

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 1 / 2

Folder label: AGS to mother and father, on ship en route to China, arrival at Swatow [Shantou]

Dates: 1918 Mar 14 – Apr 29

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CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES, LIMITED



LUNCHEON

- 1 Queen Olives
- 2 Tunny fish in Oil 3 Sardines a l' Huile
- 4 Salami Sausage 5 Norwegian Anchovies 6 Pate de Foie Gras
- 7 Consomme Paysanne 8 Barley Broth
- 9 Grilled Halibut
- 10 Plain & Mushroom Omelette 11 Eggs with Tomatoes
- 12 Dry Curry & Rice
- 13 Macaroni-Calabrese
- 14 Scotch Pie 15 Ox Tail-Printanier
- 16 Roast Shoulder of Mutton-Onion Sauce
- 17 Baked Jacket—Mashed & Fried Potatoes
- 18 Dressed Cabbage 19 Boiled Rice
- 20 Cucumbers, Beetroots, Tomatoes & Spring Onions
- 21 Chicken Salad

To order from Grill:—

- 22 Rump Steak-Bordelaise 23 Chicken & Ham
- 24 Caramel Pudding 25 Apple Pie
- 26 Chocolate Slice 27 Vanilla Ice Cream

Cold Buffet—

- 28 Roast Beef 29 Turkey 30 Cumberland Ham
- 31 Capon 32 Leg of Pork 33 Round of Beef
- 34 Duckling 35 Bologna Sausage 36 Galantine of Capon
- 37 Pressed Ox Tongue 38 Head Cheese 39 Roast Mutton

Cheese—Cheddar, Swiss, MacLaren & Canadian

Fruit

Tea

Coffee

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

HOTEL SYSTEM

HOTEL VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER, B.C.

191

Dearest Beloved —

I meant to write full descriptions
of everything here but we are off to
the boat this minute and there
is no time. I shoot "much better"
etc meals properly with the others
today —

Enclosed bill of fare — we had
lunch on boat this noon

Love

Abbie

Please put
stamps on the
cards -



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF ASIA"

Dear Mother and Father

An unexpected opportunity to write you another line - I'm so glad! And of course you are too, I know -

Let me see - where did I leave off? I felt so dumpy that I would lie down a while, then get up and write a note to Miss Hunt - another nap - then the long delayed 'thank you' note to the Happies, and so on. I left your letter until last, and was so disappointed not to get it done at all! But we land at Victoria before midnight, and mail is taken off from there.

Well - I didn't arise until nearly four yesterday afternoon. The girls

came in to see me, I wrote a few notes and cards - Dr. Everham said I must eat, but I'd better not go outdoors. The others had found a very nice restaurant which was cheap - so they went there instead of staying at the hotel. I went down to dinner alone. I was very early - about quarter of seven, and was almost the only one in the dining room.

Mr. Howard came and sat with me and we had a very nice conversation - all about his sweetheart, etc -

I retired very early - with another message from Miss Parish. I was enough better this morning so that I got up in high spirits and went out with the others to breakfast.

I felt pretty fine, I tell you -
with that nice little black hat
and my nice winter suit, and
a couple of those bright red
carnations stuck in my belt -
and who should I meet on the
landing but Mr. Howard himself.

Did a little shopping in the
morning - bought some cold cream,
hair nets, aspirin, gaiters - to wear
with low shoes - and then mailed
my sweater to Mabel - Went down
to the boat for luncheon, - as you
already know - Then back again
to get a few last notes ready -

Then down to the post-office
to mail my registered letter to
you (!). Then on down to the
boat - about a half hour ahead
of time. Dinner down here about

seven - After which, we went
into the ladies' salon and
deposited ourselves at various
tables to write letters. I had about
two words written when the two boys
came along and chatted for nearly
three quarters of an hour -

Everything on this boat is just
wonderful to me - It is so grand
that I don't know how to act,
truly. The food & service is
way beyond me - It is quite
painful to know which fork or
knife or other implement to use.

Tonight I had raw oysters with
lemon juice, roast beef with
potato, cauliflower - rolls -
apple & nut salad, ice cream -
and fruit - Heaps more I
might have taken, of course -
Well - Dr. Everham and Miss
Barish and I are so comfortably



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

R.M.S. "EMPRESS OF ASIA"

settled here - It is going to be
delightful - I didn't have time
to write to heaps of people, so I'm
just enclosing a couple of postals
for you to mail.

I can't believe that I'm actually
on my way! Did I tell you
that blessed brother wrote letters
for ten days out? And I received
a letter from Aunt Bertha today,
too -

I know these people are
just dying to get to sleep -
In fact Miss Parish is in
bed already.

Well, goodnight, my dearest
dears - I'm not going to say
goodbye, because I don't feel

as though we need to - I can't
feel that I'm so very far
from you - We didn't even
say goodbye to any body when
the ship sailed out of harbor -
No waving of flags or anything
My steamer trunk is not yet
unstrapped -

Perhaps you would like to
know that the last two nights I
have worn the blue veil - tonight
with 3 pale pink carnations -

With love & then more love -

Yours own and only
Daughter -



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF ASIA"

Monday A.M. Mar. 18

Dear Mother

When I started out from Vancouver, my mind was all made up to write you a little bit every day. But my cold had progressed so far that I was afraid if I didn't go easy I would not only be cold-sick and headachy, sick, but also sea-sick - and that would never do for the daughters of Eliska Sanderson, you know!

So my first two days on board this ship were spent exclusively in a supreme effort to get rid of my cold and ward off any gralunish feelings that might have been evilly lurking around the next corner. When breakfast time came around, I breakfasted in bed. Thus fearing that some foolish person might order smelly fish or pork brought in

the dining room - I stayed on deck with my two companions - and the kind and gracious deck steward was at hand to do our lightest bedding at lunch time - At dinner I have braved the dining room every night -

Poor Miss Parish was deathly sick those first two days. Dr. Everham was somewhat so - but what with breakfast in bed - luncheon on deck, combined with all sorts of breathing exercises and use of various kinds and degrees of will power, I have managed to avoid the cursed thing - for which let us all be duly thankful!

The two boys, poor things, have been most woefully ill - It is hard indeed for them to admit it, and next to impossible for them to believe that I have not been sick -

But I'm not sure that the story is ended yet - my turn may come still! (whisper it low) - The sea is pretty rough this morning - I had some grand good fried sheep's liver and bacon yesterday morning - but after I had ordered the same thing this morning I somehow



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

RMS "EMPRESS OF ASIA"

wished I had ordered chops instead -
Moreover - This is a very pretty rose colored
writing-room in which I am doing this
wax epistolation - but it is on an upper
deck - almost in the extreme bow of the boat.

And while I still maintain that I am
a most excellent sailor - yet I am
not beyond taking the utmost precautions.

I had the feeling when I boarded this
ship on the 14th of March, that it would
be the most absurd and impossible
thing in the world for me to be seasick.

I wouldn't commit my^{self} to such a rash and
bold form of statement now!

And while I'm still hoping that I'll never
be seasick - I would never swear again
that I felt sure such a thing were
impossible for me -

The boat - she rocked 3 feet
higher just then - It is time for me

to strike for the deck and the open
air !

Later —

Another victory recorded ! I got to
the deck just in time to save that
lovely breakfast - How proud I am
that I hadn't lost an atom or a
molecule of food that has gone between
my lips -

Had a splendid walk up and
down the deck - Sat on deck wrapped
up in my nice steamer rug for
a while - then came into the cabin
for a little nap - Then went down
to lunch - There are so many
wonderful things on the menu every
day - Isn't it wicked not to dare
to eat too much rich food, for fear
of consequences ?

