Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Dear Ones,

Yesterday and to-day have been lovely and clear and comfortable. The temperature is about 81°, but it is dry so that we don’t feel it so much. I certainly have had nice mail this week, and that has been so good! I was glad to hear that Mayon liked the new house, and that Father had 10% on his Cold Storage Stock this year—and both Ellison and I were very much interested in Carol’s account about the house with a system quite similar but a little more compact.

The parcel containing the skirt waist and pattern and other dear things came from Ruth this week—all beautifully done up. I hate to do up parcels and so I especially admire those who do things up neatly and daintily. I will write Ruth.

I had written the Oakland Church (which pays our salary) about some things we needed and this week along came a new volley ball from Mr. Honeychurch, one of the members I suppose. He wrote a lovely letter too and told us not to let our needs be forgotten. It was very encouraging.

To-day Ellison went to the city to work at the school and go to the house. Some things have attempted to get in once since our absences, although an old man caretaker in each house.

Luckily foreign shutters and doors puzzled them, and they couldn’t get in. They tried the kitchen roof, but to no avail, according to the tale of the coolie. They contented themselves with stealing the great big iron dish in which we boil our clothes and a similar dish which not only was as a frypan as well as a hot and make. All these things were in the furnace.
I think

kitchen, which cannot be locked very securely.

I feel coolie saw the head of the thieves, and Ellison saw the police. I hope that there will be no more trouble.

I was much interested to hear that Ruth and Aunt Ale had seen Dr. Pricebeck. He is usually very pleasant, and may have been kinder than I thought. Again, he could not then very much to say about it, for me there's done very much. He may have been a little provoked at me, for I was innocent of the cause of his having to give a public apology.

There was a debate as to who should be the second man to represent us at the conference in America. Ellison with the support of half a dozen people wrote a resolution that Mr. Beller should represent us, since it would come many and time of one of our important matters here. This resolution was passed by the Reference Committee. The question came up for discussion on the floor of conference. No mention was made of this resolution. The matter was discussed with no mention of any candidates except Dr. Pricebeck.

I was not that a resolution should be so slighted in the Rep. Com. (I thought the men had equal to themselves.) Up this was just one of the young men's ideas. This is not discussing it.

Well— in my usual fighting mood, I saw it—that that, it was a shame that a resolution should be passed in to the Rep. Com. and that the entry question that she discussed on the floor without a single mention of the matter. I was simply into my own responsibility, but that that in
justice, a resolving whether lacking wisdom or not should have a fair reading before the people.

Well—Dr. Groobch had to apologize for he said he had entirely forgotten the matter and the resolution had yet been even mentioned at all. Of course it was a bad affair. It looked as though Dr. B. who was the only other candidate for the office—Mr. Simon and Ellen and my own other sprang up to say that Mr. Baker was too young and had been away from the field too long and my Dr. B.—was killed and not help feeling that Dr. B. must have wished that I hadn't let his carelessness receive such prominence. That probably haven't had nothing to do with his defeat. I think probably had nothing to say.

He has just now received a letter, I expect in the zoo that the new addition to his school at St. George which he was very proud of; because the Chinese gave so much money for it had collapsed. The cause was to come June 5 with guns. We thought it best to cable, thought the blow would be less severe if anything especially as we could wait for the summer before closing and make the extension between letters and cable a little shorter. Hope it went all right. We could not use code on account of war.

I am enclosing a snap shot of the savages who were so helpful to us on May 28.

There is also a picture Dr. Mildred Miss Astor, and Dr. Leach in a pagoda.

I am sitting up come to-day and have been freely moving around and sitting up where I wanted to
reach things for two or three days.

Right in front of my bed the French doves often alight on a glass enclosed porch which pleasantly frames a hill something like Poth's hill in miniature - fine trees and rocks. There are four views in from from four directions, such as the advantages from the upstairs room in the Ashmole House.

The view at my left is of that old high morning rock which I used to enjoy from the page house.

The Chinese have kept me supplied with delicious pears, pears, and others have sent corn and tomatoes.

