Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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June 30, 1912

Ellison is off fishing at Agawam, and Fannie is at Laurel Park where she is helping one of the Camp Fire girls. Baby is asleep. He is getting to be awake so much of the day that we do not get much time. Mrs. H. has the electric washer I have spoken of before. She is not entirely satisfied, as she has had several accidents with it (has burned out fuse and torn one or two clothes) and she says it takes nearly a half hour to run the water off and clean up after it. It costs about $1.50 I think. There is an electric wringer too, and she has an electric iron and her sewing machine can be run by electricity, so that one can have all the conveniences. The electric summer for the machine makes it very easy to sew. It is very simple to use too. Ellison did all the work last Saturday and has done a lot more for
Baby to-day. He is awfully good. I seem to have a great deal to do even when he helps me so much. That with ironing and mending and feeding the baby and tending him some and feeding my own face and getting not a little and writing and now and then, I find no time for anything else.

Baby is not gaining so fast as he ought—only 1 pound in six weeks!!! He is fatter than when I was at home and more jolly—and is awake a great deal more. Today he slept only about 1 1/2 hrs. all day long—from 5:30 until 7:30. He often makes up crying a little instead of smiling as he always used to.

We are going to New York with him next week instead of taking that long trip to the west, and I am relieved that we need not go so far. Then too I can see the Bararthomewins which will be a great joy some.
Ellison don’t some lovely gifts for Baby from China. Mrs. Adams sent him a dear silver bracelet and bangle. Mrs. Custer sent a silver spoon. Dr. Luck sent a rattle. Mrs. Page sent a bib.

Mary Jones sent the cutest little white silk suit (with trousers) that you ever saw! And she made every stitch of it herself!!!

Am enclosing congratulating
Bank check for $5.00 for
Father, and also $5.00 for
Mother. Also $3.00 for aid
$2.00 for Mother to spend
on herself.

Don’t give it.

With love.

[Signature]

To: [Recipient]

Dear Mother, Daddy, and Nanny,

How much we have thought of you all these first days! I wanted to write at once, and many times since, but getting settled has stood me in the face at every step, minute. We are well on the way now toward putting things in place.

Thank you, Nanny, for your very dear letter. I knew that first day would be especially hard, and the other days will be hard, too, when you think of dear little John. If he could only stay and not be so much work, it would be more possible to think of, but he minds himself around our hearts pretty well.

Because he is so dependent upon us, I suppose.

It is hard for me to express a quarter of what I want to say, and so I shall omit a great deal from each of time. Such a wonderful furlough as more than had and what lovely memories it is filled with— and how good you all have been to us.

I shall want to hear how Daddy stands it, and what you all decide to do about the winter.
I realized the first night that I had left the stock sheeting on the two cribs. Will you please send it or give it to Ellison? We are managing very comfortably with what I have now, and I can get on.

And, mother dear, can you send us a small box of baldwins and a few greenings? I will enclose money for express or parcel post. Express would be easier on account of the expressmen calling at the house.

You told me not to send money for the milk. But I should not feel right not to send it and that is not paying at all for all the extra electricity and broken things and coal, etc., etc., that we have used. So please know that this is not adequate—nor as much as I should like to do.

Oh, I found a lovely embroidered short dress here from Ellison's cousins, the Messers. It is beautiful!

Ruth has written you of the trip. I think it was very comfortable and we were so grateful.
for the warm weather.

Baby Alice has cried a little more than usual, but has been very good, and John, too, has been good, although Ruth has attended him constantly. He was wide awake last evening and did not get to sleep until 9:00 P.M. To-night he seemed much better and hope that it will be better.

Ellen sent his mother to Bethesda this P.M. Ruth would have seen Uncle David's picture, but she had forgotten it was there.

I am so sorry Aunt Celia, that we did not help you more to get your teeth in order, it seems to me that that was the least we could do.

He did not see Carol. It was impossible for her to come over on a Monday and with no certainty of meeting us. And for some reason in did not make connection with Uncle George although we waited more than fifteen minutes and it was 3:15 when we arrived. Too bad.

Ruth told you too, of the very sweet things Marion did for us.

Do you suppose, Aunt Celia, you could get me Green to see for you.

John's tongue was much better on Tuesday and still better to-day.

Ruth is wonderful. I only hope she will not get too tired, and you, too, early. I cannot feel alive yet and it is nearly 9:30 P.M. as I must stop.

With much love,

[Signature]
Nov 23rd 1920

Dear Daddy,

Thanks ever so much for letter and apples (not yet arrived) - will come next week - will consist of 2 10s. which will cover rest of bill. It is late and I haven't time today to do anything before mail closes.

