Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:

Christmas has come and gone, and the letters to be answered are still waiting. Again I am going to try print, to save time.

Many of you have asked how we spend Christmas out here, and do the people have any Christmas. The heathen people do not know anything about Christmas, naturally, except as they have come in contact with us Westerners. However, in these port cities, the merchants have felt the influence of the Western custom and in many of the windows one sees collections of Christmas toys and gifts arranged with an eye to business.

Among the Christians, the season is celebrated somewhat as it is in America. During the week before Christmas the various schools and kindergartens have their special programs. At the hospital this year we had our program on Saturday afternoon. There was some singing, a short talk on the meaning of Christmas and then gifts were given to all the patients in the hospital and to the children who are brought in. These gifts were things from the white cross packages from America — soap, face cloths and towels, picture books, toys, etc. — and oranges which the hospital bought for that purpose. After the patients dispersed, gifts which had been prepared for the nurses and hospital staff were given out. Dr. Everham and I prepared these packages, including things which she and I had planned or prepared ourselves and some things selected from the gifts from home (White cross). For these the little novelties give a great deal of pleasure. Then we also had a few gifts for them which had been sent especially for them.

Saturday night was free from programs, fortunately, so we were at liberty to spend it as we chose. I lighted a fire in my grate, set four little tea tables, gathered up the gifts which had come in for the Baker family and myself, and spread them on the little tables, one for each Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Bessie Baker and myself. Then while the phonograph softly played Christmas carols we opened our packages. It was a restful, delightful time.

Christmas morning, the single women missionaries on this compound always have breakfast together, and open their presents. Since I had opened all of mine which I could get my hands on (?) the night before, the only ones left to me were the ones which the people here had sent for me to the house where we had breakfast. However, therers were enough packages there to give me a jolly time with the rest, after which we had breakfast together.

Then I dashed off to the hospital to make rounds, but being Sunday and there not being any emergency in, I was thru in time to go to the Chinese church service. From Chinese church most of us foreigners went to the English service in the little community chapel down on the Bund. It was the first time we have had a service in English since Easter — our regular English service having been suspended for more than two years during the time of trouble. It surely was good to hear a sermon in English again, and it was a splendid one, too, preached by one of the missionaries of the English Presbyterian mission.
After a good dinner with the Page family, we went to the "White Gift Service" of the church, which was held out in the open. At this service people bring gifts, instead of receiving them, and these are afterwards distributed to the needy. This year there were over two hundred dollars Mex., and many bolts of cloth which is very desirable to make clothing for the poor.

There were callers in the afternoon, and then in the evening the senior nurses came in for the usual Sunday evening prayer group, and the day was over.

Following the extremely busy week before Christmas, the Monday after Christmas was a busy one at the hospital — folks had been too busy to attend to bodily ills the previous week.

Home mail came straggling in, a small one just before Christmas, but the big mail came Tuesday after Christmas.

Since I was on duty Christmas day, I had the privilege of running away on New Years, and went to Kityang. The Hobarts had the New Years dinner on New Years eve, having Dr. Leach of Kityang, all the Hopo missionaries and the two Chinese doctors from Hopo, and myself as guests.

New Year’s day in the afternoon we all took a long walk out around some of the villages near Kityang. Eleanor Ruth Hobart was wearing a pretty bright red flannel dress, and the Chinese children from all the villages came out in crowds, running along for some distances to see her the better. They commented on how pretty and attractive she was, and since Eleanor understands Chinese quite well we explained that it was because of her red dress and the fact that they were not used to seeing foreign children that they were interested. Eleanor is one of the sweetest and prettiest of children. Her baby brother is a charming youngster, too.

Since then we have settled down to routine again, but not entirely to calm, for the war rumors are rumbling about rather vigorously. Soldiers are moving back and forth, and one does not know what to expect. The banditry and kidnapping goes on. Our Hopo missionaries have had to come down from Hopo to Kityang on account of the serious danger. The Hopo pastor who had been down at Kityang with them attempted to return to Hopo with his family a few days ago. His baggage was looted and he and his son kidnapped. His wife and smaller children were allowed to go on to Hopo, and they have sent back the news. We are very much distressed about it, and I do not know what steps may or can be taken about it.

Meanwhile we go on with our work. We here at Kakchieh have been extremely fortunate in not being interrupted very much in our work. Our Location at the port is no doubt largely responsible for this. We pray that we may have wisdom and strength to make the most of the opportunity which we thus have for service.

Yours

[Signature]

[Name]

[Date]
Swatow, China  
Jan 13, 1928

Dear Mrs. Wildesh -

There is another general letter printed this time. It gets worse and worse.