I wasn't supposed to read but one
a day of the Happy Letters. I've been
good about it until today - But
curiosity got ahead of patience
this afternoon - and I opened all
the rest. They were small cleverly
done up 'packages', any how, and

think - there was not only a letter from that beloved Charlotte, but one from Mrs. Streeter - and even one from Mrs. Frank (of Stamford Ct.) The girls wrote splendid letters, especially Ruth Ostrom, who is a Freshman at college this year. It was a genuine

delight to read all about the dear old place - she put in some thing about everybody from Butty, and Judy Taylor - ~~that~~ that blessed Professor Ashcraft. But those three mentioned at the top of this page are the ones I enjoyed most.

They were the most truly sympathetic, understanding, encouraging, etc -

I'm so grateful for all my steamer letters. I laughed until I almost cried over the story of the wedding as recounted by Father. It was so easy to see the whole thing, and to imagine the feelings inside the breast of the Pastor and the Mrs. Pastor, respectively -

Those letters from the Ricker children are a joy, too - I strike something funny in almost every one - as you may imagine

I might be likely -

Miss Bailey is travelling second class - I have seen her almost every day on deck - but I think now that they have restricted the 2nd class passengers from our deck. If that is the case I shall go down to see them -

Yesterday morning at 10.45 in the big dining room "Divine Service" was held - It was the Church of England service, of course - and we spent a good deal of our time and attention turning pages and finding our places in the prayer book - It is a beautiful service, but I don't know it well enough to appreciate it thoroughly -

So when we found out that there was to be an informal service in the second class dining room in the evening, we were very glad to go down.

Mr. Bell, a Presbyterian missionary to Korea, led the service and gave a splendid talk - More meetings will be held later -



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF ASIA"

Did I tell you the joke about the cough medicine? Some Japanese boys on the train had cough medicine which had a doctor's prescription label on the bottle, but which smelled suspiciously like brandy or some such thing - which it probably was -

The two boys going to Japan offered to cure us of our colds by giving us the cough medicine - And they have joked all the way along, through the dumpiest time I had in Vancouver - about my taking cough medicine, and curing all my ills with it, etc -

They keep it up even now - until now I'm going to say the very next time I see them that I wish we might talk about something else than cough medicine!

You see I'm trying to think of everything either of them says or does - and am keeping back nothing - so that you'll not need to keep guessing what else was said and done, etc -

They are rather flippant young men - at least Mr. Howard is but withal extremely good hearted - and pleasant company for a few moments now and then as we meet in the lounge or on deck or some other part of the ship. That's all!
(The next Sunday.)

Every day since I wrote before has been filled with nice things mostly not wildly exciting, you know, but mildly pleasant - I have taken to drinking afternoon tea once in a while, & with my knitting! and there I have met the elite - so to speak - Time fails me to tell you of the beautiful young Russian Jewess with her startlingly pretty gowns; - the attractive, sweet young bride who

appears so demure but who drops
a fathom or two in your estimation
as you happen to spy her, of an
evening, sitting in an alcove
with the men over their cigars and
wine, gracefully and most nonchalantly
twirling her own cigarette.

Then there is a sweet pretty
girl with prematurely gray hair
who goes to Japan - apparently
"to visit friends," but who has
just told us today that she
goes to be married - That is
a secret!

I haven't told you yet about
Dr. Churchill, the missionary
doctor sent out by the Church
of England, who is stationed
at Tachow, and who "summer
resorts" at Kuliang, a place where
many of the Swatow missionaries
go - Typical Englishman - with
the characteristic drawl and
super-perfect manners - As I
said to Dr. Everham about him;

"He seems very nice -"

"Yes -"

"But I don't think I like Englishmen very well -"

Dr. E. laughs - "N-no - But he's all right to talk to!"

Then there is also the English episcopal Padre of a mission in Burma -

Yesterday as we were having a game of deck golf with these two interesting men - who should appear but Mr. Howard, muffled up to the chin - whom we hadn't seen for three or four days - we were just beginning to get worried about these boys -

He has been quite severely ill. with some sort of a fever - and his companion has been taking care of him - It is rather a



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF ASIA"

shame for him to miss so much of this splendid trip - and very much too bad that he has been sick - We were afraid though, that the boys were spending all their time - and money! in the smoking room playing cards - I wish I knew exactly what sort they are - Courteous, anyhow -

We didn't have any service this morning - but plans are to have another in the 2nd class saloon this evening -

Do you know who Dr. Sanders is? He is travelling to many of the mission fields and is to meet a committee at some conference in Shanghai - Interdenominational, I think -

We expect to reach Yokohama
early Tuesday morning - so I'm
getting some important letters
ready today. Tomorrow is the
last day, you see, before we land.

Something a bit different
happened day before yesterday -
just as ^{we} were finishing lunch the
steamer stopped. We all madly
rushed on deck - to find that
a poor Chinese steerage passenger
who was insane had jumped
overboard. They rescued the body,
but the exciting part was the
launching and the hoisting of
the lifeboat. The appalling
thing to me was that not a
soul on board really cared
whether the man lived or died.
The whole thing was a mere
incident - forgotten as soon
as past - just one poor life

in the maelstrom of humanity snuffed
out - and never a trace of its
being missed for a moment -
Ah me! As Phyllis St. Clair used
so often to repeat - This is
a funny world!

Very much love to you
and Father -

Your affectionate Daughter,
Cecile -

wed. P. M.
Vancouver Hotel.

Dear Mother;

Well, well! Of
all the bundle of letters that I
found awaiting me at the wharf -
I was just overwhelmed! And
that picture of you - It is
too good to be true - Now
it's finished up I like it
ten times better than the
other one - really! It is
saying to me "Why, Abbie
Sanderson!" only in a
different, more sympathetic
tone of voice - So when
I've done something
real bad - I'll just look at
the first picture, and it
will say those words -
"Why, Abbie Sanderson - you

knew better than that - And
after all these years of
my telling you over and
over - "etc, etc -

Then when I'll do something
'specially nice (maybe I will
once in a while - something
really hard, and worth while
you know -) I'll march proudly
up to that second one and
hear you say "Why, Abbie
San - derson! Well, I always
knew you could if you'd try -"
Keep right at it - go ahead!

So you see they are
both literally speaking
pictures of you -

I was so disappointed
not to have a real good
one of Father - Make

him have a good one taken
soon - and sent it to me -
please !

I have almost finished the
Sweater that was started
after I left Boston - I shall
mail it to Mabel tomorrow -
I forgot to balance my
account, ~~in~~ Newton Center.
So I'm having them send the
check to you - which is a
matter of six dollars or
so -

A big fat letter from Arthur
proved to be one for each
of the ten days to Yokohama.
Yours was here, too I and
the 3 girls - A Big bunch
of fantastically done up
letters from the Happies -

one from Percy & Frances, and
L. Cushing - a regular fat
funny newspaper from H. Home
N. Cutter - one from Patty -
a funny bunch of them from
M. & Lottie - ! One the
outside - in I.K.'s writing -
"These are for the steamer -
Lucy says! 'Sedatives - what's
a sedative?'"

The others I'll find out!
who wrote later -

Well - Sore throat
continues - hate to admit it
but you made me promise
to tell - I've had my
breakfast and lunch in
my room today - Wake

this morning with a regular
old rapping headache in the
back of my neck - But it
was just stiffness and wore
away quickly - I felt better
after breakfast and thought
I would get up soon - but
my throat and head got stiff
& sore again - and the last
straw that overwhelmed me
was as follows:

Rap at door - Miss Parish,
visiting, admints bell-hop with
parcel, evidently flowers - Miss
P. - sotto voce - "I'll bet they are
from that nice Mrs. Stephens (
lady who goes to Mamula) -
your dutiful daughter - sub mente -
"I'll bet not!" - Parcel
opened - reveals 2 doz very

beautiful carnations - red +
pink + white - also card -
Mr. Harry E. Howard!

