

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Suataow, China

Sept. 6, 1922

Mother dear,

Before seven in the morning and I am up and out at the breakfast table using the time until the others come to begin this letter to you. We're home again, and it is good to be here.

We came yesterday morning, with a few suitcases - but the big things have not come yet. Mrs. Griesbeck had us over to breakfast so it was easier on us and easier on the boys to get things packed ahead of time. One boat went through the canal and all the way over right up to the door. The other one waited not far from the steam launch landing and we

took chains as far as that. We had a little fruit etc. on the way but were ready for Sui Kim's good dinner when we got here about one o'clock. The boat with the things got here last night but the tide was not right so that they could bring them up - so they had to wait until today. I fear we shall have to pay a bigger price on that account, for today is the big feast on the 15th of their 4th month - and every one of the boatmen wants to go home.

On Sunday I tried to get the rest of my typhoon letters ready to send but it was too hard work and I couldn't get it finished. In sending some of them, though, and pictures to go with them snapped

in with each letter. In Mrs. Clark's letter I have put three pictures and if you will keep one of the better ones and send her a bathing one and the blurred one of Jim and me. I'll send you more of all later when I get them printed. I'm also sending you some new typhoon and vacation pictures.

Evening:

Haven't had a chance all day to write any more, so I'm going to write a little before I go to bed. I've done nothing all day but talk with Mabelle and Emily. Mabelle is ~~in~~ on the verge of a nervous breakdown - and Emily is as

sorry for her and so willing to do what
she can to help that she is perfectly
lovely to Mabelle. We tried this
morning to get Mabelle to drop
things and go off to Kuling for
a few weeks - (^{Emily} She offered to
pay her expenses with money her
mother sent her (Emily) to go to
Kuling this summer. Of course
Mabelle didn't accept that - and
she was quite overcome anyway -
I knew as well as I wanted to
that Mabelle would not go - because
in spite of the fact that she
knew we could do things alone -
it would be harder all around
to drop things now - and just
when she is getting back into
Larners for fair. She wants to

wait until School is opened and things moving, and then take a vacation of a week or so to Hong Kong - where she doesn't know any body, and won't have to talk about the typhoon and can go to bed & get up when she deems prudent! And I really think that will be the only thing that will satisfy her - and perhaps the thing that will do her the most good -

You see Elsie has not been at all well this summer, and has had to stop studying - and has been in the Kuliang Sanitarium for over a month. She is just beginning to get her strength back

now - I've thought that if M.
would go up there with her and
stay until after school opened,
that she could get a good rest.
But she thinks Elsie would be
too much worried about her to
get her own strength back properly -
and then ^(probably) she would always be
thinking of things that she had
meant to do or have us do. I
know exactly how she feels
about it and I'm sure I
would feel the same way.
But we are taking some of
the repair work, oversight
off her shoulders now a little
and she is glad to have us
back - and we are glad to
be here -

I wrote you that Elsie was appointed to Shanghai. The Reference Committee cabled home for the Board to reconsider the designation and there we found that the people in Shanghai did not want a Stenographer after all; they wanted a doctor. So Elsie is to stay here, and we are all too happy for her. Now the thing to do is to make her do less work - so she won't get herself all worn out as she did last spring.

One of the things that has worn Mabelle out this summer, is the continual shrill barking of Goliath, Enid Johnson's dog - Goliath has

a bad habit of barking at the moon - and Mabelle and some of the others on the compound were driven almost crazy by it. The typhoon and falling boulders ever since - and a big thieves scare that they have had was enough to get them on tenterhooks; and then not to be able to sleep the few hours they did have was "one too many"! So Mabelle tried to get someone to take care of him. but he ran away back here in ^{the} middle of the night and barked again. So finally she could stand it no longer and wrote to Euid that she would have to have him put out of the way if he didn't stop it.

Erid ought to have taken the
 dog with her. The poor little
 thing was nearly blind and
 needed attention; and it was
 next to criminal to neglect him
 so - She wrote some terrible
 things to Drabelle about it. In
 the meantime Drabelle wrote again
 'apologizing for the way she wrote
 the first time (scolding her for
 her neglect, etc.) and then Erid
 wrote and apologized for what
she had written, and finally
 wrote again asking Fannie to
 chloroform the pup. She did
 that today - and more than
 one person is relieved. We are

terribly sorry for Euid - but think she should have taken better care of him. Emily is not so constituted that she could be satisfied to leave Jinx in such uncertain conditions; as the same situation would not arise in connection with him. Jinx is a much cuter and a cleaner dog - and a cleverer one than Goliath. Jinx belonged here first, and the other was an interloper whom Jinx always resented, and fought on every possible occasion. Goliath had caused some trouble when Euid was here, because she wasn't careful about him - and let him travel through

the horse - and it will relieve
 the situation & have him out of
 the way. On the other hand Evid
 will be very lonely for him - and
 I'm afraid Jinx' being here will
 make her resentful about the
 whole matter. The Chinese knew
 that Mabelle intended to have
 him killed, and Jui kim took
 him over to his own house and
 chained him and got some
 one to feed him. They thought
 it was terrible to have him killed
 when she was not here - and I
 must say that I myself would
 hesitate a long, long time before
 I killed another person's pet dog!

When Sue Kim's wife came in all breathless today to tell us that Miss Northcott had made away with the purp., we were very thankful to be able to tell her that it was done by 'Miss Johnson's own orders! It will make a much better feeling among the Chinese than as though Mabelle or Fannie had done it without Eud's knowing or without her consent.

Well! Have I said enough about that, I wonder? It is now ten o'clock, Mr. Cowles has just been here to tell us of a Red Cross meeting that is called at eight o'clock or soon after, at the American

Consuls over in Swatow. We are
 all requested to attend, The
 International Relief Committee
 granted \$100,000 for Swatow &
 vicinity - and the British minister
 telegraphed down to the Swatow
 British Consul to know where
 to place the funds. The cable
 went back "Swatow British
 Chamber of Commerce." Whereupon
 the last named body, having
 received the funds, proceeded
 to coopt the English Presbyterian
 Church to help distribute. The
 Americans are ignored, and
 wish to protest - since our
 work covers a larger field

than theirs does - So, we
have to get up early in the
morning - In that case -
I'd better say good night
immediately!
Love - Love -

Debie

Swatow, China, Sept. 17, 1922

Dear Arthur,

You may be sure I was glad to get your letter yesterday, and to hear all about your peregrinations and so on. But I have two scoldings for you. Can you imagine what either of them is about?

In the first place you scared me stiff when you told me right off the bat that Mother had a "skin cancer on her face". But you did not tell me where on her face, nor how long she has had it, nor anything about the likelihood of its getting well soon. The word "cancer" has a horrid sound, and if you don't write immediately and tell me all the facts about it, I shall go steep into the worrying business myself; and I am not as far from that state ~~myself~~ as I might wish! I am not writing to Mother about it, for I am taking it far granted that she doesn't want me to talk to her about it, since she has not told me about it. I must admit, the very fact that she has not told me anything about it makes me feel a good bit uneasy. Did she have that extra thing to worry about when they made the move to Sutton? If so, it must have been dreadfully hard; for even a cold sore is annoyingly disfiguring, and Mother would try not to be sensitive about a thing like that, but she would be, all the same. So, young man, you have your orders, REMEMBER !! And don't you let grass grow under your feet while you are getting ready to tell me all you know about it. *(This paragraph seems to be all about it.)*

Scolding no. 2 I'll whisper in your ear, for it is a thing that might be a trifle embarrassing to a personage who is principal of a Junior High school, who has any number of teachers under him and is teaching all the mathematics on the map! SHH-! You spelled recommend with two c's just as you often spell across, and of course your old maid sister is scandalized. Now will you do it again?

I am so glad to know of your advancement. It is a hard pull up, isn't it? But I never for a minute doubted that you would get there, and certainly seem headed in the right direction. Was your course in manual training, or whatever it was, necessary for this particular position that you have been taking, or simply a bit of general training?

Still the reports come in from typhoon-devastated regions. One large village has enough survivors for only one family, so they have put what little they had into the general stock of supplies and are helping one another to keep soul and body together. When Miss Sollen visited them the other day they were most grateful for the clothes that she took to them. They found another village where the people were all gathered together under one large tree. They had not a single house left and were begging for bamboo sails to keep the hot sun off their heads.

