committee including the report of a doctor to be transferred which raised an embarrassing problem the actual solution of which is mainly post post: report of educational and Evangelistic committees which don't pay though points the matter of the strong dissatisfaction felt in some
Quakers because our higher educational work seems to be emphasized more than our church work, and the policy of the schools is not satisfactory to the mission or the churches. I am on the Reference Committee as you know, and we have to consider all these things before they come to Conference. Formally the Property Room report had 7 or 8 hours of our attention, whereas in Conference it had perhaps 10 minutes after the report was read. There is some satisfaction in knowing elected to such an important committee and in having some share in the control of things. But it certainly is a relief to feel that next year someone else has got to carry that burden. The reef is elected and I am not on it. Let the was nominated and pulled the largest vote of any defeated candidate, but she had a very strong opponent, and there was no particular reason why she should be elected but there were several why the opponent should. The list of sub-committee is not yet published so I don't know what place I may have on that. So far I have only my old stand-by job of statistician. I wouldn't feel quite natural without that. Ben Baker is on the Reference Committee, and the other members are all right.
I haven't written very much lately because I really had something on my mind. I didn't want to write about it till now. But if I hadn't written about that, my pen didn't flow freely on other subjects.

When I went to Europe five weeks or so ago by leather jacket and my annual physics exam, and there was something funny about my heart and lungs. They are all right now, and I don't know what was the matter then exactly. The stethoscope showed that the heart sounds were weak, and there was a lump thick on that side. The blood pressure was unusually low. But the "rales" that are a symptom of T.B. were hardly to be printed—whereas the cold on my chest which I had then would naturally cause some rales even without any tuberculosis. The weakness of heart sounds might be due to either having to be heard thus, more thickness (agreeing with what the stethoscope read about lungs) or due to the fact that the heart was beating slowly (agreeing with the low blood pressure) at any rate I climbed a mountain that afternoon with no unusual difficulty, and my heart wasn't in bad shape. By giving me some anti-cold vaccine I got that cleared out of the way, and I have also been taking cod liver oil.

It is...
I had the further examination day before yesterday, and by reports that the lump bounds are good and heart pounds at rest—perhaps not exactly normal. But there is so little to either that it would not have attracted notice. So one has no need to worry about lumps at all. And Dim.

On boat crossing bay from Kachchik to Swaton.

Elliam asked me to take this and send it even tho' he hadn't finished it, and he will write more later.

He seems oh so much better than he did a month or two ago! I am very thankful.

I received your two good letters of Oct 30 & Nov 6 enclosing two halfs for children a day or two ago. John & Alice were delighted with magnets & shoes.

You must remember that your birthday present was for two years. Glad you liked it! For Lottie.
Dear Mother,

I'm mighty sorry I haven't written you more. I intended to write every day on this trip or every other day at the very outside, and my only excuse is that the responsibility of being treasurer keeps me thoroughly busy. I could have written Sat. P.M. on the Wabash, but it was so rough that it was mighty hard work writing and I thought I could get time to write in Chicago.

When we got there we were supposed to be met by Miss Kelkina of the Women's Foreign of the West. But she didn't find us for some time. Del was also there and missed us. The only explanation is that our train must have come in a section but a cousin of Lottie's met us and did his best to carry us out nearly to Evanston, that took up about 15 min.
discussing with him. Then we started for the trolley, but in the wrong direction and finally decided to take a taxi. That took 15 or 20 min to arrange. When we got to the hotel we had supper then Miss Jenkins arranged some business. I put her on the trolley, fixed my account, and it was so late that I thought best not to phone till the next day. I had to be in bed. The next morning I got up as early as convenient, got my stuff down to breakfast and started for Old Park. I hoped I'd be able to get them off by 5:45 but it was 7 when we started. After a combination of bad luck and good, we got to Oak Park about 10:15. I spoke at some length in church and less in SS. Besides the three you know there was Mr. McDaid Scott, who is going out to Swatow, shepherding grandmother. Dr. Anna Scott 70 years old, who has charge of 2 hospitals with only native assistant trained by herself. She speaks only two or three minutes.
so I had lots of her time to fill out since I was the last speaker. Lottie and I were taken home by the Baptist minister and after dinner and some telephoning we went to bed. We were due to leave Oak Park station at 5.15, and we didn’t wake up till about 5.06. By the time we got dressed and to the station it was 5.30 and when we reached the lincoln Baptist, it was about 10 to 6. We were to have supper with the deacons and their wives at 5.30 and actually did sit down just after 6. Then we were taken upstairs and had a very very hasty and informal reception. Followed by a talk by Miss Bathe, another secretary of the women’s western foreign mission. That was the W.F.M. meeting. At the evening service we were going by Miss Bertrude Ryder from near Worcester who is returning from Japan. She has charge of a girls dormitory something like the Y.W.C.A. hotels by Miss Selma Kagergren whose father is president of the Swedish theatre. I met Morgan Park Chicago. She is a very attractive delicate looking little girl. Miss Ryder is a junior, M. and
Miss Scott is a little slip of a girl full of the crikens. Well we got them about 10:45 and then it was bedtime. Monday I think I got up about 6:30 having gotten breakfast and made the plan to meet Miss Thomas then left word for her. Miss Thomas be ready when I got back about 9:30. But Miss Thomas made a date to call for breakfast and forgot to keep it all when I got back at 9:45. She hadn't been served breakfast yet. But she was otherwise ready. The arrangement was that I was to take the two heavy suitcases the two (Miss Thomas's and mine). Little the little suitcase and her hand bag, and we were to go to Marshall Field's and meet her at 10. Then he and I would take the baggage and check it at the station I would meet her coming there at 11. Having previously done some shopping and go to dinner with him. Well Miss Thomas delayed us so that we didn't reach there till 11:10 and poor he didn't know what had become of us. Miss Thomas reports having had every possible kind of mishap that morning and I think she did too.
Well, got back from the baggage exchange and orders for tickets. Saw about the berths and transfer of Miss Ryder's baggage. Got some stamped envelopes and a money order for L. called for the mail and took the car for Mrs. Posey's house, arriving there 2:15. I had half planned to call for L. after dinner but instead phoned as soon as we got there. And Lottie's cousin brought her over. She got there just after we were done dinner. We left at 10 and got to the station just at 5. As I had promised, I had to check the baggage for Misses Ryder, Scott, Magee, and Northcott, the latter having a trained canine. We are going to South China. I was anxious to have them all there early so as to have plenty of time to check, and wanted all there because Miss Ryder had 100 lbs excess. But if the others had 100 lbs less than their allowance, the total amount for 4 passengers would be $50. I didn't dare try it with 5. lest this be not sufficient leeway. As it turned out we had 1250 lbs and were allowed 1400 so it was pretty close.
Miss Northcutt came in from Cleveland on Mon. P.M. I had her ticket and money and when she couldn't find me she was nearly crazy as they say, but I had told both Miss Hopkins and Miss Battle that I would be there at 5, and Miss Northcutt didn't show up till 5:40, I got Lil and another man to help the women on board the car and by the promise of a financial inducement got the baggage checked OK. Miss Ryder wanted the two suitcases and there were 3 suitcases in the car. So I couldn't tell by the numbers which was which. At 5:55 the suitcases hadn't been brought in yet so I went up to the train to see how things were, and found that 3 of my tickets were only orders and had to be exchanged for tickets. So I rushed down to the ticket office. I might have done that while I was waiting for my crowd if I had known. While they were working on the ticket I went and got the suitcases and gave the baggage men 50c. When I got the
ticket the clock down, Stairs said 6.04 5 and the clock on the Stairs said 6.05. I
way stormed up the Stairs with my 3 suitcases I met me on the gate and carried 1 or 2 of them
I threw them on the train. Snack hands with
about 3 people and we were off. I think the
gate man held the train about half a minute.