Raining day - hope you didn't get wet.

Happy Thanksgiving by you and Mother.

John had a wonderful birthday - 1 yoke of calves - great delight - and lots of presents much love

Thee En

Sis
Well, March has come in, and I hope the worst of your winter is over, after one can never tell. Now, you will be smelling springy, earthy, flowering odors, and the buds will begin to swell and the flowers come— and then the apple trees will be in bloom! How wonderful it will be!— and how glad I am that I can’t be all when I was at home.

We should not depreciate this country. There are a few buds to revel in, and a few trees to bloom, and a few flowers to bloom, and a few buds to pass there—but how I long for those sweet spring breezes—and the beauty! Our beauty here seems far away in the distant mountains and the river. The country is picturesque, but it lacks our rugged beauty and bold vision.

Letters have been very welcome, and I watch Annie’s case with the greatest interest. I don’t feel like urging, and yet I wish she would take the love offered her. It seems like such a precious gift that one might hunt the world for, and not find. It would mean so much to her. And I think her mother and father would be much happier to have her, and there is no use in her giving in, unless she herself really wants to.
Wednesday March 8th

Alice is asleep. John is playing with Reenie and Howard for a few minutes and Iam waiting for the cook to come up and take accounts. It is cooler to-day and not quite so damp and moist as it has been but there is no sun and that has been none since I can remember almost. This morning I woke up for the children, washed a few rugged, mended a few stockings, served some lace on Alice's and that is all I think. Hour time runs away with me, and before we know it, it is grown old with all too little accomplished.

This last week has not been very eventful. The children take most of my time, and I am much enjoy being with them.

Last week Wednesday, Mary, James and the two children spend the day with us. Ellen and William's hair which was long and heavy. Then by Saturday we heard that William was sick in bed with a cold and I have just put the two together, and wonder if he caught the cold from having his hair cut !? Hope not?

We have had a few Chinese callers four or five different days. They take only a short time. I carefully close all doors in bed rooms and invite them upstairs, take them to the verandah to admire the view, and let John show off on the swing and Alice on the rocking horse, which they both love to do. The Chinese admire their courage and daring and wonder at their white skins and John's towny hair. They say usually, that the children
are white because they drink the buffalo cows milk. Then then I'd take them inside, invite them to sit down and let them listen to the Victrola, and the piano. John and Alice usually are prominent in this too; for when the Victrola plays, they want to stand on the table and laugh and jump, and when the piano plays, they like to sit one on each side and add their notes before and after.

On Thursday one of our workers, Miss Winn, came up to spend the night on her way out into the country where she is trying to learn the language.

She cut out a dress out of muslin and to wear with that pretty metal or blue girdle that Aunt Fan gave me for times.

Ellen went to Swatow on Saturday for a language exam. (Revised—pouring), but came home Sunday, as I was alone with the children.

While I am watching the children I get time to practice. Friends come, and I enjoy it immensely. I am working on exercises
and on the lower part of the Beethoven Symphony duets. I find the exercises very helpful!

I have been reading "The Burning Cup" (by Dorothy Canfield) which they say is an answer to "Main Street" which I have not read.

Please tell Uncle Charlie that the boy whose money is helping to be a preacher is very sick in the hospital with pneumonia and malaria. He has improved and so all hope that he will recover, but he was a rather sick boy when Elliam saw him on Sunday. Lucky he has a hospital to go to. He surely would have died without.

I am reading gloom's "The Jesus of History," and if any of you need an inspiration, do read it. It seems very wonderful to me.

Howard Baker has been sick with malaria and swollen glands.

Mrs. Night has been sick. Miss Booe, Mrs. James and I have had a miscarriage.
cold that seems to be running around.
I managed to keep mine pretty well
down and it hasn't got the better of me at any
time, but I had an cold compress for three
nights and used gargles, and had menthol
drops and some acid in my mouth - a very
great help in a nose cold, by the way.

Now I must say good night without
reading over again the good letters that have
come this week - some nice envelopes
from Jennie with cute Valentines which
the children appreciated, and good letters
from Marion, Harry, Mother, Aunt Celie,
Daddy, Ernest, Gene - etc. They were
all so good, and I was so glad to get them
after the long hold up of mail by the Seamen's
Strike. Hong Kong is having a distressing
times - Europeans are manning the
bakeries and the slaughterhouses and doing
the labor. Trains have stopped running
and the post is closed. No news by letter.
Dear very much love to you all,

Lettie.

Send Letty all around there, to all brothers and sisters and then get if she wants to.

Mrs. Lawrence says good night written making me again the good letters that have been the real love and in envelopes from Tennes, with cute valentines which the children appreciated, and good letters from Marion, Mary, Mother, and left for next year, etc. They were very pleased and she was pleased to get them after the time and up of people by the manner.

