

**Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers**

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**Series: I. Correspondence**

**Box / folder: 3 / 33**

**Folder label: ESH to John and Kate Hildreth (parents), primarily from  
Thaiyong, Chaoyang**

**Dates: 1915 Aug-Dec**

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515063

Rockport  
Bridgewater

Return finally Haining July 9. 1915  
to Haining

Dear Mother,

I have been reading over some old letters and have been interested in Fannie's account of a visit. I wish you had have loved it. By the way F. is the Margaret Buffum to whom you gave lessons. the daughter of Professor Williamson. I used to like him very much. Indeed I have good many years since I met him. During the black ship of the family I was really I feel quite proud to have a little sister who can make the family proud of her. And I would come out and give her singing lessons.

I was interested in the conflict between Reception and Sugar Cate. I read all I could get. The Sugar Cate is like the other. I know the difference. It is a most important factor. I have not published one of this sermon. I would be glad to see it. I want to find out whether it is orthodox. ☺

At a Naska festival, so quite a try I would rather read about it than take it. But it would be nice to have some fine things again.

We had a hard shower just a few minutes before I crossed the river. maybe 15 min ago. and now the river is full. Normally it is quite a river, some thirty feet wide. Once deep at the ford. seldom over one's head at the swimming pool and just below our house. we can cross by a bridge made of fir trees clamped together (planks so far long) standing one on a pile on the other side. But on which one can usually walk at a short. But the bridge has to be staked out. in anticipation of such things as the the hard shower. But the hills they all drain suddenly into the river. and it rises 2 or 3 feet with corresponding increase of width and speed and without a rise of about a foot lower it still fordable. With a rise of two feet it

It was the narrow round about channel  
where the bridge is, and goes straight across  
the narrow hole, as the bridge is low. But  
our bank again at X and falls up there  
and then falls off to the right in a  
small waterfall.

Traveler

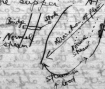
the excessive  
height has

the bridge

House collapsed about  
as long as the abutments

The water has gone down  
several inches already, and if I were  
attempting to cross I wouldn't be afraid to —  
in a bathing suit. But a few minutes  
ago I wouldn't even do. Yesterday  
morning we had high water, just at  
time of family worship. It was only  
moderate when the prayer began. I led in  
prayer in blindness. As you said in a give  
it wasn't long, and when we got up the  
voice was booming. In the afternoon we  
had the bridge up. Today with high  
water we don't usually have them so  
close together. But one can't foretell  
about that. You can be sure of this, a  
heavy shower on the watershed will  
be followed by a spell of high water  
on the river about as long as the  
shower, gradually subsiding to  
normal unless more showering comes.  
At 1.45 now, and if it should stop  
raining — all over the watershed — I am  
sure we could have the bridge up again  
before supper.

At present it is  
floating in a bed  
of backwater



Yesterday morning  
the water was the  
highest we have seen  
except last year.  
The night I went  
down to try to save  
the bridge. It was

about a foot higher than - nearly bank full.  
~~the~~ There was a tremendous thunderstorm  
lasting a long while. that time. I do not  
could see as the storm was by lightning  
flashes and it looked pretty wicked  
then. It has gone down almost  
to normal now.

1915 certainly is the great track  
class Hooyay! Seeing Miss Skinner's  
collection sounds interesting. Does she  
live at Wistariahurst alone.

You certainly had a busy May and  
June. How did you stand?

I hope P's efforts to get a Music  
Major will have success. By the way, when  
I was at Amherst I was very anxious to take  
a music course, but they were all too  
far advanced for me. Do they have any-  
thing fairly elementary at Mt. H.? I think  
they have some simpler courses at Amherst.

You certainly had a great time  
getting a Forest Park car. They are all  
the time doctoring their schedule in Spr.  
but that is the most radical change I  
have heard. In the old days no Forest  
Park cars ~~went~~ came down Lyman  
except the Worthington. Forest town  
that went past & that & to the X and  
then thro the Meadows, past the Water-  
shops to State off Hancock. Thence  
intersecting Maple Walnut King. And  
State it lines. I wonder if that line  
is more important than it used to be. It  
used to get a very fair service. I was  
glad to hear from the Amherst folk as  
Mrs. May.

I don't remember Lewis Dickinson at all

A chance has come to send this letter so  
I must stop. With love  
to Eliza

2nd yr

Thaipyong, August 1, 1915.

Dear Mother;

This is the first of August, and August is the month of vacations, so here we are. The weather also decided that vacation time has arrived, for after giving us beautiful sunshine most of the time since about the twentieth of June, (when sunshine meant glare in the eyes to one who was studying on the verandah) it has decided to appear "kerchiefed in a comely cloud, while rocking winds are piping loud," as Milton says. But we have had no reason to complain of the weather, either this year or last. This year, except for one week, it has been sunny. Now it is perfectly true that sunshine means glare, and it also means heat, and we have had plenty of both. But it also means that the children can play out of doors and don't need to tear the house down for amusement; it also means that the boys can wash the clothes on a convenient day, whereas a two weeks spell of rain means a large accumulation of dirty clothes, all of which are in danger of mildew, which even great care does not always succeed in averting; it also means that our room can be cleaned once a week, and that we can have the use of the verandah, which counts for a lot here.

On the other hand, a spell of rain means that the river gets thoroly cleansed from the traces of the innumerable water buffaloes that daily bathe in it, thereby making it less desirable for human bathing (that is one reason why we like to bathe at bedtime, to give the river a chance to flow clean after the cows go home to bed); and it means that by putting a bathing suite or something equally fearless we can go out for a walk any time we want to instead of trying to get in snuff exercise between the time the sun begins to slant coolly, say five or a little after, and the time of darkness and food, say seven; even then one doesn't like to exercise too vigorously, but when you get for a walk in the rain you can run and jump as much as you please without fear of over heating; that is something to appreciate; and it means that if you can rest your eyes from amber or

smoked glasses, which do get awfully tiresome, even the their protection from the glare of the sun is invaluable; and it gives you a chance to listen to the rain on the roof, and think how glad you are that you are not out in this for when a Chinese rain starts in to rain (not merely to shower, but to rain down handsomely) it certainly can rain down as hard as anything I ever saw, as hard as the hardest thunderstorms I have ever seen at home, I am sure, and to hear the sound of it on a tile roof about five feet above your head, is certainly is a comfortable sensation, provided, and this is important, provided ~~provided~~ that the roof doesn't leak, that you don't have to go out into that rain unless you want to do it for fun, and provided that neither and of your loved ones or any of your property is out in the storm, and finally provided that said rain is not in connection with a typhoon. Rain is rain, but a typhoon is a typhoon, as the Chinese say; the two things belong in absolutely different categories. To-day's rain seems to be merely a rain so I can be philosophical and say with the poet, "It ain't no use to grumble and complain; It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rain, Why, raise my choice".