Well, I arranged my crowd and the suitcases etc. and by that time it was quieted down
so we went to corner, which we very much
enjoyed. Then I worked on my accounts all by
time and they came out all right, but it was
long after the rest of the crowd was in bed.

The next morning we got up just in time to
get off at Omaha. A representative of the
Foreign Board took us to the hotel, where we had
breakfast. Then I went to see about Pullman
beds. Got back just in time to go for an auto
ride. Something happened to the auto right
near the house of a club which our hostess
belonged to. So we showed the third and then sat
by the fire and worked on accounts while the
rest climbed the hill to see the view.
Then dinner and Eddie and I lay down to rest for about 5 min. I got a phone message from the pastor of the Swedish Baptist Church, who wanted Miss Bosegen for dinner and about 5 min. later, a car came from an old man and his wife. He was an old man and his wife. He was at Rochester before the days of Dr. Strong and is now in enforced retirement from the ministry. He hardly ever goes out except when he called to express his sympathy with us in our work, etc. And he did finally decide to do it that evening for he was there and stayed till well they stayed about half an hour and by that time Eddie was all looped so I worked on bookkeeping again till suppertime. We had a hurried supper to get to meeting and when we got home it was bed time.

This morning was devoted almost exclusively to getting away. I had to get time to start this letter. Maybe 15 min. It was rainy and we went to the station and then left at 11:55. Had dinner on the train. The accounts are straight and it's now 3:15. I'm sorry this letter was so long delayed. But honestly it's the first chance I had to write. Love to all the family. Will write more tomorrow.
Dear Mother,

I believe the last letter wrote you was on a train on the Union Pacific. I haven't had another chance to write till now and I had to burn this peace off one of the girls in the party. We all spoke the PM and took the 3 PM train for Salinas where we are due the 6:30 speak this evening see the cattle in AM. and take the 1:00 train at 4:30. I was able to get dinner excused from this trip so she is going to visit Julie (Amidle) Nelson who lives in ST A. She could hardly decide whether to take advantage of the trip or not, so asked her to let me decide for her. I'm sorry she can't see all San Diego but the rest is worth while. So when we got on the train, I found I was the odd one. I was in a seat facing two men but I couldn't hear their talk. I couldn't sleep. So I went to talk to some of the girls and mentioned it. I wished for some writing paper and she gave me this.

We had a good trip on the SS Nice smooth roadbed and clear saw. But when we left them our troubles began from Ogden (11 48 minutes) to 3:00.
the road belong to the Oregon Short Line as a Harrisburg concern. So only
36 miles but they put on one of their engines for the run, and
left the observation car was really out of the station the engine
breaks on ox. So they had to fire up another 0-5-0 engine and we
left Engineer / hr. 5 min late.
On the way something happened and we had a good chance to study
the working of the flagging system as our flagman went ahead and
flagged the train following. We were for a train as
soon as the engine, which told that
he had seen the flag. Anyway we left 5:23 about 1 hour late,
and when we left, Las Vegas was
early Fri. and we hadn’t much of any. From 5:23 to
9:45 the Las Vegas, 9:45 the Las Vegas,
Salt Lake R.R. This the desert.
Yes, you know they change engines
at division points and that is
where the roundhouses are. Las
Vegas is a division point and
the next one is Otis about 150 miles
further. When we were about 50
miles from El. V. way out in
the desert, our engine broke
down. right on a side track and
we had to wait till the train
behind, a freight, caught up
and borrow their engine, leaving
our train and our disabled.
engine on the side track. Well, you know a freight train has little wheels. So it would go for great strength and low speed. It could have hauled half a dozen trains like ours just as fast as it did ours.

Because it can't go faster than maximum speed no matter how light the load - kept down hill. And there we did some good coasting. But it took us some three hours to get to Owos and get another engine.

We were due at Pomona at 3:33 and supposed we were to reach there, but had indefinite instructions. As it turned out they had a supper for us and were waiting when we got there. But we couldn't figure on that. And as we found we wouldn't reach Pomona till about 6:30 or 6:45 we decided to eat in the dining car and think it was a wise decision.

Well, they wanted us to go right to the church and have ice cream, but every one of us bailed out. So they let us to the hotel and wash and eat.

Everyone of us was about ready to eat out. That road near the desert was fearful rough and when we got into the city it was so crooked and we cracked as fast down hill that it
was ever rougher if anything, and one couldn't help but write a letter. I watched the scenery all my life, and the green glassy, very trying indeed, even with dark glasses. Then I played flush a while, and the song was before we were up and didn't do any good for writing. We were all too used to do our best but everyone said that all the rest spoke well and he himself or she herself was the only one who didn't do well. Then we went to bed, got up, just in time to get breakfast and take the train for 8:40 and go to hotel in a bus. I was my work to see that the party was all comfortably fixed in good rooms, and then Mr. Reyer and I had to see about getting the tickets for San Diego. Mr. Reyer is the Pacific representative of the foreign board and I looked forward to delivering the party into his hands and being free from responsibility. I find however that I am his first lieutenant, and while he is really responsible I have quite a bit of work to do. Just enough to be interesting and also to take up the spare time that might otherwise go to idle wandering.
Well when we got our ticket and got home it was about 1:30 so we got lunch then and I daydream for some much needed rest. Guess she got more than I did, but neither of us got any more than we needed. When took a bath and after supper we started a few rounds and went to see Mrs. Page whose husband is mission president at Swaziland. She showed us a bit panorama of Swaziland, the bay, and the mission compound. Also three annual conference lectures and a lot of interesting things.