We are writing the doctors to look up medical material about our situation and we'll hope to get the latest medical advice from Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins.

Now I wonder if there is more you want to know. We are not entirely crushed - we still have courage and faith, so, since most of your sorrow will be for us, don't grieve.

The tea has come.

Love

[List].
Swatow June 19, 1917

Dear Ones all,

The day after our anniversary four years and I am glad for them even with the sorrow they have brought. The only thing I worry about is that Aunt Abe will be too lonesome or someone will lack something I might be doing if I were home, and that is very egotistical, isn't it?

Think, it will be only two and a half years from this fall before our furlough is due!

What will the war do before then? How I shudder before its awfulness! And yet what wonderful courage and bravery it brings out too!

Evening:

I was looking for letters any day now, for it has been quite a long while since we heard, ten days or more at least. I had a postal from Miss Sollman. She said:

"It was a real pleasure to me to meet your sister last Sat. She is such a pretty delightful girl."

So now! Miss Sollman is all right.

My nurse left me for good last week. Wednesday I think I will have the air, and Ellson has been around morning and night — and noon and tea-time for that matter. Since Sunday, I have combed my hair and taken my own bath — and have walked around on this upper floor. It is a pleasure to see the maters of the boy again.

Mr. and Mrs. McGlashan have to go home to America. Isn't that an awful blow! Both of them being enthusiastic workers have gone beyond their strength. Mr. McG came home from his last country trip with malaria and stomach trouble, and Mrs. McG had a nervous breakdown last week that has made the doctors
order her home at once.

I am sending in this envelope one or two letters of sympathy. You will see what mischievous brats Douglas, James and Dr. Roe are. But I send them for their sentiments and in spite of the writing!

Maybe I'll enclose Dr. White's. He know Ann and Mrs. White only a little, but they have been very sympathetic. They have one little daughter Jean, the idol of their hearts. She is about six or seven now, I think.

What is there to tell you?

People come in to call. The children come in and bring me their books, or a flower, or some cookies they have made in some sewing they have done.

I do not accomplish anything of course. The time may be short until we go to Thailand. We have ordered a boat for July 3.

Ellison was home most of yesterday, and he had a fine day together. He helps me a lot. He brought down the organ and is going to take it to Thailand as my wedding present. (I decided I could not afford it.) — (Little Japanese folding organ?)

We had vanilla ice cream with chocolate to celebrate, and it was good. We invited Dr. Leach and Miss Northcutt over to lick the plate clean, and they stayed and chatted with us until nearly 9:00.

It is 8:15 — pretty near my bed-time, so I'll say Good-Night with love to each one.

Lottie
Dear Ones, we have had very comfortable days for the last three or four days. We have really needed a rest at night, and the temperature has run from 79° to 86° but has stayed mostly round 80° and 81°.

It is a long time since we received mail, but to-day we had one from Holyoke, Nema, Agateh, and an envelope from Man Coffee all of which were very welcome and perhaps to-morrow there will be some more from Bithlo, Rockport, Medford Hillside, Kingham, etc.

I am growing stronger every day, although I have not yet been down stairs. This is certainly a comfortable house, and the upper floor is roomy and the wide porch is very pleasant. The room from the front porch of the other evening as we say if this the pine branches was exquisite beyond words. It was a moon of fine or with full moon but the moon was full moon. The reflection of the moon in the water made the sky below us. I can think only of the moon of Venice (so I have read about them) as it looks. I wish you could all see it. Of course I thought of you all.

Ellison has gone to the city to-day, but although I miss him I have not been lonely, for there has been plenty to do between my long rests. I invited little Helen Cazenovia to have tea with me. Another of her playmates happened in and we had a nice time. Then Helen and Cezar Cazenovia came up to say Good night to me. I am glad I sent you the pictures. Helen has been in every day for the last two weeks. I think...

