

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

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Swatow, May 7, 1918

Dearest Beloveds!

Dr. Everham and I have just returned from a week-end visit to Chaochowfu, where we were most hospitably entertained by the Hildreths. All the time we were away from here my fingers itched to be writing you about it all, but there was no time for that then. And if you don't get a complete account now, it will be because some of the strange, interesting sights, sounds and smells have been simply crowded out by the myriad other new sights, sounds. Can I ever tell it all!

Friday night I sent my few necessary extras down to Dr. E's house, to be put in her suitcase - We traveled with only the one. Among other things I was putting my raincoat in, when I discovered that the rubberized inside part of it was something like the tar on sidewalks in a very hot sun - It scurched my hand at the touch - I don't know just what can be made from it, but at least it is no longer wearable. I borrowed Mrs. Worley's old one, which I have since bargained to buy. It is cravenette, is longer by two inches than my other, and the only objection to it is sleeves big at the top which I can very easily have changed -

Saturday morning at quarter of six, I was just finishing my breakfast, and was preparing

to start out, in my blue plaid voile dress and white shoes - with hat, when down came a pattering of sudden rain - Black shoes, raincoat, rubbers, etc., were in the suitcase, down at the Rest House (name of Dr. E's house). I borrowed a pair of rubbers from Mrs. Worley and managed to get down there between drops. Dr. E. had put on white shoes too - and while she and Frank Foster were breakfasting, I changed shoes & got out my raincoat - She did likewise later. You see F. Foster stays at the boys' dormitory at night, and has meals with the Capens - So he avoided bothering them by leaving his breakfast with Dr. E. I forget to say that he went too, but he came home Sunday night, thereby missing the exciting part, - so I hardly think about his being there.

It rained most of the time we were on our way. In the little boat, crossing the bay, I read the clipping you sent about the Chinese language - A discussion followed which brought to light some very important points that were omitted by the Chinese gentleman. The gravest doubt lay in the matter of characters being learned without study - Perhaps he, being different from the rest of his kind, did not spend years upon years studying characters when he was a child - but we'd like for him to prove it - Chinese characters take the place, in a fashion, of gender in certain

African dialects - where there are some eighteen or twenty genders instead of the English three - Etc. etc. But the discussion wherever I have spoken of this clipping, or read it - has waxed warm - and the unanimous consensus of opinion is that the Chinese gentleman who wrote so fervently was able to speak only in the same sort as would an American for instance, one of us, were we expressing merely our feelings as regards this difficulty, from our own point of view, of the English language as a means of communication. He is telling merely his side of the story - which is one-sided at that. You see what a fire this little matter kindleth. In fact Mr. Hildreth asked me to write you for some extra copies of the Bangor Daily containing that clipping. - Well!

We crossed the city in rikshas - in the rain - and left the "Head Station", Swatow, about 7.30 A.M. Lian Kiu - the Rest House house-boy went with us to see to the luggage, and to buy tickets & look out for us generally. F. F.'s boy was with him, too. The train journey took us by rice fields and oranges groves, small villages and larger communities - with buffaloes plowing in the fields, and men standing waist deep in a ~~flat~~ <sup>flooded</sup> field here and there - pulling the weeds and preparing to plant greens, probably - Every where mountains in the

distances, nearer and farther, gave variety to the scenery.

By the time we had reached Chaochow - about an hour and a half, it was raining again. Our baggage had to be inspected - which seemed somewhat of an outrage, and there we were taken through the streets of that old old city, in sedan chairs. I wish I could picture truthfully to you the newness and strangeness of it all!


Most of the streets we traveled were at the maximum twelve feet wide - and that includes space running under the shop tables, which extended into the street both sides. One might almost have taken a brass dipper or a rice basket, from the counter as he went by! Even the food stands, with hot round griddles on which simmered ~~hot~~ green smelling fish cakes - were almost in the middle of our path -; it's quite a wonder we didn't knock them over, I think.