When we got home it was feed time by a large majority. This morning we got up just in time to get breakfast, dress and start out to school. We got back just in time for me to dress for dinner. Marshall the boys and start for the 3 oc lock train.

Tomorrow evening we have a reception at the Temple Beth (Bob Bardeles & Shoumaker's) Tuesday we are to tell 3. When we start for Pasadena by "45" then we are to be entertained at the "45".
I am to leave semi-officially
that sounds like experience about it. We speak in the evening
and return to our hotel at 7. It
was just after dinner
we start for Riverside and
don't return to stay any more.
On thus we stand at
Redlands, take a sleeper at San
Bernardino at 10.30 (five
minutes to change) and get a
Freeman at 10.40 AT
in that night after speaking
we take the Electric that
stays from Bakersfield and
get at 11.50 at here
end the first lesson
at Pomona about the
first person I met was the
wife of Henry Bly. Her name
was, and she brought
down Henry to the
station. The hombres
left, and the best Dickie
May will probably
come to speak soon. I
must from his work
getting too tough to
write and time
would be any time
to work at San
Diego. See Mr. Bly

E.L. Ross
Dear Mother:
I hoped to be able to write a good note last night. But I was tired after two trips to the locomotive which kept me busy practically all the time from breakfast to supper.
Here is a plan of our house that I made for you last night. It was a lot of fun to make. I took the measurements when I came up with Baker with the first load of goods so that I could plan where the big pieces of furniture were to go.
We have had a carpenter, a painter, a mason, and two whitewashers in the house. That is one reason for my not having more time. The whitewashers are the most bothersome. We have had kitchen, pantry, dining, study, sitting room, and bed room. Sitting room has had second coat. Now dining study has had first coat. Bed room is getting first coat. Most of our upstairs stuff is in the two north rooms. Fortunately study didn't have ceiling done, so we just moved things to the pantry but that was some bother.
Do you suppose we have been busy? Hoping you are the same.

You looking for Elton?
Rockport

Miss Dana can send where she thinks best. It's expensive to
Lottie as her request earlier to tell me the news—makes me
uncertain where Attie should go. Send to Agnes, Legs and "Kunt by
Dear Mother", I've told them. If not, return to me.

From Rockport, please.

The checker board that I have been
making is just finished, and it has been
lots of fun to make. Last summer at
7 mourning letter and I played checkers a
good deal and always had to borrow the
board. One day it occurred to me
that I could make a board myself, so
I got some wood about 14 or 7 in wide,
and some 14 in square, and laid out
the checker board on it 15 to the square.

The board is finished now, and I
is at the piano while I am taking the
opportunity to write a few lines of you.
This has been quite a carpenter. We
were beginning last Saturday when I made
some holidays for window curtains,
and some other things that I have forgotten.
Monday I had an idea of making a book
rack. On Tuesday morning a Sunday
afternoon while listening to a Chinese
preacher teaching 55 lessons in a pretty
dry manner, Chinese books
are bound in a way that makes
them very thin and they can't
somewhat if it is good on feet
or soles. I have been bothered
a good deal so finally made
of frame with shelves as the
illustration shows. Open front and back
but the picture doesn't give a very good
idea. It is about 76 in high, and
some 14 in or 15 in wide, and perhaps
12 in deep. It has 6 shelves, 12
beside the space between the
shelf and the base and the space on top 8 places in all. Each were any for 2 books. It stands on my desk, between the card maids each one of the shelves in each which are bought with a shelf which is not made of of each nicely varnished but to my prejudice by the book rack looks better than furniture. I can see its defects the it is made of pieces of woods some of which were worked with the result that in some places the shelves don't come in very close contact with the sides and some of the spurs the spurs had received had gone so deep that I couldn't plane down below their level. And the shelves are merely held up by 3 nails on each side all of which are very visible. And it isn't varnished and it isn't going to be. But it certainly has been a comfort already & have my Chinese books right in front of me. and yet out of the way.

I have had a lot of fun with my carpenter tools but I don't think as much as I know now I wouldn't have brought out so many. Shells for instance are made very well indeed by the Chinese and they have one type which I have never seen at home. It serves as an all around tool to the carpenter. He uses it much as I would use a wood knife and I have greatly admired the things I have seen carpenters do with them by making wedges an inch long and 1/2 in square the slitting big which is all done with the afore mentioned. They have one with a skewed edge and another which is bent in half (side view) so that the man can use it in corners and other difficult places. Then of course that have regular firmer chisels and gouges.
The Chinese planes are very good indeed too. You give a Chinese the fiddle you want whatever its shape, and he will get a piece of hard wood and make a plane to fit. and it will be a good one. The handles are different from ours. But I am not at all sure that if I were out here without tools I would buy Chinese planes. I know I would get Chinese chinese.

Their saws are on the Yankee fiddle pattern except that the handle is crooked and the brace is off at the side meeting the saw.

as in the Yankee fiddle. I don't think I should like the handle at that angle but I guess it is only a matter of training. The Chinese can saw better with them than I can with mine.

Where our saws have the advantage is that we can saw all the way along a board, and sometimes they have to do a good deal of maneuvering to do that. The ordinary carpenter uses an all around saw, though he will either cross cut or rip. It probably doesn't do it as well as our saws do their own work but the carpenter only needs one saw to carry, to sharpen and to pay for, and the cost is an important item.

A Chinese saw will consist of a Chinese, a big saw and a tree. The saw has its blade at right angles to the plane. and the braces are far enough away so that when they saw a block, board there is room for it between the blade and the brace of the next is sawed and guiding the saw straight she remove the back. Cut the tree in a frame (which I forgot to mention Mark
lines for the cuts and go to work. It must be some work. For the saws are so course that they cut a smooth eighth of an inch or more wide. Which wastes strength as well as lumber. We enjoyed watching them last year at sawing cut-down trees, cut it up and make it into timbers for our verandah fence all in the Saturday.

The hammers they use are a fright. We get so used to having one for carpentry another for cobbling another for blacksmithing, another for tacks a mallet, etc., that at least feel very uncomfortable with the wrong kind of hammer. But the carpenter who worked for us used a tiny machine's ball head hammer for everything and seemed entirely happy. Evidently he was used to it. And that I know has a hammer which looks to me like a blacksmith's smoother which isn't a hammer at all. It's an iron head on a handle held in place by the assistant while the smith hits it with a hammer to smooth out the piece of iron on which it is placed. I should consider it absolutely impossible as a hammer. But he did better work with it than I can do with my best hammer.

But while we have the advantage over them in our brace and bit. They have a handle with a pointed iron which is made to revolve to running back and forth a bamboo stick from which a string runs around the handle. The handle is built so that the upper part is held still in the hand while the lower part revolves as the bamboo is run back and forth and in this way the point
Loose its way into the wood more or less effectively. Loss. I shoule say, for when the hole has been made the the board sometimes there is a narrow space in the middle, and the man has to run this too up and away until it revolves freely in any depth of the hole.