Awful are the tales of the way that old people and the old perished in the sweeping waters; especially of the women who died in travail. Only yesterday came the most breath-taking story of all. During the typhoon women up in the Kityang region gave birth to a child. Almost immediately the flood came, and she climbed with her meager strength up on to her bed net frame. After a little she thought, "My baby! I have craved him out of danger, but he will be drowned!" So down she got and fell all around in the dark, and when she got him, she wrapped him all up tight in something or something, and climbed up again. Pretty soon she thought, "Why, what not wrap him up so tight as that or he will smother," and when she unwrapped him, think of her dismay when she found that in her haste she had gripped a tiny pig instead of her son! Trembling and sobbing, she stepped down in the water which had by that time risen high above the bedboards, she searched until she stumbled against him. She picked him up and climbed to safety once more. The unbelievable thing about that story is that the child lived, and now, of course, is over a month old!

lung of our house -

We hear more stories every day, and feel helpless because there is so little that we can do. Among us we have three machines and they are in use all the time. Yesterday and the day before some of the high school girls came and they have finished twelve jackets. They wanted to do twelve more but had no time; so, although almost every one of them will find it a pinch, they have clubbed together and raised the money to hire twelve more sewed.

With much love to you and yours,

Abbie

Sept 1922
Typhoon
aftermath

No 190
Swatow, China, Sept, 18, 1922

Mother dear !

I just sent off yesterday's letter but this morning I was ambitious and got ready to send to you the drawn work which I have been picking up in various places ever since I came back from Chaoyang. You will notice a ~~big~~ variation in the prices. Everything has gone up fearfully since the typhoon, and they have not had time to get together on their prices. The dearest ones, needless to say, are the ones that I bought first. To be sure, with very little exception, they are also the nicest, but some of them I know must seem rather steep.

I am taking the advice that came in your last letter and have marked the package at \$30, which is the price in gold. The reason is that I have marked packages to some people in Mex is that usually the postmasters know Gold to be nearly double in value, and charge their duty accordingly; moreover, in spite of the fact that I try to explain always that if the exchange is right we are able to make a little profit, which goes to help some girl, still it is confusing to some to pay \$25 for work and then have the package that comes marked only \$12.50 ! I have always meant to mark the ones to you with the price in gold, to save you bother, but I must have forgotten on that one. But when I write the price on in Mex I always see it to be Mex, but when it is gold I don't need to say which.

Will you pick out the ones that you want to give to Gladys for the children, and then pick out two more for me to give her, and the others send on to Ethel Peterson. Ethel wanted six baby dresses, but the ones she knew about were \$1.80 and that kind is hard to get now. I feel reasonably sure that you will think it wise to save out the one that is marked \$2.00 for Ruth later on even though it may be too large now. I must confess I have an extremely vague idea about sizes. Maybe you could send me measurements for the size that you think the children will be in six months or a year's time ! Could you ? Of course I shall hope to bring a few little things for them when I come home next year and I would feel so much better about getting the things if I knew they were not all going to be miles too large or small. And again let me ask you to tell me if there is anything in the embroidery line that you would especially like for me to get if I can, and if there is anything that you think Father would like or that he thinks he would like !

I am a bit shaky about sending this amount all at once for I know there will be a big duty and I know that you may not be able to dispose of them immediately. A good many of the things are too valuable to be sent by parcel post and so I am sending them all together. I might have sent the handkerchiefs by parcel (All the time I have been saying parcel, I have meant sample) sample post. But they would count up and cost a good bit, and then I am afraid you would never get them for it is a task to get them done up.

I am looking forward to getting my package with the shoes and things and will let you know as soon as I get it, of course.

Very much love,

Abbie

Sept 18, 1922

✓ 2 doz hdkfs @ 1.80 doz	3.60
✓ 2 emb. " 30 p ea.	.60
✓ 1 linen "	.75
✓ 2 tray cloths @ 1.00	2.00
✓ 1 child's dress	2.00
✓ 2 baby dresses @ 2.50	5.00
✓ 1 " "	2.90
✓ 3 " " @ 3.00	9.00
✓ 1 center (Irish linen)	4.20
✓ 1 small center	2.00
✓ 1 trays @ 1.80	3.60
✓ 1 tray	2.20
✓ 1 tray	1.90
✓ 1 sq. center (Irish linen)	3.30
✓ " "	2.10
✓ 1 " "	2.70
✓ 2 " " @ 2.80	5.60
✓ 1 " "	2.70
✓ 1 tray	2.30
✓ 1 " "	2.00
<hr/>	
	60.40
	Mex.

ms 191

Swatow, China

Sept 25, 1922

Dear Mother,

I shall try to begin my letters to you now, at any rate, but don't know just how long I can write, for I have been having fever - and am sitting up today - the first in five days.

Let me begin by telling a little about Katherine Grosbeck's 18th birthday party. The Schnores, and nine of us, including ~~some~~ all of the girls from Kityang, went over there last Monday - a week ago today. We had a splendid time together. grand birthday supper of course - and then on Tuesday had another wonderful picnic to Cape Cod. But alas - before we had begun to have a good sized "loll" after dinner - the wind got fierce and skies looked black & we decided to go back again as soon as possible - Got there O.K. and while there was high wind all night, there was no rain - nor was there any the next A.M. We had planned to hire a little

motor launch to come home - but
we hadn't been sure the day before
that the typhoon (for it was the
edge of one) would let us come -
Wed. A.M. We started out - and
everybody had got in chairs
when lo and behold - mine
was missing! Mr. Schnare
had not ordered any. I couldn't
delay things very well - so I
started out to walk too - The
chairmen always race along - and
so did I - when I got a good
ways into the city I got a chair
for the rest of the way -

When we got to the motor launch
it would not go - on account of
the waves - And when we got
to the old steam launch, it
would not go - on account of ditto!

So - could we walk home? Since
Mr. + Mrs. Schnare were going with
us - we decided we could - I
was anxious to get back here, too

for Mabelle was here alone and although I have no class work yet - still I felt I ought to get here just as soon as I could -

We tried to get some chairs to take us parts of the way - but it is hard work to carry a chair in a strong wind - and not a single one would come - So - we decided to walk! (about 10 miles)

Next was crossing the river - One boat was there - and usually we could have gone over for 40¢ ~~each~~ ^{piece} - but we had to pay 80¢ for the crowd -

Before I had walked very far I knew I should be very tired - but - I plodded on - Some of the "young fry" dashed on ahead and thought I was an awful laggar, I guess - but I couldn't help it. The wind blew so hard into my nostrils that I thought my head would burst - After what

seemed ages to me. They decided to sit down and have a little lunch. We had brought water, and got some fruit. I felt as though I could not creep a step farther. But after refreshment and a little rest I was good for a stretch longer.

The wind did not abate - and it took strength to walk against it. Going around one corner - on a high narrow path between a rice field and a ditch, one of the carry men blew right down into the ditch - the Schnare's things with him - right down into the muddy water - It is a wonder the poor man was not hurt - The things were not wet - except one little black traveling bag of mine. In that were blue kimono - which M'ai Nôn, our boy - took out and carried

having in the breeze to dry - It had left some of its dark blue on my newest white dress - and also on my gorgeous rose colored sash (which I dyed -) Emily had one piece of the dress - and Bird had one piece - I had the rose sash - and I guess I was a sight when I got home - Blue linen dress - with hat, tied on with a bathing handkerchief - and that bright sash around my waist -!

I forgot to say that I had just started out when a heel came off - I had to open things and change - And when we were about three miles from home I did what I am prone to do and had been trying not to - slipped and sat down hard altogether too hard for comfort. That seemed to be the last straw and I was afraid at first that I just hadn't strength to go on - My nerves were pretty bad

by that time too - Then it began
to sprinkle - Luckily it did not rain
fettingly - for we could not have
carried our umbrellas against the
wind - You never saw anyone so
thankful to get home - I got
off my things - and dealed over on
the bed ^{with a} pounding headache -
Two of the Kityang girls came to
our house - and the Schinners went
to Mrs. Worley's - (That was Wednesday)

Hot soup, and other good things
made a big difference - but by
six o'clock I felt sick and didn't
want to get up and dress - I did
though - just because I hated to
have people tell me I was foolish
to take such a trip etc - Next
morning and noon I was still up-
though I was flat on my back every
other minute. Right after dinner
though, I had a severe chill
and got to bed for sure - By tea
time my temperature was $104^{\circ} 2''$

and it stayed there twenty four hours - The next afternoon after much quinine and many sweats, it came down to ~~104~~ 100° 6" - and has been hovering around there ever since -

And Fannie Northcott says the trip did not cause my sickness at all - ! This right too, I guess - for my blood test showed 7 out of 9 corpuscles infected with malarial germs - I am ^{probably} having ^{proven dengue (hardy)?} dengue fever too; Malaria has the chill recurring on every third day - I have missed that - But temp. has not gone to normal as in malaria, and I have had the worst backaches of my life, the last three nights - (not last night) I am having aspirin when I need it for my back or head - Sometimes one is worst and sometimes

the other. Of course memories of 9 years
ago are somewhat dimmed - but it
seems to me - bad as my headache &
back were then - and miserable as I
was - that this went way beyond it.