But a typhoon is a different matter, and we are thankful that we haven't had any of them yet. When the typhoon comes it blows and blows and then it blows some more, and then it blows harder, and then it blows still harder, and it rains in at the doors and windows unless they are absolutely water-tight (which ours are not) and dirt from the inside of the roof is shaken down on to you, and the wind drives the rain up under the tiles, so that it leaks down on you in various places, and you get up out of bed, and light a candle with difficulty (altho all the doors and windows are shut, and go around the room moving things from leaky places to places where the roof has not yet leaked thro and you hope it won't, and then you lie awake, (if you are fortunate enough to have dry space enough for you bed to be spread in) for you can't go to sleep in that racket, and you realize that up here in the

hills the storm is only a baby fraction of what they have having down in port and you wonder how your house down there is getting on, and maybe you have visions of the roof leaking thro on to your best mattresses or causing the ceiling to fall down on your parlor carpet, or maybe you imagine the wind tearing the trees in the yard to pieces, or taking the roof off a bathroom and scattering ruin among the medicines and towels. You don't sleep very well during the night, but you really haven't much cause to complain if you are here at Tsaiyong in a typhoon. For down at Kakohish, and even more so at Double Island which is the only resort available to some people, right at the mouth of Swatow Bay, if you were down there you would probably be expecting any gust to lift of the roof, and scatter tiles down on your unoffending head and while a tile isn't very heavy, if it fell ten or twenty feet it might make quite a dent. I say you would be expecting this; but I never have known it to happen; I don't think there is any reasonable expectation of its happening; but I think a man who was down in a typhoon at Double Island would very likely be in a nervous state which would predispose him to expect it. Some of the people up here last year hardly slept at all, in fact didn't go to bed for most of the night at typhoon times. Lottie and I managed to get part of a night's rest. Morning comes, and you look out and see the creek, which normally is a placid stream hardly more than ankle deep at the fords, and spanned by a bridge only about 15 or 20 feet long at one place, has become a mighty stream perhaps waist deep at the fords, and not to be crossed except for urgent reasons. That is a little piece of evidence that it has been raining not merely on your own roof, but on all the watershed of this river. You become very anxious to find out whether the people who live on the other side of the river had peaceful slumbers during the night; you put on your bathing suit and go to the other houses on your own side, to find out if they lost some roof or merely some sleep; then you watch the river and when it goes down enuf, you pursue your investigations on the other side of the water. It rains more or less intermittently for a day or so, then the sun

comes out, and you bid the boy wash in haste the most valuable articles, and dry them with even more haste, lest mildew overtake you, or another rainstorm which would put an end to the washing.

Why does it rain in Thaiyong? For the same reason that it rains in Seattle, and Manchester, and Glasgow. The moisture laden clouds come up from the ocean, strike the mountains and condense in accordance with certain laws of physics which I once studied. In America and Great Britain they come from the west ordinarily. Here I have not yet found whether they come from the south, south-east, or east. But from either direction these mountains are the first they strike, so it rains. They are the first mountains that we strike, too, and that is why we come here; it is practically the only good place that is accessible, in the mountains. The three alternatives are 1. to go up the coast a couple of days or so to Foochow, and then go up on a hill called Kuliang, where there are many more missionaries, but where I think the rains and typhoons are worse than here; I should like to get acquainted with all those missionaries, but I don't like the trip up the coast either for expense, seasickness, or the fact that it has to be made in typhoon season. 2. Changning, or remotest Hakka station, where Mr. and Mrs. Bousfield live; living conditions there are most primitive, the crowd is small, and it is distant and expensive; I think Kaying is as inaccessible as Thaiyong, and Changning is three days march beyond Kaying, traveling in chairs or afoot, and spending the night in Chinese inns. 3. Double Island. There you are right close to home, and can easily get all kind of good thing from the

Swatow stores; you can take a lot of things that are comfortable and convenient, but are too big and heavy to bring up here; you have a great many community people to associate with; you see the steamers come into port, just off your verandah, and you get frequent mail service; and you have delightful sea bathing. Conversely, you undoubtedly live somewhat more lavishly than you can buy things that are surrounded by community people who live high; we are perfectly comfortable here, and we have such things as an organ



and a typewriter, which we ~~do~~ don't think bankrupted us to bring up here. The net cost was about \$3.50 Mex. for the two articles for the summer, which means about \$100 gold just now; we don't have the community people to associate with, but we have here this summer about ~~thirty~~ thirty adults, and the absence of community people means that we don't have to put on much style, which fact adds to comfort and economy; we don't see the steamers come into port, and we only get mail once or twice a week, but we have a large number of fine walks about the hills, while down at Double Island they can't walk more than about half a mile without falling off the island; they have delightful sea bathing at Double Island, but that is about all they do have; during the day the glare is something appalling to anyone whose eyes notice glare at all when I was down in March I wore both smoked and amber glasses, and was a little uncomfortable then; if I were to go to Double Island for the summer I should have to spend all day in doors with the shades drawn to keep out as much sunlight as possible. Then about six o'clock, when the ~~sun~~ sun was down below the top of the island I could go with the rest to bathe on the east beach where the breakers come in from the ocean; then one can enjoy the coolness of the evening, and tomorrow stay indoors till evening comes again. That is the description one gets from people who like Double Island I have to confess that it doesn't especially appeal to me. And then when the villagers go to drying jellyfishes on the slope west of the house, as they do every summer, and when the west wind blows, as it does occasionally I am illing to take their word for the consequences. The west wind is debilitating enough, when it isn't laden with such odors as that. The Chinese eat jelly fish, and say why shouldn't anyone, it's perfectly clean. But I didn't happen to be brought up a Chinese.