This letter has been written at various times as I was able to get opportunity. It is being finished as part of the Khao Yung launch writing in it to start. The right side of this page was written when I wanted to write something and the rest of this letter was not.

We needed at Cebu a lantern platform on which to belong to the water. We left it with all its gear, and we are going to use it at Sea. So someone has to go get it. I could send a servant, but finally decided to have the thing myself. I wanted to come down and see some of the chieftains. And this seemed a good opportunity.

I suppose by this time you have heard received Mel's letter telling about her expectations for this fall. She is certainly pleased over the letter and so am I. Of course I whole need to be extra careful now. I am glad we have our Khao Yung room so we need not worry about that. The question of where to go. The Ang Lashers are in the same fix except that their date is expected in August and they haven't yet succeeded in finding a place to go. I took dinner with them and felt like offering them our room at Khao Yung, only we thought of it about as badly as they do. Khao Yung is wretched fell up. But so it was last year and yet we got on.

At Khao Yung, they have not yet succeeded in getting a room. Khao Yung is in the hills being so. I hope they can manage to go somewhere.

Well I must close. With much love

Ellison
Dear Mother:

I have been very much interested in a book of Xmas presents. My youngest sister has a copy of it and might be interested in looking at it. I wonder what is included in the pictures that were in the book of Xmas presents. Can you tell me what you think of it? It is such a nice thing to have on hand.

Lottie says that she got her position with Miss Astor. She is very happy and is now at an agency (Pratt). And I think it was Pratt, too. She tried to join with the young man who is very nice, but she didn't want to go back because she thought anyone who wanted to go back was not going to quit in a few years and she wanted to be in a regular firm.

Will you please send the enclosed to Miss Puffer, 21 Old Spring Valley Road, and to Mrs. Alice Puffer, No. 2040.
Dear Mother,

I was glad you sent this picture if you will twist it around you will
find an angle at which my pencil marks reflect the light so you can
read them.

1. 2. Dr & Mrs. Ashmore. (Son of old Mr.
    Ashmore.) Mrs. not as old as she looks
3. Miss Sellman. Head of Women's Bible Society
4. Edwin Worley, son of 14
5. Mr. Franklin, of the Board.
6. Mrs. Baker. Mrs. wife of 25
7. (Miss) Mrs. Lewis of Lungkung. 6 children.
8. 9. (Two by mistake.) Mrs. Miss Beamann. of West China.
     She has been keeping the women warm by having &
     serving them. An account of her health.
9a. (Behind Beamann.) Mr. Page whose house we are occupying. Academy
8a. (Behind Lewis & ) Mrs. Lasher. See 17
10. Miss腾king. sister of 23 and of a
     secretary of the Women's Board of
     the FMC. Gone home on account of
     the sickness and won't return.
11. Mr. Burbank. of East China
12. Miss Withers. Nurse at Lungkung
13. Miss Bruce. Who had to go home last fall
     after 2 years study. Just as she was
     ready to open the high school. Now
     closed and will be for 2 years more.
     Hilde a woman who comes out this
     fall learns the language.
     who was brother to Mr. W.
15. 16 Mr. & Mrs. Griffin of Nanyang. (Other
    dealer)
17. Dr. Leslie of Chao-yang see 8a.
18. Mr. T. of Kippsang, with whom I took my first trip.
19. Mr. Speicher, now with the China Bapt. Soc. at Canton.
20. Mr. Whitman of Hope (the other dialect).
21. Mr. Watters (his wife was in the States then)
22. Mr. Bakerman of East China.
23. Mr. Atkins of Chaochowfu, who went home with his sister 10
24. 31 Mr. & Mrs. Bonsfield off. Chaochowfu is the only person who speaks any European language.
25. Mr. Baker who belongs to the Missionary Society at Chaochowfu but has had to teach in the Academy here to fill a gap in the staff. See 6.
26. Mr. Kemp of Chaochowfu, just returned home by physicians; rundown from being too much alone. Made in stocks with a sick child.
27. Mrs. Worley’s illness, Mrs. Worley’s illness, Mrs. Worley’s illness. See 14
28. Mrs. Franklin, see 5.
29. Dr. Edith Bacon of Kippsang whom miss Northcott has given a suit.
30. Mr. Bonsfield of Chao-yang see 27.
Dear Mother;

I was very much interested in your missionary photo book, but I feel it didn't answer the questions you asked so I'll try to do so now. The house adorning the church is the parsonage. It was bare-like and bare, but since it has been fixed up, painted etc and now quite improved that group photograph is as follows: 1st row from left to right: Rev. P. H. Blakely, Rev. G. H. Singier, Rev. P. H. D. Hetherick, Raymond B. Turner, Rev. S. J. Gordon, O. S. J. King, R. W. Joy. 2nd row: Mrs. G. H. Hetherick, Mrs. A. R. P. Turner, Miss. J. E. King. Bottom row: Miss. J. E. Hunter, Mrs. J. H. Talbot, Miss. C. J. King. Thomas, you see somebody was filled and to write all this on the back of the photo we bought. I otherwise followed the list that he was a doctor, and that they had been married only a few weeks and at the start of how late she was, and on miss. Hillis, of whom I could have said only that she went to Indie in Burma or somewhere. Hetherick went to the missionary press at Rangoon. He was a little shy on education, but full of enthusiasm, and I guess would have made good. Singier had a kinder spirit, he knows how to impress people with the importance of Singier. I was interested in the part of Singier that can make that kind of service home from Rangoon—kind of spirit. Mr. Hetherick, the pastor at Willow, was a little dried up, looking minister with a small voice; he wanted to be sent to Rangoon as pastor of the Eng Church. But Mr. Ridge wouldn't have him. When Mr. Ridge (Foreign Board representative in India) heard that Singier was a kinder and more from some of his kinder spirit.
classmates, what sort of a man Syrians was. He wished he had worked harder for Whitaker. Still, Syrians may be just the man. The East is composed chiefly of Syrians, proud and quick to resent even the slightest appearance of a slight, but it quite impossible to suppose that they would be the kind who would worship the "great man" and that Syrians would be able to make them think he was great enough to deserve their worship. The fact that Van and himself picked out a Syrian meant that I might think it may be true. But I wouldn't want Syrians for my pastor. As often happens in such cases Mrs. Syrians is a very nice woman, and seems to take the husband at his own estimate. She was the one who roomed with me the three years I was in the city, and I seemed interestingly young to her. But I think she was all right. He went to Rangoon with Lord Kell to teach. Miss Thomas went to the Philippines to teach in the Industrial School. She was the "harem" of my "harem" on that way. I saw her two years on the boat but I haven't heard of her going home yet, as I guess she'll stop. I suppose you know that the "middle generation of Scots" is my waters. I should very much like to see your book. Some of the pictures I cannot make out from your description. Wish to send you some more some day, I was interested in what you told me about the Stewart boys. And if they were "lost" gone forever. Are they related to the Bennets or are they Armenian, just know they are Smiths. Thought they were Carleton, or no, a different boy.
HB discussed Miss Slattery's statement that girls did, interesting me very much. I am inclined to think that what you said about every girl trying to be different from others means that all the other girls wear things that are "outlandish" and different. I read an article on this subject which tinged of a girl (or boy) I'm not sure which) the third of a noted author. who said "I rather know you wouldn't write books. none of the other girls (or boys) have fathers that would write books."