Did I write you that Mr. McGlashan has had a break-down, and that the McGlashans will have to go home. It will be an awful loss to the mission. For they are such splendid workers. We seem to have depleted numbers at present.
I sent to Ruth today 3 pounds of Ningchow tea - and a small tin box of dried roses. At home they drank a dried rose in the cup and then pour the tea upon it. This Ningchow tea we rather like. Sometimes we mix it with Lipton's Ceylon. Every one $5 a lbs for it but it has been a great deal more, of course.

Ellison had a rather hard day yesterday. Suggesting and holding communion at Ria-Lat for students at Swatow. He is standing things pretty well, however. Everybody will be glad to get away to the hills, although she could ask for more comfortable days than she had to-day and yesterday.

What a nice surprise party Marion had! I am so glad - how lovely for Ruth to be there.

How are the Celis? Misses them! - It is like not being able to share one even out of a big family, for it leaves a large number but still there is the emptiness where the others were.

Now I'll say Good Night.

Wish you could be here and hear the boys of the school nearby all studying out loud.

Their study-time is the noisiest part of the day.

Tuesday 6:00 P.M.

I feel so strong to-day, just like going out - but I don't want to climb hills yet, so I'll stay in.

I have done a number of odd jobs to-day that have been in my mind for a long time - have mended a few things, and done up some parcel, and finished a bit of sewing, and read, and written a little.

Nothing exciting to write about however. Much love to all.

Lottie.
July 4, 1917

Swatow China

Dear Mother,

We are on the way to Kaiping, and stopping at Kifyang with Mr. Scott. It has been quite a day. We were supposed to have the house and the baggage practically ready last night. But I got up at 4:20, bustled into my clothes and ate just a mouthful or so, and worked about as hard as I went to till 6 when we started for the launch. It is due to start at 7. But it usually goes ahead of time. We got the things on the launch and paid the boatmen, and the launch left within 10 minutes, so we didn't have much of a margin. We got to Kifyang about noon, and Lottie went right to Mr. Scott's house while I superintended the stowing of the baggage. That took the best part of an hour, and then I went over for dinner. After dinner, it was disappointment...
we found that we should have to wait
until 9 or 10 to start up the river. (?
But of course it was nice to spend the
day with Mr. Scott, and stay indoors
during the heat. It was a very very hot day, and
the west wind, which is breezeing has
blown all day. If the men can get us
to Waukingin tomorrow night, as they
promised they can, it will be cooler
than if we had started at noon. But I
don't feel as sanguine as I wish I did
about arriving. We'll see, the men are
very confident.
Dear Cara,

Can this be Marion's fifteenth anniversary? I can hardly believe it! I am wondering if she is in the bungalow and having a happy time. I hope so.

We are at last at Thaiyong, arrived last Friday and it seems good to be here. We are hardly settled yet, for Ellis will let me do next to nothing, and there are so many things he must do in the way of carpentering to make us comfortable, that neither of us has had much time for personal things.

We have decided to "open our own kitchen," as the Chinese say, this year, and that too is a comfort. You remember perhaps that we had two little rooms down stairs—they are not so little after all—about 10 x 13 feet. The one at the end has a door and three windows.

We brought up three earthens (huang loii)—a native pot, round, about 8 inches in diameter and about 10 inches high. It is what you might call an individual stove. The cook and the cate takes with a few pieces of lumber, some stones and fourteen cents makes a fine place in which they insert these stoves.

It is very clever, and I was so amazed that it cost so little, that I nearly gasped!!! and let the men on my enlightened—very unwise thing to do.

Then we brought in from the new room a combination set of shelves and table shelf.)
which Ellison had made two years ago. It was just what we needed. The dumb waiter is not yet made, but I expect it will be begun this week and then all will be fine. We are all (servants included) so proud of our kitchens that we hardly know what to do with our hands up.

This year I bought up two lots from the ledge and that is a great improvement upon what we had before; and is not only more comfortable, but gives us more room and is easier to look at.

Monday AM, Oct. 10, 25

 gaan ready to sit down and write a little. Ellison is working on the dumb waiter. It has been raining and temperature is only about 77°. Mr. Age is repairing the veranda. The boys are washing because the rain has held up. It is here he catches in the river.

