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Peking, Jul 14, 1924

Thank you, dear Nahnie, for the nice snap shot of you in the gingham dress. I was so glad to see it, and it is so nice to have it in a background that I know.

It was dear if you to write a second letter right away on Jun 7, when you heard of our Xmas disappointment. You are, as soon as I began to think about it, after I had sent the letter South, realized that the Southern doctors knew more about conditions down there than Dr. McDaid, and I felt almost certain that they would make objection - and I knew, down deep in my heart, that they had good reason for it, and that is why I did not rebel.

Now... I honestly thought I had written very fully of details in hospital - but perhaps I didn't satisfy you all, even then!
It is a merciful arrangement, that allows us to forget. I am sure I had an easier time than most. The pain was not awful, except when I had gas pains— and even then I was babyish about it. I was also babyish about having the dressing changed the first time or else I was tired and nervous, for I shouted like a good one. I did not have very much gas pain—probably three or four rather decent attacks and more or less discomfort for a week or ten days. I remember that the first five days were interminable, and it seemed as if they would never pass. It seemed as if I’d never be able to move my legs freely again, and I thought forward to the day when I could move my leg.
it is just going.

I weigh more than I have for two years. My life are actually red. I feel better able to exercise and do things than I did before the operation, and so I hope your hope is very well founded.

Now - I have told you highs about myself - won't you do the same about yourself, for I feel very much concerned.

I spend nearly all my time writing letters I find, unless I plan to do some other specific piece of work. I have had a lovely week with little Roxanna. This has been vacation time for Chinese schools, but they begin again next week.

I am going to Tungchien (12 miles away) next Monday, for a few days, and then come back to a regular schedule here.

Much love,

Lotte.
Tungchien (near Peking).
Wed. March 11, 1924.

Dear Marion,

I have had this envelope waiting for you since before the children came. How are you getting thru the winter? Has March been cold? It has not been too cold here. Some days have not even been freezing, but although the children do not seem to mind it, I notice that their ears and fingers get pretty red, and their hands would be badly chapped if I did not have a good hand lotion for them to use.

I don’t know what kind of reputation the children will have—One of them (probably John) put sand down Bobby Hunter’s back, and when John went to the party the other day, he and Tuffy Ticken had a fight and both of them cried—ugh. But you know all such experiences probably.

John came running home with a piece of cookie for me, and in the mornings the children are insistent that I should have nice fruit to eat. It is a new feeling to have, to think that they are old enough to be thoughtful of me.

Oh, on Sunday, when we went in Peking I took them to a children’s S.S. where there were 45 small boys and girls. They surely were glad...
My little things I oversized John and Alice as much time in me and I don't want you to read.

I am writing a weekend to you. Our own much time in me — and I don't want you to read.

The children all cleaned up their room — and I don't want you to read.

I am thinking of all the letters and envelopes that you can take without backing on which I can read.

Mrs. Mackie has a Billow and Gillo machine which she lets me use.

John has been sitting outside writing still I learned children's names.

And just the other night, John repeated most of what he heard at S. S. for me. I was surprised, as I had not suggested it.

Mrs. Mackie has some lovely song books for children and we are enjoying them very much indeed.

The little girl of six has been sick in bed almost all since we came, and so the children have not played together as much as I had expected they would.

The tops of the trees are all happy with buds and we are looking forward to seeing a real spring. It will be a miracle to my nurse who has never seen flowering trees before.

The folks who live here are very alone. They find up their own ice, and can their own vegetables in old tin cans, having a tin smith to weld the cans around in canning day to exclude the tins.

Dr. Lee and Mr. Hunter are also making experiments in breeding Chickens, pigs, goats, and Turkeys for the sake of improving China and Turkey for the sake of improving China.

Chinny pigs have little meat; Chinny eggs 7

Chinny eggs 7

Chinny eggs 7

Chinny eggs 7

And Chinny eggs are somewhat underfed, and Chinny gazes in very little milk.
And I heard John saying—

"I saw two things, aren't explanation except these too."

I write these little things that strike me because they are funny, but because they give an idea of their childish conversation and help you to picture them.

I am so glad to hear that Daphne is better and hope it will continue.

How about those sick headaches you were having? I hope they don't continue. And to think of Dick being twenty-one! I had no idea he was so grown-up! And I hope you'll all forgive me for not writing—may I did the—now that I remember.

When did he give up the work in Lowell? Or didn't he even get there? The work with Patch seems to be a splendid opportunity and I am very glad for him. The mere busy with the drug store work too. That is right in line with the work with at Patch's.

Must go out with kiddies now.