So that is why we come to Tsaiyong; not that it is the ideal place, but it is the best place available. Kuliang has more people for company, but the weather is said to be warmer and rainier, and the typhoons harder, and it is expensive and distressing to get to; the place near Changning, has

better weather, but few people, and it is likewise expensive and distressing to reach; and Double Island, while cheap and easy to reach, has so many distressing features, chiefly heat and glare all day, and not specially cool at night, and jellyfishes drying on the hill side, and typhoons which are likely to take off your roof during the night and leave you to the mercy of the elements and the contractor whom you try to summon from other jobs to fix your humble abode. All together we think Thaiyang is a pretty nice place, and we take the rain with the coolness,

SECRET

2nd yr  
Thailong, via Swatow, Aug 7, 1916.

Dear Mother;

This has been a week of carpenters. That doesn't sound very missionary, does it? Here I have been in China almost two years. And I have studied the language, worked a little on fixing up dictionaries, traveled around the country, bound a few books, done a lot of carpentering, such as it is, played a lot of tennis and gone hunting a little, and all the religious work that I have managed to get in, has consisted in leading a few prayer meetings, and preaching perhaps half a dozen times in English, to missionaries, chiefly, and preaching two Chinese sermons to little country churches, with a handful for an audience. That isn't very much in the way of missionary work is it? But I read once somewhere that the difficulty of learning the language was erected by the Lord to prevent missionaries from jumping into the work at once, before they knew anything about the character and customs of the people, and thereby making so many mistakes as to seriously injure their later usefulness.

And as I think of it, there certainly have been heaps of things that I have been able to pick up during the time I have been here. It certainly is a fact that along with the language one picks up the psychology of the people, and even such a thing as bossing some carpenters teaches one how the Chinese mind acts. Only, the more one learns, the more one realizes how much there is to learn. A year ago, I could wrangle with a boatman about his fare, and thought that was some progress. Now I can direct carpenters, who are Hakkas, and therefore their knowledge of Hakka is as imperfect as mine, and get along without serious difficulty. But I am just beginning to realize how wide is the difference between bossing a Chinese carpenter, and working with a Chinese preacher, so as to inspire without dictating, to arouse right ideas and desires without being didactic or hortatory, to be humble and yet not let him think that I can be imposed upon, to make them feel that the work is theirs, and yet not let them get

ready, these I find to be a few of the problems that the others are having to tackle, and I know that I shall run into them as soon as I get into the work. As I suppose you know, I am not designated anywhere yet, but as I am the only missionary living at Gaochowfu I am put in financial charge of the field; that means practically nothing more than paying a few preachers, etc. The responsibility for the field lies on Lewis. But when conference meets, I am likely to be put in full charge for the field, and then I shall be in for it.

It is a mighty important time, too, and I would that Baker, with his experience, acquaintance with the field, and sound ideas, were here to have charge of the work. Just a little before he went home, he and I conferred with James, of the M.F. Mission, and decided that we would do union work from then on. But up to date this has meant little more than that the Sunday evening services, which James used to arrange for at his preaching hall, are now held alternately there and at our chapel, and that we provide half of the speakers. James has had no Chinese preacher to put in charge of the work, but has just succeeded in getting one, and will begin in the fall (such syntax); I have had a very good Chinese preacher who has practically done all that was done on our part, for with my studying I have had no leisure to work in the city; but that will soon be a thing of the past, and I shall be in the work. Then James and I will have to get together and work out a policy. It is more accurate to say "work out" than "plan out", for James, altho he has been in the work some four years, is a year younger than I am, and I think had no pastoral experience at home. So we are both venturing into pretty deep problems, with little experience as a guide. Fortunately I like the man about as well as anybody I ever had to work with, and he doesn't seem to dislike me, so that will be a great help.

That is affair No. 1. The second is like unto it. You have doubt

less heard of the wonderful work that Sherwood Eddy has been doing in meetings for educated men. We are making plans to have him here next fall; it isn't certain that we shall be able to get him, but there is good reason to hope for it; anyway, we are going to prepare. His preparation for such meetings is a very large undertaking; aside from the work of getting the people in the right attitude, and organizing the meetings, is the much more important and difficult work of training up leaders for Bible classes; because Eddy always clinches those who are willing to give favorable ~~Christianity~~ consideration to Christianity by getting them to promise to join Bible classes; and there must be ready prepared before the meetings start, a number of Bible class leaders, sufficient to teach all those who may be willing to join the classes; and it is in just such qualified leaders that our missions are deficient; to train them up will be a big undertaking. Well, if we don't get Sherwood Eddy, all the work that we put in in training Bible class leaders will be well worth all it costs.

In anticipation of such meetings we expect to have special meetings this fall with a leader from up north. That will be a big undertaking. So here is my program. Sept. 21, leave Taiyong, stop a while in Kachieh and get to Cofu on the 25th or 27th. The 30th is the end of the financial year, so I must make whatever disbursements are necessary, and then make up my accounts to the Board on the 30th. Then in a week or so comes the Association meeting at Chaoyang, which I must attend if I can get anyone to stay with Lottie. Then comes Lottie's party in the middle of November, and just about that time I am due to take my final language exams. Scattered all thru these few months I shall have sessions with various missionaries, auditing their accounts. Perhaps a little after Christmas will come the preparatory meetings that I just referred to. Shortly after Christmas must come our annual conference. Shortly after Christmas must be held our annual hunt, if it is held at all, but I am beginning

to fear lest it get crowded out. Shortly before Christmas Lewis and I must confer with a committee from the various Cofu churches as to how much assistance they shall receive, and in regard to other arrangements.

That is a full enough program for me. Study, auditing, union work in Cofu, secretary of the conference, secretary of the program committee and of the committee on the revision of the constitution, which has to make a lengthy report, which I must typewrite in multiple for distribution father of a family and senior missionary of Chaochowfu. Do you think I shall have enough to do?

Thaiyong, via Szentow, Aug 7, 1915.

Dear Mother;

This has been a week of carpenters. That doesn't sound very missionary, does it? Here I have been in China almost two years. And I have studied the language, worked a little on fixing up dictionaries, traveled around the country, bound a few books, done a lot of carpentering, such as it is, played a lot of tennis and gone hunting a little, and all the religious work that I have managed to get in, has consisted in leading a few prayer meetings, and preaching perhaps half a dozen times in English, to missionaries, chiefly, and preaching two Chinese sermons to little country churches, with a handful for an audience. That isn't very much in the way of missionary work is it? But I read once somewhere that the difficulty of learning the language was erected by the Lord to prevent missionaries from jumping into the work at once, before they knew anything about the character and customs of the people, and thereby making so many mistakes as to seriously injure their later usefulness.