Do you wonder I needed my
luncheon in bed after that?

The next thing I'm worrying
about is that when Father
reads this it will give him
such aberrations of the heart,
that he will have to go to
bed in the parlor - Let us hope
not, Des volente!

Well - shortly after luncheon
I arose - and during the
ablutions and "adpo^umentings -
a profuse nosebleed - both
nostrils, appeared - giving
immediate and considerable
relief - I am now dressed

in my next best bib & tucker -
i. e. blue robe - and I intend
to attend dinner in the main
dining room - this evening -
I am not in a gloomy state
of mind just now - though
you'd never guess from my
letters, I spose!

I forgot to say that what
tuckered me yesterday
was trotting around to the
Chinese consul & to the Japanese
consul, & to the immigration
offices - etc - etc - So I
went to bed before six and
had some bonillon which Miss
Parish made for me -

Dr. Everham came last
night - This morning she

found my temperature perfectly
normal - no quincy nor
diphtheritic look to my throat -
She says "I guess you'll live!"
So there really is no need to
worry - I'm ashamed of myself
for telling you - really!

A. J. Sanderson -

Swatow, China -
is all that is necessary
as the foreign population
of that city is only about
100 in all -

Love to you both -

P.S. Mail just arrived from Myrtle
Helen Plummer Carlson, Geo H. Yeaton
& E. F. Satum - Aint that grand?



1st day Between
Shanghai & Manila -

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES, LTD.

R.M.S. 'EMPERESS OF ASIA'

Dear Mother:

Can't explain just why I didn't have any mail to send from Shanghai - I thought I had plenty of time to write you a long letter, and I didn't, at all.

Well! I'd better begin back at Nagasaki, I guess. When we got there, early in the morning, it was as rainy a day as you might ever want to see.

But we had made up our minds to go ashore, so, nothing daunted, we put on our winter togs, and paddled around in the rain.

We started out to gether - But Dr. Everham and I went to call on a Dr. Suganuma, a woman who has married a Japanese man - They had a beautiful house. Mr. Suganuma appears

to be a splendid Christian gentleman,
well-to-do, prominent in business
and social life, and employed in
the government service. Their seems
to be an ideal home life - and both
seem perfectly satisfied. Dr. Suganuma
made us stay to "tiffin" or lunch -
and our whole visit was surely
delightful - Mr. Suganuma spoke
English fluently, and was in a
good many ways anglicised - It was
an interesting thing in a good many
ways, to visit such a house.

We had wanted to do a little
shopping, but their lunch wasn't
until about one, and the launch to
take us to the Empress was leaving
her pier at half past two - We each
bought an enormous Japanese parasol
both sun proof and rain proof - for
50 cents (1 yen) - a little writing paper -
and then rushed down to our
dock. We were pretty tired, I
tell you. Nagasaki is all hills

We expected that it was too
early to see any cherry blossoms,

But were able to catch a glimpse of one or two hillsides in the distance, patched with the lovely pink blooms -

We had hoped to reach Shanghai by the next noon, but the tide wasn't right, so we didn't get in until Sunday morning. Our little Mrs.

Chen, whom we have grown to know and love very much in this short time, was met at the dock by her mother and a group of friends who were wildly excited when they caught sight of her.

Miss Florence Dick, Dr. Everharts' cousin who teaches in Shanghai Baptist College, was there, and several other missionaries. Miss Parish, Dr. E. & I said goodbye to Mrs. Sweet and Miss Bailey & other missionaries getting off there - then were taken in a Ford automobile the six miles out to the college grounds -

I was at the Whites' for luncheon, and as I said on my card, heard many

good reports about the Tatum's - I saw the house Cousin Alice lived in, and the rosebushes that she planted with her own hands - I also found out that the last two years of her life were pitiful ones - They think the cause of her death was a clot on the brain - She had failed in mind terribly, those years -

Everyone spoke of how lovely Mr. Tatum is, and yet how cheerful he seems about it. Joy, according to all reports, is improving -

There wasn't a great deal of time after lunch - the auto took us in again, and we went to the ^{Mississippian} Home, where we found Jean Gates, a nurse who went out last fall - she was going through Shanghai, and was there only a day or two - I knew her that week I visited N. H. and Dr. Everham had taught her how to etherize - so you may



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES, LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF ASIA"

be sure we were delighted. She went down to the boat with us, and down there we met the mission treasurer, Mrs. Stafford.

Out at the college I found a Jordan girl, who knows a good many Newton Center people, including Isaac Higginbottom and Chester Wood -

Our boat was anchored at Woosung at the mouth of the river, and we had to take a launch up the river to Shanghai - and back again, of course - The ride was about an hour and a half - we saw the college both times - its right near the bank -

I should hardly have known that I was in an American city - There are so many high buildings wide streets, trolleys - and so

many English people, that you could almost believe you were transplanted back to native soil —

Well — Manila next!

(April the second)

Yesterday I wore my sailor suit, and my big coat was very comfortable. Today I have worn poplin shirt, dotted muslin waist, white shoes and Panama hat all day long and have managed to keep bearably cool, but I'm afraid it's going to be tremendously hot tomorrow. We haven't done anything all day but hang around and wonder how we ever should manage to live if it got a great deal hotter — I think tomorrow night, lying in Manila harbor, will be the worst — But still I keep thinking what a grand, grand trip this has been, and how really wonderful it is

for such an advantage to come to
poor, undeserving little me!

I think I spoke of Mr. Sanders,
the interdenominational missionary
secretary - He plays deck golf with
us sometimes - This afternoon
as I sat on deck, he came
along and read me a clever
little story - Wasn't that
nice of him?
(Next day)

Well! I have surely started out my
hot-weather living bravely! Both
Miss Parish and Dr. Everham
have had severe shockingly severe -
headaches today from this sudden
plunge into the heat - and I have
hardly been uncomfortable at all.

It may be that my turn is coming
later, but I surely have begun well -

We landed in Mantz Bay about
10 o'clock this morning and
could have gone ashore directly
after lunch - But with the two

headaches in the family, we weren't
sure of getting along very well in
the hot sun. So we waited until
after four - At the pier we got a
calasha (pron. kalaysha) a small
two wheeled buggy drawn by a
small pony and driven by a
Filipino, costing 1 peso 20, or 60 cents
American - 20 cents apiece for an hour's
drive around the city. He took
us through the old walled city,
I can't begin to tell you how
fascinating the beautiful varied
greenery is to me - and the
quaint Spanish buildings - and
the charming airy American
bungalows. We passed large
Spanish Catholic buildings - an
Episcopal and a Union Church,
Y. M. C. A. and Christian Science
reading rooms, - a moving picture
theater with the latest films
advertised - and a great many
municipal and other buildings.



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES, LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPRESS OF ASIA"

Our ride was indeed worth the money - It was still sunny enough to be very beautiful, and late enough to be comparatively cool riding - I felt almost as though I had been mysteriously transported to some old Spanish villa!

But not so when we got down into the Escolta, or shopping district - I haven't bought anything yet - and am not sure that I shall -

Our first impression, voiced by Dr. Everham, was that the stores were chiefly places where American goods might be bought at a double or triple price - We haven't run up against

any of the Filipino embroideries yet.

Our plan was to take supper at some restaurant on shore, but the stores closed at six, and my two companions being very weary, we decided to come back to the boat.

We must have come in just after the gong for dinner sounded - and went right down just as we were.

