

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 2 / 13

Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow, Chaoyang

Dates: 1922 May - Aug

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No 171

Sewatow, China

May 1, 1922

Dearest On Earth!

'Tis May day - and my heart is singing a happy happy little song. One reason is that I've just had a letter (written Apr. 1) from my beloved mother, telling about her Fool's Day snowstorm. She says nothing whatever about cracked ribs, and I'm hoping they are getting well rapidly. The letter also tells about those lovely birthday spoons, and that makes me happy too.

Today is May day - and we had a May basket. Paul Cressey was at a sing at our house last night and Emily asked him if he was going to hang her a may basket. He asked about the proper time to hang a basket - and then Edna Smith said that if a girl guessed what man sent her a May basket, he must give her a silk dress. This morning before breakfast he brought lovely little may baskets around to our houses - with pretty flowers twined with red white & blue baby ribbon and a beautiful

verse about friendship - On the back of the card he promised a silk dress to whomever guessed the sender. Some of the girls sent over and he sent back word that after looking carefully through Monkey Ward's, the Baptist, and the Ladies' Home Journal - he had decided that this was ample material for a dress. He sent each a square inch of crepe de chine, or plaid, or whatever she wanted! He is a clever boy - and every nice kid brother to have on the compound.

Yesterday was enough to make anyone's heart sing. Out in the open air, in the big court and on the banks around the stone baptistry in one of our little valleys, eight or nine hundred people, possibly ^{at least} half of them Christians, were gathered to witness the solemn rite of baptism. Potted flowers bloomed around the edge of the basin, and the picture was completed by the score or so of baby faces which peered wonderingly ^{thru} the blossoms close to the rim of the pool. The childish treble of the little girls' song fluttered about, but was none the less

lovable. The music which followed, however, was of the kind we are just beginning to enjoy out here. It is hard, but not impossible, to train Chinese voices; and those of us who know what that means felt our hearts bubbling over when a group of the boys and girls from the high schools sang Stainer's beautiful "Who Are These?" In Chinese they sang it, bursting forth joyfully with the "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelu-jah!" then on more quietly "These are they, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb", and softening to subdued tenderness in the closing refrain "And God - shall wipe - away - all tears - all tears - from - their eyes all ... tears --- from -- their eyes all --- tears --- from - their eyes".

After a short sermon by Mr. Waters on the subject of baptism, the candidates came forward; and we had the happiness of seeing fifty-nine young men and boys and women and girls confess before ^{the world}

their determination to follow Christ as their Lord.

Only one or two of the fifty-nine have even reached middle age; the others have the best part of a lifetime to honor God here in the country that needs him so sorely.

Eight of the number are girls from our own school. One of them sits not three feet away from me as I write (I am giving her an examination in Old Testament History). Ever since she came to us three years ago from an absolutely heathen home we have watched her with the greatest interest and hope. About a month ago, when Dr. Potteat was here holding special meetings, Cheng-eng stood quietly in her place and signified her desire to become a Christian.

Her father is manager of theatrical performances which almost always are given in connection with idol worship, but he is willing, it seems, for his motherless little girl to become a Christian. Oh, help us to pray that he

will come soon, in spite of the many³ difficulties. At the examination of candidates this was one of the questions;

"And you are willing, you dare, for the sake of Jesus, to give up all worldly pleasures such as theaters?" Her answer rang bravely and clearly; "I am willing; I dare!" And she will!

There are other reasons why I am happy: we are to have ice cream for supper tonight; Elsie Kittitz, who was violently ill with indigestion yesterday, is much better; the sewing woman is coming tomorrow and may finish my blue linen dress; I've had my hair washed and it feels good and looks fairly decent. Moreover, I've just had a gift of \$25 from the dear women in Houlton, and I'm just generally uplifted.

We have had a cable from home saying that the work on the jubilee buildings does not have to cease, but we may go

ahead, and won't have to be quite
so crowded next year as we are
now. Oh - I have enough real
reasons for being happy so that
everything I can think of seems like a
reason to be happy -

I guess I'm happy, too, because
in about a year and a month -
or two months at most - I'll be
leaving for America - I just can't
seem to wait properly and sedately
for that time to come. When I
catch sight of you I am sure that
I shall jump ^{off} the train steps, or
turn a summersault or let out a
war whoop or something equally
terrifying, - that will disgrace
me forever in the eyes of those
who are looking for an old maid
missionary!

Enough for now?

Well - it's all full of
love - chock-a-block!

Yours Abbie

718 142.
Swatow, China, May 14, 1922

Dear Ones:

Two weeks again since I have written; what shall I do about it? I am as ashamed each time that I am late in writing as I was the time before but somehow I seem not to get over committing the misdemeanor. I guess I have been discouraged because a mail last week and one again today did not bring me any from you. The steamers are often capricious and probably tomorrow I'll be getting two or three from you. But even if I didn't write to you yesterday I did finish some other letters that I have been at for a long while; they are ones that I am very glad to have done, because they were on my conscience. One was to Cousin Harriet for the basket she sent me and the letter with an American one dollar bill; one was to Mrs. Nellie Sargent thanking her for the American \$5 which came to me from the Sargentville C.S. I told her that I was going to use the gift they sent for a liam or bamboo curtain outside my study window to keep out the glare. They are most necessary out here, and I am having to get all my own, because this year the Reference Committee did not deem it necessary to give the people who were just moving into a brand new house any house repair funds. Every other house has \$75 or \$100 and we have not a cent. But you know very well that a house that has never been lived in can often be more expensive than an old one. There are four of these heavy bamboo curtains that I must have at once and have already ordered; there are at least three more that would make my bedroom 200% more comfortable but I can't have them just now. I told them about the headaches that I often have and that some of them are due partly to the terrific glare out here in this climate, and said that their gift was to get for me the curtain that is to hang outside my study window, and that Sargentville C.S. would be printed down in one corner of it just as a little reminder to me of their thoughtfulness. (These liams cost from \$10 up, Mex., and the \$5 will just about buy one. The other letter was to Martha Mixer thanking her for the beautiful Sunshine calendar that she gave me at Xmas, and telling her that I would most certainly be delighted to receive the scrap books she suggested having the little Italian kiddies make and send to me. All three should have been written at least three months ago

These last weeks I have been trying to get some back papers corrected. I still have charge of recording ranks, and the second monthly exams have taken a good deal of time in spite of the fact that I have my teacher do most of the writing. The last three days of last week I was badly bothered by a headache. A picnic was planned for Saturday afternoon and evening, - go to Double Island, have a grand swim and then supper picnic style and moonlight sail back home with a good deal of loitering sprinkled in. By Thursday night my head was so bad that I decided I would not go to the picnic if I could get out of it. I didn't say anything, however until Saturday morning early. By that time I had decided that I would not go anyhow, and I told Emily so too. But then the rain came up and we couldn't go at all. Everybody else had hoped to go and had prepared the food thinking that the rain might let up. We didn't and at 4 o'clock they came around and said that we would have the party on Cowles veranda. Mabelle and Elsie had not been invited and we don't think it was very nice. I suppose I was a piker not to go, but I just felt that if I did go, and then got sick or too tired to do my work, people would have a chance to blame me for going. And I felt too miserable to go, anyway. I think that Emily really knew it was wiser for me to stay at home, yet perhaps thought I was "sorta" mean not to go: I know that Mabelle and Elsie thought I did right. I am glad I stayed, anyhow. Elsie is just getting up from a two weeks siege of indigestion.

It has fretted her terribly that she has had to miss her work. And now along comes word that she is wanted at Shanghai and Miss Prescott thinks it may be best for her to go there. She was sent here as a trial only, you know, but she understood as did we all, that if things worked out right, if she was happy here, and fitted into the work, and wanted to stay, that she would have the choice herself. She showed me last night the letter that she has written to Miss P. in which she says she is willing to go where the Lord wants her to go, even though it would be a wrench to leave here. I don't know whether I could be as obedient and submissive as that! I don't want her to go, of course!

My chief trouble at the present writing is that I have to lead the

missionary prayermeeting this Wednesday night and truly I haven't a thought in my head. This meeting is always much more of a trial to me than it ought to be. I haven't the proper spirit, I guess!

Well, I must quit and go to school.

Always with love,

Abbie

172

May 14, 1922

June 13, 1922

For Mother Only

The shoes are size 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ AAA

No 173.

Swatow, China, May 19, 1922

Dear Ones:

What do you suppose has happened to me? I consider myself one fortunate mortal, I can tell you. Late last night Mrs. Worley sent over a pair of brand new pair of beautiful white buckskin pumps, no, not pumps but laced oxfords, with a perforated pattern on the toes and everything! When I saw what size they were I was quite positive they would not fit me at all, but when I tried them on the second time I decided to keep them until this morning to see whether they were not exactly what I wanted but could not get in Hong Kong. And sure enough, they are. They fit me almost perfectly. They are a wee trifle longer than I need in the toe, but they really look smaller than almost any others of my shoes. And best of all, the white silk lacing that Mother sent out looks just scrumptious in them. My other shoes were almost too shabby for lovely gorgeous silk laces. And the price is \$7.50 gold, which is not to be sneezed at, but still is not as dear as it might be considering the ordinary prices of ordinary shoes these days. And these shoes I consider to be above the ordinary in good looks, - as well as in one other point which I might mention here but think best not to do.

Now dearly beloveds, there is one more thing which I have debated in my mind (we are still talking of my new shoes, you understand) and I would like to tell you both but am not sure that I dare be so courageous. You see there are some things which a man's overgrown sense of humor (distorted sense of humor, perhaps I'd better say,) cannot discriminate between what makes for delicacy and what turns out to be nothing more than gross ribaldry. Therefore, Mother I have written this other fact on a separate piece of paper and sealed it carefully. So you have this bit of intelligence concerning my elegant new footgear entirely at your own disposal, to do with exactly as you see fit. If you decide to tell Father about it, I will understand that his powers of keeping his mouth shut in public places has developed rapidly in the (salacious----NO NO NO! that is NOT what I started to say!) salubrious circumstance of my absence from home, and that he may now be entrusted with the family's darkest secrets! And of course I will always respect your judgment in the matter. (Now Father DEAR; here is your opportunity; see whether you really have any persuasive powers left or not. If you can succeed in worming this piece of knowledge away from Mother I will know that you still have some good stuff left in you. Perhaps you will be fortunate enough to have the secret missive drop into your lap while mother all unconscious, continues her reading of this first letter; it may even be that you will read the letter first and will be wicked enough to snitch that part of it before she sees it. I am not banking at all on what you will do for I know that man is weak and is prone to fall under sore temptation. However, you must remember that in whatever mischief you cut up there is the dignity of your position to remember and under no circumstance should you make yourself or any member of your illustrious family open to ridicule. Do you SEE?)