And as I think of it, there certainly have been heaps of things that I have been able to pick up during the time I have been here. It certainly is a fact that along with the language one picks up the psychology of the people, and even such a thing as bossing some carpenters teaches one how the Chinese mind acts. Only, the more one learns, the more one realizes how much there is to learn. A year ago, I could wrangle with a boatman about his fare, and thought that was some progress. Now I can direct carpenters, who are Hakas, and therefore their knowledge of Hake is as imperfect as mine, and get along without serious difficulty. But I am just beginning to realize how wide is the difference between bossing a Chinese carpenter, and working with a Chinese preacher, so as to inspire without dictating, to arouse right ideas and desires without being didactic or hortatory, to be humble and yet not let him think that I can be imposed upon, to make them feel that the work is theirs, and yet not let them get

ready, these I find to be a few of the problems that the others are having to tackle, and I know that I shall run into them as soon as I get into the work. As I suppose you know, I am not designated anywhere yet, but as I am the only missionary living at Craochoewa I am put in financial charge of the field; that means practically nothing more than paying a few preachers, etc. The responsibility for the field lies on Lewis. But when conference meets, I am likely to be put in full charge for the field, and then I shall be in for it.

It is a mighty important time, too, and I would that Baer, with his experience, acquaintance with the field, and sound ideas, were here to have charge of the work. Just a little before he went home, he and I conferred with James, of the S.P. Mission, and decided that we would do union work from then on. But up to date this has meant little more than that the Sunday evening services, which James used to arrange for at his preaching hall, are now held alternately there and at our chapel, and that we provide half of the speakers. James had had no Chinese preacher to put in charge of the work, but he just succeeded in getting one, and will begin in the fall (such a sign!); I have had a very good Chinese preacher who has practically done all that was done on our part, for with my studying I have had no leisure to work in the city; but that will soon be a thing of the past, and I shall be in the work. Then James and I will have to get together and work out a policy. It is more accurate to say "work out" than "plan out", for James, altho he has been in the work some four years, is a year younger than I am, and I think had no pastoral experience at home. So we are both venturing into pretty deep problems, with little experience as a guide. Fortunately I like the man about as well as anybody I ever had to work with, and he doesn't seem to dislike me, so that will be a great help.

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Sent to  
Wang to  
then to  
Mr. [unclear]

(Copy sent to [unclear])  
[unclear]

Thaiyong, via Seaton, Aug 7, 1915.

Dear Mother, our little mission has been a work of carpenters. That doesn't sound very missionary, does it? Here I have been in China almost two years. And I have studied the language, worked a little on fixing up dictionaries, traveled all around the country, found a few books, done a lot of carpentering, such as building a lot of tennis and game-hunting a little, and all the religious work that I have managed to get in, has consisted in leading a few prayer meetings, and preaching perhaps half a dozen times in English, to missionaries, chiefly, and preaching two Chinese sermons to little country churches, with a handful for an audience. That isn't very much in the way of missionary work is it? But I read once somewhere that the difficulty of learning the language was erected by the Lord to prevent missionaries from jumping into the work at once, before they knew anything about the character and customs of the people, and thereby making so many mistakes as to seriously injure their later usefulness.

And as I think of it, there certainly have been hours of things that I have been able to pick up during the time I have been here. It certainly is a fact that along with the language one picks up the psychology of the people, and even such a thing as bossing some carpenters teaches one how the Chinese mind acts. Only, the more one learns, the more one realizes how much there is to learn. A year ago, I could wrangle with a boatman about his fare, and thought that was some progress. Now I can direct carpenters, who are Hakkas, and therefore their knowledge of Hakka is as imperfect as mine, and get along without serious difficulty. But I am just beginning to realize how wide is the difference between bossing a Chinese carpenter, and working with a Chinese preacher, so as to inspire without dictating, to arouse right ideas and desires without being didactic or hortatory, to be humble and yet not let him think that I can be imposed upon, to make them feel that the work is theirs; and yet not let them get

ready, these I find to be a few of the problems that the others are having to tackle, and I know that I shall run into them as soon as I get into the work. As I suppose you know, I am not designate anywhere yet, but as I am the only missionary living at Chaochowfu I am put in financial charge of the field; that means practically nothing more than paying a few preachers, etc. The responsibility for the field lies on Lewis. But when conference meets, I am likely to be put in full charge for the field, and then I shall be in for it.

It is a mighty important time, too, and I would that Baker, with his experience, acquaintance with the field, and good ideas, were here to have charge of the work. Just a little before he went home, he and I conferred with James, of the R.P. Mission, and decided that we would do union work from then on. But up to date this has meant little more than that the Sunday evening services, which James used to arrange for at his preaching hall, are now held alternately there and at our chapel, and that we provide half of the speakers. James has had no Chinese preacher to put in charge of the work, but has just succeeded in getting one, and will begin in the fall (such syntax); I have had a very good Chinese preacher who has practically done all that was done on our part, for with my studying I have had no leisure to work in the city; but that will soon be a thing of the past, and I shall be in the work. Then James married a wife (Chinese) and he will have to get together and work out a policy. It is more accurate to say "work out" than "plan out", for James, altho he has been in the work some four years, is a year younger than I am, and I think I like the man about as well as anybody I ever had to work with, and he doesn't seem to dislike me, so that will be a great help.

That is affair No. 1. The second is like unto it. You have doubts

less heard of the wonderful work that Sherrwood Eddy has been doing in  
 and of his wonderful work and how well he has been doing a little better than  
 meetings for educated men. We are making plans to have him here next  
 fall; it isn't certain that we shall be able to get him, but there is  
 good reason to hope for it; anyway, we are going to prepare. His prepar-  
 ation for such meetings is a very large undertaking; aside from the work  
 of getting the people in the right attitude, and organizing the meetings,  
 is the much more important and difficult work of training up leaders for  
 Bible classes; because Eddy always clinches those who are willing to  
 give favorable consideration to Christianity by getting them  
 to promise to join Bible classes; and there must be ready prepared before  
 the meetings start, a number of Bible class leaders, sufficient to teach  
 all those who may be willing to join the classes; and it is in just such  
 qualified leaders that our missions are deficient; to train them up will  
 be a big undertaking. Well, if we don't get Sherrwood Eddy, all the  
 work that we put in in training Bible class leaders will be well worth  
 all it costs.