Before we knew it, we found ourselves being carried from one part to another of a big bridge affair crossing a wide river. Enormously long whole stone slabs connected small square towers at regular intervals, like this:



Then on the instant, I was suddenly conscious that the men were taking me down some steep, steep stairs. Moreover - they were taking me at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  more or less - and I was uncomfortably afraid I might tip out head foremost, at the front chairman's heels - The middle part of the bridge, it seems, is a floating affair - a raft like thing which lies flat on the water. I had held my breath as we went down the stairs - but that was not a circumstance to going up on the other side. Can you see me?

(Much worse than this)



When they got me almost to the top - they got weary, and the thing toppled - I had the suitcase with me, which made the load somewhat heavier. For a moment and a half, when the front man staggered, I had weird dreams of chairman, sedan, suitcase and foreign lady much frightened, all in a crumpled battered heap at the bottom of that terrible stone steps. But the servant came and pushed too - and the critical moment was over. We had a steep, rough hill and a wilder pair of steps after that, before we climbed out at Hildreth's door.

We found Mrs. Hildreth a little sweet, sensitive, brave lady who was intensely glad to see us - She is a Mt. Holyoke girl who knows Ruth Sanderson

of Moosup - a class mate - Her name was Lottie Lane ('65) She has lost two tiny babies - and will probably be dangerously ill this third time - She sails the 23rd of June - or before -

In the afternoon the sun came out, so Mr. Hildreth took us for a "tit-toi" (walk for pleasure) through the city - We looked at some wonderful old embroideries, gazed at all the business in the stores on the street, and were gazed at and pointed at in turn by the interested passersby. We visited a big Buddhist temple - with its huge gilded idols, ugly-faced and grinning. I have often read <sup>writing</sup> of the depressed feeling missionaries have had in the heathen temples - but I never dreamed I should have the same experience. The absurdity of the thing is what has always struck me - the unreasonableness I cannot explain, though the dreadful heaviness and dragging at the heart strings that came over me with the realization of what it actually meant. I could have wept for the pity of it, right then and there - these poor, blind blind ones in their ignorance striving for they know not what! And I have seen nothing of it all yet - everyone tells me -

The stairs were much better to walk over than to ride - we found - but Sunday morning we were taken across the river in a small boat

to the chapel where the service was held. The people there do not often see foreigners, except the few missionaries (the Hildretts are the only Baptists now) - so they were accordingly much more interested <sup>in us</sup> than in Swatow. But I was not as deeply touched at any time in the morning as I was in the afternoon at the little Sunday school down in the tiny village on the other side of the river. There were two classes of girls and one of boys. The smaller girls were from six to nine. I should judge, and next to them were two young heathen women. One of them was a stolid looking one, - she had not been there before. The other one took her turn at reading with the little girls from the Chinese Bible and could answer as many questions about the lesson they had in Mark as any of them could. She had such a sweet bright wistful face. Both of them were somewhat painted, and very much powdered, and had the queerest <sup>stiff</sup> fan shaped hairdress - I was amazed to see those grown women coming in with the little children - I shall not forget their faces for many a day.

We had not planned to stay until Tuesday - but Monday was to be a gala day, and we couldn't make up our minds to miss it. The Hildretts would have been very much hurt and disappointed, too. In 1914 Mr. Hildrett and some of the other missionaries in Chaochow helped settle a war between some



Northerners and Southerners - In memorial of this act a monument had just been erected in the heart of the city and this was the day of celebration. Monday morning we all gathered roses and helped Mrs. Hildreth arrange them. Then we had an early luncheon and just in time too - We heard the band playing and the drums rolling. Mr. H. stood at the gate, though it was a drizzling rain - to welcome them. We watched the procession from the veranda - as it wound in through the trees and around the hills up to the house. Bright banners hanging limply, the undaunted band - then the long line of sedans. Then we went into the living room upstairs just in time to welcome the honorable gentlemen as they came up. They were the important men of the city - scholars - board of trade - the head of the gentry - and in fact the city fathers - It was indeed an event.