It was good to get your note Nov. 15th, and the picture of the Wildesh family. You certainly all look much better than when I last saw you. It is so good to hear of your improved condition.

This is a windy, raw day. I am having a week of just now - Malaguea to have a week of sun too. Part of it I am spending with Abbie at Prescott House - just by change and to get away from people who come hunting the doctor instead of going to the hospital. Folks seem ordinarily well, but everyone is tired.

Best wishes and much love,

Yours,
5 Rockview Avenue,
Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Sallie,

Just a note to tell you how much I appreciated your coming way over here to see me last Saturday. I certainly did enjoy having you, and so did Roy.

And I have been reading again the note you sent me when you heard about Father. Seems to me, Sallie, that if all the quilts I know you the most notably
have the beautiful gift of helping people, - both because you are what you are, and because you can so truly express the sympathy that you feel. You're a dear, any way.

Much love,

Edna

November 181
5 Rockview Avenue,
Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Sallie,—

I was glad to get your letter, and especially since it was so full of good news about yourself. You certainly are fortunate to be so nicely situated, yes, it certainly is great to be able to see so much of the girls as you can at present. And what about the school work? Do the principal as helpful as you thought he would be? I do hope
So your summer too was a good one, wasn't it. Do, we have been at home all summer and are still looking forward to a cruise some other year. It didn't seem possible to arrange for it this time. They had a few days' vacation, though, and we certainly did enjoy being together for that long. We never, never, can he together long enough, it seems to me. But I often feel as if all eternity would not be long enough.

And now I can't wait a single minute.
to tell you the most beautiful and wonderful thing that is going to happen to my boy and me. I am making dear little dresses and shirts and all sorts of fascinating things for the little newcomer who I expect about the very last of December or the first of January. I can't begin to tell you how mysterious and sunny and beautiful it seems to me, and we are both so happy and glad, and can hardly wait for the time to come, except that every thing isn't ready as yet. I have been meaning to write and tell you for some weeks, but have been very busy seeming and have kept putting it off. But many times I have thought of you, and seemed to feel how glad you would be glad to know, too, that I feel so very well; I have never felt better in my life, and I am very sure that I never was happier. The only difference is that I get
must came over and see them, Lizzie. I wish I might invite you for once Sunday. Rather not have me have company just now, for fear I may get over tired. So I shall have to give that up. But I often go there to remark to shop and couldn’t you take a run over some day? Either all the way by trolley (pretty long), from Elizabeth to Plainfield on the Jersey Central, or by train. Let me know ahead, and I will be at home.
I was glad to hear about the new engagements among the girls. I am always glad to hear of any girl getting engaged or married. It means so much happiness. We have read Barrie's "The Little White Bird," and Wellesley's "Wool Classer." I want to read "Daphnis and Cyprians." I have read anything by Egypt Meredith, for I have never read anything by him. I must read it; it's perfectly dear. I had a long letter from Julie today. She expects to get married this winter, but has not yet decided where. At present she is helping take care of her sick parent.

Local spent a few days with me in August. She is back teaching in Lancaster. Of course you know I minified Saunders quickly. Approaching marriage, the last letter I had from her was full of wedding gowns, dressmaker, etc. I'm so glad for her. Come see me, won't you? I shall have so much to show and tell you, and want to hear about your work, etc. too. Lovingly, Edna B. Buckalew.
Mr. E. S. Butler, Boston, U.S.A.,

My dear Mr. Butler;

It is 8.10 P.M. and that means that over on the side of the world that the sun shines brightest on, you are just about beginning a busy day. How do I know it will be a busy one? Oh, there are some things that one can take for granted. I have just put in one, and feel like comparing notes.

Skip the preliminaries. Breakfast and family worship with the servants; then some time put in in instructing the servants what to do to-day, for the good lady of the house is at Canton visiting the dentist and a college classmate (which visit do you think she will enjoy more?), and it keeps me busy finding enough to keep three servants busy. Then my personal teacher arrives at nine, and the day has begun.

To-day we have been working out some plans for Sunday school work. We both attended an institute on Sunday School Methods last week, and are brim full of new ideas; but the problem is how to apply them to the particular churches we have to work with - aye, there's the rub. So we put in a good stiff morning, and along toward the end of the morning along comes the preacher to take accounts. He asks if he is interfering with my study and I assure him, not at all. I like to have my teacher around at such times; sometimes he can interpret the speaker's Chinese into a different variety that I can understand; and he knows things around here so much better than I do, that he often helps avoid serious mistakes.