I wore my blue voile and panama hat, with white shoes - You don't know what a comfort this hat is - It is so exactly the right thing to wear with any sort of a light dress. I put it on before breakfast this morning, and as we came right up from dinner to the writing room, I still have it on, and have worn it all day.

We have been trying to get the

Topped today - pith lined helmets!
but we couldn't find any to fit
in the short time we had. We are
planning to go in early tomorrow
morning to try again. I shan't
worry, though, if I can't get it,
for I know that I can in ~~Shanghai~~
Hongkong - They are funny ones, too,
that they have here - have no
strap under the chin - I'm not
sure I want the kind you get here -!

Tonight in our berth may prove
my undoing - especially if the
electric fan won't work - but
I've survived so beautifully thus
far that I have hopes of continuing
the same!

Very much love to you both

Abbie

I'm shipping in a rough first draft
which may interest you

("Is it all right?")



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES, LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF ASIA"

Mar. 28, 1918

Dear Mother

My brain is in a whirl!
The thing that troubles me most is that I'm dead sure I'll never be able to tell you a tenth of the wonderful things I saw yesterday. "Japan for the first time" is indeed beyond any words of mine to describe!

Where shall I begin? Our boat pulled into Yokohama day before yesterday in the morning. We had been through the roughest night of our voyage, owing to a typhoon which struck us less than a hundred miles from land. Of course we didn't know about it until it was all over - but for several hours during the night our boat made no progress, - simply went around and around in a circle, and up and

down so that it was a regular circus performance to stay in your bunk, especially if it happened to be an upper one! We had seen outlines of land the day before, but about six o'clock we entered the bay of Tokio, and not long afterwards grand old Fujiyama appeared. We had a wonderfully clear day, and so a splendid view of the mountain, from there until we landed, about one o'clock. In the meantime we had to go through all sorts of examinations - The third class passengers and steerage had to have pulses examined, but the Japanese doctors just looked at us and passed us. Then our passports were examined by the Japanese police officials (All of this on board ship) and we answered such questions as "Were your parents born in the United States?" "Your grandparents?" etc. etc. After all this, and much waiting, we were allowed to disembark, just after lunch. A little Japanese girl, Kei Saito, whom Dr. Everham knew in New York, met us, and piloted us the whole

afternoon. We should be wandering around Yokohama now, I'm afraid, if she hadn't! We walked from the wharf to a station nearby, and took a streetcar for the Yokohama R. R. Station. We engaged berths for the train down to Kobe, and Mrs. Sweet and Miss Bailey bought their tickets - (We were provided with the latter, being 1st class passengers). Then we took a 2 minute streetcar ride to the Kanagawa station. From there we were taken in jinrikshas about two miles, I should say, to the girls' school. We found them getting ready for graduation - but everything in very good order all the same. Miss Haven, the music teacher, met us and began to tell us a little about the school, when Miss Munroe came in from the kindergarten graduation a little ways down the road. They showed us all over the buildings. It is perfectly wonderful - up on a high hill, with the most entrancing view - Miss Munroe looks right out at Fuyama as she sits at her study desk - I was

simply fascinated by every single
iota that we saw - from the beautiful
Japanese girls with their sweet faces
and delightful politeness, to the queer
bushes of flowers that smell like a
cross between lemon verbena and heliotrope.

Miss Converse came in just before
we left, and in the course of the
conversation I happened to find
out that Mrs. Sweet goes to Hangchow
and of course knows Ellen Peterson
well. - I thought she was going
to Shanghai - since that is where
she leaves this boat!

The wind had risen, but it was
not cold as we rode back to the
streetcar in the rikshas. I wish
you might have seen us as we
went along the road, all five one
behind the other. One of the
most beautiful moonlight rides I
ever enjoyed.

Kei Seito saw us safely on our
train, which left at seven o'clock.
We were exceedingly hungry by the
time we were able to find a
place in the diner, but were



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R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF ASIA"

able to make a good meal of what was set before us. The only things that were different ~~were~~ the oranges, which are smaller and rather loose-skinned - and the chicken, which was not sufficiently cooked.

Well! now comes the wildly exciting part - I suppose I ought not to write all of this, but really, it is too good to keep. An appetizer which helped us relish our dinner came in certain sights we saw on the way to dinner. As we passed through the narrow entrances of the cars (on either side of which are the toilet rooms, one of the doors marked W.C. happened to be wide open - but the Japanese man who was using that particular compartment didn't seem to care in the least. This is one instance of what we saw several times on the trip - Once is

enough to tell that sort of thing, I suppose! When we went back to our car after dinner, we found a man getting ready for bed - He was standing in the middle of the aisle, in his union suit! We had not been able to procure lower berths, so each one of us climbed into a tiny upper berth, very lightly curtained, and each of us over a Japanese man!

Did I sleep? Well, intermittently - but the bed was hard - and if I sat up 10 inches, I bumped my head; if I turned over, there was imminent danger of falling, and then I couldn't tell what minute Someone might peek through one of the many cracks in the screening - You would have died nearly, to see me on my back in the morning, putting on shoes and stockings, and on my knees, bent at the waist at an angle of 80° , struggling with corset snaps and garters - Some of the girls combed their hair and fully dressed in the

Berth but for me, such a stunt was an impossibility - I must needs go to one of the wash rooms, which, by the way are used indiscriminately by men and women - but fortunately - there is room for but one person at a time.

Well - remember, our trip has hardly begun yet! We reached Kobe at nine o'clock - We managed to get a fairly good breakfast on the train for about 58 sen, or 29 cents - Our dinner the night before cost 110 sen, or 55 cents - It seemed something of a relief, after paying something like \$1.25 for a breakfast of grapefruit and omelet at the Hotel Vancouver!

Arrived at Kobe, we took rikshas directly for Mrs. Thompson's - (Baptist mission) who told us what stores to patronize. The kindergarten had just had its commencement, so we couldn't see that. We took our rikshas back to the stores again, paid them 70 sen apiece, or thirty five cents, for the round trip - part of it in a good

sound hail storm - and part in
the rain - and part in bright
sunshine !

The rest of the day was a circus -
I never had such fun in all my
life, I believe. - Of course I didn't
plan to spend much money, and
didn't spend very much. I did get
a few little things which are to
be used for Christmas presents -
I have an idea I shall mail
some to you from Manila -
There will be no duty then, and
we can decide later just how to
use them - or you can use them
as you wish. Time enough for that -
I also bought a set of dishes -
Mrs. Sweet says that you cannot
get such pretty ones in China -
and she doesn't know that in
Swatow or Hongkong we can
get anything any way except the
English ware. So I got my dishes,
which will be quite serviceable,



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I hope. They are the bamboo pattern in green, on white background. I got the teapot, creamer and sugar -



This doesn't

give a very good idea of the shape, but you see they are fluted just a bit, and the plates and sauce dishes are fluted to match - I got a half dozen cups & saucers, half dozen breakfast plates, half dozen sauce dishes one smaller plate one larger one - and the bill was 6 Yen 70 sen or \$3.35.

Oh yes, there was a bowl, too, and a little long low dish something like a pickle dish - It is a standard pattern, and I can send for more like it at any time. The owner of the store is Mrs. Tanaguchi, and she is a member of the Baptist Church in Kobe. Does that price

sound reasonable? The other thing that I got for myself was a silk veil or scarf - I'm glad now I didn't get it in America - I paid 2 yen 50 for it, or \$1.25 - It is as long as I wanted, and good & wide - about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds by $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds I think, and is shaded from a yellow which is almost a champagne, to white.