Some of them were much interested in us - one gentleman asked Mrs. Hildreth who we were - Some doubtless thought we were the other two wives -! We bowed to each other - then the men passed out on to the veranda where they sat down and were served to tea and fancy cakes - Oh, I forgot the great string of firecrackers that was set off just as the company entered or

Mr. H. is 6 ft 4 in. tall - and he made rather an imposing figure among all those Chinese men when he appeared in his long Prince Albert. Just before they went they presented him with a huge red satin banner, edged with lavender satin and red silk fringe spangled and lined with bright pink print such as qait he had for quilts in America. The satin was beautifully embroidered in big gold characters which meant something like "Urgently coming to the rescue in time of distress." His name in Chinese was also embroidered upon it.

The procession visited the others in like manner - ~~the~~ English Presbyterian missionaries, a Chinese Red Cross doctor, and a French priest.

About a half hour after they left our house - we were taken across the river to the Presbyterian missionaries' houses, where sedans were waiting for us.

The ride from there to the monument is the temple square beggars description. The rain was pelted down steadily with the force of a heavy summer shower that often immediately follows a sharp shock of thunder - I was obliged to have a curtain up in front nearly all the way - so couldn't tell whether I was being taken with the others or not. It's a rather panicky feeling that is inspired by the thought that you might be left alone in the midst of a jabbering

heathen city when you can't say enough Chinese  
to tell your chairmen to stop, even! Ah, me!

Upon arrival we were escorted to a room in  
a temple (not where the idols were). There was a  
semblance of a white cloth upon a large table in  
the center. The men were seated around this  
table - the missionaries and most important Chinese  
men. The three ladies were given seats near,  
but in the background - after the men were seated.  
It seemed so queer! And then we were served  
to a bowl of hot condensed milk, which we  
~~ate~~ with a white spoon shaped like the one  
we've always had on the parlor table at home -  
Then tea in the real Chinese cups, with the  
little covers - and little sweet crackers.

Although it was still pouring, they wanted  
to try a photograph. We didn't wish to be  
included in this, so we wandered around on  
the outside of the temple square to see what  
went on from the opposite side. That taking  
of the picture appeared to be the most important  
thing of it all. The place was highly decorated  
with all sorts of flags, including the English  
American and French, of course.

The ride home was nearly, but not quite  
equal to the ride of Saturday, for we crossed  
that bridge again! I had fully made up my

ruined to get out and walk, but no one was near enough for me to hail, and I couldn't say a thing to the Chinese, of course! Well, I was nearly as scared as the first time but managed to keep calm and 'composed' until we reached the bottom of Hildreth's hill -; then I did get out and walk up. We were drenched, but quickly dried out. I had taken my little new white (apron) dress for a change - and that is what I wore to receive the gentlemen and also to take the ride.

The next morning we were taken across to the South Gate again (Presby. Min) and chairs were ready for us. The boat wouldn't go quite up to the shore, so the men brought the chairs out and set them on the boat while we got in. Mr. Hildreth came ashore pig back! He left us at the P. Min. since we had a good servant with us, and had plenty of time to catch our train. We were taken around the outside of the city this time - Dr. Everham was ahead - and as we went along the narrow winding path sometimes the top of her chair would completely disappear into a little valley, and I would see it next perhaps, <sup>just</sup> disappearing around the turn of a hill. We went through some small village outskirts of the city - It was entirely new

sensation to have curious dark faces peering directly into the chairs, some were tott shouting and pointing gleefully at us, - everyone staring us out of countenance.

On the train we were supposed to have a car to ourselves, but about the middle of the journey they crowded on - and were excitedly interested in our knitting - I'd have given my old shoes to know what they said about us!

And when we had been taken in our rickshas around Swatow, and came at last out on to the great wide Bund (street facing the water) I caught myself in the middle of a very deep sigh of relief - It was good to feel able to breathe again!

