Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

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Folder label: ESH and LLH to/from siblings of LLH

Dates: 1914-1915

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Dear Marion,

Just a few minutes before Y. M. C. A. in which I may write a hard to you. It is about 2:00 A.M. on Sunday morning at home and the day is nearly over with us. When I heard about the scarlet fever, I was awfully sorry, but I had that helpless feeling that it would be all over before I could get word to you. In fact, that it must be nearly over when I received the word. I hope you have not done too much while you have been shut in. Has Rose gone yet, and what is her address?

How cunning Polly must be! I don't believe I have ever sympathized with you and Della sufficiently in bringing up so many children. I begin to realize what a task it is and how important! I am so glad the boys are growing more thoughtful. (I am eating peanuts as I write.) The cork keeps some on hand for Eliot.
most of the time.

Glad Richard likes to read. He is young, too. Mother said that she and Carol were reading "The Missing Bowl" in the Youth's Companion. It was written by Beth Gilchrist P. S '02, a good friend of mine— and very clever with her pen.

Your tales of food sound good. I'd like to hear the bad red during the other night.

How is Everett's Tank? Are you planning for the bungalow and just when?

Did Miss Mahn have to go back, or prefer to?

Hope you continue well— Have you had any exams yet?

It is awfully dear to think of the children praying for us. Tell them that we remember them, too. I gasp when I think if your planning summer clothes for your family! What a task. Out here one can have a whole piece dress made for $3.00.
call the tailor too and have one more thin dress made, for I don't know when my white-embroidered one will go back on me, and my little black and white stripe is very thin. I have on the white dress that Ruth gave back to me this evening. We have all doors closed this, because there is a real cool wind outside.

Did you want Charleton's letter of Jan. 31 back? I was glad to see it. I hope he has seen some of my home letters, for I have found no time to write. Really, it is awfully hard to find time here — even the I seem to have more leisure than at home.

Must go now.

With love,

Lathi.

I shall think of you all this summer.
Here is a picture of Mrs. Smith, visitor and me right in front of your house. It was bad of us both, but I can’t cut out my face as she did—The background is so pretty, perhaps family would like to see.

Love

Have you a postcard of Patty? Let me know as will send, if not.
Dear Mrs. Hinrichs,

March 14, 1944.

March 21, 1944.

Dear George,

This is all the paper I have here and I am too lazy to get more. Your letter of February 10 was very much appreciated as usual, especially as the first from you and one from Jane. Elder was the only one we received on that mail. If you do get reduced to writing once a month I shall miss your letters like everything, so they are as breezy and make things as vivid that I enjoy them very much! And I always have a good laugh with them. Ellison is more anxious to read yours than any other, I think.

Glad you have had inside work. I am answer now to get the letters about the big storm of March 2. The Shanghai papers had telegraphic news about it. It must have been fierce. Also John been in New Hampshire? I see what town and how did he like it? I wish you would write me about it. John misses your letter. I am so glad John heard Uncle Charlie. That was fine! Now please, I don't want always to be asking of money, but I do want him to pay Aunt like the rest of the bicycle money before anything else - and then the $85 to get next year's schooling. She has been very good, hasn't she?

I shall be very anxious to see youboys if your dream comes true. You will find what a big distance there is. How could you cross the desert? They are terrible!

Uninterested in five in Baptist Ch. Boston. I should be much pleased to hear you cut a skipping of such an event out of your exciting paper. I pray now I don't see anything of that kind except what you send.

Glad that motorcycle business seems prospering. Earl's idea seems good. And your idea of playing for your own that way would be good.

Let me know how they shooting comes on. E. is
Interested, too.

Nearly bed-time - and - so a lones. Good night. God luck to you.

Jawge
Suatou China  
March 30, 1914.

Dear Marion,

I have not been able to write you for several days now, but some how the minutes go by. We go to bed early since Elberon has had grip.

Tues. Mar. 31 8:55 P.M.

Just five minutes before class. A peddler has just been at the door and I bought a vase to hang on the wall and hold roses. He has cute little carved toys, vases, bowls, and brass things. The vase is very expensive, needless to say I didn't buy any. Oh I don't know that I have ever told any of you, that rice is considered expensive here. Only rich men eat rice. The poor eat sweet potatoes. Which my cook would not serve to our guests about a week ago because he said they were cheap.

Ellison is an invalid again today for the grip has not entirely gone yet. It certainly is stubborn. He is amusing himself reading my Chinese hymn book and a violin hymn book for himself. I don't know how he did it. I work on my snap-shot album, which I never should have found time for.

It is so pleasant today that I think I will stay out on the porch. I wish you could see the hundreds of birds around. They are so interesting . . . but all attractive and beautiful. Many fly in and out. Yesterday we saw a white crested bird with a red beak. It seems red on him. The magpie as large as a robin.

2:10 P.M. I came to.

Long, April 3, 1914

I can hardly believe that date.