It has just come and tried to drag me off outdoors. 2 to 5 15 PM any she says I'd have sat at the desk long and wrote to you a little longer. So we decided that she would go and inspect the garden while I took advantage of the remaining daylight and then this evening we will play games or something like that.

I was interested in HB's new plans. As I understand she is "out" at Smith now. Has she kept on her work of teaching children for adoption, did that used to be a remunerative occupation or not? Has she been living on her salary as "reader" or did she have other sources of income? What makes was her old employer? and what is the news? Did she have a course in typewriting, or is she still taught? Did she attend the secret grapher or is she going to typewrite at so much a page? What does she intend to do for a living? Don't answer those questions. they are unimportant. But what do you think of about HB's plans aroused my curiosity along these lines
I must have asked my brother to send me a picture of Father. But, oh, no. He did not do so again. In fact of the question, I had it promised, and it is now on the wall in a conspicuous position. It is a remarkable picture. When I wrote to him in the spring, I sent the letters from Canton, gave a rough outline of the road from the house where she stayed from the renting of the house, then suggested that I send it to him, but unfortunately it got overlooked. So I apologized and said along a portion just to show how it had found the road and the road was hard to find, and that she couldn't imagine the way she decided it was so hard to be a live chair. I was interested in the way they furnished the boy who jumped out of the window to escape. I wish he had have enjoyed the party. I was glad to see the school songs, rising young poet.

An old letter says Wallard is expecting an addition to his family this August. Anyone that means that must mean when it happens.

Love,

[Signature]
Dear Mother,

These letters have been in the envelope waiting to be sent to you for quite a while but unfortunately they got overlooked.

So the is back and cooking fire she was badly delayed by boats. Her steamer from Shinkansen to, near Petainha, was to have waited Sept 27th. and it didn't leave till Oct 1 (I think) In the meantime she was the only foreigner left in PT 11 except a couple of old ladies (missionaries, I think) who live there all the time. and she had at her cook & boy. and was doing the cooking herself, helped by the amah, and a local man, and was in danger of running short of food. But she wasn't worried about him, for we had agreed that it was the right thing to do, and we were going to trust God to make it come out right. On her side, she and the children just revelled in the coolness which called for winter underclothing, sweaters etc. and put a stop to sea bathing. On this side, it isn't quite clear whether it would
have been better for her to come earlier or not, on some considerations; but on the great question of the weather it is clear while she was enjoying the cool and getting strong in it, we were having an unusually hot autumn.

On the way to the country for a week's trip. Much love

E
We have had a quiet, comfortable summer. We did not realize how comfortable it had been until we started to come down last Monday Sept. 20th. I was carried down by four men in a comfortable wicker chair with a reclining back and foot rest and plenty of cushions. It felt queer to have so many men, but it prevented "Jogglng"(Is that w word?) And made it safer on the steep paths. Well - we left at 2.30 P.M., arriving at Wukingfu (1800 feet lower) at about 6 P.M. There we settled ourselves in a native boat (as big as a small fishing boat) for the night. The water simply dripped off from every particle of our bodies as we moved a little to get ready for supper and the night, and even after I went to bed - practically in the open air - the perspiration made the pillow uncomfortably damp. The boat did not start to go till 5.00 the next morning, and then the breeze of our motion made it very comfortable for the whole day, and we enjoyed the beautiful mountains blue and the rippling water, but when evening came and the bright moonlight shone everywhere, it was too exquisite for expression. Our boatmen anxious to take advantage of a favoring tide in the river, worked all night, until 5.00 the next morning, when we arrived, and they talked all the time, so that we could not have slept at all if we had not been very tired. It was so funny! They talked loud and continuously, but when some men came along asking questions about where we were going, they shouted in a most disturbed way "Keep quiet, don't talk, the people are sleeping."

I had to dress before daylight that morning, for I knew that there would be no time to put up curtains when we arrived at the river bank, and had the curious people peering around, the carriers calling for burdens, and the chairmen telling us to hurry.

Then followed a chair ride of two or three hours thro fields of waving rice, high sugar cane, and beautiful orange groves, until we arrived at the English Presbyterian Mission on the other side of the river from our house and there kind friends had a hot bath and a good
dinner all waiting for us. Finally on Wed. about 4 P.M. (after a rest at these houses) we arrived at our home on the hill, and walked thro the bare but very familiar rooms, glad to be at our place again, and to have room to spread out, and a bath-tub big enuf to wash comfortably in, and a bed without any ciphers; and a piano! It all seemed good, and altho we had to live from Wednesday to Saturday without the services of our cook, we have managed to have enuf to eat, and to get very well settled.

That is Lottie's story. Mine differs from it in a few slight particulars, due chiefly to my different point of view, as being on foot instead of in a chair. When we ordered chairs for Lottie and Mrs. James, who made the trip with us, it was cool and I was feeling fine, and was sure I wouldn't need a chair; so I might as well save nearly $2.50 by going afoot. But after a cold rainy week-end, it came on bright and hot on Monday, and by dinner time I was so tired that I wished mighty well that I had a chair; but it was too late to order it then. So I walked, and had the sun beat on me in a way that I don't think I have ever felt before. Usually I am hot, and my clothes are wet; but on that trip it was the clothes, heated by the sun, that were warmer than I was, and unfortunately my umbrella wasn't big enuf to shade the whole of my body. However there were no distressing results, and the longer I went the better I felt, because altho I was probably getting progressively tired, the sun was getting progressively western, and the air progressively cool. And when I had been in the river and changed my clothes I felt better. One feature that helped me was this. The chairmen walked faster than I could conveniently, but after the first stop I kept ahead of them, to their disgust, thus holding
them down to a pace which was easier on me, and also easier on Lottie. At one time when the trail was broad they tried to get past me, but I walked a little faster (just a little) and walked to one side a little bit (without paying any attention # # # to them) and got ahead of them again. They laughed generously, instead of getting mad, for which I was glad.