Dr. Everham got a pink one -

There were some picture frames that just suited me, any where from 15 sen to 50 - or $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents to 25 . I forgot to say we got money changed when we were at the wharf in Yokohama - They gave us 1 yen 95 sen for a 1 dollar bill - or nearly 2 for one, you see - They have the funniest little 10, 20, and 50 sen bills - and then the 1, ten, and five yen bills -

The thing that was so screaming funny, though, was the way the people stared at me - You would see a man look at me - run into a door of a house or shop - and run out tagged

by half a dozen - all staring and
having the best time seeing such a sight.
I suppose they never saw such a tall
woman before. The most of them, men,
too, are such tiny things!

We took some pictures - and if a
certain one comes out good you'll be
able to see what a crowd of boys and
girls gathered around us in the short
time it took to pose! Well, I only
hope they enjoyed it as much as
we did!

Mrs. Sweet, Miss Bailey and Miss
Parish unfortunately didn't appreciate
their luncheon as we did. The
"Japanese taste" of things grieved them,
but Dr. Overham found her "chicken-
rice" and fruit very appetizing,
and my ham, beet salad and
banana fritters were really quite
toothsome. I would have been
willing to have a Japanese supper,
but our dinner was waiting for
us when we got on the boat

at 7 P.M. They told us at the Canadian Pacific office that the boat would get in about 6. It hadn't come in when we got to the office - The others were tired enough to rest. But someone had told Dr. Everham about a Shinto temple not more than 5 minutes walk from where we were. So we two went exploring. It was just getting dusk, and the bazaars outside the temple weren't very busy. We got there just in time to see an attendant or priest or somebody light with a taper two lamps in the temple, then bow down several times, clap his hands, and come out - The temple was open from the front so we could see all that might be inside -

I had been itching all day to try some of the queer looking Japanese confection - So I got 5 sen



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worth of nut buttercots and 5 sen worth of nice crisp little cookies, hardly sweetened, with nuts, - the two biggest bags of cookies and candies I ever saw for 5 cents - (10 sen) ! They were good, too - We didn't stay long - because all of us wanted to go aboard the ship as soon as possible.

Today we are in the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan - It is not so different from rowing in the Belgrade Lakes - truly - beautiful islands with trees, little villages, etc -

We ensconced ourselves cosily in the very bow of the boat this morning soon after breakfast - right down on the deck - We were right up in the prow, so protected from the wind - We had to get out of the way once when we were going through a very narrow place, for

the first officer had to be on hand at some signal board or other ~~where~~ in case anything should happen to the steering gear - But we went along very smoothly - and so we settled down in the sun again -

I feel as though it were a week since the day before yesterday - so many different things were to be seen. The very first impression of Japan, I think, was the great clattering of the funny stilted shoes - But I got pretty well used to that in the one day - Oh dear! There is so much to tell - I've written just the smallest fragment of what I want to - I hope you'll forgive the "choppiness" and incompleteness of this letter - but I really can't think of any one thing to write about - The quaint shops, narrow streets, "silly money" as Miss Bailey says, and the very frank honest stares that met us everywhere, are all mixed together just now - It seems like

a charming, unreal dream - I have
to pinch myself, almost, to believe
that it truly happened.

One more funny thing - The tea
looked so black yesterday noon that
Dr. Everham said to the boy - "Is
that tea?" "Yes, yes!" (Violent nodding)
"Is it boiled?" " " " " " "

We thought that was just the
proper thing, of course -

We saw a heathen funeral
procession, too, yesterday - The
bearers were dressed in white -
and were preceded by men bearing
banners of all colors, beating queer
drums -

(Next Day) Nagasaki -

You may send these postals along please,
either just as they are or enclosed
in a letter with a note of explanation
saying that I wanted you to see
them first -

Time for boat to leave - will
tell you all about it in next letter
Love to both - Alice

PEAK HOTEL,

HONG KONG.



CABLE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL HONG KONG."
UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

Dear Mother;

April 7, 1918

"If Mother could only see
me now!"

We have left our beloved Asia,
the Empress, I mean, and have already
decided that we shall never have
such comfortable lodging and such
wonderful service again until we
return to America, five years hence!

Everything is so very, very funny!
Our boat landed at a big pier on
the opposite side of the bay from
Hongkong. Cook's Launch took
us and our baggage over to the
city and we went directly to Cook's

Office, where we found that a boat for Swatow was leaving the next day (today). But the office of that boat was closed, and no arrangements could be made. The next steamer leaves Tuesday, and we are very much hoping to go on that.

The influx of passengers from the Empress, and doubtless other circumstances, made it very hard for us to find rooms at all. Cooks tried three or four places for us and finally put us at the Peak Hotel, which had been the only one Mrs Parish could get.

I don't wonder that it is unpopular. You in less than fifteen minutes were came from sea level to a height of 1500 feet. The tram cars that brought us the most of the way up are tipped so that when you look out of the window buildings on another hillside or near by appear to be tipping right over backwards. The elevation coming so suddenly gave us rather a queer feeling in our ears, but I didn't mind it really so much as I did in the

PEAK HOTEL,

HONG KONG.



CABLE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL, HONG KONG."
UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

Canadian Rockies. We were taken to the tram station up a hilly road in a sedan chair. If you could imagine you were riding horseback, the sensation would be rather enjoyable - but to state the case plainly, it's a very jolting matter! I suppose will get used to it after a while.

This hotel Miss Parish says is probably as good as we are likely to find in the Orient. But Dr. E. and I think that Americans might be doing a real missionary act by coming over and teaching these Chinese and English people, too, how to run

a good hotel.

Oh, its all right - but things are so very old fashioned and shabby for a 7 dollar a day hotel and you have to walk way up three or four flights of stairs - no elevators of any description. Dr E. and I have a room together, with one big bed and one a trifle smaller, each with very high posts and a fine netting covering. The netting is about as firm as the coarsest that we use for waist linings - only it seems a bit heavier and therefore more durable. There are two little cubby hole rooms opening with wide curtained doors out of our room, which is large and airy, and very very damp. One of these tiny rooms is thereby a pleasant little sitting room - cozy place for afternoon tea. From both these we get a splendid view of mountain valleys, sea, town - and the flower and greenery filled roofs and courts of the hotel - I forgot to say that the other little room

PEAK HOTEL,

HONG KONG.



CABLE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL HONG KONG."
UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

is a bath room - It contains a wooden towel rack, a marble ~~slab~~ with two holes for bowls, (the bowls) Pitches, etc - A commode - containing pail which a Chinaman very quickly changes for a clean one - and a bath tub shaped like your dishpan pressed on both sides into an oval - its big enough for Flora ^{to} sit down in - but not for us! The outlet to the tub is a hole in the bottom. You pull out a cork stopper and the water runs out onto the floor and ~~fall~~ finally down a hole which is lower than the

rest of the floor.

Let me say again - Its all so funny! This morning about 8 o'clock or slightly thereafter, our room boy came in while we were still in bed, bringing crackers and tea, tangerines and ~~apples~~ oranges and bananas. We leisurely devoured these - and before we knew it a boy appeared in the doorway with two buckets (big wooden ones, on a pole slung over his shoulder - wanting to know if we were ready for our baths - He fixed a very hot one - and I waited as long as I wanted to and then leisurely took a sponge bath, standing in the hot, hot water - He came again wanting to know if I should change the bath, at least three times before the process was finished.

Miss Parick we knew was planning to go to church, and as I discovered this to be my off day, and as Dr. E. was very

PEAK HOTEL.

HONG KONG.



CABLE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL, HONG KONG."
UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

tired from traveling around yesterday with a headache, we decided not to go. Dr. Eó's back ached some, and as Miss Parish is somewhat of an osteopath - I called her up in her room (connected by phone) and got her to come up. We lay around and talked and read our Bibles etc - and didn't hurry about getting dressed. About 10.30 I decided to go down to breakfast, but found my clothes so damp that I had to go to bed and take my chemise, stockings, and Corsets (skip back page) under

So we didn't get down to breakfast at all. Tiffin was at one o'clock - and we all went down together. (Mary is down on the first floor.)