It is evening - about eight. Have glanced at the Shanghai newspapers, written my diary and am ready to study about 1/2 hour before going to bed. Ellison is playing his violin. He has been out a little today. A number of people are on the campus for a Reference Committee meeting, and we are entertaining Dr. Froebel whom I met in Detroit.

We are having lovely weather. For the last week we have had no fire and for ten days
I have been studying on the porch with that beautiful view of the harbor to distract my attention. Well I will work a little - so Good Night for now.

Much love to you and Tom and the kiddies.

Tell Tom to keep up courage. It is a hard fight, but there is strength waiting for him and all of us.

Love.

[Signature]
May 30 - 1914
12:30 noon

Dear George and John,

Enjoyed your letters much! Oh, you must be at the train now, because it is about midnight of Friday night with you, and of course you will land a holiday May 31.
How nice it will seem! Take good care of yourselves. What room do you sleep in when you are home?
Does anyone sleep in the attic yet?

John says, "The roads are sandy ones in China aren't they?" I wish you could see all the roads. In the cities there is rough paving - about 8 ft wide some times a little more, often less. Oftentimes steep lead up or down a slight rise or descent. They lead from town to town and neighboring places. The roads are only paths or tiny paths between rice fields. It is difficult for the people to cross them. Can't!!! It is hard to imagine unless you see for yourself.

Do the people in the chief allow you to use their motor car or is there a special one for you?

George says the sky is blue most beautiful. Remember those roads around Magnolia. Aren't they beautiful? I have driven over them.

The Dleons go a touring car! At that rate, we may own one some day! I shall be interested to hear if you want one.

Beth certainly is one peach! Her father was a poor boy - who did not go through high school, I think. So you never can tell what may happen. English Ruth could have a racers party and visit with Beth and Bob for a little visit. I only wish she could have folk. You could have a girl for a few weeks. What a great idea!!!

Great picture of Ellerson & me!!! I was glad to see that, I hope we'll never get home!!
How is Mex. situation?
    Much love.

Lottie.

How is Jennie? Haven't heard for a long while.
Friday Oct. 2, 1914

My very dear Marion,

To think of having such a dainty waist!—such a "swell" one! And to think you made it with your own busy fingers!! How lazy, lazy, lazy, Sam! I do not take over ten stitches a week I guess! — Really I am overwhelmed— and I do appreciate it so much! It looks awfully pretty— and so stylish out here.
You are a perfect dear to have made it! It looks very well on me and of course is just exactly what I need. Does one just pin the girdle on, or tie it - or have hooks and eyes?

The pictures Aunt Celie sent were lovely to see. How dear Polly Cooks and how big she has grown! The one of Aunt Celie and Mother was very good! And it seemed so good to see you!

Little Charlton looked almost like a man! Fine, sturdy looking!
John particularly (thought George too) looks thin. Hope they are not working too hard!

Carol seems very grown up in the long dress. I get Ruth's attractiveness even thru the blur!

I am anxious to hear about the Kahn House. Hope you do not have to move. We shall probably not move until January now, and shall plant our garden here.

We have had lovely weather. The harbor view is only
to make an exclaim every A.M.
Wonderfully beautiful!!

How nice for Della to go to
Bar Harbor. I am awfully pleased.
Will she bring Mother Bellew back?
I am anxious to hear what she thinks
of scenery there!
Glad to see Mother’s letter.
Can we the home picture?

We pick up a book of poetry
once in awhile and I almost always
think of you when I do. Have a
reading present “Viola of Eng. Verse” -
given me by Ralph Bristol, which I
enjoy immensely! Wish I could
write more. Both write is writing!
Dec. 5, 1914

Dear Marion,

Thank you so much for your good letter, which arrived two weeks ago. I do hope the children have done well at school. I think of them just about every day. Papa sent me some pictures, too. The other day and I was pleased enough to see Polly and Gene and Ernest and Dick. How they have grown! How sweet Polly and Gene are. The little picture in the sand is too dear for anything!

Do you sing the hymn on Sunday mornings still? I try to play it every Sunday evening, but once in a while if there is anything going on I forget it (with many prayers) #4.

It is Friday Dec. 4, about 6:30 P.M. Then just been playing golf/croquet and drinking tea on the lawn—had a few Presbyterian and the consol...
Real pleasant. We are going to take supper with Dr. Mildred and Miss Traver.

Then began studying a little again this week. But I am afraid I shall not be so regular now with a year's work behind me.

Do write all about yourself when you do write, and don't take the time you ought to be sleeping to do it. My love to Tom. Tell him I think of him very often and hope he is keeping strong in his best resolves. Wish he would write again some time. His last letter from Rockport was a dandy! How much love to your own dear self. Do take care of your health first of all. I wish you had a husband at home only to make you feet, as mine does. Yours of love always.
Well, Dear Ones, the glorious Fourth is past and gone! How did you spend it?