My friend, I mean

But - I am taking quinine all
the time - Last night I had long
hours of refreshing sleep and I am
leaps better this morning - Combed
my hair and braided it - after
I had had my bath (did that
myself today too - was too sick yesterday
& day before) and then immediately
began to write to you -

Did I write to you on Monday that
the Ashmores had come? Both
were sick - had fever and couldn't
go to bed & get over it till they got
here. Mrs. A. was blue as a whelstone.
"We're just two old fools to try to come
out here again after we're seventy
years old" says she trying her
best to keep the tears back - She
is better now though and Dr.
Ashmore is coming along -
Love - Love - Abbie

P. S. Next day -

Yesterday P. M. my new beautiful shoes and stockings and things came. The shoes are a trifle easy for me but they look very well on my feet I think and I know they won't pinch. This is an item, when I am going to "walk to America" in them, I am so proud of them that, as per usual, I shall want to put them right on this fall. But I have others that will still do - and so I'm going to lock these away in the bottom of my zinc lined box until next spring. And those stockings are just swell! You were right in saying they were good enough for anybody. I love the dark brown!

And, right after I got the package my temperature was down to normal and I felt 100% better! And now today along comes your letter containing the one from the Ackersons. Don't

it marvelous how God answers
prayer? Sometimes I wonder
~~whether~~ how I can have the face
to doubt his hearing and answering
me - and I so often do doubt!
I have lots less reason to doubt
than most people, too -

Emily has been a dear - waiting
on me by inches - worried to death
over me - doing every thing that
a nurse would do - and lots more -

I am up today with me closes
on - as it were. My hair is too
lazy, though. Fannie said I
must not try to go to the dining
room to eat today - But I am
preparing for that tomorrow -
The next day my classes begin -
Ah me!

By the way, what do you think
of Cuticura Powder? Did you
ever use it? and do you like
its fragrance? It is very healing
and that is the principal reason

I sent for it -

Love again

Whi

No 192

Swatow, China, Oct. 1, 1922

Dear Ones:

School has begun in earnest and we are in full swing now. Miss Dulin, the new worker for Hopo, came yesterday, and with her the Hobarts, who are to be ~~the~~ evangelistic workers on this field. Mrs. Hobart was Juanita Deer, and Edna Smith and Katherine Bohm knew her when she was at Hasseltine House where she met Mr. Hobart who was attending Newton. They told me all about the romance a long time ago. At that time we did not dream that there was a possibility of their being sent to Swatow. They may live in Chaoyang for the time being, but I guess the matter is not yet definitely settled.

The Ashmores are better than they were, but they are not young and it takes time for them to get on their feet again. I met Dr. A. riding over to see his house the other morning. It is not far, but he realizes that he must conserve every bit of strength that he has. It is pretty hard for them both to come back and find their house too far demolished to live in. The latest estimate was that it would take at least \$4,000 to put it in shape for them to live in again. I don't know whether I told you that the Carman's house can never be occupied again. At the time of the earthquake it was condemned, but. So the money was given for a new residence for the Waters, the new house was built and the old house was put into such repair that the Carmans could go in and live there. The Board thought that we had deceived them, I guess. They thought that it was queer for a house to be discarded, and then for it to be fixed up for occupancy. But the typhoon showed what the house was really worth, and it is a wreck now. Mr. Paget's first estimate of the loss sustained by our mission was \$50,000. The Board has granted us \$25,000 and we are relieved and grateful, because we are aware of the fact that the Board is in financial straits. But we still have these other repairs staring us in the face. At tomorrow's Reference Committee meeting I suppose it will be decided how much of the money will be available for each house and for each department of the work. I am dead sure it will not be enough.

I have begun my year's work and am teaching three classes every day in Chinese. I am to have a class in music too, and any number of organ pupils. I cannot tell you how I hate giving these music lessons. I don't know whether it is wholly because I know so little about it myself or whether a part that I hate is the routine of it, but I would far rather teach arithmetic classes, even though I can not be as sure that the pupils know what I am talking about!

I am still taking 14 grains of quinine every day and I am getting used to it. The malaria is all gone and I feel as good as new. I think maybe I'll find time on Saturdays to make a new dress. I am green with envy of all these people just out from America with all their pretty new clothes and hats!

Always with love,

Abbie

P.S. When I get too envious I go and pull out my new shoes and gloat over them a while! No one has prettier ones —

No 193.

I sent No 179 July 19 to you; No 180,
July 27 to Pa; and No 181 July 31 to you.
Swatow, Oct. 8, 1922

Dear Ones;

This week has certainly been a full one. On Tuesday Mr. Lewis came back from Shanghai with his bride, who brought with her the two smallest girls, Rebecca and Martha. George, the youngest boy, had stayed down here and met them when they arrived here. Mr. Lewis is chairman of the Reference committee, so we thought it would be rather hard for Mrs. L. to begin alone over in Swatow when she didn't know the language and when everything was so new, too. We invited them all here to our house and they seemed most happy to accept our invitation. We put them down in Emily's room and the adjoining guest room.

I am sure I don't know what they thought of me for I was not very sociable the first part of their visit at least. On Monday I had been seized with the most terrible neuralgia. It was the same as just plain toothache, and you know how that affects me. I went to School but I could hardly talk in my classes. On Wednesday morning I had lost so much sleep that I pretty near lost my hold on myself. I was still weak from the malaria, and the pain always makes me limp as a rag anyway, you know, so I decided about half past six, after I had taken an aspirin tablet and was just a wee bit easier, that I simply could not get up just then, but would have to see if I could snatch a bit of sleep. I did, and then had my break fast about 8.30, too late to get over to my first class. But I felt a little better by that time, and so that was the only class that I missed. But Wednesday night I had a pretty good sleep, and I have had unbroken rest every night since. I have looked a sight, with my face all plastered up with greasy old capsolin, and me smelling of all of cloves for a mile away, I suppose! Yesterday was the first day that I have been free from the ache all day long, and then last night again, right in the middle of the informal reception-supper that we were having for the Lewises, a jaw tooth on the other side of my face began to tume up. My heart sank into my boots again, but when I got to bed I went right to sleep, and this morning the ache was all gone. So today I am a happy woman, except for the fact that my food doesn't get as thoroughly chewed as it usually does, on account of a general soreness all over my mouth.

The neuralgia seemed to be in the region that the open abscess I had before I went to Kuliang was situated. This is the first I have heard from that tooth. It is the upper right incisor in the middle, and has been turning dark for some time. Oh it is not bad yet, but it is one of the first things that I shall want to have attended to as soon as I get home, for if it gets a great deal worse it will be very disfiguring. I don't know how they will manage to put a white tooth right in the front of my mouth without a lot of gold to hold it there, but I know it is done, so I suppose they can do mine. I am just hoping that it won't ache and that it won't get too horribly dark before next spring! The pain this time was not like the dying nerve, though. It lasted longer by spells, but was not as intense. It was something like my experience Freshman year at college, went up in the side of my head, and down my neck and shoulder. Bad enough, but I guess it is all gone now. The soreness will die down gradually. I am sure.

Emily took almost all of her last examination yesterday. She did not decide to do it until the night before about 8 o'clock, so she didn't have long to worry about it. She feels relieved to have it over with and I think she will feel freer and not so blue now. She has the kindergarten work off her mind now too, and that will be a relief. At first they wanted her to keep up her regular course of work and do it for a month or two until Grace Sweetcan get this dialect. But Emily's work was rudely interrupted, and it is her turn to get the rest of her studying off. Edna Smith and Margaret Winn are both here and none of us felt right about having Emily go on with the work that she has filled out on in the emergency, when there is someone else to do it and when there is so much that she could do right in the girls' school. So we planned to bring it up in the Woman's committee and in Ref. Com. if necessary, to have it fixed up. But the day they were going to do it, Miss Sollman sent Emily word that they would be able to release her. And then on the sudden she decided to have this part of her exam, and the rest of it will come soon so it is all working

out just splendidly.

We like Mrs. Lewis a lot and she seems very pleasant and unaffected. She does not act like a British bride, if you know what I mean, and she already manages the children beautifully. Strange to say, Martha looks enough like her to be her own child. And yet this Mrs. Lewis is very very different from the first Mrs. L.