Here I pencilled the top of the stairs.

| Veranda |
|---|---|
| 1 | 1 |
| X | X |

July 16.

Did Carol have a nice birthday? By the time this reaches you, the much of August birthdays will be over, and they will all be very happy. A little gift for George I sent in with Ruth's. The Rich's sent that set of drawing tools. George's gift was a pair of chimney scissors. I had bought something like that for him, but found I had duplicated a thing I had already given him, and she cannot do very much shopping out here.

Don't you think yourself a champion of the earth's Aunt cita. You theme could be that even if you could not move hand or foot.

How sorry for the Medford House is not well it appeared to be. Can it be fumigated? Is unfumiteable purpose like Scarlet fever or diphtheria in contagion.

I gave two balls of the cotton to Mrs. James, and probably shall not use very much, for I am a lazy mortal and entirely disgusted with my outlook.

Sufferance because:

- onion, potato and
toilet paper
- a little chicken and
c. dinner
- fruit and cake.

Goodbye for now,

After supper:

- I found we had chicken soup thickened with a little potato
- some nice cold sliced chicken
- some small boiled potatoes dropped into deep, fat and fried
- " hot bean
- " beet salad
- a little peach sauce and a large piece of lemon pie left over from dinner.

That sounds quite different from what I told you before hand.

Marvin dear, will you please date your letters? Date those to other people as well as the one to me. Has the drafting taken place yet? How nice for John to take Mother to Medford? So John with Marvin or not?

Have you a large garden in Rockport?

So glad of George's letter of May 15 telling a little more of his plans. I'll write him some day.

It was good of him to pay Carlo's tuition to date. So Carol a senior next year?
It is Tuesday, July 7, and we are going down to spend the day with Mrs. James.

When the note came, it was the usual matter: 'Mrs. James, there was a note waiting to be from Mrs. James' -- a clean note, then I found two May baskets in front of the door -- one being four sticks of candy from Katherine Finkel, and the other being a glass of cream from crazy. We had been complaining that the cream supply was low this year.

Then Mrs. Griffin had sent some pictures of the kittens for him.

The cookies making a mocha cake, and we have already packed the box of brownies.

The telephone is still on but it does not seem all the time only intermittently and we hope to go down between the dogs.

Love much to all.

Lettie
Dear Alice,

It is a rainy, blowv day and it has been rainy and blowy for several days; there has been a typhoon somewhere near Labrador. We had two beautiful days this week. One was Thursday when a great many people took a trip to the Flume. From this house, Mrs. Crossick and the two children, and Ellison, went. The next day came on cloudy and beautiful, but by noon the sky had clouded over and the sunset was something like a typhoon sunset in the rooiness of its coloring. A very high wind came up in the night, and from that time on I have been in the midst of rain.

Yesterday, nearly every little stream was so full that it had flowed in the dining room of the James house. Ellison had previously preached a sermon in Chinese at the chapel; then he made the river, came home for tea, and preached a children’s sermon to us at the James house. Almost everybody was there in spite of the rain.

Our dumb waits is temporarily finished and we all enjoy it. Later during the vacation month, Ellison will probably board it in and make it look better.

When the people went to the Flume last week, they brought me some beautiful, exotic lilacs which grow wild out here. They have a distinctive perfume. Those that were in full bloom were somewhat battered from the trip, but the buds have come out into most perfect blossoms.

Later in the day, the world was made. Scotch buns—Oatmeal cookies without flour—and he and I together have made delicious brownies for Ellison’s birthday tomorrow. He will also make a three-layer mocha cake. It has been invited to Mrs. James for dinner and tea and tea for supper.

We are going to have a steward party on Saturday evening on the James’s porch.
Have letters arrived on Wednesday and Thurs. and they were most appreciated. Aunt sele June 2 arrived July 11. Carol's birthday. Did the letter reach you Carol? sele Aunt sele May 21 came a 3rd wave. Mother's (and June) arrived and also me from Beth Little and one from the Bartholomew. Poor Mother 13 could not write herself. She is not at all well and I feel so bad about it. There was also a nice red envelope from Jennie with such nice note from her.