This afternoon we have lounged in the reading room, reading dry old London papers, age three or four months, mostly sporting and theatrical news, mixed with jokes that are - well - terribly dense and stale.

At four they brought us afternoon tea, consisting of tea and a couple of little cakes apiece -

All day long we have enjoyed cloudbursts and when it wasn't drizzling down rain we have been in a cloud - which means a fog or heavy mist that would soak you in two minutes if you went outdoors (Skip to back of next p.)

PEAK HOTEL.

HONG KONG

(After this page
turn to back
of previous
one)



CABLE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL, HONG KONG."
UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

they covers with me to warm and dry them a little - We lost count of how many times the boy came to the door to see about fixing our room. You see these boys that came to the room were all different ones. Every one of them said "Good morning, missy!"

The food is very passable - only the bread isn't done - I had bird's nest soup last night for first course - It tastes like potato soup with little bits of hardened gelatin floating in it. It's a bit milky, but mostly watery -

We have been through slightly
exciting times since I wrote
you last. In Manila the
second day, we ~~met~~ ^{lost} Miss Parish
and she wasn't back on the
boat for lunch. We had to
go ashore again, and didn't
get back ourselves until about
two minutes before the boat left.
We had surrendered our passports
the day before, and had to
get them again before we got
aboard. Going up the gangplank
just after the last whistle
had sounded, we met Miss
Parish coming off. She had
forgotten all about her
passport, and had to go off
for it then. We were terribly
afraid they weren't going to
hold it for her, but they did.

We didn't tell her until afterwards
that we had to hurry ourselves, and
she doesn't know even now what
a very narrow escape we had.
I went by street car, and when

PEAK HOTEL.

HONG KONG.



CABLE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL, HONG KONG."
UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

I got back to the last place to change cars, I found there wouldn't be another car until "about three". The boat sailed at three! Not a vehicle in sight, so I started to walk. Dr. Everham didn't leave the boat until after I did - and she took a calasha. I had got about half way there, when a whistle blew! Naturally, I wasn't in my very calmest state of mind just about then. I put down my parasol and began to run in that hot Manila sun.

I heard a shout behind me, and

turning, my glad eyes beheld
Dr. E. in her rig. She declares
that I was waving my parasol
wildly in an endeavor to get
a hitch on a wagon or cart
of some kind that was ahead.
I didn't know there was any
cart there!

Well! I'd have had time to
walk, I guess, but I was willing
to clamber in beside Marguerite,
you may be sure!

And last night when we
came up here, her suitcase
and my little black bag couldn't
be found. But mine came in
the evening, and Dr. E. turned
up this afternoon. Neither of
us wanted to lose either bags or
contents - and were somewhat
relieved to find them.

It's now seven o'clock. Dr. E.
& Miss Parish have ^{gone} to church,
but for a combination of weather
and physical reasons I am
still here in the writing room.

PEAK HOTEL,

HONG KONG.



CABLE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL, HONG KONG."

UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

epistolating to my dearly beloved.
You know, of course, just about
how much I have wondered
about you and what you are
doing, how you are thinking
and feeling just now - and
what you may be planning. I
was thinking pretty hard about
Father this morning at ten and
eleven o'clock -

I suppose by this time you have
already received some of my letters.
I mean, by the time you get
this you will have, and I suppose
I will have received that first

letter that I'm longing so with
all my heart to receive - I
start to write every time "I
don't know how anxious I am
to hear" - and then I think -
"They do know - of course, why
shouldn't they?" -

Tomorrow we go to the
police here, to get permission
to leave the colony - We also
buy our matting and netting -
We bought our hats in Manila -
mine was 5.50 pesos = \$2.25
gold -

Letters reached us here from
Miss Fielden, Miss Culley, Miss Trave,
Mrs. Worley, Dr. Leach, and from
Mrs. Hildreth of Chaochowfu - This
last tells us that we go to live with
them there for the first of our language.

I do hope nothing will keep
us from getting the Tuesday boat.

Dearest love -

Abbie

PEAK HOTEL.

HONG KONG.



CABLE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL, HONG KONG."
UP TO DATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

April 9th —

Dear Folks —

Our boat the "Hai San",
(pr. Hs.)
leaves for Swatow at noon today —
I have just a minute now before
breakfast until Dr. Everham
finishes dressing —
Many things I want to say
but have very little time —
We have bought our mosquito
netting - \$16.20 (Mex) a bed — but
that terrible? For a 20 dollar
note you get \$26.50 (Mex.) and
for American 20 dollar gold piece

DEAR HOTEL

I got 33. — It seems hardly fair to Dr. E. for they didn't tell her to bring gold — As it happened — Every cent of my money was gone when I got here except the \$100. gold — Wasn't that lucky? I think Dr. E. had all bills — Poor girl, I don't know just what she will do —

I'm on the boat now — It sails at one — The time is nearly 12 now — Goodbye until next time —

Abbie —

I'm going to write much but far between — Postage here is 10 cents Mex. which in ordinary times would be 5¢ gold — but now is about 7½¢! Love to your neighbors —

April 21, 1918

Dear Mother:

Three or four scraps have been begun to you but I have decided to begin all over and write it out to you in a more decent, consecutive order. The first scrap was dated the 15th -

A week ago yesterday (Saturday) we went across the bay in a wee sampan boat, and although it was dull and dark when we started - when we got to Simatou the sky had cleared so much that the glass was bad for the eyes. We ought to have worn our pith hats - and dark glasses. I had a raging headache when I got home - which was cured only after a good sleep and an aspirin tablet. I've worn my hat on all occasions since then, and hope to be free from headaches -

Sunday morning at church we were introduced to a crowded chapel full of Chinese people, and had to make brief speeches. Dr. Everham's was first. Dr. Johnson did the translating. I hardly knew what to say, and forgot most of what I had planned, because I was so disturbed by being interrupted at the end of every sentence. The principal thing Dr. Everham said was that she had waited for a long time to be here and words failed her to tell how very happy she was to actually be here her first Sabbath in China. I had planned to say something like that and when the words were so taken

out of my mouth I had a terrible time to know what I would say - I can't remember anything now except that I said it was a joy to me to know that our Father understands my prayers and their prayers - although we can't understand each other. I also said that ~~even~~ though the words weren't understood, the spirit of the meeting had been felt - or something to that effect - and that I wanted to begin to get acquainted even before I could speak their language - I'm afraid it was rather mixed up - I don't know - I was terrible scant, anyway.

After our speeches, the women of the women's school sang "Peace, perfect peace" in Chinese. I could seem to hear the English words right straight through. It was wonderfully touching, somehow, as the other things were all through the service. Their cordiality was so obvious, and so dead in earnest. I suppose after one gets into the routine of work, everything won't be so tremendously reminding of home all the time!

Did you know that everybody who comes to China to live has to have a Chinese name? I didn't, until I got here. Mine is Sng Ang Min. When I learn Chinese Characters (!) I'll write them out to you - Sng ^{*}kou-niê (konejja) is what they call me - That is for my surname, and means courteous - or - descendant. The rest of it is for Abbie - Min means beautiful, and Ang means peace - It is one of the regular Chinese names - quite suitable for an "honorable teacher."

of the missionaries here at Swatow -

I had been told before that that was what people usually did (the latter), so I thought I'd say something different -

I said something at first about some people at home who wondered "what else" I would have to do except learn the language - Dr. Rahmoe had made some remark which led beautifully up to such a beginning - I said that from my two days' experience I reckoned if they could try it a while for themselves they wouldn't wonder much longer about my leaving nothing to do!