Taxes have been hard, the manner the tobacco and the plantation house and day by day. Taxes have half the tobacco and day by day.
Reynolds

Friend

Carver

William

E. B. Wells

Charles

Edith

H. C. Allen

J. D. E. Lee

Thadeus

Letter
Monday Evening
April 25, 1921

Dear Mother, Mahnie, Daddy and all testing:

The mosquitoes are so thick inside that I have come out onto the verandah where the wind is strong and am standing up by the glass door so that I can by the light inside, but am not inside. Ellis went to the station on Sat. and will not return until Thursday. He went up and to-day that our freight had arrived and I am delighted as there is some prospect of getting screen man. We are going to use the money from Rockport and Oakland to do this and it will be a great blessing. I do not dare go to Sheringham after dinner but her in bed, for fear of mosquitoes—I think it is better for her not to be covered quite so tight than to be eaten up.

I have no present to write Rockport church or someone in it, but have treated that you and Earn Cole would keep them posted as it is so hard to find a minute. I sent a postcard to Sheringham and hope to do that many more times. I managed to send off a note to Oakland church last night between slapping mosquitoes, and perhaps it will copy for me. I am so shut in, that I do not have much news. I do not like to learn the children with Chinese alone—especially as John does not know... but I do love them once in a while.

The frogs are making an awful racket. We hear them beautifully breathing, but not enough rain for rice. The water wheels have pumped the fields nearly dry.

Oh, that tends to get us! Much love. I shall see you bright for nights.
May 1, 1921

Dear One,

I simply had to sit down immediately to write the incident of the gold fish. Ellicon bought two tiny ones yesterday for John.

I put them in a glass jar and put them down where he could look at them. He had had them before and I thought would merely look at them for a minute and then when I came to him, I found one little gold fish crushed on the floor. I talked to him seriously about it and told him how God had made the little fish so that they could see, eat and swim etc.

I heard nothing more as I went quickly about my work for some time, but when I went back to him, I heard him saying, "Want God mend another one," which gradually changed to "Want God make another one... want make eyes, mouf..."

Lottie says that during the night she heard him saying the same things.
April 1921. Bit of conversation overheard from John

I got to go on a boat. I got to go far away.

April 23, 1921.

I asked: "Has taught you to make nice circles?"

As I saw him making circles with a pencil.

"Dear Nahnie!" he answered.

"Too much work, mamma, too much work. Don't come in."

"Shut that door; wind turnin' east."

"Please take that. I sharpen it."

"Handing me another pencil. I sharpen one, two, three, four!"

He saw a loblolly, moden grove that said like this! And he said with an exclamation of triumph: "Dat a ducky doo, mammy, home adon!"

He had not mentioned ducky doo very much if at all and I was surprised that he should remember the rocking.

I was playing Victrola to him one day and he said, "I want a good record. After he heard me, he said with glee. "Aunt Fannie used to play it. Aunt Fannie used to play it."
Last night I told him all about his short life, where we had been etc., and he made me tell him twice and then said the second time, "Read it again, mamma, read it again."

"I want to make a man," he is saying now.
"Get my ink, mamma."

"His ties in Doby's" I ask and he almost always answers accurately, "Gammy and Gemma Hildref," as he almost always says it correctly for Rockport— but not always.

What does Gamma Hildref make for you? Trotta etc.

He simply loves the plants, science, and bound papers. He can't cut up, but loves to make believe.

I had an envelope with snapshots in it, but it disappeared and I presume..."
What does Grandma make? tkoties
What does Aunt Fannie do? Yuwaby (lullaby)
What does grandpa do? It always used to be
"auto", but now it is gee gee gee,
sometimes followed "on the foot"
I showed him Mother's picture, and he
immediately said "Damma"
In the morning, "I must get up" of
"you may get up daddy."
He does a lot of imaginary marketing.
Occasionally he tells me about something
"I buyed it in the city"
Ellison took it.
To make sure, I will ask, "Have you received snapshots of nurse and me or John in a Chinese umbrella?"

Of John and Alice and Teddy Bear in a long steamer chair on the veranda.
If I can send ours about these two, I think that it will fix the group and the letter and if they have not come, perhaps I will send his papers

May 2 - Alice sat in the jungle (that Aunt Fan and Grandma saw John) for the first time today. She loved it at once. She had a lovely time in it.

Much love. A scheme. I can't write more, but I am absolutely tied most of the time even up to bed-time many days. I expect it will not always be so confining and limiting after John gets proper foreland lessons Chinese. Very much love.

Thank you Grandpa for little book.

Sally.