Now I'll turn to the letters and see what there is to comment on.

I have not addressed any of the general letters to Aunt Carol for I did not know when Aunt Belle planned to go. This letter indicates the last of July. It certainly would be nice to go to Maine and all Stata. How lovely it must be there in the summer. I shall never forget my visit to Schene at Englel. I just revelled in the fresh air and beauty.

It was nice for Aunt sele to visit Jennie and Polly and get all her shopping done. Did you not forget some lace for the annuity? Can you give me a sample? I should like to know what kind.

I was glad to hear of Ruth Benson's graduating things. I think that they must be very pretty.

Aunt sele has not done any fretting since the letters visited us, and so I am afraid she will not make this next winter rap. I have been about three lines on one wash cloth and that is all.

Wouldn't it be nice if John could drive Mother down to mine?

Stella is getting a miniature picture that it is to get those crab apples cakes in China. But her condition is really better in some ways. She does not expect to have to wait so long, and I do almost always.

I was so glad that Jennie added a note to the letters she sent. Although it was June 2 when she wrote and she had heard no word, she wrote with an understanding sympathy that made me and all of some thought had passed to her across the water.

I am sorry that Mother did so much cleaning at Bear Skins Neck. It was too hard.
Dear Dad,

There are a few Hong Kong stamps for you, but I am afraid that they are not what you want.

10:55 July 17. We are waiting for the rain to stop so that we can go off to have dinner with Mrs. James. It almost stops and then a great gust of wind and a heavy shower comes back. So suddenly as this it has stopped so good by July 25. It has been raining ever since and is pouring just at present! Thank you for your good letter of May 31. I was glad to hear that George and you had made money on motorcycles and horses. I guess you'll need all you can make these days.

So Miss Day letter? What kind of fever did she have? I am so sorry!

You never tell me things twice over, and I am always so glad to read all you write.

Have you sold your watch crystals yet? Did you say you had 3,557 of them? Over.
Much love to you.

Love,
Dear Family,

It is raining so much. It really has rained nearly every day for a month, and one almost despairs of clear weather again.

August 3rd

They days have been rather dull. How do I manage it? Well I have started tutoring a bright Chinese boy in Algebra. He has already studied by himself the fractions and has done very well indeed. How he could even do it I cannot see! He goes to the University where Mr. Smith (with whom I lived last summer at Waterford) taught.

Then in entertaining at tea once in a while and go in bathing, and have Red Cross meetings to knit and set. I am beginning to knit a scarf and like it much. I have also made one much cloth — my first piece of knitting. Then there is mending, and writing, and reading, and mending, and reading when one can find the time.

So, Ruth dear, you will see that I have found something to occupy my mind. Last summer I found that my only way to be happy was to do things and as I grow stronger I longed as can be to be busy. I notice each week that I can do more. I was so sorry to hear of Alice Browne's death. I didn't even know that she had two children; but I had heard that her oldest child died. I am so glad that she has another little one now. She was married a few months ago now, but I suppose that she must be older than I am by a year or two at least.

I think had good weather for the last two days, and I hardly know what to make of it. The Chinese are busy from daylight to darkness making the rice and sweet potato yields.

Ellison, next in swimming with us yesterday and I do believe he will learn to swim after his back style — and then I rejoice it will not be much trouble for him to try the breast stroke.

I must take my nap, and then I'll try writing...
a little more before tea. Good mail came yesterday—magazines, rubber some Noloford box for E. (I was thankful to receive them.) Ruth's good letter, one from Etta, and enclosures from Mary Battle, also a large budger from Mrs. Pringle. (Most interesting news from Margaret, Kay, and Edward) and a card from Ann. Lyke with a ten dollar check for L's birthday.

It gave me quite a shock of surprise to receive a letter from America from one of the girls who came out on the boat with us. She went to the Philippines where they have shorter furloughs! Well, two years from next spring, if all is well you will find us coming. Of course I'd like to see you all beforehand, but I do not need to come home. It is a very serious proposition to leave one's work, and even now I do not know that they will have a substitute for us in 1920. We are just getting to the point where we can begin to do effective work.