Much love,

Loth to

Nurse's foot is not very good for walking yet. Love all family. Hope Tom is well. What makes for his birthday? It won't be long now, will it?
having quit a struggle with John
and Alice to get them to mind promptly.

When Ella went home I wrote him to find
one of my books "The Baby's First Two Years" by
Dr. Richard Smith, and send it to you, but
I don't know whether he found it or not.
It was very helpful to me.

I have books on training children, but I
got impatient, and disagreed with
them. Now I can see, that if I could
have kept at it, I should have
entirely avoided a lot of struggles,
and it would have been much easier.

(My nurse is in Peking to-day and I
am glad to be alone with the children.)

I have found spanking worse than useless. Every
Training the child to do right - Teaching him how
is far easier and more logical.

If he alms a door after you tell him not
to, don't spank.

Teach him how to shut it, - take him to the
door and show him how he can shut it
softly two or three times with pleasant
smiles - before ever you tell him not to, and then instead of saying don't,
you can give him a positive command. "Shut-
May 13, 1929.

Dear John and Gladys,

I was mighty pleased to see John Howard Lane today, and so I am writing immediately to tell you so. If I don't write at once, I never shall get to it. He looks well and husky and very large. My mother cannot believe that he is only three months old with such a large face.

May 25,

I surely have enjoyed looking at your dear baby, and he looks like one to be proud of. Thank you very much. It seems good to show it to the children, and to tell them that there is their nearest little cousin John Lane. It brings their relationship even nearer to hear the same name. I think it really startled my John when he first heard it.

I was much pleased, John, too, to receive your letter of January 10, while I was still in Peking. I surely have enjoyed this
Mr. John, it means a lot to have the children and I am thankful every day for it and wish all the best.

I am glad that you are becoming a little bit like Dad. I trust you will be kind and sympathetic towards others. It is a wonderful privilege to be able to do this for them.

My John never fell ill during the last letter. He is better now. But I want to warn you to try all over to be gentle, friendly and reasonable.

Winter and spring. So are lovely birds and flowers and smell sweet smells again is a great joy.

Then the kiddies talked at 3:00 yesterday I decided to take them down to the moat to see birds. Doesn't it sound like medieval castles? The moat? There is a really truly one with not flowing around the city wall, which is 100 feet high. It should be a fun place for children. Foreigners have planted willow trees each side of the moat and so there is a beautiful shady walk on either side. The place I am living in is a little foreign settlement outside the wall. The Chinese here do not like foreigners very well because of the wrong acts of Austrian and Japanese soldiers at the time of the Boxer uprising about 1900.
Ruth

May 13, 1924

Dear John and Gladys,

I was mighty pleased to see John Howard today, and so I am writing immediately to tell you so. If I don't write at once, I never shall get to it. He looks well and husky and very large. My nurse cannot believe that he is only three months old with such a large face. May 25:

I surely have enjoyed looking at your dear baby, and he looks like one to be proud of. Thank you very much. It seems good to show it to the children, and to tell them that there is their newest little cousin, John. It brings their relationship even nearer to hear the same name. I think it really startled my John when he first heard it.

I was much pleased, John, too, to receive your letter of January 10 while I was still in Peking. I sincerely have enjoyed thi
the door softly."

I am living in the house with a woman who has done this with her children and the results are almost beyond belief.

To make them obedient, illustrate to them how to run quickly, when the mother says "Come here," and they make a game of it - and love to do it. Teach them how they must drop their toys for their play, right in the middle of it when they hear the "Come here." You run yourself, and they play Mamma and do the calling and they will learn far more quickly.

Well this advice is all too old for your baby, but maybe it will help some day if I have written it clearly enough.

I am so glad that you are again out in the country. I don't know whether this address is correct or not. Mother had written it on the back of a letter that came a day or two ago.
The children want me to go to the
road, and so I'll say goodby.

With very much love to you,
three.

Lottie.

We are going to the seashore
in about two weeks. Wish you
could go, too. L.
Dear Marion, I have decided to send the home letter via you this week. It seems so hard to get time to write to all - (why should I speak of time when you are so swamped and I am so comparatively free!). And I want to get all the napkins & you by summer if possible.

The week has been full and interesting. I feel as if I am doing my bit by teaching the English classes. I am doing my bit by teaching the English classes. I mean the correcting 3 quite a lot of papers, and the drudgery of making up work when pupils are the bane of my existence when I am absent. We also have a conversation period which is all enjoyable, for the boys are mighty interesting fellows and have been well taught. Well, that keeps me satisfied in a way. Then the interesting times outside which I thought might stop when I came to Tungshan, seem only to increase.