I'm glad to have the list of the boxes' contents. It's rather discouraging to think about their ever getting here, isn't it. I've had a letter since the first one, from Montgomery Ward, stating that they couldn't supply the bed, and spring, and mattress, until they got a new stock from the factory! The canned alcohol they cannot supply at all, but that doesn't matter; I can get alcohol out here.

Arthur's steamer letters were splendid - they included the pictures you spoke of - No, I haven't written to Ethel - I had planned to,

but don't feel that I can while she is going back and forth to Riverside Farm. If she goes away from there for good, I may - Can't tell.

I think I have already told you in some letter that I did arrange for the insurance in Boston - \$10 monthly to be sent to you - I felt that was all I could dare to have sent to you for a while - until I got started.

I'm wondering just what kind of letters I did write from Vancouver and Yokohama - I hope none caused you to worry - Your letter seems to indicate that you won't worry, yet there's a hint that I might do something foolish - as any girl might, I suppose. But your fears have been allayed by this time, I hope!

Tell Harvey there is a terrible scarcity of men (single ones) out here - This is just a plain simple statement "Nothing implied" (as Margaret signed in her letter to A. when she wrote "As 10 derly as B 4")! It must do your heart's good to have his voice in meetings -

Anxious to hear about Pa -

Love

Abbie

Swatow, China,

May 13, 1918

Dear folks -

This is an experiment - Miss Culley has just loaned me a piece of very thin carbon paper, to be used in writing duplicate letters. So Arthur will get exactly the same this time as the home "beloveds" do, and without its taking the ordinary amount of extra time to get the letter off.

I got two letters from home the day I had mailed my last one to Bridgewater; the ones dated March 26th and April 1st. You see it took the last one just a little over five weeks to come. I presume that's about as soon as I can usually expect to get mail. But when do you dream I shall hear from that brother of mine?

Heretofore I haven't said anything about the little earthquakes we have been having since I arrived. I don't know just why I didn't, except perhaps that I thought you might worry. But now I'm sure there is no need of worry, because the shakes seem to be diminishing in force and size. The first one I experienced was when I had been here only a few days. We were at afternoon tea in our living room, and with a queer, rather loud rumbling sound <sup>that came</sup> one of the girls said, "There's a little

shake for you" - I picked up my ears at that, of course, and immediately an appreciable shaking occurred - together with the most tremendous rattling of the doors, windows and shutters. If I had been mildly excited a minute before, you can imagine the sensations when I suddenly found myself half expecting the walls of the house to tumble about my very ears. Because you see, I didn't know how bad it was going to be. I know it's very foolish to be frightened the least little bit, for it's only when you are in a house that you feel these little shakes, they say. But I have always happened to be lying down, or sitting around - in the house! They have come every four or five days, sometimes oftener. This morning we had the smallest one I have felt. I didn't know at first but it was one of the servants walking heavily down stairs. Maybe they are going to stop altogether very soon. Here's hoping!

Well, well! What a surprise! Just this minute as I was looking over that last home letter, and wondering why no name was signed to it, happened to glance into the envelope, and there beside Harriett Crauska Seaton's letter (which I was indeed glad to get) was another little piece that I.



hadn't read. It's almost like getting a new letter, truly. And especially since it contains the reassurance that two of the very dear ones are praying for me every day. I knew they were, but it is comforting beyond words, to be told so in words. And I feel sure the third one does, too. I surely don't forget those three - any day of my life!

I can't believe that you didn't know about the earthquake before I started - I'm surely certain we talked about it the day before I left home - or was it in Newton Center? I can't help wondering what I have said or haven't said about the damage done. One of the two "Girls' School" buildings was hurt so that it is not in use yet. Repairs are getting along beautifully - that is, as well as could be expected when not enough help can be secured to do the work rapidly. Of course it is all too slow out here anyway - The house we are in suffered a few cracks in the wall, but is otherwise safe.

I'm going to put some of the carbon written sheets in each letter. Can you tell them apart?

Very lovingly yours,  
Abbie

Whether did you intend to send your love to Miss Parich in this letter? I'm going to write to her, and I'll send it - to Burma!