The biggest thing under discussion at this session of the Reference Committee was typhoon repairs, and the next and even more important in some respects, was the cuts in appropriations. It does seem that ever since our woman's board has been connected with the Board of promotion, the debts have been growing bigger and bigger. It touched us last year, but this year I am sure I cannot ever see what we are to do. The amount that we are to receive this year will be just about three-eighths less than the amount that we asked for. It is about 31% less than the amount they promised us. That means with us, that instead of the \$3900 that we asked for, we get less than \$2450. That is for our school. My own amount for personal teacher and mission travel and so on is cut down from \$188 to about \$125. But that does not matter as much as the maintenance of the school. One of the reasons is that Pauline Senn's salary, which has been right along guaranteed by Mrs. Gale, has not been coming out to us. We thought the salary given her should be more, so wrote to the board about it. The answer came that Mrs. Gale would be very glad to have Miss Senn's salary raised and would be glad to do it all herself. Along with that word, or very soon, comes the word from the board that they could not give us Miss Senn's salary extra but that we should have to take it out of our gross appropriation for the mission for the year. We were to raise her salary but we were to take the whole thing from the funds that were sent to us for mission work. They sent us word now that we should have done it for last year, and that we must arrange the accounts to take it out of last year's reserve fund or something like that. And that we should plan to do it for this year too. WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND A FEW THINGS LIKE THIS. It seems to us that IF MRS. GALE GAVE PAULINE SENN'S SALARY, which we know she did, that PAULINE'S SALARY SHOULD COME OUT DIRECT & NOT BE SENT AS GENERAL FUNDS WHEREVER IT HAPPENS TO GO! The same thing was done with Mr. Huang who studied in America and then came out here to help in the work at the institutional church. His salary was guaranteed by some one in America. It was paid the first year, and then suddenly at the end of the second year, (he had been having his salary forwarded right along) Mr. Speicher got notice that his amount of Mr. Huang, salary was charged to his account and he would be held responsible for overdrawing to that amount! I might tell any number of cases where money has been sent to the board to be forwarded for some definite purpose and the money was never received at all. I know that when we used to hear these reports before I came out here we always used to pooh-pooh them and deny them. Of course we can't do otherwise now. I mean it would never do for you folks for instance to tell any of this that I am writing to you. Enough people have lost their faith in the board as it is and we certainly want to do all that we possibly can to foster their faith and trust and hope for a soon return of the times when everything will go straight. I myself have been fortunate. I have received both specifics that were sent to me. One from the Houlton Free Baptist and one from a circle in Wyoming, Ohio. So I suppose I ought not to say anything. I would not, (and I have not before now) if it weren't for this atrocious cut that is coming this year. I know the denominational colleges are important, but I certainly don't think they are as important as the work that is done out here where people will not hear the gospel if we don't bring it to them! And I know too that a good many missionaries who have been home on furlough recently were asked not to make any speeches about their work out here, but to make the appeal for general work. That is about the most galling thing to a foreign missionary, I think. And they tell us we are not to make special appeals for things because it will take money out of the regular channels. That is true, and I know they are in a fright as to where the money is coming from. BUT A GOOD MANY PEOPLE IN OUR MISSION ARE ABOUT AT THE POINT OF PROTESTING AND OF TELLING THE BOARD THAT SPECIAL REQUESTS ARE GOING TO BE MADE. WE CAN SAY TO THEM, YOU CAN'T GET THE MONEY FOR US SO WE ARE GOING TO GET IT OURSELVES. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Now this doesn't tell the whole story, I know, and of course this raving is for your ears alone, but we are desperate and don't know what is to be done. The Board is in favor of cutting out some of the work entirely and making no cut whatever on the more important work. It seems to us that all of our work is important and that it is unfair to cut one more than another. — Enough for now! Love - Love Abbie

P.S. Another letter from Uncle Cyrus invites me to spend "surely more than one day" (I said I want to stop there a day) in Seattle. If I can't go to Salay - they will plan to have Uncle Arthur there while I am there unless he has gone east - A.

Swatow, China, Oct. 22, 1922

Dear Ones:

You have told me not to apologize for neglecting to write but I can't help saying that I am ashamed this time for a whole week has gone by since the time I should have written. I started to write to you last Sunday afternoon and was seized with such excruciating neuralgia that I could not keep on. It got to the point where I could not lie down nor sit up nor do anything but wring my hands and grit my teeth. Finally a good dose of aspirin and a burning hot hot-water bottle helped to get me a little quieter so that by evening I was able to brush my hair back and go out to supper with the other folks. I had another spasm of the bad pain on Thursday, and the rest of the time I have never been free from it. Only it was so bad three two times that I just see how fortunate I am not to have it so bad all the time. And today I look like the Early Christian Fathers and feel even more so. My upper lip and the flesh around my nose is just enough swollen so that you have to look twice to see what is the matter. But when I laugh my mouth doesn't open as it should and that gives me a calm cool disapproving air.

I was not sure until last night that all the pain was not caused by a cold in the nerves. But last night I found a sensitive cavity in a wisdom tooth that has already been filled several times. So now I am quite sure that that is the source of the worst trouble. This front tooth business, though, is annoying. It doesn't ache as much now, but I don't know whether swelling means that it is getting better or getting worse. I can't say I was exactly glad to find that cavity in the wisdom tooth, but it at least lets me know that there is a hope of mending it, and is not all due to bad nervous condition which is taking that form to show itself. I feel somewhat relieved, and guess my nerves are not so bad after all. They are pretty good, other than this neuralgic trouble.

Elsie came back from Kuliang two weeks ago last Saturday (yesterday) & I guess I forgot to say so in my letter. And ever since then, almost, we have been trying to get Mabelle off to Hongkong. She wanted Elsie to go with her, and Elsie, having been quite seriously ill with a nervous breakdown in the summer is not fit to go with her and would dread the trip terribly. But Mabelle could not seem to make up her mind to go though she is the one who planned it from the first. She kept putting it off from day to day, and said that "if she could get ready, she would go today, if not, tomorrow", for there happened to be a boat down almost every day this week. She cried if we looked at her and she was getting into an awful state. So I did a little engineering on my own account. Marjorie Fleming had wanted to go too, and thought she could not because of her work here. So I told her that it would be a great help if she could change her mind and go with Mabelle. Mabelle needed someone steady and sensible and in good health upon whom she could lean if necessary, and someone who is not living in the house with her so that she could have a change that she so sorely needs, and a rest from even talking about the problems that we have here. So Marjorie changed her mind and yesterday they went. They may be gone two or three or four weeks. A worker is coming out from the Atlantic district and Mabelle hopes to see her in Hongkong. She is on her way to Manila.

We hear that the families of the South China missionaries were informed by mail or wire that all the missionaries were safe. Did you receive such word, and if so when? I am taking it for granted that you haven't since your letters don't mention it. That means you hadn't heard by Sept. 5. Emily's mother knew Aug. 18, but she is the only one in this house whose family was notified and I wonder why. It can't be that they don't know your address because they send your checks to you. I am certainly going to find out if I can why they did not send word to you. Dr. Franklin wrote that the families of the missionaries were being notified.

I have been wondering why you thought that perhaps the Tanarees were in Chuchowfu at the time of the typhoon. They were in their home, the American consulate in Swatow.

Well, for these few weeks I shall be slightly busier than usual, with the school to look after, but it is a good deal easier I think now that Miss Pao is back from Ginling. She may go to America some day. I hope you will meet her. She is so fine, yet just a real girl.

With love and then more love,

Abbie

BOOK REVIEW 3

no 194

No 196

Swatow, China, Oct. 30, 1922

Dear Mother:

I guess I am a backwoodman all right, - I didn't know until last week that the postal rates were going up, and - got a lot of Xmas cards ready to send, I mean I wrote on them but didn't have the envelopes addressed and now I have had to hustle like the mischief to get them all done so they would go out before Nov. 1. After that date letters will cost 15¢ and post cards 8¢ so it behooves me to get them all out immediately. Sample post has also gone up to 8¢ minimum so I am getting off 11 packages to you, as follows:

1)	11 1/2 yd. @	.14	1.51
2)	36 "	.18	2.88
3)	32 "	.10	3.20
4)	29 "	.10	2.90
5)	12 "		
	12 "	(@ .90 pc.)	1.90
6)	5 "	.18	.90
	12 "	.18	2.04
7)	11 3/4 "	.30	3.52
8)	9 "	.30	2.70
9)	12 "	.30	3.60
10)	9 1/3 "	.20	1.85
11)	12 "	.20	<u>2.40</u>

Of course you know
I had a peacock feather
in but you may not
have one right there
I saw how well it goes
with the silk - the
feathers are flat on
the trim - all
stick out around
the edges - No lining
on crown

I got rather excited last Saturday when I went to Swatow and found that I could buy midnight blue French serge, 54 in. wide, the quality that is marked \$10 and \$12 a yard in Hongkong, for \$5. 3 yds. is enough and thus I am getting beautiful material for less than eight dollars gold! Does that seem a bargain to you, for present day prices? It does to me. I will enclose a sample. I also found out that I can get a rather good quality of all wool cheviot or something like that, for a middensort of coat that I need very much. I can get the material for the coat for about \$10 or \$15. Did I tell you about the 2W in serge that I got about a year ago for a cape or coat and this fall decided to make a suit of it?!! Well, I did it. I used the silk that I had expected to use for the lining for the waist, and b since there was some left over, and Emily gave me the part of a hat frame, I took it and some peacock feathers from a broken fan over to Mrs. Ashmore and she has made the most stunning hat you ever saw. I will send you sample a d that too. You see the serge or any wide goods that comes out here is always split in half immediately. It is heart rending to see huge rolls of the most elegant broadcloth cut right in the middle, spoiled for any good use. The Chinese jackets outeasily cut of the narrow, so they go and split it all before hand to save time when they are making the sale. So several of us are very much pleased to find that there is more now of the wide goods that has not yet seen the shears.