In anticipation of such meetings we expect to have special meetings  
 this fall with a leader from up north. That will be a big undertaking.  
 So here is my program. Sept. 31, leave Tsaiyong, stop a while in Kachich  
 and get to Cefu on the 25th or 27th. The 30th is the end of the financial  
 year, so I must make whatever disbursements are necessary, and then make  
 up my accounts to the Board on the 30th. Then in a week or so comes the  
 Association meeting at Chaoyang, which I must attend if I can get anyone  
 to stay with Lottie. Then comes Lottie's party in the middle of November,  
 and just about that time I am due to take my final language exams.  
 Scattered all thro these few months I shall have sessions with various  
 missionaries, auditing their accounts. Perhaps a little after Christmas  
 will come the preparatory meetings that I just referred to. Shortly  
 after Christmas must come our annual conference. Shortly after Christmas  
 must be held our annual hunt, if it is held at all, but I am beginning

of which need not the thousands in Norway, thousands who to have had to fear lest it get crowded out. Shortly before Christmas Lewis and I took train and even of male makes are as good as dead. We must confer with a committee from the various CofC churches as to how we can get the aid of the various churches and the aid of the various churches. We shall receive, and in regard to other arrangements, we shall receive the aid of the various churches and the aid of the various churches.

That is a full enough program for me. Study, auditing, union work  
more and more often; membership drive; a campaign for 70% participation  
in Conf, secretary of the conference, secretary of the program committee,  
and of the committee on the revision of the constitution, which has to  
make a lengthy report, which I must typewrite in multiple for distribution  
to all members of the family and senior missionary of Chaochowfu. Do you think  
I shall have enough to do?

Next day  
I have just heard that the meeting this fall will probably  
occur about the middle of Nov. What a convenient time.  
Gammie's picture occupies a prominent place in our  
room here and is much admired. Many thanks.  
Just your brother with lots of love

P.S. Father's birthday and FF's are coming soon and Father will  
 wish even more happy returns. The present we want to send  
 is not to be found in this mountain village and as we note  
 Father will and to him but at the same time we wish to send him  
 for the town to Swanton for a couple of weeks as I fear if  
 even now his presence is significant. I have seen him and  
 may be delayed. The good wishes go promptly, however.

will come the preparatory meetings last I had referred to. Shortly after Christmas after Christmas there came our annual conference. Shortly after Christmas we had held our annual meeting. As it is held at all, but I am beginning to step with Lottie. Then comes Lottie's party in the middle of November, Association meeting at Chesney, which I must attend if I can get anyone and just about that time I set due to take my final language exams.

Rockport

Return finally to Hong Kong

Shaoyang  
Nov 6 P.M.

Dear Mother


Another week has gone by with a round of study odd jobs, carting, sleeping, talking etc on my part and 4 ladies part a similar round only with sewing and letter writing in the place of study and odd jobs. But the big event that we are both waiting for doesn't occur. We hoped it might take place a week or so ago. The time is getting short now for the Chung Mei meetings begin on Wed. it is now Sun 3 P.M. and nothing doing. And I'd rather not go away (for more than a few hours) till 3 days after.

Mr. Ling arrived in Swatow yesterday. He preaches today and then tomorrow goes to Kapingfu getting back so I suppose on wed P.M. on Sat P.M. he goes to Shaochow for the week end and returns to Swatow on Monday for two or three days meetings. Of course he is not the only speaker at these meetings. He speaks naturally and eagerly - alas. If the connections were only with I could spend the nights here. But to catch that 8.30 boat I have to leave here at 7.00. and I wouldn't get to Kachich till about 10.30 and I suppose the meetings begin at 9. I believe that last boat leaves for Shaoyang at 4.30 and I wouldn't dare leave Kachich later than 3.30. Of course an evening meeting would be out of the question. And this all the Shaoyang is only a little way from Swatow and there are seven boats a day each way.

I made a flying trip to Swatow yesterday. Mr. Lester found he needed some Atanus anti-toxin (for typhoid) and so he telegraphed Hong Kong for it on Thursday. We feared it would be up on the Sat boat so I went to get it on the assumption that if anything happened it was more important to have it here

He an me. He didn't decide for me to go.  
till 10:30 and that is the ordinary time  
to start for the 12.00 boat. I took  
me half an hour to get ready. But I  
made the trip by bicycle in 35 min  
so I had ample time. I ate my lunch on  
the boat, which reached Swatow at  
1.15. I went directly to the British Post  
Office and asked if there was a pkg  
for Mr. Cooker. No! But there was one  
for me. They had sent the slip over  
to Khabich that morning. On the  
back of the slip they note what the  
customs declaration says about contents  
& value. The slip has to be taken to the  
customs house. And they (if the receipt  
the declaration) either stamp it "free of  
duty" or else make out the duty memo.  
If the former case you take the slip  
to the P.O. sign the receipt on the face  
of it. And get your article. If the latter  
you pay the duty at the bank. Present  
your receipt to the customs and they stamp  
the slip "duty paid" and then you go for  
your goods. Well, I asked the P.O. to  
mail out publication slips for the two  
papers addressed to D. H. (in case I had  
time to put them thru customs) and I went  
over to British P.O. They had nothing for  
Cooker. The Customs Office would not be  
open for 15 min so I took a boat out to  
the Whampoa to see if the package had  
been sent up in charge of a steward.  
It had not. Then I went to the Telegraph  
Office to see if the message had been  
sent at all. It had. But Cooker had  
addressed it with the code address of  
the Doctra in Hong Kong who deals in  
vagaries etc. and it is forbidden to  
send code messages into Hong Kong. So a  
Doctra in Swatow had our Cooker's  
message read addressed the message and  
also changed the signature to "Mad  
- American Mission, Swatow". I went to  
the British P.O. and they had the package



all right. So I got a duplicate slip and  
went over to the customs. I had hardly  
handed in my slip when customs people  
came and gave me three slips two for  
me. and one for Westbrook. Which he  
had already put the customs - a most  
efficient piece of work on his part. but  
I haven't had to explain just how he had  
higher slip to. and didn't understand  
why. But on talking to the customs he  
found that they had given it to a  
Belgian stevedore, who was also there  
putting the same rolls of matting that had  
come up as freight. More seems to  
be the distinction; higher sum. I took  
package and my two were registered  
mail. went to Mr. Adams. and he signed  
the receipt and gave them to the cook  
to put there. The matting was freight. The  
stevedore as registered the Adams and he  
turned the matter over to the stevedore.  
The customs men handed over the sum  
slip to the stevedore along with his matting  
papers. and he was off to the bank  
paying the duty. When the cook found  
that the stevedore had the slip he was  
off to the bank on the run. and back in  
a surprisingly short time with a paper  
which the customs men accepted  
and stamped the slip "Duty paid" then  
we went again to Brit. P.O. and got the  
parcels without difficulty. tucked all  
four under my arm & they were good size  
too. got on the wheel, and rode in  
back to the launch landing, which is  
a half mile or so away. The crowded  
streets of course. I had to step with  
one hand. and hold with the other.   
for I broke my bell in the morning  
and it required a great deal of looking  
to attract the attention of a Chinese  
refugee. But I got off the launch at  
10 min. or so. and I was glad because  
the 3 o'clock boat gets me home at about