May, 16 -

Just a bit of a postscript, my dears, to tell you that I have led my first prayermeeting in China - It came to be my turn in the list of "inhabitants" alphabetically - and although they gave me the chance of refusing if I really wanted to - and although I did really want to refuse - and hadn't much of anything to say, and was pretty scart. still, I'm glad I did it.

I happened to see a little motto on a calendar of "Miss Culleys" - Human life is a mission, of which the Aim is Service, the Law Sacrifice, and the Strength, Fellowship with God" - My new Bible was a great help in looking up references that show this worked out in the lives of Abraham, Moses, Paul - and also Christ - and some which point the direct way for us. Afraid it wasn't very clearly worked out - but it surely was good material to work on. I'd like to hear pa preach a sermon on it -

Dr. Everham and I have mentors twice a week now - Dr. Ashmore Wednesday and Mrs. Waters Friday - to inspect our work, see how we are getting along in the language - criticize, etc. It is very helpful -  
Love again -  
Abbie.

No 6. <sup>I enclose this lock of hair to Dad - I know his hair getting thin on top and have to adopt a wig -</sup>  
<sup>Wesley's a starter - missionary</sup>  
<sup>This life affects me!</sup>  
Swatow, May 19, 1918

Dearest Ma + Pa -

If I'm not the luckiest dog living, then I don't know who is. Began to get letters from home before I had been here three weeks - and have had them every straight week ever since - and one week two! Now yesterday I had just made up my mind that I couldn't get a letter every week from you - and when the mail was distributed Saturday morning I was quite resigned to wait another week - But more mail came in the P.M. and with your letter a splendid one from Ju. I must admit - it was almost too much for me. I had braced myself too hard in preparing not to get any letters - You never could explain, until you had actually been so far away, and so inaccessible - could you? - How terribly much letters mean - <sup>(This is best, not copious!)</sup> They are my life, out here, where I'm not busy studying, etc.

I forgot to say in my last letter that Dr. Clara Leach had the news of Father's being at Fairfax "as a candidate" before - or rather as soon as I did. We said very little about it - I don't know what she may or may not know - of course -

I'm very much taken with the service stamps on the backs of your last two letters - Wherever did you get them? I've extracted the last one, which happened to have no postmark

on it, and am going to put it on my next letter to Arthur - and tell him about it - Then if it sticks on his letter it will have been half way around the world - and three quarters of the way around back again, if he has sailed!

Your word concerning my "shares" is most encouraging - don't you think so? Indeed I am very much pleased to hear of Mr. + Mrs. Smith's share in the work - Isn't it a grand scheme - where they have been so prejudiced to just make themselves give because they get interested? Now pa - don't go and blab that I said that! I am tickled and if I ever get time - I want to write to ~~the~~ Alta - Haven't even written to I. K. or Martha M. or Myrl as ~~you~~ since I got 'way to Swatow.

Nearly ten o'clock and I must get my sleep so that I'll be brilliant (not study tomorrow)!  
May 20 -

Many happy returns of the day - ! Here's a <sup>great</sup> big kiss and a pretty big hug for pa, and a medium sized kiss and a great big hug for ma - even if they don't get it until a month late - I realize that even this letter ought to be going to some place other than Bridgewater - but I'm hoping not many of them will have to be remailed

Oh - I forgot to say that this morning I was much delighted to receive your Apr. 14 letter - I think it's a splendid thing to number the letters, and will try to number mine hereafter - & wish you would. This is the only way we can tell whether all arrive. This Apr. 14. one should be No. 6.

Keenly interested in all doings of pa & the church that you related - As to the Pullman you missed, pa - "Pa - where's your shirt?" - You don't mind my sending back over the seas to you a very wicked, teasing little grin, do you? Because you mustn't go to sleep in church, you know - and that sometimes applies to times out of church, too! Oh, pa! Were you dreaming of the Pullman "roofs" in the berths, when you bump your head every time you sit up - , as you slept peacefully in that dear old Portland station - "Put not thy trust in megaphones" - especially when you haven't seen Dr. Centerville Brown for some months - Oh, you pa!