The woollen dresse I brought out with me are on their last, last legs, and it will be a joy to have one new one. The sand colour is really a wool one I suppose, though I think of it as silk.

Yours with love,

Abbie

Jacket has dk brown
collar & buttons.

P.S. I'm enclosing the letter to Mr. & Mrs.
Pekerson - Will you please forward it to them?
I'm ashamed to have waited so long.
P.S. I had to have my trolly lanced - and it
is better now - (gum)

196

Swatow, China

Nov. 5, 1922

Dear Mother;

It is a terrible waste of time to write letters and then tear them up & rewrite them, isn't it? And it's a thing I seldom do when I am writing to you - I got impatient this morning and lost my temper (inside of me but not out, thank goodness) and now Emily is real sick with the same thing that I had a few weeks ago - Her temperature is not as high as mine was - but she has had two chills each worse than my one - and - I am sorry I had mean thoughts this A. M.!! So sorry that I tore up what I had written to you about it. Marguerite has been here once and Emily wants to have her again - so I have sent for her.

Then I feel better, too - because I got your letter telling about the Ministers & Missionaries Benefit Board - I was much interested - but had let the matter drop because I understood from the leaflets that only ordained ministers

were accepted - I have wanted to ~~not~~ join all along - and shall be most happy to find that I can do so -

Tell Pa that I may be with you all Sept 1924 as well as Sept 1923 - and June 1923 - for my furlough lasts from June till January - a year and a half away from the field - I suppose - and unless my furlough should be shortened because I leave here in June instead of waiting over the summer - which I think unlikely I shall not expect to leave America before November, 1924, anyway -

I'll be very glad to have you attend to the financial part of the M. & M. Bd fund this year - and then I'll settle with you later.

I expected to finish this morning a sort of Christmas letter which I have started to the Crookshank churches. But we brought Emily home sick from church and she has needed things all the time - She is very nervous - and wants me here all the time

Poor girl! I know just how she aches all over - it seems as though you are going to die when the pain and throbbing are the worst.

Marguerite said she must stay in bed today and tomorrow any way - no matter how well she felt - but I guess, she'll be only too glad to stay in bed. But my letter will be all right if it gets finished sometime this week - there is still time enough -

I'm sending fewer Christmas presents this year than before - but to different people. I sent sample post packages in each case - (except Father's, which was too heavy) that avoids duty for the recipient and is much cheaper for me. I sent a Chinese lock to the uncles - and a few yards of tatting - crochet to the aunts - And cards to Percy, Frances - & Marion Garrison - Uncle Joe - of the relatives - Tatting to Cousin Harriet, too. By the way - I have just had a letter from a woman in Dover who

wants some tawling, and she says that
"Marion's chances of recovery are
very slim, but she is putting up
a plucky fight." Did you know
that she was sick? I didn't
at all - ~~and~~ don't know what the trouble

To Gladys I sent a little Foodon
pin - To Arthur a brass lock -
and to Ruth and Ralph each a
little romper with embroidered
pockets - made by little Phoebe -
^{younger} sister of the girl who died 2 yrs
ago -

I'm enclosing a sample of
the goods for my new coat. It
cost \$3.00 Mex a yard. & is 34
inches wide - I bought $4\frac{1}{2}$ yds -
\$13.50 Mex. Do you think it is
the quality & kind that is not
too out of date to be worn in
America? Cloth for a coat for
Gladys would cost only about \$10,
Mex - and tailoring out here (perfectly
all right in that sort of sports
coat -) would not be more than
\$6. How about yourself -
Would you like such a thing

either in this color or in a
darker brown - almost black -
or perhaps gray? (or black) If so -
send along ymr measurements
and also Gladys' - and
I'll see what I can do -
They'll not be dressy - but
inexpensive and pretty
good looking - especially
if ym say what style
ym want & send a picture
How does it strike ym -
If I bring it in there will
be no duty. The coats
would be unlined - & seams
bound - and would cost
from \$8 to \$10 gold. Of course the
material is not all wool and very
likely ym won't care for it. It
is not soft - but rather harsh - and
if it doesn't appeal to ym - just
say so - I may not be so
enthusiastic after I have my coat
made up & have worn it a while -
It may be too much of a risk about the

big enough to
time it
I'll make mine
for ym and then leave it at home

fit of it, too - But please say
just what you think about it.

Sunday, Nov, 12 -

A whole week gone by and my
letter to you not done yet! I have
had various duties this week - The
first two days Elsie helped to take
care of Emily in the daytime - and
then she wasn't able to do it any longer
and she has been in bed herself
almost half the daytime since - I
was up often with Emily, Sunday, &
Monday nights - and on Tuesday ^{night} I got
no sleep at all - I was pretty thuckered
but slept some Wednesday morning -
which is a lucky thing - for Elsie was
down then and I had everything to
do for Emily - She has not been
dangerously ill at all - but she
was very uncomfortable and it was
some what of a strain to get and
do everything that would help to
ease her restlessness and the blues -
'Nuff said! - But I am so
glad that I was able to do what I
could - She is a much better nurse
than I and thought of so many

little things for my comfort when I was sick. I am not so quick to observe as she and I'm afraid I didn't do very well at my job - By the time she had her breakfast, medicine, bath - bed & gown changed and more medicine or nourishment, there was not much time left for teaching classes - And hot water bottles had to be changed all the time - And she didn't want me out of her sight but more than once called me back if I had gone out into the hall to speak to some one -

She is dressed today for the first time - and took her bath alone today for the first time - But the worst is over - and I'm glad it happened while Mabelle was away so she missed the strain of it. It doesn't matter about me - for I'm going home in 7 or 8 months anyway - and I'll get a splendid rest - I'm bearing up fine anyway - and don't mind extra burdens

nearly as much as I did.

Had a lovely long letter from Aunt Bertha Friday, and she says that Marion is in a Sanitarium. I suppose she means for J. B., but it a shame? And Donald, too -

Elise Kittitz is such a splendid girl! But I'm terribly afraid she can never stand work out here - Marguerite said the other day that she stood more chance of being sent home than of staying here - I do hope she won't have to go!

I did finish my church letter - and I'm sending the first copy to you - This week I am going to have more copies made and I think I'll ask you and pa to do the mailing this year - It will cost a lot to send them separately from here - and if I send to Mrs. Shaw I can't feel sure she'll be able to attend to getting them out.

Will you please get for me, when
you have opportunity, 2 pair of
rather small dress shields; 4 or 5
dark brown cap hair nets; 2 more
prophylactic tooth brushes; one set
(6?) of garters for my corset - Perhaps
you can get "Velvet grip"; I've seen
them advertised - and also a money
bag ^{with belt} similar in style to the one
I had when I came out - though
it does not have to be as good as
that one - It was as exactly what I
wanted, but it has gone to pieces -

It just occurred to me yesterday
that Clara could bring me out
a much needed traveling bag - and
as I'm asking you to send her \$5
that she may have enough money.
I'm enclosing my letter for you
to send on with the money -
unless she is not coming back
this spring

Love

Abbie

20 197

Suatawa China

Nov. 16, 1922

Dearest Pa:

I am dividing the
"Honors" between you and Mother -
since I could not get them all
into one envelope - I trust it
will not be too much of a
task for you to find envelopes,
and stamps and time to get
these sent out. In some cases
two letters will be sent to ~~one~~
person - In some cases one
letter does for two or three churches.
(If they are closely connected - or
dying out - or if I don't know
them very well!)

Miss Culley is still in Hong Kong
resting - and I do hope she
will have a good rest before she
comes back -

We are thinking - I mean I
am thinking all the time ^{about}
next June - I do my work just
the same but there is the
undercurrent of anticipation in
my heart all the time - What
shall I do though - if you
should happen not to be
glad to see me when I
get home? — Alas!
Of course I am terribly worried
about it!