I just realize that I may have lost the mail for today, and so I'll close this suddenly and send on.

I believe I have put some of the 3 Ridge letters in the envelopes.

How much love—very much to each and every one.

Lettie.

We are consulting with doctors and sending letters around, and hope to get at some cause for my trouble before too long. This fall will bring better opportunities.
Dear Ann, I have prevailed on Ellison to take Mr.
Treebeck and Katherine for a Sunday evening
sing the first of the season while I stayed
with Tracy, for it is threatening to rain again and
I did not want to run any risk of getting my
foot wet. So I have read Tracy a chapter or two
from "Old-Time Physicians" a book he had for
his birthday, and I think that he is as well now.
He is a dear loving little chap! Husband and
I do enjoy being with them as much even tho
it brings to our hearts to think of how
much we have lost. Ellison does not say much,
but this afternoon he let me know (as he does
not often do) that it was in his heart to see
so many of the dear children at church. We
love them and wish not be deprived of seeing
them and being with them for worlds, but we can't
help its reminding us.

I think I hear him now coming back and it
is only 9:15.

No, it's a false alarm. I didn't think they could
possibly be back yet.

The first part of the week was very rainy
but by Thursday we were able to walk. We
ever forget which day is which when
march day gets moved around so. The wind
is blowing almost as if a new typhoon were
beginning.

Dr. Newman may advise us to take a trip
to Hong Kong to see a physician there in
September or October, so I tell you of the
possibility beforehand.

On Saturday every week now Mr. Capen comes
here to sing. His songs are beautiful and it has
been worth having the organ here just to hear him.
There is one song "The Sea" to which MacDowell has
written the accompaniment and it has the most
beautiful chords! The words however are very dreary!
It seems as if summer is hardly begun and
yet we are already making plans for our home-going.

The last Boston Evening Transcript from Father
and Boston Post arrived yesterday. We were very
glad to see them.
I am on my third ball of yarn in making the scarf for Red Cross.

My Algebra pupil must stay this week and I am disappointed, for I
haven't really enjoyed teaching him.

Ellison is going to join in a badminton tournament. Has the game been introduced
at home at all yet? It is a good one.

Monday, May 13.

The typhoon is on and the rain is pouring
down and the wind is blowing at a terrific rate. I
thought that some of the windows would blow in
last night, but they didn't. The river is very high.

Before the season is over, there will probably
be a children's concert and a grown-up concert.
That will be nice.

The carpenter is not there yet, but he
will not be much longer. It is so hard to
get hold of him that Ellison feels that he must
get as much done as possible, and so
has been had a number of things done,
which we would rather have waited for until
next year from a financial point of view.

I haven't much to write about, and so
I'd better not keep on so stupidly—so
Good-by for now with much love.

Lettie
Thi Yong, August 29, 1917.

Dear One,

Such beautiful clear days we have had for the last ten days. And such nice letters came a few days ago two from Bridgewater and two from Rockport. We have had some nice trips. Yesterday we started off at 6:30 and followed the bed of the river to Brasvellachic, a place three miles away perhaps. I can't tell distances in China.

The scenery is rugged and very wonderful. There are deep, flat pools in some of the rocks, and in one place the river goes right under a hill coming out on the other side by beautiful falls at least a hundred feet long I should say. There were not the mild falls like the ones yesterday, for there are several of them as the river drops about 1500 feet in just a few miles.

We stayed all day and so avoid walking in the heat. Then we started for home about 5:30 a thunderstorm seemed to be approaching with most wonderful cloud effects, but luckily the rain did not come.

On Monday, we had the best concert of the season. If it was to have been in the afternoon, but a cable came saying that the mother of one of the Presbyterian doctors had died, and so we postponed until evening. We had it on the porch of the new house where Mr. and Mrs. James lived. The screen of the porch was pulled half way down and decorated with ferns and flags. He had a little organ as accompaniment, except for the pieces the Ellerslie accompanied. Miss Austin on her auto harp, and one other piece which was accompanied by Chinese instruments.