Let me say before I forget it that if you haven't sent or tried to send that book on missions "The Why & How" - don't - because I mentioned it out here and Mrs. Worley produced it very soon - and I have read the most of it this last week.

Weren't you rather shocked and horrified to have such a startling picture of yourself printed

right in Zion's Advocate? Oh, Mother-r-r!  
"It's lucky those people don't really know me" I  
hear you say - Is it queer that they should  
put such an one - with so many shortcomings  
and failings - on such a pedestal - (Pa - don't  
tell them on her - will you? Let 'em go on gassing  
as long as they can find anything to say about  
"Abbie Sanderson's mother" - I need to have my  
reputation strengthened through the county, you know.  
Then when I make some bad blunders out here -  
they won't be so much noticed if they know I'm  
in strong with the folks at home!) A little reputation  
you know - ! Well - Mother - dear - I do appreciate  
the clipping you sent - because I feel that it is  
just such words that express exactly your feeling -  
and as I have said before - It's a greater comfort  
than I can tell - to have things in words - out  
here -

You don't know how I'm hoping that by some  
look or crook you were able to get to that  
Portland meeting - I s'pose not - but I know  
you would have so much enjoyed it - especially  
the part when your darling daughter was being  
rolled in taffy - fried in honey drippings -  
sprinkled with powdered sugar and set on  
high for the mouth-watering audience to lick  
their chops over - My - mustn't it have been

"sweet" - ? If ym were able to go - I know ym heard a splendid program - for almost the whole list are women I know - who have something worth while to say - But I suppose ym couldn't go -

Letter from Zu says that she is saving money for me and that she expects to write again in about two weeks - She wants me to tell her "all about everything" - A letter from Eva S. today tells of Dot's letting things go that "we wouldn't have overlooked" or that "we didn't use to overlook" - She likes Dot - and doesn't know what she would have done without her since I came away - but "she's not ym", she says. "There is so much freedom allowed. it will be hard to get some one who will set things right again" - Well - it's good to be told that ym are missed, anyhow! And Eva says she's going to write again soon - so my pen will have to fly - Another letter from Mabel states that she may come by way of Hong Kong and will wave (!) to me as she goes by - I shall see her if possible - But - she also says that Ethel Ross may be sent to South China - Alack and alas - ! Will it be my fate to live in the house or perhaps even room with that dear conscientious girl? Whatever will happen to me if that's the case - ? Ah me - and

I won't have any Mabel to bubble over to, either. Mr. E. is very fond of Ethel.

I suppose you received a letter from Mrs. Burlingame. Her letter to me yesterday said that she was going to write to you. I'm wondering what she said. I'm sure you'll be delighted to know that she was anxious to come to Boston to see me. She told Luther that if she had any money she would invite him to take her down when I went through. He said "I'll do it without any money". And when Warren got home and heard about it, he said "I'll take you down". (That is the way she wrote it.) But you see my nice letter to Warren forestalled the pleasant meeting. Ah me!

Did I tell you that I wrote the letter I planned to Minnie Rich on the steamer, and mailed it from Yokohama? But as I think of it now, I'm afraid I shall never hear from her, for I spoke rather plainly, though as kindly as I could. That family's members all stick together pretty well - and she may think too that I'm "endowed with the gift of sarcasm"! Ah me!

Mabel writes that she may sail any time between August and December - according to when any missionary family comes out to West China. I wonder what missionary family it might be! (Ah, me!)