Well, I did not get my letter finished last night after all and so as I write these words it is May 20, at nine o'clock in the morning. What were you doing 31 years ago now I wonder? Mother was busy buttoning up rows and rows of buttons, I'll bet, and Father was racing through every room in the house with a scowl on a couple of inches deep (does that sound right?) searching for the only ~~xxxx~~ collar button in the place; that is unless perhaps he had busted the lacing of his brand new shoes: in that case I'm sure the situation was too serious for words, by far, - too grave, even, for a scowl. A thing like that has to be endured with nothing short of the utmost fortitude, I know. I have been there myself. That is just the way I am sure I should feel if I were to be married and suddenly should break one of those new white silk laces!

Well, I'll not promise to write another letter tomorrow, but I hope I will get a chance to, just to prove to you that I can write sense. I am afraid this one is not quite suitable for MESSAGES.

With a heart full of love,

Abbie

What I started to write this letter for was to ask you to get rubbers to fit the shoes I asked for when you got them. And also to send me soon if you can, 3 cans of Cuticura Talcum Powder and

Three bars of Colgate Soap and three hard
Prophylactic toothbrushes - just get them wherever
it is convenient. P.

h. 174.

Swatow, China, May 28, 1922

Dearest Ones;

A year older ! Emily had such a clever birthday card, but I know no one could truthfully send the sentiments to me ! It said, "Another birthday ? Well, cheer up- No one would ever guess,- ahem ! That you had ever celebrated more than seventeen of them " !

I am very sorry not to be able to tell you that the spoons have come. But this morning at church the postman brought me a package slip so I am hoping that it is the one from you. My happiness will be complete, for I had a very happy birthday this year. Marguerite's came last Saturday and Emily and I rose early in the morning and went out on the hillside to gather wild gardenias. We filled one of the pretty baskets that we bought in Hongkong and sent it over to her. Emily's birthday comes on the 24th, and we had Marjorie over to dinner at noon. But on Saturday (yesterday) Emily was invited to take me out from four and not bring me back until 5. When we got back the house was full of people. Everybody on the compound had been invited to help us celebrate our two birthdays. The program of our house was slightly upset and when we went out there were two ice cream freezers going full blast, and Mabelle's best china plates were arrayed in big piles out on the pantry table. And it was all the more fun because we could not help knowing about it. Mr. Waters of all people told right out that he was coming over to our party, and at least two others that we met did the same. And everybody said such nice things. And we each had a beautiful birthday cake on the right day. I want you to share some of the nice things that some people wrote on their cards when they sent me their presents. I think I appreciate most of all Mabelle's (though Emily must not see this) She gave me a copy of the outlines of teaching the Bible. I have used her copy, and her translated notes these last two years in teaching Old Testament History. She got this copy from home and had it interleaved out here. So now I shall write the notes right in the book and have the two all together without having to monopolize hers that I have been using all this time. And in the front she wrote "To my dear co-worker Abbie. May this help bring the Neh.8,8 joy in your class."

I love Emily's gift too, but it is a little different. I saw some dark red Beads in Swatow and thought I would like to have them for a dark blue serge dress next winter- for the girlie. But she advised me not to get them, said it would be extravagant or something. The next day she sent the cook over to buy them. A few days later we were in Swatow again and I looked again for the red beads. I said that if I could find them I would buy them but alas they were not to be seen. So while I was diligently searching in the window for them, Emily was inside telling the man that if he had any more not to show them to me for she had bought the others for me. I was so disappointed then, and so pleased when she gave me the beads that I hope it was a pleasure to her to get them for me. Then she braided them on a black silk cord and finished the string with two black tassels at each end. Mrs. Worley sent me a little silver cross pin, and Marjorie Fleming a half dozen tiny silver salt spoons. We had a regular joke about that as you can see by what she has written on her card. Marguerite sent me a turquoise matrix which will make a handsome little finger ring, and an ivory paper knife. Miss Sallman sent me a white jade pendant with silk cord for the color that is tied into her card. Elsie gave me a huge blue and white vase for flowers and isn't what she wrote perfectly lovely ? I just wept when I read it, so I did. I had a handkerchief from Edna Smith, one from Mrs. Zwick, and one each from Lottie Montgomery and Gladys Paul. They are blue, green, rose and white. I had a traycloth from Eileen Beath and a doily from Enid Johnson. I had three yards of pretty white crossbarred dimity from Margaret Winn and a little ball of lavender and white variegated tatting cotton. She gave the same to Emily except that hers was blue and white. She thought we would perhaps make middy blouses just alike but we are going to combine with lavender and blue chinese linen (aye it ourselves) and make dresses just alike. Several of our gifts were just alike or nearly so,- jade pendant, handkerchiefs, silver pin, vase, tray and doily, salt spoons, - and we like it ever so much to have things alike too.

We took Mr. and Mrs. Waters and Paul Cressy (he helped take them, I should

say) over to dinner at the Japanese hotel one day last week. The man in the place took our picture with Paul's Camera. If they come out good I want to send you one. They seemed to enjoy it ever so much. As many years as Mrs. Waters has lived here she has never before had Japanese eats. We went in the middle of the day as Mrs. Waters is afraid to go at night across the bay, and we all had a regular lark. They and Mrs. Page leave for America tomorrow if the boat goes to Shanghai then. They go first to Herbert Waters' graduation from the Shanghai American School. Katherine Groesbeck also graduates. Then they get the children and go on home. The Waters will be in Granville and Mrs. Pagesomewhere in New York, and they do not expect to get to New England at all. Mr. Page stays on until the academy building is finished. We shall have to stop work on our big administration building but we cabled home and it is all right to go on with our W.W.G. dormitory and we are making plans to do so. The board said that it would be all right to go on with the big building but we cannot ask Mr. Page to stay on longer than is absolutely necessary for his furlough is already long over due and he is in great need of a rest. He will not have time to ~~stay~~ finish a big building in the few months that remain before he goes home but he can get us well along on the smaller building and let the other one wait until he comes back. The property committee voted the other day to have the finances of this W.W.G. dormitory go through my hands entirely. I don't see what they did that for as Miss Culley is more experienced and Emily is much better at accounts than I ever could think of being. But that is what they did, any way!

I am enclosing three snapshots of the baptism of which I told you two or three weeks ago. It gives a little idea of how we looked. I have made a number of copies of that description and shall send them with the pictures as soon as I can get around to it.

With lots of love,


Abbie

PS. It was the
spoons - and you
know how I love
them!



FRIENDSHIP'S GARDEN

Within the garden
of my heart,
Where flowers of
friendship grow,
A sheltered spot
is set apart
For somebody I know;
There are blossoms
of remembrance,
Forget-me-nots so blue,
And purple velvet pansies
To tell my thoughts
of you,
And roses that will
always bloom,
Whatever be the
weather,
Whose fragrance
is the memory
Of days we've
spent together.

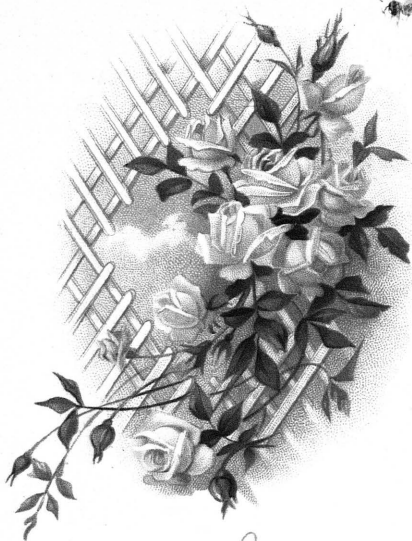


May the loving heavenly Father
bless you, dear Abbie, above all that
I can ask or think.

May 27, 1932.

Marquitta.

Mrs. Clara W. Sanderson
Fairfax
Vermont



Best Wishes

*In the old-fashioned manner,
With friendship true,
We wish much happiness
May come to you.*

POST CARD

MADE IN U.S.A.

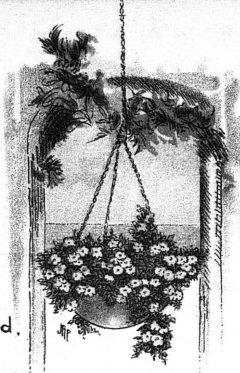
FOR CORRESPONDENCE

FOR ADDRESS ONLY



Dear Abbie:-

You have been thought of since early morning and I am wishing you all good things today and for the coming year. May it be a year of health and happiness. I am sorry not to have your gift made up but will send it over with the hope that you will let me make it for you. Much love to you
~~SEAL HERE~~ and always from Melvina S.



For I,
the Lord,
thy God,
will hold thy right hand,
saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.
Isa. 41:13

MANY

HAPPY RETURNS
OF YOUR BIRTHDAY

May this precious promise
be to you
A beacon bright
your whole life through.

MESSAGE

ADDRESS

-Post Card-



Dear, dear Earl: It was a very happy day
 that brought Abbie Sanderson to this old
 world & those of us who are privileged to
 love ~~and~~ her are thanking our Father again
 today for her. It is my wish that this day
 may be multiplied many times for thus the
 joy of many will be multiplied.
 Much, much love
 Elsie

Mrs. R. E. Worley

With dearest love
and delightful memories
of a birthday at Eastview
four years ago.