Then I made the point that the mother and father at home who had sent, probably, in the same week - a month at least, the daughter to one end of the earth, and the son to the other, were working bravely in their place at home, and when they sent us out, they had high hopes of what might be accomplished by our going - Both of us were going to fight battles, different materially, but with the same purpose. And I expressed the wish that the dreams of my father and mother might come true in my work at South China - Certainly the beautiful surroundings, helpful and friendly companionship with the missionaries who had given so cordially a welcome, would aid in this. And reports of the work here point out that the time is a most auspicious one for the working of great things for our Master - I finished by adding that I wanted to say with Dr. E. that I was very happy and very glad and proud to be here -

and they tell me the Chinese like it.

Well! Conference began Tuesday evening. People had arrived during that day and the day before from the rest of the Haklo~~ok~~ district and from up in the Hakka district. I have been especially delighted to know Mr. Boufield of Changning, who knows nearly everybody in Maine - from Dr. Whittemore, Dr. Mower & Dr. Owen, to Charles Dunn and Ethel Merriam. We had a regular picnic finding out our common acquaintances. Mr. Cape, who has been pastor in Belfast, and Mr. Page, from Rockport, and of course the Forsters, are all people ^{with} whom I have enjoyed sipping up common interests. It is marvelous, how small the world is, after all!

(April 22) This conference, I suppose, is no exception to the rule. I'm not going to write my impressions of all the discussions, arguments, disagreements, etc. - read it in the Helping Hand. Dr. E. and I are appointed to report to that magazine our "first impressions" - An article, first thing!

Tuesday evening came the welcome to the new missionaries into the conference. Dr. Ashmore was very kind in his remarks. In replying, Dr. E. made the point that she had begun already to realize that in order to appreciate the intelligent ideals, originality etc. of the Chinese one must really live among them. She had been amazed every day since she came to discover in them traits she hadn't dreamed. She also said some very nice complimentary things - (all true)

Well! I was glad to have my part in the conference over. We haven't even been studying this week, but have attended Conference right along. The meetings have been irregular in the morning but always from 2 to 4 P.M. At 4 we have adjourned to some home for tea. After that we have played tennis every afternoon but once, when I went to Swatow with Miss Lucille Withers, who is just now transferred to Changning. She has been at Canton. She is a nurse, and stayed here at Eastview with us. The girls have known her before - The ones who have played tennis at different times are Mr. & Mrs. Waters, Mr. Bousfield, Miss Withers, Frank Foster, Dr. Leach, Dr. Mildred as they call her, Miss Astor, & Miss Northwest. Dr. E. does not play.

Yes, even a tennis court! I thought there would be - And instead of the rainy weather of the first week we were here, it has been delightfully spring-y - and summer-y - but never yet so hot as Manila. And would you believe it? - one day for dinner we had mango ice cream and lemon ice cream! The ice, if you please, is manufactured - not simply in Swatow - but in our own little village of Kakichik - on this side of the bay - Isn't that grand!?!?

Conference has met every evening, too, except Friday evening, when we had a social at Mrs. Capen's. Frank Foster was chairman of the Committee - and Dr. Leach and I were his helpers. The evening was pronounced

a grand success - Miss Fielden & Miss Withers made a great hit with their song - dressed as Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Kinks and Miss Kornelia Korn Kinks - We had a few games - a funny song by Miss Aston - and a ^{reading} couplet by Miss Traver - another song or two by Mr. Capen - They had put me down for a solo - I had protested - but finally gave, without accompaniment - that little song of Martha Mize's (announcing that I hoped that it wouldn't bore them by its extreme length.)

"Sz - sz - sz - The mosquito is singing, oh hark!
" " " But he likes to perform in the dark -
" " " He has spectacles made for the night
" " " So he's able to see, where to bite!

You remember it, don't you?

We had refreshments & guessing noses - but the grand climax came with the playing of the game that I was fearful of suggesting, because I didn't know how serious minded missionaries would take that sort of thing - But the people who were in the secret thought it would be all right - so we went ahead - The game is "Barber Shop" - Ever play it? Girls in one room, men in another - All the women know the secret - Man (1 at a time) is ushered in & seated in a chair near a "stage entrance" or open porch door - Blindfolded - he has just time to give his orders regarding haircut, etc - Girls with shears etc all standing around - when a beardless youth concealed outside stage entrance slips in very

noiselessly and gives the victim a good sound smack on the lips - (Beardless youth - Frank Foster) - It was even more fun than when we played it with Horner with Charles Dunn determined to be sure he paid back - as kined every one there - nearly! Such a performance was not repeated here, but we had just barrels of fun - Mr. Boufield and one or two others - at first laid the blame on me (how could they?) until they saw the next man. The utter shocked-ness and embarrassment of some of them - and their chagrin and great amusement when they saw the trick, coupled with the complete mystification and curiosity of those who were still outside - was enough to make us scream with laughter - It was funniest of all, to the men when they had seen! Dr. Foster said the next morning that Mrs. Foster had waked up laughing about it -

Mr. Whitman preached the conference sermon last night - Let me inform ym that it was a very nice quartet that rendered a song just before the sermon - "Thy sins be as scarlet" - Sopranos - Miss Falden; Alto - Miss Sanderson; Tenor Mr. Capen; Bass, Mr. F. Foster - Mr. Capen & I, of course, sang the duet parts - and were after wards highly complimented (Debut, eh?)

This afternoon Dr. E., Dr. Leach and I have been invited to inspect the seminary - Tomorrow P. M. we are invited to tea at Mrs. Dr. White's, over in Swallow -

They are English Presbyterians - we have been invited to play tennis over there -

I went to walk with Miss Culley and the girls yesterday afternoon. The girls are such lovable ones and they were so delighted to be able to teach me a few words -

Mail time now - Love to you & Father -
I'm hungry for your letters!

Abbie -

Swanton - Monday, Apr. 29, 1918

Dear Mother:

Perhaps you think I didn't shout hallelujahs Saturday morning when I got your letter. I have been making up my mind for some time not to expect a letter until I got one, but when Miss Fielder got a letter last Friday that her sister in Mass. had mailed the 7th of March, I began to pick up my ears - and although I didn't mean to expect a letter at all - yet something way in the back of my head reckoned that since $7+7=14$, and since you might be mailing a letter to me about the fourteenth - that perhaps, in a week or so! — — — ! So you see I hadn't got to the prickly expectation point - although I was truly fast approaching it - Yes, your letter was the first I read - and the first anyway except the Monkey Ward statements that my orders had been received, which came at the same time as your ^{letter} did, but didn't receive proper attention, I am afraid until some time later - Perhaps you have been able to read between the lines, as it were, thus far, to see that I'm glad to get your letter - ?

I think some of the questions in your mind will be answered in my letters between "then + now" - but I can't be sure - and I'd better say it twice rather than leave it out, I suppose -

11 I needed my heavy coat in Boston, New York & Blomfield
When I got to Washington I didn't and Mr. Tatum voted
it round all afternoon - but by five o'clock I was very
comfortable with it ~~on~~, ~~that~~ since a good little breeze
had come up - and in the evening I was glad to have
it. All the rest of the way I needed it, even at the
last port in Japan - and I wouldn't have shivered so
much if I had worn it in Shanghai. The pictures I am
enclosing will show that I did not wear it in Manila.