4.45 But the 4.30 boat wouldn't have got me there till 6.30 or so. On account of the darkness making travel slower. And I was anxious to get back to Lattie.  
I needn't say if the cool and the stevedores hadn't done the routine for me I couldn't have got this in time. I was considerably grateful to them.

When the launch leaves the landing at Baganjary it leaves the stern fast to the wharf, and starts the engines, the result being to swing the bow out into the channel which is narrow and shallow, so it is important to start right. When the bow was some feet from the landing, a man who was anxious to catch the launch, got scared and tumbled off. He was then standing in soft mud, and the water rose up this neck. After the discussion which is always necessary at any crisis before any action can be taken, the man in a rowboat finally came to the conclusion that said man wanted to get out of the water and into the steamer. So one of the boatmen lifted him by the ear, and hoisted him into the boat, and then hastily transferred him to the steamer. I immediately all the passengers in that part of the steamer commenced to call his attention to the fact that he hadn't washed his feet - as if he had had any leisure to do so.

I put a new tire on my bicycle yesterday morning. And on the trip to Swatow I had the good wit. It certainly was a satisfaction to have a tire that didn't need to be blown up every hour or so. The tire, the eye shade, and the fountain pen have been blessed by this time, and have satisfied me - except that the fountain pen (not being a non-kakab) won't fulfil my needs. We are considering the

proposing my taking back the non-Babala  
which used to be mine and leaving the  
you one over to Katie. I don't know  
how that scheme will work.

Mon. p.m. Nothing doing yet. Katie  
feels well but is disappointed at having  
to wait so long. It is unfortunate. The mail  
has been waiting nearly two weeks now and  
her time is limited as she is ~~supposed~~  
to be in a training class and the less  
she is away the better. My time is some-  
what limited as I explained above about  
the singing & my meetings. Katie's time  
is limited for she ought to have been  
for home about the end of Dec. and the  
longer she stays now the less time she  
has to get along afterwards. So  
altogether we are all anxious to have things  
happen as soon as possible.  
But of course that will all be  
over before you get this.

We wish you a merry Christmas  
and hope the things we sent will  
prove of use. Needless to say, we shall  
spend Christmas here and it will be a  
happy one.

Yours truly  
Edison

Helen

Please send to Mrs. D. Robbins

Ching-analee  
Yellow Falls  
Wisc  
Rockport

Return finally to Tokyo

Phooyang via Suwon.  
Shwed Dec. 5. 1915

Dear Mother:

I don't know just what to write to tell you what happened yesterday. But I guess I'll just say it right out. Lottie is here in the bedroom. quite comfortable. She passed this to the experience very well indeed. By her side is the nicest baby I ever saw - but it never breathed. We don't know how to account for it. The heart beat before birth was good and strong. but the cord pulsed after birth not strongly to be sure. but it wasn't very weak either and it grew stronger later on. But Doctor, Mrs. Lecker and I worked for nearly 45 minutes over her, using all the approved manipulations and hypog-  
dermic injection and finally had to lay her aside and tend to Lottie. Who had been all this time nicely in care of the nurse, with occasional instructions from Mrs. Lecker. We don't know whether something was wrong with the nerves that govern the respiratory system, or what. There is no way of telling. But it was a normal labor, a perfect child, and the child was undoubtedly alive when born. But it wasn't breathe. The only thing we can say is that the Heavenly Father took her away. For all that could be done in the way of preparations, phlebotomy, nursing, sterility, and anything else that is under human control, was done and done well. I still have perhaps gathered from my last letter that waiting for the time to come was very tedious. We came here Nov. 10 - and calculated that the party would be between the 23d or 28th. so that it would be all over before the Wang Li Mei meeting began on Dec. 1. But things went on day after day, and nothing doing. Lottie was in most excellent spirits till just a few days ago. And then she began to be very much impatient at being so distressingly comfortable when she wanted to commence to be uncomfortable. Finally Friday morning (Dec. 3) they gave her 20 grains of quinine in divided doses. At 12-20 midnight the pains began. But at first they were very light. So that she didn't really believe they were genuine labor pains till about 3. She called me at 4, and then we called Mrs. Lecker and commenced to redress the room. Long before breakfast. of course the room was ready for the nurse and Mr. Lecker. and after breakfast they came and took up the rug, arranged tables, medicines, bandages disinfectants etc. and made up the bed, rubber sheet, draw sheet. and again rubber sheet, draw sheet, with

Blankets ready to use if wanted. By the (2)  
time this was over, the pains were coming  
every five minutes or so, and Lotta was  
beginning to groan considerably. Just  
before lunch she was transferred from  
my bed, where she had been in the morning  
to the special bed, and about 2 or 2.30  
Dr. Lesher came in, with his ~~trunk~~  
went thru the train patients, and arranged  
his instruments. He made an examination  
and reported that the second stage was  
on - a fact which was quite evident from  
the increase of length and intensity of the  
pains. I always knew I had a lot to be grateful  
to my mother for, for bringing me into the  
world, but I never appreciated it so  
much before. I don't need to tell you  
what happened. It was perfectly normal,  
and for a woman of some age having  
her first child, it was rather shorter  
than might be expected. But it wasn't  
enjoyable. They told her when the head  
reached the point where it would give  
against the perineum they would give  
her the chloroform. Up till 4 o'clock  
the pains had been very strong, and at 4.  
Dr. Lesher thought that in about two  
more pains, it would be time. But then  
the pains decreased, both in frequency  
and strength, and at 6, they decided to  
use low forceps. Not that the child  
couldn't be born without them, but it  
could be done in a little while with  
them, without any harm to either, and  
there would be no use in helping both  
mother and child in the process any more.  
At this point I stopped and read the  
letter to Lotta, and she makes a few corrections.  
Her time might have come as early as Nov 14.

and quite reasonably could have been expected by the 21st. Lottie was sure in the morning that they were labor pains. But she didn't want to wake Mrs. Barker & merely came at 3 minute intervals till 9 then lengthened to 5 minute intervals but might have waited till 11 or 12.