Dr. Ross had come up and brought his violin, so that we heard Liszt "Hungarian Rhapsody" Schubert (18112). and the Overture to William Tell, as well as a Slavic March. The records are exceptionally good.

On Saturday last we had a trip to a village not far away- and it proved to be a place where
Ellison and I went by mistake three years ago. I was very glad to see it again. I also found a pretty stream and waterfalls that I had not seen before. That was an all-day trip, and Ellison and I lingered behind the others coming home so that we had a lovely time. For the we found a grassy spot such as one seldom finds in China. And near by was a little group of pine trees that looked like America. Everyone remarked on the homeliness of the place and in all enjoyed thoroughly the fact that we could sit down on Mother Earth. We don't very often find spots where we can do that with any comfort and here either the sun is too hot, the trees are snakes, or insects, or too much water is in the earth.

Another morning I had a trip up the valley to a place I had never seen before and we found a beautiful spring, and pretty valleys and rare waterfalls.

You would think the scenery magnificent, I am sure, and I think that you would see those hundreds of green hills shining one another and sometimes framing the blue valley in the distance.

The James's have been with us for supper and when the steak came on for eating, it smelled old, so that I did not dare get it to guests. So to our humiliation, we had to send for a tin of real loaf - (glad I had it) - and eat that. The cook prepared it last night. But should have cooked it a little this A.M. Too bad!

Now it is bed time. I am sending this letter to Mrs. Greenback who starts at day break to

With Love and

Sister.
Dear Ones,

I believe in last letter I said that we were starting down the hill Sept. 5, but it was a very rainy week, and I still had that bad cold, so that the doctor said for me to stay here another week. I hated to do it, for I felt that we ought to be back, but it would have been very bad to go down in the rain, and the boys taken sick with malaria, just when it was time to be packing, so we feel that it is better all around especially as Elligo has had time to do a lot of constructive thinking and planning.

We have had beautiful quiet days with no one else in the house since last Thursday when the pages next, but I know it has been hot down there.

Monday Sept. 11.

Well, we have been packing today, and have also had luncheon with Mrs. Adams, as you see we have not missed very hard. We can finish with ease and comfort tomorrow, I think, and then go on Wednesday. It was quite cool last night and this morning I nudged a sweater until 9:10 a.m. It seemed good to get a breath of such air before we go down, for it is different from what we get down below when in Dec. We have invited Mr. James and Marie Thompson for supper to-night.

Thurs. Sept. 13 - On the boat. There was a great commotion a minute ago and the two front boat men jumped into the water. I thought that some child was drowning, or at least that a chicken had escaped from the boat, but it was only a big fish which they saw and wanted to catch by striking at it with a pole.

Elligo and I are in the middle stomach of the boat; I am sitting in my comfortable travelling chair and he in a camp chair. I am writing in my lap. We have put a turkey red cloth up to keep off some of the glare of the water.

It is warm! And I can not remember the heat while in Thaiyong, but it becomes very vivid when we come down into it.

Tuesday we packed quite steadily and had every...
thing ready by night except the bundle of
bedding and the silver and cooking utensils.
Eleven hundred pounds more or less went
directly after breakfast, and we must have
had at least twelve hundred in all—carried by
thirteen men and women.

E. & I had lunch with Mrs. James after
spending a busy morning packing away the
things in the house and listing them. It is so
much more comfortable to have that last
meal with somebody else, of course Mrs. James
would think of that.

E. walked down the mountains, but I had a chair.
The trip takes about four hours, but the sun was
clouded yesterday, and it was very comfortable. It
is not too nice to sleep on the boat, for it is
warm and breathless and little tiny insects
attracted by the lights swarm the boat or even
get inside the net. I am to be thankful, for
last night I feared something worse was
inside the net!!!

Very glad to hear that Aunt Cole had reached Cape Ann
and that Ruth had had a good day at the "Sign of
the Breezeway."

I do hope that George and Lina can go to house-
keeping. They will be so much more comfortable then.

I take it from the postal that George and John have
not been called out on the first draft. We are
anxious to hear all developments.