With love

Abrie

No 198.

Swatow, China

Nos. 16, 1922

Dearest Mother:

These letters I
have addressed on the outside
just as I think the envelope
may be addressed; to the
church - not pastor or clerk -
but simply in care of P. O. C.
and then in case any has
died or gone away the letter
will be received by someone
else - You might add Maine
to each one (!!! ? | X !) (That's
the look I get for that mark!)

Emily has moved up into
Elsie's room and Elsie

has gone downstairs where
she will be quieter and
have more room to herself.
She is not well - and she
will need all the help she
can get in any way to
make her strong again.

Mrs. Grosbeck has invited
Emily & me over to Chaoyang
for Christmas but I don't
want to leave here the last
Xmas before furlough —
With love

Abbie

200
199

Swatow, China

Nov. 18, 1922

Dearest Mother mine:

Emily is taking her bath first - and while I'm waiting I'll begin a letter to you. It's Saturday night, and half past eight - and I'm already getting sleepy - But before I go to bed I want to tell you how happy I am - I think I'll enclose my letter that came today from Mr. Waters who has been interesting in ~~Miss~~ ~~Ma~~ Maine and has got as far as Maine - I'd like to tell you what he said but I want to have you see it all, so here it is - I'll keep the B. & A. map, thought! I also had your letter ~~for~~ of Oct. 21 - Mailed the 23rd - Isn't that splendid time? And one from Aunt Bertha written the 22nd - the second letter from her in two weeks - the first two (I think) since I've been in China - as, I guess she did write once before - She must love me more since the typhoon, I guess - !

And another from Miss Jilpatrick - who thinks they could sell tatting or embroidery but does not deign to tell me to whom I should send it, because she doesn't think I ought to do it. I have too many other demands, and even though Colby campaigning is a hard pull - there must be others better able to give than I - etc. Then she speaks of how supremely happy Harold

Morse and Celeste Phelps are - and how Katherine
Bowen is working hard and trying to be happy,
but she cares too much - "Alas about
Marjorie Meader who is publishing a daily
newspaper - and about some others - And
then she says "but none of these people have overcome
such difficulties as you and done such a service for
the sake of a better world or rather the Kingdom of God -
Which of course is something she doesn't know about
at all - It would be gratifying if true - but also -
she has far too high an opinion of me - When
she sees me again she may be disappointed - Disturb
her enchantment - And she sent my letter to
the Lewiston Daily Journal - ! Aunt Bertha
sent it to the Independent - and I wonder
what you sent to the Boston Post! Such
publicity overwhelms me -

You surely had a "thick" time with the
teachers' convention, the Sandersons, and the S.S. man.
and you had just had Clara Leach. I'm hoping
you are not all worn out. I wonder if it is Bertha
and Gertrude who are coming to see you - I
shall be so anxious to hear -

It was grand to have a big mail like that
and so quickly - And I have not much more than
seven months before I am leaving here - The
next thing is Conference - Then Christmas -
then exams - then Chinese New Year - then
getting ready all mixed in with school - seeing about
passage, passports - etc - etc - Bertha's ready now!

Tuesday morning:

I haven't finished this letter yet. I have other circular letters in my typewriter so I can't use that.

I'm all upset just ~~know~~ because Mrs. Grosbeck has written another letter pleading with us to go over there for Christmas. Emily wants to go - and I think very likely will make Mabelle feel badly if we do - It's my last Christmas here in China before furlough and I almost don't want to miss the girls' festivities. Oh I do as hate to be upset in my mind - ! And I hate to have the decision rest with me! Because Emily won't go if I don't - and yet if we don't go she won't be happy - If I could make myself think it was all right to go and leave the burden of the school on Mabelle I'd love to go - for I'd rather be nowhere in China than with them. As it is, however - I'm pretty sure of some hard feelings whichever way I turn - It makes me just plain homesick - I don't want to be here - and don't want to be in Chaoyang but would give the roof over my head for a chance to be with you folks again. I do hope I'll work up a better Christmas spirit than this before the time comes! Aren't I the limit, though?

Sunday A.M. Nov. 26 -

Oh dear, I'm such a nut! I worry things into mountains and when I come up to them they have disappeared and there's not even a mole-hill

left for me to stumble over! Mabelle came home from Hong Kong on Monday - She is much better and acquiesced beautifully to my suggestion that the girls' exercises be on Saturday. So we are to stay here for them, and for the Christmas services here Sunday morning. Then E. & I. will run over to Chaoyang Sunday P. M., have all day Monday there, and come back Tuesday A. M. Every thing is coming along gloriously - and I'm as ashamed of the blues I had last week!

Last night Emily and I got busy and wrapped up all our Christmas presents. We are giving several things together - and I'm giving mostly baskets that I got in Canton for this purpose. I expect to bring some home, but not many, for they take up too much room - I have my cards all addressed too - and have only to wrap up Emily's present, which is a letter sack to match her lacquer set, and Elsie's - a little string of ivory beads and a hymnbook with Chinese characters written in Romanized which Emily & I are giving her together, and a blue cross-stitch breakfast set we are giving Mabelle. I must get Mabel Bonelli's little piece of drawnwork off to her and then I will be all done with wrapping up presents. Did you ever know me to be so forehanded? I really can't understand myself how it happened -

This is the first really cold day we have had. It began last night with a cold wind and the girls over at school were all afraid of another typhoon. There

who live in what is called the "New House" all moved over
into the "Old House" where the teachers lived. I was not
afraid of typhoon, but I was awfully cold all night
long, and I huddled up as I would in woolen blankets and
my wool comforter, I could not get warm. ^{home} My black woolen
dress to church this A.M. - and my big coat - and I was
none too warm. And to think it is not down to the
freezing point! What I shall ever do if I have to make
a speaking tour in the winter time, I don't know. The
thought of undressing in these cold Aroostook bedrooms
just petrifies me! Emily says when I get home &
get a little red blood back into my veins I'll be all
right -

I must stop now and get some letters ready for you
to mail -

With love -

Abbie.

P.S. Can you get me a yard of white organdy
that is stiff after it is washed? I can't get
it out here - but would like some for collars,
cuffs etc. As did I ask you that before?
A.B.

Do not bother to
return this

SOUTH CHINA MISSION
AMERICAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
ASHMORE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
SWATOW, CHINA

Kills, Maine.

Oct. 16, 1922.

Dear Miss Sanderson:-

I haven't set foot in Crookston
County yet - but this place is within a hundred
miles of it - and that's nearer than I ever expected
to be and I can't resist the impulse to send
you a line of greeting. I have been up here -
or rather down here in Maine for ten days on an
itinerary of speaking - and have spoken fifteen
times during that time including Bangor -
Portland, Saco, Ellsworth etc. Arthur Adams
was here the week before I came and spoke at
Ottisfield, Waterville, Burnham and other places.
so we have been putting South China on the maps.
That isn't right either for the typhoon did that
for us and I find the Maine folks have been
reading your letters in the Messenger and the other
letters in Mission, the Baptist and Watchman Ex-

Set. of folks have asked me - "Do you know Abbie
Sanderson?" and then I tell them we surely do
and how much everybody thinks of her etc. etc. and
they are all happy. A school friend of yours - a Mrs.
Strickland nee Belle Longly is state Sec. of Miss'y
Education and followed me on it program last
Thursday. She inquired after you most warmly.
I spoke that eve - in Mr Kennedy's church at Oakland
I believe he was pastor at Houlton when you went
to China.

SOUTH CHINA MISSION
AMERICAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
ASHMORE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
SWATOW CHINA

These Maine folks are warmly responsive to the China story and I hope they will do something to help meet the cost of typhoon damages - Dr. Whittemore is a fine man to work with.

I expect Miss Cullley & Miss Miller heard of my being in Philadelphia - Sep. 21st for I had a very happy visit that afternoon in Miss Miller and Miss Cullley's other sisters - That was a (ho^o ki-hi^u) that gave me a great deal of pleasure -

you folks certainly had a terrifying experience on Aug. 2-3 - and you have all done effective publicly work in writing about it - and sending the photo's. I hope the money will come in to make good the damages - I congratulate you that Eastview - East Hill and Shen Bengchow were three of the buildings least damaged - I was particularly gratified to have that East Hill roof stood it so well -

Mrs. "Bennie" and Herbert are at Granville very comfortably located in our furloUGH home - she would send her love if she knew I was writing - Herbert & Henry are both happy in their school & college life. I expect to start for Granville after speaking here tomorrow.

I enclose this B & C map - not to make you home sick but just to let you see Maine is still Maine -

Oh yes - do tell Miss Smith I had a very happy chat one day at the Rooms - with her father - tho I did not get to Bloomfield.