On Saturday went to Peking - (how I wished I didn't have to go again! for I hate to leave the children & other Mrs. Dickson, and Peking is very very dusty! It is enveloped in a cloud of dust, very very dusty! It is enveloped in a cloud of dust and everyone in thick clothes protect his mouth, my nose, and eyes as best he can. I hold a handkerchief over my nose and let my eyes go, but it is very very very torturing. But oh, the dirt all out.
Mary Beard and I had early lunch 11:30, then the children walked to the compound gate with us. It surely was hot in the sun. Alice said, "I don't like to walk fast; I am bursting hot." But she wanted to go—and part of the road was shaky.

We went 3rd class on the train as we usually do, as it is only 30 mks (18.4 k) that way. We ride for about 40 or 50 minutes. The trains are not at all like ours. They are not at all like ours. They are not at all like ours. They have wooden are possibly the same size but they have wooden seats the length of the car and one benchless bench in the middle. The seats above are wide as in the middle. The seats above are wide as in the middle. They do not need to fear rain as it rarely rains here. They do not need to fear rain as it rarely rains here.

After we arrived in Peking, we bought a few things in the shops, and then dressed at the American Board before going to the wedding of a Mr. Holmby's girl "Grace Wilder" with Dr. Stanley Hoyle in the home of one of the Professors of Yenching Univ.
May 22.

Well, we had rain last night which broke the drought which has already almost destroyed the crops. Oh, everyone was so grateful to have it come. The grass was just baked and the vegetation all dried up, and that in May! Think of it. It is the first real rain since I arrived last November, although there were several light snow falls.

Some scientific magazine says that this part of China will doubtless become desert land thousands of years from now, and it certainly looks that way.

The peas are almost ready to eat and a few strawberries are already tinged with red to John's great delight, and mine, too, for I feared that we might miss them by going early to Pechino.

Mr. McDermott, the Swatow postmaster, now transferred to Mukden, came to Peking to see his brother, and spent a day with us. The children were very glad to see someone from Swatow and I was, too. He brought us some delicious candy which went right to the spot!
The girl and her husband-to-be had been at Tung-hai-re on the day before, attending a Mr. Holyoke picnic given by Mary Beard and me, and we had gotten to know them a little. It was a pretty wedding. I played the march and another.

Holyoke girl was bridesmaid. It made it much easier for me to visualize Carol's wedding, and it was glad I mind, although I hesitated a long while before accepting.

The picnic we had the day before was a nice one—we went twelve in all including two husbands, Sidney Gamble. I very much enjoyed it, who wrote a very fine survey of Peking and Denning so true fame, who wrote. T. Swett, whose father, the present gov. of Colorado, is likely to be Democratic nominee for president.

It's bed time—and I'll try to write more tomorrow.

Much love,

Lotti.
On the train to Scranton
May 6, 1925

Dear Marion,

I did not at all realize that I was holding this letter to Polly. I had put it in the big envelope and forgotten all about it. Polly must have wondered why John and Alice were so ungrateful for her constant interest in them.

I am so glad that you and Ruth and Carol and George are where you can get home fairly easily. We have been out here this second time not quite so long as I stayed the first time and it is about three years
before we can expect to come home. I certainly hope that we shall bring Auntie back safely with us. She seems very ill. I feel better when she arrived, except that the heat bothers her.

The fleas trouble also but they are temporary. I often use mosquito dreadfully, but we are doing everything possible.

When we go to Thaigong there will be a small guest that is very annoying, but I'll use Citronella on hand.

The Chinese man opposite me is spitting on the floor every other minute or two. I wish he would stop! I am on the way to the dentist, for the last time.

Shanghai, is expecting a lot of floodwater, and that is always welcome.

Howard and I are now studying in a room just behind our room that is always empty.

It was nice to be at water's edge and quite a few days out of town, although rather hot.

I saw everybody at Kehachi and quite a few others, although rather hot.
which is the year before they start on furlough.

William James has been away studying since March and everyone will be glad to see him when summer comes.

I am afraid this train is more jiggly than a good many trolley cars.

Hope you can read this scrawl.

Much much love

L. W.
Chaochow-fu
Jan. 29-1925

Dear George,

Your letter with enclosed check arrived safely and I thank you very much for it. The check (I think) will verify late) covers all your obligations and a few dimes to spare.

I did not answer immediately as Aunt Ale was sick and it was hard to find time to do anything beyond the everyday routine. She is better now but far from strong, and it seems to be a hill for a few days and then a miserable day - with only perhaps a bit of extra food - to account for it.

She has not yet been down stairs this year!! But we hope to have her clean in a week now. After her doctor returns from Swatow & Hong Kong and Canton.