Cyril's & Mother's letters 7 July 19 were so good
too. It is hard for me to picture the change that
the tea house makes in the summer at Cape Ann.
It must be quite different. I sure would like to
see it.

What color is your sweater, beef and what style?
Aren't you going to be able to knit one? Can
me keep a beer of six and they are very interesting
indeed? Elsie wants me to make her some
muffins.
Dear Ones all,

We came home from Swatow on Tuesday afternoon and shall be here until Thursday morning when we start out for Ning, where there is to be a convention. We are going by a new route as to avoid the ocean steamer, and I rather dread the trip.

Tomorrow about 10:10 we take a small boat and go down the river to Yangtse — a sea-port. There we hire a larger boat, sleep in it over night, I think, and then travel all the next day arriving at the So. Yeti. My plan about evening then we walk to the Mission Compound where Dr. and Mrs. Newman are now living. (The Leewess used to live there.)

You can imagine that these few days at home have been very busy with unpacking, “setting to rights”, making out the accounts for the financial year, and seeing to things in general. Ellison has had to be in session with his teachers one whole day, and has had committee meetings about the school and the fall campaign, besides the primary work.

Mrs. Feagins did not come home from Tching until Friday, and went over to see her a few minutes yesterday about tea-time.

Did I tell you that Dr. Mildred announced her engagement about two weeks ago? She is engaged to Mr. Gorman who came out here on short term service. Dr. Mildred will complete her term of service and go home in 1917. I think — and be married at home. She will be a great loss to the mission. Dr. Bacon was also formerly at Tching is not going to return, and so the staff gets it is very hard to keep up the staff to any other year the full numbers.

Sunday evening, things are nearly packed for the trip.
The weather looks cloudy and threatening. This is an important frost day with the heathen. The women usually the moon to-night. But the clouds are too thick to see a sign of it. I can hear fire-crackers, rockets, guns and many voices, for the night is very still.

I am anxious to get the next mail.

Oh, my birthday came this week, didn’t it? It never seems like my birthday until my box from home comes. It is just awfully good of you to send it, and it really is appreciated! I still was trying to get me a new kimona, but he was afraid that it might not quite suit, and so he has instructed me with the commission 8 getting it. As I was going to Hong Kong, so soon, I thought that I would wait until then. Jannie sent me a pretty little flag for. And I had a very happy day. I’m not dependent on things coming. Because I had a second good time when they come. Yesterday I received notice of the parcels and on the way to the one from home.!

He invited the people from the other side to have supper with us not telling them the occasion. I had a very busy day for you remember it was home only two full days before when I sent to Switzerland and now there was only one full day to get partly settled and I prepare for company.

He had cut up a fruit in the glass dishes. Robert beef.

Potatoes
Beets
African Charlotte
Lemon sponge
Coffee & ginger
Not a wonderful meal but well enjoyed it.

From Mr. Poch
Mr. James
E. J.

The boy fell ill in fact, looked like it seems to me the boy has done nothing but work and run from work till night since he has been home. He has been very good indeed. He had measles while in New Zealand.
My thoughts have been much with you all, and I am long for letters to come. I want to write, but suppose I must wait until I can gather up her letter and sit down with a composed mind to answer them.

He has received a very nice letter from the church that supports us in California and they are going to send up a few things in the mail probably some things. Don't you know.

Have a panoramic picture 16x20 changed reached any of you yet?

We are rejoiced to find that the Board will make good our losses in exchange since January 1917 and it helps us out wonderfully plan then to make efficient the big expense of my trip to Hong Kong.

I am anxious to hear where each one of you is, and what he or she is doing. Also tell me know any plans for the future when you hear them so that I can know at a certain time what you are doing.

Two years from next spring is not very long. Heaps and heaps of love to you.

Lottie.

Have not had time to think of Christmas yet.

There were 85 Grosebeek who saw Ruth and Cele. Of course he could not remember exactly what they looked like, but he said specially that Ruth was pretty and that she looked as if she could get most anything she set her mind on. Three cheers for Ruth.