The one of me standing in the stern of the boat, by
ladder, was taken probably the first week out. The
other three were taken all in the same week - between
Kagasaki and Manila. These are of our own printing,
and the brown ones have already begun to fade - little
white spots - If they are too faded when you get them
let me know and I'll have some better ones ^{re-printed} ~~to~~ ^{to other folks}
I want to send some of the Manila ones home.
(We haven't yet got very good prints from the Nobe ones.)
The loads the coolies are carrying look as though we
were moving our household goods, don't they? And of
course we simply appropriated them for the picture!
My trunks and me got here safely - you should
see my big trunk now, though - It has a good deal of
iron on it, trimmings, etc - all of which are rusted
to beautiful dark brown! They say I can have
it painted, though - but if I have to buy one when I
come home, it will be with brass finishings.

I did get steamer letters, very nice ones, from Helen P., Aunt Bertha, and Uncle Jas - (He confessed his mistake and said he was very sorry about Henry Yeaton's not seeing me. Would it be proper to write a little note to him, and enclose some interesting snapshot of me - ? Is he any relation to me? Is his address just Portsmouth - Is he Hon. or any such title? (title)

It makes us pant to hear you tell about melting snow for wash water - Helen Fielder says she misses the snow terribly - We just roared at your account of the upset - Glad nobody - even the empty jar - was hurt. I hope you will get away from Bridgewater without anybody's being killed by the ugly, white beast! Tell pa the next time he takes her out to give her a couple of good Lord whacks from me!

Just the day before your letter came, the March "number" of Missions got here - I was very proud to see your name among the prize winners and pointed it out to everybody who came in - I haven't read the little book - & it sounds very interesting - you'd better find out, though, before you send me anything, whether you have to have an old export license for it, or anything! Maybe you don't have to, for books - I didn't find out a bit more about C. Rich - Myrtle had told me all she knew - They think Chas. was just bullied into it, and with no real reason - It's as I thought, it must be - Mr. Stephens had a gun - and Chas. was scared, as promised -

That's hard to believe, but easier for me to believe than the other, of Chas.

I told you I thought I shouldn't mention success, and I didn't -

This language is most dreadfully discouraging. You just begin to get the faintest gleam of how a thing goes, then they tell you that usually it is not like that or means something else, maybe! I've needed P. 121 more for this than you can imagine - It makes me rather chagrined to find I'm so stupid. You're no idea how positively furious I get with myself to think I can't remember the words. It is perfectly maddening to find you can do so little in the very place where you ought to sail along like a summer breeze -!

"Of course, I hear you say, 'you've only studied it two weeks'! Maybe I am too impatient - Well, the others got it somehow - and if I just have to bore it out stupidly, as Arthur would say - why I suppose that is the thing to try, as only one part of my 'pressing toward the mark'."
(Tuesday, Apr. 30)

Sunday morning at church Miss Culley translated the sermon for me - word for word - in a whisper - A fine sermon on prayer - Then the song that they sang was the "Glorious Song" - I had heard the regular leader training the boys in school - and they flattered most heart-rendingly - so I was already to shut my ears as much as possible. But instead - Mr. Capen led the singing of that song - and it went off beautifully - So there are two

very pleasant surprises that I had - I hadn't expected, of course, to understand a word of the talk - I congratulated Mr. Capen afterwards on the success of the song - and got him to tell the preacher that I was able to enjoy the sermon very much - by Miss Culley's translating it - He was delighted - In the afternoon we went to walk with the girls and you may be sure I enjoyed it - We wandered over a big hillside for a while - then settled down on the grass and sang hymns - we in English & the girls in Chinese - It was so quiet and restful -

Yesterday I did my first whole day's work with the teachers - We are studying with her now from quarter of ten to quarter of twelve, & from two to four - I was glad to get my little sleep from 1 to 2 - and also glad for the picnic supper we had on our porch in the evening - The other kóu-né's were invited, meaning Dr. E. Miss Northcott, Miss Traver & Dr. Leach - also Frank Fortes - Sandwiches, salads, icecream & cake - and they old college songs & war songs -

(Later) Girls' prayer meeting again tonight - Helen Fielden and I stayed afterward and the girls simply shouted to hear me pronounce some of the Chinese words. It's more fun than a barrel of monkeys!

Well, this letter should have been sent off Monday morning, and won't get there until very much later than I wish, unless I finish it up tonight.

I announced to my family here tonight at dinner that my first name is "Abbie" - They are taking the hint beautifully - and you may be sure I liked first rate!

Then after dinner I made bold to tell the house boy all myself (the others listening) "Kau-tien ai" soi-lek-tiui" - (At nine o'clock I wish bath water) - One thing at a time - That is the way I have to learn - The blessed house boy wore a broad grin as I said it!

Love to you - and tell pa that even though the letter is addressed to you - he needn't get jealous, for I love him just the same!

Dutiful Daughter

Abbie

Travel Account -

| | | Rec. | Exp. | Bal. |
|------------------------------------|-------|--------|-------|--------|
| Cash for exp. to Vancouver | | 75.00 | | |
| Tickets { | | | | |
| Bridgewater to Boston | 11.81 | | | |
| New Y. to Chi; Pullman p. Wash. | 13.34 | | | |
| Pullman, Pitts. to Newark | .75 | | | |
| " " " " Chicago | 2.20 | | | |
| " " " " Chic. to St. Paul | 2.20 | | | |
| " " " " St Paul to Vancouver | 12.10 | | | |
| | | | 42.40 | |
| Meals | | | 9.05 | |
| Tips | | | 2.85 | |
| Luggage, Baggage Transfer & Excess | | | 10.18 | |
| | | 75.00 | 64.48 | 10.52 |
| Cash for Exp. Vancouver to Swaton | | 100.00 | | |
| Vancouver: { | | | | |
| Bus fares | .50 | | | |
| Meals | 4.45 | | | |
| Tips | .35 | | | |
| Hotel | 6.00 | | | |
| | | | 11.30 | |
| Tips on Steamer | | | 8.84 | |
| Hong Kong to Swaton: (Mex.) | | | | |
| Trams, sedans, etc | 1.85 | | | |
| Hotel | 21.95 | | | |
| Tips | 1.00 | | | |
| Telegraph | .45 | | | |
| Lunch | 3.00 | | | |
| Trunk Storage | .50 | | | |
| Coast Steamer | 20.00 | | | |
| Sampan | .75 | | | |
| | 49.50 | | | |
| (Mex) | | | | |
| | | | 30.00 | (gold) |
| | | 100.00 | 50.14 | 49.86 |
| | | | | 60.38 |
| Bal. to return | | | | |

Do you think this is clear - and full enough?

Mr. Wheeler gave me \$75 to get to Vancouver, and \$100 to
get from Vancouver to Sitka - Dated. I tell you what
I'll do - I'll send you a copy of my account, as it went
to Mr. Wheeler - Then of course my ocean ticket - over \$200,
and ticket from Chicago to Vancouver + Boston to New York
were bought for me already - You'll notice the \$11.81 on
my bill - which of course Father had given to me - But
it was a part of the expense, and I'll keep that in
mind as a part that I owe Pa - You'll be interested
to know that my \$50 was all gone when I got here -
also the \$11.81! My ticket from Newark to Columbus -
tickets, tips etc. from Columbus up to Cleveland and out
to Willard, where I took up my train west, came to
\$17.31 - I had to pay \$1.10 storage in Chicago - But
it didn't take long to spend money when you buy dishes
in Japan - and a chair + bed net in Hong Kong -
The chair was \$8.10 + the net \$16.50 mex. - For my
\$20 gold piece I got \$33. mex. Reckon how much that
means - Then I had a pair of white shoes in Columbus
etc, etc - My draft for \$92.29 of outfit money will
come in very handy for summer vacation, I'm thinking
Our plans are all made for us - and it won't be
very expensive - I have sent the draft to Mr. Staffard
and am waiting to hear from him as to the money I
have left over. \$40 of it is in gold - and I shall
have to send it by some person - Maybe he will
take it out of the draft and let me keep it.