No 176

Sunday June 11 -
Swatow -

Dear Ones :

All these two weeks gone by without my writing you a single scribble. Last weekend Emily and I went over to Chaoyang to look at the house where we are to stay this summer. We wanted to see how many tables and chairs will have to take and how many beds and cupboards and washtubs; for the house is supposed to be an empty one. We found two food safes, two beds, a wardrobe, two dish cupboards - and one clothes rack - which with the addition of a kitchen table and a dining table (The stoves are all set in the kitchen) will make a very good start. We are arranging to have the house scrubbed and one of the wells cleaned out before we get there.

School closes two weeks from last Friday and all of us will be glad. Mabelle hasn't been well at all and things worry her even more than they did before she went on furlough. I think.

Elsie has been sick, and now they are wanting her to go to Shanghai but none of us want her to and she doesn't want to herself.

I think E and I shall go to Chaoyang in less than two weeks after school closes - will wait and see when Helen Pore, the girl who graduates from Jinking, gets here, and how many things need to be talked over with her.

Day before yesterday was Miss Sollman's birthday and we all went for a sail, swim and picnic supper to Double Island - It was just great -

Mrs. Cowles was managing the party and she asked several of the community men. Jowlady Aston and Marion Ross were down for the party and so there were several couples - They stayed and came ^{all} home later but our boat with the old maid missionaries came home first.

Then yesterday morning Emily and I were "shot" for the plague - that is were inoculated with serum as a preventive of plague, which is raging in many inland places. That is the reason that I am not writing on the typewriter today - My arm is as sore as the dickens and I don't want to joggle it any more than is necessary -

I'm sore already from the first

Swim of the season - and the "shot"
made my headache - I had a
wretched night - no sleep - and
some fever - I've loafed all day -
and I'm going to do it some
more now - This business of
being punched is pretty much of
a bore, I'll say - but then I'd
much rather write briefly myself
to tell you about this than to
have some body else write that
I had had the plague - !
Yours with love

Abbie

P.S. I never did get that Alumnae
so I don't know which letter of mine
was printed - I searched this one for
it & was rewarded by two others
Bauderson items - Gladys Paul
had already send me the picture of C.F.H.

Swatow, China, June 25, 1922

Dear Ones:

Such a long time since I have written to you! I have not been exactly idle in the meantime, though. On Thursday of this last week we had graduation exercises in the chapel, and 50 girls and women received diplomas. We had the regular marching and address that accompanies any graduation, then beginning with the kindergarten and ending with the kindergarten normal class of the women's school, each graduating class received diplomas and then sang its graduating song. We were through in a remarkably short time and it is such a relief to have all of them out of the way at the same time. Misses Sollman, Cullley and Miller, the principals of the different departments, sat on the platform and delivered the several charges to the graduates. Emily dined here so, - just as I did the first year (second year too!) and she did beautifully. *(I don't mean that I did beautifully!)*

I didn't have much to do with the graduating ~~exercises~~ exercises this year. The graduating song of our girls class was from Handel's Largo, and I played the violin obligato on the organ with one finger! Elsie played the real accompaniments all of them on the baby organ. I can't tell you what a relief it was not to go inside the chapel to see any rehearsing. I did take some of the other work off from Mabelle's shoulders. The getting together of all the grades and the counting up of the averages has always been one of the hardest tasks at graduation time. Before Mabelle went home I helped every term with that part of the work and while she was at home I introduced a new card system which I have found most helpful. So this June I continued with that part of the work and was able to get every rank copied and every grade counted and every report card ~~prix~~ written (140 girls in school) without M.'s having to help a speck. Emily helped a good deal and Enid some. Then Emily has charge of taking in all the tuitions and so these two big items have been practically out of Mabelle's way. In spite of that she is almost too tired to keep up, and has been sick once or twice during the term. I am hoping she will get a good rest this summer. She is planning to stay here all alone in the house and she can have things pretty much her own way.

Friday morning Emily and I started off about five o'clock in the morning, took our beds and food and went by a little boat and local steam launch to Phau Thai, where one of our graduated teachers a girls' school. We had my teacher Hui-pi Che and Sok Iong, one of our high school girls along and we got the most of the examining of the little primary school done in the morning. Then they invited us to eat with them and they gave us about the most delicious Chinese food I ever tasted in all my life. I ate a good deal more than I ought to, I know, but when a taste for their fish balls, mushrooms and shrimps, livers and gizzards, tripe, kidneys, chicken, duck, birds nest, shark's fins, spicy vinegars and salty soy sauces has once been acquired, nothing else in the world tastes so good as the most of the things at a Chinese feast. They had some gray weird looking octopus affairs which I could not make myself try, but I suppose even they would have been good if I had had enough courage!

The boy was thankful that he didn't have to get our dinner, I guess, for he had made that very bad blunder of forgetting our bed poles and leaving them on the little steamer. He was most disconcerted all day. Of course he knew that they were worth a good bit of money, and besides he had to go out and cut bamboo poles to string our beds on. I spent a terrible night because my bed was so humped down in the middle and

about a foot too short for me. When we came back on the steamer we found that the bed poles had been found by a friend of his and given to the captain, who is a relative of one of our teachers. So while we haven't actually got them back yet, we know they are safe and we don't have to hustle round and get new ones made before we go to Chaoyang next week.

Well, we finished our exam in the B.M. and then gave each child a tiny doll. Some of the dolls were broken but the kiddies were plesed with them and it was a treat to see the agony in their faces as some of them came up and couldn't make up their minds which to choose.

We ordered a boat to come for us the next morning at 5.30. It came at 7.35! So we had them take us to the steamers (steamer is what I tried to write!) and went on down to the next stop. There we found that there was no possibility of getting in to Nam leng (across the river and nearly two miles o walk) and back again in time for the afternoon launch to Swatow. But we got a small boat and were taken across the river (and downstream, a row of an hour and a half). It was the hottest day yet, and we got to Nam leng at 11 A.M. so you can imagine whether we felt very cool when we arrived! We asked them to boil some water for us to drink and they brought us cold tea which is supposed to be delicious. It tasted as though it were made out of incense and caskara and then I thought they would never bring us anything to take the taste of it out of our mouths. I'll bet we drank three kettles full between us. We got the examining done there and while we were eating rice and string beans a downpour of rain came. It was really our salvation for although it made the paths too muddy to be good walking, yet we walked back to the boat under a cloud. We left Chi King, the landing place at 2 P.M. and arrived at home about 5.30. The girls had planned a trip to double island for a swim, but we had had enough of little sail boats and were too tired almost to sit up and eat our suppers.

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"We were talking of God's power to restore our souls just as He does our bodies through rest and refreshment, and about those times when we were cornered, as it were, absolutely thrown upon His mercy for guidance and when the stress was over and He had acted beyond even our highest hopes, we felt so refreshed and restored to greater courage and confidence in Him. Let us take that for our comfort this year- "He restoreth my soul". It will keep us expectant as we look to Him for the wisdom and victory over all that would hinder us: in our determination to follow him closely. and keep us from getting nervous breakdowns, because the burden rests upon Him, after all, and He wants it to do so."

With a heart full of love to each of you,

Abbie

June 1922

Country trips
Lost bed poles

Mrs. Henderson's
letter

No 176

Swatow, China, June 25, 1922

Dear Ones:

Such a long time since I have written to you! I have not been exactly idle in the meantime, though. On Thursday of this last week we had graduation exercises in the chapel, and 50 girls and women received diplomas. We had the regular marching and address that accompanies any graduation, then beginning with the kindergarten and ending with the kindergarten normal class of the women's school, each graduating class received diplomas and then sang its graduating song. We were through in a remarkably short time and it is such a relief to have all of them out of the way at the same time. Misses Sollman, Culley and Miller, the principals of the different departments, sat on the platform and delivered the several charges to the graduates. Emily dreaded hers so, - just as I did the first year (second year too!) and she did beautifully too. (*I don't mean that I did beautifully!*)

I didn't have much to do with the graduating ~~exercises~~ exercises this year. The graduating song of our girls class was from Handel's Largo, and I played the violin obligato on the organ with one finger! Elsie played the real accompaniments all of them on the baby organ. I can't tell you what a relief it was not to go inside the chapel to see any rehearsing. I did take some of the other work off from Mabelle's shoulders. The getting together of all the grades and the counting up of the averages has always been one of the hardest tasks at graduation time. Before Mabelle went home I helped every term with that part of the work and while she was at home I introduced a new card system which I have found most helpful. So this June I continued with that part of the work and was able to get every rank copied and every grade counted and every report card prix written (140 girls in school) without M.'s having to help a speck. Emily helped a good deal and did some. Then Emily has charge of taking in all the tuitions and so these two big items have been practically out of Mabelle's way. In spite of that she is almost too tired to keep up, and has been sick once or twice during the term. I am hoping she will get a good rest this summer. She is planning to stay here all alone in the house and she can have things pretty much her own way.

Friday morning Emily and I started off about five o'clock in the morning, took our beds and food and went by little boat and local steam launch to Phau Shai, where one of our graduated teachers a girls' school. We had my teacher Hui-pi Che and Sok Iong, one of our high school girls along and we got the most of the examining of the little primary school done in the morning. Then they invited us to eat with them and they gave us about the most delicious Chinese food I ever tasted in all my life. I ate a good deal more than I ought to I know, but when a taste for their fish balls, mushrooms and shrimps, livers and gizzards, tripe, kidneys, chicken, duck, birds nest, sharks fins, spicy vinegars and salty soy sauces has once been acquired, nothing else in the world tastes so good as the most of the things at a Chinese feast. They had some gray weird looking octopus affairs which I could not make myself try, but I suppose even they would have been good if I had had enough courage!

The boy was thankful that he didn't have to get our dinner, I guess, for he had made that very bad blunder of forgetting our bed poles and leaving them on the little steamer. He was most disconsolate all day. Of course he knew that they were worth a good bit of money, and besides he had to go out and cut bamboo poles to string our beds on. I spent a terrible night because my bed was so humped down in the middle and

about a foot too short for me. When we came back on the steamer we found that the bed poles had been found by a friend of his and given to the captain, who is a relative of one of our teachers. So while we haven't actually got them back yet, we know they are safe and we don't have to hustle round and get new ones made before we go to Chaoyang next week

Well, we finished our exam in the P.M. and then gave each child a tiny doll. Some of the dolls were broken but the kiddies were pleased with them and it was a treat to see the agony in their faces as some of them came up and couldn't make up their minds which to choose.