I meant to add that Warren has enlisted, but has been rejected on account of his defective hearing. I wonder if I ever told you that he was deaf in one ear - always sat on the same side of the street car with me - etc. Mrs. B's letter is quaint, as usual - only a little longer, because she was so impressed by my actually coming out here, I suppose -

Yrid never in the wide world guess what I saw yesterday afternoon. An American gunboat was near here - and the sailor boys came ashore to have a game of basket ball with our Academy boys. The Chinese are lighter and quicker - much smaller - but haven't great powers of endurance, and some of them got pretty well fagged. The sailors beat (and I couldn't for the life of me help being just a wee bit glad!) but the Chinese boys put up a good fight, and though they were ahead more than half the time, the Navy boys came out at the end with a score of 14-17. It was a ~~close~~ game - and I couldn't help thinking what if one of those were my brother-boy! I felt like popping right into their faces & asking them if they knew Arthur Sanderson! But I didn't.

Please tell me how I'm going to write to forty people when it takes a week to write all except of what I want to, to you people?

Very much love - Abbie.

Swatow, May 28, 1918

Dearest Folks;

Perhaps I don't wish you could have been here yesterday! A week ago was Dr. Enck's birthday and while everybody was lovely to her and sent roses and some sent little presents, I never thought that anything would happen this week, of my birthday! But I had another think coming.

One of the doctors - from the other house - came up about half past five to get me to go to walk with her! Like a greedy little fish, I bit hard, and went. She kept saying, when I was anxious to get back by six thirty that it was still early, and it was a pity to go in, and all - So it was seven o'clock when we finally got back, but they had not begun for some mysterious reason the dining room door was shut, I noticed. I began to guess then that something was up - but didn't dream of the long table that met my gaze when I went in, with all the young women missionaries of the compound standing around - and a beautiful long pink and white May pole in the center. Across the end, at the seat of honor, was a miniature clothes line, with various

with pink and white  
begin was sent by Mrs. Waters

sized packages strung on it. It said, "As usual, Monday's wash-day, and be it wet or fine, You may find something you'll fancy hanging on this line." I was almost too excited to open the packages, but I did manage somehow - I found a present from each one - from a sandalwood fan to a little image with my jī or Chinese character (the one that they call me out here), on the bottom, and some red stamping stuff to use it with. Like this -  
Isn't that pretty grand? It is pronounced Sing and the character means grandchild or courteous.



A Maypole streamer led to each place and at the end each found a funny anecdote and some bright conundrums. At some of the places were toasts - all very complimentary to the guest of honor and none too true, I fear. We had a splendid supper - then went upstairs to listen to the Victrola and to play games -

I forgot to say that all day long huge bouquets of roses kept coming. Beautiful pink and yellow ones - just like hot house ones, for all the world. I had a wonderful day!

Mrs. Worley, who lives here in the same house with me, wrote this following - What do you think of it?

"May 27, 1918"

A stands for Abbie who has a birthday,

B is her Bonnet, new-fashioned and gay.

Next B is her Brother who's now in the fleet,

I marks his Intent for an admiral's seat.

E stands for the Earthquake news sent o'er the main,

But it could not our valiant Kou-nie detain.

S. stands for her surname, both Eastern and West,

Shall come when you call her - choose which you like best.

A stands for white Ants and all their Allies

That sometimes attack her and call forth loud cries.

N stands for the Novelty of a new tongue

That's Nasal and (h) Notty yet yields lots of fun.

X stands for the Dirty, Detestable mold

That covers her trunk straps and makes them look old.

E stands for Endeavor, and Energy too (through).

That through every emergency bears her right

R stands for the Rain which is always at hand

Whenever she goes for a visit inland

S. stands for the Streets with their <sup>their</sup> Sights and

Of which this young lady most graphically tells.

O stands for Oracle whispering fame

When the language examiners hard questions <sup>I frame.</sup>

N. stands for her Nature that's Lappy and gay -

May she here in our midst pass full many a May!

(May 30.)