On the trip for the boat to Chaochowfu, I was again affoct, for the same reason. It doesn't sound like much to say six miles on the level. But before I got thro wrangling with the carriers I was nicely tired; and the carriers walk just a little faster than I care to on a hot day. And my shoes (the last pair that could be worn) had got into such shape that I practically had my heels resting on a row or nails unless I walked with extreme care. I didn't damage my feet; but it doesn't make the trip any easier to have to be so careful of you gait, especially on a rough road. I am glad that Lottie is able to report beautiful fields and orange groves. A man on foot has to watch his steps and doesn't have a great deal of leisure to enjoy the scenery. I was glad to know that a new pair of shoes that had just come from home was waiting for me at my destination. Mrs. James only wanted her men to carry to her house, but mine, who were in the majority, had to be forced to carry some five minutes farther, to the bank of the river, where the stuff was to be put on the boat. It was a nice job forcing them to do so, but it could be done. But also, when we got there the river was low, and its bank was a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet away across the burning sands, and my carriers all struck and demanded extra pay. But to stop and argue how much extra would be a bad method. So I just ordered them to carry down to the boat, and went off leaving them sitting on their burdens; when they called for me to come back I called for them to come along; and as it was obvious that they couldn't afford to lose their pay for carrying six miles, on a mere question of a hundred yards, and as I evidently didn't intend to pay them unless they carried to the boat (which was waiting) nor to come back and argue, presently they all shouldered their burdens and came along
and altho I had a big head start, every man passed me before I got to theoat. You see, they were all barefoot, and they wanted to get off that
hot sand and cool their feet in the river. The first man had his clothes
off and he was in the river, long before the tail man had arrived, and
they were all in a bunch (15 men) As they passed me they called attention
to the warmth of the sand, and invited me to take off my shoes and see
how warm it was; but I didn't need to, I could feel it thro my shoes;
and while I stood there seeing about the loading of the stuff I took
pains to stand on the moist sand close to the edge; it was much nicer.

Ch, I mustn't forget about the water. I had a canteen full when we left
the boat, but I drank it all up in less than an hour, so I tied it on a
burden, that is tied the canteen, till we got to the Presbyterian compound
and then I gave it to my coolie and told him to get it filled with water
and join me on the bank. He came on the run, and I called to him not to
hurry, but when he arrived I found he was barefoot too and was running
for comfort. He was glad to reach the bank and so was I, and the water
didn't last very long.

This was a new route that we took, because it would be so much
easier on Lottie. The original plan was to take the boat from Wukingfu
to Kityang, take launch to Swatow, send our baggage up the river by
boat, while we went over to Kakchieh and did what errands and business
was necessary, perhaps two or three days; then take the train to Chacchowfu.
The plan we followed was to stay in the boat past Kityang and take a
creek that goes across country toward Chacchowfu, leaving only six miles
by land. Then the Swatow errands will be done on a special
trip after Lottie is rested a little and gets the house in order. We
figure it is a little more expensive this way, but that it is much easier
on Lottie, and on Mrs. James, which means the same thing. Of course
the two women went on in chairs as soon as we had made our bargains with
In a letter to Mr. Towne a little while ago I told some things about moving up here, and mentioned the piano, but didn't have any time to tell about it, so I am going to tell you now how it got up here.

It is a historic piano. It was given to Mrs. Waters when she came out here I think, and I don't know how long that was, but she was out here for several years before she was married, and she has a boy about twelve years old at home with her in Morgan Park, Ill, right now, so you see the piano has been in China some time. We are glad of that, because the climate of China is hard on pianos and such things. It is very hot and damp here in the spring and summer, and the glue comes loose, and the iron and wires rust, and the wood warps and cracks, and the cockroaches (which everybody has, and think nothing more of them than California people do of fleas) eat the felts and other things, and altogether to bring out a piano is a risky proposition. But this piano has been out here long enough to get toughened and acclimated, and had had its insides doctored several times, so that it has just about settled down to a good steady mode of activity. It doesn't sound as nice as the Steinway grands that one sometimes hears at home, but it sounds pretty good to us, and it was considerably cheaper than a Steinway. When Mrs. Waters went home she put the piano in the home of her niece Dr. Mildred Scott, and at the same time offered it for sale. We didn't decide to buy it for some time, and when we did we felt bad at taking it away from them, and especially at taking it away from Kakchieh, for it was the only piano in the seven houses there. But we are glad to learn that Dr. Scott has since bought a new piano, so that now both Kakchieh and Chao-chowfu have one.

When the piano was moved to Dr. Scott's house, they simply called a man to take the contract. He furnished the poles and ropes, and managed the job, and I think he charged $1.60, or maybe it was $2. So when
I had the piano moved to our house, I let the same man have the contract. But when we were moving up here, I thought I could save money by being my own contractor. So I told the men who were carrying other things that I wanted that carried too. First we had a debate about how many men it would need, so I told them to rig it up, and see if six men could carry it; if not, then we would use eight; I knew eight men had carried it before. So they got interested in the question of fixing it up. I had four heavy ropes, big enough to go around the piano. They had one big bamboo pole, and for 10¢ Mex, I rented a wooden pole. They put one in front of the legs under the keyboard, the other in the middle of the back of the piano, put the ropes under the piano and tied them firmly around each pole and then over the piano. Of course Mrs. Hildreth and I had previously covered the piano to prevent scratching. The six men couldn’t carry the piano, as I expected, so I willingly told eight men to take hold, and said that I would give them 10¢ cents Mex. each for that load, which was twice what they were getting for other loads, and equal to a third of a day’s wages, so they were glad of the chance. And that meant that it cost me 90¢ Mex to get the piano carried about half a mile down a road that is steep and crooked and not very wide, and loaded on the boat. Could one do that at home? But just to show how prices are going up in China. When the piano was carried up the hill for the first time, they say that the men were around it so think that it looked like ants carrying a caterpillar; and I think Mrs. Waters told me that the total cost of taking the piano from the boat up to her parlor was 16¢ Mex. (And we had paid $1.60 Mex. to the contractor for taking it 200 yds)