We ordered a boat to come for us the next morning at 5.30. It came at 7.35 ! So we had them take us to the stemare (steamer is what I tried to write !) and went on down to the next stop. There we found that there was no possibility of getting in to Nam leng (across the river and nearly two miles to walk) and back again in time for the afternoon launch to Swatow. But we got a small boat and were taken across the river (and downstream, a row of an hour and a half). It was the hottest day yet, and we got to Nam leng at 11 A.M. so you can imagine whether we felt very cool when we arrived ! We asked them to boil some water for us to drink and they brought us cold tea which is supposed to be delicious. It tasted as though it were made out of incense and cascara and then I thought they would never bring us anything to take the taste of it out of our mouths. I'll bet we drank three kettles full between us. We got the examining done there and while we were eating rice and string beans a downpour of rain came. It was really our salvation for although it made the paths too muddy to be good walking, yet we walked back to the boat under a cloud. We left Chi kng, the landing place at 2 P.M. and arrived at home about 5.30. The girls had planned a trip to double island for a swim, but we had had enough of little sail boats and were too tired almost to sit up and eat our suppers.

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With a heart full of love to each of you,

Abbie

A lovely letter from Clara dear as today from Cleveland O. tells of seeing mother in a sweet becoming gray dress - and of having a meal with both of you. She thinks we are like mother in a good many ways - I hope so.

No 177.

Swatow China-

~~Feb~~ July 2, 1922

Dear Ques -

Can you possibly tell me why
in the world I started to write
"Feb" instead of July? I think
of one reason - and that is, that
I'm not yet awake - for it is 6
o'clock in the morning -

We get our things started off
to Chaoyang early tomorrow A.M.
and most of my things are ready
now - The boatmen were very
anxious to come (Sunday) this P.M.
to get the things but of course we
vetoed that -

We take "our" pianos - sewing
machines 2 or three tables - 8 or 10 chairs
folding beds - typewriters (all tied up
now & that is why I'm writing by hand).
Then we take two steamer trunks
all kitchen utensils. washbasins, bath tub

and eight or ten or more big
baskets - clothes - letters, books -
all the things we want to use -
and the belongings of Hui pi che'
my teacher, Mai now the boy -
Mai che' his sister who washes for
Emily and Soi Mue che' who washes
for me - (These two women will do
the washing for Louise Campbell &
Miss Northcott ~~as~~ well as for
Emily and me)

Our "cow" ^(buffalo) goes over tomorrow -
driven over from here - We don't
hire it, but just take ^{all} the milk
the milk that is given - So - I'm
going to get fat!

Will have a regular family when
we all get there - There will be
a coolie - and the cow boy - Miss
Northcott is planning to take a Li hian
her cook, the same who cooked for
the three of us up at Huliang, until
she comes, in two weeks more - we
may get some marvelous cooking

done by that rare Mai now of
ours - I guess will worry along!

Poi mne she is taking her little
boy for his health - and Miss
Northcott is taking a Woman's
school girl for the same reason -

Its lucky the house is a big one,

I'm thinking -

Now what I started to say is
this - that for the various &
sundry belongings we are taking -

The moving is an item of expense -
Don't you think so? The boat
will take all one day and
perhaps part of two - and things
are carried at each end of the
trip - by these two (or three) boatmen.

The affair in entirety will cost
\$5.00 Mex - which means that
if E. and I pay it all - it will
be 2.50 Mex apiece or about 1.50
gold! And Mrs. Chamberlain (did
I tell you about them?) threw up
her hands in holy horror at the

thought of taking a piano!!!
away on one's vacation! She and
her husband were here a few
weeks ago & she had heaps to
say about the extravagance of
missionaries, up at Kitgang
where they are so crowded that
some of them have no rooms to
themselves she thought it was
"just fine" - and "why, some
folks preferred to sleep on the
porch!" - And she couldn't
see why the houses had to be
so huge - and the verandas
so wide! I wish she had
been here these last three nights.
We have had to walk the
verandas - fanning - to get
a breath of air - and there
has been precious little sleep

In any of us - This is perhaps
the coolest house on the
Compound, too - !

We had omelet and cold
meat, 2 vegetables, salad, ice cream
when they were here - and it
was "such an elaborate supper!
she couldn't begin to think of
eating it all!" We had the
omelet extra because Dr. Chamberlain
had been having diarrhoea - !

You see he is on the committee
for field expenditures - and
she is helping him tooth
and nail to pin everybody
down on why he or she spends
this or that - The supper was
not as simple as we often have -
but they were guests and I should
think anyone would want to give
~~this~~ ^{his} guests a little better than

usual. We couldn't help being
hoppin' mad at the criticisms
that were made - You see we
think \$1.50 or so is not a
terrible terrible thing for summer
vacation moving - It would
hardly cost less than that to
leave the piano at home!

I was clearing up some
things yesterday - I read an
old clipping which said that
Miss Dorothy Shaw & Rev
C. F. W. — were united in
marriage by Rev. Carey W. Chambers
of Beverly Mass. ! (—!!)
I didn't know that when they were
here - I guess its just as well!
And what do you think?
She reminds me all the
time of Mrs. Whittmore!

I can't tell you what I've done this week for it seems that I have accomplished so very little. I have been reckoning accounts - writing school records - gradually getting my things cleared up and packed -

Yesterday we had a short trip to Double Island - left here about 4.30 - went down for a swim - right back - & had supper in the moonlight on the boat as we sailed back. We got here just after 8.

Our boatload of things goes tomorrow but we shall probably wait until Tuesday A. M. Elsie and Miss Sollman go on Tuesday to Kuliang -

I may be rash - but this last week I sent you a dozen Chinese grasscloth tea napkins -

a dozen linen ones - and a
runner - also \$5. worth of
telling in 3 sample packages -
Duty goes up after the 1st
of July - & I didn't know which
way would be more - I wait
until I know where you are
to be later on - and then send
or to send now - it's hopes
of getting it to you before you
leave

Lot of love

Abbie

Chang-

Swatow, China

July 9, 1922

Dearests:

You don't know how much of my time nowadays is spent thinking about you and wondering what you are doing and how you are getting along and all. I am wondering all along whether you are still in Fairfax or whether you are in Sutton. Of course I know that you will be in the new place before you get this letter of mine, but that doesn't help me about my knowing where this very minute! And I am hoping that the moving will not be as hard as it sometimes is. I have one comforting thought and that is that it is easier to move in the warm weather than in zero temperature. Am I right?

I just happened to think that I'd perhaps better look again at the very welcome letters I received from you but which were read in a great hurry when they came yesterday, because a messenger brought them from Swatow and notes had to be written and sent back so he could catch the next boat. So re-reading your letter tells me the fact that I had overlooked before, that you were to go to Sutton the first of July, so I know that you are doubtless already there. Don't I wish I could peek in on you and see how things are panning out?

Here is something not to be published in Missions. If you are without a bath room and have a "little house way out" send to Monkey Ward's and get an odorless commode and then be independent of the despised little house! The reason for my advice is that Emily and I have the loan of Elsie's aforesaid and are finding

it most satisfactory. The ones that we use in our bathrooms in Swatow are larger and a little more comfortable to sit on but they are not nearly as odorless. We are getting to like this one very much. (You see that in spite of the heading- which was done from habit- we are over here in Chaoyang and beginning to get well rested already.)

So you will not get the last things I sent- at least you will not get them direct, so I am planning to sit down and wait until I hear that they have been re-mailed to you. I hope you will like the piece I sent for Ruby,- and if you have already sent her something else never mind but just keep it and use it for something else. Those occasions are always coming up. Or if you'd like send it along to her anyway.

I don't know just what Emily's operation is, but it has something to do with a growth in one of her ovaries. She says now that she is going to stick it out if she can and she thinks she can. I don't know about it except that she has a much better chance of sticking it out than as tho she thought she could not ! So she may stay on and not come home when I do next spring.

I suppose you have by now my letters saying that next year at this time I hope I may be within a few weeks of you. I think about it all the time and I am torn between anxiety to get home and the terror that comes to me when I think of the talks I'll be expected to make anywhere and everywhere at a minute's notice. And when I think of these or any other phases of my coming home I get so excited that I am no good for anything at all. Have you kept the most of my letters ? I am beginning now to hope that you have for per-

haps I could cull from their voluminous pages some items for a speech that will be heard by people who have never heard the letter. Moreover, I suppose there are a good many things that I shall forget or have forgotten. For although I have written down some things, there are a good many that I have not. Well - suppose it is small good to sit here now and worry about the speeches I shall have to make a year and a half from now ! Don't count on me for too many sermons, Dad !

I had a letter yesterday from R.E.P. and I laughed when I saw what she had done and I can't blame her in the least. She enclosed a money order for the batting I sent her, in a white envelope, sealed it, put it in another envelope and addressed it to me. Her last communication to me before this one was very brief, and said that she didn't have any heart to write long painstaking letters when she knew that there was slim likelihood of her getting any answer at all. You see I have sent the things that she asked for pretty well but simply have not had time to write letters to her any more than I have had time to write to the eighty odd other people who are at the present time awaiting my replies to their letters ! Well, I shall write to her as soon as I can possibly get time.

Last Monday morning at about Q.M. the boatman came to get our things. Not all the men in So. China are such little runts as the books would have you think. Since the house we have come to is empty we have had to bring everything that we want to use. Since we want to rest, we have brought as many comforts as we could. And since among my rest and good times I am planning to get a good bit of work done, I brought along two important helpers, sewing machine and typewriter. I think I told you last week that Emily brought her piano. Well ! All of this

is a sort of introduction to the second sentence in this paragraph. Four men carried the piano down to the boat landing from our house, and over a mile at this end. And I wish you could have seen a young giant (The Young One, they call him) stride off with a pole across his shoulders, swinging my heavy "Noiseless" at one end and my "Singer" at the other, for all the world as though they were a pair of down pillows !