Best wishes to all - We all hope for good news from Miss Feltz - very cordially yours - Wang Jui-heng - (Mr. Walter Chinn)

and opportunity

No 200

Swatow, China, Dec. 3, 1922

Dear Mother:

I have been working on more copies of my Arcostook letters to send to different people instead of a long letter, and I find there is not much time left to write to you. Since you say for me to send them along, I am taking you at your word, and you surely will have another "raft" of letters to send on for me before I get through. I have had these copies typewritten for several days but as Mui tsu wrote them they needed a lot of correction before I could use them.

How much money have you there in America to my account? I know that Mr. Giberson has sent you \$50 twice but can't remember whether he has sent it three times or not. And is there any more that has come to you anywhere from tatting? I sent some to Mrs. Nellie Sargent and I have not heard from her since, though she had already sent the gift of five dollars. I haven't any idea how much you have had to pay for the things that I have sent to you for, but I know there is some left of course. I had hoped to leave it all there until furlough, but there is a mix-up about school funds and there now appears to be some money missing. The accounts this year have gone through my hands and Emily's too this year and last, and things aren't all straightened out. Then a number of people have not paid me for tatting and drawnwork I sent them and that leaves me short. I don't know yet how much it is and of course we may find out our mistake and have it come out all right but it makes me uneasy, and I want to be sure that everything is straight before I come home in June. So I am going to ask you to send me a draft as soon as you can for all of mine that you have. I am very much disappointed to have to do this but I want to be sure. By money for tatting and drawnwork I don't mean, of course, any that I sent to you. That was for you yourself and I wanted you to sell it or use it yourself or for Christmas presents or for anything you saw fit. I don't think now of anyone else but Mrs. Sargent who would have sent tatting money to you, but there are others who owe me. Mrs. Page took \$150 worth home with her when she went. Ursula Dresser, in India, asked me to send her bolts of linen and I sent her \$111 worth. I have never heard a word from her since then. When Henrietta Failing went through here on her way to India I asked her to get the money from Sue and get me a cashmere shawl. She got me the shawl, which cost quite a bit less than half that amount. But the last I heard was that Sue had not yet paid her for it, and I have never seen the rest of the money. I wish she would send it, for I certainly would like to have it right now! I have written to her three or four times about it and to Henrietta and Kate Failing.

Dec. 14 -

Talk about your neglecting letters - you need never worry any more - for I've beat you a mile - Since I began this letter conference I have come and gone - and I've sent no letter to any one in the meantime.

To return to the subject broached above - Since Dec. 3 - last week I have received word that the money is coming from Sue Dresser - but that doesn't make a great deal of difference about my wanting you to send all my money out to me - I must be sure everything is O.K.

I am enclosing a copy of my letter sent a few days ago to Mr. Wright and hope you will hear from him before long - With love - Archie.

Copy

Swatow, China, Nov. 29, 1922

Dr. P. C. Wright,
278 Fifth Ave., New York City
My dear Dr. Wright;

A letter from my mother tells me that at Saxton's River she and Father talked with you about the advisability of my joining the Ministers' and Missionaries' Benefit Board immediately. I understand that application may be made through you, and I would like to apply now for membership.

I was born May 27, 1893, at Greenville, N.H. My father, Elisha Sanderson, is now pastor of the Baptist church in Sutton, Vermont. In December, 1917 I was appointed a missionary of the A. B. F. M. S.; I arrived in Swatow in April, 1918 and have been stationed here ever since working in the girls' school.

Will you please send the acceptance papers directly to my father, who will forward the first payment. If the matter can be settled before my 30th birthday, next May, it will mean less expense to me.

With a thank-you for your help, and a wish that many joyful blessings may be yours in the coming New Year,- from one who remembers the stirring sermons she heard as a little girl when Mr. Wright, whom she greatly admired, came down to Montville from Norwich to aid in special meetings!

Very sincerely yours,

No. 201

Swatow, China

Dec. 17, 1922

Dearest Gues:

I'm over at Sunday
School taking Emily's place at the
Organ - Intermediate Department.
The classes are in session just
now so I have a free moment.

So many things have happened
in the last few weeks that
I don't feel as though I could
possibly tell you -

A great deal of that feeling
is due to the fact that
conference has rushed past
and left us fairly breathless;
and part of it is the uncertainty
of some people's plans.

Marjorie Fleming, on finding out
that Miss Traver is coming back,
and that she might be left to

live for another year in the
house with Margaret Winn,
decided she couldn't stand
it and asked to come over
and live with us -

She has had a long string
of hard experiences since she
came out - and although a
part of them are her own
fault, yet she is at the point
now where if she doesn't have
a little sympathetic help she
may go crazy. So we invited
her as cordially as we knew how,
and she came. She didn't
go to any of the sessions of
conference, and she had some
tussles with the language
committee and the reference
committee and finally asked
to have her work changed to
English work - as she feels
she can't do what the committee
expect of her in the Swatara

Institutional church work. She has
been out over 2 yrs & hasn't
finished but one year's study.
I can't tell you more about it.
But she is feeling better since
she has come over with us
and I guess maybe she'll
pull through, but the whole
situation is a ^{very} delicate
one and is somewhat of
a strain on all concerned.
Marjorie is a dear girl, though,
and doesn't have the same
trouble living with us that
she did with Margaret Wynn.

But some people have suggested
that Euid Johnson - who asks to
be released from English teaching,
ought to take her place in the
Swatow work - and Marjorie
take her place in the girls school.
Mabelle does not approve of
that - I think she is afraid
Marjorie will let too many
things interfere with her work -

It really is a mess - and I
don't know at all what things
are to be done to settle it all
up. Marjorie thinks Evid is
not the woman for the place -
and Evid thinks Marjorie
is trying to get her place in the
girls' school away from her -
and Evid thinks Marjorie
should be relieved of the Swatow
work at once, while Marjorie has
no intention of giving it up
until next fall - The Spinners
are now at home on furlough and should
be consulted - You can't imagine
what a network of complications there
is - ! Oh I am a fortunate girl.
in a good many respects - I realize it
every once in a while - And most
fortunate of all because I'm going to
see my own dearly beloveds before many
moons ! At the very latest, seven months
from now I shall be as far as Hong Kong
from Swatow, on my way to you - Oh -
won't it be joy-ful, joy-ful - joy-ful !
Heaps of love
Abe

202

Chaoyang, China

Dec 24, 1922

Dearest People on Earth!

Here it is
the day before Christmas and here we
are — over at Chaoyang, and it's
all just grand! It's the very best
Christmas I've had in China — and
I think the biggest reason is that
I know next Christmas will be
happier still!

Yesterday I had two letters from you —
Nov 8, and Nov 12 — (Nov. 20 had already
arrived) — If you received my letter
written a few days ago, you will
know by this time without my telling
you, that your gifts of money were
an inspiration, this year when I
am so hard up! My heart just sang
when I saw that draft for \$45 — I
can't say thank you in the way I'd like

To, for I can't see you to say it.
But you two and Arthur may
have a chance to know how I
can say thank-you - at this time
next year - that is, if I don't
get all choked up about being
back home and get all weepy
because it is lovely to be home
again! I am beginning to
worry already for fear I shall
disgrace myself and the
family while I am at home
because I have to think hard
about something else now whenever
I think about getting home -
I know it won't be long now -
but it seems so though I
can't wait - and I shudder
to think of anything happening

2) to spoil my plans - The Father
is wonderfully good to us, though -
and I believe He will continue
to look after us -

Last night the girls had their
Christmas celebration at school -
They gave a Cantata into which
was woven the story of the Other
wise Man. It was very good
on the whole, and the music
was very sweet. But the
Shepherds would not wear turbans
(ugly - to death!) and so we
were convulsed when they appeared
in bonnet cap effects - made
by tying handkerchiefs around
their heads with ribbons - Elsie
asked one of the girls what they
were supposed to be, and
she thought the girl told her

"Shipwrecks" - well - we howled
some when she told us about
it. - for they were so far from
looking like shepherds as you can
imagine! When we told Mrs.
Worley, she said, "I suppose we
may understand that they were
shipwrecked in the middle of the
night, with their nightcaps on!"

Well - then we gave out
the presents - Each new girl
in school was allowed to
choose a doll - and the
others had work bags or baskets.
A grand scramble - I assure
you! Each girl comes to
the tree and chooses her
own -

This morning we had an
impressive service in the church.