We hadn’t given much anxious thought to the question of getting the piano down to the boat, because that kind of work has been done before at kakchichieh, and the road is fairly good. But up here it is different. Landing from the boat the carriers had to walk on planks till they reached the bank, and then scramble along the side of the bank, which was slippery with mud till they reached the place to climb up into the road, which was likewise steep and rough and slippery. From the road, a path leads up the
hill to the house. It is very steep in places, is only about a foot wide in places, and portions of it are covered with stones and broken pottery, thrown there by the Chinese for some reason that I don't know. We had some bargaining with the men, and they wanted a dollar for the job, but finally it was agreed that they were to use as many men as they needed, at the regular rate of 4¢ per man for the trip up the hill. So every man who was working to his share of the job. Can you imagine how twenty men could get hold of one piano. Of course most of the way, they couldn't possibly do it on a path a foot wide. But when we came to the bad places, there were plenty of men all ready to go to help at the place where help was needed most, and that is just what we wanted in the interest of safety. In due time after after some sweating and a great deal of loud talking the piano was finally put in the house. You ought to hear the Chinese working at a job like that. Some man will get excited and commence to shout out his way of how the work ought to be done. If all approve, they do it so, but if not, they they begin and argument, in which it usually looks to me as if the question was settled on the basis of who has the best lungs and uses them most vigorously. The head man in the cases that I have seen, seems to say comparatively little, but some rattle-headed fellow, whose tongue is loose, does most of the talking. Naturally, I don't say much. I don't know Chinese well enough to yell it, and they won't keep quiet long enough to hear what I want to say in an ordinary tone, and they might not understand it anyway.

Well, that brings the piano to the ground floor, so we will pay off the men and let them go. There is too much else to do to-day, for it is Saturday about one o'clock, and the carriers have just brought up the hill two boat-loads of stuff, about half of it ours, the rest belonging to the Baker's nearly two hundred carries in all, beside the piano, which was the last thing unloaded and brought up to the house.

The next step is to get the piano up stairs. Our houses in South China are so damp that the ground floor can't be used for living rooms, so the piano has to be put on the second story. Our house in Kakchieh was a
genuine bungalow. The "ground floor" was about four feet in height, under
the rest of the house, and was not used for anything. The floor on which we
lived was on the same level as the path which leads to the house, so it was
very easy to carry the piano in. But putting the piano on the second story
was a different matter. Pulleys are not common in Chaochowfu, and we doubted
if the roof beams were strong enough anyway to use a pulley. I happened to
think that the contractor who was fixing the house might have had experience
so I offered him the job. We finally agreed for two dollars Mex. So he
laid two logs slanting against the upstairs verandah floor, to keep the piano
from catching under that floor as they lifted. He built a framework on each
side for men to stand on to pull on ropes, he took out the baluster and $$$
replaced it afterwards, called the men and paid them off, listened to my
instructions and amendments to their plans, and saw that they were carried
out, all for about ninety cents good U.S. money! They ran a rope from
each end of the piano over the roof men, and set men to pull on those; they
had other men on the scaffolds pulling, and maybe men on the verandah; I
forget, because I was giving my chief attention to how the men were handling
the piano down below. When all was ready, the men on the ground put their
shoulders to the task, those on the verandah lifted, and it went up about
six feet, and there paused, because the men on the ground couldn't lift any
higher. So then they got boards and shoved some more, and finally it got
up on the verandah. And then you ought to have heard the shout of triumph
The Chinese were pleased to death to think that they had accomplished the
task, and went off saying all kinds of nice farewell greetings.

The piano is now in its place of honor in our sitting room. Won't
some of you come out and visit us, and see whether it looks as if it were
worth all the bother of getting it here. We not only expect to have a great
deal of pleasure out of it ourselves, but also to use it in getting in touch
with the scholar class over in the city. We had one who called yesterday,
and was much pleased to hear what the foreign piano was like. Hoping you
will do the same,
Chaochowfu, January 31, 1915.

Mr. To Kwn It,

Kakchieh,

My dear Mr. To;

I understood thro Mr. Baker that your friend was to come and teach Chinese to me, beginning at about the first of February. It is now the end of January, and I have neither seen nor heard from you or him. Will you please let me know at once whether he is going to come and teach me, and if so when I may expect him. If he is not to come, I must make preparations at once to get someone else.

Hoping that your family is well, and that your work is progressing satisfactorily, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

[Signature]
TO THE MISSIONARIES OF THE
AMERICAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

An extended editorial recently appeared in THE NEW EAST, a paper published by Baptist missionaries in China at the China Baptist Publication Society in Canton, which discussed at some length the action of the Board of Managers with regard to plans for the work in Central China. Inasmuch as this editorial has been circulated rather widely on the mission field, and has been copied in some of our denominational papers at home, it seemed wise that a statement should be made calling attention to some rather serious misinterpretations or misrepresentations of the action of the Board. This statement has been published by THE WORD AND WAY but it seemed desirable to send a copy of the article to each missionary of the Society, in order that evident misunderstandings might be corrected and that the true attitude of the Board might be made clear. A copy of the article is enclosed herewith. Attached to this article is the full text of the action taken by the Board.

It may be well to state that since the article was prepared additional letters have been received from missionaries in Central China concurring most heartily in the judgment of the Board that, unless the work of the mission could be strengthened and maintained on substantially the basis recommended by the fraternal delegates who accompanied Dr. Franklin on his visit to China, it would be better to discontinue work and withdraw from that field. These letters, moreover, urge very strongly that whatever action is taken be taken promptly in the interest of the work itself.

With warmest regards,

Fraternally yours,

George B. Huntington

Assistant Secretary.

Enc.
The United Churches of South Royalton, Vermont
E. Story Hildreth, Minister

to rain when we got to the house, and she ran right in; her mother-in-law came to the verandah and asked if I didn't want to come into the house for a minute. But I said I guessed I would wait in the car. It proved to be a very long minute, and I decided that they were going to wait in the house until the rain was over, which was a very sensible thing for them to do. And then I remembered that the roof of my study leaks when it rains; and it was really raining. So I drove back home, and on the way saw two or three of the hottest lightning flashes that I remember, and also about as thick rain as any, expect that day on the way to Beloit. When I got into the study, I found that the roof was leaking in four places, which are supposed to have been mended, but not too successfully. Fortunately the water hadn't done a great deal of damage; but it always does some, and even if books or papers can be used after they have been wet, it isn't pleasant to use them. Our honorable electricity always goes off in a time like that, so I had to poke around with a flashlight. John had come home and borrowed my rain coat, and the house flashlight,
and all the candles that he could find, so that the choir rehearsal could continue. But fortunately I had the flashlight from the car; and I have a wool/raincoat which will do as a substitute for the rubber one, so I got on all right. When the storm was over, I went up and got the two women. But the evening was about over then.