She has felt rather miserable yesterday and today but before that for three days she was getting out on the verandah both morning and afternoon, and looked
I met a bit tired and had not been able to get to bed early for a long time. I have a big share in house and much folks to attend to. The weather is very nice, and we have been having days of elegance for a month. The breezes must have started for St. Ives this week. I take it lightly every day. I shall go in for some beer. We can't do anything extra. I have a letter to ask yesterday for their news. She says she will go in to the city next week. She had a letter from Mr. White who had been in California for many years and a letter to him. We had good luck with the weather, and now I can produce the beans better. It is lucky we live in a land where one can buy port wine and sherry, for her heart needs a stimulant and she finds that a tablespoonful of it helps her.

Auntie Lea says she hopes to write you a letter sometime, but that she has not been able to because she knows you see her letters.

Ellison is off in the country preaching, but I don't see how they can do much with things as cut as they have been this week. Kiddies haven't been out for a day or two except to go to Bakke, and so they need to have a rest for their energies. They are very good the. John was needing a dull paper to write for, and then a small wooden fiddle. I tried to teach him to write, but for half an hour, and gave him ten minutes each hour, and gave him ten minutes of arithmetic, but I have not buckled down to my job in earnest yet. I mean good to it for it is high time. I have been rather lazy not getting up until 7:20 if the kiddies would allow,
I'm not a very good farmer. I got about 12 small butts out of a whole envelope, and about 12 string beans about half a plot of land!

Did Martha Brooks become mayor? I am afraid you are having a cold winter. I wonder a little about another and Dad for fear they will not keep warm or not eat enough.

Glad to hear of Betty's condenser breeches? My, she must be grown up!

So glad to hear that Geo Jr. is at school again. Hope he'll grow stronger and stronger. I felt mean not to send the kiddles Xmas presents. It is such fun to do it and such a disappointment not to.

I have a recollection that you mentioned paying duty on that luncheon and something is more than its cost - but I can't find it in this letter. It discourages me about sending things home.

I'm awfully sorry! Please find for me where duty is assessed. Do it at Gloucester or Boston or in the next?

Yours ever to your & Uncle.

Sathe
Dear Carol,

I am sending you a lunch cloth and 4 napkins as you asked. You will owe me a small sum of money. I will enclose bill.

I was delighted with your letter of Aug. 1. I am glad that you can be at Rockport for the summer. We have not heard your whole list of guests — but expect they kept you busy.

I can’t for the life of me remember what sauce I used with blueberry pudding. I think it must have been either that ordinary (ripened sauce) — [sugar, water a little vinegar] or beaten eggs with sugar. Either would be good, I think.

I found the recipe for your Dories exact, but have never had all the ingredients to use. Hope to some day. Thank you muchly for recipe.

Have you some good simple desserts.

I am afraid your lunch cloth is a little more than 30 x 36. Will that spoil it if it is?

Hope not. Much love to you both. Love to Patches.

Oct. 5, 1925.

Carol plane and to Marin.

Oct. 6, 1925.

Marion dear,

I never feel that my general letters can adequately satisfy any member of the family. And yet I tried to write to each individual there would be so much repetition it would be tiresome. But — I must congratulate you on your trip to C. H. and ask a lot of questions.

If they are unimportant ignore them (as usual). Did Dick get out of his trip to Niagara? All the hoped to. If conditions were favorable I must have been a wonderful trip. Has he really broken with the Peaches, and
Now is looking for something more agreeable and more profitable. I hope he will find it soon, but if he does not he must not lose courage. Every young man has been there before and come out all right in the end.

Of course Everett is the puzzle now. Did he fail to pass its tests again? I know it sounds unimportant, but if he were there I would know, and I am just as much interested here in China. It may be just as well in the end. Some other school—work itself may be better for him. Polly will write me one of her good letters some day and

tell me just what she and Gene are doing in school this year. And, Julie, don't grow up too fast—chirel is lots of fun for you to be a young lady and only a little while now to be Mama's baby."

We are awfully interested, Marion dear, in your delving into family history. I hope you will have some better chance to go still further. I think China Godding has a history of the Western family.

Perhaps she worked here and it is to you.

Love to all.

Aug. 29.
To John.

With best wishes for a happy voyage.
love from Auntie Kea.

To Alice.

With love, best wishes for a happy voyage. from Auntie Kea.

E. P. Mission.
Swatow.
Jan. 9. 27.

Dean Mr. Mildred.

I had hoped to come to the steamer to say good-bye, but as I knew we cannot get a sampan, I am sending this to give you my very best wishes for a very happy journey back to America.

I do hope this disturbance too, will keep off, and be able to enjoy the voyage.

I hope too, that you will all have a splendid furlough, and gain much strength and health, and that it won't be so very long before you are back among us again.

With love again. best wishes.
Yours affectionately,
Aunt Kea.