We came ouselfes the next day, and that rare boy of ours who can be depended upon pretty generally to make a mess of things has surprised us by cooking astonishingly good meals ever since we have been here. I have a good appetite and although I am rather thin I expect that I shall fill out pretty soon when we begin to have some more of those good picnics with the Groesbecks. I was weighed the day before we left. 117 isn't terribly obese for one of my stature is it ? But I am not nearly as run down as I was two years ago when they packed me off to Kuliang. And I have not the responsibility to look forward to and dread that I had then. And in one year more I shall have a respite.

I want to get two more done today if I can, so by-by for now.

Always your loving daughter,

Abbie

No 179

Chaoyang, China, July, 19, 1922

Dearest Ones:

Over a week since I have written, and we are this much nearer the end of the summer. On Wednesday a big wind came up and in the night we were driven from our little corner where we had been sleeping on the veranda. The sweep of the wind took our net right out from under us and sailing off into space. Of course the ropes held it but we were soaking wet before we got it untied and taken into the house. Then we had to fix up our beds inside and it was some time before we got settled down again. The wind kept up and when we were at dinner the next day we suddenly felt the whole house shake with the fury of a specially strong gale. I looked out just in time to see the bamboo mat which we are using for a screen torn right off its moorings on the veranda beams and blown away. When the storm had passed we went out to see what had become of our screen. We looked some time before we discovered it, away over the fence in back of the house beyond the garden. So we stayed in the house to sleep again that night.

On Friday the girls, Louise Campbell and Fannie Northcott, arrived. Mrs. Groesbeck thought that Tracy and Katherine were coming that day too and was nearly frantic when they didn't get here. The Groesbecks went up to Shanghai to K.'s graduation and the kids stopped at Foochow to visit some schoolmates on the way down. Mrs. told them they must be home by the 10th and then planned a big party to Cape Cod on the 25th, and invited the American Consul and his wife. Everybody got here but the children, even the Schnares (consul and wife) and still not a letter from them or a word of any kind. Mrs. Groesbeck was just about frantic, as you may imagine. But that night at supper a letter came from Katherine saying that she had been sick with a kind of mountain fever and would have to wait several more days before the doctors there would hear at all to her leaving for home. Well I doubt if Mrs. Groesbeck realized even that it was a relief to hear, for of course she was worried to have K. sick and away from home. But I am sure it was a relief and the day of the party she was beautifully cheerful and we had a wonderful time. The consul is wild about "Cape Cod" and began to talk about the next time before we got home even. And we are to have another trip there next week I mean this Saturday, to celebrate Dr. Groesbeck's birthday which comes on Sunday. The Schnares will not be here this time so that means we'll have still another trip later on. Can't have too many to suit me!

The Groesbeck children came yesterday and everybody is happy now. Mrs. G. was pitifully anxious and worried before they got here, and just about at the end of her rope.

This house of ours is what you might call inhabited just now. We have 15 or 16 at morning worship every morning. Doesn't that sound like a retinue? But there are the two women who wash and sew, and a young girl whom Fannie is teaching to work for her, Phoebe, the teacher and her little boy, my woman's little boy; the cook, the coolie and the coolie's little boy who sometimes helps him. Then there is our houseboy and Louise's and one of the girls in the nurse's class who is resting here for two weeks. Then sometimes the old man (Methuselah, they call him) who tends the Groesbeck's cow, comes in and joins us instead of going over to the other house. And there are four of us. That makes 17, doesn't it?

It is pretty hot here in the middle of the day but there has been a breeze nearly every night which is refreshing enough to keep up our spirits. Oh, I do hope that by this time next year I shall be with you! I suppose I really can't hope to get home as soon as that but I would just love to. I haven't a map here in the house and I forgot to look up Sutton before I left Kakhieh. When I am over at the G.'s some time I will look it up. I think considering the time of year that I shall take the northern route across Canada and that will get me home sooner than as the I stopped to visit in Ohio as the girls are clamoring for me to do. I want to see them of course but I fear it will have to be on my way out again if at all. I am in summat of a hurry to get back to my ain folk, somehow!

Emily asked her mother to send her two gingham dresses and to send one to give to me - Isn't she the limit? So she sent a blue and a pink and a green; the green

fits me and needs simply a little changing at the neck - We saw one just like it in the National Catalogue for \$4 + but the tag on this one was \$8.50 - Es were \$6 + & \$5 + but I think they are a bit more stylish - I couldn't wear either of them tho, on account of the low neck -

I'm spending some of my time studying, and some writing - and some dressmaking - I am enjoying that part of the summer's occupations very much. It is always a delight and a relaxation to me to pore over dress patterns and figure out ways of piecing together my material. The thing I am occupied with just now is a gray silk - I got three yards of checked silk some time ago & make a silk skirt. I have decided to keep it to take home - and decided not to for or five times - Now I'm making it up for best this fall. I got some silk in Swallow to match it and if I can get a fine enough needle I shall put some tiny coral beads I have around the edge of tunics, sleeve & neck and strings or tassels on the belt. I have it cut out and the body & sleeves basted together. I want to put on the waist casing for elastic (underneath) this P. M. if I can - I have a hard second hand pretty gray hat which I bought some time ago (Mrs. Page had had it given to her by Miss Morhead) I paid \$2.00 Mex for it. And I think it may go with it all right - I hope so -

I got R. Grosbeck to get me some linen at Soochow - \$1.50 & 1.60 for ten yards (15 in wide) enough for a dress in each piece - I got gray, brown & yellow - but I'll have more to say about that later -

Love

Abbie -



white rosette
white collar &
vest - a trifolium
button holes &
sleeve binding
plain green.



Embossed
pink & white
shepherd
white or sandy
collars & cuffs
with black
blanket stitch

(ginghams)



back of collar

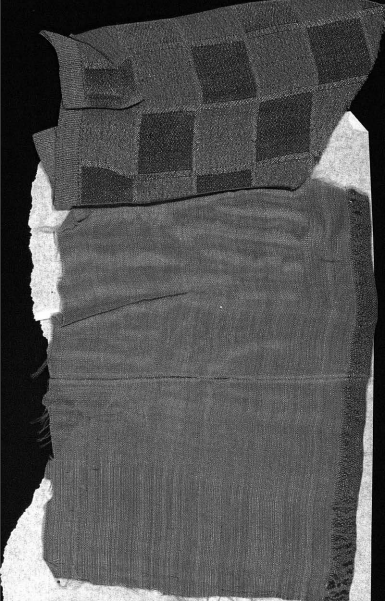
Embossed
white shepherd
plaid - patent
leather belt - white
pique collars
cuffs vest &
button holes -
black grosgrain
ribbon tie
collar & cuffs
bias binding
of the plaid &
They are all very pretty

two
tucks

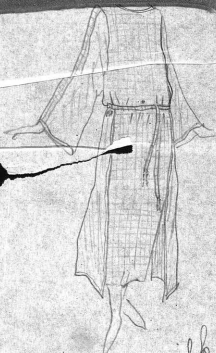
my
green & white
It is reached
com pretty & I
love it



gray silk
cost about \$9.00 gold



gray silk
cost about \$9.00 gold



gray silk.
cost about \$9.00 gold

Chaoyang, China, July 27, 1922

Dear Ones:

Again the week has gone around before I have written my letter to you. I am certainly disgusted with myself to find that I don't get any more done each day. I made up my mind this morning to write ten letters today. But alas it is 11 A.M. already and this is only the beginning of the fourth. Two of the other three were business letters and the third one a short note to one of the young school teachers. I am the limit when it comes to getting work done at any time, but especially in vacation time.

I am getting ready to teach a course in Child study this fall, and am trying to translate the outline of the course that I want to use. I have to translate about 30 pages and I have succeeded in finishing two-thirds of one page thus far! Don't you think I am a whiz, really? And I really do not dare to think of the letters that I must write. Let me see, how many more days are there in July? But I can't really count that way, for when a picnic is planned I am going to the picnic whether I get any studying done or not! I can't go to "Cape Cod" every day in the year and when I do get a chance in vacation time I am not going to miss it. Last Saturday we had another one, and this time everybody was happy because the children were at home. Dr. Groesbeck's birthday was on Sunday and we were invited over there for Sunday night dinner. Katherine was suddenly taken sick again with mountain fever which appears to be a form of malaria, and of course we were a little sober at the party on account of that. Two days later we were all much concerned. Miss Northcott the nurse had been called back to attend someone in Swatow, and Katherine was over here running a temperature of 105 and a half. But the fever broke that night about midnight and the next day she was all right. We were glad we had sent for Fanné, though, for there was no need for her to be called to Swatow, and she needed the rest over here.

Yesterday Emily and I took a vacation from studying and sewed on the dresses that Margaret Winn gave us for our birthdays. I guess I told you that I am making mine with lavender and E. is making hers with green. She had a green celluloid and silver novelty belt and then dyed some linen to match. I had no belt but got some purple mother of pearl buttons in Swatow and put nine in a row across the front of a very narrow lavender belt. I think it will do very well. We are making scallops for the hem of sleeves and dress and E. drew them, and they are very pretty. I am a little better at the sewing part of it than she is. The Chinese are so distressingly frank about some things that I was afraid they would make some remark about my sewing better than she did. Sure enough her woman said it this morning but fortunately E. did not hear and I took her woman aside & lectured her for speaking plainly enough to hurt people's feelings! So the worst she did after that was to take out the neck binding which E. had done and do it over again. She did say the word careless yesterday but E. did not get it, and so I thought I had better be on the lookout.

I received the hymnbooks day before yesterday - and the Priscillas & Alumnus; also the letter telling about the shoes. Yes indeed the shoes you got before were fine. The only trouble with them is that they are worn out! I got a pair of shoes at the National for 3.98 that are junk. They squeak and they don't fit - and I hate 'em - I got them because they were cheap but I never will try it again - When I go to Swatow I'll hunt for the baby dresses - I got your letter with the check in it - for 25 - Many thanks. Wasn't it splendid of

E. is better about getting good efforts & I am better about details - that is all!

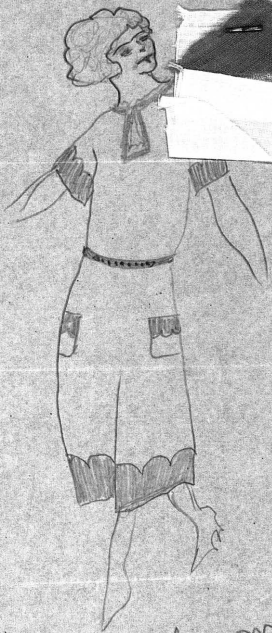
the Washburn people to respond so willingly & so soon. I hope I'll have spunk enough to write to them this afternoon - and also to Mr. Jiberson. I'm surely relieved to get his check - even though its 6 months late - Did he write a letter?