This is surely proving to be my week - what do you suppose? - Yesterday morning two of the school girls came over with bright red envelopes for each of the three of us - Miss Culley, Miss Fildes & me - Perusal (with the help of my teacher) found the enclosed document to say - "Honorable Teacher" this evening from 5 to 7 - we have washed our cups clean - clean - we invite you - please" - and more - The graduating class had planned this feast as a surprise for us - I can hardly begin to tell you all the things we had - Taro - a vegetable like sweet potato, came first - in one dish in the middle of the table - we reached over and dipped out what we could with our chopsticks - They were very polite and said I got along beautifully with my chopsticks - but I wanted to laugh at myself for actually being able to do it! Then we had Lotus seeds in a sweet soup - oysters in a gray gooey elastic stiff rice cooked with a sticky gelatinous stuff - sweet cakes made of rice flour, gelatin and peanuts - a whole fish, and a whole chicken on the table - each with head - feet - tail, wings, fins - and all - I know that sounds funny - but you can separate it for yourself - the fins & feet, I mean! Imagine my amazement (plus!) when I found that my fried egg had the yolk saturated with brown sugar - We had a little fruit, and one kind was hard green

May 27th. 1918.

A stands for Abbie, who has a birthday,  
B is her Bonnet, new-fashioned and gay. Next  
B is her Brother, who's now in the fleet,  
I marks his Intent for an Admiral's seat.  
E stands for the Earthquake news sent o'er the main,

But it could not our valiant Kon-nie detain.

S stands for her surname, both Eastern and West,  
She'll come when you call her, choose wh. you like best.  
A stands for white Ants and all their Allies  
That sometimes attack her and call forth loud cries.  
N Stands for the Novelty of a new tongue,  
That's Nasal and (k) Notty, yet yields lots of fun.  
D stands for the Dirty, Detestable mould  
That covers her trunk straps and makes them look old.  
E stands for Endeavor, and Energy, too,  
That through every emergency bears her right through.  
R stands for the Rain which is always at hand  
Whenever she goes for a visit inland.  
S stands for the Streets, with their Sights & their Smells,  
Of which this young lady most graphically tells.  
O stands for Oracle, whispering fame  
When the language examiners hard questions frame.  
N stands for her nature, that's happy and gay,  
May she here in our midst pass full many a May.

# INDIVIDUAL ORDER

Quan. Amount

Cals. No. 1 .15c each

" " 2 .15 "

" " 3 .10 "

" " 4 .10 "

" " 5 .05 "

" " 6 .05 "

" " 7 .05 "

Pkg. " 8 .10 a pkg.

" " 9 .10 "

" " 10 .10 "

" " 11 .10 "

" " 12 .10 "

" " 13 .15 "

Baskets " 14 .05 each

" " 15 .05 "

" " 16 .05 "

" " 17 .05 "

Cards " 18 .10 "

" " 19 .10 "

" " 20 .10 "

" " 21 .10 "

" " 22 .10 "

" " 23 .10 "

Pkg. " 24 .10 a pkg.

" " 25 .10 "

Cards " 26 .05 each

" " 27 .05 "

" " 28 .05 "

" " 29 .05 "

" " 30 .05 "

" " 31 .05 "

" " 32 .05 "

" " 33 .05 "

" " 34 .05 "

" " 35 .05 "

Pkg. " 36 .05 a pkg.

" " 37 .05 "

State

City

SS.

Thai Tong, Aug 10, 1914

Dear Mother;

Forgive me for writing  
a very little letter to you this time.  
I decided that you'd be about as  
glad for once to read my letters  
to someone else as you would to  
get a long one yourself.

So I'm asking you to mail these  
two to Mrs. Speed and Mrs. Gammon.  
I enclose Chinese red cross stamps  
for you to put on the back of  
each. The snapshot of the six of  
us on ship board is for you - and  
also one of the Kak chieh postcards.  
If you choose the one with the most  
water showing, send the ~~other~~ one  
like it to Mrs. Speed. The primary  
children group of Eastview people,  
Sikshaw, and the Kobe and Chaschofu  
postcards to Mrs. Gammon -  
the others to Mrs. Speed.

I'm anxious for your next  
letter - from Fairfax, I presume.

Much love to you and  
Father -  
Your own daughter  
Cebbie -