At 4 o'clock when she called Mrs. Barker the pains came.

With the forceps things were over rapid. I think he began at about 6.15 or 6.20. (under chloroform of course) and the child was born at 6.40. Not large except a very tiny one on the inside which amounts to only a little <sup>in the</sup> ~~penis~~ discomfort.

Then things began to happen. Off with the rubber glove, into a bucket of hot water, and immediately into a towel cold. At first some artificial respiration - then the water, and I won't be sure whether it was warm first or cold. The boiler that held the hot water was put up on the bed regardless of the soot on the bottom of the fact that Lottie's skull was cracked. Presently the cord was cut to make it possible to work quicker. I made two hasty trips to the kitchen for more hot water, strychnine and once over the heart. and all the time something was being done and done by a man who was too cool headed to get rattled and too strong to get tired but none. The heart stopped beating and couldn't be started again. so the baby was wrapped up and set aside to give

Dear Mother:-

Shanghai, Dec. 17, 1905

Since I came back I yesterday evening I have had a fairly quiet existence. The nurse went Thursday morning so that day and since I have bathed Katie and taken care of her; also rested some and read quite a bit. I needed the rest and the reading helped me to get it. One doesn't usually read medical treatises for light reading. But that is what I have done. Dr. Baker would tell me about an interesting case, and then give me a book to read about it. Probably I wouldn't have understood it if he hadn't discussed the case first. This afternoon I have been reading three articles in the medical journal. One of them discusses the various methods of anaesthesia, saying that ether is far better than chloroform, and that spinal anaesthesia (injecting cocaine or its allies such as novocaine into the spinal fluid) is to be deprecated and twilight sleep to be utterly rejected. The next says that in labor cases nitrous oxide (the ordinary dentist's gas) gives about results far better than twilight sleep. And the third says that twilight sleep is splendid, and he doesn't see why it hasn't been universally adopted already. I take it that the question isn't settled yet. I am considerably interested to see what does come of it.

The two great things today are 1. Katie was up-stairs. Our bedroom is down stairs but the sitting room where the stove is, and the dining room, are upstairs. Katie has been sitting up since wed. and a day I learned her up to the sitting room and she sat at the table for dinner and supper. It seemed

mighty nice. 2. The hot water system, was finally got to work. I suppose he told you this house has had running water ever since they really lived in it - the only one in the mission that has. We get water from a well use a force pump to send it to a hot water jar in the attic, and siphon it out to send it to both bathrooms, the medicine room, laundry kitchen and ironing room. The plane provided for hot water too. The stove in the study, the boiler in the bathroom (the heating bath rooms). The stove was in place last winter but couldn't be used till the pipes were connected and the water turned on and Fisher couldn't get around to it. Fisher and I have worked all our spare time on the job since I came here, and yesterday we worked all day till 9:30 and got the job done. So today the water was turned on, and after the leaks were stopped the stove was lit. Result: lot of warmth and lots of hot water. We're all glad about that too.

I haven't time to write any more, as it is bed time now, and I want to send this by Mr. Fisher who is going to Swatara early tomorrow morning.

I am returning a page from a letter that just came. I was going to send it only, but didn't take it straight. We don't quite understand what is meant by "didn't get your message" and wonder if it means another package lost in the mail. Good night.

Your loving son  
E. Ellison.

P.S. Will you please mail these notes, and I'll try to get some stamps to reimburse you.



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the  
the  
the  
the

Chaozang Dec 26.  
1915.

10. Noted

Yesterday was the nicest Christmas  
we have had since we came to China.  
And the Keshels said it was the nicest they  
had had since they came. So you can see it  
was a good day.

Perhaps it better tell just about what I gave to the. I had no present arranged for when we came here. but I expected to be able to get something in Swatow. but all those many trips were so full of affairs and so busy that I postponed the search till a later trip - and then wasn't able to arrange the trip. so one day I went into the city for a stroll and took my camera along. And whenever we saw anything that looked cute, if we could get it at a price less than the merchant would do so. We got a Chinese rat-trap made of bamboo for a little less than 30 cash (a cash is 1/10 of a cent now so that was about 1.45 now); a little horse made of mud coated with gaudy paint, with wheels to roll on, for 10 cash; a pottery representation of a dragon - footed which sales at one of the markets with the vases all on place - 25 cash; a legless pottery image for 110 cash; a bamboo cylinder to stand pens and pencils in, for 25 cash; a key ring pot for 15¢ and two small baskets for 12¢ each. These were all wrapped up and hung on the tree, and helped out quite a bit.

Another day when I was out strolling with Mr Newman we bought some cheap little wares and other things. At a cost of a few cents, and these were put into Father's stocking. I myself after Father had started to go to bed, I used a rearranged trick to go up stairs and fix up the stocking. Having it over in the hall. In that morning I hung it on the door knob (outside) and then called Father's attention to the fact that Santa didn't say come in so he hung the stocking outside. She was somewhat excited and very much pleased.

The great problem was to get one nice present: and I didn't know what to do. But the Grosbecks are visiting here, and one day the Grosbecks took them to a store which sells various things that foreigners like to buy. I was glad to accept an invitation to go along, and found a nice silk coat for a friend that Mrs. Grosbeck said would fit my sister much like. So I was very glad to buy, and Lottie seemed to be pleased with it. I had been considerably disturbed over the question of what I could buy for Lottie, and this opportunity was like the visit of a good angel.

The preparations for Christmas began some days ago when Mrs. Grosbeck and Mrs. Fisher began making Candy wholesale. I never saw so much home-made candy except at a "Women's Exchange" as they made, and your father believed it was good. I wanted to do a way with a lot of it.