As I said, Saturday was hot and busy. I was afraid that I would need to get things from the house, from time to time, so I parked over by the high school, instead of way up the river, and so it proved. Another advantage of being there is that I can stay till called for dinner, instead of having to estimate when dinner will be ready, and sometimes estimating incorrectly. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sarvis, who used to be at University of Hanking, and lived near us at Peitaiho, and Lottie grew quite friendly with them, are at a summer school over near Middlebury, and Lottie had invited them to come for the week-end. But they telegraphed that they would come for the afternoon. We didn't know how many would come, or how soon. So right after dinner, we began to hustle around to get ready for them. Lottie and Alice cleared up the dishes, and fixed up the house. John and I went out doors and cleared away the branches that he had just pruned off the lilac, and a lot of more similar vegetation refuse that he had recently made, and loaded it into the Hup trunk, or tied it to drag, and then we took a lot of wastebasket material and other rubbish, and carried it all over to the dump. Then I got dressed and ready to receive company if they came early, sat in the Hup under the tree, waiting. Also studying on my sermon. But I didn't have long to wait, and study. They came just about as everybody was dressed and ready. Mr. and Mrs. S., and her sister, Miss Taylor, a teacher in Council Bluffs H.S., and also another teacher in the same school; four in all. Alice made some lemonade; they inspected the dining room, and the view down toward the river; sat and talked a while, and decided to accept Lottie's invitation to supper. While Lottie and Alice were getting things ready, I went with them up to the cottage with the view (folks were out) and on to the Mormon monument, where some sort of a gathering was going on, for there were a lot of young folks playing volleyball, etc.; and I saw four cars, from Maine, Mass., Conn., and Idaho. Nice supper, and they went soon after. The

---

I did not succeed in doing anything to my study, so just left the door of that shut while they were here.
Alice, of course, went to the band concert Saturday evening. Dorothy Russell called on Lottie; John did something or other, artistic; and I worked on the sermon; also got up rather early Sunday morning to continue. For some reason, I found it necessary to change the plan of the sermon, Saturday evening, and that called for a lot of re-thinking, and re-writing. I wished I had a few more hours to put on it before church, but I was fairly well prepared when sermon time came. We had an unusual experience that morning; a party of five, who wanted to attend Sunday School, but didn't have time to wait for church. Mr. Eaton, who is now teaching the class, had a very interesting lesson.

In the afternoon it was again hot and lifeless. When I came home I found Alice was away, John was starting a canvas, oil painting, trying to recollect a scene that he had seen a few days before, and asking for suggestions as to how to make things look right. It was very interesting, figuring out how to make bank less steep, and how to fill in a hole beyond a road, which looked about fifty feet deep, so that it would come up to the proper level, and how to put in a culvert so as to drain the brooks across the road into the river this side of the road. In the meantime, I worked on my sermon record, and brought it up to date before supper.

After supper, I went up to Tunbridge Fair Grounds to the last of the Intercommunity Services. The Governor of Vermont was the speaker. I had never really met him personally, but I got there just about the time that he did, and I acted as host, more or less. Really the local minister ought to have had that honor, but he was running around with his head cut off, arranging things about music, etc., which it seemed to me ought to have been done long before, and he didn't have much time to talk to the governor; I had plenty of time. And I greatly admire the governor, so I stuck around pretty close. He made a good speech about the Youth Problem. I read the scriptures. The "Harmony Singers" who dress up in old-fashioned costumes and sing at Tunbridge Fair, and also give concerts at various times and places during the year, were on the platform and lead the
singing. We were all on a platform alongside the judges' stand, and the audience sat in the grand stand across the race track. I have been told that the governor and I could be heard; I hope that the other speakers could too. ### There were a lot over 200, someone said 300, but I don't know.

When it was all over, I was one of those who escorted the governor to his car; partly as a matter of courtesy, partly because I like to be with him; and partly because I wanted to thank his secretary for her co-operation. Just as they were about to start, I noticed the governor's niece, who lives up on Royalton Hill, and her mother, the governor's sister. So he got out to go over and speak with them, and I stayed and talked with the secretary and her father and mother, till the governor brought his relatives over to meet the secretary. They didn't have to be introduced to me, of course.

I didn't feel so very tired last night. But this morning I just didn't really wake up till nearly ten; had a light breakfast, and puttered around clearing up the office, till dinner time. After dinner I didn't have ambition enough to shave and dress, so I cleared up the office some more, to the extent that I got the carpenter bench pretty clear, but there were quite a few things piled on the desk. And then a thunderstorm came, and a lot of leaky places, and I had to hustle to clear things up. And after supper, it rained hard again, and the same leaks, only it leaked worse on the desk than before. So I got discouraged about using that study any more, and moved my most important things out on to the dining room table, where I have a cozy little office all set up, just the things and books that I need, and nothing else. Here's hoping that no one comes, so that we have to use this table for dinner, at least till after we come back from Rockport. I don't think I will try to use the study again till the roof has been really repaired; of course when winter comes, the roof won't leak; but unless they put some storm windows on, the room will be too windy and cold to use in the winter. I haven't quite figured out what to do. But I guess the first thing is to try to get the church to repair the roof.

Here's looking forward to seeing you next week. Lots of love,
Dear Father;

We had quite a little excitement today, when Marion Lane Hale phoned from White River Jct. that she and her mother were there and would be here as soon as the train came along, which was less than an hour. I had been putting on storm windows, and was just about three. Lottie was washing the dinner dishes. I finished my job, then washed the car windows, Lottie hustled around and fixed the house a little and her hair a little, and I don't know what else, and we were over at the depot just a few minutes before the train came in. They looked fine, and didn't seem so awfully tired. I was about to start for the hills visiting, and after some tea and a few cookies, they decided to go along with me. I went around that big square where I took you to see if my radiator would boil. It did not boil today. We went into call on a Mrs. Wetherbee, who lives up there on the hill, and she was quite interested in comparing family notes; but she doesn't know very much about the Wetherbee family. She said # her husband would be up soon, and he would be very much interested to compare notes. She is a very nice lady, and I am glad I was able to take them in there. I made a few other calls, while they sat in the car and looked at the foliage, which is glorious now; just about at its best.
Last night I went out to preach at one of the school houses, and had a nice time. Alice and her friend went along; also a lady who used to live in that region, and has a son and a daughter, married, living there. Neither came to the meeting, but her daughter-in-law was there. Also the school teacher who boards with this lady went along.

We had Rally Day yesterday, and it went pretty well. I had to come home and write some more C.E. letters, (I can't remember what they were just now) and catch the 6:00 mail. I had leeway enough so that I was able to go to the depot, look up train schedules, write a letter to a cousin of Mrs. Lane who wants to come and board with someone here while Mrs. Lane is here, and get THAT into the mail too. But that was the only leeway that I had that day, and that was filled.

Thursday and Friday at the State C.E. Convention at Johnson. I expect to enjoy it tremendously, and to be tremendously relieved when it is over, and the new president is on the job, and I can lay down the feeling of responsibility, and take up instead the felling that our $450 debt is paid. It is almost paid now and I expect that by the time of the banquet we can announce that.