3) Dr. Ashmore preached a stirring sermon on "The Meaning of Christmas" and the Boy's academy sang "Joy to the World" in English - and then the girls' primary school sang *Adeste Fideles* in Chinese -

Then we came home and had such a nice day-before-Christmas dinner! Marjorie has gone to Wukingfu and Evid & Hops - and Emily, Mabelle, Elsie and I had it together. Elsie's present to each of us was a gold lacquer box - beautiful little thing, and a pair of silver lingerie clasps and Mabelle's to each of us a Pekinese cloisonné vase - mine blue and Emily's red - Then we had some other ^{presents} (jokes) Mabelle had soap for us in the form of different fruits - mine was a peach - then lots of little dabs of candy, etc.

About two in the afternoon we left for Chaoyang and had a splendid trip over - There were two - and only two chairs waiting for us at the

launch landing. They just happened
to be there, too! (Tues. P.M.)

We got there in plenty of time for
a good long rest before supper - Mr. &
Mrs. Baker and Bessie and Howard
and Paul Cressey arrived there before
we did - and had the tree all
chosen and cut and the trimmings
all on - Sunday night after
supper we took the things that had
already collected at the Grosbecks
and the two huge baskets of things
that we took over and put them on
the tree. It was lots of fun - and
Bessie was so excited she didn't know
what to do with herself - The next
morning Dr. Grosbeck told her that
they always sat about two hours
and looked at the tree before they
took off any presents - She was
just twiggling to begin! Emily
and I gave her the little bride and
groom dolls that came out in a

4) box last year - and she had several other dolls too - She was supremely happy -

It was a very lovely Christmas - we had a goose dinner - with cranberry sauce and green corn on the cob! as well as string beans, tomato salad, Parker house rolls - plum pudding, etc. Mrs. Groesbeck is famous for her candies and we had all we could eat of them. In the afternoon the others went to their Chinese services - and Emily went in for a nap - Paul and I talked for a couple of hours discussing theological and other subjects - He's a very nice boy - Then several of us went for a walk and got back to find little tables set up for a buffet supper around the Christmas tree - we didn't want much, of course - And then we began to realize that Christmas was nearly over and that a lovely spring of mistletoe had been hanging right over

the center of the room. No attention
had been paid to it and it was
clamoring for notice. We had
teased Paul beforehand about
what he would ever do if he got
under the mistletoe. He has a
girl at home and I ~~knew~~ ^{said} that he
would have to "lose face" terribly
if he was confronted with the
opportunity of kissing a girl
under the mistletoe and felt
that he must turn it down!
Well - Mrs. Grosbeck caught
Tracy - and then Paul caught
Katherine - and Katherine caught
Howard - and the kisses began
to fly - Mr. Baker said he'd
give me a pound of candy if
I'd kiss Paul under the
mistletoe - I told him he didn't
know how easy that would be!

5) None of us had a chance though
for a long time. Paul had caught
Mrs. J., and Mrs. B. — and
Bessie — and we girls were
steering clear of it ourselves!
Then Paul tried to haul Tracy
up under the spring — and we
seized the opportunity — Emily
and I made the plunge both
together — He was well nigh
overwhelmed. The next was
an unsuspecting victim — Mr.
Baker stood with mouth open when
Mary Egg and I pounced on him —
one on each side —

Then we played rook and
toasted marshmallows and the
excitement died down — About
ten I saw that Mr. & Mrs. J.
wanted to go to bed — so I left

the game and went over to say
goodnight to her and to tell her
how lovely it was - I had just
wished them all goodnight
when I discovered that I was
under the mistletoe that Paul
had no intention of missing
a good opportunity like that -
I had teased him too hard and
I didn't escape, I tell you! He
certainly got it back on me -

Well, we had a lovely time, anyway,
and a little innocent fun was good
for us all, I'm sure - And Santa
was so good to us! So good to me -
I must tell you about some of the
things - A lovely blue and black
leather pocketbook with inside filling
to match and a dollar bill in
the purse - from Gladys. Paul -
A silver eversharp pencil from
Uncle Homer - a Golden Thought

6) Calendar and a small photo of herself from Cousin Harriett. A nice little package of things from Anna Cole, Fairfax, soap, hairpins 3 little beauty pins, a black & white leather belt, some beads, etc -

Then Emily gave me a pongee shirtwaist and the most beautiful white silk slip trimmed with lovely filet lace and tucks - all hand made (to wear with my rose colored gown which is just now being made up -) She didn't intend to give me both but when she got the slip half made she couldn't get the lace to finish it and so that she'd have to get ready something else - and did the waist. Then she found that I had the lace of the same pattern so she got Billie to buy it back from me. There was a grand joke about that.

A bead girdle - two bead chains - about a dozen handkerchiefs, two sets of

tatted lingerie clasps, two lacquer
boxes - two blue China cups - a
pretty fan - a bead bag, some
small brass sheep bells, Gladys
Aston's photo, a pillow top, an
organdy and net collar cuff & vest
set. a lacquer pencil tray, a filet
towel end, a silver book mark and
letter opener, a glass paper weight -
and many cards, came to make my
Christmas a very happy one - There
was also a big picture frame
from the carpenter into which they
big brown picture of Myrtle and her
family just fit.

Well I must stop now and
get this off or you'll never get it.
A big thank you and lots of love,
Abbie

P.S. I'm so ashamed! Here it is Jan 9 and your letter not yet sent - I mailed to get more of the circulars ready - The Barrington box came today
Swatow, China, Dec. 31, 1922

Dear Mother:

No 203

Yesterday I had another Christmas package, this one from My sister Ruth Whitman, and what do you suppose was in it? Between two and three hundred sheets of typewriter paper like this I'm writing on, several balls of tatting cotton and two nickel shuttles, and -- two pair of lovely dark brown stockings which exactly match me new shoes. One is like and the other silk. What I want to know is, how did she know that I had some new dark brown shoes? It almost seems as though a little bird had told her! I think it is pretty nice to have a sister like that, don't you?

I don't know whether I told you that Mrs. Miller sent me a box of candy. I must hurry up and get my thank you notes written. I have almost finished the ones for out here, but haven't begun on the home ones this year. Helen Fielden sent only cards this year, because she has gone to the hospital for treatment for fallen stomach, which she now thinks to be the cause of the most of her troubles in former years.

Right here Edna Smith came in and when she picked up Uncle Homer's silver pencil, first thing she spied the initials "A. G. S." engraved on one side. I never saw them at all. I liked the pencil before, but I like it more now! I forgot to say, too, that Ruth W. sent me two little spools of darning cotton to match the socks!

Miss Traver came on Thursday and we went out early in the morning to meet her boat. I got back just in time to snatch a bit to eat before I had to go to school to lead chapel. Last night we had a party at Eastview to welcome Miss Traver. No, it was Friday night that we had the party. We have a farewell party for the new ones next Monday night and then on Friday night we are planning to have a regular old fashioned old-maid party here for a get-together, mostly in honor of Miss Traver. There is so much to do all the time! I haven't sent off nearly all the copies of my Arcotook letters, and they will get so stale that they will smell musty if I don't look out!

(The letters go to Ling King soon.)

I am very sorry that I never told you about my marking prices on the drawnwork and stuff. I felt sure that I had told you! I generally leave the price mark just as it was when I bought it. That is, I pay \$2. Mex for a piece of tatting, and I send it to you. You pay \$1. duty or more, and sell it for \$2 gold, take out the \$1. duty and send me the remaining \$1. If exchange is good, I get 2 dollars Mex for my one dollar gold, and am whole except for the postage. If you do not have any duty to pay, you send me the \$2 gold which exchanges for from \$3 to \$4 Mex and I have a profit. Or, you may raise the price to \$3 to cover the duty, send me the \$2 and I'll get some profit on it. If the price of gold drops, I am the loser no matter how which way you do, unless you put the price more than double. I have always needed to get the amount in Mex which is on the price tag, but just how much gold it will take to bring that amount Mex, we can never tell from one day to another. The price wavers all the time. That is why I have stuck to the one plan, of making the charge in gold the same as what it cost me in Mex. Sometimes I have made good profit and sometimes I have barely come out whole, but I have kept on doing it because since exchange has gone up, the chances were that I would make some profit always. The duty has soared now, though, and I am embarrassed by having people delay to pay for the tatting. Is that any clearer now? Even if I get double the price - the profit is eaten partly by postage - paper - a girl to wind and measure the tatting, etc.

Gladys E. sent me some ginseng a while ago and it was marked \$5. Our cook got only a little over \$2 Mex in the medicine shops for it, and I don't know what to do about it. It does sell for a good price, but nothing like what she said! She sent a little over an ounce only! The highest price that people have paid around here lately has been \$9 gold a pound. I must write to her about it. (Later - I have received \$3 Mex exactly - as will you take \$1.75 gold from sale of tatting, and send it to Gladys?)
More next time. Love to you both and thank you again for the Christmas money. I am enclosing a certificate from Marguerite in case the M. and M. people ask for one.

Always yours,

Abbie