Love -

Abbie

No 180

ORIGINAL RETURNED



How do you like 'em?

No 181

Chaoyang, China, July 30, 1922

30

Dearests;

How happy I was this morning to get a letter from Fairfax just as I was starting out for church. There was one from Gladys Katimer too, And one from a friend of Ruth Sperry's who has bought a lot of tatting from me, and a card from Ruth Page, who was just getting into San Francisco and also the Ricker Aquilo. I wanted to read them but refrained, leaving them all at home. I had a feast when I did get here though. Your letter told me by the postmark that you were still in F. I think that summer Christmas tree is the finest idea, - and aren't the things splendid? I wonder how much you are to blame for it? Of course I know that the ir choice of the things was most wisely guided by your list. I am thrilled to think that such nice things are coming for me! It will certainly be a solution of our Christmas problem this year.

Your letter asks about the price of Ruby's present. I think it was about \$4.60 Mex which means about \$2.80 gold at the present rate of exchange.

Well! We have been enjoying a most exciting time this week end. Last Sunday was Dr. Groesbeck's birthday and this week it is Tacey's. We are all invited there to dinner again tonight. So another "Cape Cod" party was planned for yesterday, and the Schnare's and Mr. Atkins (who is one of the young men we got to know last summer - he is a builder) were invited for the week-end. Thursday and Friday the weather looked pretty bad and there were typhoon signals all the week but we hoped against hope. Mr. Lewis and his two boys were invited too (I wrote you didn't I of Mrs. Lewis' tragic death, leaving him with seven children? He is back in Swatow, and his two boys are with him on vacation from the Shanghai American School) Friday night they all came in spite of threatening weather.

In the middle of the night Emily and I were awakened by a terrific gust of wind and rain which pretty well soaked us before we could get ourselves and our bedding in off from the veranda. We got our army cots up from downstairs and were about to settle ourselves on them when the storm became a calm and we went back, beds and bedding to the veranda, where we were not disturbed again.

We rose at six and saw that there was no hope of the trip, so back we went to bed again. But about 7.30 Dr. Groesbeck shouted over to know whether we couldn't go after all. The sun was out and the sky almost clear. We hustled up to fix our salad and they went to call the boats. Finally when we were all ready, the men came back and said there was a contrary tide and wind and the boatman would not go. So we gave up in despair and went swimming in the lagoon. Such a muddy place you never saw in your life, scarcely over my head in an extent of perhaps forty or fifty acres. But the water is salt and, although it is usually tepid enough to be enervating, yesterday morning an account of the wind and the rains was fairly cool. There were clouds in the sky so that we felt safe in wearing only our bathing caps. *(on our heads!) - We wore suits on the rest of our bodies!*

It was nearly twelve when we got dressed from the swim. The air was clear and our lunch was all packed so we took it and went about three miles to the monastery where we had a picnic supper the night last fall when they sent me over here to recover my balance! Such a picnic dinner! Chicken, and rice with lots of chicken gravy; salad of mashed potatoes, peas, and hard boiled eggs with mayonnaise dressing; Parker House rolls made by Mrs. Groesbeck herself; pickles, olives, jam, coffee or lemonade and for dessert a fruit salad made of pumelo (something like grapefruit), pineapple, lichees and bananas with mayonnaise or without. We ate and ate! Then after dinner we all sat and lay around and heard Mrs. Groesbeck read Joseph Lincoln's Keziah Coffin. Before we started home we had some delicious fudge which Mrs. Schnare brought. Once during the reading such a black cloud came that we all stopped to look at it; before we were on our feet almost, the shower came, - a typical mountain downpour. We finished our reading in the room that we had used to cook the rice! Oh, I almost forgot the delicious mountain spring water that did not have to be boiled. There are so many cows and graves and rice fields in this part of the country that we never dare drink the water just as it comes from the wells.

We started home about 5, and had come two thirds or more of the way when the drops began to come. We had prepared for rain and so we didn't care how wet we got. That was fortunate, for shortly I had good reason to make the truthful if slightly irreverent statement that I felt as though a baptistry had been used on me ! After I said I was afraid that Mr. Lewis would be shocked but I don't believe he was after all. Truly, I was just that sopping ! Just all swishy and baptismal-robe-y ! It is the only thing I could think of. I enjoyed it too, but was glad to get home and get the christening robes off.

This morning we went to Church and then we had the Schnares and Mr. Atkin here for luncheon. I am keeping house just now and this is what we gave them. Vegetable soup, Cold canned salmon, mashed potatoes, bamboo shoots, creamed onions (the salmon was garnished with ripe olives), a wee salad of a few lima beans on a saucer, with French dressing ~~we~~ made; for dessert chocolate pudding with meringue, molasses drop cakes, after dinner coffee. Do you think that sounds like a fit luncheon for the American consul and his wife ? But truly I don't think of them as high mucky mucks any more. We have got to know them so much better on these two picnics over here that they seem just like plain folks. She is a Pennsylvania girl and taught in the Shanghai American school. His home in America is in Washington. They have been married three years, and she is thirty-two. We like them a lot, - much better than the Meyers, - perhaps because we know them better.

Louise's boy is green as grass, and worse than our boy in some ways. He made a hit by serving Mrs. Schnare to bamboo shoots himself instead of letting her do it, and then he passed the onions to Emily on the tray from the end of the table right past Mrs. Schnare's nose instead of at the middle of the table where she was sitting. But we managed pretty well in spite of such little difficulties.

I tremble to think of how worn out you got with that packing. I know how hard it must be to get to a new place when you are too tired to think properly or act sociable ! But even with all the "turmoil" I couldn't help thinking yesterday as Mrs. S. told about some of her experiences that you would think it harder still to have whole rooms full of packing boxes and a whole crew of Chinese packers who could be trusted to swipe everything they got a chance to than you would to do it all yourself ! I hope you got some kind of a rest before you went to Sutton, Mother.

The Aquilo tells of the death of Mrs. Blaine Lincoln, nee Venus ~~Niles~~ Niles but doesn't say the cause. It also speaks of the arrival of a son, Thaddeus Carroll, jr. to Millie Scott Berry and T. Carroll Berry. They are blessed children, both of them and I think I'll have to send my best congratulations !

With a heart full of love,

Abbie

Chaoyang -

Aug 3, 1922

Mother dear!

I think it is the third of August and I am under the impression that I am still in Chaoyang - but from my surrounding outlook, and from the whirl things have been in the past few hours I wouldn't dare be sure of anything!

We have been since last night about 10 o'clock in the teeth of the worst ^{and tidal wave} typhoon that has been heard of for many years. - That is stretching a little but the "teeth" were passed sometime this morning and we have been able to get out and look around a bit. The Grosbecks have been here twenty five years, and they have never seen anything anywhere near this.

Is begin -

Dr. Grosbeck went away Monday night for a trip up into the Ungkung region. They have heard since that he missed his boat Tuesday A. M. and had to travel overland. That news is a great comfort, for any number of the coast launches have been smashed to bits; we have a part of a red cabin with blue framed windows out its front ~~from~~

yard now - The Tuesday boat would not have reached Unghing before last night probably.

To continue:

Last night about 9, ~~the~~ ^{we} were around the piano, and Mary Ogg and I were having a fine time singing such things as "Lilacs from the scented East," "O Sole Mio," Dutch Lullaby, etc. There was a high wind then, and Mary and Tracy decided they had better not stay too late as went home. Our beds were made in the living room, for typhoon signals were up; and there was no chance of our being able to keep in our beds out on the veranda - We closed nearly all of the shutters and windows - and tried to close the rest of them as the storm got worse - Then we lay in bed and waited, while the house shook and trembled and stopped - then started violently again, as though it were being torn from the foundation. I think it was not long after mid night that the storm shifted suddenly and our west window blew in, with the crash and fall of glass, and the most ghastly shriek of wind ^{and rain} as it whistled into the

3) House. From the first had come
sounds of heavy beams and tiles
falling. We saw our two mat
swings go - earlier in the night.
We took our bedding and went
down stairs, to find that things would
soon be copping in the room there.
Dragging our cots out ~~there~~ into
the hallway, we fixed them up
and got the Chinese women and
children settled with us. We
thought the storm was abating and
that we might get a nap - but
another shift in the wind, and
we were up on our feet to brace
the front door which was at the
point of breaking open and giving
the rain and wind free entrance.
The cook came to help us - and
we braced that door for an hour
or so, until the water began to
rush in at the door cracks in
knee-high swirls. Emily said to me
Abbie - that is the ocean. Just
then one of the Chinese women was
struck with the same idea apparently.
for she leaned over & tasted it. It was
salt!

In the meantime, before the shift

4) came, we had been getting our trunks, boxes etc out of our room into the hall. When the sea began to rush in upon us we got the things up as high on tables etc as we could, then rushed up stairs and into Jennie's room. Louise had long since been driven in there, Her shutters had blown completely off, and her window broken in, and the ceiling was dropping a heavy rainfall all over the room.