So the preacher goes to work; a certain painter has called for his pay, which is $3.80 in local dollars; how much is that in Mex? They tell me $3.65, and I never challenge it; it's always nearer right than I could figure for myself; the only thing I have to watch is the
original figure. Then he has bought some books for $3.20 in local money and he wants $3.07 Mex to reimburse himself, and that is all easy. Then he has bought some books in Swatow for 288 $2.86 Mex. and then is where the trouble comes. For at our bookstore they reckon ten cents as onetenth of a dollar, while a dime is worth considerably less. We are getting about 1.12 in dimes for a Mexican dollar nowadays, so that the $2.86 Mex. becomes two Mexican dollars and 32 cents in dimes.

Then the preacher collects his salary, which is sixteen Mexican dollars, and his railroad fare on a recent trip which he took for me, which is ten dimes, and his boat fare on said trip, which is 32 cash.

<table>
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<th>And I go to work to add it up</th>
<th>Mexican $</th>
<th>dimes</th>
<th>cash</th>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>15</td>
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<td>First set of books</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>Second set of books</td>
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<td>Salary</td>
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| Boat                         | 30        | 2.05 | 124 ( 12%)

So I get the third Mexican dollars and the twenty dimes and the nickel and then find that I haven’t any cash, so I have to take back the nickel and give him two dimes to equal .05 plus .125 which ought to be .175, but it isn’t because a dime is only nominally worth a hundred cash; actually is it only worth about 92 cash. So that gives the preacher something to figure on while I make the entries in my account books, and he finally gives me back thirteen cash. I figure he only ought to have given me twelve, so he cheated himself one cash. But I can assure you I didn’t figure it out at the time; I did it just now as I am writing this letter, just for curiosity to find out whether he cheated himself or me. If it takes 1050 cash to make a Mexican dollar I guess the loss of one, won’t make his lose any sleep to-night. Anyway, by this time it is 12.15 and my lesson should have changed at twelve, so the preacher leaves, taking a couple of letters to be mailed, and the teacher leaves, and the dinner-bell rings, and I go to the dining-room to wish that the sunshine of the house would come back from far-away Canton, but it’s too early to begin counting the days, even.
Karl Chisholm, May 16, 1915,

Dear Mrs. Aldrich,

It was very sort of you to invite me and tell me the great joy which is yours now and the still greater joy to come. So know you in my heart, having waited until
the dear little one can have
a still better birthright
than he might have had
a year ago. And
surely a man or woman
will have a greater strength
and if he knows
that he was planned
for and waited for and
not merely a short im-
pulse! Spirit blessings
and few pains to your
through these special moths.
Partnership with God
in helping to form a
bit of Eternity for Him!
Our joys deepen every day
in our little ones — and
made they are my excuse
for living — I and so
necessities otherwise.
While I am answering
your note — I'll ask —
you to tell me if you still wish to send to San Jose? Mrs. Page and Mrs. Holley are both short of present supplies as well as for Thai Yong and an anxious to send as soon as possible. So I am planning to make out my list and be ready to send as soon as we hear from you. The last time we sent
Dear Old Bobs,

July 17, 1929

8:30 a.m.

Happy birthday to you! I am writing between Neil Baker and Mabelle Cailly at this time prep. Council meeting which we are attending for the Annual Convention which opens its sessions this evening. We prayed for your greatking this morning and you are very much on our thoughts. At our council late last night we heard about Si Chua, Si Chu Tung, Si Chu Song and Si Chu who has just moved to Shanghai. To be sure we know the names: Tang, Chen, Kuo, Gou, Lewis, Kuo, Hu, E. Johnson, L. E. Wright and S. J. Cheng, H. J. C. Tang, Hsin Chen, Hsin Hsu, C. K. Phoknam and the many others mentioned. I told them I was greeting you and they are reminded of family love and wanted their warm greetings added.

For a while

Both the Presbyterian and Baptist retreats have met together in Kekuisi
Everything has been lovely. There now seems to be a deep determination to cooperate for the Kingdom in a really loyal spirit. You have always looked forward to this day. So I know you will be most satisfied with this move. I promise you the Academy Engineer School has over one hundred attending. That indicates our Fall Term is to open with large registration. Education is working splendidly.

Wife and I have a vacation gift from a friend, and we are going to Baguio P.I. We leave on Saturday. I do hope your vacation home to be a cool spot.

To birthday love,

With warm greetings to the father and the children.

Dearly yours,

[Signature]

P.S. The counseling still sitting. Don't you think I make a faithful member?