The next stage was on Thursday when Katharine Grosbeck and Victor Grosbeck, age 11, and a couple of Chinese boys went out on the hill after the tree, one for each house. We had a fine tree and a good long hunt for it. There were many immature pine trees growing on that hillside, but we hunted half an hour or more before we found one that would do. The tree is simply brought in on a Chinese shoulder. I was surprised to find how light they are. - perhaps 2 inches in diameter. They are a little awkward to carry but not nearly as heavy as an ordinary Chinese burden. I carried one tree around the house and didn't mind it at all. Our tree didn't have any branches at the bottom but we brought some from other trees and just bored hollowed spools in the branches. They look so like a natural branches and you can have them where you want them.

The insertion of the ~~tree~~ branches was done Thurs. A.M. also the setting up of the bag. Leshar has a lot of bly for the bottles about 1 ft high and nearly a foot in diameter. He found a box that fitted close to the sides of the bottle. Then he put the bottles in the box and the tree trunk in the bottle neck. Then he had the corkie at work for 2 or 3 hours crawling all sand down to fill up the rest of the space in the bottle. so that the trunk has sand packed tight against it. then water was poured in. and he expects that to a certain extent the tree will continue to grow in this substitute for soil. and it may stay green for a month or so. I shall be interested to see.

Friday was spent (or parts of it) in decorating the tree and hanging garlands (which was chains etc) and bells around the house. of course Friday evening at bed time I fixed Lotties stocking and in the mornig I took it off before breakfast. after breakfast we had worship with the servants and then came the tree.

It is interesting to compare the scheme used here and at the Lushbeck house, next door. Mabel Parker (aged 6) didn't look at her stocking till after breakfast. The kids next door were up at daylight if not earlier. The scheme here was to take off a present and stop and admire and discuss it before taking the rest. I fear we hastened it by our desire for speed. I think they would have used a great deal of the morning if they had been alone. The folks next door danced around the tree and then attacked it with enthusiasm and energy. I prefer that method. but the girl in that life has some points of excellence

except the one  
contribution  
was not  
the same  
as the  
one  
of the  
first

The dinner, well, it was fine: roast  
goose, so tender that it fell to pieces  
white being carved, but the soup was  
deliciously crisp, and the dressing was  
excellent; good mashed potatoes - and  
rice gruel; and the richest cranberry  
sauce I ever tasted. We all ate so heartily  
that when the desert was served we voted  
unanimously to postpone it till to-morrow.

contribution  
of fruit  
and  
con  
from  
the  
fallen  
city  
etc.

Then we went to the chapel for the  
S.S. exercises. It was the first time I had  
had been away from the house except to  
go next door a couple of times. We got a place  
near the front for us to go to the chapel, and got  
along a camp chair. We listened to the  
singing and speaking for 15 minutes or  
so, and then adjourned to the Room where  
the school bus gave quite an interesting  
exhibition of Halloween stunts and  
athletics, serving tea cakes and candy  
at frequent intervals. The little of Phoebe  
attended in large numbers and I understand  
they enjoyed it immensely. After staying  
about 2 hours, and then walked home.  
I carried the camp chair and succeeded  
in getting up to sit down and rest occasionally.  
She ought feel she needed it but Mother  
praised me for it it gave me a  
considerable gratification.

As for the presents most of the  
missionaries sent cards. But Mrs. Ashmore  
sent me a handbag, Miss Weaver a lacquered  
rings ring: Mr. Adams an enamelled  
match box, and Mr. Sewall an old  
old house bowl. Mr. G. & C. Bacon sent  
some tobacco and Mrs. Widley a very pretty  
thing (a 2) - the hue of which I have not  
described. It is partly made of glass.  
The Baker family sent some more than  
little china ware boxes, and a nice mirror  
and the Grosbeaks some foreign apples  
some most elegant Chinese candy off the

very nice Chinese candy I have found —  
and some lovely cotton. While their daughter  
Katherine gave 2 some nice Chinese spoons  
and gave Mr. Lecher and me a meal tin.  
Her father a member of the Judson party  
came out with us on the steamer. They  
were the ones who took us on that splendid  
auto ride in Hongkulu. Well she sent me  
Jordan's "Quiet Talks on Prayer", and sent  
Lottie and Mrs. Fisher each a most beautiful  
hand bag with every thing that could be  
desired inside and every article was most  
carefully wrapped in white tissue  
paper and stamped with a Xmas seal.

The home presents have not arrived  
in great number yet. There was a beautiful  
giftee that just like made for me, and I  
it was nice. As with the two multiples  
that Ruth sent. Ruth or just like or both  
sent a beautiful birthday book containing  
the names of all the members of the family.  
Two of these came with Lottie's birthday  
presents and one a little later, so any  
thing that was sent to arrive just about  
Xmas time evidently was delayed. It being  
said. We had plenty without, and if any  
things do come later it will be nice too.

One of Lottie's friends sent her a hand  
bag, and Ben Short of Everett sent  
a photo of her two adopted boys. One of  
whom I expect to be very fond of, and he  
is evidently developing just as one would  
wish, and the other whom I have never  
seen, is the dearest little fellow. I  
certainly was glad to get that. We also  
got a picture of Mrs. Brooks Clark (our  
friend of the steamer) and her sweet  
baby which we haven't seen that to be  
a exceedingly nice picture.

Lottie's presents to me were a nice  
pair of woolly pyjamas; an edge down  
quilt which kept some months ago.

and ~~it~~ was supposed to be hidden from me. I found it once or twice, but ~~the~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~exported~~ <sup>exported</sup> me to forget, and I really did so, so successfully that when she told me that was a Xmas present I really was surprised, and pleased too, of course.

The Bonafields who have 3 days' march from anywhere. are guests next door. You remember last year they arrived at Haining cold and wet late on Xmas day just in time for a ~~square~~ <sup>square</sup> feast at the chapel. I told about that in a letter I sent home recently. But I just found the other day, that instead of going out to the house after the feast and getting warm and dry, they left the feast and went directly to the native boat which took them down the river and had a boat in winter all exceedingly well regulated. I find that a great many of our Xmas? the boys have certainly enjoyed their Xmas this year. They just got word yesterday that they would be accepted for admission to the American School at Shanghai. and Mrs Bonafield assisted by Mrs Glebe and Mrs Barker are all beginning (what prayman?) to scurry around getting clothes and other things ready. I suppose will be home before long. I fear, without the boys. Mr. Groomer, Bachelor, and his 4 children who are guests next door.

I must close now. With kindest and love of love, from Lottie and me

Yours lovingly  
Ellison