The Chinese women were badly scared, as we all were - but they were very brave - and helped each other and us heroically. One thing that puzzled and frightened us all was a rolling and pounding as of huge turpin balls ~~rolling~~ ^{rolling} so we couldn't tell the direction of the sound, whether it was above or below or behind or in front. ^{We thought it must be another earthquake and the Chinese thought the Judgment Day had come.} When we got upstairs we found Jennie and Louise frantically holding their door as we had held the one downstairs. It was a matter of some moment to keep the storm out of that room, for, with the exception of a tiny room under the kitchen, it was the only remaining room

5) in this whole ~~house~~ where we could keep any where near dry. Even it leaked in spots! The cook came up and helped brace the door; we all took turns and were all degrees of being tired before very long. After we thought we could hold it no longer, a little respite would come, which generally ~~preceded~~ ^{meant} that a fiercer gale than the others was coming. Straining every muscle

to hold that door - one of the women pushed by mistake on the glass and pushed out the lower pane. ^{and the blast came rushing in -} That was almost the limit - but ~~then~~ Emily stuffed the first pillow she could find into the hole - and it held. We tried several ways & finally nailed the door shut in several places - That saved the day - and we all dropped down to get what rest we could the remaining two hours before dawn -

At five o'clock we were able to come into Louise's room and look out towards the front. Never in my life can I forget that sight. The 8 or 10 foot compound wall was perfectly hidden, and the only thing visible was a wall of sea

6) which appeared to be rolling into our front yard as fast as ever it could. Talk about surf - and breakers - there they were, on our front door step! I don't believe you can imagine the thrill of horror and yet of fascination that gripped me as I stood watching that surge of water ^{beating} rushing towards us! In reality it was much lower than it had been in the night, but the impression was that of an irresistible onrush which would be devouring us at any moment.

As we looked, we saw one reason why the water had seemed so high. The wall had blown down and the ~~breakers~~ waves broke upon it, and dashed the spray ^{high} even up into our faces - The Froelich's house had verandas stripped of roofs and their tall date palms, mustard apple trees and others were bent over almost to the ground.

We went downstairs rather fearful of what we might find; but the water had not come much higher than when we left it, evidently, and most of our things were high and dry.

7) My two hats were O.K., but Emily's
two were both soaked - and my
shoes were all dripping. In the
night I had traipsed around in
my moccasins (bought how many years
ago?) and they were still squishy.
I borrowed a pair from Fannie, and
have worn them until they are dripping.

We were most fortunate not to
have our kitchen and pantry disturbed,
and we wanted to have the
Grosbecks over but as they said
afterwards they were "shy". They
came over at noon - and we
had a pretty good dinner - thanks
to the stores we got a week or so
ago from Shanghai.

Ah! The Grosbecks had real
experiences; water waist deep in
all of their lower floor; huge quantity
of a China closet crashed to the
floor and broke many of the dishes;
kitchen and servants quarters quite
demolished and not a thing left in
the pantry. No sugar, flour, eggs,
nor even charcoal. Their front
yard is a variety shop; typhoon bars,
saucepans, masts of boats, jars of

8) pickle, some of them unbroken.
bushels of figs, chairs, and almost
everything you can think of or can't!
Their rooms upstairs leaked a little
but not anything in comparison with
ours. We dared not sit in the
dining room this morning for fear
the soaked plastering would fall on
us, so we ate in the pantry.

Our lower veranda is all gone;
not a plank left, and very few
cross beams - And our upstairs
veranda is ripped in a good many
places. The veranda roof is entirely
off - that is, except the frame, and
we have a large hole through to
the sky in our living room.

Our back yard is piled high
with the veranda planks and
beams - which explains the
pounding of the tent pins last night.
The water simply tore the
veranda loose and knocked
it to pieces!

The chapel here, which was
used for a hospital, has only a
part of two walls standing. A
huge fishing boat was washed

ashore and the shock of its
prow split the whole building and
brought the roof down. At least
two patients were buried under the
debris, but of course they were drowned
before they had time to suffer. As
we walked along the ~~sea~~ shore
one man said to us "A-ha! Your
God didn't behave very well last
night did he"? The whole thing
is a sorry plight - and oh - how we
wish Gr. Grosbeck would get back!

Early this morning our boys took in
the sole survivors of six boatmen, and
later helped get ashore three men who
were clinging to planks. The
cookie we have hired for the summer
had his family in a tiny house about
six feet square and ten feet high -
and of course that was blown
down. They went to the chapel, but
when disaster overtook them there
they went to the school - All of
them, they and six children, escaped
but one little girl whose body
was found later.

We are most thankful that
our little family is all here - and
we are very anxious to hear from Smaton

10). The launches have been destroyed, and we haven't yet had any authentic word.

Friday - Aug 5 -

Word comes from Mr. Page in Swatow that the Americans are all alive, but some Chinese have been killed. In Swatow City over a thousand have been killed, and that is probably not a complete report. The compound is a wreck, as far as roofs are concerned. We have sent word to Mabelle today and shall wait most impatiently to hear about our house, the school, etc.

Enid Johnson and a visiting friend were at Double Island, and Mr. Page writes that they had a dreadful experience - buried under the house, from which they were dug out by Mr. Atkins and others.

A village just east from here was knocked flat &

11) Every one killed. In the village just west of us over a hundred people were killed, and the sounds of the wailing come to us all hours of day and night. Four or five coffins have just been carried by, and there are six on the bank behind our house awaiting burial.

Emily's piano is a sight. She has it apart now, drying it, and when we get the hammer pads etc glued on again we are hoping it will be as good as new - though that's not at all certain. My typewriter was in the driest room downstairs and was not touched.

The reason that I'm writing this by hand is that things are piled all around the machine and the Chinese have their things all in there still.

This is a very slipshod story of the typhoon but I can't tell yet what I have left out. I want to write an account to send to a good many people but I shall have to collect my

12) thoughts a bit before I can do that.
We are in the dirtiest mess I
ever saw - and its no use to
clean up, because it keeps on
raining by spells - and the rooms
that are open to the sky are
unprotected. We cant get the
carpenter yet -

Fannie cannot get any chairmen
to take her, nor a boat. and she is
nearly wild about the Hospital.
She will probably go this P.M.
even if she has to walk -

Of course we cant hear for some
time about the people at the
inland stations and at Yochow
and Thai Long.

Aug. 7.

I'm enclosing a copy of a more
careful account that I have
"composed" with the help of this letter,
to send to other folks. It tells
some things that this letter omits -
and is, later, of course -

Love, love - & more love,

Abbie

Class 3 loose
pictures in envelope

No 184

Chaoyang
Swatow, China, Aug. 16, 1922

Dearest Mother mine I

I have been back to Kakchieh at last, and I surely do feel better about staying here a while longer now. I am sending you a set of the pictures taken by the local photographer of our once lovely compound. Perhaps you can compare them with other pictures of Kakchieh that I have sent you. Our house is not shown because it was not as badly damaged as the others.

But the reason that I feel so much better satisfied is that I have seen Mabelle and talked with her, and I know that there is not anything I can do there to help just now. They have no lime and cannot yet tell when they will have any. Then if they have only a few workmen there will be no need of my going to help immediately, for it takes only one person to look after one set of workmen in one place. Emily and I went home on Monday, taking chairs part of the way and a small boat the rest of the way.

We found Mabelle very tired and I see no reason why she would not be tired. They all say that the first day after the typhoon she was a marvel of strength and endurance, out at daylight getting people dug out of their fallen houses and finding places for them to stay temporarily. We didn't have that sort of thing here, for the Chinese here are more independent and people were taken care of before we could safely get out of this house here.

But I think Mabelle is more tired now because she has been having other people around. Enid alone is enough to wear anyone's nerves to a frazzle, and since the typhoon she has been especially nervous herself, and she had had a guest who used to be her co-worker in San Francisco there visiting her. The visiting lady was very nice, Mabelle said, but Enid was not even the help that she might have been if she had tried. We found out too, that if Enid had not lost her head and been crazy frightened, she would not have had the terrible out of door experience in the storm at Double Island. They were nearly washed into the sea because she insisted on going to the next house when they had rooms in their house that were perfectly good and fairly dry!

Our things in wardrobes and bookcases, and zinc-lined boxes especially were not even damp. I had papers and new notebooks and baskets up attic, and those were soaked when the roof blew off. My mattress was wet but Mabelle had had it sunned and the only thing to be done was the sorting of a mass of papers that had been stored in my corner of the attic. The were mixed with broken tile and window boards and glass, but it was not a great task. Most of the things were Missions, Priscillas, old music that Peggy had left, and very little that was of great value. A few things I was able to save, but the

most were papers that I should have held on to as long as they were good, but since they got so mussy, I am now almost glad to be rid of them!

We told Mabelle that we would come back whenever she wanted us, and she said that she would not send for us until she really needed us. Emily was lovely about it all and I am just sure that it made Mabelle's heart glad to have things so.

Enid is now planning to go to Thai Long, and I do hope she will go, for then Mabelle can get a little rest. I am afraid that if E. stays with Mabelle, that M. will be a wreck by the time school begins. We urged her to go! We found afterwards that she had thought it would be nice if we would invite her over here, but that would never do in the wide wide world!

So Emily and I came back when we had planned to, the very next day (yesterday) and I feel a lot rested already, in spite of the fact that we walked all the way from the boat last night, because there were no chairs to be had at that late hour. I am relieved, because I feel certain that Mabelle does not need us nor even want us just now. She wants us to get rested. Then if it is necessary for her to take a week or so out of the term to go somewhere, we will both be in better condition to help out while she is gone.

I found your letters of July 12 and 16 here waiting for me when I got back. I am glad to know that you are in the new place at last and hope that things will work out better than they gave promise of doing when you first arrived. Maybe it will be that Dad's reforms in this church will not be the introduction of duplex envelopes or making the church over into a "missionary church" but that he will build sidewalks throughout the village and make a real town of it. Who knows? I am exceedingly interested in the matter of the janitor. You will have found out by now whether there are any such critter or not, and if not, I'll warrant that some pertinent suggestions have already been "broadcast" from the station of "minister's wife", - ~~though I am sure you are~~ aware of the fact that every receiving station has the power to turn off the switch if it does not want to take the message!

Of course you know by this time that I sent you two sets of tea napkins, one on linen and the other on Chinese grass cloth. I haven't my book here but I remember that each set was a little under \$8.00. If you haven't got them by now I bet the Fairfax Postmaster has snatched 'em! I'll have to wait now for drawwork until I get back to Swatow. Everything has doubled and tripled in price since the typhoon, and I may have to pay much bigger prices now than formerly.