We were as quiet as could be except for children's prattle; and the only evidences of the holiday were several flags put up around the dining room, or triumphantly raised by the children. Oh, we did hear patriotic songs too— even in the little Sunday school service which Mrs. Page held for the children. Sam went to help her (at her invitation) in holding a little S.S. weekly for all the children in the valley— at the time when the native (Nebes) service is being held in the Chapel.

We have had several rainy days one after the other with only a glimpse of blue sky at night or morning— a few hours of cessation just long enough to decide us into thinking that it has decided to clear. Today while we were having our daily Chinese dinner, we heard the river rushing very fast, and we got there in time to see it rushing madly. The water had risen several feet in so many minutes, it might almost say so fast did it come. It was confined in the banks near the base down below we could see it spreading but over potato and ricefields for about an eighth of a mile. I think it must be a strange sight to see the yellow rushing water coming on a fact that its surface was not level but this my- or this way around a curve. Branches and stakes were whirled along just as they would be in a real flood. Wish you could have seen it. After one of those sudden rises, the water falls almost as rapidly as it rises and the PM we had a fine bath in the valley places where it has so mad and rushing this morning.

I have been swimming for two mornings and hope to row every morning for the next few weeks. In the PM I bathe and then there recreation— (Guess I'll try the typhus for awhile now).
Thursday, July 8.

I am waiting for the boy to sweep our bedroom, so that I can go in there and sew while he sweeps, and take this one - our combined dressing room and study. Elsie is studying on the porch just outside the window, although it may be driven in any moment by the rain which has been falling all day and continues to do so at present. Sometimes it rains for three or four hours at a time, but more often it is a short shower for twenty minutes or half an hour.

We are looking for mail to-morrow or next day. My program now is: read all the New York Post in P.M. until 2:10 or 2:30 - then study until 7:00 or 7:30 - then play awhile - either visiting or walking on.

We form a pleasant household even the five children are a good many for a house of this size. Since our rooms are at this end more free from most of the noise and confusion.

Friday, July 9.

How uneventful these days are! The showers keep up without any discouragement, and although they are always at a time when there is no rain, one always expect it and the sky is always overcast and cloudy at least one section.

Mrs. Geffin came in and joined my sewing this morning, as that is the time she likes more quickly than usual and I always enjoy this kind of sewing.

This afternoon Mrs. James arrived after a rather hard stormy trip. Her feet are tired and something so that she cannot walk on them. Can't that a shame! I went over to see if I could help her, and so missed my study for the day.

Mrs. Geffin actually brings her baby in for a few minute call every morning or afternoon and always enjoy that.

I am feeling fine! Yesterday we took a nice long walk & I'm Stewart and myself walking many little streams and climbing on hill. Love to each one,

Lottie.
Dear Marion,

July 10 to August 16! So there time for this letter to reach you on your birthday? I certainly do hope so for I have been planning to write it for some days and washed up only last night startled to find that it was not already written and sent. I hope you are all in Rockport by now and that the weather is pleasant and nice. I wonder what time Aunt Celo has chosen for her vacation and whether Ruth is overworked in this summer course. I know that they keep people rather busy.

I hope you will have a happy birthday and a nice big birthday cake. I believe it is most unsatisfactory to send gifts ahead of time for one almost forgets they have been sent, but I hope the napkins have been and will be useful. And just now I’ll send only this letter and keep of love. If there is room in the envelope I will put another dollar for you to sell if you wish. I think it sells for $100 gold, but I’ll look it up to be sure.

We have been using “Heart Songs” to sing from a number of evenings and have enjoyed them so much! It is real jolly to have the organ here, even if it is so small.

Sam sitting out on the porch in the reclining canvas chair. Ellison is writing a sermon on the typewriter, for he preaches to-morrow.

Mrs. Giffins servants are hanging clothes on the
line, and so is Mrs. Pagi's boy, for to-day for the first time for ten days, we have enough to make us hope that the rain will depart for awhile at least.

I have your good letter of April 25 at hand also Everett's nice letter. We used the little flag in the dining room on July 4 and it makes a bright spot in our room every day.

I am feeling so well, that it is a pleasure to be active, and I wish there was more heavy work to do, but between the boys and Elliot I don't get much chance even to move chairs.

Hope your colds have all disappeared, and that you can go in baking by now. Is the bungalow quite comfortable this year? Elliot has made our room very nice with the help of a few nails and some boards. He is going to put up more shelves as soon as pegs move wood. He is repairing the porch floor too. It is very rotten at our end and last summer I put my foot right there in one place.

I have written a little note to Everett which I will enclose.

Love to all. I can still wear ordinary clothes if they are a trifle loose. It is a comfort to have them available for so long a time.

Now must go in as the floor is nearly dry.

Very much love to dear Marion. Rich should come in on your birthday. I expect I'll be thinking of you.

Lottie.