I had a letter from Martha Mixer yesterday. She had been appointed a home missionary and though she loves the job (supervisor and teacher in a settlement school) yet she hates the title "missionary". Can you conceive of that? I know I am not worthy at all, but I am prouder of that title "missionary" than I am of anything else except perhaps of the fact that I am the daughter of a minister. How could she say such a thing!

Always and always your own and only

Abbie

Ms 145

Chaoyang, China, Aug. 21, 1922

Dear Ones:

Seven o'clock of a Monday morning and on my vacation, too! Can you beat that, I would like to inquire? Moreover, I am all up and dressed, after a warm lather and a cold sponge, teeth cleaned and hair combed. I have also skimmed yesterday morning's milk for breakfast. And the other two in this house are still loafing in bed. I went upstairs a minute ago to get my glasses and I found Emily asleep with the sun pouring in on her. She must have been cooked. After I had closed the shutter she winked a sleepy eye up at me in gratitude and went back to her slumbers.

I am sure you are wondering by this time how it is that I was able to beat these others to it this fair morning. I am not always so prompt. The cook went to Swatow to do some shopping early this morning. My earliest waking thought was that we are almost out of coffee and I had forgotten to tell him. I am reasonably sure that he will not know enough to get it unless he is told. So up got I and sailing into my kimono on the way, went out to the kitchen only to find that he had been gone hours! So we shall have to go without coffee for a little. I am sure it will be good for us to go without. But of course this is vacation and it is hard, hard, to be robbed of one's coffee vacation! I don't drink it except on special occasions, but if vacation is not a special occasion every day, then what is, may I ask?

Now this is but leading up to the main question. Having been sadly frustrated in one of my well meant little plans to begin this work-a-day week well, I thought I would try another, viz., writing a letter to you. Since I did not do that yesterday, I see no reason why writing a letter to you would not be an excellent way to begin the day. Hum!

On Friday we had another picnic to Cape Cod, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Groesbeck had sworn she would not go. She had had quite all of the hateful old sea that she could possibly stand, and she did not intend to go picnicking to it, much less bathing in it, for a while yet. But when she found that the children wanted very much to go and that they were even willing to go with us and without her, she decided to try it, and we had a splendid time. It was dreadfully hot, though, and we were not good for much the next day.

I am willing for the heat to stop any time now. I am getting enough of it this year to last me next year and the year after it too. It is hotter this year than it has been since the first summer I was out here. That year was pretty bad, I thought, but I went to Thai long early in July and stayed until late in September. So this is worse than any heat I have known. We should not be able to stand it I am sure if it were not for the breeze that comes up about twice a day. We sit and swelter as we write or read or try to study, and when we get almost to the giving-up point, perhaps the merest tinge of cool in the air will give us courage to keep on until there really is a little vestige of a breeze. As my recent letters testify, the breezes are sometimes worthy of the name wind. For two days after the typhoon, it was so comfortably cool that we didn't once think whether it was hot or cold. But then the heat came back.

I wonder if those two are never going to get up. The breakfast bell rang some time ago and I am beginning to feel 'kinder holler like', Father. Oh, yes, here comes Emily now. And Jinx after her. That means I still have a goodly number of minutes in which to finish my letter. Maybe I can read a book, too. You see I am in an invulnerable position in my washed, combed dressed, up-early state, and feel that I can be as sarcastic as I want to.

Yesterday I sent typhoon letters to Uncle George (for him to pass around to Aunt Susie, Uncle Homer, Ruth Peterson, Bessie Pierce, and to I.B. Mower. The first and last of these was each a revised copy that I made with care on my Noiseless. The others were copies that MUI-TSU made for me, and they had more mistakes than my own first copy. But they saved me a lot of time. I sent Dr. Mower a copy of the letter about the baptism, too, and told him frankly that some people were wondering why they did not hear from me in print, but said I was not at all sure that either of these letters were anything he could use in the Messenger, but they might be of interest to him and to Mrs. Mower. Could I have used any more modest method in putting myself forward, I wonder?

I must do another page of my Child study today, I want too to write a little note and send the typhoon letter to Uncle Arthur. I must write a letter of information to those in charge of the domestic science courses in Peking, and write about ten other letters. I should LIKE to write about eighty letters but Father would not approve of my doing so much in one day, I know. Have you to understand that is the sole reason why I don't do it.

This is what I must do. But doubtless when I get the Child Study done I shall be ready for a nap that will last until I am too hot to lie down any longer and so my list of "musts" won't have to be revised but will do all right for tomorrow. One thing. I certainly have got some nonsense out of my head into this letter. I shall be better off when it is sent, and I hope it won't have very serious effects on you when you receive it. It is merely the heat, that's all, so don't worry!

With more love than I can tell,

Your own

Abbie

Chaoyang, China
Aug. 27, 1922

Dear Mother;

I'm just going to begin this letter now, juggling down the things I'd like for you to do in connection with this small raft of letters I'm getting ready for you to pass on. (Tell me when this task gets too much for your time - I'll send 'em direct to the individuals. It's cheaper this way - especially now that the second mail unit has gone down to 5¢ instead of 6¢. It's a letter, & 5¢ extra for each overweight unit).

If you have a copy of "Just Girls", will you put it with the letter to Miss Florence ^{Cook} ^{pictures with} Mrs. Clark's letter. If you I have put a number of ^{pictures with} Mrs. Clark's letter. If you want to loan some or all of them instead of sending them for her to keep, that will be all right.

I'm sending you a copy of the letter I have just written to Uncle Arthur - also the one I received from him - which will you please return. Also a letter from Clara Leach that you might be interested in. Emily and I have written letters to Clara - I was surprised that Emily was willing to put hers in with mine this way - but she even said that perhaps you would

9
like to read it. It surely will tell you some things about her and I said I knew you would not only enjoy reading it but would appreciate her letting you read it. Don't that so?

I'm also enclosing an extra copy about the Lyphorn - I would love to have Annie Crauska Will see it - but I have a strange reserve about writing to any of the Crauskas - almost as though my writing to them would suggest their giving me something - Do you understand what I mean? Maybe you'll feel the same way that I do - and if so - don't try to send it to her - but send if you feel like it. See?

I wanted to tell Mrs. Clark that I was pleased and proud to read the name Abbie (not Miss Sanderson) four times in her letter to you, but I didn't quite have the nerve! I'd love to have her always call me that.

I find I haven't such a "raft" of letters after all - I have been toiling over my letters to Gertrude Fletcher and I have decided that it will be a better letter if I wait and finish it when my mind is fresher - It is not an easy thing to do - and I'm weary with trying!

Letters enclosed are as follows:

To Miss Florence M. Cooke, 604 Broad St. Meriden, Conn.
picture of girls singing (with "Just Girls" if you have it)
Mrs. John Clark, 14 Front St. Exeter, N. H.
Lyphorn letter, baptism letter, cash, 11 pictures -
Mr. Clara Leach, East Hardwick, Vt.
Lyphorn letter, 1 picture, Emily's letter & 2 pictures (I'll send to you later)

3
Mrs. M. K. Gammon - Easton, Ore.
Typhoid - 1 picture

Miss Ada C. Brigham, Bennington, Vt.

Typhoid - 1 picture, enclosed to New Haven & Waterbury.

This isn't much of a letter to you, but you'll have enough to do without having to read a great lot from me.

We are planning one more grand old Cape Cod picnic next Saturday - then the following week we pack off home ourselves. In spite of the typhoid, we have had a splendid summer. I have had exceptionally few headaches, and feel a lot rested.

I wonder if you have sent me a plan of the new house yet? I haven't received any - and it always helps so much to get you "placed" in my mind's eye -

With a heart full of love to both of you -

Ebbie.

Swatow, China

Aug. 25, 1922

~~Copy~~
Dear Uncle Arthur;

Your letter

this morning brought me a great deal of happiness. I have wanted to write to you for several weeks, and now I have an incentive to do it immediately.

I wonder if the papers have told you about the great Swatow typhoon? I have been resting this summer in Chaoyang, the nearest inland station to Swatow. This is why my account of the typhoon ^{as my} omits many of the ghastly, lurid details. I am sending you a ^{copy} ~~copy~~.

It will take a long time and thousands of dollars ^{to pay for} ~~to repair~~

damage done.

Our mission property alone.

We are still very much shaken up about it; but we foreigners are the fortunate ones. The heart-ache is in seeing the desolation of many Chinese who are homeless, motherless, fatherless, childless, or perhaps even friendless. Wealthy Chinese all over the country are generously sending relief. An epidemic of the deadly plague was feared because of the dreadful conditions in Swatow city. ~~But~~ ^{we hope that may be} ~~help came in time and this calamity will probably be~~ averted. Of the expense of our own repairs ^{yet} we have not dared to think; this year the Mission Society is in such financial straits that extra drain will be very hard.

Most certainly I am planning to see you when I come home to

America. I wrote to Uncle Cyrus
some time ago, saying that I
hoped it would be possible for
me ^{to sail on} ~~to take~~ a steamer direct to
Seattle ~~when I go home on~~
~~furlough in~~ ^{next} June or July, 1923.
I do want so much to see you!

Mother was terribly disappointed
to be sick at the time of your
reunion, but the visit with you
all was worth a great deal to
her. ^{Perhaps one reason why you have}
^{such a warm spot in your heart to}
^{that} ~~to know you have a high opinion~~
of that blessed mother of mine;
~~and that alone would be~~
~~sufficient to give you a warm~~
~~spot in my heart!~~

There are not many days
more before school begins. I
have been preparing some of
my work in Chinese. I anticipate
with no little dread - the teaching
of a simplified course in
Child Study, to be given to girls

many of whom will never have opportunity to study higher than grammar school. I am a novice in the Chinese language, and my training along this line is nil, but I am taking the plunge, anyway!

I am glad you heard Miss Withers speak, and wish you might have had a talk with her. She is a good friend of mine and I am sorry ~~indeed~~ ^{prevented} that circumstances ~~made it impossible for~~ her to return to the field.

I am sending a few pictures with explanation written on the back of each.

~~Always with love,~~

^{loving}
Your affectionate niece,

Abbie J. Sanderson